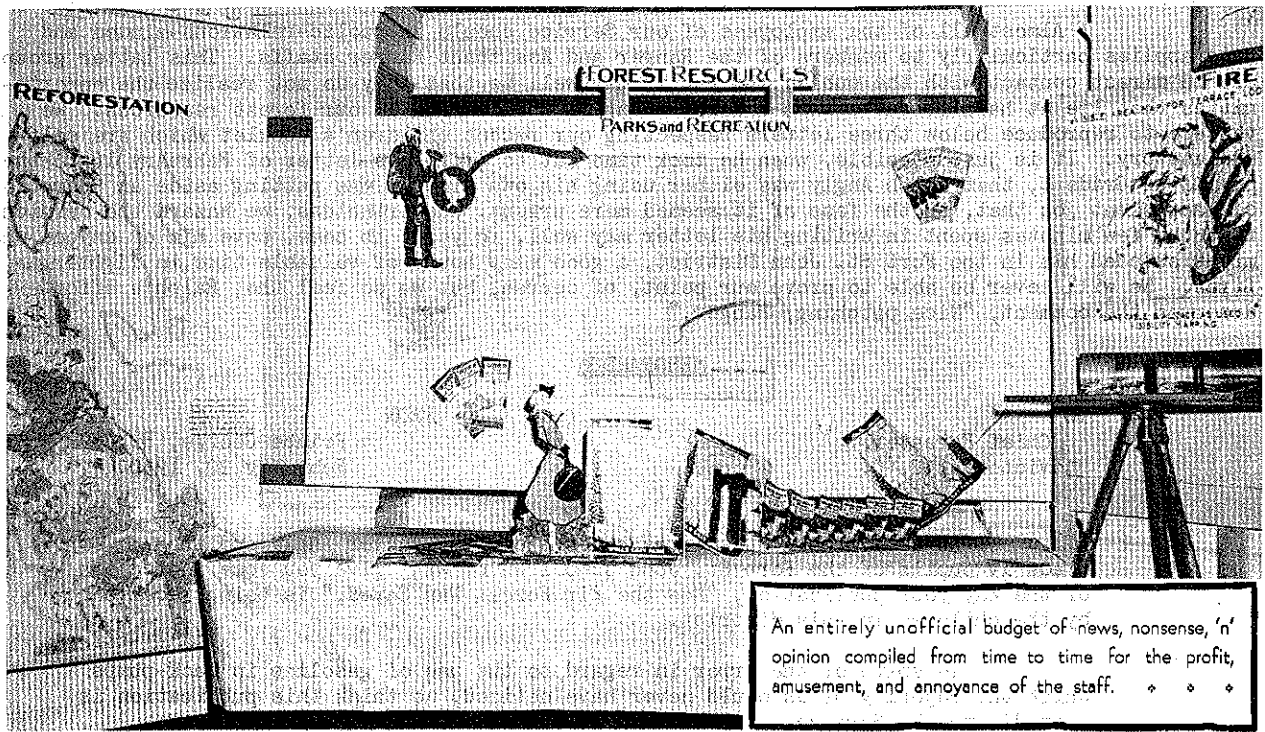


FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



NO. 80

VICTORIA, B. C.

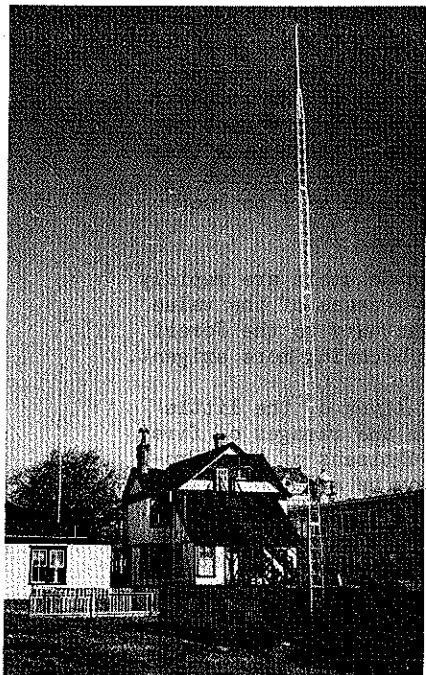
MARCH, 1950.

M.R.T. -- 100 AND NEW TOWERS.

Forest Service communication has reached the point where practically every branch of the Service has been speeded up and what used to be isolated spots are isolated no longer.

For instance, take the case of the Forest Ranger whose lot it is to cover a large and inaccessible district by launch. In 1934 one or two ships were fitted with vast cage-like contraptions which took two men and a boy to lift and, with luck, sent voice signals ten to thirty miles. These were replaced in 1937 by sets of half the size, half the power, and capable of transmitting voice from Port Hardy to Vancouver on good days. The improvement was so great that the Ranger launch has been able to keep in constant touch with district headquarters ever since and we are still using the same sets today though they are, of course, now obsolete.

Funds having become available, the rapid replacement of the old 50-watters is under way and the Ranger will now have a unit of 100 watts and more than twice the versatility. The new marine transmitter, called the "M.R.T.-100," will permit the Ranger to call his district headquarters' station, the Department of Transport coast stations, or any one of three ship-to-shore telephone stations. If he does not get through on one frequency, due to atmospheric conditions, he has four others to choose from and where the urgency of the message warrants the expense, he can call up a member of the district staff on the city telephone while his ship is at sea -- one hundred or more miles from Vancouver. Better still, since the ship-to-shore telephone is an ordinary public service, he can make private calls, on three frequencies, to his family who may talk to him through their house telephone. Radio is not perfect, of course, and atmospheric conditions are the limiting factor, but the Radio Section predicts very much improved communication for those who go down to the sea in ships in order to carry out their duties with the Service.



For years Victoria has urged and bullied the Districts to put up nice, high radio masts at every point where such a project was feasible. The Districts responded with some very fine installations, but Victoria, not taking its own advice, had plugged along with a pair of very scruffy masts -- only 39 feet high -- which, when erected, were to be only temporary but which stayed put until a few days ago. The reason for the temporary almost becoming permanent installation was because of the close proximity of the street, power wires, private houses, and the fact that there was nowhere at all to put guy wires. With the purchase, by the Government, of all the private lots behind the Radio Room, the Victoria Radio Section dropped everything and went into action. Instead of the old blackened poles, of which we have always been profoundly ashamed, there are now two shiny, steel lattice-work towers, nearly 70 feet high and topped with an aerial for FM. Raising these was not too easy and a number of expert faces glowed red under the tan of Victoria's winter sunshine when one of them broke in the middle. However, they are up now and we are proud of them.

Victoria's New 70-foot Radio Towers.

GOOD PUBLIC RELATIONS

Almost all of the employees of our Service should be public-relations-minded and this applies particularly to members of the Ranger and Assistant Ranger staffs. This latter group are in direct contact with the public and yet it may well be that they do not realize the opportunities that lie at hand to further an understanding of an interest in our forest resources. We venture to reproduce below three letters respecting our recent children's booklet which are self-explanatory. It is just possible, when he took time out to write his letter of February 16 to the pupils of Grade 4, that Ralph Angly was either using his own time or was putting aside an Operation or Management job that, on the face of it seemed more urgent. Nevertheless, we hazard the opinion that the few minutes spent in writing his letter may well, in years to come, save him or anyone who might succeed him in the Fort St. John District, a good many hours of valuable time in fighting fires. We will never be able to prove our point, of course, but we do feel that Ralph's effort deserves the comment, "Nice pitching, Ranger."

MEMORANDUM

TO
Chief Forester,
Victoria, B. C.

FROM
Prince George, B. C.,
February 20, 1950.

We attach herewith correspondence between Ranger Angly and the Grade IV pupils of the Fort St. John school which will give you some indication of the way your publication, "How the Fir Forest Was Saved," is being received by the children in this district.

In spite of the error in regard to the use of gasoline in back-pumps which the majority of us would never have noticed, we think this publication is a credit to the Service.

AHD/go

"A. H. Dixon,"
Asst. Dist. Forester.

Fort St. John School,
Fort St. John, B. C.,
Feb. 8, 1950.

Dear Mr. Angly,

What a good book! We really enjoyed reading it. Deirdre thought the hornets made a good job of the tough men. Roy liked the swimming party. Shirley and Denzel enjoyed seeing Harry the hornet caught in the skunk cabbage. David and Danny liked the way the Heedless' family were made to co-operate. The co-operation in putting up the poster amused Jackie.

Thank you, again!

Your friends,
The Grade Fours,
(Darlene Dressler)

Fort St. John, B. C.,
Feb. 16, 1950.

Darlene Dressler,
and the "Grade Fours,"
Fort St. John School.

Dear Darlene and all the Grade Four Pupils:

You can never guess how pleased I was to receive your letter and to learn how much you and your classmates enjoyed the story of "How the Fir Forest Was Saved." A nice letter of appreciation like the one you sent me, tells us that the time we spent printing, publishing, and distributing these books was time well spent. I am forwarding your letter to the District Forester at Prince George, B. C. He will be just as pleased as I to know how you children enjoyed the book.

The forested acres of the Province of British Columbia are rapidly growing less in number and their protection from fire--because of the value of the industry they maintain, as well as for their sanctuary to the Forest Folk and the wildlife that dwells within them--is ever becoming more exigent.

The burden of protecting the forests and the lives of the little birds and animals that make their home within them from the ravages of fire, is soon to fall upon the shoulders of you, the future citizens of this Province. That is why we consider it so important that you be made to realize their value. It is YOU who really count. We, the present adult generation, have learned by our mistakes and by the mistakes of our ancestors. Now, the least we can do is pass on the lessons that we learned, to you, so that you can insure a more fire-free future for these forests. Every one of us must do our share in this task. We can do this by teaching others to be careful with fire, as well as being careful ourselves.

Good Public Relations (Continued)

I just know that every one of you girls and boys will give me all the help you can in making the coming summers as free of Forest Fires as is humanly possible.

In closing, let me again thank you and Deirdre, Roy, Shirley, Denzel, David, Danny, Jackie and all the Grade Four pupils for the appreciation you showed.

"Ralph Angly,"

The Ranger.

ANNUAL DANCE SUCCESS---AND THEN---

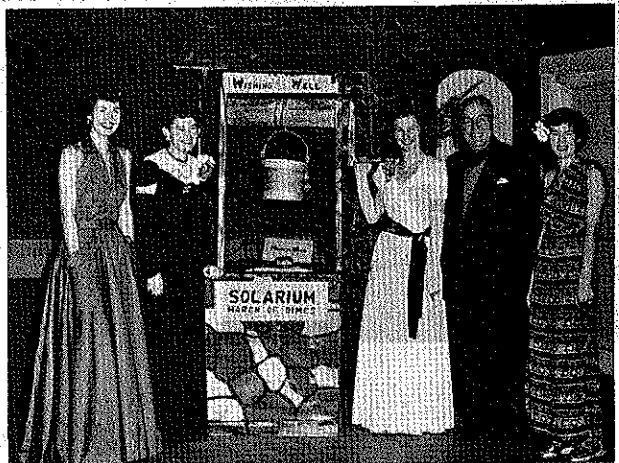
On Friday, February 10, the Annual Forest Service Dance, held by the Victoria Office and attended by a vast majority of the staff and their wives and friends, plus a number of the unofficial "Olde Brigade" who returned briefly to the fold for that one night, was considered definitely "up to standard." The Sirocco Supper Club was the scene of the festivities and most agreed that its greater floor-space and general spaciousness added considerably to the success of the whole dance.

That "Master Whittler," Joe St. Pierre, of Parks and Recreation, again came through with a variety of eye-catching and unique hand-carved signs nearly all of which are now reposing in private offices on the Lower Mainland and in one particular District Office -- we assume. (N.B. Clarence Cooper assures us we can't be sued for libel.) The central theme of Joe's decorative creations was an ingenious Wishing Well accenting the current Solarium Shower of Dimes for crippled children. The Wishing Well and its contents of nearly \$20.00 was handed over to the officers of the Solarium Junior League several days later with Mr. St. Pierre making the presentation on behalf of the Service.

It was great to see so many members of the "Olde Brigade" again and we sincerely hope that next year even a greater number will attend.

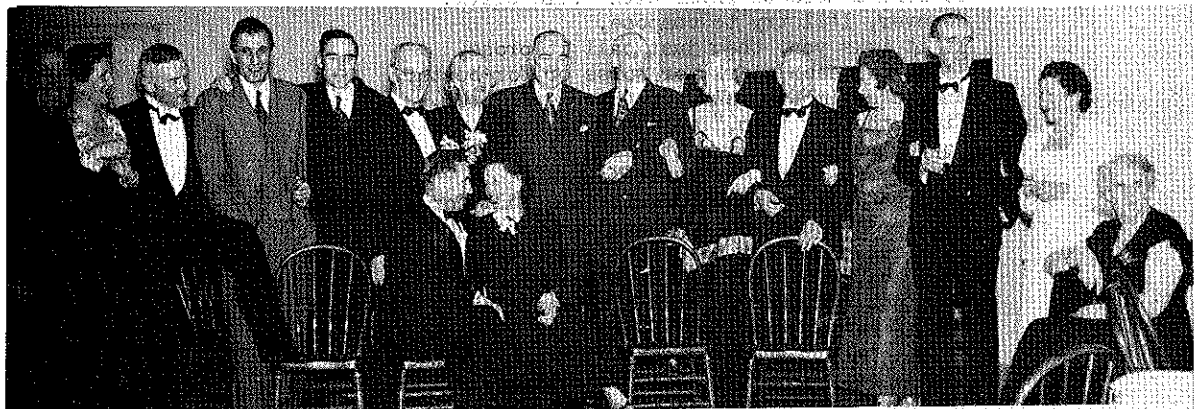


A portion of the merry throng of 269 going "all out" with the dancing.



Joe St. Pierre's Wishing Well which was later presented to the Solarium Junior League. Left to Right -- Audrey

Below--A shot that may well emerge as a historical gem in years to come. From left to right: Joe St. Pierre, Frances Nixon, Mike Gregg, Dick Nixon, Larry McMullen, The Chief, Hugh Hodgins, Sally Melrose (standing), Margaret McCannel (seated), Ken McCannel, George Melrose, Belle Gregg, Jack Frost, Maxine Bassett, Ed Bassett, Heggie Hodgins, and Agnes Frost.



JOE ST. PIERRE
FRANCES NIXON
MIKE GREGG
DICK NIXON
LARRY McMULLEN
THE CHIEF
HUGH HODGINS
SALLY MELROSE (standing)
MARGARET MCCANNEL (seated)
KEN MCCANNEL
GEORGE MELROSE
BELLE GREGG
JACK FROST
MAXINE BASSETT
ED BASSETT
HEGGIE HODGINS
AGNES FROST

The Epilogue, or, the Super Hangover!

Although we feel sure none will deny the success of the Annual Forest Service Dance, a goodly proportion of the 269 who attended will long remember the occasion for a far different reason!

By Monday, February 13, absenteeism in Victoria had reached a new high. "Salmonella" -- a mild form of typhoid fever -- attacked, with a vengeance, approximately 40 of those who had attended the dance and, in varying degrees of intensity, about 60 more. Four people actually ended up in hospital and everyone was most distressed about the whole affair. It certainly was a horrible sequel to such an enjoyable evening.

Dr. Gayton, Victoria City Health Officer, was on the trail of the infection within 24 hours and all those who had been present on Friday evening were kept busy filling out forms and trying to remember what they had had to eat and drink -- a monumental task for some, needless to say. The Service even reached a certain degree of notoriety in the local press as spreaders of "Salmonella" with the result that outsiders were noticed to be rather apprehensive about approaching -- showing a distinct preference for standing back out of range of the germs.

It is almost ancient history now, although the memory lingers on. However, just in case some sinister little microbe is lurking beneath this type, it is suggested that all those who did not attend the Annual Dance dust this issue of the Newsletter lightly with D.D.T.

CLARENCE COOPER FORESTER-CUM-LAWYER

The dignified surroundings of the Victoria Law Courts saw history being made on January 23 last when Clarence Cooper was called to the Bar of British Columbia. Introduced by Mr. W.H.M. Haldane, Clarence was welcomed by His Lordship Justice A.D. Macfarlane.



Clarence Cooper has the unique distinction of being not only the first but the only graduate forester who is also a graduate lawyer (at least in Canada). It is a moot question in our mind as to whether Clarence, having secured his degree in forestry at Toronto University in 1932, looked over the existing foresters and decided they were too smart for him to compete against or, conversely, that they were so dumb they needed a specially-trained guardian to plead their interests. Whatever his reasoning, he enrolled at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and in 1936 graduated as a Barrister and Solicitor in the Province of Ontario.

In 1948 he brought his special combination of talents to Victoria and is now engaged with the Service as Forest Counsel.

Our congratulations are extended to the new member of the British Columbia Bar Association.

VANCOUVER DISTRICT

ODE TO FILE CLERKS

By Larry Cuthbertson.

This is not a poem.
You'll find it does not rhyme.
You've asked for an ode to be written
But my brain has failed me this time.
If you think it's easy, you're wrong--it's work
To find a word to rhyme with "file-clerk."
However, I'll try to compose,
If it irks you, then just call it prose,
I'll take each clerk for worse or for better
And make him the news for this Newsletter.
First there's "Ken," a father of boys;
So you see his job, over "all" he enjoys.
Then comes "Norm," a real "McLeod";
When he dies he'll be wearin' his kilt for a shroud.
"Oliver" to us from Scotland came;
As concert pianist he'll win great fame.
To "Dave" with each little ache the gals run,
He's not a "DOC" yet, but his treatment is fun.
His newest is "Ron," of basketball fame;
Sorry girls, he goes steady--now ain't that a shame!
These are the boys who do our filing--
They may not like it but they still keep smiling.

HATCHED

To Mr. and Mrs. Syd Benwell, Vancouver, on January 26, a SON, 7 lb. 6 oz. The young man is to be christened Arthur Wayne.

E. W. (ERNIE) COWIE

Mentioned in our last issue as being in hospital, our old friend and ex-Ranger, E. W. Cowie died there on February 15. He was buried at Nanaimo; there being full attendance of local forest officers, and representation from the District Office.

Bon Voyage, Joan.

Joan K. Coy, our globe-trotting comptometer, waved goodbye from the deck of an Australian ship last week. Joan is homeward bound after a lapse of four years during which time she has worked her way 'round the world.

Welcome.

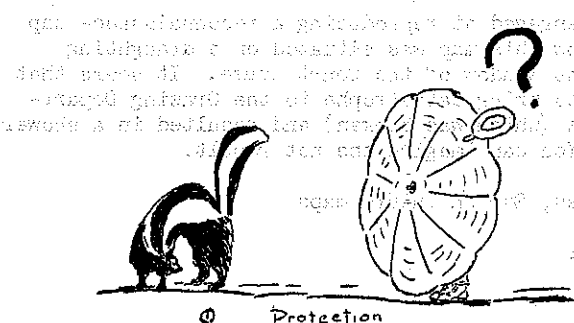
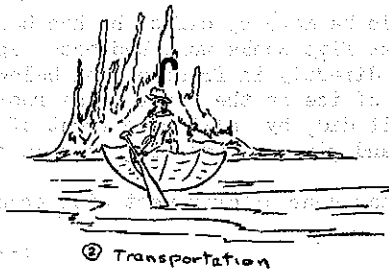
We welcome Miss Thora Peterson of Kamloops who takes her place among us in the Operations Division as from March 1.

Engaged.

Miss Margaret Johns (she of "Marg Sez") and Melville G. Wensink have decided to make it official. Several engagement presents of cups (demi-tasse), a card displayed on her desk, and a very nice ring are among the loot to date. Of course, this is only the first 48 hours.

SHADES OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN-----

By H. Barker.



One of the "research men" (Economics), at the experimental station, recently passed the remark that Foresters in Switzerland invariably carry umbrellas at all times.

To my mind, this is only a further demonstration of the superiority of the European forester as compared to his Canadian counterpart. Here we have an article in common use for centuries (by the fair sex, as a weapon of defence and offence), the latent possibilities of which might never have been discovered except for the keen mind of the Swiss.

When one pauses to consider the multitudinous uses to which the lowly "brolly" can be adapted, the time and labour it can save, it is surprising that it has not been taken into general use years ago, along with the shovel, mattock, and the axe.

NELSON DISTRICT.

A Definition.

For some time the field staff have been wondering just why the District officers have appeared to assume that they were working with a "lesser breed" when visiting the Rangers. It is natural to expect a certain deference from subordinates to superiors, but when a Ranger was ordered to "play dead" and "roll over boy" he complied (as an order) and checked with his neighbouring Ranger on the sanity of visiting "Brass."

He was horrified to hear that his brother Ranger had been made to close the door with his teeth and bark.

The mystery has now been solved. We had occasion to check the definition of the word "Ranger" in the District Office dictionary (Webster's New Peerless) and we found the following:

"Ranger: a rover; the chief official of a park or forest;
a variety of dog."

... ..

April Fool!

Hidden away in the mountains of the Nelson Forest District is a small obscure creek. As the C.B.C. announcer would say, "It is 260 miles east of Vancouver." In any event it is no closer to Alberta.

Now, there are a few trees up this creek and some local loggers asked for a timber sale. The sale proceeded, as sales do, until it went to Victoria for the things that are done to sales in Victoria. Then it was advertised. Just imagine the scare the applying axe-men received when they found that they would have to go to the Marine Building, Vancouver, to bid!! Now this may have been a mistake. "If a man never made a mistake, he never made anything worth making." But we wonder why it had to be an Auction dated APRIL 1.

... ..

Grazing Department.

Have you ever worked on something, trying for perfection and putting your best efforts into it only to find the next time you came to work that all your efforts have been wasted? This is just what confronted Ed. Smith the other morning upon his arrival at the office.

To be more specific, he has been busily engaged at reproducing a reconnaissance map on which at least five weeks work had been expended. Now this map was situated on a draughting table which was directly in front of and below a basement window of the Court House. It seems that an accumulation of ice on the Court House roof decided to bring catastrophe to the Grazing Department, and that it did, by falling in front of the window (which was broken) and resulted in a shower of ice, water, and glass, plummeting down on the map. You can imagine the net result.

May your efforts meet with greater success, Ed, on future maps.

... ..

Steam from the Kettle. (R.D. No. 13).

FLASH ---- Fracas between B. C. Forest Service and Washington Highway Patrol! Forest Service boys were at a disadvantage as the incident occurred in Uncle Sam's land, and further, the U. S. boys were equipped to enforce their point with real hardware from a nice warm Patrol car. Apparently our side was towing an unlicensed vehicle and, in the U. S., that just doesn't go. Just wait until next summer when those boys come up to Canada to go fishing!!!!.....Rustlers (authorized by the Forest Service) have again cleared the range of all wild and useless horses. One horse, re-deemed and taken out of the loading corral by its owner, broke away and jumped back into the corral with super-equine effort. Apparently the modern horse doesn't mind being converted to fire-fighters' rations (Spork, Prem and Sporse).....We are all eyeing with longing the now nearly complete warehouse and garage buildings. Like most of you, we have to park our cars outside. Ever tried to start a "Spouse Wagon" or a Jeep in thirty below weather?

"Don't despair" said to me

on "prostate" (prostate) and on (prostate)

and "prostate" said "prostate" and "prostate"

A Letter from Charlie.

(prostate) said "prostate" and "prostate"

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and "prostate" said "prostate" and "prostate"

and "prostate" said "prostate" and "prostate"

Box 304,
Rossland, B. C.,
February 23, 1950.

The Editor, Newsletter,
Victoria, B. C.
Dear Sir: Through the Newsletter, please permit the writer to express to all those he cannot thank in person sincere gratitude for all the warm wishes and regards expressed, and for all the numerous presents and mementoes contributed on the occasion of his statutory-retirement. This acknowledgement is overdue, partly owing to business affairs, partly, it must be confessed, and at last to writing allergy.

"H. C. NICHOLS,"
SOMETIME RANGER.

... ..

FORT GEORGE DISTRICT.

NOT About the Weather!

After prolonged hearing of nothing but news about the cold weather and conversations and remarks about the cold weather, we are not going into any lengthy discourse concerning the cold weather but, now that "Spring" is here, we are, at this writing, coming out of hibernation for how long we don't know. The forecast is a low of zero for tonight (February 4) which is some kind of a record for the past 7 weeks.

House-Cleaning.

Activities recently have been turned largely to cleaning out file cabinets, cupboards, and closets in the District Office and it is surprising how many things -- including files -- have been found. Woods-work has been almost at a standstill and a very considerable drop in scale returns is expected for the month of January.

A Permit's a Permit.

Speaking of scale returns, our Inspector of Scales recently had a new experience. A scale return for a new mill was received. It was noted that we had no record of the scaler having a permit or licence to scale. The Inspector of Scales finally located the scaler in town and pointed out that he did not have a permit to scale. The scaler was quite indignant and forthwith extracted from his wallet a piece of paper and handed it to the Inspector. Upon examining the paper the Inspector found that it was a burning permit issued for purposes of clearing the mill site last fall. Guess who was burned up.

The Winnah!

Eric Robinson distinguished himself last week when he took possession of the gold button for "seconds" in the Prince George Curling Club points competition. He was also top man for all positions, which is right-smart curling for a second-year curler.

Matched:

Assistant Ranger Ken Northrup and Norma Smith were married in Vancouver in December and are now spending their time shovelling snow and cutting wood at Penny.

Hatched:

To Jean and Frank Williams on January 31, in Vancouver, a 7 lb. Daughter. Unless we discuss the weather further, there is very little more to report at the moment. The only consolation that most people had was "I sure would hate to have been in Vancouver and District."

Fieldmen Please Note

Next month we hope to have the field staff submit material for the Newsletter. All Rangers in Prince George District please note, if you want anything edited, please submit before the end of the month -- any month.

KAMLOOPS DISTRICT:

A Toughie!

With the two mainline trains finally back to a normal schedule, we are at a loss to conjure up excuses for not going to press with most of the other Districts. We had a long hard winter. At one point in the Cariboo the thermometer dropped to 72 below. Kamloops City broke a long record when the temperature went to 37.6 below. Pocketbooks were badly hit for fuel and pipe-thawing. Harry Parker obtained water in his house from his neighbour's outside tap. He connected his outside tap to the neighbour's outside water tap and had water throughout his house. Due to the coal shortage during the cold snap, Kamloops reverted to blackout. To conserve electric power, different sections of the town were blacked out between 5 and 7 o'clock. It was rather inconvenient for those of us who cooked with electric stoves.

Things and Stuff

We wish the best to Thora Petersen in her new surroundings at the Vancouver District Office. Thora has proved herself a very capable stenographer and Kamloops' loss is Vancouver's gain. Speaking of losing stenographers, Grove-White is in the dog-house. On Valentine's Day he presented a ring to another of our stenographers. Daphne Burt is the lucky girl and we extend congratulations to both. Charlie Lee (Draughtsman) has been under the weather most of February. Fortunately, Charlie, February is a short month. With the warmer weather we trust he will regain his old pep.

Kamloops District (Continued).

Practically every mail brings a letter worthy of recording in a scrapbook. A cook wants a position on our "silvan culture" crew and another man is going to start logging on a lot "full of royalty."

Sound Idea. Fire Inspector Art Kirk has come up with an idea in connection with the showing of motion pictures that may be worthy of consideration for the other Districts. Inasmuch as the majority of us are rather amateur projectionists, giving rise to unnecessary delays, Kirk's proposal is to equip the projector with an inexpensive record player to play records through the loud speaker. This should cover up many embarrassing delays, and result in a more enjoyable programme.

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Those New Ties. Curling has been revived at Kamloops this winter. A forestry rink skipped by Harry A. Parker with Doug Ross third, Pat Cowan second, and Cym Williams, lead, has been more than holding up their honours. After one competition, we noted that our curlers came to work sporting new ties.

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GOOD-BYE MR. CHIPS
YOU CAN WHITTLE WHILE YOU WORK.

Somehow our message misfired this month. We visited our Parks Division Workshop at Langford with our joke book open at the page marked, "Jokes about Wood-carvers," and were intent upon doing a "rip-snorter" of an article starring the gang at Langford. However, we came away so deeply impressed by the work being done that we were forced to change our theme simply because it wasn't funny.

The Workshop is, in every way, interesting and unusual, for here are produced mundane articles like signs and picnic furniture -- but no matter how prosaic -- all conforming to the highest standards of artistic merit. Those highly polished and carved park signs are designed and produced at Langford, as are the rustic benches and picnic tables in all our Provincial Parks. From Langford, also, comes an astonishing flow of magnificent carvings, highlighting the Parks Division lodges and public buildings with their beauty. The famous "Dogwood" panels and doors at Peace Arch were carved at Langford and others, equally fine, are decorating the new Manning Park Lodge. There seems to be no limit to the variety of items and the decorative motifs being produced. We noted Len Nielsen working seriously and carefully on an exquisitely carved lamp, one of a series he has produced displaying wild-life scenes. Joe St. Pierre, the benign maestro, was designing the main entrance sign for Manning Park. Cec Lewis, taking a busman's holiday from his Island gang, was producing the copper wire frame for a parchment lamp shade. Len Shaw was busily cutting cedar for a picnic table.

All around is evidence of their multiple activities. The storage shed is piled to the roof with tables and benches for summer park use; around the walls parchments are being stretched before being converted into lamp shades; and partly-finished blocks of cedar and pine await the few last, deft strokes of a chisel to fashion them into posts or lamp-bases.

It is pleasant to contemplate such productivity in a world dedicated to the production of a bigger and better H-Bomb. Thank gosh Joe hasn't decided to whittle one of those! We wager he could do it, at that.

THE LAST C(H)ORD

THE LAST C(H)ORD
OR--THE DEATH OF A TIMBER HOG.

Now it came to pass that in the winter of the Great Snow there was a certain man who was like unto the foolish virgins inasmuch as he allowed his wood supply to dwindle, yea - even until there was but naught. And of a morning when he departed his home for his day's labours (YES I SAID LABOURS) his ever-loving wife did close the door behind him saying - "Come not back until thou bringest wood for the fire else haply thou needs seek another wife."

And the man saw that something needs be done so he approached his master and after making obeisance sayeth - "Loan me, I pray thee, thy venerable Chain Saw - the Great one that is called the Timber Hog, that I may cut wood, and once again return to my E.L.W." (ever-loving wife, to you). So the master answered and said - "Take it, go in peace - cut much wood that thou mayest be reconciled to thy wife - and besides - hotel rates are so blamed high these days."

So the man went with an friend who was in like plight and they sawed mightily upon a log. And when they were nigh unto finished, the great Timber Hog slowed and came to a stop and was seized with a great stiffness so that none could turn it for to start. So, after anointing its head with oil and explaining to it just what they thought concerning it and all others that performed likewise - they bore it away, and in due course produced divers strange tools and probed even unto its innermost parts. And they found a strange thing - that one end, called the pulley and flywheel, could turn without turning the other end. And one who was wisest in these things sayeth - "Behold an great evil has fallen upon us - the so and so crankshaft is discombobulated, which being interpreted meaneth - in two parts or broken." And it was so.

So they spake one to another saying - "What will the master say that we take away his saw in one piece and it maketh a great roar - now we bring it back in many pieces and it is silent..." And one sayeth - "The roar will now be unto the master..."

The Last Word. (Continued).

And another sayeth - "Knowest thou when thou canst yet get a job maybe even in a garage."

And the upshot of all this is - Does anyone know where an old Stihl "Timber Hog," 6 h.p. chain saw, circa 1939, can be bought second-hand for parts? If so, PLEASE write now to:

Mr. A. B. Crowe,
B. C. Forest Service,
557 Superior Street,
Room 228,
Victoria, B. C.

*** **

OUR MASTHEAD STORY

The Masthead on this issue shows a portion of the Forest Service display entered in the Mapping Exhibit assembled in the main Rotunda of the Parliament Buildings, from February 20 to March 4, and featuring the varied uses of maps by the different divisions of the Department of Lands and Forests. These displays, arranged annually by the Geographic Branch and co-ordinated by Mr. Tom Hinton of that Branch, never fail to be a great source of interest to the pupils of Victoria schools and the general public.

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