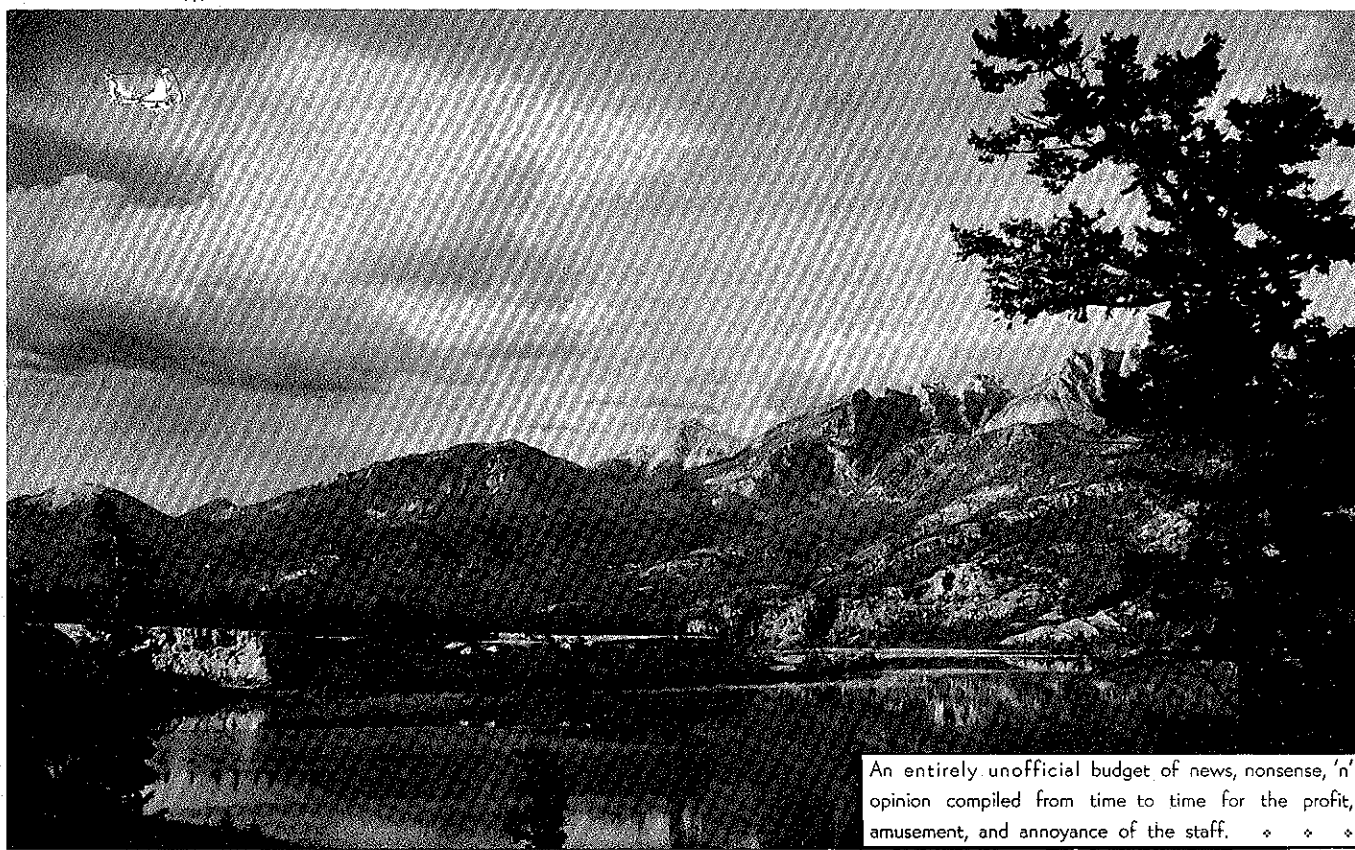


FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER

JUL 22 1952



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

NO. 108

VICTORIA, B.C.

JULY 1952.

PARKS AND RECREATION

by C.P. Lyons
Assistant Forester.

Remember the story of the four blind men of the East? Each took hold of a certain section of an elephant and tried to describe what he thought the whole animal looked like. Of course the answers ranged from a rope to a tree because each man was judging the whole by the piece of anatomy he was exploring.

People tend to think of parks and recreation in such a piecemeal style, depending on their own individual experience. To some people, who are not generally employed as civil servants, it is tiled swimming pools, expansive golf courses, and the gaiety of swank night clubs. Other persons, whose park contact may have been limited to visiting neighbourhood play-lots, visualize parks as places containing children's swings, a sandbox, and wading pool. The teen-aged crowd think of a park as a place with roller rinks, tennis courts, blaring juke-boxes, and the general happy confusion of a miniature Coney Island. To the bulk of people, hemmed in by responsibilities and with limited recreation time, the Sunday picnic and occasional week-end camping trip make them conscious of parks as shady, "woodsy" places where they find an opportunity to rest and relax. A different concept is held by those whose craving lies for "getting away from it all," which brings to mind remote fishing streams or high, silent mountains where homo sapiens is greatly outnumbered by such worthwhile things as rainbow trout or mountain goats.

Somewhere in all this scramble of parts and pieces that go to make up the entire park and recreation "elephant", the Forest Service must decide how much and what section of the pachyderm it will look after. Fortunately for whatever dignity there is to this story, progressive phases of recreation are recognized and we are going in the right social direction. Although all parts of the "elephant" are necessary to keep it alive, there are such functions as those of heart and brain that fulfil a more significant purpose than others. So it is with recreation.

Recreation may be defined as anything that is done solely for the purpose of giving pleasure. However, some pleasures actually may be injurious to the individual. Others, such as attending the general run of movies or games, require no thought or effort and leave little or nothing of real value with the spectator. Some progress is made when the muscles and brain are called upon to move in some coherent and vitalizing fashion such as when participating in games. Still greater benefit occurs when the emotions through the heart and mind are stirred and uplifted.

But most valuable of all experiences is when an individual discovers himself. The first time a visitor to a park truly sees the magnificence of a waterfall, the grandeur and agelessness of a forest monarch, the delicate beauty of a dew-spangled fern, he is discovering his own capacity to distinguish beauty and to realize its significance. This awakens an interest in the greatest of all age-old mysteries - our place in Nature. In this search for understanding, all that is highest and noblest in man has an opportunity to manifest itself. To provide such opportunities in an atmosphere insulated from the distracting material world is the culminating and ultimate purpose of parks. It is the realization of the importance of this immeasurable quality that leads various individuals to fight doggedly for the sanctity of Nature's most outstanding creations.

Well, before slipping in a few verses from Omar Khayyam and properly getting lost in the intricacies of philosophy, let's return to the Aesop fable concerning the park and recreation "elephant" and what part interests the Forest Service.

2.

Parks and Recreation (continued)

We have tried to show that within the framework of an elephant and the field of parks and recreation there are many aspects to be considered. Furthermore, there is a scale of ascending values. In recreation, those elements with an artificial atmosphere like playfields, formal flower gardens, and zoos (which usually come within a city's planning) have been avoided by the Forest Service. Emphasis has been placed on naturalistic forest areas beyond the probable jurisdiction of village, town or city. Sites with particular scenic, geological, faunal and floral, or historical interest are considered as park material.

However, it isn't always possible to make a nice, neat cleavage and stay with such areas. Often potential community parks close to small towns are reserved by our examiners for the time when the town or city awakens to its needs. Advice and plans are furnished to park boards or towns when help is requested. Our roadside picnic-sites and camp-grounds, although small in size for parks, are a necessary convenience to the ever-increasing stream of motorists. Summer homesites, hunting-and-fishing lodges, and trapping cabins raise problems within Provincial Forests and come within the administration of the Parks and Recreation Division. Recreational officers in District Offices handle the bulk of these matters.

You might wonder how the Forest Service ever got itself involved in this phase of work. It started when somebody launched a depression in the 1920's, and soon almost everyone supported it, albeit not wholeheartedly. By the early 'thirties, the Government was attempting to establish some order through "relief camps". However, it was almost impossible to catch up with the numbers of men without work. The Forest Service was one agency that had had experience in handling numbers of men on fires. What better reason then for giving them work-crews to organize?

No time was wasted in putting these men to work on a wide variety of projects. Some built roads, trails, bridges and firelines. Others cleared, cleaned, and levelled such places as Green Timbers and the Quinsam Nursery.

While the apparently bottomless depression barrel still poured out men, some of the labour was diverted to cleaning up, and making accessible, a few almost unknown beauty spots on Vancouver Island. So tangible were the results that this type of work soon captured the public's fancy. All of our present popular Island Parks, with the exception of Miracle Beach, had their start through these work-camps. Mt. Seymour Park and Peach Arch Park on the Mainland also benefitted greatly. Just when it appeared that every potential park in B.C. stood a good chance of development, World War II started and, as with the depression, soon almost everyone subscribed to it. In a short time the axes were stilled, the men disbanded, and forlorn rows of tent frames remained a symbol of a not-too-happy era. Through the pandemonium of marshalling the people for war, it was noted that, peculiarly enough, people still persisted in visiting the embryo parks.

In order to give some legal status to these abandoned orphans, all existing parks and reservations were sorted into groups depending on their particular qualities and designated as either Class A, B, or C, or Special Act Parks. A full-time force of two headquarters personnel was left to map, plan, develop and maintain this park system. With annual votes as low as \$10,000, of which \$6,000 went to maintain the Peace Arch Park, the total annual purchases amounted to little more than one paint brush, a gallon of varnish, and after some argument, one-half case of toilet paper.

However, as with Little Orphan Annie, things must eventually take an up-swing. Each succeeding year saw the piggy bank shaken less cautiously. New personnel were added to the original force of "a supervisor with nothing to supervise, and a wood-whittler," as one District Forester summed up the existing situation. The larger parks were examined and reported upon; administration and park attendant buildings erected in the more important parks; and as much development work undertaken as funds allowed. An important sideline was the production of a number of park movies which, with coloured slides and innumerable club and public meetings, did much to inform the citizenry as to the park-potential of the Province.

In 1945, the park toddler was considered sufficiently grown and stable to be officially christened the Parks Division - later to become the Parks and Recreation Division. Since then he has sprouted new arms, legs and clothes at a speedy rate in an attempt to catch up on the multitudinous tasks to be done. Permanent personnel have increased to over 40, augmented with 67 temporary-permanent employees and an additional 80 persons on daily wages. This summer, about 80 teen-agers will be scattered thither and yon on park projects - a welcome addition to present forces. So much for the purpose and history angle. Now let's have a look at how things operate.

A universal human trait is to gloss over the technicalities and complexities of the other fellow's job because we do not properly understand it. Park development is overly simplified in many minds to the whacking of a road into an area, then setting up a few picnic tables for the convenience of such visitors as people and woodpeckers. "Well," as Ma Perkin's goat said when he chewed up a box of blasting caps, "surely there must be more to this than meets the eye."

Suppose a Mr. Swampgrass of Sedge Hollow writes that behind the hill behind his barn there is the prettiest darn lake in B.C. and it should be a park. The letter goes to the Reconnaissance and Inventory Section. Firstly, the information must be properly fitted into the intricate filing system which, in theory, is designed to record every conceivable and inconceivable place or thing of interest in B.C. A preliminary report and map is prepared from all available information. Then to find out if anybody owns or fancies he owns this gem. Mining claims, timber sales, water rights, leases, licences and Indian Reserves are some of the things that must be watched for.

Assuming there are no complications, the question evolves to whether or not the area is needed for a park. Contrary to popular belief among some members of the Forest Service, we do not want all or nearly all of B.C. for a park. Perhaps the little lake in question is very attractive but others in the locality are better suited. But

Parks and Recreation (continued)

perhaps there is a chance that future settlement in the vicinity will be heavy and we should look ahead. The "looker ahead" must be thoroughly versed in the technique of crystal-ball reading, the complexities of the "eenie, meenie, minee, moe" quatrain and, besides all this, be aware of all those things known only to a professional geographer. He is a professional geographer.

Just to keep the story going we must decide that the pretty little lake is considered of real value. It is then examined at the first opportunity, its potential assessed, and suitable boundaries checked and finalized. The last touch is to request a map reserve over the area so as to preserve it for the people of the Province.

Some Solomon must now decide the best purpose to which the lake and land can be put. Perhaps it should be left almost untouched as a wilderness area. Possibly it lends itself to a picnic-and-campground style of development. Maybe the beaches and fine fishing suggest intensive resort-use. These ponderous decisions are made by the Planning Section who, in due course, produce a map showing contemplated roads, parking lots, buildings, tables, fireplaces, water lines, signs and landscaping. The accompanying report and detail maps carry recommendations for an unbelievable amount of this and that.

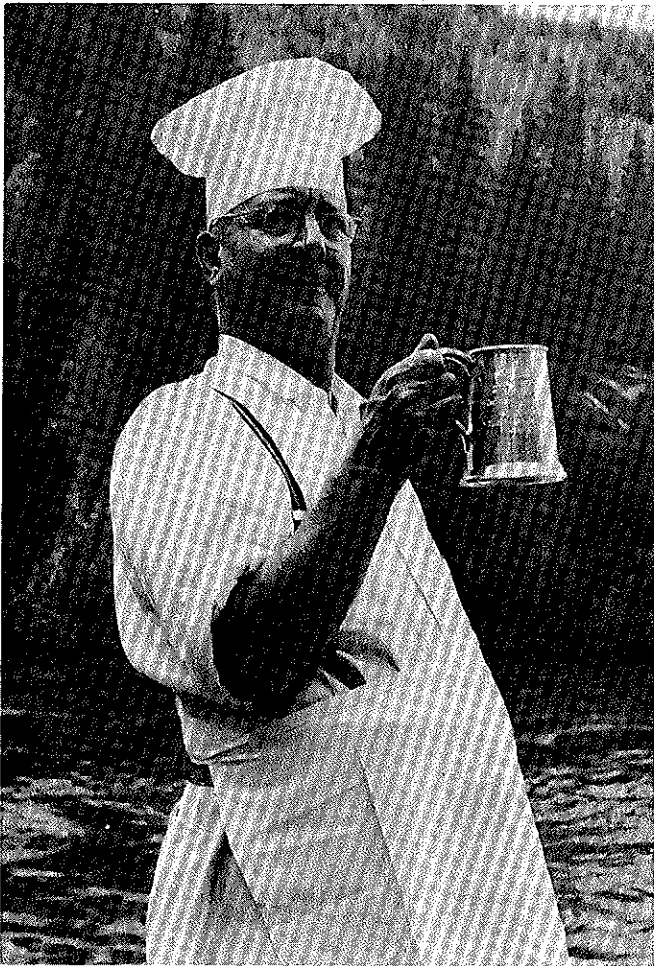
The engineering of roads and services and the design of buildings is considered to be so much special grief that an Engineering Section, complete with architect and draughtsman, cope with this one phase.

Of course, if a park never progressed beyond being a name with a bundle of reports and maps attached, it would be of little value to anyone. Park Supervisors and Park Rangers look after development in their own domains but much of the initial "mud-slinging" and "Why, oh why, are we doing this?" falls to the unhappy lot of Project Foremen. These hardy souls, their brains and brawn reinforced by bulldozers, power shovels, graders and trucks, boomerang from one embryo park to another like nomad Indians on a blueberry hunt. Their highest mark of accomplishment is to do their work in such a fashion that people never see half of what has been done.

As each development is finished there arises the problem of keeping it up to first-class standards. Recreational Officers, Park Rangers, and Park Patrolmen bear the brunt of this most important work which can so easily become a target of criticism from the public.

The moral of this story might be, "If you are a blind man from the East, never, never feel an elephant's leg." However, a moral wasn't intended. Instead we hope you now have an idea of the complexity of the doings of the Parks and Recreation Division. From the original exploring, through the phases of planning, engineering, development, maintenance, and administration, the entire work is done for the purpose of bringing pleasure to people. Who could ask for a better taskmaster?

... ..

JOE'S MUG

This isn't a Grecian statue just unearthed but a real live cook proudly holding an engraved silver beer mug. The presentation was in honour of Joe Mercier's fine cooking during a clean-up last winter in Cultus Lake Park. Who says cooks never receive a kind word? (The similarity in shape of the beer mug and Joe's torso is purely coincidental.)

... ..

If they were asked, only a very few Service employees couldn't tell you that Tommy Wells is the Superintendent of the Green Timbers Nursery just south of New Westminster. Tommy, who has been tied up with our reforestation work since its earliest days, is widely known throughout the Forest Service as an astute and capable Nursery manager. What many members of the Service may not know, however, is that Tommy and his wife are also widely recognized "outside" as outstanding breeders of prize, thoroughbred show dogs.



Tommy and Mrs. Wells hold their champion Sealyham team at the Pacific National Exhibition where they won the "Best Team" award, open to all breeds. This was the first time Sealyhams had ever won this honour at the P.N.E.

Left: "White Acres Forest Music", the Beagle which was twice winner of "Best Hound in Show" award, at 10 months old.



In response to a request for information, Tommy tells us that he raised his first litter of Sealyhams in 1919 and that the Wells now have a kennel of 9 Sealyhams and 8 Beagles. Their kennel has won 185 major awards at dog shows in Canada and the United States since 1946. We'd say that was some record! Congratulations to the Galphay Kennels!

... ..

HATCHED

OAKES - To George, Morton Lake Camp Foreman, Reforestation Division, and Margaret Oakes, a DAUGHTER, Elizabeth Jill, on June 14, 1952, at the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria.

... ..

FOREST SERVICE HOLIDAY CLUB

Aim of Club

To enable members to go hunting, fishing, camping, or holidaying in any portion of British Columbia and receive guidance and help from any other member who is familiar with that portion of the Province.

Membership

Members must be members of the Forest Service with at least 12 months total service and must join the Club for a 5-year period.

Forest Service Holiday Club (continued)Membership (cont'd)

Members should hold one annual meeting in each Forest District; elect an executive member for each Forest District; discuss policy and regulations. (Meetings can probably be held during time of District Rangers Meetings).

Members do not need to take every holiday leave in connection with the Club but must pledge one holiday leave out of every five taken with the Club to helping, guiding and arranging for holidays for at least four other members.

Executive Members

There should be one Executive member at the Headquarters of each Forest District.

The Executive member shall act as chairman for the annual members meeting in order to help arrange for members' holidays in accordance with holiday priority rating of said members.

Executive members to hold annual meetings (possibly with the District Foresters' Meeting) to elect a President and Secretary.

President and Secretary

To preside at annual meetings, handle funds and correspondence, and to arrange items for the Newsletter.

Dues

A membership fee of \$1.00 (?) per year to cover membership cards, stamps and writing material, payable each year.

Holiday-Priority Ratings

Holiday priority ratings should be kept by Executives in each District with top priority given preference in holiday dates and trips they wish to take. Priority ratings should be as follows:

- 1st Priority Members who are taking out a party.
- 2nd Priority Members who have taken out a party during their previous club holiday.
- 3rd Priority Members who have taken out one party and have been along on one other party arranged and guided by another member.
- 4th Priority Members who have guided one party and been out with two more.
- Last Priority Members who have never guided a party.

Note: Members who have acted as Executives, President, or Secretary, are to be rated the same as if they had guided a party for that year.

The Forest Service Newsletter is to be the medium of contacting other members for initial arrangements.

Working Plan

A member who wishes to fulfil his pledge and take out a party of at least four other members, (let's call him Tom) proceeds as follows:

Tom writes to the President or Secretary stating that he would like to take out a party during his holidays. He also gives outline of trip planned, area, mode of travel, game to hunt, and fishing or camping highlights, type of country, and scenic attractions. This is published in the Newsletter for all members to read. He also gives an estimate of the cost of the trip for each member. (Each member in party shares the costs). Then he writes to his district executive applying for annual holidays at times given and saying he is taking out a party. Any member who would like to take the trip with Tom writes to him asking to go and gives him an outline of who they are and their priority rating. A copy of this letter should go to their own executive. Tom chooses one member from each of the other Forest Districts, giving preference to the highest ratings. He then writes to their executives stating whom he has chosen, asking for their holidays to coincide with his. A copy goes to chosen member. The executives apply for holidays for chosen member and on their approval the members complete the plans for their trip together.

All this should be done early enough in the season to give Tom one month to complete his plans, arrange for transportation necessary and get supplies and camping equipment together.

Advantages

A member can hunt, fish, or camp in areas with which he is not familiar, yet have someone with him who knows the area fairly well. He will be with men of his own type with a lot in common; will meet and make new friends in his own line of work. He will be able to hunt and fish in areas that would otherwise be too expensive for him to visit. Night-time discussions of forestry problems in their own and other Districts, also discussions on game and fish laws and regulations as a good citizen and conservationist would be mutually beneficial.

Disadvantages

There may be some disappointment in not getting holidays at the time most suited for a special trip, but this will happen sometimes anyhow and this will be overcome as much as possible between members themselves.

A.L. (Art) Tourond.

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Footnote: There may well be "bugs" in Art Tourond's plan as outlined above. Also, there

Forest Service Holiday Club (continued)Footnote: (cont'd)

may be some further ideas which would improve the operation of the Club. In any event if all those interested in the Holiday Club idea would write to Ranger A.L. Tourond, B.C. Forest Service, Southbank, B.C., and give him your views on the matter, something concrete may develop. Later on the operation of the Club could be centralized with the Public Relations Division, for example, but it is felt the primary organization could be best handled by Art himself. ED.

*** **

FROM BILL SPOUSE

The Editor,
Forest Service Newsletter.

Dear Sir,

May I through the medium of the Newsletter thank my many friends in the Forest Service for the wonderful gifts presented to me at time of leaving the Forest Service.

As I left on May 10th for a 5-week trip through Alberta, the new travelling bag was put to very good use almost immediately, and improved my credit rating in the hotels I patronized very wonderfully.

At time of writing I still have to decide which one of two firms will have the privilege of periodically digging up sufficient dough to cover my pay check and expense accounts and all I can say at this time is that my new place of residence will be in Vancouver, and some travel is involved in both positions so it may be possible that I will still be able to see the gang from time to time.

Yours sincerely,

Bill Spouse.

*** **

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE CITY COURIER

by J.F. Munro.

Some doubt having been expressed by the Assistant Ranger of the Queen Charlotte Islands Ranger District, Bill Lindstrom, as to my mastery of the English language and dexterity with the typewriter, I thought it behooved me to once again fling caution to the winds, put my neck in a noose, my seniority in the Forest Service on the block, and pen a few more words to the Department "fire-lighter". A further impetus was given to this urge by my stumbling upon two pages of advice from the Prince Rupert Office, circa 1951, which came to light in a little-used section of my filing cabinet entitled "Management--Timber Sale Files". The aforementioned missives were heart-rending pleas asking somebody (anyone, even Munro) to please write something to the Newsletter in order that, by so doing, you-all daown souf mought get the idee thet we Nawthuhners up hyar air doin su'thin. (ED. This is straight ham-fat and fritters!)

To those who may doubt that we do anything in the Rupert District, I have only to point out the heading of this epistle. Note the locale - is that not spelled differently than "The Houston Harangue"? Oh, yes, I'll agree that the same alphabet was employed, but surely the reader will notice a difference in the arrangement of the letters. That's right, the District Office once more indulged in their annual game entitled "Let's Move Munro", and the clan Munro was uprooted and migrated in a westerly direction. The family, complete with "Minsmere Ogleshorpe" (the dog), and my battered Forest Service Manual, set out and, in due course, arrived in that Paradise of the Pacific, the Queen Charlotte Islands (strains of "Aloha Oe" and the swishing of grass skirts heard off-stage). Our arrival on the Islands was marred by two incidents - (1) the dog died of distemper and (2) I was requested to return my F.S. Manual!

Lest the above paragraph be construed to mean that I was not in favour of this move, I would hasten to dispel any such thoughts. Believe me, I have at last reached the Rangers' Paradise and only refrain from extolling the virtues of these Islands for fear of arousing jealousy in the minds of those Rangers not quite so fortunate as myself. Further, the Islands required little adjustment on my part from the point of view of pronouncing local place names. After all, one who successfully enunciated such names as Kitseguella, Tagetochlain, Babine, Baboon, et cetera, with not once choking himself by swallowing his tongue, could easily master the Island names such as Juskatla, Tl-ell, Strathdang Kwun, Cumshewa, and Queen Charlotte City.

Noted in a past issue of the Newsletter that Bert Gayle and Frank Williams were combining their efforts to supply said publication with news of the Vancouver District and accompanied their admission to future guilt with a picture of themselves. To these neophytes in the newspaper business I would pass on a word of advice from one who has preceded them in this crime. Nevah! Oh, Nevah! have your picture put in the Newsletter, even in an attempt to pad out your copy! Such an action only enables the reading public (i.e., members of the Forest Service with five minutes to spare) to recognize you on the street with resultant hissing, jeering, or stoning by those unfortunates whose names you may have mentioned in your column. Why make it easy for those unappreciative types? Do as I do, sign your name and give your address and, if you're lucky enough to be located away from centres of population, there are few of the victims whose names you have used in news items that can afford the trip to exact punitive measures upon you for your vile misdeed (and this especially applies to F.S. employees).

The Queen Charlotte City Courier (continued)

Having doled out sufficient of my bitter brew to turn even Whistler's mother into a confirmed cynic, I shall close with cheers to all and condolences to Gayle and Williams -- poor chaps, I knew them well.

*** **

O. PL. Presentations

June 8, 1952. Born to Ranger and Mrs. J.F. Munro, Queen Charlotte City, a DAUGHTER, 8 pounds 12 ounces.

*** **

PRINCE GEORGE DISTRICT

The voice of the silent North has been mighty still of late but with so many new faces in the Prince George District we have once more gone vocal and the "shake-down cruise" is over.

A Reward

W.C. (Cy) Phillips, our new District Forester, has been getting over the District by air, land, and water. On a trip to McBride, he stepped out of the plane to help the pilot land his craft from a pontoon footing when suddenly he got caught in the slip-stream and was almost in the mighty Fraser but he grabbed a strut only to find that his glasses had been blown off and his efficiency as a river pilot reduced by about 20 per cent. Should any of our fishermen land a big one they are requested to investigate and return Cy's glasses - a large reward is offered.

*** **

The Old Hands

Walter Henning, our Assistant D.F., is almost our only link with the pre-war era and is standard equipment in any operational problem. He is fortunate to have Floyd Nelson and Larry Willington for pinch-hitting and an inspiration to all the field staff, many of whom are new on the job, very keen, and only wanting direction.

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We have to welcome so many new personnel that we request your indulgence for the time being and will just put out a bigger welcome mat for the next issue.

*** **

Ralph Angly, Ranger-in-charge of Prince George West, had two fires reported in the same vicinity but it was not immediately established that this was the case. On arriving at the second fire he was gratified to learn that three quite young volunteers had taken preliminary action and by late evening had the fire stopped although in the process they had no lunch and a drink of water for supper. This co-operation by three 'teen-aged boys, two of whom are in school, did much to make Angly feel proud of his District. Letters expressing our sincere appreciation have gone forward to the three lads from both the District Forester and "The Chief".

*** **

Hatched

By stork telegraph we learn that Eric and Mrs. Robinson, now in Kamloops, have a new baby daughter, and as the Robinsons only recently left us we hasten to congratulate them and point out that this was really a Prince George project.

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Sponsored by the Employees Association, our fair ladies of the District Office have a softball team. Ed. Clough is captain, coach, financial and spiritual advisor of no mean ability. Maybe they will win a game soon or the sheriff will foreclose on the equipment.

*** **

Trespass Business

A logging inspection report reveals trespass cutting by beaver in a thrifty stand of aspen. No marking visible except a chisel-tooth mark of Mr. and Mrs. Beaver and family who operate intermittently. No scales, as they are fur-bearing and no fish come with the chips. They are felling and bucking along Beaverly Creek and it seems like a good logging show with logs watered, tops and waste fully utilized - they eat up the slash like nobody's business. Average stump height, 16 inches, except for the little fellows who cut somewhat lower down and take the smaller trees. No top diameters available. We hope Records will not demand billing as the Game Warden has no intention of paying stumpage and royalty. Looks like a cash sale without any cash.

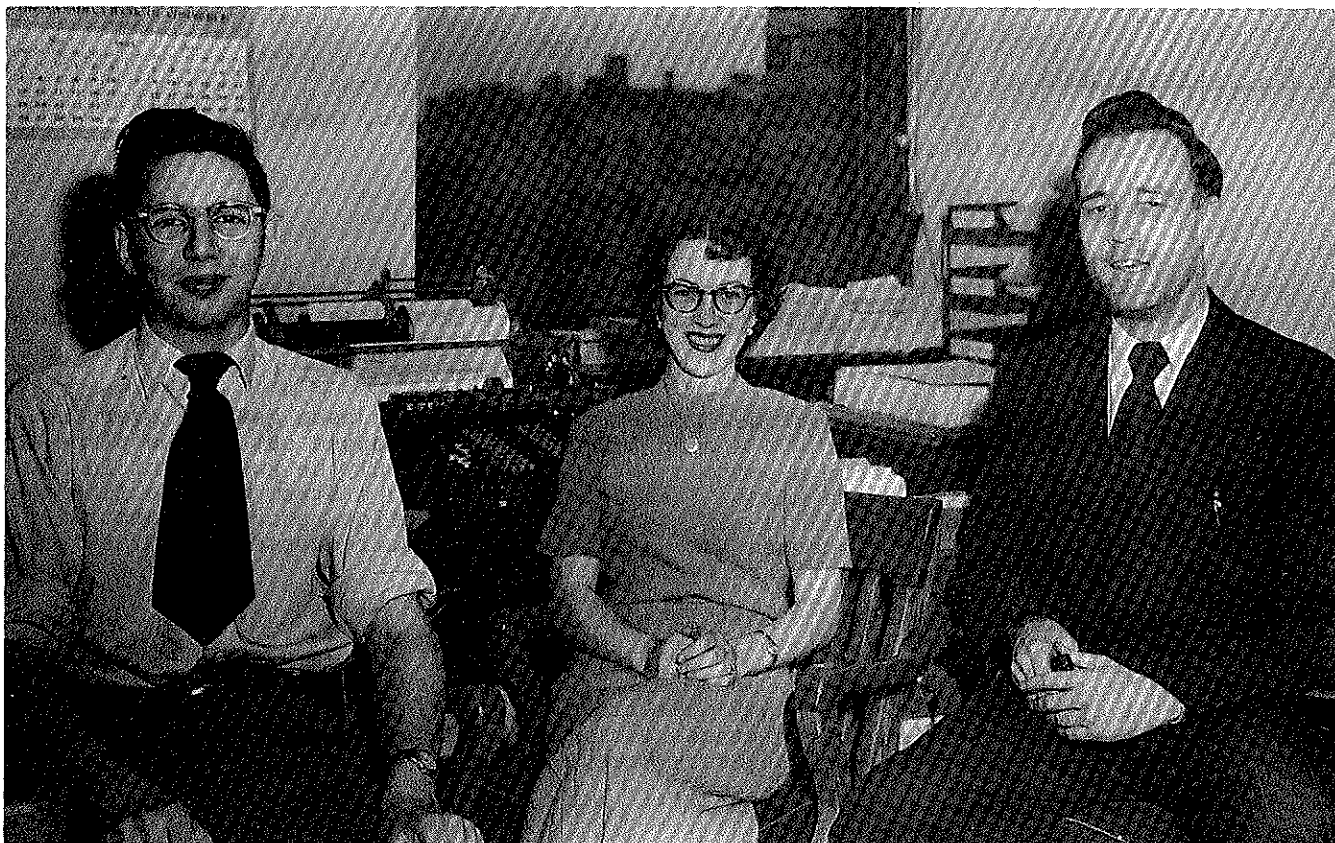
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VANCOUVER DISTRICTFrom the Accounts Section

Strong contenders for the dubious honour of being the biggest Bromo consumers in the month of July are this quartet from the Vancouver Office Accounting Section- (Mrs.) Betty Ferrie, Oliver Coull, Herb Eliason (on the left, see pic) and our N.C.R. Book-keeping Machine. Having had a month to become acquainted with the whims and mechanical manoeuvres of the last-mentioned, we somewhat welcome it to our section. Incidentally, the machine is a Victoria cast-off, and undoubtedly they found it too difficult to get along with. One of the staff suspects it has a strong donkey nature - particularly when

Vancouver District (continued)

From the Accounts Section (cont'd)



all of the symbol keys are pressed down together! (Mr. Fox, please disregard).

The headaches, of course, arise from the new accounting procedures which this District has had the privilege of inaugurating. If we survive, other Districts will be instituting them later on in the year - Ha! Ha! In spite of the fact that we will likely be muttering under our respective breaths for another couple of months, we believe that incorporation of the new system appears to be a long-overdue step in the right direction. We wish to extend our thanks, without any controversial implications, to FIR and the IWA for co-operating at just the right time, and to W.C. "Bill" Higgins, Chief Accountant, for his patience with us thus far.

Business-wise, we are not really eccentric but we are of the rare minority that hate the sight of sixty-and seventy-thousand dollar cheques; however, at least we are now able to deposit such ourselves! It's quite an appeal to our Scotch nature and District pride that our last dollar has been forwarded to the Victoria Office. It is also noteworthy that this Office, including the Billing and Scaling Division, processed an all-time high of over three thousand accounts last May, with charges running well over a million dollars. Business is, as we hear so often, booming!

Thanks, Stan Phillips, for introducing Betty, Oliver, and Herb to the rest of the staff.

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FROM THE FIELD AND OFFICE

Campbell River

Campbell River Ranger District wishes to announce the loss of one Forest Ranger. This man has been known to wander off before, generally with a biltmore stick, increment borer, abney, tally-whack, and sleeping bag in one hand, and compass in the other. As he went out the door we would hear the word "Sayward", and knew we might not see him for three or four days. But this time it was different. This time he didn't come back. We were a bit suspicious when Supervisor Morrison gave him that horseshoe magnet to wear on his wrist as a good-luck charm and our suspicions were confirmed when we heard that he had ended up in Vancouver instead of Sayward. Led astray, no doubt, by his faithful compass. Trickery it was; nothing but trickery would have made him leave his beloved District.

Seriously though, the staff at Campbell River were all very sorry to say good-bye to Ranger (now Supervisor) and Mrs. Haddon early this month. "Chuck" Haddon has many friends in the District who will remember him for his warm friendship, fair judgment, keen interest, and untiring efforts in the promotion of good forestry. Before leaving, he was presented with a very fine leather brief-case by the foreman of our three reforestation camps and a desk set by the Station staff and Lookoutmen, both with the hope that they might be useful in his new "executive" position.

We were all very sorry to see you go, Chuck, but wish you luck in your new venture and feel sure that you will drop in on us sometime in the near future.

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Vancouver District (continued)From the Field and Office (cont'd)Welcome

We not only wish to extend a "city" welcome to Chuck Haddon, but also to several other arrivals from distant places. Frank Hollinger has turned up from the Fort George District, and has commenced duties as our Mechanical Inspector. Harry Holmberg has come in from Nelson to take over Bert Gayle's office, vacated this month when Bert was called to Victoria. (Good luck, Bert, we all miss you!) Bob Fisher has returned to the city of his Alma Mater (Class of '51) after a winter spent with the Department in sunny Victoria, and is now in charge of our Working Circles. Locally, Don Livingston is our new Management Clerk; Barbara Petty has assumed duties as a Records stenographer; and Don Powers, Bob Peacock, Ted Babcock, and John Ridington are roaming the adjacent hills as new members of our H.Q. Cruising Party. We hope you will all enjoy your work with us.

Congratulations, too, to Ken (our Port Hardy Ranger) and Jean Morley, on the arrival of a DAUGHTER, Allyson Jean, born June 17 at St. Georges Hospital, Albert Bay.

... ..

FROM THE SCALING DEPT.

Having been invited to make a humorous contribution to the Newsletter, but not being of a humorous nature and not being in a humorous mood at the time, I scratched the wooden ornament that is attached above my shoulders and suddenly remembered that the Newsletter prints a considerable proportion of amiable nonsense, among other things. So I decided to write about an operation which apparently does, looking upon the matter reflectively, have a lighter side.

The operation referred to is that of taking the monthly log stocks. This is a tally of the logs lying in the Fraser River anywhere from the mouth to Kanada Creek. The logs are listed by booms, and the location, number of sections, species, timber marks, scalers' raft numbers as well as the owners' names must be recorded. If anyone should suggest that this information is easy to get they should try it themselves!

In an average month the logs in that section of the river, if made into a single boom sixty-six feet wide, would extend for about 150 miles. However, in the peak month of May this boom would have approached the 200-mile mark!

The means of transportation is usually a fishing craft in the North Arm of the River, and a faster, more comfortable boat in the main channel. Some of the difficulties encountered result from low tides, inadequate branding, fog, wind, rain, snow, ice, and dead heads, not to mention engine trouble.

Most of the logs at the mouth of the river are stowed on tidal flats or in sloughs that go dry, or nearly so, at low tide. Even though one plans his arrival at these on the high tide, with a normal or heavy stock, the tide will be low before the stock-taking in that area can be completed. The stock-taker is therefore obliged to walk through mud almost to his knee-caps in getting from one lot of logs to another, and when the job is finished must push and pull the dinghy over the mud flats for a considerable distance in order to hit the free water.

During the Spring freshet the river has a habit of building up new bars, often in unexpected places. We sometimes discover one of these when travelling at full speed and, if the tide is falling, may be left high-and-dry until the next incoming tide. All of these bars are discovered sooner or later, and we have spent, of necessity, a few pleasant hours on most with the boat resting on its side while waiting for the tide to turn. On one occasion, too, several of us spent a whole afternoon on Tree Island when the boatman, against instructions, entered the Channel behind the Island with the outgoing tide instead of against it.

Poor branding of logs causes considerable delay, especially when the booms have been in storage in the muddy waters of the Fraser for a considerable length of time. One has to almost stand on one's head peering at the ends of each log over several sections of a boom before fractions of a mark may be pieced together. And then, on consulting the Mark Book later, one frequently comes up with a mark that covers an area in some remote section of the Province. If there is any other information available on the boom it may be possible to arrive at the correct mark later but many booms have no other identification on them whatsoever; even the scalers' raft numbers become obliterated by the weather. The tabs for scalers' numbers which have been used in recent years seem to have created a new outlet for some morons or others of lesser mentality who delight in tearing these tabs off the booms.

Fog is one of the greatest handicaps to the stock-taker. Fairly heavy fogs are encountered on the average of three or four months in the year. The boat then is obliged to creep along the shore at a snail's pace hoping for the best. Objects loom up very quickly in the fog and numerous collisions are avoided by a very narrow margin, especially when the boat is travelling down stream. It is also difficult for the stock-taker to keep contact with the boat when logs are stored several booms wide with fog so heavy that it is impossible to see from one section to the next.

As for correctly listing booms under these conditions, well, one has to use their imagination or go through the experience to understand. Any applications?

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From R.D. No. 16 - Port Hardy

Possibly some of the readers will remember the recent newspaper articles about the ancient Douglas Fir that was cut in the Nimpkish Valley, which extends down the centre of the north half of Vancouver Island. The tree referred to was approximately 1,200 years old, measured 107 inches across the butt, and was 230 feet high. A tree of

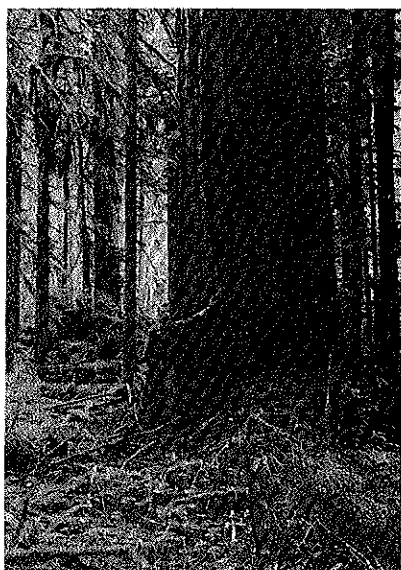
10.

Vancouver District (continued)

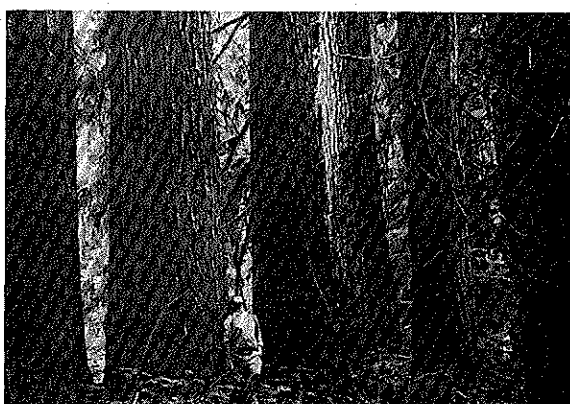
From R.D. No. 16 - Port Hardy (cont'd)

these proportions would yield about 30,000 f.b.m. of lumber - enough to build the five-room bungalows. Just to dispel the idea that this was an "isolated" tree, the photos indicate the nature of the timber that comprised the general stand surrounding the "giant". These pictures were taken by members of a party investigating a lightning strike in the Klaanch River Valley, a tributary of the Nimpkish, during the summer of 1950. Ranger Morley, reportedly 5'11" (in stocking feet or cork boots, Ken?) is seen beside a big fir, while another member of the group is seen searching for the tops. It is thought that the long life of this stand is due to its having escaped fire-damage which normally initiates trunk-rot.

(We might add that our H.Q. cruisers regret that they do not see more of this type of timber!)



Left: Ranger Ken Morley beside 1200-year old fir.



Right: Glen Patterson of Cdn. Forest Products peers up at giant firs near Klaanch River.

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From R.D. 1 - Chilliwack

Not to be outdone by Les Chamberlin and his staff at Sechelt, R.D. 1 decided to enter a float in the Annual Chilliwack Cherry Carnival Parade, held on July 1.

The float depicted a burned-out campfire and adjacent burned-out forest, with the caption "We had to put this fire out". Above the cab of the truck was a large sign urging all of the people to do likewise.

We managed to get a third prize for the float. There was, of course, stiff competition! And ribbons (not liquids) were given for prizes.

The artists in charge of construction of the float were Assistant Rangers Al Bell and Sid Sykes, who were assisted by (Brunette and Blonde respectively) Patrolman George McKinnon and Despatcher Frank Teindl. Ranger Bob Barrett gave necessary, helpful(?) advice.

Congratulations, R.D. 1.



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MASTHEAD STORY

North End of Columbia Lake. An area famed for its scenic beauty flanked by Selkirks and Rockies.

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