

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. 62

VICTORIA, B. C., MARCH, 1947.

08581

DOWN NORTH By A.E. Collins

The use of the familiar term "UP NORTH", whatever its limitations may be, is usually associated (for perhaps obvious reasons) with snow and frozen rivers, and other things cold and chilly. This association of ideas (for the same obvious reasons) make one's mind turn to something warm say, moosehide mocs, lumberman's socks, Stanfields heavy and, to tone up the inner-man perhaps a little S.R.D. In summer season (for less obvious reasons) one's gear includes a mosquito bar and plenty of "fly-dope". Yet, not so long ago, one visualized "Up North" as not too far distant from a line drawn east and west across the centre of the Province; beyond which lay a land of a certain known area but containing a generally unknown quantity. Some visualized it as a level or gently rolling terrain overrun by herds of caribou and the odd musk-ox; or, to the other extreme, vast areas of virgin forest inhabited by roving tribes of hairy, and perhaps headless Indians, who led a festive and fruitful life in unmapped-and still unmapped-tropical valleys.

Except for the odd trapper or prospector and a few surveyors whose reports were kept secret, the true tale would still be untold had it not been that, seemingly one morning, all un-announced, a loud and violent noise was heard in the land of the PEACE and the inhabitants of Dawson Creek awoke to find that a large and fine body of men had entered into their peaceful domain and, with the aid of bulldozers, cats, tracks, graders, and large quantities of Lucky Strikes, had already swamped, built, graded and ditched ten miles of super-highway complete with culverts and, without the aid of "Paul and Babe", were seen to be heading "Down North" for Whitehorse in a cloud of fine dust.

And when the residents went to investigate this seeming intrusion, they found that a bridge had been built across the Peace River and great was the rejoicing within the land. With the arrival of further vast quantities of bulldozers, cats, tracks, graders, and Lucky Strikes, and with a special consignment of tinned beer and sleeping bags of light weight and much warmth, the road progressed at an amazing speed, which had never before been heard of and they called it the Alcan Highway - and many other names, because the dust was very great. And thus the highway was finally built! And so great was the speed of construction; and so great was the rejoicing of the men from the South; that they called it the Alaska Highway.

Now that the noise and tumult has died down, and the bulldozers, cats, graders and sleeping bags departed with the men of the South, the story can be told that no herds of caribou impeded their progress "Down North" and, much to their disappointment, no hairy - or headless - Indians were encountered disporting in tropical valleys.

But, when the road is opened for tourist travel, you will find that for 600-odd miles across the Province and the Yukon to Teslin, it is a gentle water grade all the way. You won't find vast areas of virgin forests, for merchantable stands in this land of the Spruce, the Pine and the "Popple", are limited and restricted to narrow river valleys. East of the "Rockies", providing you don't get a bird's-eye view and see the muskeg, the country will remind you to some extent, of parts of the Chilcotin, and the 70-odd miles through the mountains, of stretches along the Columbia River.

NEWSLETTER

The country is not overrun with game, and for the best part of the open water season the main rivers are too silted up for good fishing but, if you want to hunt, and can take time to go to the headwaters of the Muskwa or Prophet, or west into the ranges of the Stikine or Cassiar, you will find three breeds of sheep not found elsewhere in the Province. You will also run into several new breeds of mosquitoes, one brand of which is a sort of amphibian affair with a wide wingspread, a large proboscis, and equipped with pontoons. He will make a perfect 3-point landing, and likes "flydope". And--attention duck hunters--talking of things that fly, east of the Nelson River, that large level swampy area at the head of the Hay and around Kotocho Lakes, is on the main line of



migration. There you will find "DUCKS UNLIMITED"! On your return from one or other of these expeditions, you will, in all probability, run into one or another of the numerous trappers in this country. He will possibly welcome you by uncorking a bottle of the "old and bold" of great potency known as Moose Milk, with the advice to keep your caulk boots on and keep far away from the stove. He may even present you with a crock; and if you are wise you will accept it, and save it for next Christmas to try some over your pudding. We tried it and proudly report that while everything got well "lit", the blaze resulting was kept well under control.

But why elaborate? Within a short season the missing link between the Cariboo and the Alaska Highways will have been joined and, if you feel inclined, you can drive from Vancouver to the Yukon if you want to. There will be many things you can do. For instance, you can sit outside your tent at Muncho Lake and read the Alaska Highway News until 11:00 P.M. and get up at 2:30 A.M. and finish it. You can disport in the hot springs near Liard River crossing and see some new brands of mosquitoes. You might even find a few things along the way, such as a chromium plated shower fixture and a copper pot at Mile 241--or was it Mile 421? You might even want to go to Whitehorse and buy a souvenir urn (at four bucks a crack), reputedly containing some of the ashes of poor old Sam McGee. But why elaborate?

One thing we do know however, and that is that there are 107,000 square miles or 29% of this Province in which you can, without contradiction, use the term "Down North".

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FOREST SERVICE MEMORIAL FUND

The Service can look back, with considerable satisfaction, to the 1946 operations of the Memorial Fund project. Initiated early in 1946, a high point in collections, of over \$2,600.00, was reached before the deadline of our commitment to the Queen Alexandra Solarium--June 30, 1946. Of this amount \$1,643.87 was in loans and the remainder was contributions. We thereupon turned over our cheque for \$2,500.00 to the Solarium and started repaying loans. Contributions have continued in good volume since that date and the result is we now owe only \$900.00, to eight of our Service members, and when this is collected all loans will have been repaid. In effect, we collected in contributions by January 31, 1947, a total of \$1,756.13 plus interest, bank charges, and administration costs totalling \$26.66.

Details of the project, as at January 31, 1947, appear below.

It was decided to make that date the end of the Fiscal Year to enable inclusion of all 1946 collections. About the only pertinent figure that doesn't appear in the Fiscal Statement is the total number of contributors. This was 340.

An energetic campaign in the current year should enable us to write off our last loan well before Christmas.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditures as at January 31, 1947.

Receipts

*Total Contributions to date.....	\$1,633.40
Total Loans to date (20).....	<u>1,643.87</u>
	\$3,277.27

Expenditures

Donation to Solarium.....	\$2,500.00
Loans Repaid.....	743.87
Accrued Interest Paid on Loans.....	18.50
Bank Charges.....	4.81
Excise Stamps.....	.60
Miscellaneous.....	<u>2.75</u>
	\$3,270.53

<u>Excess Receipts over Expenditures</u>	<u>\$ 6.74</u>
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Bank Balance.....	<u>\$6.74</u>
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(signed) "Eric Druce".....
 Certified Correct
 Eric Druce,
 Treasurer.

NEWSLETTER

Memorial Fund (Continued)

The following excerpt is from the Annual Report of the Solarium as it appeared in the Daily Colonist of February 11, 1947.

"It was reported that during the past year the British Columbia Forest Service has turned over to the Solarium \$2,500.00 to be used for the building of a chapel as a permanent memorial to those members of the British Columbia Forest Service who gave their lives in the two wars."

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VANCOUVER DISTRICT

Changes in Staff.

With the anticipated early retirement of our scaling chief, Supervisor of Scalers, Bill Byers, Chris L. Armstrong has been appointed as Supervisor of Scalers and has been acting in that capacity since the first of the year under the careful tutelage of his predecessor.

Gordon Brown left the Scaling Staff recently to take a position with the Canadian Western Lumber Co. Good luck Gordon!

Ranger T. J. Underwood resigned late in January to take a position with the Granite Bay Logging Co. Tommy has filled several important ranger posts in the Vancouver Forest District, having spent the past two years at Campbell River. We are sorry to lose Tommy and wish him the best of good luck in his new work. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood were the recipients of a pair of Kenwood Blankets presented to them from the Vancouver District Officers and Ranger Staff. A rather appropriate gift under weather conditions existing at that time.

Fire Inspector J. McNeill had an argument with a P.G.E. train as regards whether a speeder or the train had the right-of-way. Mr. McNeill lost out, and as a consequence, has had his knee in a plaster cast for seven weeks, but it is not anticipated that there are any permanent injuries or effects from the accident as, even with a cast, Jack has been at the office most of the time.

John S. Stokes is welcomed to the Vancouver District office from Prince Rupert. He is following in the footsteps of Dick Nixon who has been moved up in charge of Management with the transfer of Chris Armstrong to Scaling.

With the resignation of Frank C. Fisher, Recorder of Scaling, we welcome from the Victoria Accounts Office, Syd. C. Benwell.

We are sorry to lose Mrs. Netta Connor who left us to go with Western Plywoods. She had been a stand-by in the Vancouver District Office for many years and her capabilities and smiling personality will be missed.

Miss Edna Christie, who joined the Forest Service last year, left early in February for Puerto Rico where she is to be married to a member of the United States Army Air Corps.

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Swept Aside Would Be Better!

We are no longer in the least surprised, agitated, confused or shocked, when the subject is of up-swept hair-do's or down-swept hair-do's. If it has to do with m'lady's hair, well--we just gulp and let it go at that. However, when it has to do with Forest Service uniforms, we most certainly do prick up our ears and blink our eyes when confronted with this nifty little number shown below! On the left, our gay model is demonstrating the "uniform" in the "what's the use?" or down-swept theme. On the right, would you believe it, is the same garment worn "at the ready", "at attention" or, as some are wont to call it, the "up-swept" fashion. The obvious necessity for an assistant, when wearing it this latter way, tends to complicate the issue, but Ken McCannel insists it is worth it!



NEWSLETTER

Vancouver District (continued)

SCHOOL DAYS By Della Drummond

12 Girls Wanted! We were submerged in oceans of work, with tables, window ledges and chairs, all piled high. Slowly we emerged. It was like a breath of Spring hearing Sue say, "Mr. Haddon has had a message from Cec. Frampton at the Ranger School, extending an invitation to a dancing party on Friday, the 29th of November. Can I count on you?"

It was our first cold night of Winter, but the graciousness of the reception committee, the welcome from all, and the "punch" of course, soon had us warm and cozy.

We went, we saw, no, we weren't conquered, but how we concurred! One of the girls even took off her shoes so that she could look up at the men. How those sweet young things could go through the intricate steps of the jitterbug and carioca, but when it came to the square dances and the polka, the oldsters stole the show.

Art Kirk was a natural as Master of Ceremonies and choir leader. We never did find out just what the Dean is supposed to be teaching the boys at the school, but counting is not one of the subjects! They insisted on calling a chorus of five, a quartette. Of course there may have only been four, the fifth could have been a sprite from Punch. Their songs, dances and costumes were a big hit with us, and so were they!

There wasn't a dull moment. The "all-student" orchestra started up, and we were away to hours of delight in melody and dancing.

Refreshments! How delectable! And those Pies from the expert hand of Jarvis Bristow! Even home was seldom like this! Cake, sandwiches, coffee, as a matter of fact, everything was perfect!

It was a lovely party, and we want to thank the Dean and his student body for a delightful evening.

Jim Atkins, Stan Hepher and "Chizzy" Chisholm, acted as "Chaperons". They too were perfect, as they saw, heard, and told nothing. Of course, neither did we!

PRINCE RUPERT DISTRICT

J. S. (Jack) Stokes, Assistant District Forester, was transferred to Vancouver District since our last epistle to "Newsletter". Although Jack hadn't been with us a great length of time, we miss his cheery countenance in the Office. Jack's been shifting around considerably, what with Airforce activities and a few transfers in the Service from place to place. What's the matter Jack, wanderlust?

L.B.B. (Bev.) Boulton arrived about the middle of January to take over Management in the Rupert Office. We can't say a great deal about Bev. at this writing as we haven't known him long. We're pleased to report, however, that he's tall, and dark etc., AND single!!

We welcome S.T. (Thor) Strimbold and J.A. (Archie) Willan back from Ranger School, brimful and overflowing with knowledge of Forests and the like. C.L. (Carman) Gibson and H.W. Campbell, another two of our Rangers, are attending School at the present time.

Ernest Wilding, our capable clerk in charge of billing, has spent the last 12 days in a hospital bed, with a minor operation. However, Ernie's well on the way to recovery now--well enough to criticize hospital feeding anyway!! We in the District Office sincerely wish him a quick recovery.

Ike Martin, Ranger in charge of Prince Rupert Ranger District, braved the perils of the deep in easing the "White Cloud" down to our Fraser Lake repair station last month. According to Ike, the ship was in pretty grim condition and, after viewing a piece of the dry-rotted oak (I thought it was cork) he brought back, we're inclined to agree with him.

Your Rupert district correspondent at this time has no comment to make on the weather!! Wow! What a day!!!

FORT GEORGE DISTRICT

In the last minute search for interesting news items, it has been our past custom to try the radio room to detect the frailties of human nature, and sometimes get a laugh. This time our radio officer, Doug. Chorlton, mournfully replied, "Levity has left the Air." The precision of our network and fidelity of reception reveals that the novelty of radio has worn off. Of course the man you want on the air is often the hardest to contact and some rangers consider the service a little one-sided as it is always the District Office on the prod for some delayed or incomplete report.

NEWSLETTER

Fort George District (continued)

One of our smaller sawmill operators offered a new reason for submitting a late scale return last month. In reply to our check-up letter he replied. (Quote)

"Sorry my scale return was late last month, you see my wife was in a hurry to get to the hospital to have a baby and forgot to turn it in. We found it later in her purse."

This letter was filed with the notation, "O.K. but not to happen again."

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We recently perused a logging inspection report to find that the mill formerly on the sale area had departed and only the frame was left. This does seem to take the life out of the business.

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No matter how often we make up a list of sawmills and arrange them in the proper alphabetical order some new mill creeps in or a partner drops out to spoil things and make billing complicated. Some folks say that every Saturday night they swap mills in the beer parlours.

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In the old days we had three mails a week and, having answered a letter, the file could be put away to cool off. Nowadays, with airmail given priority, the reply flies back and nobody can find the file. Speaking of files, even our "dead" are coming back to live.

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We are not sure, but maybe we are a little hard on collections at times as one operator usually tries to tell a short story where, "Ike", or a canny Scot figures prominently.

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Last week the mercury froze solid at 40 below and the minimum thermometers dropped to 52 below at the local airport. Our girls all reported for duty but it took 20 minutes for some of them to disrobe down to the usual bare essentials. The field men seemed to lose all interest in timber cruising or examining the terra firma.

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Several years ago Prince George was often the coldest reporting station in the north. We feel much warmer after radio advises that Snag and other points are putting new marks on the minimum thermometers after 80 below. The local weathermen are not quite so unpopular and the Board of Trade isn't saying nasty things about them. Our Supervisor of Scalers was at McBride and claims that it was 62 below there but he only took a quick look at the thermometer. According to Mrs. McCabe, he is inclined to exaggerate at times.

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A little education is a dangerous thing! We had an application for a scaler's permit from a man who neither reads or writes. Before the Scaling Supervisor goes completely nuts, what would you say?

A fully licenced scaler writes that he did not think a return necessary until the lumber was sold--this is nice going if you can get away with it.

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Another old timer didn't like those fancy crescent marks and left the little symbol indicating the pioneer royalty rate in the discard. Only after we explained the difference in cold cash could we arouse his interest--money talks. Now he wants to underline all his timber marks for good measure.

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What this District needs is not a good five cent cigar but a poet laureate. There has been a dearth of poetic influence in these parts since we lost Ray Sansom to industry. Of course we couldn't publish the stuff without many refinements but it is a point to be brought up at our next Ranger meeting.

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To-day we couldn't understand what made arithmetical symbols so popular for awhile. It seems that everyone was figuring out what cost-of-living bonus would apply and whether or not the baby got a new pair of shoes. A new school of thought has developed the idea that the employer pay all the bills and in return get the pay check.

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Adult education is on the rampage in these parts and many post-grads are brushing up on the 3 R's to crash the portals of the Ranger School. Go South young man.

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Mill operator 'phoning District Office, "How much is my last month's account?" Reply, "Where is your scale return?" Answer, "In my pocket, I'll mail it right away."

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NEWSLETTER

"LET IT BE RESOLVED--"
By C. P. Lyons

A new Year's Resolution proposed by the Parks Section and quickly seconded by the eager editors of the Newsletter, to wit: Not one issue shall pass without containing an item on parks!

Now the folly of making such rash statements may not be apparent to District staffs but when one lives almost within kicking distance of an insistent junior editor, well

First to the mind comes a scramble of thoughts. How should the material be presented? What are the most interesting aspects? How familiar is the average ranger with park problems and administration? Obviously such mental gymnastics could quite well strain something, so into consultation with our full office staff of two staunch souls

Yes sir, the befuddling dark clouds have now drifted apart, almost with the same ease as the bottom planks on our skiff that time on Clearwater Lake when making a reconnaissance of Wells Gray Park with Huntley Campbell. There were two new loons on the lake that day!

Our course of action will be an attempt to present the subject of forest recreation and also bring you up to date with what is going on in some of the more important parks. The United States Forest Service has been actively engaged in recreational forestry for over 40 years and during that time, largely through trial and error, a very complete park policy and set of standards has been evolved. They are so applicable to the parks and forests of British Columbia that it would be sheer negligence not to accept the results of their years of experience.

Is forest recreation a phase of forestry? The answer by the average ranger might be "I suppose so but I am so darn busy with my regular duties that I haven't time for anything like that. Anyway campers and fishermen should all be hung on general principle or at least kept out of the forests during summer months". If all forest land is to be devoted to its most productive use for the permanent good of the whole people, and, not for the temporary benefit of individuals or companies then areas that could, or do cater, year after year, to thousands of sightseers, picnickers and campers, certainly deserve our attention.

How important may forest recreation become? A fairly accurate forecast can be made, based on records of the Forest Service in Washington and Oregon. If reasonable access can be provided to the parks and adequate facilities installed, we may expect from twenty to forty times the present number of forest visitors.

Approximately 1,500 skiers were visiting Mount Baker each winter weekend during 1946. The standard of supervision thought necessary required the services of six United States Forest Service men with frequent visits from an enthusiastic regional forester. When the road is completed to Mount Seymour Park, approximately 5,000 to 7,000 weekend guests may be expected. The present park ranger, Ole Johansen, will probably need some assistance. The Hope-Princeton highway through Manning Park to be opened in a year or so will bring an estimated 200,000 persons through the park every year. Park Ranger, Bob Boyd, nicely fattened at the Alberni Ranger Station, lost 20 pounds in weight in his first month in the park last year just fighting fires and he could count the number of visitors on his fingers. Oh well, he is still a young man.



Little Qualicum Falls
Park

The moral of the story is that forest recreation is inseparably linked with forest administration. At present the numerous duties of a ranger often make him wary or even suspicious of this little known phase of forestry. But let him look to the 'handwriting on the wall'. With proper access and facilities the guests of our forests and parks will start the invasion march.

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BOWLING LEAGUE

With only a few more nights of play, the Lands and Forest Bowling League is going into the "home-stretch" on a crescendo of excitement as the leading teams are separated by only an eyelash, with every single game counting very materially in the standings. There has been a great deal of interest in the league this year, possibly because of the weekly play instead of bi-weekly as it was last season. Your Committee is considering holding another Bowling Dance this year if there is sufficient enthusiasm to merit it.

