

FOREST BRANCH NEWS LETTER

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

No. 34

Victoria, B.C., June 10, 1940.

08581

Five years old (No. 1, May 27, 1935), and they said we would never survive a puny infancy! It is true, perhaps, that we haven't accomplished much but we never did suffer from any delusion that we were an infant prodigy; and what do you expect from a five-year-old anyway? By the time we are twenty-one we may take stock. In the meantime, we are satisfied to report normal good health and every prospect of continuing to a ripe old age. With a little help and guidance from the staff in general we should grow up into a useful member of the Forest Branch family.

At our last appearance (past four, goin' on five), a District Forester's Meeting was brewing but it was too early to commit ourselves to any announcement. Now the thing is so far past we hesitate to report it as news. As a matter of record, however, we may say that the District officers congregated in Victoria, for the first time in three years, on Monday, April 1st, and continued in session throughout the week, closing with a demonstration of mechanical equipment on Charlie Holmes' "farm" at Langford on Saturday afternoon, the 6th.

There were present from the Districts: A.E. Parlow, T.A. Clarke and Geo. Copley from Kamloops; R.E. Allen and E.W. Bassett from Nelson; R.C. St. Clair from Rupert; R.D. Gregg from Prince George; C.J. Haddon, C.C. Ternan, J.A. Pedley, R. Murray, M.W. Gormely and J.G. MacDonald from Vancouver.

District Foresters' meetings can fill days fuller of a number of things than any other activity we know of, and this week was no exception. Mornings were spent on papers and discussion; afternoons on personal interviews; and evenings--well the evenings for the most part were spent on further interviews. Except Friday evening. Friday evening was given over to the usual banquet which seemed to be reasonably well enjoyed.

Some exceptionally good papers were presented but the highlights of the week probably were Jim MacDonald's new pint-sized pump and the equipment demonstration Saturday afternoon. The demonstration was complete, right down to the pump that wouldn't go (and it wasn't Jim's by the way).

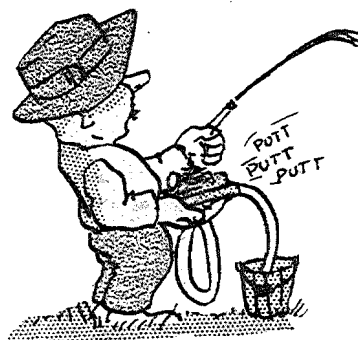


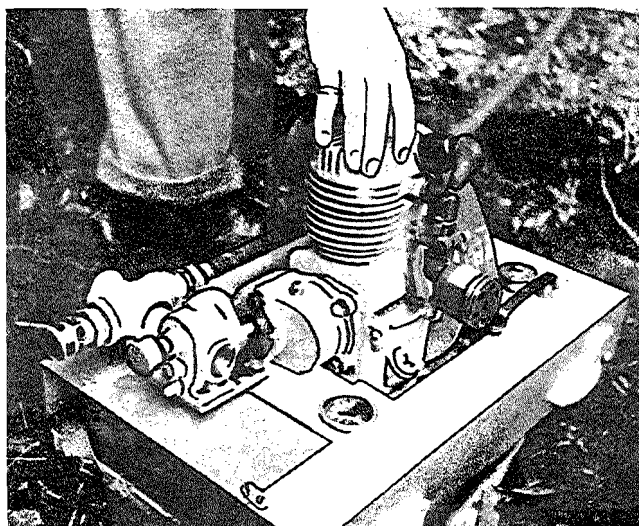
Our photographer caught two of the principal demonstrators, Charlie Holmes and Jack McNeill, and a couple of the demonstratees, Doug Gregg and Bob Murray. If the show had been less interesting we might have found time to get a few more.

For the one of the Chief, Charlie Haddon and Ken McCannel we are indebted to Mr. A. Brown of Brown, Fraser & Co. Lt. Mr. Brown, during the afternoon, had frequent recourse to what we took to be a little black snoose box which he extracted from his vest pocket and waved around in the vicinity of his nose--hence the



snoose association. Apparently, however, it was a camera, and one of the neatest we have seen and incidentally a good one.





THE MacDonald PUMP

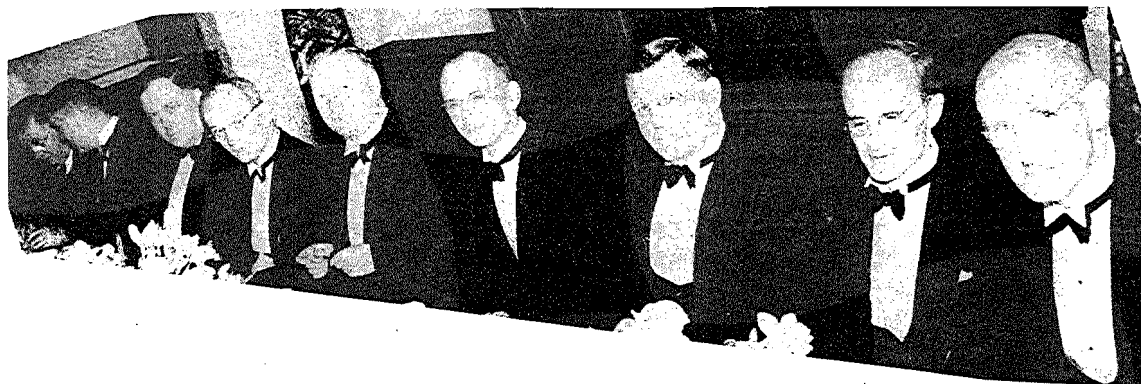
What fire-fighter has not at times longed for a small light-weight pump that he could rely on in actual practice, a pump which, with its complementary parts, including 500 feet of discharge hose, would be actually a one-man unit? Such a pump is depicted in the accompanying illustration and was demonstrated to the satisfaction of all at the field day of the recent District Foresters' Meeting. It is the brain-child of Fire Inspector J.G. MacDonald of the Vancouver District, to whom the Forest Service owes a debt of gratitude for his painstaking efforts and initiative.

Jim makes no extravagant claims for this unit which, as he says, is not to compete with existing Forest Service larger pump units, but is merely to supplement them, particularly for quicker initial action on fires. The man who packs in the complete unit can, after starting up the engine, forget it and attend to getting water on the fire by himself.

The features of the assembly which makes this possible are the Lawson 4-cycle, air-cooled engine, which is self-governing, and the reduction gear between the engine and the pump, which is Jim's own inspiration. The engine, weighing only 27 pounds, develops 1 H.P. at 2,700 R.P.M. and in action runs with practically no vibration. The reduction gear on this unit has a ratio of approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 and makes it possible for this small engine to operate a discarded pump from an RV Viking unit which was formerly driven by a 2-cylinder $3\frac{1}{2}$ H.P. engine. Engine and pump are mounted on a light metal packboard in which are packed tools, suction hose, nozzles, etc. Although the unit is still classed as an experimental one, the stream of water which was delivered, although of course not comparable to our larger pump units, convinced those attending the field day that Mr. MacDonald's ideas were sound.

The final details of the best size engine, the most satisfactory gear ratio and the most efficient pump have still to be worked out, but these are mere details to Fire Inspector MacDonald.

.....



Speaking of banquets--the Victoria Section of the Canadian Society of Forest Engineers held a most successful and enjoyable annual dinner at the Empress Hotel in Victoria on March 30th. A few of the 75 or 80 members and guests in attendance were caught in the accompanying photo. We can't afford to print pictures of tables and walls, hence the trimmed character of the picture.

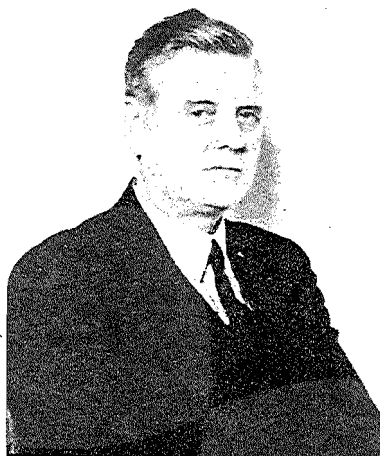
From left to right we have, S.G. Smith, Bloedel Stewart & Welch, Ltd.; E.C. Manning; J.A. Humbird, Victoria Lumber & Manufacturing Co. Ltd.; C.D. Orchard; J.G. Robson, President, B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers' Association (Guest Speaker); the bird with the wink and the squegee tie is Jerry McKee, bringing to a most successful close a most successful year as Chairman of the Victoria Section; J.N. Finlayson, Dean of Applied Science at U.B.C.; F.D. Mulholland, National President of the Society; and H.L. Taylor, President of the Society of Professional Engineers.

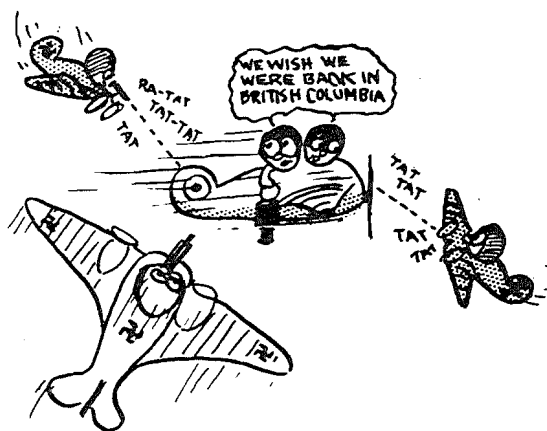
.....

During the course of the District Foresters' Meeting 25-year silver service badges were presented to E.B. Prowd and G.V. Copley by the Honourable the Premier, Mr. Pattullo.

These mark the seventeenth and eighteenth presentation of these badges. Seventeen of them are still being actively worn in Forest Branch service.

.....



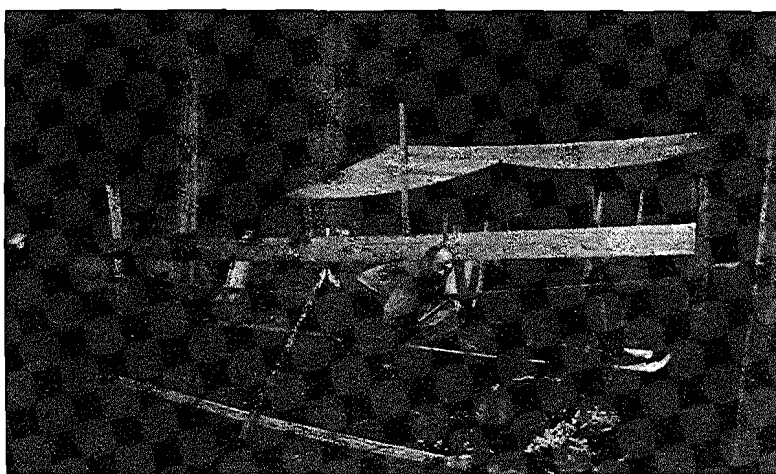


Since our last Letter Jerry Andrews and Bill Hall have gone to England to accept commissions in the Royal Air Force. We understand that they will be assigned to the Air Surveys Section, for which they are especially qualified.

.....

We regret to have to announce the death of Roland Craig at Ottawa on April 20th last. Mr. Craig was co-author of "Forests of British Columbia" and was widely known in Forestry circles in this Province. The Dominion Forest Service and Forestry circles throughout Canada will deeply regret the loss of a distinguished colleague.

.....



These photographs should be of special interest to the Kamloops District as they portray the building of the first sawmill in the Clearwater Valley and, incidentally, the first boat-building yard.

A boat for patrol purposes was badly needed on the Clearwater and Blue Lake system. To transport one in was out of the question. The only alternative was to build one on the spot.

In the fall of 1915 District Forester Prowd with Ranger Geo. Keyes, John McLennan, C.J. Haddon and Patrolmen H.A. Powell and F. Campbell packed out from Old Mile 71, Canadian Northern Railway, to do a job of cruising expired timber licences in the vicinity of Myrtle and Clearwater Lakes. It was agreed this was also an ideal time to build the much-needed boat.

A 7-foot whipsaw, together with carpenter tools, clamps, hardware, etc., was included in the outfit. On completion of the cruising assignment the pack horses were left in charge of the local patrolman and the outfit transported up Lower Clearwater Lake on a raft, hooked up between two dugout canoes. Travelling speed about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile per hour.

A site was finally selected on the west side of the Lake and the mill erected.

Ranger George Keyes of Adams Lake, an old sourdough from the Yukon with a wealth of experience in whipsawing and boat-building, was the master boat-builder, millwright, head sawyer and boss of the job. Photo shows George on the mill deck with Frank Campbell in the cellar collecting all the sawdust down his neck.

If any of you think whipsawing is a cinch in either position, just take a crack at it for an hour or so sometime.

The keel for a 20-foot boat was laid down and photo shows the boss on the job and the type of construction. Getting the logs on the carriage took lots of grunting, but once there spruce was sawn into boards 6" to 12" wide by $1\frac{1}{4}$ " thick for planking and cedar 6" to 8" wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick for flooring and stripping. The stern and all ribs were whipsawn from fir stumps with a natural bend, dug from a steep hillside close by. All lumber was planed both sides by hand. Did you ever try planing green spruce lumber with a jack plane? Well, don't!!!

The boat was finally completed except for caulking. Signs of winter weather made it necessary to start south without delay so the boat was placed on a raft and towed to the foot of the Lake, where it was safely tucked away under an overhanging bank and covered with boards and brush to await the next spring. (Photo shows the nearly-completed boat on raft ready for launching.)

The mill crew, reading from left to right, are: F. Campbell, C.J. Haddon, John McLennan and Geo. Keyes.

The "next spring" apparently did not arrive until after the war. The local Clearwater patrolman enlisted in an Irish Imperial Regiment, two of the Rangers and the Forest Guard also went overseas; one, good old John, failing to return; while the old master, George Keyes, had his hands full in his beloved Adams Lake country for the duration.

Some time in 1919 another visit was made to the Clearwater country. There she was, tucked away under the bank, tired of waiting; not quite in the same shape she was left in in 1915--another derelict of the Great War. In other words, love's labour lost, if by any stretch of the imagination you can correlate love with the bunch who made up the first mill crew in the first sawmill on the Clearwater. If there wasn't much love there was plenty of labour. C.J.H.

MORE TROUBLE AT SEA!



Many incidents occur in the life of a Forest Ranger that are neither party of daily routine nor indicative of his varied forestry activities. His peaceful pursuits are often marred by extraneous happenings that sometimes move him to consider that life is earnest, and that Death can be viewed with pleased anticipation.

The boat Ranger has recently been referred to as part of the Silent Service. This is not strictly accurate. He can be, and is, often vociferous. Nevertheless, one notes a certain casual restraint when speaking of untoward happenings or daring deeds. This, while modest, is extremely irritating to the Enquiring Reporter. He receives but the bare outlines of some ghastly affair, making it necessary for him to call upon his depraved imagination for details. This account is, however, true in outline and detail; almost in the very words of the narrator. To our mootings then, as the French say.....

A certain Ranger up Coast was recently spending the evening in the peaceful bosom of his family. Perhaps reading the Golden Treasury to the tots, perhaps dreamily deciding between a spot of "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Esquimaux". Suddenly there rushes into this peaceful scene The Engineer, his face white, his lips blue--his hair is red, thus making a pleasing patriotic effect.

"Come quick", he gasps, "There's somebody stealing the boat."

"What!" cries the Ranger, "the man must be nuts."

"He is", replies the Engineer--"it's a crazy man and he has a gun and he's shooting up the inlet from the boat."

Out gallops our Ranger, followed by his faithful engineer. Sure enough, the launch is drifting down the tide, and at the pilot house window can be seen the figure of a man.

"We must get out there", said the Ranger. "Launch the dinghy."

"But he has a gun", states a hopeful spectator.

"He also has my boat", roars the Ranger.

So out they go. The engineer seated in the stern, the Ranger at the oars and sculling out stern first. (Here note the quick thinking.)

"If he fires" said the Ranger to the Engineer, "you dive over to starboard and I'll dive over to port. Then we will swim for shore. That way he will only have our heads to shoot at." (Again note the clear thinking under action. The Ranger's head is dark, the engineer's, as we have mentioned, is brightly hued.

But they made the launch without drawing fire, and clambering aboard they found the happy fellow busy twirling the wheel, his gaze bent industriously on the compass.

"Ah, Hello!" said our Ranger politely. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Why yes", said the queer fellow, "It's going along all right, but I can't find the engine."

"Is that so", remarked our fellow. "Well. Well. Whose boat is this? It's yours, isn't it?" "Why, so it is", surprised like. "In that case, I know where the engine is, and I'll go and start it."

As an aside, and to relieve the gripping interest in this tale, there's nothing queer in not finding the engine. In this type of boat the engine room is cunningly hidden beneath the pilot house. One takes down stairways and crawls through holes.

Our Ranger then, having opened up the secret passage and removed the secret stairs, started the engine... to the quiet applause from the wheelhouse.

"Now", said the starry-eyed gent at the wheel, "We can go for a ride."

"Sure" replied the Ranger, "but first let me show you how to make a snappy landing at the steamboat dock."

This seemed a good idea to the other fellow, who let the wheel go. Then finding nothing in his hands, and possibly remembering that he just recently had a noise-maker, looked around. But the engineer had thoughtfully dropped something someplace. (As mentioned before, we use our heads.)

Well, a real snappy landing was made, much to the edification of the passenger who, climbing up on the dock, guessed he would now go and get the mail. We understand he was unsuccessful in this, some friends of his awaiting him and kind of gathering him in.

The launch was then taken back to her mooring and the rightful crew returned again to the peaceful bosoms. The whole thing was voted capital entertainment by the local inhabitants, although only $2\frac{1}{2}$ stars were awarded by the critics. While Diplomacy versus Force was counted an interesting angle, it was thought that there was a lamentable lack of action in the piece. It was considered somewhat of an anti-climax when, instead of a well-ventilated Ranger emerging from the boat the other fellow came ashore for his mail.

As one citizen remarked, "With all the boats tied up here, why did he take the Forestry boat." As the other replied, "Well he was crazy you know."

.....

Near-Tragedy at McBride

Ranger H.R. Sansom and Assistant Ranger W.D. Hay narrowly missed death when the speeder on which they were riding leapt the tracks four miles from McBride. Sansom was thrown on to the ties between the rails and knocked unconscious while Hay landed, bruised and battered, but still aware of what was going on, in the bush beside the tracks. He managed to reach Sansom and stop the bleeding from a bad scalp wound and after doing this he hiked into McBride to secure help. Sansom and Hay were both removed to the hospital, where Sansom had 27 stitches taken in his scalp and Hay was treated for shock. Hay was released after a few hours, but Ranger Sansom will not be able to resume his duties for at least a month. The cause of the accident is unknown, but is thought to have been caused by some small object, possibly a pebble, on the tracks.

.....

"Bill" Spouse, our genial "Why-don't-you-fellows-learn-how-to-take-care-of machinery" man, became a father for the second time (May15th). This time it's a daughter. Mrs. Spouse and the baby are doing nicely.

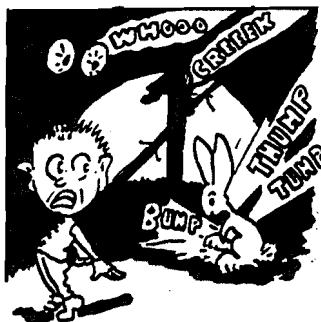
.....

From London Town comes a letter telling of the delights of that famous city during the blackouts. The writer, Elmer Bryson, formerly with the F.D.P. staff and now with the Pay Corps, C.A.S.F, says of London, "The Romans should have kept it."

.....

Two members of the Service are now in hospital recovering from operations, Bob St. Clair of Prince Rupert and Joe Smith of Vancouver. They are both doing well and are expected back on the job in the near future. The News Letter joins with the staff in wishing them a speedy recovery.

.....



Old prayer:

"From ghoulies and ghosties, and long leggit beasties, and things that go bump in the night, good Lord deliver us."

Remember the first time you ever got bushed for the night-- alone, without benefit of match, grub or blanket? Gosh! We should have known that one then.

.....