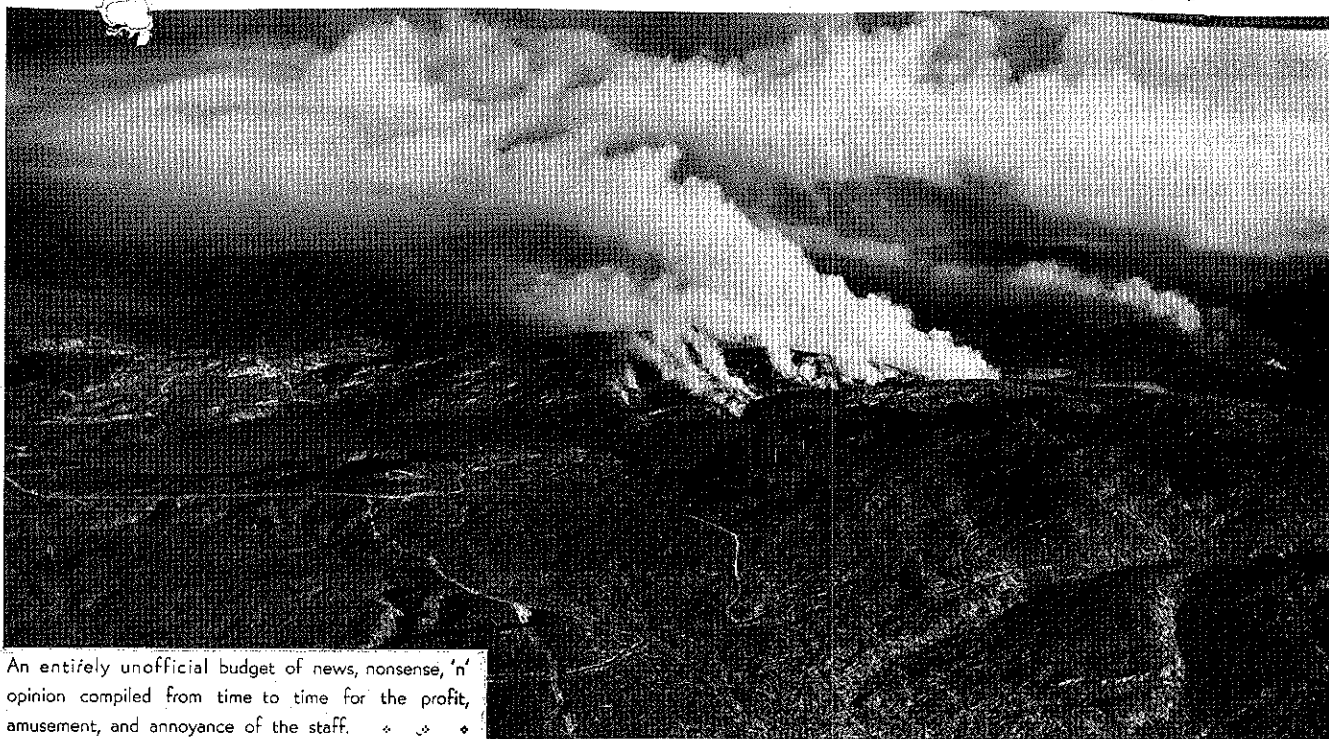


FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



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

No. 96

VICTORIA, B.C.

JULY, 1951.

SOME NOTES ON AN OLD FIRE REPORT

By James A. Pedley

Generally speaking, there is little in an official government report to make interesting reading, except perhaps to the person directly concerned. Yet there is the occasional report that while cold and bleak at birth, improves with age; as, I am told, does the good red wine. I came across one such report recently, attracted by the title no doubt - "Forest Fires in British Columbia ...1904", and it was a summary of various Agents' reports as made to the Deputy Minister of Agriculture at the time, Hon. J.R. Anderson.

Apparently 1904 was a peak year, at least in most districts. The pall of smoke hanging over the country was said to be sufficient to "obscure the view and prevent surveying operations". Probably also, as we have more recent complaint, to prevent the ripening of tomatoes.

The report mentions that the direct loss to the Province was large and the effect on "mining and other industries requiring wood supplies" would soon be felt.

The question of dealing with these fires was of paramount consideration in the Province at that time and there is still a certain amount of interest in forest fires today.

It was pointed out that the revenue from the forest in 1904 was the substantial sum of \$446,276. In 1903 it was \$347,004. At a none too distant day, the report stated, public revenue from the forests could be expected to reach one million dollars. Even that sum may be exceeded. It was. It is. The revenue for 1948-49 was \$8,431,656....and 30 cents. But with the million dollar revenue still in the future, the report further states that capitalizing such a revenue, the Province may well spend a large sum in providing protection from fire without going beyond what would be a low rate of insurance. But this is old stuff and not exactly the material upon which we wish to dwell. It's the fires and the fire season of 1904 that interests us.

In the NEW WESTMINSTER district, the bush fires were the most destructive since the year 1893. As in all other Agents' reports, the areas of burn and extent of damage was at best a wild guess. Damage in this district was "probably not less than a half million dollars". Of course dollars were dollars in those days. The worst fires were blamed on prospectors. Five persons were prosecuted under the Bush Fires Act, and "three persons were obtained". This phrase gets me. It does not say that three were convicted - they were "obtained". This may not have been as bad as it sounds, but personally it sounds nasty to me. I would prefer "\$25.00 and costs". This Agent's report urges the appointment of Fire Wardens.

In SOUTH VANCOUVER ISLAND there were lots of fires in August, with much valuable timber, bridges, and buildings destroyed. The railways again get the nod when it comes to causes. Logging locys and the E. & N. Railway apparently having little use for spark arresters.

The CARIBOO district had a large number of small fires, mostly caused by campers and travellers. In this matter the report says: "...whites, Siwashes and Chinese are all alike and equally careless in regards to camp fires". We have few Chinese campers these days, but the whites and the "Siwashes" are still with us.

The LILLOOET DISTRICT suffered severely. The Agent said it was the most deadly since 1869, and that's going back quite a piece. There was almost a total absence

Some Notes on an old Fire Report (continued)

of rain and the fires burned into November, a phenomenon we have seen in our own time. The report says: "Men...white, black, brown and yellow, are responsible for these fires". This we have not seen...yet. When they come all colours we get off. No doubt the placer mining was responsible for the conglomeration of colour around Lillooet at that time.

The Agent tried for a conviction against three persons, white persons, before two J.P.s, but did not get to first base. He said he got a "Scotch verdict of 'Not Proven' although they were certainly the originators of the most dangerous fires". We still meet with difficulties in this respect where we fail to prepare our cases adequately. But we don't get a 'Not Proven' verdict. But in many cases, 'Dismissed' is along the same lines. Everybody knows the fellow was guilty, but we have to prove it.

We have a definite mind picture of those two J.P.s in that country and at that time. The Agent was probably lucky to escape. But he lived to report that the Indians were responsible for fires high up the mountains in order to get a crop of young tender grass, in the Fall, for the deer. In addition to setting them high up, the Indians set them down in the valley along the Fraser .."to light the salmon on their way up the river". The Agent hinted that it had not yet dawned on the Indian that the absence of salmon was not so much their inability to see their way up in the dark, as it was the nefarious paleface snaffling them up at the river's mouth.

With regard to the destruction that year, the Agent gives up. It was simply beyond his power to estimate the fire damage. But he brings in an interesting point. With the advent of a hard winter, the consequent loss in stock would be heavy "on the various ranges which were appallingly bare throughout the entire district".

In the NORTH YALE district the fires were not so serious..."the persons located in that district having evidently been trained to carefulness".

In the SOUTH YALE district, particularly around Grand Forks, it's a different story. A vast extent of country was run over by fire, and at one time the whole country seemed afire. It was impossible to say how far the fires reached back and no one seemed to know where they ended. Right-of-way clearing on the new railroad from Grand Forks to Phoenix is given as the cause of the three most disastrous fires.

In the WEST KOOTENAY the Agent gives up. He makes no attempt to describe the fires or the losses incurred...other than that it was considerable. He really gets bushed on the subject. To quote: "he does not think that a Fire Warden Service could be made large enough to be effective". And he winds up with an observation that has a familiar ring..."perhaps the most effective prevention would be a heavy and opportune rain". The compiler of the report wonders if the suggestion is for the Government of B.C. to go into the rain-making business. Even that far back.

The meat of many an official report can be found by reading between the lines. I would like to have seen the original reports from these old-time Agents. Even the summary indicated the almost explosive desire to break through the cold language of officialdom and give a few facts in nice, bright, highly-coloured Lillooet English, where men were white, black, brown and yellow, and the Siwash set fire to the bush to show the salmon the way in.

... ..

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PARK RANGER

OR

THE HEADLESS HORSE RIDES AGAIN!

By C.P. Lyons.

(The photos are authentic copies taken from secret Park files and will never be reprinted again).

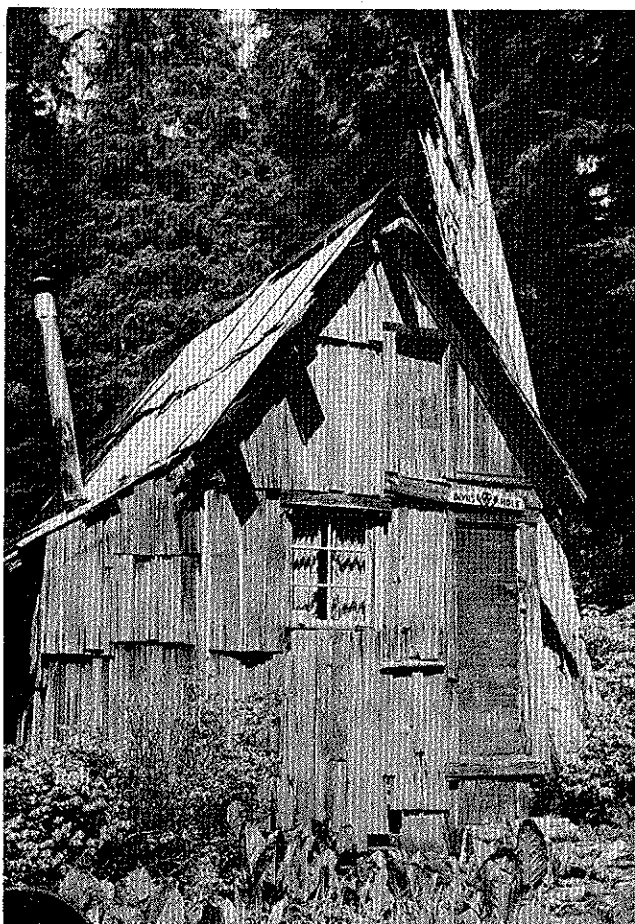
As the first rays of dawn streaked over the silent, dark mountains our hero (whose name must remain unknown for he is a modest man), stirred uneasily, his conscience already awake and prodding.

Great surges of ambition flowed through his mightily muscled frame and the ponderous brain snapped - into wakefulness. Senses immediately on the alert, he realized he was sharing his modest pole bed with a stranger.

Cautiously lighting his home-made candle, he peered at the ugly, hairy face gashed by a row of jagged white teeth. For a moment he thought it was a visiting Headquarters official who had arrived late and forgotten to remove his plates. Relieved to find only a tired, old grizzly bear that had crawled in for the night, he lovingly tucked the thin grey blanket around the snoring form, for all Park Rangers are kind to dumb animals.

Dropping respectfully to his knees on the cold dirt floor, he bowed three times in the direction of Victoria, the fount of all wisdom. Then, opening a large, bulky, black book with a tangle of sheets protruding from ends and side, he read in the faint light the text for the day, being from Insert Opp. P.247, Circular Letter #1811 - "...or any other infraction of this order will merit summary dismissal."

Cheered immeasurably but mentally resolving to buy a dictionary to check on the long words, our hero, with coffee-pot in hand, bounded through the door only to pause in silent admiration of his rustic 3-storey dwelling. Once more he turned to the west

A Day in the Life of a Park Ranger (continued)

-- humble shelter --

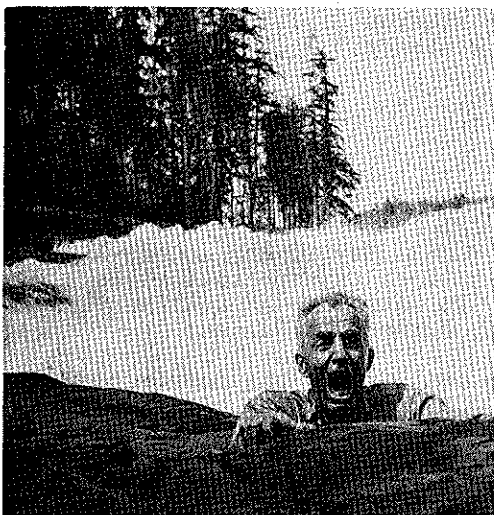
and curtsied gracefully in tribute to the small group of architects, engineers, surveyors, planners, plumbers, electricians, carpenters, woodcarvers, landscapers and stonemasons who had given their all to provide him with humble shelter.

Striding disdainfully beyond the gaunt, sprawling masses of bulldozers, trucks, graders, cement mixers and compressors that had accumulated in some strange manner, he gazed in admiration at his fleet of hayburners.

There, pawing the ground and whinnying and dancing about in manner both coy and spry, were Useless, Uselesser, and Tanglefoot. Tears came to his eyes at the sight of a plain white cross in the corral corner. This marked the simple grave of one "Spider" so named because he walked sideways and, in such awkward fashion, did himself to death in front of a confused motorist. Nailed to the cross in the form of a wreath were two duly signed Property Loss forms and a letter from Mr. Legal Counsel saying, "Without Prejudice -- too bad!"

Setting the coffee-pot on a post, our hero (whose name must remain unknown for he is a modest man) calmly sank his filed teeth into Tanglefoot's nose and thus held the plunging, rearing beast while he roped on the trusty saddle. Then, with a piercing cry of "Hi! Ho!" that curdled the coffee and shook the ravens out of the trees, he skilfully manoeuvred the prancing Tanglefoot toward the high, forbidding mountains.

The day's 100-mile-long patrol first led through an unusual cedar and hickory forest. With practical eye, the Ranger noted diameters, heights, defects, et cetera. Quickly he calculated volumes and smiled fleetingly to himself at his estimates of 40 M.B.M. per acre of cedar survey stakes and 5 M.B.M. of hickory transit legs and lost survey axe handles. Up and up went the faithful man, beast, and coffee-pot until the roaring din of McGoon's Dam (or Dam McGoon as it is picturesquely known to locals) split the air with its thunderous roar.



-- a terrified, blubbering man --

Hark! Was that a scream for help almost lost in the water's roar? Clutching coffee-pot in one hand and "Temporary Instructions to Forest Officers" in the other, the brave Ranger rushed to the water's edge. There, clinging to the very brink, was a terrified, blubbering man. One appraising glance from the Ranger's piercing grey eyes revealed the fact that here was a maniacal spy of the B.C. Power Commission. To push him in, or to pull him out, that was the troubling question!

At this precise moment the built-in alarm clock in the coffee-pot chimed 10 A.M. It's wonderful how a cup of coffee can solve so many problems, thought our hero and, true enough, when he looked up the man had disappeared.

The summer's heat was killing but, pausing not, higher and higher climbed Tanglefoot and master. Little did these two wilderness wanderers realize that each step was being watched by a pair of sinister crossed eyes. Every minute brought them closer and closer to the terrible monster who, years before, had been a man like you or I. It was rumoured he had been a Mechanical Inspector who,

falling asleep under a truck, had been filled with both anti-freeze and crankcase oil. This mixture, together with the "snooze" that all Mechanical Inspectors chew had dissolved his brain and what further hope had he with Ranger School already filled?

Slowly the demented one raised his massive home-made rifle and took steady aim at the approaching figure. The thunderous roar of the rifle and the resounding smack of the brass door-knob between his eyes alerted the Park Ranger who spurred the trembling Tanglefoot to safety. For a moment the Ranger thought of setting out a cup of

A Day in the Life of a Park Ranger (continued)

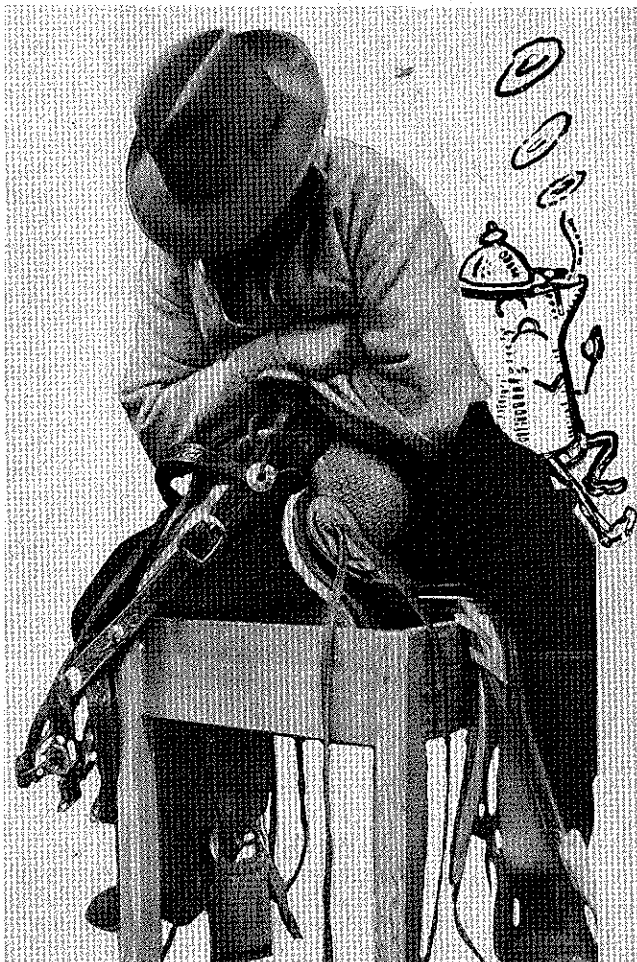
curdled coffee as poison bait for the monster but, thankful that he had only been shot between the eyes and not seriously hurt, he generously spared the unfortunate's life.



-- with brain dissolved, what further hope? --

Reluctantly he turned toward his simple abode, head bowed but proud of a job well done. With true solicitude (for Park Rangers are kind to all animals) Tanglefoot was finally untangled for the last time and the still sleeping bear once more tucked in.

Then, with the bright stars twinkling overhead, the humble servant of the people turned to the pile of correspondence. He smiled happily as he read the first one - "Under whose authority did you", and in such tranquil fashion, rounded out "A Day in the Life of a Park Ranger."



-- servant of the people --

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VANCOUVER DISTRICT

RETIREMENTS

Joe Mottishaw, Ranger 1917-1921. District - Mill Bay to Englishman's River; 2 assistants; had 254 fires in 1919; detection, communication, transportation and equipment quite sketchy. He later worked intermittently as patrolman at Cowichan Lake and Duncan - more recently has been employed at the Forest Nursery at Duncan.

Before coming to the Forest Service Joe was employed by the Corporation of the City of Duncan in the capacity as Chief of Police at \$75.00 per month. In addition to conducting 236 prosecutions in the year 1916 his duties were diversified as witness the following letter:

CITY OF DUNCAN
Incorporated A.D. 1912

Duncan, B.C.
21st March, 1917.

Mr. J. Mottishaw,
Duncan.

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that the Police Commissioners working in conjunction with the City Council have decided upon the following changes in your work which come into force forthwith.

I might say that these changes are being made with a view to economy.

The order heretofore in force regarding certain hours each day being placed at my disposal for office work is cancelled and the following substituted.

1. To continue to act as Police Constable and Chief of Police as and when required meeting trains when it does not interfere with your other duties.

Retirements (continued)

2. Act as Pound Keeper.
3. Collect Dog and Road taxes.
4. Read electric light meters.
5. Take care of office garden, keeping same weeded, hedge trimmed, and lawn cut and watered.
6. Blow off water mains as and when required and execute minor repairs to water mains.
7. Carry out repairs to wooden sidewalks and crossings.
8. Take care of fire fighting apparatus, keeping same clean and in good order, hose to be moved over at least once a month.
9. Take care of public market as heretofore.

In forwarding you these instructions I am to state that it is not the wish of the Council to overload you with work nor do they expect or require of you more than the usual days work, therefore if you find by experience that the above programme is more than you can carry through within the limits of a day's work, please let me know.

Also, there may be times when you will need help, particularly in dealing with bad breaks in the water mains. On such occasions you must obtain such assistance as is required and turn the time into me.

Yours faithfully,

(signed) Jas. Gregg C.M.C. CITY OF DUNCAN.

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Another old-timer to reach retirement is Fred O'Grady, Inspector of Export. He commenced work with the Forest Service April 15, 1920, as Assistant Ranger at Thurston Bay; was Ranger at Whaletown with the launch "Idono", 1921; Wellbore district in 1922. Sustaining painful injuries in the course of his duties, Fred was spare ranger attached to Vancouver Office 1923-24, serving later at Alberni and the Gulf Islands. He became a scaler in 1928 and after 20 years in that division was transferred to the position he held until retirement on superannuation June 30, 1951. Fred intends to retire quietly, buy a piece of land, and write his memoirs which he has tentatively entitled "The Simple Annals of the Poor".

*** **

GOOD LUCK

Assistant Forester D.H. (Doug.) Ross cleaned up his desk and turned in his car keys on June 30. He is going back to the Interior - Carmi - (double tracked for a little piece on the C.P.R.) near Kelowna. Doug. has accepted a position as Forester with the Olinger Lumber Co. Ltd. at Carmi, B.C., and is going to work on a Management Licence.

Acting on behalf of friends throughout the Forest Service, Mr. Bassett presented the retiring officer with two pieces of travelling equipment, and in so doing assured him of our very best wishes for his future.

*** **

Lastly we have to report that Mr. L.L. (Larry) Cuthbertson of the Vancouver Office is leaving us.

Larry is the man who keeps the books showing when logging inspections are made or should be made and gets out the list of "outstandings". He plans to leave the Service on July 18 - sail from Montreal on August 15 by the Ascania for Liverpool en route to London. His present plans are to study Commercial Art and Interior Decorating for 2 years and return to Vancouver eventually. "So long, Larry, and the best of luck".

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Marine News

The launch 'B.C. Scaler' has been put into commission. It is intended to complete the work of conversion by making the after trunk-cabin suitable for scaler accommodation.

*** **

Matrimonial

June - the month of brides - was overstepped by two of the girls in our Scaling Staff. Both have chosen July to take the plunge into matrimony.

Miss Doreen Irwin will be returning to the Service as Mrs. Hector Irving after honeymooning in Banff and Calgary, which will follow her July 6 wedding at the West Burnaby United Church. Miss Betty Harris of Operations will be Doreen's bridesmaid.

Miss Grace Wilder has chosen a bonny lad from Calgary for her mate in Gordon E. Bonney, whom she met while he was studying for his B.A. at U.B.C. After the wedding on July 17, the couple will leave for Boston, Mass., where the groom will resume his studies at the Gordon Divinity School, graduating in 1952.

The Staff wish both girls every happiness, and extend congratulations to the lucky men.

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Bundles from Heaven

Ranger District #1, Chilliwack, B.C., is pleased to announce two births in

6.

Bundles from Heaven (continued)

the District.

On May 21st, 1951, to Assistant Ranger Gordon Charnell and wife Doreen a baby BOY, 7 lbs. 12 ozs.

And

On June 9th, 1951, to Assistant Ranger Cec. Cameron and wife Peggy, a baby BOY, 8 lbs. 5 ozs.

At last reports all are doing fine. We are relieved indeed to hear that "all are doing fine" as we interpret this to mean that the fathers have come through the ordeal nicely.

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J. P. (Jim) MacKimmie

1872-1951

His many friends within and without the Forest Service will be saddened to learn of the passing, on May 23, in the Powell River Hospital, of James Primrose (Jim) MacKimmie, at the age of 79 years.

Jim MacKimmie served the Service well for over twenty years as a Patrolman and, to quote from a letter from Ranger Bill Black of Powell River - "Jim was a valuable man as his knowledge of Texada Island was extensive. Always pleasant, courteous, and anxious to help, he will be greatly missed around Van Anda."

To be "greatly missed" is the finest of tributes. To Mrs. MacKimmie go the heartfelt sympathies of the Forest Service.

... ..

THE QUESTION PERIOD

By W.N. (Rusty) Campbell.

During a recent tour of schools in the Central and Southern Interior this last winter and spring, a feature not generally known to Forest Officers who may be engaged in this work in the future, is the "question period". Many of the rural schools, when it is known that a Forest Officer is about to pay a visit in the interests of forest conservation, draw up a list of questions to ask the lecturer during periods between motion pictures. Do not think any kind of an answer can be given to these alert country- or forest-bred children. A lecturer must be on his toes in front of these students at all times. Often, in the senior high schools, a student or students of stenography are assigned to take answers and notes of his address, which are later published in the school paper or school column of the local paper.

Here are a few questions I remember:

1. If the top of a conifer tree is broken off will it die?
2. What is the maximum height for a lookout tower on a lookout mountain?
3. What does the Forest Service do to fight insects in the forests?
4. Are there any seeds left in cones when they fall from the tree?
5. If a lookout tower has any sway, how much would it affect the bearing taken on a smoke miles away?
6. How much soil is needed to enable a pine tree to grow on almost bare rocks?
7. If a school-boy finds a fire just starting on a roadside should he leave it to become big while he runs several miles to tell an adult or should he stay and fight it?
8. Is the tamarack or larch the only conifer tree that sheds its needles during winter in B.C.?
9. If a Jr. Warden sees a man toss a cigarette butt in the brush from a car should he report the car number to a Ranger?
10. How many seeds are there in a white pine cone and do they all reach the ground and grow?
11. Are squirrels good for reforestation or do they do harm to the trees by eating too many seeds?
12. Do blazes on trees harm them?
13. How many fir trees are planted on an acre and how many get big enough to make logs?

The Question Period (continued)

14. How long does a cedar tree, pine tree, or fir tree take to become big enough to make lumber?
15. How far can a lookout man see a fire starting on a clear day?

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HOUSTON DISPATCH

Dear Editor: (For want of your Christian and/or Surnames, and lacking knowledge to which sex you belong, this title shall have to suffice -- cool as it may sound).

At the time of the Ranger Meeting in Prince Rupert, April last, had occasion to meet one, Eric Druce Esq., who set me on this road to a literary career by informing me that your publication is so woefully short of material that it would print even the rankest submittals by the rankest of amateurs -- well, here is some very rank stuff from one who ... well as Asst. Ranger Tom Ridler would put it: "I'm not the best, mind you, but a little better than average."

I should naturally commence this first attempt by arranging such news as I have in an orderly manner, but in so doing, I find that I wind up with little that could be considered startling, for instance:

ITEM #1: Of late we, at this Ranger Station, have been honoured in being visited by no less than eight members of the 'Brass'. (Note: the term 'Brass' refers to any member of the Forest Service superior in rank to the writer). Upon analysing this 'scoop' I find that I am not the only one to have had such a visit nor will I be the only one to submit such an account, thus we find that this item might be ignored as a news report....ITEM #2: We had a fire. It was not a big fire. In fact it was comfortably small being only 300 acres; however, it could have made a very interesting bit of reading had not the Coast Districts over-done it and pushed mine into insignificance....ITEM #3: Upon requesting an overdue scale return from one of our operators at Rose Lake, initials E.F.P., we received the following reply --

"No Scale for May,
No saw -- no pay,
None for E.F.P.,
None for FORESTRY
Please read CAREFULLY."

This, of course, could not go unanswered, tho' I had grave misgivings as to what Prince Rupert Office might have to say about my hidden streak of poetic genius. I therefore cleaned out my desk, turned in my badge, and sent off the following epic --

E.F.P.
Rose Lake, B.C.

Dear E.F.P.,
Many thanks for your note
It was very well wrote,
And explains your position quite clear.
As the "Bard of Rose Lake"
It is plain that you'll make
More cash, than by sawing, this year.

May I also point out
So it's clear without doubt,
That my pen is poetical too.
But I'll say here and now
That I can't see just how,
'Prince Rupert' will take this, can you???

ITEM #4: Note that the cruising crew has expanded their number in the Rupert District. Some cruiser by the name of ONTARIO seems to be working on the Queen Charlottes.

Well, gentlemen, since the last item above noted has an offensive aroma I think I would be well advised to end this about here. Incidentally, have wondered how Ranger D.P. Fraser's writing arm is and if your paper permits it, would greatly appreciate your printing, in large letters, something to the general effect that he owes me a letter.

YRS. TRLY. & OB'DLY

(signed) Jas. F. Munro (Ranger).

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WHAT EVERY FOREST OFFICER SHOULD KNOW

PART IV HOW YOU PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience."

Conscience, according to the dictionary, is "the faculty by which distinctions are made between right and wrong." As this is not a tome on morals, it's up to you to figure out the difference between right and wrong. Very, very few people in history were born with a fully developed conscience. Maybe little Rollo and Pollyanna were, but that used up the original supply and left none for Forest Officers. However, our Ma's and Pa's had some by inheritance and taught us about right and wrong with words, smacks, razor strops, hair brushes and different kinds of rods and switches. After awhile we discovered that someone had taken all the things his conscience told him about human duty,

How You Practice What You Preach (continued)

and made it into a science or philosophy, and called it "ethics". Later, ethics found its way into the forestry profession.

Professional ethics probably have more effect on human action than any other force, morals, laws or religion. This is true no matter what the profession. The gangster has his code as well as the most law-abiding man. Doctors, hi-jackers and soldiers give their lives, health and wealth to live up to them, - and so do foresters. "Safety First" is not on the list of slogans when a Ranger has a crew of fire fighters in a bad place. His own personal safety is last. The sea captain goes down with his ship and the Forest Officer stays with a bad fire until he drops. It's all in "the rules of the game" - and that is just another name for professional ethics.

Forestry is a comparatively new profession in this country, and it might be said that the Forest Service is the cradle of the profession in Canada. Forest Service ethics may differ a little from those of other foresters because there is no thought of commercial or monetary gain. Our only honest concerns are our actions within our own organization and in our dealings with the public.

We can't make one rule for the public and another for ourselves. We can't tell the public not to smoke in the woods, never leave a camp fire burning, never be careless with fire - and then do these things ourselves if we are going to play the game square. It isn't according to our professional ethics.

Most of us are ethical part of the time but not all the time. The reason why we are not ethical all of the time is because none of us are angels. If we were we would be better off in some "nut colony". We have a hard enough job to live up to the high standards of conduct as outlined in the Manual. Now, since we are trying to make the public behave with fire and have told the people not to smoke all over the forests, it makes it that much harder to be a shining example. If there is anything that can save us at all it will be our ethics or our rules of the game - provided we play them fair and square.



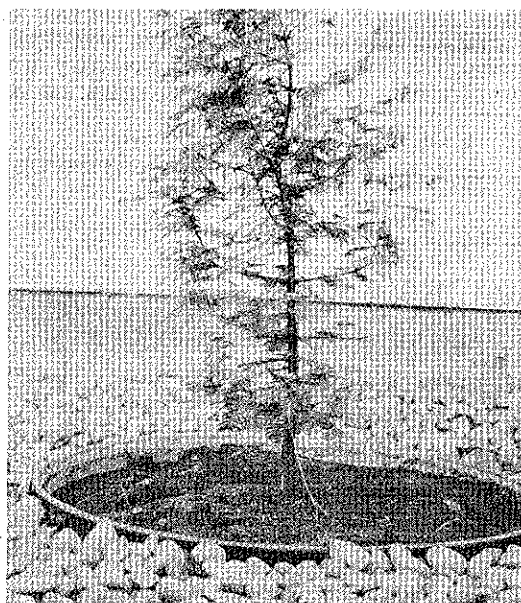
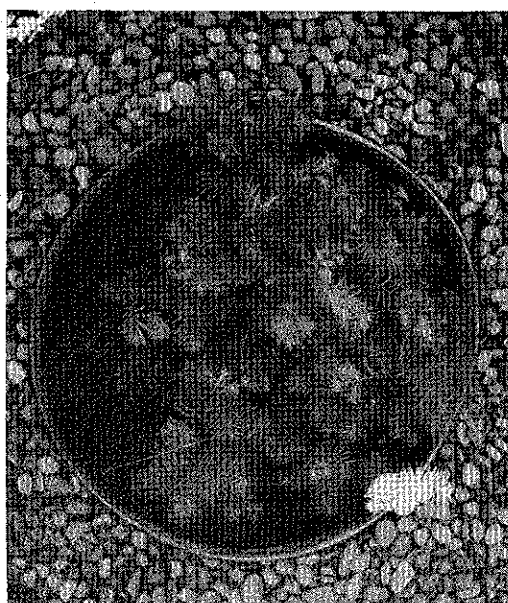
... ..

KAMLOOPS DISTRICT

DAWN REDWOODS IN THE SIMILKAMEEN

Through the courtesy of the Rev. John C. Goodfellow, United Church Minister at Princeton, Ranger J.H. Dearing has a beautiful five-year-old fossil tree growing in front of his warehouse.

It is a long story but, in brief, we should point out that the Redwoods of California and Southwest Oregon are the sole remnants on this continent of a tree-species which at one time dominated the continent. Fossil remains of Redwood are found in widely-scattered areas, one of which is located 6 miles west of Princeton near the Similkameen River. Dr. Ralph W. Chaney of the University of California identified the fossil as *Metasequoia* or Dawn Redwoods.



Dawn Redwoods in the Similkmeen (continued)

About this time, a Chinese forestry employee, Tsang Wang, discovered a living Dawn Redwood tree more than a hundred miles northeast of Chungking. Dr. Chaney and associates immediately made the long trip to view the towering tree. He reports the tree rose nearly one hundred feet high with gray, red-flecked bark, "a giant whose kind had persisted out of the past to tell the story of the earth millions of years before man came to live upon it." The Dawn Redwood is deciduous with ascending branches; its cones are attached on long naked stems with male cones on long spikes; the needles are arranged in opposite pairs.

Plans have been made to revive the Dawn Redwood in California from this parent tree in China. In addition to the one in Princeton, there are four growing specimens of the same age: one in Vancouver, one in Montreal, another at Berkeley, California, and another at Kew Gardens, England.

The photographs were taken on June 22, 1950, and we should point out that the tree is planted in a large wash-tub so that it can be taken indoors during the winter. Dr. Chaney has distributed about 200 trees in B.C. through the Forest Service but this second crop is several years younger and may be found in both the Duncan and Green Timbers Nurseries and in the possession of the Victoria Parks Board.

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Lumby, B.C.
June 16, 1951.

Dear Sirs,

I applied in the Vernon Forestry Division, today, for a job in forest work. They referred you to me. So I am sending this letter today to see if I, and two other boys, can get a job starting July 1st, at Kamloops. Would you please write and tell us.

Yours truly,

Melvin Anderson (age 15)
Jack Anderson (age 13)
Billy MacDonald (age 13)

P.S. Are dogs allowed?

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OUR MASTHEAD STORY

An aerial shot of the big Campbell River fire as she blazed away on June 30 at 8.00 P.M. This photograph was taken by Public Relations new Assistant Photographer R.C.T. (Bob) Golding who had joined the staff only five days previously. His initiation was most practical.

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J. Lloyd Van Camp, Manager of the Canadian Forestry Association admires award of Merit presented to Junior Forest Warden, George Ryder, for his quick thinking and prompt action when a loaded gasoline truck caught fire on Kingsway, Vancouver. George flagged the truck down, informed the driver his vehicle was on fire, called the fire department and directed other traffic on Kingsway until the blaze was extinguished. W.F. Myring, Secretary of the B.C. Branch of Canadian Forestry Association, on left and Eric Druce, Forester-in-Charge of Public Relations, B.C. Forest Service on extreme right, look on approvingly. George Ryder is now employed in the Vancouver office of the Canadian Forestry Association.

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