

The Forest Branch Newsletter

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

NO. 52

VICTORIA, B. C., June 15, 1944.

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It has been a long time since the last Newsletter. The delay is due partly to the difficulty we experience in extracting news items, and other contributions, from the staff, and partly to the current labour shortage in the printing plants. We cannot do much about the latter, but the staff as a whole can assure the Newsletter an ample supply of news by reporting promptly on every interesting happening, no matter how trivial it may seem. Almost every letter we get from Forest Branch men and women in the armed forces asks us to include more news of their district, their office, or their friends, and we would be very glad to, but for the fact that all too often the district, office, or friends in question have not had the time (or have not taken it) to write up and send in their news..... The old, old excuse of not having time is no good any more; the editors haven't the time either, but the Newsletter still comes out periodically..... If you have time to read the Newsletter, you have time to contribute to it..... Our address is just "The Newsletter, Forest Branch, Victoria."

THE ROYAL COMMISSION

The Royal Commission on Forestry will be rather stale to most of the staff, but may, on the other hand, be new to some of our erstwhile partners now in the Armed Forces.

For the benefit of the uninformed (and uniformed), the Honourable Mr. Justice Sloan was appointed as a one-man Royal Commission on December 31st, to enquire into the forest resources of the Province and all matters generally relating to or connected with the forest resource and its administration.

About 35 years ago, the public and the Government of the day, being concerned about forest administration in general, a Royal Commission was appointed, which, after long and careful study, presented its report, out of which was born the "Forest Act" of 1912 and the Forest Service. The "Forest Act" in its day was a fine piece of legislation, and an effort has been made from year to year to keep it up to date and incorporate therein various provisions made necessary by changing conditions. However, the conviction has been gaining strength for some years that some of the basic conceptions which cannot readily be changed are badly in need of review. Hence this second Royal Commission, which will make a thorough study of the forest resource and its management.

It is doubtful whether any Forest Officer was thinking in terms of a Royal Commission. Throughout the Service, however, radical proposals have been made for a period of years. Some of them, we think, have stood the test of long review. Others have, fortunately perhaps, found their way into the limbo of forgotten brainwaves. None of the more important of these could be seriously passed on without long thought and deep study. A Royal Commission, once proposed, immediately appeals as the obvious solution. The Commission is welcomed by the Forest Service, and, above all other things, the staff should clearly understand that there is no hint in its appointment of reflection on or investigation of the Service itself. As noted above, the Forest Branch has been making far-reaching proposals over a period of years. Now the Royal Commission offers an opportunity to bring these into the light for a thorough-going study.

The Commission held a first single session on the morning of February 7th and adjourned to Monday morning, the 21st. Daily sessions were held from the 21st for the next two weeks, and the Commission rose to resume hearings on the morning of March 27th. At this writing the investigation has confined itself in large measure to an outline review of the forest resource and administration, in which Forest Branch officers have figured as the principal witnesses. The remainder of the hearings, it is understood, will endeavour to develop the details of the various phases of forests, forestry and the forest administration; as for example, in research, protection, surveys and management. Most of the hearings are likely to be held at Victoria, but it is stated that if sufficient interest is developed to warrant hearings elsewhere, the Commission will visit other centres. The hearings are likely to extend over a considerable period of time; and as to results, we can only await the Commission's report.

"Indian Tales"

(with apologies to Kipling)

- (1) "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre, (2) "The market girls an' fishermen, (3) "They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
He's 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
The foresters, an' sailors, too,
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
And what he thought 'e might require,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But winked at 'Omer down the road
'Ewent an' took—the same as me.
But kep' it quiet—same as you!
An 'e winked back—the same as us!

TO:

TO: Walter, Earl of Henning; Baron of Ideas,
Guardian of the King's Forests
in the County of Cariboo.

FROM: His Majesty, King Taxpayer.

GREETINGS!

Came a day, last sennight, when we conducted a Royal Progress or Pussy-foot Tour of the Charge in these Parts.

Anon our steps led us to thy Tool-house, in this the City of Quesnel. There, upon the wall, anent the Grindstone, We beheld a work of Great Merit depicting all that part of our Realm being situate and visible from the Mountain of the Mouse. (And here inform Us, Forester, did this Mountain beget a mouse, or did some Mouse beget this Mountain?)



ARE YOU A PASSENGER

It is, in truth, a Noble Picture, and did hold us enthralled for many long moments. For, look you, it showeth Our Lands, not only to the Eastward, but all around, even unto three hundred and sixty degrees of reckoning. And here is a Marvellous Thing, for the Artist hath superimposed on the picture certain Lines of Stadia, whereby Our Master Gunner shall be enabled to train correctly a Piece of Artillery on any spot within sight of this Spot. This is a matter of Great Skill and Cunning at which all men shall Marvel. For, mark you, Forester, these Things come not by Hap or by Hazard, by Guess or by God, but only through much Trial and Tribulation; much Prayer and Fasting.

Therefore, became We exceeding Wrath to think that thou shouldst permit thy Serfs to hang such a Wonderful Thing in a Toolhouse, forsooth!

Would'st hang a work of Cellini or Da Vinci, in thy closet? See to it, Forester, see to it, lest We send thy way a Wielder of the Axe who is not of the Guild of Woodsman.

WE HAVE SPOKEN.

Extract from logging inspection report having reference to scarcity of woods' labour:

"Company had numerous set-backs due to scarcity of machinery parts and independent attitude of workmen. It is rumoured the company contemplates serving breakfast in bed as an added inducement to men to stay on the job."

Looks like the new world order is on the way in!

This letter comes from the District Forester at Prince Rupert:

"This is to inform you that the 25-year Certificate and Pin were presented to Assistant Forester Mathieson on February 14th in the presence of the entire staff, including three rangers, with everyone's congratulations and compliments. It was an entire surprise to Mr. Mathieson, but he appeared to be very pleased at the fact that he was given this decoration.

"I was not capable of making the flowery speech which you made when you presented my pin last year, but did the best I could."

It is a pleasure to report also that the 25-year Certificate and Pin were presented to Ranger George Forbes at a dinner given in his honour at Prince George on Thursday, March 23rd. It was apparently as much of a surprise to George as to Ernie Mathieson.

The occasion was particularly favourable because it coincided with the Ranger meeting and all George's confreres were there. After congratulations and drinking of health of the recipient, the rest of the evening was devoted to movies and other appropriate entertainment.

Apropos of this meeting and George Forbes, we have the following letter and photo from him.

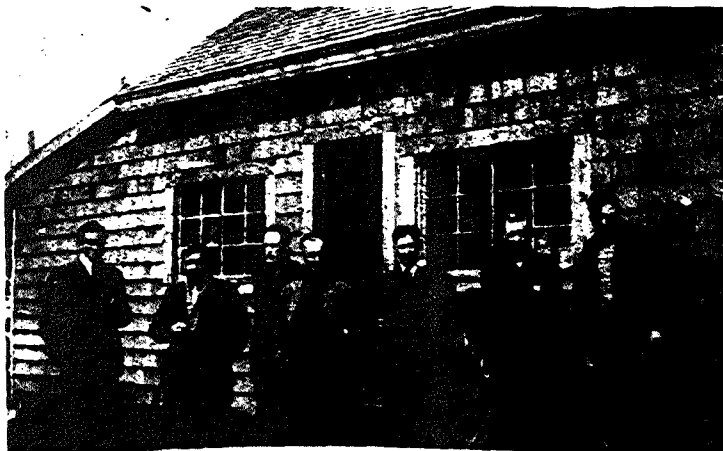
"I am enclosing a small snap of some of the men that were on the Forest Branch in early days in the Fort George District.

"This picture was taken in front of Ranger Station at Penny in 1920. It was the first Ranger meeting held in Fort George District. Reading from left to right they are District Forester P. S. Bonney, Rangers Heath, Lowry, Mathieson, Hunter, Langmuir, and Forbes.

"Our transportation at that time was mostly by snowshoes and train. You might notice that leaning against the building between Hunter and Langmuir in the picture are the snowshoes.

"The following year we were all on the pulp cruise in this district with L. S. Hope in charge of cruise; others who were on this cruise were W. N. Campbell and T. W. Brewer.

"If I might suggest that W. N. Campbell may be in a better position to give you more in detail on the activities of Forest Branch in this district, better known as Rusty." - Yours truly, "George Forbes."



Attached is a letter recently received from Bob Cameron, our uncanny Scot Ranger from Fernie, which contains information of note. With the demand for cordwood, fire killed props, etc., it is tending to make not exactly liars but wild guessers out of some of our Rangers when estimating material on the area. In a cruise of this type of timber if the cut checks with the cruise we can only confirm Bob Cameron is uncanny and we have little comeback should the cruise prove inaccurate.

"I have no doubt you will think this report a rather crude one.

"But I hope you believe me when I say it is impossible to make a cruise, or even a fair estimate. On going over this area I must have walked over two miles on rotten windfalls, and with the reproduction from 4 to 6 feet high it was impossible even to count the trees.

"There are no large trees of any account, that could be classed as logs so I have eliminated them. But in case if any should be found, recommend an upset price of 50¢ per M.

"This is pure and simple a salvage chance, and for a man to come anyways near an estimate, he would be uncanny. -"Robert Cameron, Ranger."

The following reminiscences come from J.J.K. Frost of the Economics Drafting Staff, erstwhile ranger along the Grand Trunk.

During the appointment of the first District Forester at Hazelton (afterwards moved to Prince Rupert) he had working for him a slim fast hockey player named H. C. Kinghorn. At that time, prior to the last little unpleasantness with the Hun, there were not many timber sales and long Patrols to distant parts of the district were made by the Forestry boys.

On one such patrol Kinghorn went across the mountains to the Indian village of Babine, taking with him a very smart fox terrier dog, which, like most of his breed, had his tail docked.

The village Chief admired the little dog very much and particularly asked about his short tail. Even as long ago as that Kinghorn could "kid 'em along" and soon convinced the Indian Chief that a docked tail was the proper thing for a good dog, and the Chief decided to have his favorite dog operated on. He explained what he wanted to his son, a big, husky Indian who grabbed a double-bitted axe with great gusto while the Chief held the dog's tail over a log. The dog saw the axe coming down and hastily drew back—to have the axe descend on him, severing the head from the body. The Chief looked on for a moment in disgust, then said, "Ugh. Cuttem off too short."

Kinghorn has been working with us lately on A.S.W.

Bobby Allen, then District Forester at Hazelton, had occasion to hike the grease trail from Kitwanga to Kitwancool, stepping out in his jaunty manner, hat cocked at a nice angle, when he met an Indian riding horseback. Bob stopped and asked him where he was going. "Hazelton," said the Indian. "Take my wife to Hospital." Just then his wife came up to them, walking, and with a small pack on her back. Bobby could see why she was hospital-bound



and his chivalrous instincts at once asserted themselves. "Why doesn't the woman ride," he angrily demanded. Back came the slow answer, "She got no horse!"

At one time, sale of railway ties was the principal source of revenue to the Northern districts and almost anybody who could use a broad axe cut ties during the winter. The ties were generally of pine, but on the Skeena hemlock ties were cut and hemlock seems to die out at Moricetown, the Indian Village between Hazelton and Smithers. Some Indians cut a few thousand hemlock ties when I was at Smithers, but after they were hauled to the siding they seemed to be very red, so that the tie inspectors would not inspect them, for the Chief Tie Inspector at that time was "allergic" to any ties with the least sign of red heart. It must have been the site which caused them to look like red hearted ties for they were all shipped ultimately, but being on the siding a long time caused the Indians some worrying. They wrote me a letter. Here's a copy.

Mr. Jack Frost,
Smithers, B. C.

Dear Sir:

Just a few line for you. Please will you try and let me know if you received the letter from where you send a letter too about the ties which laying in a Station Moricetown. I we waiting for you thise days, and also Olf Hanson wait till you find out How much you Deduct out of each ties as soon as you finished that Business that you Make it. You let Olf Hanson Know as he will send inspector with car to loaded.

Ties Contractor,
Moricetown, B. C.

Yours faithfully truly,
(signed) Arthur Michell.

An Indian used to call at the Prince Rupert office fairly often to get a Hand Loggers Licence. The Indian called and Bob Sinclair happened to be in the office and he started talking to the Indian. "Haven't seen you around for some time," says Bob.

"No," says the Indian, "Been to Vancouver."

"How did you like Vancouver?" says Bob.

"No Good," says the Indian.

Bob wondered where the Indian would live in Vancouver so he asks "Where did you stay down there?"

"Okalla!"

During the fall and winter months a rather unique feature in park planning has taken place in connection with Mount Seymour Park. Representatives of all clubs and organizations on the Mountain have met at regular intervals with the Forest Branch and all phases of summer and winter development have been thoroughly discussed.

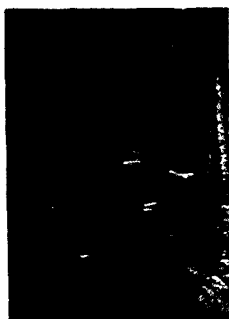
The importance and scope of long range planning is evident when one realizes that with the completion of a road a conservative estimate indicates an attendance of 8,000 people during a winter week-end. A growing interest in cabin areas administered through park use permits foretells the establishment of an attractive ski village.



Winter comes to Mystery Lake and fashions an immense ski bowl. In summer this sub-alpine lake is a favourite with swimmers and hikers.



On the peaks only the tips of the scattered trees show through 20 feet of snow. After a snow storm they form such fantastic shapes that even the research branch would have difficulty in linking them up with the real article.



The Forest Branch administration building in Mount Seymour Park is the most ambitious undertaking of the Parks Section to date. The beautiful setting and high class workmanship will establish it when completed, as a model for park endeavour for years to come. The size of the bottom logs and the fitting of the top saddle corner are illustrated in the picture on the right.



From the Keyhole

Requirements of a Good Lumber Salesman, maybe a Forester, too

He must be a man of vision and ambition, an after-dinner speaker; a night-owl—work all day, drive all night and appear fresh the next day. Learn to sleep on the floor and eat two meals a day to economize on traveling expenses in order to entertain his friends in the next town.

He must be able to entertain customers' wives, sweeties and stenographers. He must drive through hail, sleet, wind, dust and snow twelve feet deep at 10 below zero. He must work all summer without perspiring and acquiring B.O.

He must be a man's man, a lady's man, a model husband, a fatherly father, a devoted son-in-law, a good provider, (or your family will be gone when you return from a six weeks' trip) a plutocrat, a Democrat, Republican, a New Dealer, Old Dealer and fast dealer—a technician, electrician and mechanic.

He must be a sales promotion expert, be a good credit manager, correspondent, attend all dealer conventions, tournaments, funerals and births, visit customers in hospitals as well as in jails. He must contact all accounts every three weeks and in spare time look for new business, collect delinquent accounts and do missionary work.

He must also be an expert driver, talker, liar, dancer, traveler, bridge player, poker player, treader, golf player, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist, and authority on palmistry, archaeology, psychology, meteorology, criminology, dogs, cats, horses, trailers, blondes, and red heads.

In between, he must sell some lumber or fight a fire.

Mankind generally appears to have been born with the instincts of our enemy, the pack-rat. Our ten-year-old used to collect match boxes; currently it is military badges. George Copley collects grass; and there are so many people around the Buildings here in Victoria collecting stamps that one would think there had been adopted a universal fashion of posting mail with a neat square hole cut in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope.

J. W. Eastham, Plant Pathologist of the Department of Agriculture in Vancouver, at least with some show of consistency, collects plants. Some months ago, Mr. Eastham suggested, in the course of conversation, that amongst our widely scattered staff he should be able to find some kindred spirits who would like to forward him specimens. We suggested at that time that the likely way to find any such would be through the medium of a notice in the Newsletter a little later in the season. Reviving this question, we had a letter from Mr. Eastham a few days ago, which seems to state the case so well that it is repeated here verbatim. Interested parties should communicate directly with Mr. Eastham, who writes as follows:

THE FOREST OFFICER AND HIS BOTANICAL OPPORTUNITIES



Last summer, in the Forestry Office at Nelson, as I looked at a large map showing the location of the Fire Look-out Stations on the tops of the high mountains of the district, I could not help thinking of the unique opportunities these officers had to contribute to the knowledge of our native flora, and at the same time add an interest to an occupation that must at times be somewhat monotonous.

The plants of high altitudes are in general quite different from those occurring at low levels, and what is more curious, plants found on one mountain may be absent from another a few miles away. Not one in a hundred of our mountain peaks has been examined botanically and on any of them we may expect to find something of interest. I remember climbing Mount Brent in the Okanagan, and finding at the very door of the Lookout Station a dwarf alpine willow, an inch or two high, of which there was only a solitary specimen in our B. C. herbaria.

I also recall, in going through the plant collections in the Provincial Museum and the University, the number of new or interesting specimens contributed by Mr. G. V. Copley while carrying on his work as an officer of the Forestry service, and also his valuable Herbarium, now in the offices of the Grazing Commission at Kamloops.

It is with these facts in mind that this letter is written, in the belief that there are other members of the Forest Service who would be willing to undertake the collection of specimens as opportunity offers, for the benefit of the various public collections in

the country. The writer, in addition to increasing the collection in the Department of Agriculture, has sent duplicates, when available in sufficient number, to the Provincial Museum, the University of B. C., the National Herbarium at Ottawa, and other public Institutions. This can be borne in mind by collectors, that several specimens of the same kind of plant can be profitably used.

It is not even necessary that a plant should be new or rare to be of interest, provided data are given as to altitude and environment. Widely distributed plants often vary much according to the conditions under which they grow. Also the geographical and altitude range, within the Province, of most of our plants is still very imperfectly known.

The preparation of plant specimens is not difficult. Proper plant presses with straps or cords and thick absorbent felt paper for drying (the kind used for putting under carpets) are an advantage and are to be recommended to those wishing to make collections of any size, but are easily made or obtained. However, quite good specimens can be made with nothing better than two pieces of boards about 18" by 12" and a bundle of old newspapers with a stone or two put on top to keep the plants flat while drying. The main thing is to change the paper between the plants at least once a day until the plants are dry. They can then be put into a double sheet of newspaper, the data written on the edge, and put on one side. When the collection is complete it can be packed between two sheets of strong carton board of sufficient size, for shipping.

A group of plants of special interest to the writer and much neglected by collectors is that of grasses, sedges and rushes. Our flora in respect to them is imperfectly known and they are the easiest of all plants to preserve. Their flowers do not crumple or discolor; they have little sap in their make-up and hence are easily dried. Even if just put in between the pages of a magazine, with data written on the margin of the page and a light weight placed over them they will make passable specimens. This is something within the range of anyone's opportunities. It is important, however, that the plants should be as complete as possible, including roots, which are often a distinguishing character between related species. Heads pulled off in passing are not of much value.

The undersigned will be glad to hear from, and give additional information to, anyone interested, and a limited number of copies of a bulletin giving detailed information on the collection and preservation of plants, and the making of a herbarium, are available for those who would like to pursue their studies further.

J. W. Eastham,
Provincial Department of Agriculture,
Court House, Vancouver, B. C.

HONOURABLE ARTHUR WELLESLEY GRAY 1876-1944

It is with deep sorrow and regret that we announce the death of the Honourable A. Wells Gray, Minister of our Department. Mr. Gray had been in poor health for some months and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Donald Ingham, in Victoria, on Sunday, May 7th.

To those of us who were privileged to work closely with Mr. Gray, his passing is a severe loss. His office door was always open to those wishing to consult with him, and his kindly, common-sense advice ever valuable.

Mr. Gray took a particular interest in reforestation and parks, and it is gratifying to know that his memory will be honoured in the Wells Gray Park on the Clearwater River.

To his daughters, Mrs. Ingham, and Mrs. J. Pitcairn Hogg of Vancouver, the Forest Service tenders its sincerest sympathy.

Howard E. Elsey

It is with deep regret that we have to report that Squadron Leader H. E. Elsey was killed in action on February 23rd last. This news hit his friends in the Service particularly hard since the week previous there had been a letter from Howard stating that he had finished his tour and was going on instruction duties immediately. He was very pleased about this arrangement as he was not going to have to hang around a manning depot several months before being posted to a new station.

Harold Percy Hart

We regret to announce the death on December 26th, 1943, at the age of 64 years, of Harold Percy Hart, formerly Supervisor for the Vancouver Forest District.

Prior to entering the Service Mr. Hart joined the 2nd C.M.R. in August, 1914 with which unit he proceeded to France the following year. In 1916 he transferred in France to the 2nd Divisional Train and served with this unit in France, Belgium and Germany until the conclusion of hostilities, being discharged in May, 1919.

Mr. Hart joined the Service as an Assistant Ranger in July, 1919, with headquarters at Thurston Bay, showing special aptitude for his work, his abilities were recognized by his speedy promotion to Ranger at Thurston Bay in January, 1920 and as Acting Supervisor at Thurston Bay in May, 1920, which latter appointment was subsequently confirmed. An efficient officer, he was well respected by all with whom he came in contact, but due to an attack of influenza in April, 1922, rheumatism, which he contracted Overseas, developed and he was forced to relinquish his services with the Department. After some months spent in private hospitals, he entered Shaughnessy Military Hospital where he remained a patient until the date of his death, a sufferer from arthritis. Despite the fact that he was a bed-patient for over 21 years, he was a great favourite with the Staff of the Hospital and with all whom he came into contact, and although suffering greatly he was always cheerful and bore his affliction with heroic fortitude, being an inspiration to all his comrades and many of his acquaintances. He was always pleased to receive a visit from his Forest Branch friends.

A military funeral was tendered Mr. Hart on December 30th at which there was a very large representation of his former comrades, both military and civil, including his Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the General Officer Commanding—Western Command, Major-General G. R. Parkes, V. C. The Department was represented by six of the older members, who were associated with Mr. Hart while in the Service.

John D. LeMare

Last summer, Flying Officer John D. LeMare was reported missing following a mission over Crete. It seems that the last heard from him he radioed in to say that he was having engine trouble and was baling out. This he probably did as his fighter plane was seen to zoom up in the air and turn over. There has been no trace of him since then and, much as we would all like to think that he is safe, it does not seem likely. In a recent casualty list of the R.C.A.F., John was presumed dead for official purposes.

"Slim" LeMare, as he was known to his many friends, was one of these big men with an easy-going, likeable personality that made him popular wherever he went. He first came to the Forest Branch as a compassman on the 1938 Okanagan survey and the following season cruised for Mickey Pogue on the Quatsino survey. In May, 1940, John graduated from the University of British Columbia in Forest Engineering and from that date worked continuously for the Economics Division until leaving to report for duty with the R.C.A.F. in May, 1941.

Those of us who had the good fortune to know and work with John LeMare are the better for having associated with him. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to his wife (he married an English girl in December, 1942) in England; his mother, Mrs. S. Cowan of Duncan; his sister; and his father, Percy LeMare of Courtenay, who was a Forest Branch Officer in the early days.

Recently appointed to the Vancouver Staff as Junior Clerks are Miss Cecelia Bindley and Miss Verna Lewis. Miss Bindley commenced her duties on October 20th last and Miss Lewis shortly after, on the 13th of December. We welcome them both and hope they will be happy as members of the Forest Branch family.

On January 1st, Miss Gloria Holden left the Vancouver Staff to join the Royal Canadian Air Force (W.D.). Miss Holden is the first of our girls to become a member of His Majesty's Forces, and we are extremely proud of her. On the occasion of her departure, she was presented with a farewell gift of a morocco travelling bag, complete with her initials. We wish her the best of luck and hope that it will not be long until Victory is won and she is back with us again.

The McKinnons have adopted a second child; a boy this time, two months old, named Peter Donald.

It was with mixed feelings that we learned that Hugh Hodgins was leaving the Forest Branch at the end of March to accept employment with Pacific Mills Limited. This Company apparently have in mind embarking on a program of sustained yield management of their forest holdings and have hired Hugh as their forester. Sustained yield has always been the subject in which Hugh was most interested so we can readily understand the attraction which it holds for him. At the same time he has been a hard-working, conscientious civil servant for such a long time that the decision to leave the Branch must have required considerable thought. On the one hand we are sorry to see such a capable officer leave the organization but on the other hand it looks like a fine break for Hugh and we wish him every success in his new venture.

Hugh is still a young man but at the same time it is nearly 21 years since he first entered Service. In 1923 he was appointed junior clerk in the Vancouver District office and the following year was promoted to the position of file clerk. The following is quoted from a letter of 3/4/24 that recently came to light apropos of another matter: "We are recommending that Hugh Hodgins replace E. Henderson as file clerk. L. R. Andrews, District Forester."

Hugh resigned from the clerical staff in the fall of 1924 to enter U.B.C. and study forestry. Thus the summer of 1925 found Hugh blossoming forth as a compassman on a forest survey party under W. W. Stevens. The following seasons he cruised with parties on the Grizzly Hills and Nehalliston Forests. In 1928 he graduated in Forestry at the University of British Columbia and the following summer was chief of party on the Sayward survey. In April, 1929, Hugh received his permanent appointment as junior forester in the Forest Surveys Division. As the years passed he became chief assistant to F. D. Mulholland and when the Economics Division was formed in 1928 he took full charge of the forest survey activities. From July, 1940, to September, 1941, Hugh held down the management desk in the Kamloops office. More recently he was in charge of the Alternate Service Workers' project and this brings us up-to-date on his varied and successful career.

Hugh leaves many good friends in the Branch and we hope that in his new position we will have an admirable ambassador in the Industry. Best of luck, Hugh.

A Brief Perpetuity

It would appear that we have yet a long way to go in educating the public to rational forest management. "Perpetual yield" has become a by word in a good many unexpected quarters, which is all to the good, but a recent newspaper article in one of the leading coast dailies makes one wonder how the term "perpetual yield" is being interpreted. This news item is to the effect that the Vernon Box Company is about to commence operations above Falkland, pushing ahead "logging operations over a vast stand of Engelmann spruce, which will provide a perpetual supply of timber for the company's mill in Vernon during the next 15 or 20 years."

Boy, what a thrill we'd get out of diaries if they were all like this! The diarist is Lookoutman Fred, Paterson, Caven Mt., Nelson District.

September 1st: Nothing much happened to-day, unless one counts as important that Jimmy, our Patrolman, left the lookout this morning. A few scattered showers (light) passed over this afternoon. The short-wave radio reception sure is excretory these days; however it's general all along the line. No visibility in Kooty Valley.

September 2nd: With apology to R. Kipling.

Blow, blow again winds, that like a searing pain,
Is slowly driving me insane, Blow, blow, blow!
Howling gremlins g'leefully
Shrieks a Hellish symphony;
Rocks the house like ship at sea—
Blow, blow, blow!

Fire? No see 'um!

September 4th: Doing lookout duty.

September 5th: With apology to Longfellow:

The Poplars shiver 'neath the Autumn breeze;
The leaves are turning sere and yellow on the trees.
And once again the deer hast lost their fiery red.
The velvet on their horns now hang in shred,
As through the willow thicket steals
A doe, while cayote follow closely on her heels.
The wood-fire in my rusty stove shines bright
While o're my lookout slowly falls the night.

September 7th: This is one of these lyrical days which makes a poor lookoutman glad to be alive. A gentle East wind; a warm sun—in fact all the trimmings. Discovered a fire seemingly not far from Cranny 1:25 p.m. This fire showed plenty of smoke.

September 3rd: With apology to Shelley.

Now day is o're, attentive nature hush,
While sinking sun, with magic brush,
Paints drifting clouds with colors lush—
The night hawk screams.
The east commence to glow and soon
A mollient, mystic lover's moon
Paints fairy paths on blue Lagoon.
The whole world dreams.

No fires, all's well.

September 6th: With apologies to Ogden Nash.

This is the period of every season,
When lookoutmen (I speak for myself, John) scratch their
matted hair and nearly lose their reason.
Pondering what to put in their Diary
Oh, for a literary fairy!
Simply saying "doing lookout duty"
Sounds O.K. although daily repetition makes one sound
like a guy that's going slightly nutty.

September 8th: Nice day. Clear sky, warm wind from N.E.

September 9th: Discovered fire at 4:23 somewhere close by Sand Creek. Since I can contact neither Baynes Lake Ranger Station nor the Ranger, I'm fit to be tied!!! Short wave radio reception is on the bum--

September 10th: Nothing happened to-day. Good visibility. Warm sun. Guess I'll write some more verses pretty soon--

September 11th: Discovered a large fire in the U.S.A. this afternoon. It seems to be on the headwaters of the Southfork of Squawk River. Nice day with excellent visibility. No fires in this vicinity.

September 12th: Quite a gale from the west, however, the sun is shining. The fire in U.S.A. is large and getting more so. It is crowning this afternoon, throwing black smoke to high heaven.

September 13th: With apologies to Gilmer.

September 14th: With etc., etc., to Tennyson--

I know that I shall never see,
A poem like buck-deer bounding free,
Through glen-like meadow on the run,
With antlers glinting in the sun.
Like children's tongues decisively
Their tails wave fond farewell to me--
As, gun in hand, I'm standing there
And trembling watch them disappear.

Wake me mother, wake me early--I'm to be the early worm,
I can hear the nasty rumble of a snarly thunderstorm.
Half awake, I watch the lightning flashing signals blue
and red,
Blasted storm has swung to southward. Ho, Ho, Hum! Well
back to bed.

Discovered a fire some 7 miles N.W. from Wardner. Large-

September 15th: Nothing happened to-day. No smoke; no fires. Nothing to report. Wish I had a great big feed of fish. Four fat fried fish would be just the ticket.

September 16th: Nothing but monotony on this lookout at present. Even the shortwave radio is kind of reticent. However, the weather is nice and serene; The valley is free from smoke so nice and clean. So ends September 16.

September 17th: Reported a fire somewhere in the vicinity of Rookey in adjoining Ranger District. This seems to be a large fire. Heavy smoke, drifting in from the U.S.A. shut off my visibility somewhere around 4:00 p.m. The wind is from the S.W. and blowing like--like anything--

September 18th: With apologies to Omar, the Tentmaker.

And like a flame the clouds appeared and LO!
Caressing winds commenced to blow,
From Arctic Bosom straight to me,
So white and innocent--hugh flakes of snow.

Had 5 inches of snow this morning. Reported smoke at Caith--small.

September 19th: I understand that the fire I reported yesterday was but the smoke from a train standing on a siding waiting for the passenger. It waited more than an hour; and if it had been a fire, and I had not reported it--well! It's too bad, having the boys chasing such fires--oh, well! Wonder if they caught it?

September 20th: Heavy showers during the day. Cold, raw winds from the west, although it feels like it comes from the Arctic. Looks like I'm due for a lower job--in the valley--guess I'll be mad--nix--

September 21st: Schedule for my station 2:10 p.m. I wonder if my clock is right, or if the Dispatcher is late? Here comes my call. It sounded like: "I can't read. Please hit the Mike." So I hock my nose on top the lid and shout until my face is red. Then out from space a voice I heard--and my station is on the air. No fires--all's dandy.

September 22nd: I always experience amazement and a feeling of sadness whenever I receive word to remove from the lookout. Such word reached me to-day. I've made my sombre tramp around the mountain already, taking sad farewell with my companions through the season. Alas, they ignored my gesture of Adieu with utter hauteur--I'm referring to my pet deer.

September 23rd: Well, this p.m. the patrolman came up to the lookout and which means that early in the morning down to work we go. Boy! Am I excited? Hope I can sleep to-night. I discovered no fire to-day.

September 24th: The patrolman and I packed up and left the lookout this morning. At the foot of the mountain we transferred my stuff to the Assistant Ranger's car. Then to Northfork R.S. So endeth another day.

September 25th: Washed a pile of dirty clothes. Fixed my shoes, had my hair cut and several other small chores which needed doing.

September 26th: Sunday.

September 27th: Working on equipment. Cleaning and sharpening same.

September 28th: Packing and arranging our various equipment for transfer to headquarters.

September 29th: Working on equipment at Baynes Lake.

September 30th: To headquarters with my stuff and so Home.

FROM PRINCE GEORGE

At long last we have made time to gather some material for the Newsletter. We regret not having been able to forward it sooner as we realize that much of the material in the Newsletter becomes somewhat stale if its publication is too long delayed.

We thought the enclosed write-up on the Parachuting of Supplies to Fire Crews would be of some interest to operation officers in the other Districts. (This will be published later. Ed.)

Other odd bits of news are as follows:

Gay Seymour, Patrolman at Fort St. James, is now in the Army. We regret losing him as he gave a good account of himself during his first season's work with the Branch.

F. D. Mulholland called in to see us on his way back to Victoria after having spent the summer and fall doing land classification work around Vanderhoof. We must be in the banana belt up here as F. D. reports that he used fly dope to keep the black flies away during the latter part of November.

We hear Doug Ross and Charlie McGuire hit the jack-pot up north recently when they bagged six timber wolves. If they collected on the bounty and pelts it was a profitable diversion.

Leo Balcom, assistant ranger at McBride, is also in the Army. It was his first year with the Branch and he proved an asset to the organization.

Two lookout towers and cabins were erected during the past summer. Although not yet completed they will be usable for the next fire season and will considerably improve our detection system in the vicinity of Prince George. We have constructed a road to one of the lookouts and eventually hope to have a road to the other one as well. (Are the names of the L/O's a civilian secret? Ed.)

Some of the Army boys on a fire crew, wishing to have some fun with their two N.C.O's decided to give them a scare. The N.C.O's and Officer slept in a tent by themselves. About 11 P.M. three of the boys donned a moose hide and approached their sleeping victims. One of the victims was not quite asleep and on hearing a noise outside the tent looked out to see what it was. To his horror he saw a "huge bear" approaching. (With a faint moon shining through the timber three men under a moose hide do make an awe inspiring bear). Shaking his partner he said, "It's a bear, it's a bear." The officer was awakened too and started to fumble for his gat. But Mr. Bear continued to advance and when he started to nose his way through the mosquito bar the worthy occupants of the tent made a strategic (and very hasty) retreat under the back of the tent and headed off through the woods (in night attire and bare feet) at high speed. They sought reinforcements from another tentful of men who were blissfully ignorant of the prank. After collecting an assortment of fire tools, the reinforced Army prepared for

a frontal attack on the intruder. But when Mr. Bear let out a loud "woof" the Army retreated in wild disorder, leaving their weapons in mid-air. By this time the "bear" figured things had gone far enough and the three culprits emerged from their camouflage. (As it happened the Officer had been tipped off about the proposed escapade but the "bear" was so much like the real thing that he forgot all about the tip and travelled as fast as his N.C.O.'s.

"Returnees"

Several Forest Branch men have been discharged from the armed forces, for one reason or another, and are now back at work.....L. S. "Sawyer" Hope, Milton Johnson, W. E. Jansen, Geoff Playfair and Dave Johnston. A. E. Parlow is also back, but has not taken up his Forest Service duties again as yet, while W. W. "Pat" Stevens is reported on his way back ... With the fire season just around the corner, they're more than welcome.

LETTERS ... PLEASE KEEP US ADVISED OF YOUR CHANGE ADDRESS.

CLIFF WRIGHT of the Kamloops District writes from somewhere in Italy with the Eighth Army ... "It's good to get a peek at the 'F.B. Newsletter.' The last one with the poem about good old B. C. was religiously tacked on the mess wall for all those foreigners from the East who have never really seen Canada to read."

KEARY DeBECK, also from Kamloops, writes along the same line from England. "There are 6 B. C. boys here and they uphold the merits of the Province very well against Dustbowlers, Easterners and all others who care to argue after lights out."

GEOFF MARPLES, Nelson District, with R.A.F. in India, says thanks for the cigarettes and Newsletter... "Reading the Newsletter was like feeling a cool breeze off the mountains after a hot summer's day. After you have been out here for some time all the little details of everyday life back home in the Forest Service seem to fade away in a mist, until you read something like that, and memories come flooding back, until you can almost imagine yourself back home again. As you may imagine, anything that helps you to forget India for five minutes deserves to be framed and put in a glass case!"

We receive a post-card regularly each month from DODO MacKAY, Accounts Office, acknowledging the "fags." He says they "sure help a lot and are appreciated a million."

Cards also received from RUDY DAMSTROM, LORNE SWANNELL, JACK ESELMONT, HARRY MAYSON, BILL GRAINGER, R. E. CRELLIN, AXEL KINNEAR, ALF BAMFORD, W. E. THACKER, FRED WEBBER (in British Guiana), RALPH FLYNN.

AL DIXON writes from England where he is with the 20th Field Company, R.C.E. He says his immediate predecessor was ALF BAMFORD ... also ANDY ANDERSON "is in the same formation." "London is quite interesting but far too expensive for a humble Lieutenant. Anyway 'I have seen it now,' says Al.

Letter from O.V. MAUDE-ROXBY ... "It has been a constant wonder to me how regularly the Newsletter and the monthly cigarette parcels have arrived and I need scarcely say how much appreciated they are ... Oddly enough an official letter came to me the other day signed by LORNE SWANNELL. He and I worked in the same office at Kamloops in 1937."

Nice long letter from England from G. H. FEWTRELL, hoping all the fires are small in '44. He still thinks we're a "bit on the super-natural side" ... "While I was in Canada the smokes always came during the flat broke period prior to pay day and when these came to-day I had opened my last pack of Canadian fags. And you really cannot imagine the disgust with which I try to smoke these English war smokes." He encloses a snap taken in Worcester-shire last fall, which is shown herewith, depicting a really imposing mustache. "And now a new regulation has come forth so off it came and do I ever feel nude."

ERIC BENNETT thanks us for cigarettes and reports that he is now on operation work but despairs of being in on the invasion.

JACK WRIGHT, Grand Forks, has just returned from England on the Queen Mary. He writes a very small hand and his letters contain a wealth of news about his recent travels, and are very interesting. He has been on the ferry service from the Bahamas to Africa, via Brazil; but has just been returned to Canada, and is now a Radio Operator in the Transport Command, R.A.F. His present address is: R-131874, F/S. W.J. Wright, Rafte, Dorval, P.Q. Since being in the Air Force, Jack has "learned" to smoke and his Mother believes that he likes anything but Buckinghams, but would smoke those if he was short.

Letters also from: DAVID LAMONT, STAN LOCKHARD, BOB FOREMAN, F. TANNOCK? STAN HEPHER, W. M. PATTERSON, WINSTON GARCIN, C. L. BOTHAM, ARCHIE McNEIL, JIM ROBINSON, REX COLMER, A. E. HESKETH, D. E. STEPHENS, ART KIRK, NORM BOSS.

BILL HALL, formerly with Aerial Surveys, has been wounded in action in Italy, and is now in No. 10 Canadian General Hospital, England. Despite the gravity of his wound, Bill expects to return to duty in the not-too-distant future. Says the war's "all gone to hell" in Italy since he left.

VISITORS ...

"POP" RITCHIE paid us a short visit the other day.

SYD WATSON, Forest Accounts, dropped in while on leave. Has just graduated as Pilot from No. 7 S.F.T.S., MacLeod. Is going East for a month and then expects to be posted Overseas.

BRINGING THE HONOUR ROLL UP-TO-DATE ...

Frank Tannock, Asst. Ranger, Courtenay, R.C.A.F.
 C.J.C. Slade, Mechanic, Fraser River Plant,
 R.C.A.F.

Miss Gloria Patricia Holden, Stenographer,
 Vancouver Office, R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

David Lamont, Asst. Ranger, Mission, Navy.
 Archie Byers, Cultus Lake Surveys, Navy.

R.W. Foreman, Dispatcher, Mission, Army.
 Gay Seymour, Patrolman, Ft. St. James, Army.

Leo Balcaen, Asst. Ranger, McBride, Army.
 A.A. Antilla, Asst. Rgr., Cedarville, R.C.A.F.

A.G. Ritchie, Patrolman, Eagle Bay, R.C.A.F.

ARRIVALS OVERSEAS ...

A.G. "Archie" McNeil, Vancouver Scaling
 (Sgmn., K-65804, No. 2 Coy., No. 1 Cdn.
 L. of C. Sigs.)

A.H. Dixon, Ranger, Port Hardy (Lieut.
 No. 1 C.E.R.U.)

A.L. "Larry" Lytle, Vancouver Scaling (P/O, J-28573, R.C.A.F. Overseas)

R.E. Crellin, Dispatcher, New Denver (Pte., K-84023, No. 4 Sub-Depot, 1st Cdn. Base
 Ordnance Depot, R.C.O.C.)

Lieut. Archie Byers, son of
 "Bill" Byers, Supervisor of
 Scalers, Vancouver Office.
 His address is Canadian Fleet
 Mail Office, Kingshouse,
 10 Hay Market, London, S.W.1.

R.G. Bullen, Langford Lookout, 1942 (Gnr., K-15827, "S" Bty., No. 1 C.A.R.U.)

David Lamond, at home on leave -
 Haney, B. C.

PROMOTIONS ...

F.J.G. "Barney" Johnson,
 Lieut./Commr.

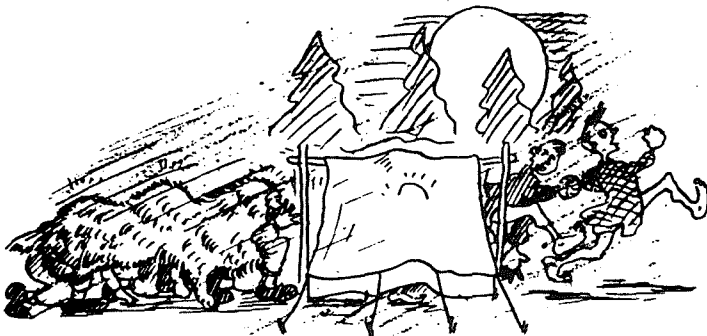
Charlie Sandey, A/Lieut./Commr.
 C.L. Botham, Fl./Lieut.

Stan Hepher, Fl./Lieut.
 Jack Stokes, Fl./Lieut.

Stan Lockhard, Lieut.
 P.M. Monckton, Fl./Lieut.

Dave Monk, L/Cpl.
 G.H. Fewtrell, Flying Officer.

Gerry Andrews has been awarded the
 M.B.E.



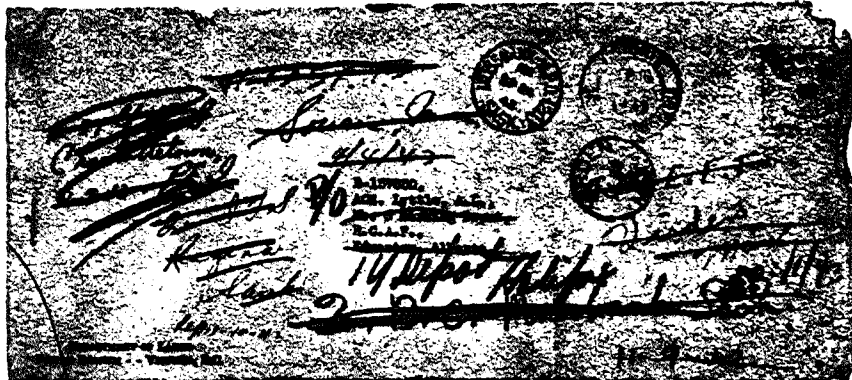
G. H. Fewtrell
 Worcester, 1943.



"How dear to my heart..."

The writer on a recent visit to the Kamloops District covered considerable territory with which personal contact was first made up to twenty-eight years ago.

The passage of time has wrought many changes in the appearance of the country since first viewed and the present Forest Service organization is a far-cry from the skeleton staff in the days when he was a part of it. Contrast a permanent staff in the Kamloops District of 1915 totalling seven—District Forester, Clerk-Stenographer, Supervisor of



Larry Lyttle sent us this envelope. It speaks for itself.

Scalers and four Rangers—with thirty-five in 1942. In 1915 a temporary staff of fourteen was employed while last year the total was one hundred and twenty.

Two of the old faces remain on the permanent staff: Ranger Noble of Birch Island, who is about to take a well-earned rest, and our old friend, "Charlie" Haddon of Vancouver District.

At the risk of a charge of senility, it may be interesting to note such progress as a modern well-arranged palatial District Office in place of a two-roomed upstairs headquarters on the main street with creaky floors and a small draughting table under a sky-light in the rear where the ever-present silt drifted through to mess up the drawings; stream-lined cars with heaters instead of horse and buggy or "shanks mare," followed by the "bob-tailed" ford whose lights dimmed just when required and froze the occupant stiff when the summer heat waned; radio-equipped Ranger Offices and ply-wood construction lookouts instead of messenger or intermittent mail service; power pumps, tank cars and wide assortment of modern fire-fighting equipment replacing the old mattock and shovel.

Interesting features of the field survey may be recounted coincident with itinerancy.

Starting with the Salmon Arm and Sicamous Ranger Districts, the most striking point of interest was the magnificent stands of vigorous young tree growth which clothe the hills around the Shuswap Lake, particularly in the Larch Hills, Fly Hill and Mount Ida Forests.

Fortunately fire occurrence has been slight and these forests which have produced bountiful timber crops in the past two or three decades by selection logging methods will soon be ready for a further cut. Cedar poles promise a good yield. There is a good field here for a comprehensive trail and road improvement plan with the dual objective of quick access in case of fire (lightning strikes are common) and utilization of forest products in an economical manner on a sustained yield basis.

Doubling back to Kamloops, thence to Princeton via Merritt, one is impressed with the fact that Yellow Pine is not doomed to extinction, judging by Nature's successful efforts to perpetuate the species. Mining activity at Copper Mountain and coal mining in the Tulameen and in the Merritt District draw heavily on the fir mining timber supply while sawlog production still shows an appreciable volume of Yellow Pine, much of which is railroaded to Pentiction for manufacture. The Hope-Princeton Highway, nearing completion, bids fair to subject this region to intensified development which will doubtless include the timber resource and hence application of a long-range view in administering it.

Journeying on to Pentiction via Keremeos one is struck with the sparse timber cover in the main Similkameen Valley but the grazing value, particularly at higher elevations, must be borne in mind.

Irrigation waters work a transformation on the dry benches as noted by the vigorous orchard growth and alfalfa fields in the Keremeos locality.

The southern Okanagan centres of Pentiction, Oliver and Osoyoos depict the rapid growth of a great fruit growing industry based on irrigation, which demands a vast supply of fruit containers derived mainly from forest products. This perforce means the tapping of remote stands of timber at higher elevations and ever increasing haulage distance to milling centres as the more accessible virgin supplies become exhausted.

Heretofore Yellow Pine has been the favoured species in box manufacture but as most of the old growth Pine in the Okanagan has already been utilized the high plateau Spruce is now being tapped.

Moving north to Kelowna, the attractive and thriving centre of the Okanagan fruit industry, the Simpson milling activity is of primary importance from a forester's viewpoint. Here many Spruce logs are brought from both west and east plateau regions by truck and water to be put through modern mills and box factories.

Opportunity was afforded to view at close quarters the stands of Spruce being logged and hauled over well constructed truck roads winding up from Okanagan Lake water level. The size and density of this Spruce are a vivid contrast to the open park-like stands of Yellow Pine and fir which formerly occupied the bench lands.

Incidentally, there is every indication in the Yellow Pine types of the Okanagan that this species is far from the vanishing point. The magnificent stands of young Pine on the thousands of acres of logged-over lands are a pleasure to the forester and given adequate fire protection, made possible by a good organization in effect, and freedom from insect or other loss there are good prospects for future use.

The slash disposal problem is a serious one but the research work already undertaken by the Service appears to offer some solution through the application of a highly selective system of logging which aims to maintain a continuous Crown cover and avoid much of the windfall which follows the clear-cutting method.

Returning to Kamloops, thence up the North Thompson, brought back many old memories since this valley forms the nucleus of the original Kamloops Forest District. Here also logging has extended into the plateau Spruce type with the advent of modern road building equipment and truck transportation. The highlight of this part of the trip was the journey by modern car to the borders of Wells Gray Park via the Clearwater approach. The contrast with travel and scenic conditions in 1915, when the writer first saw the upper reaches of the Clearwater Valley, was impressive.

Where formerly a long arduous trip by pack train was necessary one can now enter this region of wondrous beauty in a short time by motor car over a passable but tricky road which resembles the original condition of the present day trunk road in the main valley.

Mr. C. J. Haddon will recall the 1915 trip and the first "sawmill" on the Clearwater where lumber was whip sawn for construction of a Forest Service boat on Clearwater Lakes.

The writer has a vivid recollection of his trip out in the late fall on foot (with a sprained ankle) in the course of which the present trunk trail from Dawson Falls to the Horseshoe Bend was scouted out for future construction. Travelling light without blankets and starting from camp at Horseshoe with the "Pyramids" as a sign post nightfall found the weary traveller safely across the Murtle, which was forded just above Dawson Falls, but unable to reach the trapper's cabin in mind for a night's rest. Snow covered ground and frosty atmosphere did not make for sound sleeping under the stars.

Unfortunately the disastrous Clearwater fire of recent years has marred the general appearance of the valley but Bear Creek Falls retain their former attraction as a scenic wonder and serve as a preview in miniature of the great Helcken Falls on the Murtle awaiting to awe the traveller into the Clearwater. The "Pyramids" like their man-made prototype in the Mile Valley still stand sentinel in the midst of the Murtle Plateau.

The Service Radio reception on a portable set at the Hemp Creek Ranger Station on the occasion of our visit was so good that it made one fully appreciate the value of this modern means of communication.

A stopover at Birch Island gave opportunity to renew acquaintance with Ranger Noble and family, and to meet the incumbent of Blue River Ranger District, R. C. Hewlett.

Returning south, a brief visit was made with Ranger Mayson at Barriere who still has the ability to introduce novel and workable adjuncts to a well-equipped and well-kept ranger headquarters. George too approaches the days of well-earned retirement but has the appearance of many useful years of life at his disposal. May they be many!

E. B. Proulx.