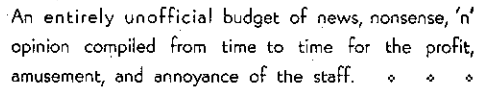


# FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



March, 1951.

Matched

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Valentine's Day being so close made a good excuse for hearts and flowers and, as a result of the excellent work of an eight man-and-woman decorating team, the room looked lovely in red and white streamers and pine boughs, and the tables with centre

First Annual Ball (Continued)

pieces and valentine place-mats for each guest. In fact I thought the room, a very pleasant red and white haze throughout. They even put some decorations on the ceiling for the benefit of those who might see them better there, but this was found to be unnecessary.

Music was provided by the Harmony Three, a local trio of fine artists. The ladies, bless them, came in their formal gowns and looked lovely. The men came in their best bib and tucker and they looked at the ladies!

Dancing started at 10 P.M. and, after the first dance, our large and genial M.C., Tom Wallace, mounted the platform and by means of the P.A. system welcomed one and all and hoped everyone would have a good time. That P.A. system wasn't really needed though. We have it on good authority that the fire engine started to turn out down town until someone stopped them and said it was just Tom on the P.A.

Moonlight waltzes, a wee doch-an-doris, circle one-steps, congas, a wee doch-an-doris, fox trots, more wee doch-an-doris followed until midnight, when Col. and Mrs. Parlow led the Grand March which, while like no Grand March ever seen before, turned out beautifully. The Colonel then said a few cheerful words of greeting, congratulated the committee on their good work, sympathized with our M.C. over the bad flying weather and announced supper.

Delicious turkey sandwiches, cake, cookies and coffee, with much neighbourly visiting back and forth between tables made the supper a special feature.

This was followed by Our Boy Tom (six feet-two and 240 pounds) bringing in on high a huge birthday "cake" bearing one lone candle and the inscription "1st Annual Ball B. C. F. S. Kam." Col. Parlow was invited to light the candle and Tom Wallace, with one mighty 240-lb. puff, blew it out. The "cake" was then cut and behold, inside was a cigar for the Colonel and each lady's name on a valentine. All the men picked a valentine, danced with her, and the party was away again and going strong until 2:30 A.M. Nobody would go home! All in all the 1st Annual Ball was a great success.

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Random Sparks From The Airwaves

Nothing exciting ever happens on the radio.

Last summer we had a call, "There is a drunk here with a rifle. He has cut the phone line and is shooting at us. Everyone has headed for the bush. Please contact Revelstoke to send the police. Here he comes again. Me for the bush". Exciting? The drunk didn't hit anyone and the "bush" wasn't damaged much.

Then there was the call from Columbia Crossing (Big Bend). "There is a car down the road with a dead man in it. His wife is having hysterics". Exciting? 'Twarn't our wife having hysterics!

Or the time a Wells Gray Park lookoutman injured himself in a fall and a 'copter was located to bring him out. Exciting? Well, we did catch a glimpse of the egg-beater a mile away.

Have you heard of an "emergency"? It comes about in this fashion: Mr. X writes Mr. Y and sets a "deadline" (see definition) for a reply. Mr. Y ignores the matter. Mr. X sends a radiogram, two days after the deadline, demanding an "immediate reply by return radio". Mr. Y ignores the matter. Then comes 4:55 P.M. two more days later and the stage is all set. Mr. Y pushes the panic button; the peaceful serenity of the office is shattered; many feet scurry about; an "EMERGENCY" exists! Yes. The poor radio operator is expected to perform another miracle.

Definition of "deadline". That date before which it would be a serious breach of Forest Service etiquette to even look for the file.

We fear the worst for Manning Park! For two or three years the morning greeting has been, "This is Manning Park, where the sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the flowers are in bloom". But one morning, not so long ago, another, and a very dismal voice came from the Kamloops radio loudspeaker, "This is Manning Park, the land of eternal twilight, everlasting silence, and never-ending snow". It's the "strong cold" that gets them!

And now, time to take a radiogram from Ranger Mtfzplqsk, "Please send me three envelopes and one lead pencil. Rush. Urgent".

"Eric Bowers"

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Operation Snow Lift

It pleases me greatly in this year of our Lord 1951 to report the receipt of Mowers Lawn each one. One small problem comes to mind however, and that is WHAT TO DO WITH THE 206.2 inches of snow that is kicking around loose (and I mean loose). You see what we are up against at present is WHERE TO PUT IT. There is no place left except straight up, and unfortunately there is nothing to lay it on there.

Now I am not sure whether this comes under OPERATION or MANAGEMENT. I have a hunch it is going to require great gobs of both to get this machine into operation. So now Big Chief, the problem is yours because we were taught to always pass that hot potato to those with one or more fried eggs on their hat, when we were pushing a uniform around.

Signed,

"Hopeful"

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Kamloops District (Continued)

You know, "Mr. Editor", we have somewhat neglected the highest official in the Forest Service during all these years and I could not let this opportunity pass without sending you this poem by Frank Kellerman who was, for three different seasons, on Moore Mountain Lookout (in a tent). It's a wild peak on the Grey stokes overlooking the Kettle River area. Frank was with me last year on Terrace Mountain, a grand old man, but fast running out of time. It's a question if he will be able to make it in 1951. However, his memory will always remain, both in loyalty and elevation.

"Roy B.W. Eden"  
Ranger.

THE HERMIT

When summer's heat and balmy winds  
Have melted all the snow,  
He packs his grub and sleeping bag,  
Prepares himself to go.

His duty it is clear to him,  
Vacation time is here,  
He starts upon his lonely trail,  
Undeterred by fear.

He loads his pack upon his horse,  
Made up of all his goods,  
And strikes through woods & meadows green  
Still wet from recent floods.

He fords the streams and jumps the creeks  
Where he can find no bridge,  
And looks around for higher ground,  
And follows every ridge.

He looks for sign of grizzly bear  
And sign of doe or buck,  
And keeps his rifle in his hand  
And hopes for hunter's luck.

He climbs the mountain as the sun  
Sinks slowly in the west,  
Sets up his tent and boils the pot,  
And lays himself to rest.

He dreams of bear and mountain goats  
That roam on every hill,  
Of cougar and of caribou  
All ready for the kill.

He listens for the calls to come,  
At morning, noon and night,  
In wind, and rain and storm and snow  
In darkness and in light.

He sweats and fumes on days of heat,  
Fights skeeter bugs and flies,  
It keeps him busy making smoke  
To keep them out his eyes.

He packs his water and his wood  
Straight up the mountain side,  
And thinking back of wonderous tales,  
He wonders who has lied.

He suffers snow-storms in July,  
In August and September,  
And winds so high and skies so low  
That he can scarce remember.

He bakes his bannock, boils his tea,  
And then begins to doubt,  
He wonders why he's stuck up here  
And what it's all about.

His hair grows long, his whiskers gray,  
His socks grow full of holes,  
His overalls grow wrinkled-up,  
His boots have worn-out soles.

He sees no one, and hears no news  
Of what is going on,  
Forgets his children and his wife,  
For he's a lookout pawn.

He is impatient for the day  
To come when he goes home,  
To live again like other men,  
And on the streets can roam.

At last that glorious day arrives  
When he goes down the hill  
To cake and pie and butter-nuts,  
Of which he has his fill.

He hangs around at home awhile,  
Walks up and down the streets,  
With dizzy head and weary legs  
And aching, weary feet.

He sees society at work  
And feels a slight contempt,  
And thinks he might be better off  
All ragged and unkempt.

And when the winter has gone by  
With ice and snow and rain,  
He loads his gun, makes up his pack,  
He's going back again.

"Frank Kellerman"  
Moore Mt. Lookout.

... ..

Last summer during the peak of our fire season we had considerable difficulty in locating a cook. Finally spotted one. Yes, he would go but his wife was not home. Well, we didn't want his wife so what had that to do with him cooking? Just this, he had a couple of mink in cages. After considerable conflag we decided to take mink and cook. This was fine as our camp would be on the shore of Adams Lake, but just as we were leaving our cook says, "What about my eight chickens?" Well damme, what now? So we took chickens also. Might say all worked out O.K. Men were fed and the mink and chickens also did well. Believe fresh eggs were served.

"H. G. Mayson"  
Ranger.

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VANCOUVER DISTRICTThe Senior Employee

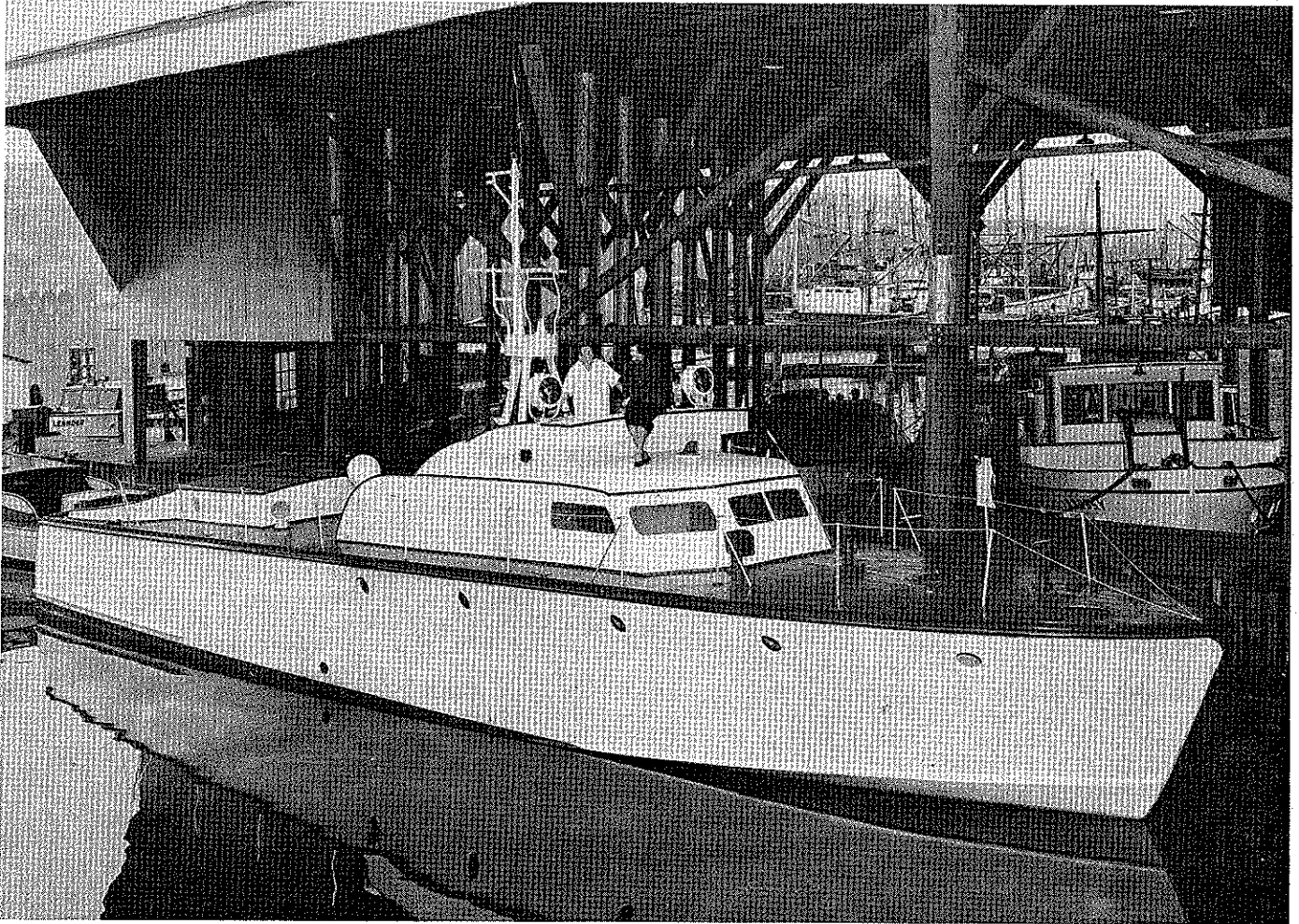
He ... commenced work in Victoria on March 1, thirty-eight years ago ... Graduated from the property room to a desk in Management ... Saw service in the first war. Worked in Victoria and Cranbrook on return to civilian life - was transferred to Vancouver in 1918 ... Holds Forest Service 25 year badge No. 7 ... Conducts a wide correspondence and is reputed to know all the answers ... Has been a tower of strength to a

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The Senior Employee (Continued)

succession of District Foresters ... Is a pattern of conventional rectitude, and possibly, some awe to juniors ... Smokes an occasional pipe ... Bought a new Hillman car two weeks ago ... Cannot be any other than the Vancouver Forest District's own Mr. E.P. Fox, Chief Clerk.

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The former owner and his wife shown aboard the 63-foot launch "Flying Saucer" recently purchased by the Service and re-christened the "B.C. Scaler". She is now undergoing alterations and repair at the Marine Station and should be ready to go into service in the near future.

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A Presentation

On the occasion of his resignation from the position of radio technician, Stewart Croteau was the recipient of a leather brief case from the staff. In making the presentation Mr. Bassett expressed best wishes and voiced the hope that Stewart would be able to keep the case full of agreements of sale. The staff were assured that since Mr. Croteau was going into the real estate business future housing problems were as good as solved.

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Welcome Back

The many friends of Miss E. Bruce are happy to see her back at work after undergoing a successful appendectomy.

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Transfers and Retirements

Management loses Assistant Forester W.E.L. (Ted) Young to Nelson in February ... Understand that T.R. (Tom) Hubbard is to be attached to the District Office and will major in cruising...

Said "So long" and the "Best of luck" to J.F. Solloway and A.C.C. Langstroth, Rangers, E.P. McAlister, Forester-in-Training, and Captain J.E. (Jack) Craddock of the Yellow Cedar - all of whom have resigned ...

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ACCOUNTS' ACCOUNT

As a result of the R.A.F. training programme during the war and the fine quality of our Victoria girls, the Forest Service acquired the services of Geoff Holyhead. Geoff originally came across the Pond with an R.A.F. unit posted to nearby Patricia Bay

Accounts' Account (Continued)

airport for training. As usual, Victoria offered the entertainment that is so lacking around any military camp and after a few sorties about Victoria, Geoff met Elsa Norris, and from that day on ceased hunting for companionship. At the beginning of the big push in Europe Geoff returned to England, "At the request of His Majesty", and saw service in both Egypt and Germany, later returning to the "old sod" for his discharge. As an unemployed airman, Geoff did not spend much time at home. The airports offered too much prospect of return to Victoria and, by perseverance, he was soon able to hitch a ride across the Atlantic in the belly of a Bomber. In very short order he and Elsa were before one of our local clergy having the knot tied.



Geoff.

After settling down to married life, Geoff joined the Forest Service and was assigned to Forest Accounts. In the office, Geoff has been continuously connected with the Timber Sales section dealing with the recording of the cut, rental, F. P.F., forfeitures and application of deposits on these revenue-makers. In addition, he also maintains the same facts in respect to Forest Management Licences.

During the past six months, Geoff's lunch-hour has been occupied with a tour of the local Real Estate Agents' offices in hopes of finding a suitable house. His efforts have finally been rewarded with the result he is now listed on the assessment rolls of Saanich as a property owner. The members of the Office have not as yet received an invitation to a house-warming, but this will assure him we will be only too pleased to attend.

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Ron Green, who formerly assisted Geoff Holyhead on Timber Sales, transferred allegiance to the Water Rights Branch early in February, occasioning several changes within our office. Bob Bayne replaced Ron Green, and John Foxgord and John (Spike) Moore transferred from Royalty to Expenditures, with Bob Long reversing the procedure and switching to District Royalty collections. Although at sea for the first few days, they all seem to have become quite conversant with their new jobs.

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Bill Higgins left the reins of the office in Al. Rhodes' hands a short time ago and took a week off to try out the skiing tips he has been picking up on his week-end trips to nearby Mt. Brenton. This time he picked Banff and, although fouled up by cancellation of all the eastbound trains, he eventually arrived there by way of the northern States and Calgary. Bill says the area is beautiful and from the pictures he brought back, especially those including the very pretty young female from Regina, we understand why he would like to return, although rumour has it he would prefer she-ing in Regina to ski-ing in Banff. Remember Bill, they both have their hazards!

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PARKS UNDER PRESSURE

This, may we state emphatically, has been a particularly gloomy period within the bright existence of this young and normally cheerful Division. Not only has nothing pleasant or newsworthy occurred - but the only things that have taken place have been of a disastrous nature. To be perfectly blunt - we would rather give you a nice hot-foot than a smile these days. Everybody has had the 'flu, and these poor mortals who were fortunate enough to escape it were given, instead, such excruciating things as the earache and toothache. In fact, Headquarters has closely resembled a frontline casualty clearing station. Then the whole office was thrown into near panic when a large person described as an efficiency expert moved in and asked us gently exactly what we did do. He really got some answers!

We hung out the black crepe for two of our bright young men who departed the Division this month. Mickey Trew left us for Management and Farm Woodlots, and Art Weston headed out into the great field of private enterprise to carve himself a fortune.

Mind you, we have had our share of escapees. One party, headed by Don Macmurchie, disappeared happily across the U.S. Border. He took with him E.A. McGowan, C.J. Velay and O.N. Johansen on what they smugly described as an inspection tour of ski areas. Yes, and our boy Chess Lyons, from whom we personally expect leadership, has been snugly ensconced in a Parks and Recreation Conference somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chicago. All we have had from him has been a highly scenic and gaily coloured postcard, cryptically captioned, "Wish you were here". We bet he does! And don't let the Chamber of Commerce fool you about Victoria, for, looking over our shoulder we can see several tons of snow sitting squarely on all our vaunted spring flowers right at this moment. (March 6, 1951).

HATCHED

PARK - To Seymour of Parks and Recreation and Dorothy Park, a DAUGHTER, Angela Christine, on January 15, 1951, at the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria. As the proud father stated - "the newest and smallest Park in the Province!"

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ANNUAL DANCE GREAT SUCCESS

On the night of Friday, February 23, at the Sirocco Supper Club, Victoria, it was once again proven conclusively that when better dances are thrown, the Forest Service will throw them!

With none of the fateful "Samonella Sunday" after-affects which colours one's memories of the 1950 Edition, this year it was simply a case of everyone having a whale of a time - and no complications. With the usual number of "old boys" present, plus a small delegation from the Resources Conference being held in Victoria at the same time, and a goodly chunk of the active Service, the number of customers exceeded 258.

The lion's share of the credit for this year's success can be placed squarely on the doorsteps of tireless George Silburn, who did all the organizing; Bill Higgins, who counted the money; and Joe St. Pierre and Len Shaw whose absolute genius at wood-carving produced 54 of the most eye-catching and appropriate signs ever seen at any Forest Service Dance - and that's something! As "going home" time approached there was an even greater scramble than usual for these beautiful little signs, some of which are shown on this issue's Masthead.

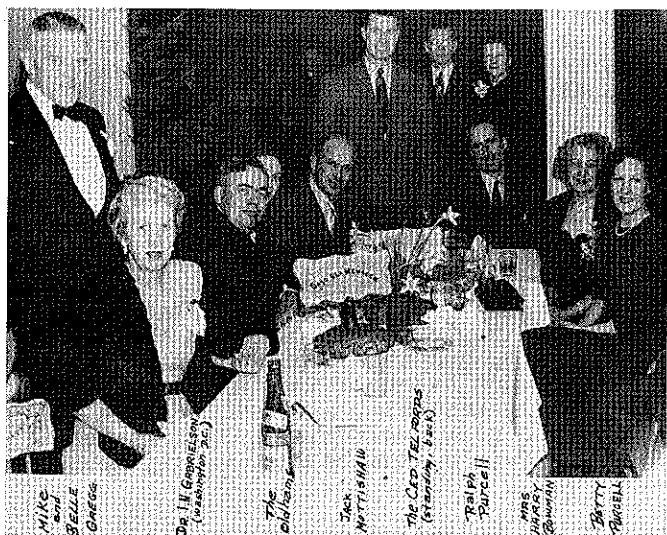
Our sincere thanks to you boys for an excellent job all round and to the girls - Phyl Christian, Lois Moir, Shirley Lundy, and Ann Emery - whose sharp eyes for beauty and sure fingers made the decorations so effective.



Cy Oldham: George Silburn: Joe St. Pierre  
and  
FRIEND



Boyle Whiting  
TED Whiting  
Margaret Long  
Norm Wharf  
Selma Turner  
Bernice Wharf  
Dick Spillsbury  
Don Davidson  
Bill Turner (standing)  
Frances Smith

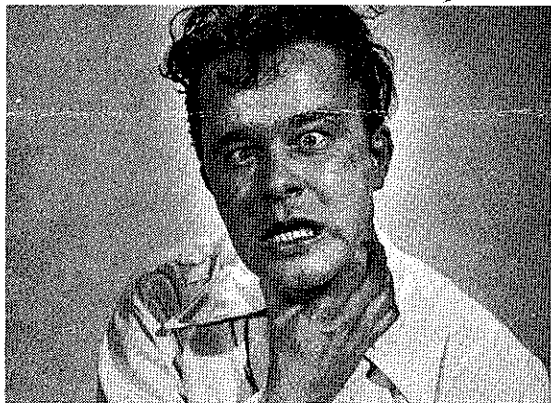


Mike and Belle O'neal  
De. H. Gough (standing)  
The Oldham  
Jack Morris  
The Oldham  
Ralph Parcell  
Mrs. Mary Brown  
Dotty Parcell



The James BLAKES and Howard TAYLORS

... ..



WHAT?

No C.L.B.?!!