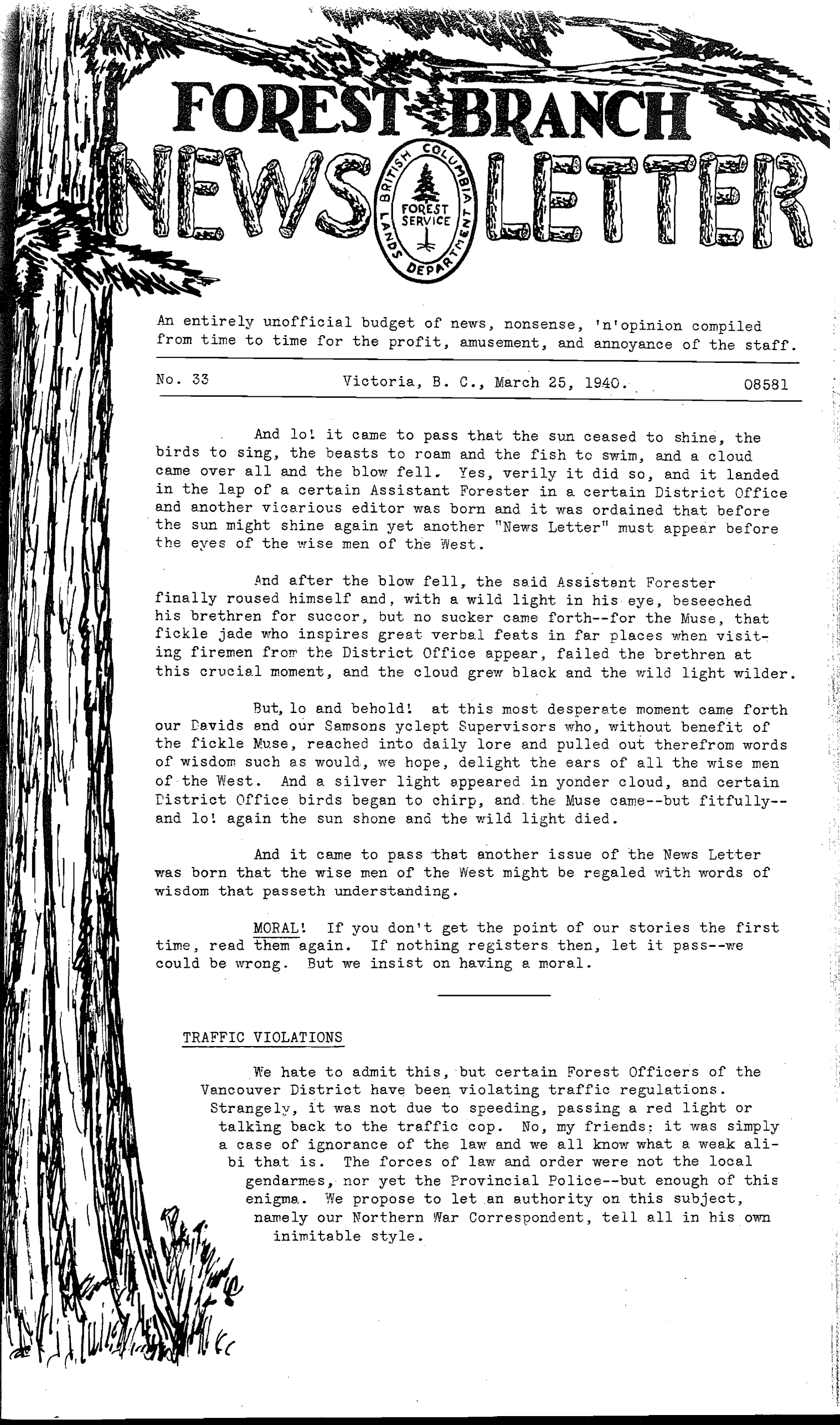




FOREST BRANCH NEWS LETTER



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

No. 33

Victoria, B. C., March 25, 1940.

08581

And lo! it came to pass that the sun ceased to shine, the birds to sing, the beasts to roam and the fish to swim, and a cloud came over all and the blow fell. Yes, verily it did so, and it landed in the lap of a certain Assistant Forester in a certain District Office and another vicarious editor was born and it was ordained that before the sun might shine again yet another "News Letter" must appear before the eyes of the wise men of the West.

And after the blow fell, the said Assistant Forester finally roused himself and, with a wild light in his eye, beseeched his brethren for succor, but no sucker came forth--for the Muse, that fickle jade who inspires great verbal feats in far places when visiting firemen from the District Office appear, failed the brethren at this crucial moment, and the cloud grew black and the wild light wilder.

But, lo and behold! at this most desperate moment came forth our Davids and our Samsons yclept Supervisors who, without benefit of the fickle Muse, reached into daily lore and pulled out therefrom words of wisdom such as would, we hope, delight the ears of all the wise men of the West. And a silver light appeared in yonder cloud, and certain District Office birds began to chirp, and the Muse came--but fitfully--and lo! again the sun shone and the wild light died.

And it came to pass that another issue of the News Letter was born that the wise men of the West might be regaled with words of wisdom that passeth understanding.

MORAL! If you don't get the point of our stories the first time, read them again. If nothing registers then, let it pass--we could be wrong. But we insist on having a moral.

TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS

We hate to admit this, but certain Forest Officers of the Vancouver District have been violating traffic regulations. Strangely, it was not due to speeding, passing a red light or talking back to the traffic cop. No, my friends; it was simply a case of ignorance of the law and we all know what a weak alibi that is. The forces of law and order were not the local gendarmes, nor yet the Provincial Police--but enough of this enigma. We propose to let an authority on this subject, namely our Northern War Correspondent, tell all in his own inimitable style.

A Serious Question is Discussed

We have recently received word that a certain Forest Officer, while peacefully proceeding on his lawful business, transportation being a vessel propelled by means of an internal combustion engine, was stopped by gunfire from a unit of His Majesty's armed forces, aided and abetted by the "ruddy Nivy."

The details of this action are not clear. It is evident, however, that certain war-time regulations at sea were not complied with. Therefore, the combined land and sea forces proceeded to engage the F. B. vessel, forcing her to lay to. (Nautical).

The number of 16-inch guns, aircraft, submarines, etc., necessary to force the vessel to stop increases with each version. Nor can we find any truth in the rumour that, following other examples, an attempt was made to scuttle the ship when engaged.

All this is mere preamble, and is mentioned but to bring to attention our main point.

It seems that the Officer in charge of the F. B. vessel was hied before Naval Authority who, in the innocence of his heart, stated that all officers in charge of Forest Branch vessels plying coastal waters should hold, at least, Second Mate's papers.

And that, Gentle (or Roughneck) Readers, is our text. Should Coast Rangers in charge of F. B. vessels hold Second Mate's certificates?

With our usual enthusiasm, the Town Hall News has interviewed Ranger Montgomery-Plushbottom, skipper of the F.B.M.V. Devilsclub.

"Should we have Second Mate's papers?" he asked morosely. "Why not? We're expected to know everything else, why not fancy navigation? That wouldn't make much additional strain on our supposed qualifications. If we took the necessary examination we could easily forget it once passed.

"Right now we have to be fire-fighters, timber cruisers, land-examination experts, land surveyors, logging operation experts (for we make appraisals).

"We have to know if that smell attached to a sheep's hoof is foot-rot or just plain sheep. We are expected to know how many cows make a herd, and why cows prefer the main highway to graze on when good range is handy. We peer into mudholes and collect smelly ears from suddenly-deceased cayuses.

"We are expected to know something of the mysteries of the Public Relations Councillor and to be a past-master of diplomacy.

"Diplomacy!!! Why, we have them all beaten--Chamberlain, Daladier, and even the BIG ONE himself. I'd like to see Adolf convincing a gypologger that snag-felling is fun!

"No, Sir! Second Mate's certificates are nuts: but we could take it in our stride."

With our usual thoughtfulness, not to say thoroughness, and in order to get all shades of opinion, we then interviewed the Engineer, the Wireless Officer, the Cook and the Deckhand of the F. B. M. V. Skunk Cabbage.

This chap, a veteran of the Service, was emphatic.

"You bet!" he said vehemently, "not only Second Mate's papers but Captain's. I'd make each Ranger take a seven years' apprenticeship at sea. The close calls I have had with these Jack Pine navigators," he said gloomily, "have left their mark on me. These grey hairs are not age. I've been so

close to the Pit, Son, and so many times, that I've joined three churches to be on the safe side.

"I had one feller out from the Interior car districts. Every time he went up an inlet, he stuck out his hand to signal his turn. On his first southeaster he complained about the Public Works Department. Said it was the damndest wasboard he had ever driven over.

"I've seen them go ashore at high tide and tie their dinghy tight up to the nearest tree, then raise hell when they came out at low tide because somebody had pulled their boat up and left it dangling high above the water.

"They'll run in the dark, or in a fog to get to the next job. If they get there, it's navigation; if they find themselves up the next channel in the morning, it's the compass. If they get any place, to my idea, it's a miracle!

"Look at my fingers. Chewed down to the knuckles. I'm a nervous wreck from years of these ranger mariners. Every time they miss a reef they act nonchalant and look pleased. You've seen that surprised expression on the faces of seals when an F.B. boat passes by. Well, I have the same look. We both wonder how in hell that thing stays afloat. I've seen....but what's the use?.....

"Sure. Make them get a Mate's certificate. But I'll bet you the first one that does will sink his ship. As it stands now, he trusts to luck and the formula: 'Head her up the middle and let her rip.' If he monkeys with navigation and runs courses he'll cut the mainland in two and blame the compass."

Well, there you are, Reader. We, for our part, are letting the matter drop. Rangers, it seems, don't have to have Mate's papers. They can still use the "head her up the middle and let her rip" method.

J.A.P.

So, there you have, folks, a serious question indeed. A nice problem, well developed and explained, with pro and con discussed by experts for your edification, together with our correspondent's conclusions on the subject. Nothing is too good for our subscribers, you will note, and no expense is spared to bring you the most complete, up-to-date and authentic data on happenings in the world about us. And, furthermore, we understand that the gunner needed practice.

A Saga of the Sea

We are a maritime district. In large measure our comings and goings gravitate toward the sea. Our waking thoughts revolve around boom-chain brands, foreshore leases, beachcombed logs, and other off-shore phenomena, as well as giving attention to pursuits ashore in wide variety.

The Forest Branch has 26 launches, of which 14 are of the one-man control type. These latter are usually the flagship of an Assistant Ranger, who is navigator, engineer, cook, crew, and Forest Officer.

From time immemorial there has been reticence on the part of all good seafaring men to talk about their exploits, and the tradition of the "Silent Service" is sufficiently strong to this day that it remained for a landlubber, a mere "Car-ranger", to go out and dig up the following saga:

"From the Log of the Launch 'Alder' - July 2, 1936.

"8:30K: Left Ganges. 12:30K: 2 miles off north end of Porlier Pass, engine stopped; found cylinder filled with water, the wall being corroded. Got into dinghy and pulled 2 miles to nearest telephone on Galiano Island. Phoned to Corporal D.O. Tweedhope at Ganges, Saltspring Island. Reported position and condition, advising that immediate towing to shelter was necessary to save launch from piling up on a lee shore. Returned to launch in dinghy. Velocity of wind had increased, position now $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from shore. Detached anchor and chain from 'Alder' and fastened to bow of dinghy. Assembled all available rope, made one end fast to stern of dinghy and the other to bow of launch. Let go anchor and submerged dinghy. This improved sea anchor held head of launch up to wind, and retarded drift considerably. 16:30K: Picked up by P.M.L. 6, Corporal Tweedhope in charge. Lifted anchor and recovered dinghy. 19:00K: Arrived Ganges, in tow. Signed--W.E. Jansen, Assistant Ranger."

All of which, added up, means that Jansen showed those qualities of personal courage and enterprise which are the hallmark of a worthy Forest Officer, and there's a whole lot more to this launch business than just changing a flat tire, or walking to the next gas station. C.F.H.

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Coast vs. Interior

One perennial argument common to all districts is that of the relative desirability of Forest Service work on the Coast as against that in the Interior. Strong, silent men break forth in dictator-like fluency when the issue is broached, while the normally loquacious person just ups and sputters and splutters, with gestures. We, therefore, take no little pride in presenting the considered opinion of one recently transposed from the luscious leisureliness of the Interior to the hurly-burly of the Coast. We direct your attention to the calm detachment evident in our correspondent's literary style and we are forced to the conclusion that our contributor is still immune to the said hurly-burly.

We present, without prejudice:

A Comparison

The following is an attempt to disprove the often-accepted theory that "the other fellow's job is easier than the one you have."

During the process of absorbing conditions that Island rangers work under, an Interior man soon realizes that things are a little different.

Having gone through a transition stage, winter on the Island and summer in the Interior, one realizes that the timber is larger than in the Interior and that it is possible to have the amount of the total annual precipitation for an Interior point fall out of the clouds to the same amount over a period of 13 days. Gosh! What a snap Protection staffs must have, say you. Wet summers, lots of moisture, therefore few fires, but possibly a little more Management.



When one is stationed on the Island, one finds there are fires, moisture does evaporate a little quicker than in the Interior, believe it or not, on account of the frequency and force of the winds. Also every mother's son who has emigrated from the Province of Canton thinks it is his Celestial duty to cut cordwood.

Memo: Requisition.....One only, Dictionary, Pigeon English, Forest Officers, for the use of (Hurry, please, Bill).

In the Vancouver Forest District one uses forms unheard of in the Interior. For example, foreshore leases. These apparently provide breeding grounds and range for oysters.

It is a long jump from discussing palatableness of range fodder grasses to the quality of mud which might be suitable fodder for an oyster. No slams at the oyster intended or implied. They are many, and cheap, if you like them. We do.

Bearing in mind it does rain, the vegetation does grow. Boundary lines are not always obvious. Parenthetically, we are informed salal does grow high and thick enough in the stem to make grub-hoe handles. This remark needs verification. In addition to salal, moss does grow on posts that the Royal Engineers planted once upon a time when they surveyed this Isle of the Blest.

The land is divided into parcels, blocks, sections, (not lots, please). The moss on them grows so thick that the posts often completely blend with the surroundings. However, as we happen to be working with someone who goes to corner posts like a homing pigeon to its loft, this isn't so bad.

Variety is the spice of life and judging from the stationery rack--Management Division--it can be found right here. No mention made now of unfamiliar Operation forms, they are yet to come. Here's hoping few are needed this summer, familiar or unfamiliar, in the Coast Forest Districts or in those of the Interior.

If any Interior man contemplates a move, it is only fair to point out that Japanese plum trees were in full bloom on the Island Highway on February 19th. All in all, what we lose on the peanuts we make on the bananas. C.O.B.

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Evolution

The theory of evolution has been debated loud and long but we believe that the best scientific thought has accepted this theory as being valid. We find corroboration of this in an article submitted by a valued contributor--an earthy person with a fine, homely philosophy. Without further ado we present:

Hemlockville Philosophy

Indulging in reminiscence is generally conceded to be the privilege of those who have, over a long period of years, collected a considerable fund of experience in connection with their daily work. Even if it is mostly a repetition of our own, and perhaps for that very reason, we usually derive considerable pleasure, and sometimes profit, from reading a record of another's experiences and his reaction thereto.

A Changed Attitude

A progressive change in conditions connected with the routine is always of interest, particularly to the persons whose chief aim is to bring about and cultivate this change. I, Forest Officer Douglas Spruce, have in mind the change in the attitude of the majority of logging operators to the local Forest Officer in the discharge of his duties.

I was appointed Assistant Ranger in 1920 and my first experience with a logging operator is unforgettable. He was a strong-necked individual with a raucous voice, inexhaustible vocabulary and breath-taking rapid-fire delivery and an incurable craving to be heard. I don't know how it affected him but I usually left his operation in a state of mental and physical collapse. On our first meeting, when I was posting OLO notices, he deluged me with a flood of invective somewhat like this: "Oh, yeah! another of these Government Officials sent to harry us loggers. We've got to buy more fire tools, eh? Let me tell you, mister, that I've logged in these woods, man and boy, for over thirty years and never had a fire and don't intend to have one. I'm going to see about this business of the Government sending out whipper-snappers to harass good taxpayers. And another thing, your nose isn't properly located in relation to your other features."

Well, now, perhaps I've allowed myself to be carried away by my anxiety to convey to you a good picture. The last sentence ascribed to the strong-necked logger may not be his exact words, but his meaning was so clear that little was left to the imagination.

While being aghast at the flow of language, I felt that it was hardly justified by the occasion, and rightly surmized that the logger rather enjoyed relieving himself in that manner. Following this theory, I afforded him numerous opportunities for similar recreation by frequent visits, dug at him good-naturedly, getting in a word for our side when he was caught napping, and by the end of the season we were good friends. Our cause was best served, though, by the fact that one of his donkeys, and perhaps his whole operation, was saved because the fire tools were ready to hand on the outbreak of a fire.

Something of this nature was the rule in those days. The operators who stayed on the handle generally met the Forest Officer with a pitying forbearance which was as hard to take as the reception from the other type. However, as fire seasons went by and the good sense of having fire tools readily available became increasingly apparent, together with the fact that the Officers were evidently not to be diverted from doing their jobs, the status of the Forest Officer rose steadily until it reached a point, as at present, when he is regarded as a decided acquisition to any community.

Nowadays an occasional operator is difficult, but the non-co-operator is the exception, and while admitting that this is partly due to the fact that, as in all other businesses, men in responsible positions in the logging industry are more and more chosen for their ability to get along with people, at least some of the credit belongs to the Ranger and Assistant Ranger staff for their persistent devotion to duty over a long, difficult period.

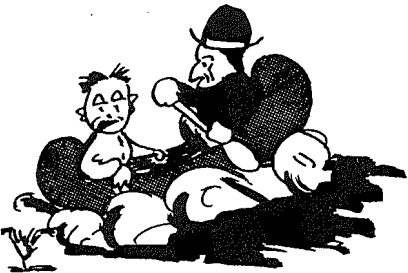
Co-operation?

The interrogation mark is intentional. I was not long with the Forest Branch until it was noticed that the word "co-operation" was used with great frequency by those with whom we dealt. A much abused word, this, like "luck" and "pull." On close investigation it may be found that the Ranger who is reputed "lucky" to grab his fires in good season, or the salesman who persists in heading the list by his "lucky" deals are simply lucky in being endowed with foresight and judgment; and the person with the "pull" has perhaps rightly earned it by a habit of co-operation and sense of duty lacking in the complainant.

The word "co-operation" now aimed at us by all and sundry has come to mean that we are expected to recommend that the Branch should do something for the applicant, gratis. If he did something in return a different word would be applicable, probably "compensation".

I remember a tyee logger coming aboard my launch in a new district and informing me that all a Ranger had to do to get along all right in that district was to co-operate with the operators. I had been promoted by this time. No objectionable repercussions were felt then or since when he was mildly informed that he had confused the subjects, that the words "Ranger" and "Operators" should be transposed in his statement.

Art of Story-telling



One who wishes to excel in narration should make a careful study of time and place. The following is an example of what should be avoided:

I had occasion to cross a wide, deep river in heavy flood at the time, where it was customary to have an Indian provide transportation, the crossing being by a Reserve. When I arrived at the Reserve it was after sundown and I found the Indians had gone to bed. One of the Braves was aroused, who refused to go until he was promised extra pay to balance his inconvenience, and then he came with bad grace.

His canoe proved to be a small, cockle-shell craft which responded to a wink when afloat, and I instinctively totalled up my insurance as I climbed in. Halfway across the river the Brave asked me if I was a good swimmer, and on being answered, "No", he then regaled me with stories of the various people he had drowned out of this canoe, taking pains to point out the very ripple or eddy where each drowning occurred, with a wealth of detail entirely lost on me, intent as I was on measuring the distance by eye to the friendly landing. Amazing how that river stretched in width during that trip.

The foregoing appears to me an excellent example of stories told malapropos.

Message Garbled in Transit

Ranger Murray had a fire at Buccaneer Bay. His wireless would not reach Myrtle Point and as he required some equipment he sent this message by wire: "Please send five hand-tank pumps, rush, Murray."

The message had to be phoned through four operators along the coast, and the Ranger at Myrtle Point just entered his office to receive this message from Powell River: "Please send five gallons of firewater, in pints, Murphy." Bright fellow Jim MacDonald, then Supervisor at Myrtle Point, deciphered the message correctly and Murray got his pumps that day.

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Letter from Home. Coincidence

I made a trip to Jordan Meadows by Burnt Bridge, before the present road was built. Saw a small waterfall in Grant's Creek alongside of which was a rock wall with moss-covered ledges, the similarity of which to a spot near my home appealed to me. I halted at the creek and looking at a mass of overhanging moss, thought, "If this were Burnhead (near my home in Scotland) I should expect a water-ousel's nest to be under that moss" because every summer a bird built its nest in a spot at Burnhead almost the replica of the one at Grant's Creek. Believe it or not, just then a bird flew out, and there was the nest just as I had pictured it. The same eggs in the nest but the bird slightly different in hue.

It was really a heart-felt pleasure, like a letter from home and it lasted me all day.

.....

"Douglas Spruce"

Thus the evolution of a Forest Officer, of loggers, of "co-operators"? etc., and a few true stories to boot. We know that you will appreciate the literary style and, in particular, the nostalgia evident in the final anecdote.

We would direct the attention of one and all to our philosopher's point in stressing public appreciation of the Forest Ranger's status in our social order. This is as it should be since the prestige of the Service is inextricably bound together with the actions of its individual members.

We are constantly surprised by the wealth of literary talent that appears amongst our subscribers--all of whom disclaim any such ability whatsoever. We are confident that a great many more lights are glowing under bushels and need only to be uncovered to find an appreciative eye.

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Christmas Trees

Christmas-tree cutting for export "south of the border" has developed into a thriving industry (in numbers rather than in dollars), with the majority of trees coming from the Nelson, Kamloops and Vancouver Districts.

The "Christmas Tree", poor little innocent fellow, bore the brunt of many harsh words from the staff of the Forest Branch during November and December. It is hard to realize that a thing which brings so much joy can, at the same time, cause so much grief.

"Where is the Christmas-tree file?" This expression was heard so often around the Vancouver Office that the file clerks started to look for it immediately the buzzer sounded. However, our headache was mild compared with that of some of our Rangers who lived with the little fellows night and day, chasing up cutters by day and making charges during the night.

We understand that our Victoria Office will "trouble shoot" this problem before next Yuletide so that the expression "Merry Christmas" will mean something to the F.B. staff next winter.

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The Vancouver Shindig

An enjoyable dinner-dance was arranged by and for the Vancouver District Office staff at the Hotel Georgia, January 26th last. Eighty members and friends were present and everyone had himself a time. The dinner commenced shortly after 7 p.m. and dancing at 9 p.m. The party broke up reluctantly soon after midnight.

The high spot of the evening was an exhibition dance of the "Boompsidaisy" by Mrs. Jim Blake and Bill Byers, scaling impressario. It was a honey while it lasted but Mrs. Blake received a three-way call as winner at the end of the fifth round. It is rumoured that Bill was overmatched, not being in the same class with the lithe and charming Mrs. B., but Bill claims that "he wuz robbed" and it should have been a draw.

Bridge was available for those who preferred it to dancing and several tables were in play during the evening. The games finished fairly early, however, and the final hour saw a crowded dance floor and a rollicking party.

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Realty Note

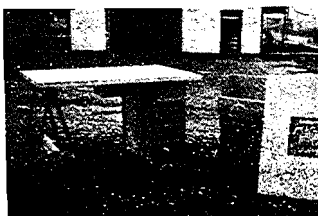
This photo gives a rough idea of the pride of the Alert Bay Chamber of Commerce--not to mention Ranger Underwood. Before your very eyes you see an amphibian come to rest. This substantial residence originally spent considerable time on Neptune's brawny bosom, being further supported by a cedar raft. Forest Branch guile finally landed it at Alert Bay and lo, Mother Earth takes on yet another responsibility.

Former Rangers from Alert Bay may grind their teeth in envy but Tommy Underwood claims that his present palatial residence is well earned after the time he and his family have spent in the ex-laundry, their former and only available abode. Ye Editor will attest that said ex-laundry was as open as a Swiss cheese to the knife-like blasts of an Alert Bay "breeze".

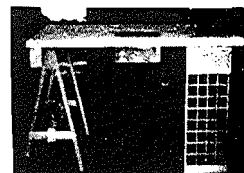
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Co-operation

Thanks to the enthusiasm and almost insistence of our old friend, "John" Collins (no relation to the original) we have secured much-needed office furniture for our Rangers.



The furniture is in the form of draughting tables with light wells as well as several types of map cabinets. The object of supplying these is to secure more orderly and convenient handling of the numerous maps a Ranger must keep as well as providing more satisfactory equipment for map work which is a considerable and important part of the field man's duty these days.



It may be that John originally had his famous cover maps in mind when he started the agitation for this equipment as our poor old reference maps seems to be without a home as we hear the map cabinets do not accommodate them entirely.

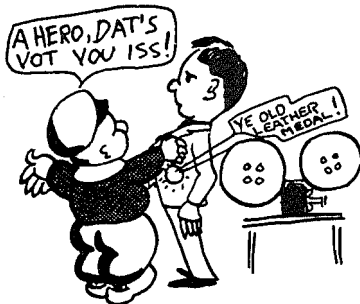
We also understand that John will be visiting as many of the Rangers as possible to

assist them in indexing their maps. At any rate we know that the Rangers will wish to extend to John a hearty vote of thanks for his efforts on their behalf as certainly office equipment of this type was sorely needed. We feel sure they might even go so far as to broach the subject of cover maps, John, which would certainly be a startling departure--or would it?

The photographs on the previous page will give you an idea of the table, light well and accompanying map cabinet.

Wanted--An F.B. Film & Operator Exchange

The popularity of Mr. Melrose's films is increasing so fast that the demand for them cannot be filled. There appears to be some agitation for the development of a clearing house to take care of exhibitions and operators. The latter are often poor unfortunates from the District Offices and some of them have worked at this job so often that they expect to be hijacked any day by the projectionists' union. Some of them now appear to be quite capable of qualifying for union membership but they all learned the hard way.



One portly officer denies categorically that the film ever got away from him. Our gallant operator reports that when the ...x...?..! film winder went haywire, he nobly filled the gap by using his trusty finger to keep the winding spool in action. Shades of the little Dutch boy on the dyke! Operator reports that he felt somewhat annoyed when the small fry in the audience howled for a comedy, until he found out that an admission fee was charged at the door. When the last bit of film was packed, Mac scooped up his paraphernalia and faded like the well-known Arab.

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Personalities and Impersonalities

The launch "Euclataw", under command of Rear-Admiral James Blake, was brought down from Ocean Falls to Vancouver for overhaul. Reports indicate this famous conveyor of Forest Service officials has become slightly stuck up as a result of a face-lifting job; at any rate they claim she will keep her nose above water now. When you see Jim Blake ask him what he did with his meals while crossing Queen Charlotte Sound.

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Who is the person on the property records in Vancouver Office who thinks a hypsometer is a flask to carry on one's hip? Also that shovel, L.H., refers to a left-handed shovel? Three guesses.

The Vancouver Office was honoured with a visit from Ranger Walter Wilson of Burns Lake recently. Walter's visit recalled many fond memories of the Prince George District from McBride west to Fort Fraser in the early 'twenties, and we were certainly glad to see him again.

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The last six months has seen an orgy of marriages in the Vancouver District. Launch Engineers Randall, Hayes and Colbeck making the fatal plunge by taking unto themselves a dictator, as well as Marc Gormely of the Management Office. It appears that Mrs. Gormely, former Management stenographer in the Vancouver Office, instead of accepting all of Marc's dictation is now in a position to do a little dictating of her own, thus reversing the situation somewhat.

At any rate, we wish all the newlyweds our sincere best wishes for their future success and happiness. It is rumoured in this connection that Jim MacDonald is getting up a sweepstake--what for nobody can tell, but undoubtedly the future will answer this riddle.

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Current rumour has it that the Y.F.T.P. programme will again be operating in 1940. Let's hope so. We are going to feel acutely the loss of Ranger Assistants and improvement crews if this programme should ever be cancelled. Generally speaking, the field officers have received welcome help from the employment of these boys and many promising young lads have been developed, some of whom are already valued employees of the Forest Service.

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The Forest Branch lost a friend in the passing of Sergeant D.O. Tweedhope of the Provincial Police, Courtenay Detachment, early last month. At the big Campbell River fire in 1938 "Don" was a tower of strength and for a number of years previously he had been a willing co-operator with us in the Gulf Islands.

Supervisor Murray represented the Forest Branch at the funeral.

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OTHER FOREST BRANCH NEWS

The Late Wm. Lowry, Pouce Coupe

We report, with deep regret, the death of William (Bill) Lowry, at Pouce Coupe on January 23rd last.

Bill, born at Banbridge, Ireland, in 1893, came to Canada in 1910 and to British Columbia in 1913. He was overseas with the 102nd Battalion from which he was discharged on account of war injuries in 1918.

His service with the Forest Branch dates from patrol appointments in 1918 and 1919, and ranger appointment at McBride in 1920. He managed the McBride District ten years to a day when he was transferred to Pouce Coupe, a post of especial trust by reason of its peculiar problems and isolated situation.

At Pouce Coupe Bill developed eye trouble, possibly by reason of war disabilities which involved severe face burns, but after a period of rest and treatment we believed the seat of the trouble had been found, and he returned to Pouce Coupe last fall, apparently cured.

His death, following a recurrence of his eye trouble, will be deeply regretted by his host of friends in the Service and the Industry.

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District Foresters' Meeting

We have just received the official announcement that a District Foresters' Meeting is to be held in Victoria from April 1st to the 6th, inclusive. The programme indicates that a very busy, interesting and instructive week is in store for those attending.

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Believe It or Not



Our own "oddity in the news" originates in Kamloops and is dealt with below in one terse paragraph. With apologies to Ripley.

"Referring to your memorandum of the 23rd instant, above file, attached please find discharge cheque #148581. Ranger Boydell states this cheque was issued to one J. Smythe but when told he had this money coming to him refused same, stating he was glad to give his services free. (What a man!) Boydell has been holding cheque in meantime."

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The Kamloops Sentinel insists that "it's a strange winter" up there and offers the following bulletin as proof. We agree that this appears to be the height of something or other. Can you top it?

"FORESTRY FIRE-FIGHTING CREW REQUISITIONED IN MID-WINTER.

"Crew Routed Out After Midnight Because of Fire on the Riverbank.

"It's a strange winter, and it was capped overnight when forestry department fire-fighting crews were called out to battle a blaze at North Kamloops, on the riverbank a mile or some from the traffic bridge. The fire was started, it is believed, by hot ashes dumped among the refuse from orchards which it had been the practice to dump along the riverbank to prevent the stream scouring away the land. At times the flames were in somewhat dangerous proximity to a couple of houses, but after an all-night battle handicapped by frozen hoses, the forestry crew got the blaze under control."

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William Murray of the Prince Rupert office, and Tom Hunter, Engineer (permanently temporary) on the "B.C. Forester" have enlisted for active service since our last report in this regard. The Branch now has a contingent of six in the forces.

Harry Forse moved from Victoria to Prince George the first of February and we understand has recently been enjoying sub-zero weather in the Pouce Coupe District in company with Walter Henning. The vacant Ranger position at Pouce Coupe will be filled shortly and they will be able to return to the balmy climate of Prince George. It is most unusual for them to experience anything worse than 60° below at Prince.

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Editor this Number .
Marc Gormely, .
Vancouver. .
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