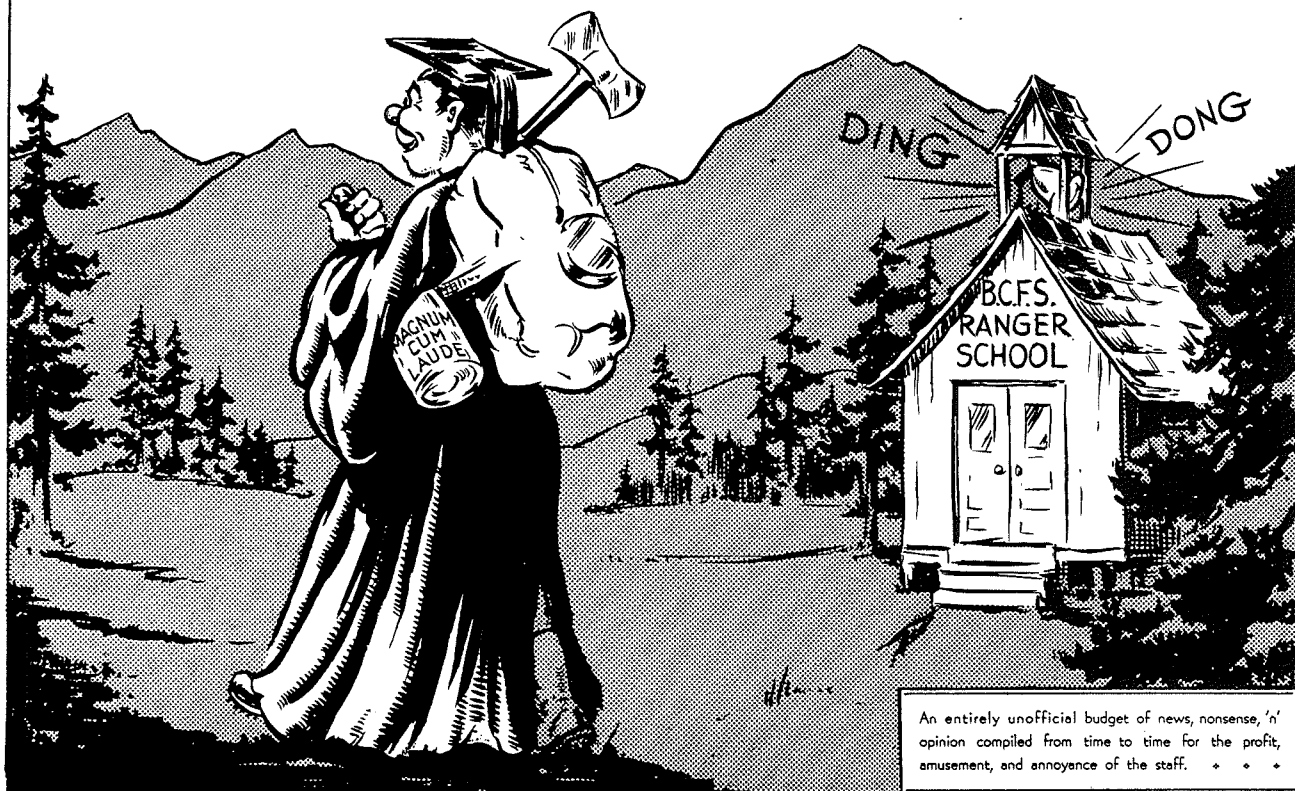


FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



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

No. 67

VICTORIA, B. C., MARCH, 1948

08581

To you and me, May 5, 1883, was probably just another day late in the Spring, when the trailing arbutus was beginning to perfume the air in the vicinity of Milton, Ontario. To John Ernest (Ernie) Mathieson, however, it was one of the important dates in history because it was on that day, in the aforesaid town of Milton, that he, Ernie, was born. Since that day, right up to the present, Ernie has been a "going concern," a man of many accomplishments and friends, not the least of these being the District Forestership of Prince Rupert, and everyone he's ever met in the Forest Service, respectively.

Young Ernie Mathieson spent the first eighteen years of his life in his native Ontario in pursuit of an education, graduating from Wentworth County Public School and from the Canada Business College in 1902.

One year later, on May 1, 1903, to be exact, J. E. Mathieson, now an adventurous 20 years of age, headed westward and, like so many men of intelligence, crossed the "Great Divide" and entered into our favourite Province.

Between 1903 and 1907, Ernie's whereabouts and activities seem to be shrouded in mystery. In '07, however, he popped up as Depot Agent with the Great Northern Express Company at Nelson. In 1908 he was transferred by the Great Northern to their express office in Spokane, Washington, where Ernie performed the duties of Depot Agent until 1909.

Then comes another period of "no-can-find-um," until the year 1914 when he worked on survey parties in the Fraser River Valley.

By way of demonstrating his versatility, Ernie took up farming in 1915, until March 25, 1916, when he enlisted in the 63rd Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Forces and proceeded Overseas.

The summer of 1918 found Ernie a "free agent" once more and he applied for, and received, the position of Assistant Ranger at Prince George, thereby entering into the Forest Service fold.

In 1919, after two summers as Assistant Ranger at Prince George, Ernie wrote and passed the Ranger examinations, and on October 1 of that year, was appointed Ranger at Hutton, B. C.

For the next ten years Ernie Mathieson served successively as Ranger at Penny, Giscome, and Aleza Lake in the Fort George District, and on October 17, 1929, was transferred to New Denver in the old Southern Interior Forest District.

Approximately nine years later, on February 1, 1938, Ernie packed his bags and moved to the Prince Rupert District to assume the duties of Fire Inspector.

As an indication of Ernie's fire-fighting "know-how," five months after he settled in Prince Rupert, he was "loaned" back to Prince George, where a real "humdinger" of a fire season was under way, in order to add the weight of his wide experience to assist that District out of its fire-trouble.

On September 1, 1943, Ernie Mathieson was appointed Assistant Forester at Prince Rupert, and on January 1, 1945, he was promoted to Assistant District Forester.

In 1946, as a result of R. C. (Bob) St. Clair's transfer to Nelson, Ernie Mathieson was promoted to be District Forester, Prince Rupert. So, "here's to you," John Ernest Mathieson, and here's to the thirty years of sincere and diligent attention you have devoted to the affairs of the Forest Service.



Ernie (Himself) Mathieson.

RANGER SCHOOL DAZE

By--H. Stevenson.

The class of '47, appreciating the bewilderment of the Ranger School freshman, have attempted to compile a glossary of sorts, combined with a few observations. The Newsletter has graciously consented to pass these on for the benefit of those now attending, or who will attend in the future.

Firstly, no one should feel handicapped, either by lack of practical experience in some particular subject or lack of knowledge of some other. As the days pass by, you will find that each and every one of your fellow students is entirely without knowledge of some particular subject, just as you are. Furthermore, those of you who may feel you are to be bored, by reiteration of information you already possess, will find that an entirely different interpretation to that which you have formulated for your own guidance is not only possible, but actually in being and functioning. Lively discussion of contentious, or seemingly obscure rulings, will give you an entirely different conception of much you have taken for granted. Neither age nor experience will give you the edge, nor will the lack of either handicap you, providing that you approach all matters with an open mind, weighing the pros and cons, and analysing the discussion and comments.

Entirely new subjects confront you. Your vocabulary is to be enriched. In order to ease the task ahead, we advise that you study the information (?) presented herewith.

All logs are not sawlogs, by any means! A log, for instance, may be a book; or a noun, or a verb, or even an adjective!! A "log" is a book in which you "log," or record, all matters relevant to the running of a launch or ship. If you run into a fog, you "log" it. If you ram a "log," you "log" it. You "log" your course and the weather, too. You fire the cook and "log" that. You "log" this, you "log" that, you "log" it when you chastise the cat.

How are your mathematics? "Logs" will help. You will be taught how to extract a "log" or "anti-log." Master this breed of "log" and your troubles are over--or almost over--providing you can add. No fooling! Knotty problems can be as easy as falling off a log, if you know your "logs."

The Forest Act has its own peculiar log, too. It's the sawlog, which same (I quote) "is any log of Pine, Fir, Cedar, Spruce, or other timber of whatever length, whether rounded or flattened."

With us, the problems of supplying and transporting have not yet been elevated to the science of "Logistics." When they are, another "log" will add to our confusion.

So much for plain logs! Now for the Irish breed--the O'Logs, no less. Path O'Log-y, Morph O'Log-y, Ec O'Log-y, and Entom O'Log-y, to mention just a few of the clan.

Path O'Log-y. Pathrick has nothing whatever to do with paths or trails. Oh no! He deals with the diseases of trees, such as *Poria Weirii*, *Trametes pini*, and others of that ilk. You'll recognize them as root-rot and red ring-rot.

Morph O'Log-y. He specializes in form. No! No! Not that kind of form--just tree forms.

Ec O'Log-y. He deals with the relationship of trees to their habitat, site, or location. In the bush we know him better as "Silvics."

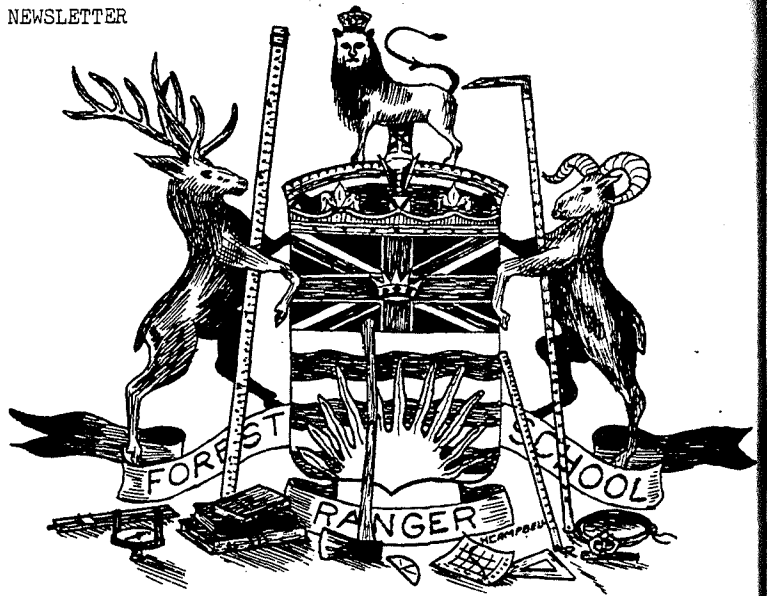
Entom O'Log-y. She is better known as "Bug." Not very ladylike, we will agree, but such a name would drive anyone "bugs"! She is rather interesting, however, having "Ips" and some very intriguing social habits. According to Smith, females *Antennae*.

There are many other relatives--close and distant--of the O'Log-y's. Such as the twins, Tech 'n Dend, for example! Tech is the Dick Tracey of the family. He snoops into the innermost secrets of tree structure, investigating Tracheids, Rays, and Cells. Dend is the family historian. He traces the family tree and classifies and names the members.

Meteor O'Log-y. He is a very distant relative. In fact, he is up in the air, snooty, and in the clouds as it were, most of the time, dealing in Cyclones and Anti-Cyclones. Cold and Warm shoulders (or is it fronts?), Thunder, and Lightning. This guy is always right! Yes, you guessed it, he's the Weatherman.

Remember the good old days when, with compass and chain, tallywhack and tinback, you sallied forth in the early morn; you toiled up the hills and dragged down them; you counted a few stems; estimated heights and diameters; sized up the show as good, bad, or indifferent; and called it a cruise? Fair enough! But, was it a cruise? Did you have the correct and necessary information, or was it just guess work? Were the tools you had adequate and suitable?

Recently, while chasing around the University Forest, we happened to encounter a much-encumbered young man. We thought he might be some embryo prospector or mining engineer headed for his field headquarters. After passing the time of day, we expressed surprise concerning the nature of his equipment. He told us that he was a student from the Ranger School and then went off into an explanation of the nature and use of all the gadgets adorning him. In his own words, we endeavour to recount the many articles and their uses.



Suggested Ranger School Crest, Designed and Drawn by Rgr. Huntley Campbell, Ocean Falls, Class of '47.

NEWSLETTER

Ranger School Daze (continued)

"Abney. Topographic--also known as a "field clino," (whatever that is) is reputed to give tree heights, measure slope, and indicate allowances to be made for slopes. A snare and a delusion! If you believe all you are told about the things, you'll spend the rest of your days chasing a bubble.

"Barometer, Aneroid--is said to register height above sea level and indicate where contours occur. Am beginning to doubt its ability. I've been climbing for the last ten minutes but the barometer says I'm going downhill! It looks like a watch with the mumps and it certainly is in delicate health. I have to keep it in a nice warm cover all the time--just like a tea cosy.

"Biltmore--for checking estimates of diameters. If you feel that you have been under-estimating, hold the stick in a horizontal position against the bole of the tree, line one end of stick in with corresponding edge of tree trunk, and find assumed diameter as indicated on the said stick. Then, keeping your eye focussed on these two spots, move your head until your original estimate is confirmed.

"Borer, Increment--this is Paul Bunyan's corkscrew. It was originally designed for drawing corks from the Cork Oak. Now used to determine the age of trees by worming right into the heart of the subject and extracting the record therefrom. It has a very definite future in insect control. Any borer must know something about the habits of any other borer--round or flat-headed. Hence the old adage. 'set a thief to catch a thief' could well be 'set a borer to catch a Borer.'

"Compass--the dictionary defines this as:--One--a device for determining direction by means of a Magnetic needle swinging on a free pivot and pointing to Magnetic North; two--a circuit or circuitous course (Archaic). What with declination, local attraction, compass error, and what have you, I am personally inclined to define it as a device of the Devil which inclines us towards a circuitous course.

"Chain--someone made a mistake. This is no chain. It looks more like the main spring of a watch! Confidentially, I think it came out of the barometer and the loss of same is responsible for the barometer's erratic behavior.

"Keel--for marking posts on Christmas Day.

"Mirror, Pocket--supposedly an aid to sighting when in thick brush. Give this to the fur-coated ladies you encounter and they may scare themselves to death.

"Axe, Belt, or Boys--if you can't find any blazes, make a few yourself. Why not? Everybody else does! I hear that up in the Prince George country they chase bears with this kind of a weapon. No doubt it is as effective as a mirror.

"Rule, Slide--all the answers are right here--providing you are able to locate the decimal point!

"Tallywhack--is a 'thumbing' device and is indispensable on traverse or cruise strip. It records the paces you tally or the cars that pass you by. Don't argue with the figure recorded. They are 'thum' totals!

"Tape, Diameter--is to the Cruiser what scales are to the Angler."

Our "Tippie" Ranger felt that the poor fellow had hardly enough to carry and suggested a few other items that could be useful to the would-be Cruiser.

Spurs, Climbing--to aid in the correct determination of tree heights. Local interference, such as bears, may be avoided by use of same (if you can climb fast enough)!

Fathom Line--is a necessary adjunct to the aforementioned spurs. Having attained the heights, you may then plumb the depths!

Ladder and Rope--an aid in climbing over those fifty-foot contours.

Iron mike--a gadget for steering a straight course. Very necessary for those of us who are staggering under the weight of knowledge.

And talking of gadgets, Joe offers his Dome Dinger for Drowsy Students. A reasonably stout pencil or, better still, a foot-rule is the only material required. When that drowsy feeling descends upon you, relax, incline your head slightly forward, rest your elbows on the desk and, grasping the pencil or rule firmly in the left hand, beat a sharp tattoo on that bald, or almost bald, spot. We are reliably informed that this method is much better than "doodling."

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THE TRIP TO "THE ISLAND"

Social activities are one of the functions of the Ranger School Students' Association. The Association has other aims of course. Keep it alive!

During the first term, everyone was deeply engrossed in finding out what this, or that, was all about. The load seemed heavy and evening study, (or the thought of it) overwhelmed us. Ping-Pong was well patronised from the first day, but other diversions were somewhat neglected, for the very simple reason that the chasing of the elusive Sine, the burrowing Dendroctonus or the ferocious Cyclone, to say nothing of the manipulation of the Slide Rule, provided mental and physical exercise aplenty.

NEWSLETTER

The Trip to "The Island" (continued)

We did, however, get thirsty enough to indulge in a few smokers and parties all of which were eminently successful and a very pleasant respite. A trip to Blaine afforded a chance for a little research, with tea, coffee, and beer being investigated.

During the second term and after we returned to the school from the various excursions, we discovered the merits of "Bingo." One evening per week, with a percentage of the pot set aside for a general fund, went a long way towards providing refreshments for our farewell party.

A trip was made to the Silver Skagit operation during November. For various and sundry reasons the trip was made on a Sunday. Luckily, we were able to see a load, even though the operation was shut down for the day. There were many heartfelt thanks expressed that we had been travelling on the Sabbath when we saw the remains of a passenger car that had encountered one of the enormous trucks. The picture of the loaded truck will give some idea of the size of these Behemoths. The day was chilly and we were duly thankful for the excellent meal served at Camp 3. Even though heavy, cold rain marred the return trip, all conceded that it had been worthwhile.



Heavy, heavy, hangs over the heads of the Class of '47 at Silver Skagit Operation.

While at Cowichan we all concentrated on perfecting the art of relaxation with horse shoe pitching, Bridge, Cribbage, and the usual light social chatter of the Bunkhouse comprising most of the activity during the evening. After one particularly strenuous game of Bridge, the bed of a certain Ray Tipple relaxed completely! Appreciating the fatigue of its incumbent, the bed of Peace River Irwin met him at the Bunkhouse door.

Our foray into the Aisles of Learning, by way of the University Forest, was favoured by reasonably fair weather. The traverse of the Access road resulted in much discussion and burning of midnight oil at a later date.

Accommodation at the C. Y. H. brought the class into much closer contact with each other, resulting in the spark of friendship quickening and, in a burst of good fellowship, Carmen's birthday was celebrated. How pleasing the cry of friendship--"Say fellows, come on! It's Carmen's birthday!" How sweet such a refrain around about 2:00 a.m. Ask "Red," he knows!

Although elbow room was at a premium, the grub was excellent and the competition for Mrs. Wagner's pies was keen. By the way, what did happen to that pie?

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE COMPASS

By-- J. A. P.

In an issue composed largely of contributions from the halls of higher education, it is probable that a learned dissertation of some scientific interest would be in order. We have for this purpose, therefore, chosen the Compass.

Some remarks have already been made elsewhere on this subject, but they were confined to a dictionary definition only. Even in this instance the remarks were not as full as may be. For example, the dictionary also states that the compass is "a crafty artifice--to arrange and ponder--and to go about or around." However, we intend to deal with the subject somewhat more fully, avoiding, as much as possible, those technical terms and the scientific language that may confuse those who have not yet received the benefits of our scholastic training. We cannot, however, entirely avoid a scientific style when writing on a subject, but we will, in the manner of Jeans, Thompson, and DeKruif, endeavour to make our subject plain enough for the layman to follow.

Undoubtedly the highlight of our visit to Vancouver Island was the trip to the Nitinat River. The Dominion Entomological Surveys Staff provided a very instructive and entertaining field day. In addition to viewing the damage wrought by the recent epidemic of Hemlock Looper, we saw some of the finest remaining stands of Douglas Fir. The group of trees pictured herewith is situated on one acre of land which is reputed to have a stand of some 400,000 f.b.m.

At Skutz Falls, Don Buckland of the Pathological Laboratory Staff, introduced us to Poria Weirii. With the evidence before our eyes we found it much easier to comprehend the signs and symptoms, and gained better appreciation of the amount of painstaking research necessary in Pathological Surveys.

On this day we lunched, "al fresco," by the Falls. The more hardy of our members were so enchanted by the pool that they divested themselves of their garments and communed with nature in the raw. We could prove this--but the censor says "NO!"



Class of '47 amongst a stand of Douglas Fir on the Nitinat River. Looks like Paul Bunyan's Woodlot!

NEWSLETTER

The Evolution of the Compass (continued)

For centuries it has been understood that the compass was discovered by the Chinese; but today, with more information to hand, we now know that the compass was invented by an ancient Chinese surveyor named Hop Wun Syde.

Due to a deformity in his legs (one being two inches shorter than the other) he was unable to travel in a straight line, invariably proceeding on a circuitous course, from whence came the Archaic term mentioned elsewhere--the dictionary.

He often found himself back at the point of commencement without completing his metes and bounds. Thus, while successfully closing his traverse, there was still a wide margin of error due to stations D, E, and F, being by-passed. To distribute this error evenly over the course it was necessary to use the abacus and the formula:

$$\frac{T.D.}{R.L. \times L.L.} \times N2 (P.H.)$$

Where T.D. equals total distance travelled, R.L. equals T.D. by right leg, and so on. (P.H.) equals Perhaps.

Hop Wun Syde, therefore, decided to invent the compass and so avoid such tedious mathematical calculations.

The first compass was a long, magnetised needle, suspended in the centre by a piece of fine twine. The needle was allowed to swing freely. By holding the compass out at arms length and following it as he walked, Hop Wun Syde was able to proceed in a manner enabling him to contact stations D, E, and F. Unfortunately, he was unable to close his traverse, necessitating another mathematical formula which, in consideration of our lay readers, we will not mention here.

At about the same time, the Ancient Britons discovered North, one of the most important discoveries in history. They found that by standing with their backs to the English Channel, Wales was on their left side and the German Ocean on their right. Therefore, they faced Scotland. As this was a position they found necessary to take up most of the time, they called that position "North," or, in Ancient Briton, "The place to keep your eyes on."

They did not, however, have compasses.

Through the ages, the compass went through various stages of development. For example, the ancient Greek Lostageneles used a pivotted magnetised needle fixed to the bottom of a small urn. By sighting along the needle he was able to travel incredible distances in a straight line. Unfortunately, his record is not known, he having failed to return on the last occasion.

Columbus, of course, used the compass and by this means sailed North to discover America in the West. Then, by laying a course for India, was able to return safely home.

Historians, however, make the point that Eric the Red must have owned and used a compass, for it is generally known that in sailing from Oslo to Stavenger, in search of sardines for King Oscar, he discovered Greenland. It was when laying his course home to Norway that he is said to have discovered America.

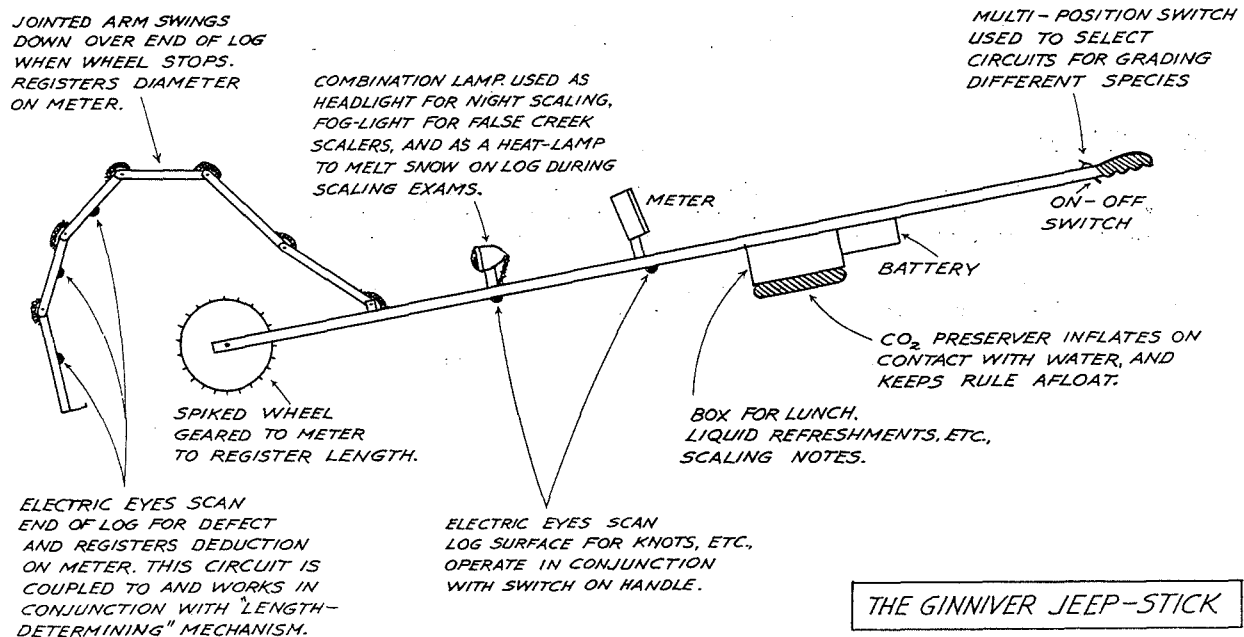
The compass was gradually improved until it became a comparatively simple instrument to use. It was, in fact, so simple that by the middle ages it was found somewhat necessary to introduce Variations. By the introduction of this factor, considerably more interest was found in its use. There has not been a great number of modern improvements and, such as they are, we do not need to mention here, thinking perhaps that the Forest Ranger may wish to discover these himself.

Now you know all about the compass, so far as its history goes, you would no doubt like to know how to use one in the woods. We have prepared a booklet, in simple non-technical terms, which would be of great help in this respect if we could get it printed and published. It contains much surprising information such as, for example, how to traverse a lake and stay in the same county; and, in the addendum is a useful chapter on How to Contact Search Parties.

We must, however, leave this to future time and space.

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THE GINNIVER JEEP STICK



THE GINNIVER JEEP-STICK

NEWSLETTER

VANCOUVER DISTRICT

News from Here and There

After a major operation, Ernie Cowie, Ranger in the Nanaimo District, is now up and around again and we hope to see him in full health again very shortly.

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Miss Ruth Duncanson, file clerk, left the Service on February 7th in order to make her home in Kamloops. Well, good luck anyway, Ruth!

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Mr. R. L. Scoble formerly of the Records Office, Victoria, has been with us since January 1, 1948, and we expect he will remain until June. Mr. Scoble is revising our filing system.

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Ian Mahood, Assistant Forester on Management, left the Service on the last day of 1947 to become Appraisal Officer with the Taxation Branch of the Department of Finance. Good luck in your new job, Ian!

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For those hardy, young athletes who would try their hand at riding--take warning! Shiela Culbart, our voucher clerk, attempted this feat and in so doing broke an ankle, and received other minor injuries. Nice, gentle sport for young ladies. And now, who's going to "vouch" for us?

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Our Future Intellectuals

Included in the 1948 class of Ranger School students are the following Vancouver District men: Rangers L. C. Chamberlin and C. D. Haddon, and Assistant Rangers M. H. Mudge, J. Penn, W. P. Rawlins.

Assistant Ranger R. H. Morrison, Parksville, started the term at the School but was forced to withdraw because of illness in his family. His place was taken by Assistant Ranger W. P. Rawlins, also of Parksville.

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Scaling Notes

Harry Munn of the Scaling Staff, has been promoted to the rank of Senior Scaler and will work in the Vancouver Office, sharing part of the load now handled by Albert Heard, Assistant Supervisor of Scalers.

Harry is one of the "old timers" remaining on the Scaling Staff and his assistance will relieve Albert of some of the headaches occasioned by the greatly increased log production, and requests for scales, which were getting beyond the capacity of one man to endure.

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Harry Perrett, another of the "old timers" on the Scaling Staff, reached the 60-year mark in December and, due to arthritis trouble, decided to retire from the Service at the end of '47. We understand that he will conduct a private scaling service and will be able to work as, and when, he feels fit to do so.

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On October 20, Fred O'Grady, while scaling at Elk River Timber Co., had the misfortune to fall and break his leg and is confined to St. Paul's Hospital at time of writing--January 21.

Many will recall that Fred suffered considerable injuries back in the 20's when he was Ranger in the Thurston Bay District. At that time, he was in a speeder wreck while working on a fire at Rock Bay, and was confined to hospital for fifteen months as a result of the accident.

Although it is the same leg that suffered before, Fred tells us that the break has commenced to mend nicely. We all hope that he will soon be on his feet again.

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Scalers' Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Scalers' Association was held in the Sylvia Hotel on January 9, and was a most enjoyable function. There was a very good attendance, as most of the scalers were in town due to the shut down of the logging camps over the holiday period.

Presentations of wallets were made to some 16 guests--all ex-members of the Service who had left during the past two years.

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NEWSLETTER

PRINCE RUPERT DISTRICT

Wedding Bells for Flora McCuaig

A small farewell party was held in the Forest Service Draughting Room last December 15, when Miss Flora McCuaig, our former computing clerk, left the Service to venture over matrimonial seas. Flora will be missed by one and all in this District Office, and we take this opportunity of wishing her every happiness and success. An appropriate gift was presented by Assistant District Forester Kullander, conveying the best wishes and goodwill of the District Staff.

The wedding bells rang out merrily on December 30, when Flora became Mrs. Laurie Rugg. At the reception, held in the Cabaret at the Commodore, the Forest Service was well represented in order to join in the conveying of congratulations to the happy couple.

Flora's position has been taken over by Miss June Thornton, a newcomer to the Service, and we express our hopes that she will be "happy in the Service." Good luck, June!

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Welcome!!

A wee bit of Scotia has entered into the fold! The Scottish tongue proclaims the presence of our new Management Assistant, Miss Margaret Baxter, a recent arrival from the land of the thistle and the bonnie, bonnie heather. We welcome you to the Service, Margaret, and hope that Rupert will be a "hame awa' frae hame."

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While we're in a welcoming mood, here's welcomes for Norman E. Crowe, Launch Engineer on the "White Spruce," and Charles Brumfield, Launch Engineer on the "Lilliam D." Cheers, men, and good luck in your ventures over the "briny."

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Well sir, the Ranger School has done it again! We welcome back Carman Gibson and H. W. Campbell, to Smithers and Ocean Falls respectively. I understand the fellows are literally effervescing with forest knowledge. Thank goodness they didn't come back from Green Timbers as green as the name implies. Yuk! Yuk! Oooh, Mother, hide those dice 'cause I'm really rollin' to-night!!

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At Ranger School

By way of keeping "Old Rupe" well represented, Aale and Wallace Antilla, together with Herb Hammer and Jack Mould, are attending the present Semester of the Ranger School and we look forward to their return to the District. Good luck, fellas!

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Who Are We Trying To Fool?

As usual, the crisp, clear weather so typical of this Northern District, persists and persists. The only objection is that we have to draw the shades to keep out this persistent, dazzling sunshine, with its accompanying Vitamin D. We hear, (via news and weather forecasts) of snow in the southern part of the Province. What's it look like? Is snow really as white as the pictures we see? Heh? Well, cheer up, fellas, the winter will soon be over.

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NELSON DISTRICT

Harry Dronsfield Retires

Harry Dronsfield, Operations Clerk since 1929, was superannuated on December 31, 1947. On December 26, Mr. and Mrs. Forse entertained the Forest Service Staff at a delightful afternoon party at their home when Harry and Mrs. Dronsfield were the guests of honour. During the party, Harry (Forse), on behalf of the members of the Service, presented Harry (Dronsfield) with a well-filled wallet and Mrs. Dronsfield was presented with a bouquet by Mrs. S. S. Simpson. Harry will be missed very much around the office and we wish him the best of health in his retirement.

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Additions and Changes

Staff additions and changes since those reported in the last Newsletter are: Bernice Donaldson, Junior Clerk, (Filing) commenced December 15th; Peggy MacLeod, Stenographer, (Operations) commenced January 5, 1948; Sibyl McLean replaces Harry Dronsfield, and E. C. Whitelock commenced his duties as Draughtsman on November 1, 1947.

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This Grazing Business!

In order that the Forest Service can be assured of a satisfactory tally on the number of cattle and horses turned out at large on Crown range, it is one of the Rangers' various duties in the interior of B. C. to make an occasional count of stock at their winter feed yards. Some ranchers seem to miss a few head when completing their grazing application forms, while others just don't seem to be able to count worth beans.

NEWSLETTER

NELSON DISTRICT (continued)

It was at the ranch of one of the latter that two forest officials announced their count of thirty-one head of cattle. This corresponded to the number under permit, but the rancher's eight-year old son piped up: "Oh you missed seven. There should be thirty-eight." Sure enough, down in the willows over the hill were the additional strays.

As the two red-faced officials were about to depart, the young informer interrupted: "You still haven't counted the yearling calves in the far pasture." On arriving at this pasture, not a calf was to be seen, until our little helper had plowed through the underbrush and herded all the calves out into the open.

Chances are that that kid probably got a pretty good licking when his old man got home!

(P.S. Does the Kamloops District still boast of having the youngest employee?)
H. K. DeBeck.

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That Bowling Challenge

A Civil Service Bowling League was organized in Nelson last fall with practically all departments being represented and some thirty players participating.

All was well and a very enjoyable time was had every Friday evening, until Percy Young, at some unofficial (we presume) session of the District Foresters' Meeting, proclaimed the Nelson League so much superior to any other League in the Province that there just wasn't any competition anywhere. This was too much for our Victoria officials to take lying down and a challenge was issued immediately.

January 17 saw the Nelson teams primed to the utmost and very much over-trained, launch into the big event. There was not the usual carefree attitude amongst the players, but rather, a stern determination to win at any cost. After the first glance at the score we gloried in our victory, but Victoria had an ace in the hole which they called "Handicap." When this so-called "Handicap" was all worked out the verdict was tied!

This game created a great deal of interest and we would very much appreciate more of this type of competition in the future. In fact, we would like to suggest a Six Point League between the five District Offices and the Victoria Office for next winter.
Harold Holmberg.

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FORT GEORGE DISTRICT

Off to Ranger School

The District was both glad and sorry to see Buster Ross leave his duties in the office in order to go to Ranger School. We were glad because Buster's heart was "always in the Highlands." We were sorry because he was such a pleasant and useful member of the office staff. However, as the Ranger School will enable him to get back where he is happiest--the woods--we are all for it, and then there will be a few better Rangers.

Ken Kenny has shifted from Operations Clerk to take Buster's place as Management Clerk.

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Welcome

Claud Heggie has arrived from Victoria to be broken in as Operations Clerk. At the time of writing (January 26) he is experiencing sub-zero weather.

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Decision for March

The question, "Shall I put the chains on?" is too important to be answered simply "Yes," or "No." If the answer is "Yes," the Ranger must then decide whether he will get under "Old Bess" in this mud, or some other mud. If the answer is "No," it is only a matter of minutes before he is again asking himself, "Shall I put the chains on?"

(Sooner or later the answer must be "Yes.")

The Ranger must then decide which of the following types he is going to be:

A "Plunger"--who puts the chains on at the office and hits every hole in high with a shower of mud and furious spinning of wheels.

A "Creeper"--who installs chains carefully just after passing the city limits, drives carefully, doesn't mess up the car or splatter the windshield, glides gracefully into a hole and waits patiently for a farmer to drop by and pull him out.

A "Planner"--who puts the chains on when travelling becomes a bit difficult, and rolls through the small and medium lakes easily, but who, when he finds a big one, says, "I could get through that, but how would I get back to the office by five p.m.?" He then turns "Old Bess" around and heads back to H. Q.

NEWSLETTER

FORT GEORGE DISTRICT (continued)

A "Basher"---who jumps in "Old Bess" and tramps around on the floor 'til she starts, and then breezes merrily through everything--("Look, no chains.")---everything except that big one!

Guess they'll find "Old Bess" when the road dries out a bit!

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DOUGLAS FIR II LAUNCHED

On January 14, the Chief Forester laid a lusty wallop, with the traditional bottle, on the shining prow of "Douglas Fir II" as she slid smoothly backward down the ways into the fog-shrouded anchorage outside the Marine Station on the North Arm of the Fraser. This concluded some eighteen months of what Superintendent Jim MacDonald referred to as "spare-time work," meaning that, although her keel was laid in mid-1946, the new addition to the B.C.F.S. fleet always got the short end of the deal when other jobs were on hand.



Photos
Courtesy
Hugh Weatherby



Chief christens new addition.

Those present.

Mr. Orchard's dedication and launching were preceded by short talks from the Hon. E. T. Kenney, Minister of the Department, E. W. Bassett, Forester in Charge of Operations, and C. J. Haddon, District Forester in Vancouver, whose District secures the new launch. Incidentally, "Douglas Fir II" is a lineal descendent of a launch designed by District Forester Haddon several years ago.

Vital statistics on the new vessel, which has since been placed over the measured mile at a speed of 10 M.P.H., are: Length--34 ft. 7 in.; Beam--9ft; Draft--3 ft. 3 in.; powered by an 82 H.P. General Motors Marine Diesel with a 3 to 1 reduction. She is outfitted with a 144-gallon fuel tank, and a 60-gallon water tank, and has a hydraulic clutch which gives finger-tip control of the engine. The frames are oak, the decking and sheathing below the water line are 1 1/4-inch red cedar.

Altogether, she is a smart and sturdy addition to the Forest Service navy, for which compliments go to Tommy Edwards, Bob Swan, and the boys of the "Station."

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NELSON WINS INAUGURAL CONTEST FOR "SHAVINGS"

In the first inter-District Bowling contest, for the mythical "Shavings," the Nelson District Team were victorious over the Victoria Head Office Team by two games to one, and a total score of 2724 to 2625. Game scores were as follows:

	<u>1st</u>	<u>2nd</u>	<u>3rd</u>	<u>Total</u>
Nelson	950	943	831	2724
Victoria	797	928	900	2625

As a result of the victory, the "Shavings" are lodged in Nelson until a challenger is successful in wresting the laurels away from the boys in the Kootenays.

Interest in the match ran high and the strike-by-spare-by-interference account exchanged between Forester Eric Druce and Fire Inspector Harold Holmberg over the radio served to stimulate enthusiasm. In view of this interest and the likelihood that other contests will follow, it was felt that some historical reference to the origin of the "Shavings" award should be recorded and this reporter undertook lengthy and diligent research without, unfortunately, much success. The most tangible evidence he was able to unearth was a report that, during the District Foresters' Meetings away back in 1947, someone (unknown) was heard to remark to someone else (unknown) that "shomeshing should be donesh to shtimulate eshpriit-de-corpsh."

In addition to the Championship Match, which was played without benefit of handicaps, bonuses, and kindred frills, three Handicap Matches were staged, the team with the lower aggregate players' average receiving two-thirds of the number of pins difference. In these matches, Victoria won five and lost four, thereby regaining some small measure of prestige.

While this reporter does not wish to cavil, an analysis of the scores in the Championship Match brings to light a rather despicable bit of deception on the part of the Interior players. The particular star of their cast was listed as Fire Inspector Holmberg with an average of 200. Mr. Holmberg proceeded to roll strings of 188, 160, and 173. The Victoria players, lulled into a false sense of security by this mediocre display, entirely failed to notice that Acting Ranger G. Gill, with a reputed average of 187, was scattering the pins to the tune of 241, 275, and 232--a cross of 748. Rumour has it that Acting Ranger Gill will shortly be promoted to Assistant Chief Forester and moved to Victoria.

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NEWSLETTER

H. H. Smith Retires

At a gathering in the Forest Accounts Office on Saturday, February 7th, Harold H. Smith was presented with a Book of Remembrance, containing the signatures of his friends in the Service, a pen and pencil set, and an engraved wallet. The presentation was made by Mr. Orchard on behalf of Mr. Smith's fellow workers, and marked his retirement after thirty-five years' continuous employment in the Department.

Mr. Smith was born in Dover, England, in 1883 and, prior to coming to Canada in 1911, was employed by Barclay's Bank as accountant and cashier. He entered the employ of the Forest Service in September, 1913.

In wishing him many years enjoyable leisure following his retirement, the Chief pointed out that Mr. Smith could take pride in the efficient, unselfish, and conscientious manner in which he had carried out his duties throughout his long employ with the Service. Mr. Orchard stated that Mr. Smith's devotion to duty "could be equalled but not surpassed."

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Axel Kinnear to Ontario

At midnight on the last day of 1947, A. C. (Axel) Kinnear, one of Victoria's more widely known sports figures, especially in the field of basketball, where he played for several seasons with Victoria Dominoes when they were Canadian Champions, officially left the Forest Service to take a position with the Ontario-Minnesota Pulp and Paper Co., at Kenora, Ontario.

Axel was born in Victoria in June, 1914, and attended Victoria High School and the University of Kansas before coming to the Service in 1935 to assist in the compilation of cruise data. In 1936 he acted as Compassman on the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Survey and for the next three years was employed as a Junior Photogrammetric Draughtsman and Photogrammeter.

On August 2, 1940, Axel joined the 1st Survey Regiment, R.C.A., as a Gunner and served with the First Division Overseas, returning home in 1945 with the rank of Captain.

Since his return to the Service in June, 1946, Axel had been busy taking those lovely panoramic lookout photographs of which every lookoutman in the Province would like to get a set.

Prior to his leaving, Axel was presented with a monogrammed travelling bag by Mr. Orchard on behalf of Axel's many friends in the Service. The very best of luck to you Axel, from us all!

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WHAT A DANCE!!

Never before in the history of the human race have so many enjoyed themselves so much in so short a time! That, at least, seems to be the opinion of every one of the approximately two hundred and thirteen persons attending the Annual Forest Service Dance, which, again this year, was held at the beautiful Royal Colwood Golf Club on the night of Friday, February 13th.

It was good to see a lot of the "old boys"--"Mike" Gregg, "Geh" Ternan, Ced. Walker, Larry McMullan, "Gus" MacBean, and Kenny McCannel--who took advantage of this annual social highlight of the Victoria Head Office to renew old acquaintances.

A surprise presentation took place about half way through the festivities. When Eric Druce, Chairman of the Dance Committee, provided the Chief with a box of chocolates for him to present to Mrs. Orchard commemorating their twenty-third wedding anniversary.

As the Dance was held on the traditional day for bad luck, Friday 13th, the decorating theme revolved around black cats with frightening yellow eyes and large ominous-looking number 13's.

The "Special Mention" award goes to Joe St. Pierre's delightful signs, carved animals, and "little people," which all went to make Colwood even more than usually attractive.

Words, however, are superfluous when we have the following pictures to prove to all and sundry what a lot of fun was had by those in attendance. These pictures are, as you will agree, the very acme of dignity and decorum, and thereby speak highly of the Service when one considers the late hour at which the photographs were taken.

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NEWSLETTER



L-R: "Fin" McKinnon, Al Bamford, Bill Spouse, Mrs. Orchard, Mrs. Spouse, Larry McMullan, Mrs. McMullan, Mrs. Silburn, George Silburn, Harold Henshall (standing), Mrs. Sweatman, and Percy Sweatman.



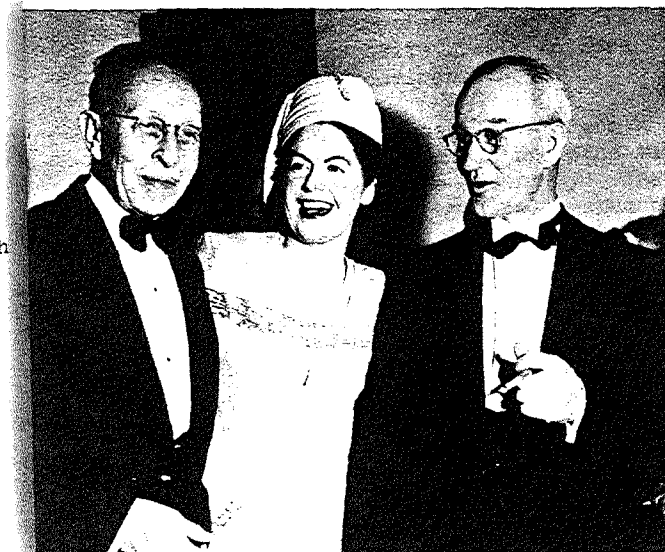
Mrs. St. Clair, Kenny McCannel, Mildred Hamilton, Ced. Walker, Ralph Johnston, Mrs. Johnston, W. H. Browne, "Mike" Gregg, Mrs. McCannel, Mrs. Spilsbury, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Gregg, Jack Frost, and Mrs. MacBean.



Standing: Ted Whiting, Jack Long, Harold McWilliams. Seated: Mrs. Wharf, Norman Wharf, Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. Long, Mrs. McWilliams, and "Gus" MacBean.



L-R: Tom Reid, Ruth Veitch, Wally Bailey, Wini Featherstone, Leola Riddell, Irene Reid, Norah Hughes, Mickey Trew (under cat), Eileen James. Seated: Fred Donaghy, and Milton Wharf.



L-R: Bob St. Clair, Mrs. Al Bamford, and Friend.



Dance Committee: (back row) Florence Jenner, George Silburn, Phyllis Christian. (front) David Monk, Harold McWilliams, and Eric Druce.