

FOREST BRANCH

NEWSLETTER



An entirely unofficial budget of news, nonsense, 'n' opinion compiled from time to time for the profit, amusement, and annoyance of the staff. ♦ ♦ ♦

NO. 55

JANUARY 31, 1945.

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A new feature of the Newsletter is hereby introduced to our readers and for the first victim we have selected the Chief Forester. In the old days we always felt that the gloomy atmosphere of the Chief Forester's office was such that on occasion he could hide in a dark corner and thereby avoid unpleasant interviews; however, now that the Chief has his new super-tubular lighting system installed he escapes nothing, not even your Newsletter reporter.

C. D. Orchard emigrated from New Brunswick 24 years ago. Came to B. C. as a young forester in search of a couple of years' experience but liked the country so well he has been here ever since. In fact this new country did things to him and he changed his name from "Chaunc" to "Dick". It is not known whether this change of name was ever officially approved by the "Vital Statistics" people but he will always be "Dick" to his many friends and acquaintances in B. C.

His career in the Forest Service from Junior Forester in Forest Surveys through District Forester at Nelson, Cranbrook and Prince George, to Forester in charge of Operations and Research, then Assistant Chief and finally Chief Forester is well known to all our readers. At the same time he has been busy raising three fine children, one girl and two boys.

Dick Orchard is a good father and a good provider but like all men he has his weak side. It seems that he has two vices and one passion. One vice is woodworking in the basement, while the second becomes evident only after imbibing the proper amount of mountain dew, at which time he produces a tin whistle and proceeds to pipe out songs about "little streams of whiskey." (Readers please note that this is not an ad paid for by the Liquor Control Board.) This brings us to the passion in this man's life and any of you who have worked in the Victoria office will recall the Chief's

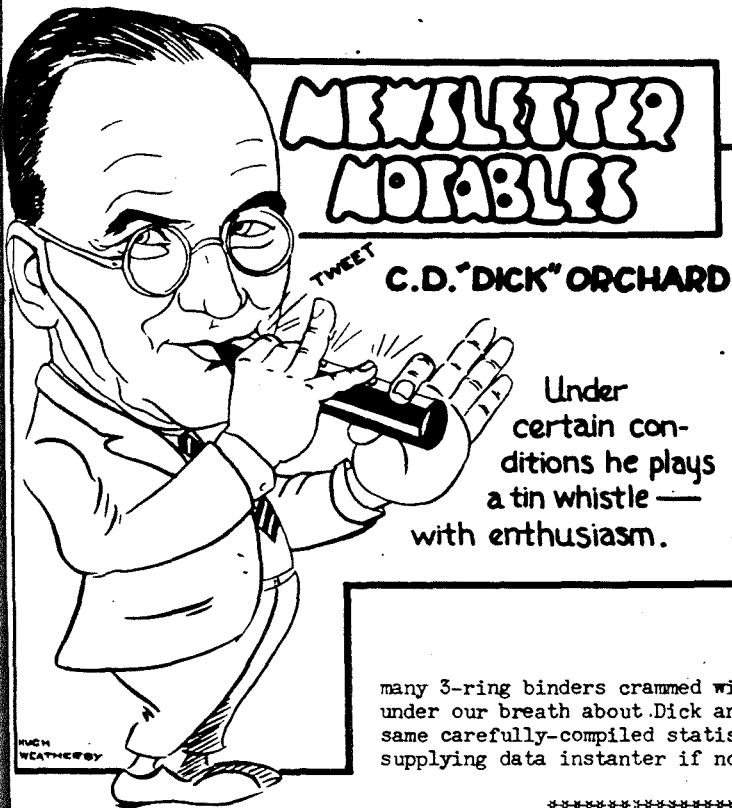
many 3-ring binders crammed with statistics of all kinds. How many of us have muttered under our breath about Dick and his statistics but you can take it from us that those same carefully-compiled statistics have been invaluable during the present crisis of supplying data instantane if not quicker to the current Royal Commission.

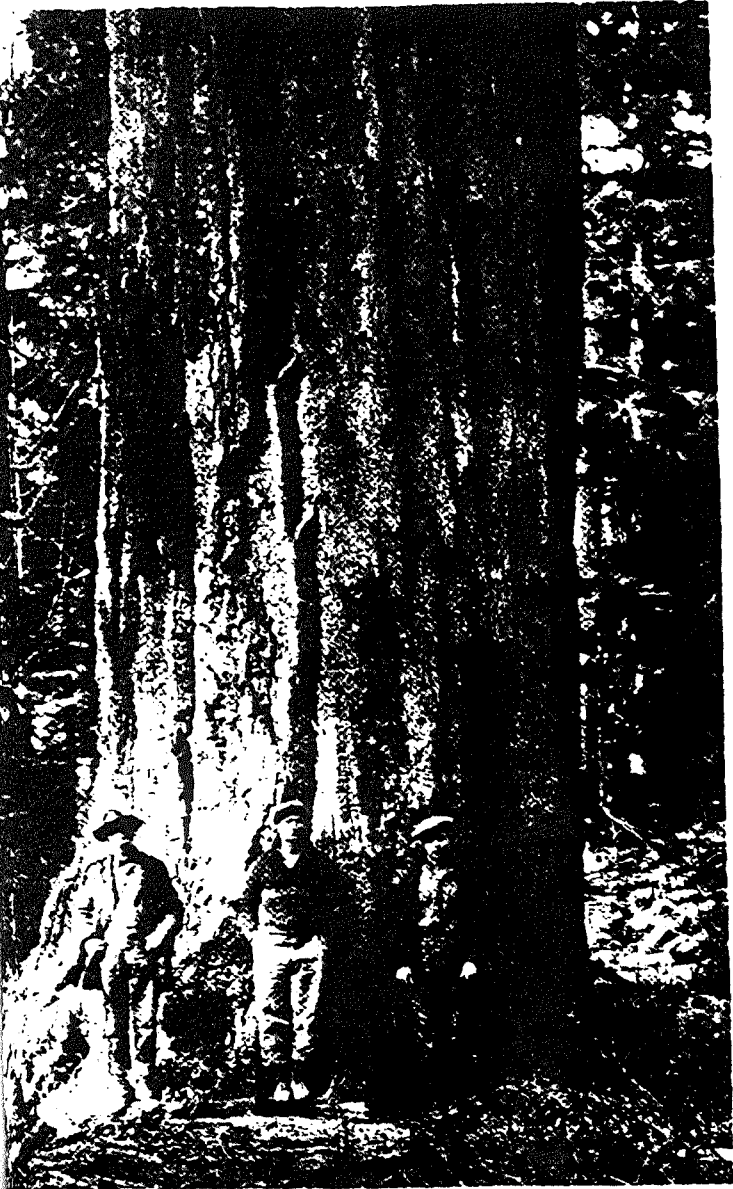
We have often heard members of the hot-stove league discussing heatedly the superlative merits of their particular champion of trees. The wide variation of claims for the "Champ," in diameter, height or age stirred us to the point of actually becoming interested in finding out what officialdom could offer in authoritative data, and sorry to say, in many respects, there is lack of unanimity in officialdom also. But out of the mass of evidence we present some of the best known facts and conjectures available.

The fur-lined coffin for the peak in years possibly goes to the General Sherman Tree in Sequoia National Park. This patriarch has taken 4,000 years to attain its present volume of 600,120 board feet within its basal diameter of 37' and height of 274'. However, there is also the old cypress rooted in the village of Santa Maria del Tule, Mexico which has also taken 4,000 years to attain its almost unbelievable diameter of 56'. A desert juniper near Logan, Utah has a computed age of 4,000 years but apparently is of no remarkable size as no official measurements are given.

Coming a little closer to home into the Douglas Fir belt, the oldest official measured age of any one of this species is 1400 years attained by the Washington State "Finney Creek Fir." The tree was burned down by a homesteader in 1910.

Authentic figures as to height of trees warrants the awarding of the hand engraved Abney to the California Redwood. For some years it was thought that Australian trees had the pants licked off the rest of the world for tree height. But the North Americans, not to be caught with their plants down, unearthed the "Founders Tree" located on North Dyerville Flat, Humboldt County, same tree towers 364' into the stratosphere. In competition the Founders Tree had to contend with the Eucalyptus tree in Australia, which had in its favour claims of 471' for a tree at Mt. Baw Baw





A Giant Among the Firs

Up to 1930 this was the largest standing Douglas fir tree. Located near Mineral, Washington, it had a diameter of fifteen feet, breast high, and was 225 feet tall. It was blown down in a severe wind storm, after having been on earth for 1,020 years.

PRINCE GEORGE NEWS

Recently Sam Marling paid us a visit. This is the first time in two years that Management Office has seen fit to call on us. We are not sure of the reason for this long period. Possibly our Management activities have been considered above reproach or possibly beyond redemption. Most likely the latter.

Then there was the Lookout man who took the law into his own hands and without giving the mandatory six months' notice, forcibly ejected some unwelcome tenants from his cabin. The results were disastrous--said tenants had big bushy tails and black and white stripes down their backs.

In some ways the Fort George District is regarded by more op-ulent districts as being only half civilized. But when it comes to being air-minded these would-be superior districts are still in the horse and buggy era. During the four month period from May to August, inclusive, 23 of our total 38 district headquarters' staff, Rangers, Assistant Rangers and Patrolmen spent nearly 300 hours in the air. Including flying-time for fire-fighters during the same period, the total was over 568 hours. Charlie McGuire, stationed at Lower Post on the Liard, and Irving Johnson of Fort St. John have top scores in regard to total flying hours. These two amiable souls were on good terms with the R.C.A.F. and U. S. Army Air Force and consequently obtained considerable free flying time for fire patrol work.



FORT GEORGE FLIERS!

(Victoria) 480' for an eucalyptus near Healsville and 572' for another just twenty miles drive from Sydney. These astronomical figures were possibly encouraged among the less informed authorities in the northern hemisphere through the common fallacy that Australian trees, growing down had the force of gravity in their favour whereas trees in the northern hemisphere had to grow up. But in spite of what, if any, natural phenomena was in favour of the Australian arborvitae, the extravagant claims of 471' to 572' for height of the eucalyptus were exploited by the Melbourne Exposition's competition for the tallest Australian tree. The trophy was won by an eucalyptus 325' in height. The United States Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin gives the eucalyptus authentic credit for a maximum height of 346'.

Here at home we have a fairly authentic record of a Douglas Fir tree being felled near Vancouver in 1912, and which had a reported stump diameter of 25'. It was claimed that this tree had a total height of 417' but this height claim has no authenticity and is officially discredited. There are claims of a standing Douglas Fir tree 18' in diameter at the headwaters of Englishman's River, Vancouver Island, but we have nothing to verify this claim.

The largest standing Douglas Fir Tree up to 1930 is said to be a fifteen footer D.B.H. near Mineral, Washington. A wind storm laid this 1,000 year-old veteran low in 1930 and if anyone knows of a fifteen footer now standing and can furnish proof of its existence, he has a record.

In the not-so-well-known class, there is the claim of a chesty Chestnut tree in Sicily which measures 60' in diameter but we cannot learn whether this is the diameter of the trunk or the crown.

Maximum diameters of large trees in other countries dwarf our native growth to insignificance, for instance the Kauri tree in New Zealand measures up to 24' in diameter. The great Jaquitiba trees of Brazil reach diameters up to 23'. Several Sequoias in California have exceeded a scaled volume of half a million board feet.

Professor T. J. Starker of Oregon State College, who has consistently fostered the movement to protect outstanding trees or tree groups in the western states has said: "What right has a man to cut down to the level of the earth a tree growing more than 364' into the air. Is a tree containing 500,000 board feet more valuable when sawed up and made into 100 five-room bungalows, or left as a living monument of God's handwork to go on for years affording a temple at which to worship?"



Kamloops and Nelson districts please take note. We are now so bold as to predict that in five years time our annual cut will nearly equal your combined output. On the cards we have a 200 ton pulp mill coming up, as well as a plywood industry and new sawlog operations.

A. E. "John" Collins has been doing an extensive reconnaissance of forest resources along the Alaska Highway. Because of the tremendous areas involved only the broadest kind of study could be made in a couple of months' field work. However, it is at least a start. We know that there are extensive areas of forest land and we know that at least some of these areas are quite productive. For instance a timber sale at Fort Nelson, just south of 59 latitude, has been cutting out 25 M. per acre of spruce. The main Liard Valley, viewed from the air appears to contain fine growing sites and the meagre amount of ground information available confirms this opinion.

.....

Doug. Macdougall says:

After reading that guy John Applewhaite's ramblings about Copner and Watson lookouts in the last newsletter put out by Nelson, I am almost tempted to tell on him. But he is a pretty good scout, and at that he did carry the lunch bag to the top of Sentinel and Copper when those stations were visited. I have long arrived at the conclusion that the Asst. Rangers (and John was one then) lay for the lookout photographer, soft after a winter in the office, and give him the works. They have gradually worn me down, becoming weaker each year, until last season I could not make it at all. Many a laugh have I had with these damn fine fellows, and many a time have I thwarted their evil intentions when they have tried to plant a bronk on me. "Ride old Bill here, he is as quiet as a mouse." Wall-eyed, roman-nosed Bill, with an expression which says "You try it and I'll throw you so high that you will have to climb down the halter rope." It seems that there are no holds barred with these fellows. One of them I am sure had a grizzly planted for me on a berry covered sidehill, but something went wrong, for he got it himself a week later on the same lookout trail. On another occasion some bricks were put in a packbox to balance the transit and camera, the bricks rattled, and a rodeo was staged. As luck would have it only light poplars and willows impeded the progress of our sky-rocketing Smoky. After it was fairly quiet the pack was transferred to another probable, and the casual remark was made by the A. R.: "You may as well ride Smoky to the top." Not by a jugful. I always find that it is a good plan to lean against them before mounting, and if they fall down they are safe to ride.

Yes John, I believe there was some trouble tying down Watson lookout, but thanks for the opportunity to reminisce, and as you have nailed down the mountain, maybe you could move the waterhole near the top--try that one John. I believe that would stump even Grand Forks (did I hear you say something Harold).



VANCOUVER NEWS

At a gathering of the Staff of the Vancouver Office on November 9th, Mr. B. J. (Bert) Parker, Recorder of Scaling, was presented with a farewell gift as a token of the best wishes of the Scaling and Office Staff on the occasion of his retirement on Superannuation after twenty years with the Forest Branch. Though not looking a day over fifty, Bert reached sixty-five early in September this year. Well known as a Yukoner, he hiked into Dawson on the "Trail of '98," having a varied career in those parts for over twenty years. He first joined the Forest Branch as an Asst. Scaler in 1924 and for a time was Export Patrol Officer before coming into the office as Asst. Recorder of Scaling in October, 1926. He succeeded Jack MacRae as Recorder in March, 1935. In his own words he is now "living the life of Riley" and we all wish him good health to continue in this happy state for many years to come.

On Saturday, November 4, the Vancouver Office Staff gathered together for the presentation of a coffee table to Miss Mary Chorlton, a popular member of our staff and the District Forester's stenog, on the occasion of her forthcoming marriage to L.A.C. Leonard Gourley. As Mr. Haddon ably put it in the proverbial nutshell—"Mary has managed her duties here expertly and now sees her way clear to take over the administration of a certain member of the Air Force."

On September 27th a presentation of a travelling case was made to Miss Susan Dobson who had come to the conclusion that the Navy had more interesting jobs than Records correspondence. Congratulations are now in order as we understand that Sue, after an initiation at swabbing decks, passed all her exams with high marks and is now a full-fledged Writer.

Lieut. John D. Creighton, who was Assistant Ranger at Thurston Bay and Harrison Lake, after completing the Fleet Air Arm course in England, is now stationed at the Royal Naval Air Station at Trinidad, British West Indies.

It appears that we of the Newsletter have overlooked welcoming Chris Armstrong back to the fold. After three years in Scotland in charge of a company of the Forestry Corps, Chris returned to Canada last winter along with Allan Parlow and Alex Gordon. Since last July, Chris has been helping to subdue the Management maelstrom in the Vancouver District.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. (Cedric) Telford proudly report the arrival of Ruth Marjorie on July 3rd last. Cedric, a member of the above-mentioned Vancouver Management maelstrom, was then promptly sent on a long sea voyage around the West Coast of Vancouver Island and has now returned and become acquainted with his daughter. Our congratulations are offered herewith, hearty though tardy.

We are also glad to report the return from the services of H. E. (Harry) Stevenson, late of the R.C.A. and formerly Ranger at Port Alberni. Harry is now engaged as a swing Ranger (in the substituting sense not jitterbug), helping the more overburdened of the overburdened Rangers of the Vancouver Staff. He arrived here on the heels of a deluge of large sale applications and his help is really appreciated. We hope to provide him with a more permanent place to hang his hat shortly.

We are informed by a properly professional card that Charles Davies Schultz, formerly of the Victoria Economics (Forest Surveys) Division, has hung out his shingle as a Forester and Forest Engineer ready, willing and able to cope with any assignments in Forestry. His headquarters will be in Vancouver.

A. C. "Alf" Buckland, formerly of the same Victoria office has also left the employ of Canadian Forest Products Ltd. at Englewood for private practice and he too has his headquarters in Vancouver.

We wish both boys the best of luck in their new ventures.

A recent visitor is Corporal D. A. "Doug" Sims, who is now attached to No. 2 E. D., R.C.A.F. in Vancouver. In view of recent developments, Doug is wondering whether the next thirty days or so will see him in or out of the Air Force.

"Rusty" Campbell recounts some of the transportation problems in the

FORT GEORGE DISTRICT

In the very early days of the Forest Service in the Fort George district, the transportation problems, as compared to the present time, were, to say the least, somewhat different, if not more difficult. There was but one wagon road north of the old Cariboo Road, a wagon trail by way of Blackwater Telegraph Cabin, from Quesnel to Fort George. In 1914 when I first joined the Service, the officers depended on river transportation chiefly, varied by horse trails. The fast-flowing northern rivers were patrolled by canoes poled up stream and paddled down stream. Poling is something that takes time to learn on fast rivers, calls for real skill. If any person thinks not, let him take a canoe and pole and try it out just once. The Fort George District was the fond owner of just one piece of mechanical equipment, a one cylinder brasshound Evinrude outboard engine. Gasoline for this was difficult to obtain anywhere in the district, so one started up stream with the outboard, and (if it ran) when one's allowance of gas was exhausted, the outboard was hung on a handy tree on the bank and the old reliable pole and paddle got out. Despite all this, many miles of fast river were covered by the old pioneers of the service. Dawn was the



usual start on the river, and not till near sundown was camp made. Rapids and canyons were lined by 500 foot light tracking line that could be purchased only from the H. B. C. Posts. To upset in a canyon was not considered good form by rivermen. There were surprisingly few accidents by the men who knew water. Like crime, it did not pay in these roaring canyons to misjudge water. When I returned from overseas in 1919, the district was the proud possessor of two Model T Ford cars (Leaping Lizzies to you) but patrols were still being made by saddle horse and canoe. Many of the Assistant Rangers and Patrolmen used two saddle horses, changing mounts several times during a day's trip, and covering a surprising amount of country in a day. Fires were fought when you got there, not before, just as at present.

We have VII Victory Loan statistics for only two districts so if the other three districts wish to compare theirs with Vancouver and Kamloops, here are the figures.

	<u>Quota</u>	<u>Subscribed</u>	<u>% of Staff</u>	<u>% of Quota</u>	<u>Average per Subscription</u>
Vancouver	\$9,450.00	\$18,100	90	192	\$158.17
Kamloops	4,600.00	6,100	81	185	175.82

In both districts the clerks have been given the task of organizing all loans to date and the results attained are certainly a tribute to the men doing the pushing. In Vancouver, Eric Fox has given his all to such good effect and in Kamloops, Harry Parker has accepted the Victory Loan organization as his baby.

When we come to look over the records of past loans, Vancouver District has an enviable record. Their low in % of subscription compared to quota is 170% with a high of 256%.

While we are on statistics we have at least one item of Vital interest since the last issue of the Newsletter—Mrs. McBride and Clark presented themselves with a brand new little girl on Sept. 17th, Judith Ann.

George Copley, who can tell you more possibly than any other man in the Service about range critters and what they do or eat and why they do or eat it, is due soon to join those selected few who look from the sidelines from the safety of their retirement and jeer at the rest of us poor slaves. But before George shakes hands all around he has consented to put in writing some of the observations he has made during his 27 odd years with the Branch.

Apparently during George's early days in the great outdoors, the flies made a great impression on him, and his displays of eloquence and fury reach their greatest heights from just the mere mention of flies. The highlights of George's essay on flies, quoted below, show just how bad from our viewpoint, and how good from the flies' angle, a fly can be:—

"In Pemberton Meadows, where high flying mosquitos have often been mistaken for fog before they come down to earth for the serious business of feeding, the new-born hairless pigs have to be kept in iron lungs during the early weeks of their lives to keep them from being stung to death. Some of the poorer farmers could only afford the one dozen capacity iron lung and those in any litter over and above that capacity had to be left to the mercies of the stinging hordes. On bad days, such luckless ones were not only stung to death but the holes made by the mosquitos' stingers were so close together that there was nothing left but one big hole—no pig was visible.

"When they are as thick as that it is quite common to see several layers of mosquitos on any exposed portion of a single living being, each layer feeding on the layer beneath. Although these layers get pretty deep I have not yet been able to determine if the victim's life blood can be raised over the theoretical limit of 32'.

(Editor's note:—as well as being serious, George has also captured the humor of these situations as noted below.)

"During a land surveying job in the Nechaco Valley one humid June when the "skeeters" were going great guns, the survey party was in charge of an Englishman of the old school who insisted on the same type of refreshment and service he had received in India. So the cook, acting as flunky, kept the anti-freeze in motion, and the Chief satisfied. After a week or so of this procedure a prospector on his way to Fort St. James blew into the camp and rested over for a day there. In the evening he remarked to the second in command, "Don't the mosquitos bother your Chief?"

"'Hell no!' was the working one's emphatic reply, 'During the day the Chief is too full to pay any attention to the skeeters, and during the night the skeeters are too full to bother the Chief.'

"But in spite of the trials and tribulations brought about by the presence of these biting b-----s there are occasional lighter moments to relieve the agony. Such as occasions where inveterate pipe smokers would wax a little careless in their efforts to ignite their pipes which protruded through their mosquito netting and their face nets would go up in flames—this was invariably good for a laugh. Or occasionally the dogged persistence of the flies would unhinge the minds of the weaker members of the party and they periodically would proceed to disrobe completely to better allow their torturers a go at them and thus end their miseries completely. Such demonstrations usually convulsed the other members of the party as the mosquitos, being easily shocked, very prudish and non-Doukhoborish, would disappear completely leaving the victim with nothing to do but sheepishly return to fully clothed sanity.

"With apologies to the old Tent Maker I note below a couple of little odes to flies.

(Editor's note:—We can't figure how anybody could have ode anything to a fly.)

Accursed fly who's found at home in Myriad places,
In Stygian swamps, or woods, or even open spaces,
Whose fearful power to sting cannot be judged
By just that little point attached to where his face is.

Or other fly, reversed, with swiftly bend his
Little whatzis 'till each stabbed chechako will extend his
Arms to heaven crying, "How administers the pain?
From biting beak, or just from where his end is?"

We recently received some very good advice from Acting Ranger Bob Hewlett of Birch Island concerning care of tires. Bob is an old time "Master Maniac" in his own right and it pays to listen well when Bob sees fit to advise. Regarding tires he says:—

"Tubes on drop centre rims often become stretched and split along the inside of the tube. This is caused by the fact that the beads of the tire do not push into place until after the tube has considerable pressure in it and the inside of the tube has to take care of the extra distance between the beads since the air pressure inside will not settle into the well in the rim of the wheel.

"To avoid damage to tubes, especially the low grade synthetic ones, the tires should be inflated enough to press the tire beads into place and then immediately deflated to allow the tube to find its proper place in the casing. It can now be inflated to the correct pressure without causing any harm to the tube. For you who have to pump tires by the 'Armstrong' method, it will be found that the short 'Dill' valve insides are much harder to pump air through than the longer 'Schrader' type. It is worthwhile discarding any of these short valve insides and replacing them with the other type where you are forced to inflate tires by hand.

Cym Williams, who contends he deals with more tough customers per acre than any other Ranger in the Province, brought our attention to this gem of righteous indignation on the part of a trespasser who, after repeated warnings against the practice of cutting first and applying afterward, and after consistent instruction in timber sale procedure, continued to trespass. When the fur stopped flying and the dust settled a bit, said trespasser acknowledged most recent trespass charges with the meek rejoinder that "he expected a little more co-operation from the Forest Branch especially when, in this case, he had taken the trouble of actually applying for the timber a day in advance of cutting."

It's a mighty light fire season that doesn't produce some anecdote far enough divorced from the ordinary routine to be worthy of retelling.

To accompany a Property Loss for one wet-bulb thermometer came the following explanation of loss:

"Yea even so, I the great Lindsay was unwittingly responsible for the demolition of the WET BULB thermometer on the wonderful scientific gadget known as the PSYCHROMETER.

"However it was broken whilst I was following to the best of my ability the directions laid down in the heterogenous mass of literature which is enclosed with this marvellous scientific piece of metal and glass.

"I was, as the directions said, twirling, slinging or slanging the Psychrometer preparatory to filling in my report for the hour twelve--12--noon. I am a five second man, that is, when I twirl, sling or slang anything, I do it for five seconds, and so I was twirling, slinging or slanging this instrument and was just entering upon my fourth second when Gunysack, my Airdale, doubtless thinking that I had at long last completely lost my senses, crept up behind me and attempted to smell the Psychrometer.

"The results were instantaneous. Gunysack's nose and the wet bulb came into instant contact. There was a sharp snap from the wet bulb and a sharp yip from Gunysack and my fourth second twirl, sling or slang was stopped, as

It were, in midstride. I kicked Gunnysack out of the way and bravely continued with my duty, only to discover, alas, that I no longer had a Psychrometer, I only had a thermometer.

"There is no other Psychrometer here, and though I have tried to glue this one together with egg-white, flour paste and other concoctions, I am very much afraid that, as a Psychrometer, its days of being twirled, slinged or slanged are all in the forgotten limbo of the past.

"I offer no apologies for this catastrophe. I am, needless to say, sorry that the Psychrometer is broken. Gunnysack is also sorry that the Psychrometer is broken. And I have no doubts whatever but that the Psychrometer is sorry that it is broken. So as you can easily see this lookout has become a place of sorrow, of weeping and of wailing and of gnashing of teeth.

"Therefore, being of more or less sound mind, a man loosely constructed in the image of God, a mighty hunter, a great eater, a tremendous drinker of beers, light wines, heavy wines, home-brew, factory-brew, soft liquors and hard liquors, being in fact one of the most wonderful, and at the same time, most intellectual fellows that it has ever been my privilege to sleep with, I wonder if you could, upon receipt of this letter, possibly arrange to get me a wet bulb thermometer to go alongside the dry bulb thermometer which is intact and raring to be twirled, slinged, or slanged.

"Hoping all can be arranged, and that this event can be more or less satisfactorily explained to the people who dwell in the high places and direct the lives, love affairs and religious emprise of lowly lookout men like myself who are too inarticulate to either write or express themselves by word of mouth.

(Editor's note:--To the evil in mind it occurs that in view of the self-confessed close association with Bacchus, of "the Master of the Art of twirling," could it have been the spirit within the wet bulb thermometer that prompted the breaking, or was it charged only with mercury.)

I remain sincerely,
That Master of the Art of Twirling,
Frederick William O'Shaughnessy Lindsay,
Ex Parrott Lookerouter.

From the Nelson District, land of the original strip teasers, comes a very illuminating excerpt from the separate history of a final fire report:

".....however, all available or potential labour, it being Saturday night in town, was more or less slap-happy or intoxicated over movies, bingo games, beer parlours, parties, etc., or hypnotised by other people's or their own verbosity, or by feminine charms, and interested, in short, in anything and everything but forest fires. But arrangements were completed for a reasonable early start the following morning. Eleven youths and one man were secured locally, and twelve Doukhabour gentlemen arranged for."

The Doukhabours seem to be definitely distinguished from Forest Officers through the qualification "gentlemen."

And this extract from a Personnel Report: ".....his spelling and writing is atrocious," calls up the old Scriptural quotation about the tossing of the first boulder by he who has not sinned.

Fighting Fire Under Difficulties



The Separate History covering a fire which occurred during the past season on a logging operation in the Queen Charlotte Island indicates that, in spite of our axiom to "get them while they are small," there are occasions when conditions on the ground make this absolutely impossible.

The fire in question started from the lighted fuse in a dynamite-loaded stump being blasted in connection with road-building operations. The fuse was the first lighted in seven charged stumps and, although the powder monkey and a cold deck crew were near by, the fire spread so rapidly, surrounding all seven loaded stumps that the crew on hand had to remain at a safe distance until the fire ignited and discharged the powder charges. The last charge did not go off until two hours after the start of the fire, during which time the 125 men on the claim were assembled in the

vicinity of the fire area, together with necessary tools, etc., awaiting safe time to take action. When the crew finally were able to take suppression measures, the fire had reached fair proportions and actually covered some 180 acres before finally extinguished.

Two valuable additions to the Nelson Forest District were announced late this fall when Assistant Ranger Hugo Wood of Nakusp celebrated the arrival of his first, a son, and Acting Ranger Harold Holmberg of Grand Forks celebrated the arrival of another daughter.

In none too silent protest of the ever increasing beaureacratc regulations being passed along onto the round-shoulders of the poor Ranger, Ray Samson has blossomed forth with one of his inspired ditties. This one's entitled "The Things that Matter":

"O cook, dear cook, please tell me, Oh, tell me if you can,
How many cups of coffee were consumed by every man?
How many spoons of sugar? How many bites of meat?

How many pounds of butter did the hungry beggars eat?
These figures are most vital, to hell with the raging fire,
Just keep all these statistics and you'll earn your two-bit h

THE SERVICE IN THE SERVICES

Flying Officer NORMAN H. BOSS (Nelson) was killed on active service with the R.C.A.F., November 15th, Norman Boss enlisted in 1942 immediately after graduation in Forest Engineering from the University of B. C. He went overseas in May of this year having spent sometime in Canada as an instructor in navigation. A native of Nelson, during his high school and university years, he was an outstanding student winning several scholarships. With several seasons in the Forest Service prior to his enlistment he proved a clear thinker, a good worker and a good companion. We will miss him in the Service.

R. A. DAMSTROM (Nelson) writes early in November from Scotland where he is still with the Forestry Corps that they "are getting the start of winter, have had a terrible sleet storm all week and this morning the ground had about a half inch covering of snow which was frozen solid, I don't fancy having to stay here another winter but I'm not going to kick as I'm sure we are getting much the better of the deal. The fellows in the lines in France, Belgium and Holland, and our own men in the ten Companies in France, are fighting and working under much tougher conditions than we will ever have to. We all live in hopes of getting over too, but I'm afraid we're here to stay, there's too much timber yet to be cut and to top it off our only reinforcements are men who have seen action and are unfit for further service in the field but who want to stay over here and see it through.

The cigarettes are arriving regularly every month and they come in handy as under the new allotment system, one never knows when to expect the regularly ordered supply. To you fellows who were over here in the last show, the British Cigarettes are no better now than they were then and the jolly old Woodbine is still the best seller and the most plentiful. Thanks fellows and gals, we appreciate them."



F/O N. H. Boss.

REX COLMER (Nelson) writes from Watson Lake, Yukon and enclosed a picture of the answer to a packer's prayer "Yukon style." Rex states that these dogs are really happy with their thirty pounds attached to their backs but it requires a very expertly made harness.

Major MAUDE-ROXBY (Kamloops) was preparing to take No. 9 Company of the Forestry Corps to France when he last wrote us. He says "Once again the Forest Branch cigarettes to the rescue! Just returned from 48 embarkation leave and preparing to take my company over to France and was down to the last packet of Sweet Caps. And by this afternoon's mail the monthly parcel from the F. B. rolls up."....."We here are now all wearing the Crusader's Flash of 'Monty's' 21st Army Group, and very proud the boys are of it, though sorry to discard the familiar green triangle of the Canadian Forestry Corps"....."The few C.F.C. who are already over say they work three shifts and the lumber is used as fast as it comes off the saws. Considering the trees were standing twenty-four hours before, this is hot-logging with a vengeance!"

Letter from GARTH COLBECK (Vancouver)...."I went over to France on 1st July and eventually joined the 'Sherbrooke Fusiliers'--27th Canadian Armoured Regiment--and fought with them, being wounded during the advance on Falaise on August 13th. I was evacuated to England and have been in the Horsham Base Hospital ever since. I am, however, up now and expect to be discharged A-1 in a week or so, then back across to rejoin my regiment."

We were glad to hear from Lieut. HAROLD CLIFF (Economics, Victoria) with the R.C.E. in Sydney, Nova Scotia "While not fortunate enough to get overseas as yet I am as far away as I can get and still remain in Canada. After a year in the Maritimes the Newsletter is really a welcome breath of home. Just the heading 'Newsletter' reminds me of the good old Forest Survey days--Okanagan and Slokan surveys with Dick Nixon, Cultus Lake with Mickey Pogue, and Sayward with George Silburn. Of course I miss the 'fly-camps' most and the country where trees are really trees."



F/O H. K. DeBeck.

Congratulations to F.O. H. K. (Keary) DEBECK (Kamloops), who has been awarded the D.F.C. "for distinguished service overseas." He has been overseas nearly two years and has completed his 32nd operational flight over Germany. Keary is a Navigator and is now doing instructional duty. ".....As you may know I am instructing on this training station for a year, and it is turning out to be far more interesting than I first anticipated. We are far from overworked and on rainy days when there is no flying we gather around the stove and do a little line shooting about our operation trips. After telling our stories to one another and practicing them up on the pupils for a year, you should hear some pretty tall stories by the time we get home." "They have lumber yards dispersed about the country near the ports here, and most of it is good old B. C. fir. On several afternoons off this last month I've gone over with my little axe and saw to the station scrap wood pile. Over three-

quarters of the wood is from B. C. and the navigation section has a very respectable wood pile now. About all our woods are represented too. But doggone it, I wish there was more cedar, because I sure like splitting cedar."

V. C. SMITH (Vancouver) Formerly Launch Engineer on the "Hemlock" and "Wells Gray," has certainly been around since he joined the Navy. Starting out as Second Engineer aboard H.M.C.S. "Norsal," he was promoted to Chief Petty Officer and given charge of engines and auxiliaries aboard H.M.C.S. "Leola Vivian." While aboard this ship he wrote his examinations for Warrant Engineer, passed, and was appointed to H.M.C.S. "Sans Peur" in charge of machinery. After seven months aboard the "Sans Peur," he was given the rank of Warrant Officer and taken into Halifax for officer's training. He was then appointed to new construction and sent to oversee a new class of tug, welded steel construction and powered by 1,000 B.H.P. diesel. On completion of construction and powered by , he is to go to sea in one of them.

G. M. RISTE (Vancouver) is now attached to the A.E.F. in France. He married a Yorkshire girl on May 6th last. Congratulations!

AL. DIXON (Vancouver) says "Many thanks for the cigarettes. They have been over to France twice but finally caught up with me. Would like to get over to France myself just once."

HARRY G. MAYSON (Kamloops) is to be congratulated on receiving his commission recently. He is now with No. 20, Canadian Forestry Corps, as a Mill Officer.

BILL HALL acknowledges the cigarettes...."Another 300 came the other day and are being duly liquidated. Many thanks. They certainly fill a most important want in our daily scheme of things. I keep well and busy now I am out of hospital with all sorts of work ahead. Working with GERRY ANDREWS is like old times--he hasn't changed at all--and we have much the same set-up as at Michigan Street."

Cigarette acknowledgements from R. E. CRELLIN, "somewhere in England"; ARCHIE McNEILL, A. B. ANDERSON, J. H. WILCOX (who has transferred from the Forestry Corps to the R.C.E.), all "somewhere in France"; LORNE SWANNELL, "somewhere in Holland"; JACK ESELMONT, "somewhere in Belgium"; C. H. CAMERON, Newfoundland; and also from LARRY LITTLE with No. 502 Squadron, R.C.A.F. Overseas. Since Larry's acknowledgment, word has been received that he is reported "Missing."

D.E. "DON" STEPHENS (Vancouver) has been promoted to Flying Officer overseas.

CLAYTON LETCHER, R.C.A.F., formerly Patrolman in the Vancouver District, is reported missing in action.

G. H. FEWTRELL (Kamloops), reported almost through his tour of "Ops" in our last issue of the Newsletter is now a prisoner of war in German hands. His address is: Flying Officer G. H. Fewtrell, Canadian Prisoner of War No. 2089, OFLAG IX A - H., Germany. Unfortunately, Red Cross regulations prevent us sending him the "Newsletter," as it is printed matter, but he can still receive his monthly cigarettes.

Previously reported missing, NORMAN WHARF, Forest Accounts, Victoria, is also a prisoner of war in Germany. We have received a post-card from him which reads: "Here I am at last as you can see, a P.O.W. My hands and face have been severely burnt, otherwise I am O.K. It is not bad here. I wish you would convey my thanks to all the staff for the cigarettes I have received and tell them all I will be seeing them soon." Norman's address is as follows: Sgt. N. G. Wharf, Canadian Prisoner of War No. 53429, STALAG IX C, GERMANY.

ATHALIE FRASIER (Victoria) writes from Ottawa where she is at present stationed. after graduating from No. 3 Basic Training Centre in Kitchener, Ont. On October 27th. She is working in the Aylmer Building with the Judge Advocate General's Administration Department.

JIMMY ELLIS (Kamloops) paid the Kamloops office a visit recently. He was home on leave after serving with the Motor Launch Patrol on the East Coast.

W. C. STEVENS (Kamloops) has written thanking Harry Allison for the August copy of the Newsletter and as a Parachuter with the 1st Canadian Parachute Co., he found Doug. Gregor's account of parachuting supplies interesting. Wishes the Newsletter regularly and gives the following address: K-15783, Pte. Stevens, W.C., 1st Can. Parachute Tr. Coy., Canadian Army Overseas.

Flt./Lt. CED WALKER writes from No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, Alta., that he has been Athalie Frasier. quite a nomad of late, changing stations frequently, but now with the whittling down of the air training program he expects to stay put for a while. He longs to get back to Victoria golf courses where he intends to win back, honestly, a few dollars which George Melrose stole by virtue of a few lucky putts.

A. E. HESKETH (Nelson) advises he is now taking a refresher course at Barriefield, Ontario, preparatory to proceeding overseas, after twenty-three months in Debart, Nova Scotia. He is in the Signal Corps.

Congratulations to ART KIRK (Prince George), who has received his commission in Artillery after a long grind at British O.C.T.U. He says: "They really put us through it in that place but the instruction was good. After seven days' leave in London, where I kicked my heels up high, wide and handsome, we abruptly came down to earth again when we landed on Salisbury Plain for a stretch of heavy firing on the ranges. From there we reported here to No. 1 C.A.R.U., where we await our turn to go over to the continent as reinforcements."



RECENT ARRIVALS OVERSEAS

<p>A. G. RITCHIE (Patrolman, Kamloops District) son of "Pop" Ritchie, Pilot Officer, J-41470, R.C.A.F. Overseas.</p> <p>D.A. KITTSOON (Asst. Ranger, Vancouver District) Pte., K-56935, 4th Armoured Division Transport Coy., R.C.A.S.C., Canadian Army Overseas.</p>	<p>I. C. ROBINSON (Asst. Ranger, Nelson District) Cnr., K-66189, 88 Bty., 5 L.A.A., R.C.A., C.M.F., Canadian Army Overseas.</p> <p>J. C. PAYNE (Ranger Asst., Nelson District) F/Sgt., R-185610, R.C.A.F. Overseas.</p>
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BRINGING THE HONOUR ROLL UP TO DATE

<p>POPE, N.M.F., Nurseryman, Peace Arch Park, 1940-41, R.C.A.F.</p> <p>DOBSON, Miss E. S., Stenographer, Vancouver Office, 1943-44, W.R.C.N.S.</p> <p>FRASIER, Miss A.B.M., Stenographer, Operation Office, Victoria, 1943-44, C.W.A.C.</p>	<p>CLIFF, H. N., Research Asst., Compassman & Cruiser, Economics, Victoria, 1938-1942, R.C.E.</p> <p>ANDERSON, Miss Ursula, Stenographer, Vancouver, W.R.C.N.S.</p> <p>ROBERTS, Miss Marion B., Stenographer, Vancouver, W.R.C.N.S.</p>
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Out of the Chilcotin comes one of those stories which is designed obviously for the annoyance of the staff. Back in the dim dead days before George Melrose thought more of his camera than he did of his axe, he (and lesser officials) were reconnoissancing by car in the Chilcotin and necessity came for a tree to be felled. One of the lesser officials volunteered to do the felling job and actually did get started but was promptly relieved by our George who considered a more experienced forester should burden the responsibility. Actually the car burdened the responsibility for our George felled the tree plumb in the car's lap.

Of course this is only hearsay--but as the cars of those days were of different stuff than those of today we assume that the tree was more to be pitied than the car.

Rear Admiral Barrett, Patrolman in charge of the Mountain Ash has done what we have tried to do for years--he's got his wife to do his corresponding. Mrs. Barrett writes as follows:--

"Newsletter is a new feature in our reading world. It's everything it's claimed to be--news, nonsense, amusement and instruction. We have enjoyed it much along with all the other new experiences that present themselves to a new man in a new job at a new place.

"It is our first year with the B. C. Forest Service. We appreciate the co-operative friendly spirit shown by all the members of the Branch to one another at all times.

"We have been very fortunate, here, in having had no fires this season. Tourists grumbled and moaned because of the inclement weather while we were inwardly hilarious--'No fires--no hazards.'

"We've found this life has its ups and downs. Temperamental fire pumps and outboard motors to 'down' us; pleasant patrols in the launch 'Mountain Ash' to 'up' us. A variety of living is ours.

"Life in the Forestry Service has begun busily and pleasantly." Yours truly, R. M. Barrett.

One of our Victoria staff recently had a visit from Captain Martin, R.C.E., attached to R.C.O.C., who had just come back from four years' overseas service and was returning after a special "hush hush" course. Before enlisting he was in the Ontario logging industry, being the son, the grandson and the great-grandson of loggers operating their family-owned company over 100 years in existence, or, more, accurately, since 1826.

One item of interest, over which he was most enthusiastic, was the operation of a portable sawmill in the north of Scotland managed and run by members of the Women's Land Army, girls performing all and every duty required. According to Captain Martin, these girls had been trained in the various functions devolving on the employees of a sawmill by members of the Canadian Forestry Corps, B. C. Detachments, and the credit was due principally to a Colonel Parlow, who was unknown to him but apparently also came from British Columbia and had been connected with the B. C. Forest Service there. He understood that Colonel Parlow had been the instigator of the idea of training and using the Women's Land Army for this purpose so that the important work could be carried on after the Forestry Corps left the vicinity in which they were then stationed.

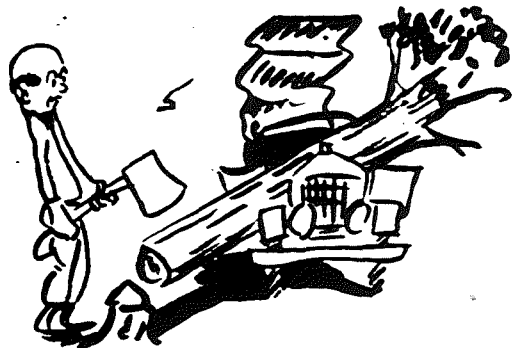
Because attempts were made to educate us along the lines that tree values were measured only in terms of dollars and cents when converted into an inert wood product or their intrinsic value in holding the interest of moneyed tourists, we have paid little attention to those gnarled old specimens of tree growth which cling precariously and stubbornly to dry rocky promontories. In fact, such trees have been worthy of passing comment only when we paused to wonder how they continued to exist under such adverse conditions. Quite frankly we could see no legitimate use for these gnarled old veterans other than serving, on and off, as besmeared vulture perches. But the age of progress and ingenuity is upon us, and from the land to the south we were honoured this summer by a visit from a representative of the Tree-Ring Laboratory of the University of Arizona who scorned absolutely the timber growing on our better sites and was quite rapturous and voluble when shown the twisted old specimens of Douglas Fir or Yellow Pine growing at the margins of talus slopes.

His explanation of their importance, briefly and simply was this:--In sites where trees consistently receive less than the minimum supply of moisture required to promote optimum growth, the growth rings conform in width and other structure in a direct relation to the amount of the moisture received. By taking increment borings of a group of these poorer site trees in any given region and by measuring the ring growth characteristics over their life-span and comparing recent growth characteristics with actual precipitation records for the district, he can evolve an accurate precipitation record for the last two or three hundred years. This record almost invariably shows regular fluctuations of drowth and wet periods which can be projected accurately for future long term forecasts of moisture conditions.

The practical value of such studies is astounding. Actually many of the larger irrigation projects throughout the States are relying on surveys conducted generally along the lines indicated above to limit the users of water and the extent of their improvement according to future run-off on their watersheds predetermined by this method.

Not only is there this practical application, but this new science has aided historical societies in accurately dating many old ruins and in timing the existence of now non-existent cultures. The ring study of wood used in structure accommodating the liquidated cultures gives the clue to the time of their existence and their survival dates can be determined to an accuracy of three years merely by projecting the cycles of tree growth in the vicinity of the ruins back until they reach a stage of conformation with the growth rings in the timbers found in the ruins. There is one snag here. Sometimes in the southern dry latitudes where wood is extremely well preserved, one culture may construct their living quarters largely of material salvaged or stolen from another. Which all goes to prove that the trials and tribulations of the Fire Inspector or Supervisor in tracing property "borrowed" between Ranger Districts or headquarters, are not new ones.

This relatively new departure from the generally accepted tree use may be old stuff to the most of you but it seems so pleasant to dwell upon the merits of a form of utilization where we do not have to worry about contracts, returns, billing, slash disposal or deposits, that we just cannot pass up the opportunity of saying something about it. And the beauty of the whole thing is the tree doesn't have to be cut down in order to give its all for posterity.



Incidentally if any of you happen to meet Mr. Edmund Schulman, of the Laboratory of Tree-Ring Research, you will likely be dazzled by his adept usage of such relatively unfamiliar terms as "physiographic environment," "homogeneous dendrochronologic area," "supersensitive chronologies," and the like. But after a day spelling him off on the increment borer you will have certainly been "wisened" up to the historical detail laid down cell by cell, year by year within these old wolf trees.

The issue of the Newsletter dated June 25, 1943, carried an interesting chronology by Mr. Prowd of timber sale XI which, upon expiry, was designated timber sale X643. Timber Sale XI was cruised for 340 cedar poles which were later admitted to be undercruised. We don't seem to have any record of cutting under subsequent sale X643 but since deposit was refunded, we assume all merchantable products were cut. Ranger Ferguson now draws our attention to the fact that since expiry of X643, 2493 poles have been cut from that area while 500 poles still remain standing. Healthy country, Adams Lake.

Henry Wedel of Black Creek, Vancouver Island, was the most zealous crusader in the province this September against forest fires and violation of fire laws.

Convicted by Magistrate A. J. Taylor at Courtenay of burning without a permit, Wedel was fined \$25.00 and costs. But that was the mild part of his punishment.

Before the end of the month, Magistrate Taylor stipulated, Wedel must contact at least twenty-five persons personally and lecture them comprehensively on the danger of fires and on fire laws generally. As proof that he had carried out his appointed task, Wedel had to submit a sworn list of names of the persons to whom he had passed on his newly acquired wisdom regarding fire matters.

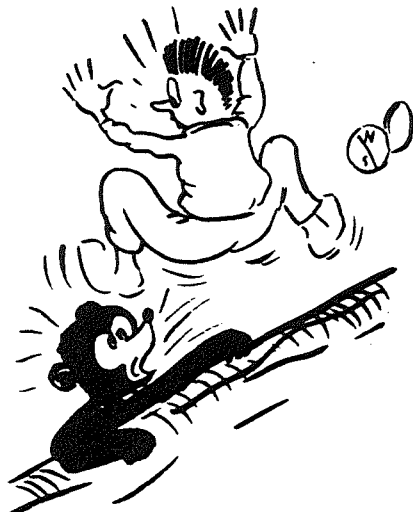
It is a mighty bare Newsletter that wouldn't contain some effort at a bear story. This issue we have an interesting sequel to an article appearing in an issue of some years ago. You may remember where Gilmour, cruising a timber sale somewhere around Shuswap Lake, ran his strip plumb over a cantankerous bear. Gilmour, in a strategic withdrawal, marked more for its haste than its brilliance, left behind coat, compass, and equanimity and has since recovered none of these.

The other day, quite innocent of the facts, we asked for an explanation of a gross timber sale undercruise and received the terse and all-inclusive reply that this was the sale on which Gilmour met the bear.

We record here Kamloops' first dispatcher of the fair sex—Marg McCusker. We really couldn't understand how the Vernon staff managed to find so much "office" work to do during the summer time until we had the pleasure of meeting Marg. (Miss McCusker to you.)

To console those of us who have had the doubtful pleasure of taking up our beds and walking—families et al—to look for non-existent living quarters in new districts, we have snatched from the "Forest Log" an apt definition of a wife:

such person is purported to be a woman who sticks with her husband through all the trouble he wouldn't have had if he hadn't married her.



"Marg" McCusker.

The cook is absent from this picture of Suppression Crew No. 1, Kamloops District but testimony of his prowess is the fact that gains in weight up to 15 pounds were recorded. They took action on and put out eleven fires during this season. Crew personnel is as follows: A.O. Holmes, foreman; H.F.W. Rooke, cook; Morgan McCluskey, Bert Watkins, T.K. Perrin, Mike Holman, Phil Cave, Glen MacKay.



We have reported by C. R. LEE (Kamloops) an entirely new use for the cigarettes he has been receiving from the Branch in England and Normandy. This is not exactly what they were purchased for, but we doubt very much whether any of the 382,200 cigarettes we have sent to our overseas staff have been put to better use. This certainly is an amazing record. We quote from Charlie's letter as follows: "With regard to the cigarettes, it may interest you to know something about their disposal—as far as I am concerned. I am not much of a smoker—therefore quite a 'freak' in the Army! and I used to disperse them among those whose tongues were hanging out for a 'smoke'—but who were 'smoke-less.' This got a bit embarrassing at times, and I hit upon the idea of raffling them, and sending the proceeds to blitzed hospitals..... This is all quite illegal, of course, and if the Commissioners of Inland Revenue (my father's old Department) knew of it they would probably be annoyed, but any misgivings I may have had in the matter have been smothered by the old cliché that 'the end justifies the means'.....It is unnecessary for me to add that I regard all the amounts from the proceeds of overseas gifts as 'trust funds' and dispose of them as such. The boys know this, and know where their cash goes to, so I have had no difficulty in getting a premium price for most of them—and the hospitals need the cash!"

C. W. MIZON (Kamloops), after two years in the Artillery, is now back in the Infantry, and going overseas with them. He was stationed in Debert, Nova Scotia, for a while and says "They call this part of the country 'Canada,' but as far as I am concerned 'Canada' is back in B. C. There is nothing here to compare with B. C. They talk about rain at Prince Rupert, but it has nothing on Nova Scotia."

STAN LOCKARD (Nelson), found the last "Newsletter" especially interesting because it was edited in his own district. He is now in charge of Signal Training in the Officer's Training Centre at Brockville, Ontario....."It is interesting work but the pace is slow at times. I feel very much as I used to feel in the early part of the Fire Season, I am all ready and just waiting for something to happen," says he.

Editors' Note: You can have the original drawing if your caricature appears in Newsletter Notables.--Costs you a donation of \$2.00 to the Tobacco Fund.

As a parting gesture we thank all contributors who have so generously supplied Kamloops with the meat for this issue. And we do hereby solemnly promise we will never overlook any other districts' appeal for material when it comes their turn to piece together enough non-blasphemous material to satisfy the hungry maw of the Editor-in-Chief.

Victoria Office edits the next edition. Send all contributions to the Chief Forester. Dead line February 28th, 1945.



C. R. Lee.