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. 73 VICTORIA, B. C. May, 1949. 08581

SONGS OF THE SERVICE

Reforestation

"Do we, a hundred years from now,"
Thought our far-seeing Foresters,
"Want our poor offspring to be left
A land devoid of Douglas Firs?"

"Just visualize the bitter blow
Of loss of markets overseas,
And think of children forced to hang
Their gifts on plastic Christmas trees."

"Ah no!" they thought, "this must not be,
We must preserve our precious wood.
Our wasteful ways must be revised,
It's time that this was understood."

"Henceforth, we'll do our best to stop
Destructive logging, timber waste,
And every effort must be made
To have each fallen tree replaced."

And thus Reforestation came
To be an active Forest Plan,
With camps and crews and nurseries
The work of planting trees began.

They grow young seedlings by the score,
The foremen watch them night and day,
With patient care they pull the weeds
And chase the mice and bugs away.

As soon as snow and frost have gone
Each plant that's reached the age of two
Is lifted from its nursery bed
And handed to a planting crew.

Then grub hoes fly, and 'ere you know
Vast acres stretch before your eyes
Of tiny shoots which, decades hence,
Will match their predecessors' size.

So barring blight, bugs, frost, and fire,
Soil erosion, deer, and drought,
We will have a great new forest--
Called "McWilliams Woods" - no doubt.

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No one will welcome the end of our long winter more than members of the Reforestation Division. Unusually heavy snow combined with freezing temperatures have delayed the Spring Planting Programme more than a month. Lifting the trees in the three nurseries did not get under way until March 14 and planting projects were not in operation until after March 21. With ten million trees to plant in the short space of six weeks the reforestation staff are wishing that it took more than seven days to make one "weak."

Eight projects are in operation, all on Vancouver Island, and one logging company, working under a management licence, is planting one million trees on their own land.

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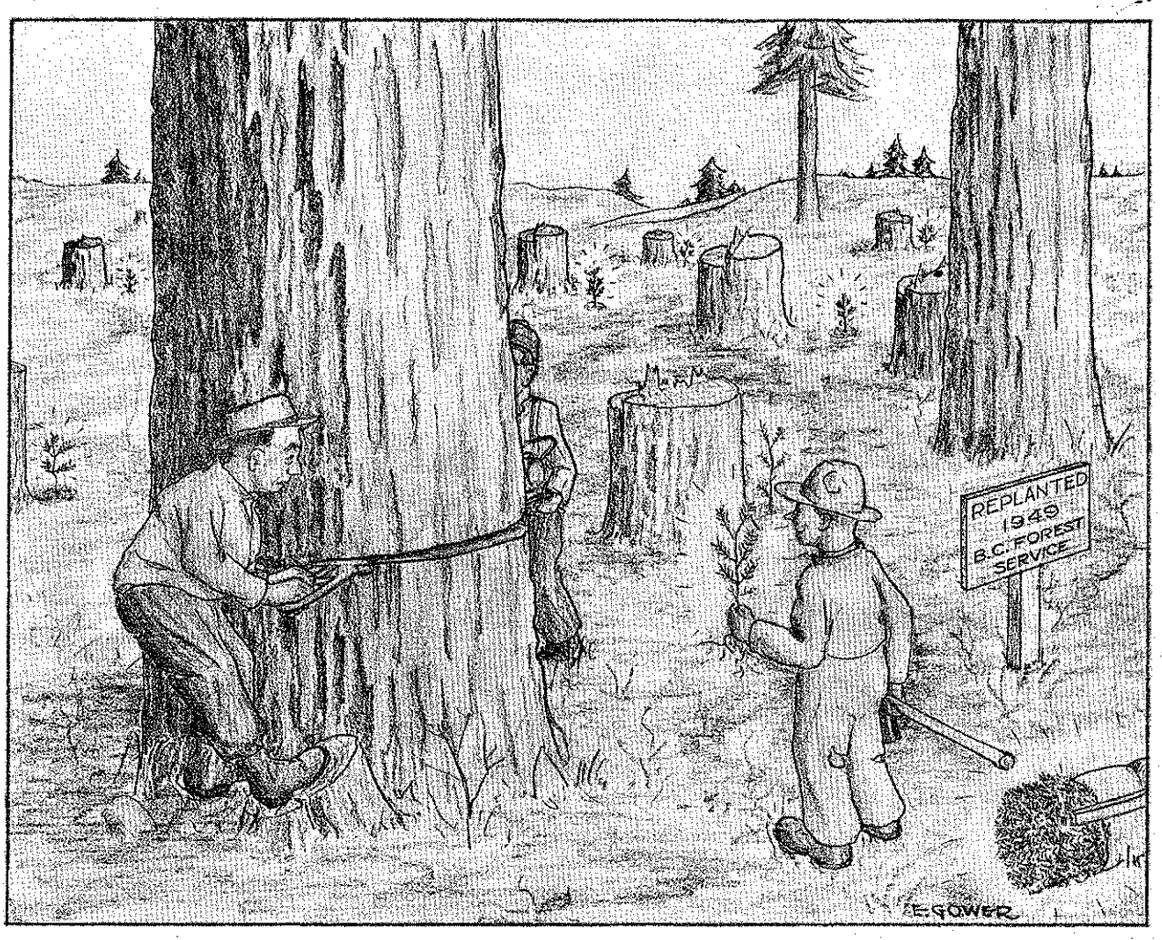


VANCOUVER DISTRICT

Ranger Meeting

Vancouver Ranger Meeting, from February 21 - 25, 1949, has passed into the record as the biggest and best the District has ever known. Assistant rangers, acting rangers, technicians, and students and faculty from the School swelled the attendance to a total of eighty-five.

Early in January, all rangers were asked to submit suggestions of at least one, but not more than three subjects which appeared to them to warrant discussion. From the replies received the District drafted an agenda, papers were allotted, and services of specialists were secured.

Boys from the Interior took a keen interest in all the subjects, came into contact with Coast rangers, and will doubtless carry some of the ideas discussed back to their Districts.

From Victoria there came Ed. Bassett, who attended throughout, and Bob St. Clair, Bill Spouse, Geoff. Playfair, Hec. Richmond, Eric Druce, Gordon Abernethy, John Collins, Clarence Cooper (Departmental Solicitor), Cedric Telford, and, on the last day, the Chief, Fin McKinnon, and Sandy Chisholm.

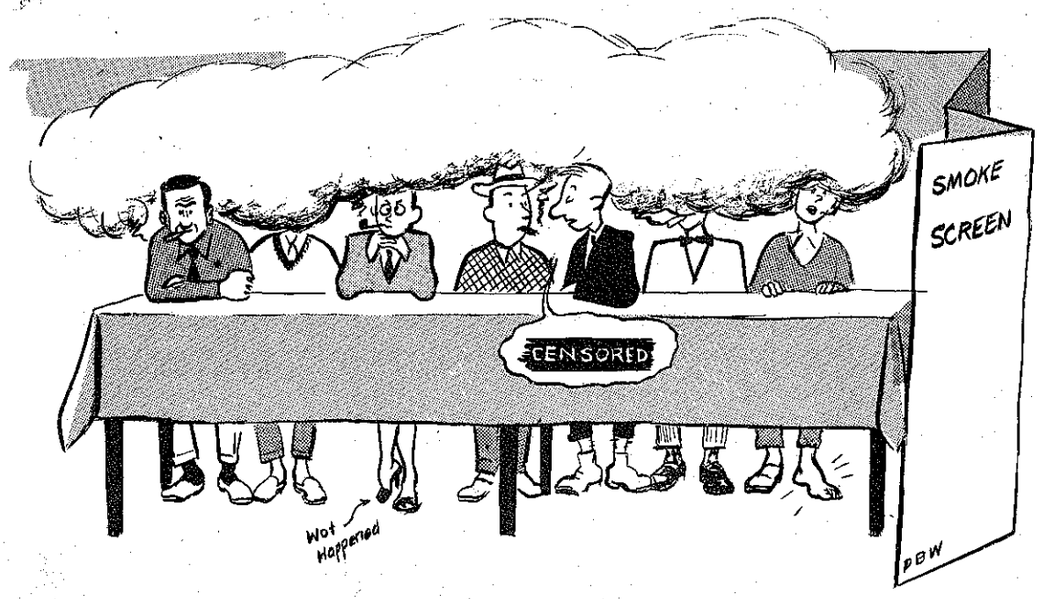
Jim MacDonald, Max Bennett, and Stewart Croteau from the Forest Service Marine Station attended the Protection sessions of the Meeting.

In opening the Meeting, District Forester Haddon expressed the opinion that, as the rangers present were outnumbered two to one, it would be better to call it a Forest Officers' Meeting, and almost as soon as discussion started the thought was advanced "that an adviser to the Crown can be of no possible use to his master unless to tell him the truth at all times exactly as he sees it, whether that truth be welcome or not" which was taken as the go-ahead signal for a full and free discussion on each paper as it was read.

Reversing a time honoured order of procedure, Protection, with Mr. Haddon as Chairman, occupied the first part of the meeting. Management followed with Mr. Stokes in the Chair. This was designed to suit the convenience of certain specialists who were to deal with Management topics. The arrangement enabled protection committees to get together and frame resolutions in time to present to the meeting.

Management appointed standing committees to study (a) salvage logging problems and, (b) concrete proposals for reducing paper work in ranger offices. These committees are to report periodically to the District Office.

The Chief Forester was present during the last day only, followed the papers and discussions closely, heard the resolutions as they were presented, and expressed himself as being very pleased with the whole proceedings. He thought it would be a good idea to send a full set of papers and resolutions to every District.



There was a banquet at the Georgia Hotel on the last night, attendance - 87 - stag (ho hum).

The Chief spoke. He conveyed the regrets of the Minister, who was detained in Victoria by the Session. He rang the changes on youth, opportunity, and the Service. At the conclusion of his remarks, he introduced Mr. E. W. Bassett as the new District Forester.

Gordon Abernethy led community singing; Cec. Cameron accompanied himself on the piano in the Trumpeter's Song; Art Stringer, as always, gave generously of his talent, and was in excellent voice in numerous songs.

Doug Taylor proposed a toast to the field men to which reply was made by Jim Mahood (the senior ranger present) and Jimmy Robinson (for the younger set).

The Chairman, Mr. Haddon, sprung a surprise at this point by making the following announcement: "Gentlemen: We are now going to have a quiz contest.

"Now if anyone wants to do a thing like that, they have to look around for a quiz master. Your committee in charge of arrangements for this gathering has acted without regard for distance, time, or expense involved, and has secured 'That eminent Showman,' 'That Super-Colossal Quiz Master,' 'That Man Who Knows All the Answers,' 'That Man to Whom the Doors of Knowledge Yield Entry as of Right.'

"Gentleman, HE IS HERE, right in this room. See how he is beaming his kindly willingness to act for us in the capacity of our Quiz Master.

"I introduce to you 'That Eminent Impressario,' 'The One and Only' 'Himself in Person' - DOCTOR CHAUNCEY I.Q."

Quiz questions were all on the up-and-up, no tricks, and prizes were uniformly acceptable, although their description had not been "published or displayed."

There you have the story; many of the boys had attended their first ranger meeting, some their last. Some had read papers, some not, but never had discussions been more general, and more fruitful.

They went back as they had come; by car to the valley, by steamboat to the lower Island, by launch to the silent North: knowing a little more of what the Forest Service has to offer, and what it expects of its members.

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VANCOUVER DISTRICT (Cont'd.)

Presentation Luncheon

A presentation luncheon was held at Stanley Park Pavilion on March 9, when membe of the Forest Service gathered to honour Export Inspector Jackson Thompson, who reached superannuation at the end of March.

Mr. Gordon Abernethy expressed the regrets of the Chief Forester at not being able to attend, and conveyed best wishes from Victoria.

Acting on behalf of office and field staff, Mr. Haddon presented Mr. Thompson with a club bag, an accessories case, and a dressing gown.

Mr. Thompson was born in Belfast, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1909. He engaged in survey and hydrographic work in B. C. until 1915 when he joined the Forest Branch as ranger at Tete Jaune Cache.

He served in France (1914-18 War), with a unit of the Royal Canadian Engineers.

On demobilization in 1919, he returned to the Forest Service being successively ranger, supervisor, and export inspector.

After retirement Mr. Thompson hopes to revisit Belfast.

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John Russell McKinlay

1888 - 1949

It is with great regret that we report the death of J. R. "Russ" McKinlay on Sunday, March 6. Russ was one of our senior scalers, and had received his twenty-five year pin from the hands of Mr. Orchard at the Scalers' Banquet in December last.

A man of outstanding character, friendliness, and honour, he has been an example to all of us both in his unselfish devotion to duty, and in his family life. As the first president of the B. C. Official Scalers' Association, he was tireless in his efforts in the interests of that organization.

Russ is survived by his widow, three sons, Don, Jack, and Bill of Vancouver, and a daughter, Bessie, of Rochester, Minn., to whom the Forest Service extends its most sincere sympathy.

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States and Statements

We, of the Vancouver Office, are not unduly superstitious but it is noticed that all good and bad happenings are coming in groups of three.

Firstly, we are glad to hear that Mr. L. B. (Lloyd) Webster is on the road to recovery, after nearly two months of illness, and is expected to rejoin us in a few weeks.

The second casualty, Jack Agnew - a reluctant resident of Shaughnessy Hospital - is now convalescing from an operation on his knee. There were wild rumours around the office that Jack(son)

VANCOUVER DISTRICT (Cont'd.)

was slipping into his second childhood, and was playing with toys. On investigation we found that he was making toys, such as Bugs Bunny's and elephants, but he has lately turned his talents to other articles, such as slippers and bags, and is even now planning to hook a rug.

And thirdly, we are happy to see Olive Shields back on the job again looking so well after a month's sick leave.

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Miss Gloria Holden became Mrs. Max Gruber on January 28 last, and established a cycle of three's. Miss Mary Westin followed through to become Mrs. Frank Cameron on April 14, and the odds are good for a third, if suites become available.

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We are glad for Shiela Breitenbach that not everything comes in three's though, for Shiela was presented with a baby boy, Michael John, on February 24.

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We welcome to the Service Alec Ferguson, who replaced Frank Roddan as Radio Technician. Alec brings to us a delightful brogue (he comes originally from Rutherglen, near Glasgow, Scotland) which he tries to reduce to a minimum when on the air but declares that, on occasion, he can make himself really unintelligible.

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It is with regret but a sly grin that we report Earl McNary's misfortune. On the day of the scalers' examinations, while performing for a group of novices, he fell off a boom of logs and landed with a resounding splash in a branch of the Pacific Ocean known as Burrard Inlet.

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PRINCE RUPERT DISTRICT

The Welcome Mat

We take this opportunity of welcoming back to our fold L.B.B. (Bev.) Boulton. Bev. has spent considerable time at the University of California, in Berkley, and at Head Office in Victoria since we saw him last, and he reports that it's grand to be back in the land of sunshine again! It's good to see you at your desk again, Bev., and we hope that your stay with us will be a long and happy one.

To Mrs. Elsie Creed goes a hearty welcome from the Rupert Office. Elsie was formerly with the Police Department and is now engaged as a stenographer in the Operation section of our organization.

Percy Young, of our Head Office, recently paid us a brief visit with the examinations for Assistant Rangers. Only two candidates wrote the exam in Rupert, but we understand that quite a few of the boys up-country were interested in taking a shot at the paper.

We welcome into the Rupert District, as Acting Ranger, Tom Ridler, from the Prince George District. Tom has spent a lot of time in this Northern Country and is back to his favourite stamping grounds at Burns Lake. We think the scenic splendour of our Tweedsmuir Park struck a nostalgic cord in Tom's memories and we hope that he will be happy in his chosen District.

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Congratulations

To W. A. (Wally) Antilla, H. B. (Herb) Hammer, and Jack Mould, go our congratulations. All three of these boys have been appointed Rangers. Wally to Southbank, Herb to the Queen Charlottes, and Jack is still at Topley, although plans for him are now being finalized. Best of luck, fellas!!

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PRINCE GEORGE DISTRICT

Housing Please!

A sincere welcome is extended to Ranger Gordon Jones who is now in charge of Ranger District #2, at Penny. The position was recently vacated by Ranger Specht who has moved into Prince George to take charge of R. D. #3, or Prince George South. We trust that both will be satisfied with their respective changes. Alf had considerable trouble in acquiring suitable housing facilities but, finally, managed to get one to suit his needs. The housing situation here is grim, as it is elsewhere, as Alf knows now.

In this connection we would like to put in a plug for Mr. Dixon and Mr. Ritson who both are on the prowl for houses or apartments for rent. Don is most anxious.

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PRINCE GEORGE DISTRICT (Cont'd.)

Social Club Dance

The first dance held by the newly-formed Social Club was a grand success and the club is serving well the purpose for which it was formed. The Social Club has completed election of officers and is fast becoming a firmly established organization. Its purpose is to acquaint and bring together all employees of the Provincial and Dominion Governments. Municipal employees too may obtain membership.

Well Done Mac & Mc!

Ranger Macalister and Acting Ranger McMillan of McBride recently received commendation from the Sub-Inspector of Police at Prince George, the Commissioner of Provincial Police at Victoria, and our Deputy Minister.

Both men were called upon to take considerable risk in assisting police in capturing an armed escapee from the McBride lockup. Constable Seaton and Acting Ranger McMillan captured the man finally some miles east of McBride. The following quote from Sub-Inspector Clark's letter tells the story:

Dear Mr. Swannell:

"I feel I must express my appreciation of the manner in which Ranger Macalister and Acting Ranger R. McMillan assisted the Police in capturing one Peter Smgeroski who had escaped from the lock-up at McBride on January 30th last.

"Acting Ranger McMillan accompanied Constable Seaton on a Forest Service Speeder and overtook Smgeroski. The latter was armed with a loaded revolver stolen from the Police Quarters. Seaton and McMillan had made plan of action beforehand, consequently when they came upon the wanted man crouching in a ditch beside the track they kept right on going for a distance of eight miles to ensure that the stopping of the engine would not be heard.

"They took up a position behind a snow bank near where the highway crossed the track; thus covering both avenues of escape. After waiting in the dark for some hours Smgeroski approached. When within twenty feet of the ambush, Seaton and McMillan held him up with rifle and flashlight, and disarmed him.

"At the subsequent trial after the accused had been sentenced to six months for being unlawfully at large, Judge Woodburn sent for McMillan and Seaton and congratulated them on their action. Previous to this he had spoken to them in commendatory terms from the Bench.

"Incidents of this nature establish more firmly the close and friendly relations which exist between our Departments."

The hard part of this story which Bob feels most is the fact that he was on holidays at the time and lost four days because of the trial which ensued at Prince George. Further, upon his return home, he was coolly received with frozen pipes!

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C. of L. Again

Did you know that it costs $360.00 a year more to live in Prince George than in Vancouver? Well, it does, and we take this opportunity to verify and quote from Penny Wise in the February 28 issue of the Vancouver Sun.

"A 100 kilowatt electricity bill in Vancouver would total $2.50. In Prince George it would come to $10.65. A $75.00 grocery bill in Vancouver would set we Prince George householders back a cool $90.31; a $25.00 meat bill in Vancouver costs $32.22; fuel costs us 38 per cent more for stove oil; 45 per cent more for furnace oil; 19 per cent more for coal; 145 per cent more for green cordwood; 20 per cent more for sawdust, and of course, that colossal 349 per cent more for electricity."

And, to rub in the bitter dose, rents are higher, cars have greater depreciation, telephone rates are higher, clothing is higher, cleaning bills are higher, restaurant meals cost more, and so on until the only word we can say is "Uncle," and we have the figures to prove it.

A brief has been prepared and presented on behalf of Civil Servants in the Prince George area.

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One would still recognize the Government Building from the outside; however, the inside has taken on a new look. Fresh paint has brightened the interior and the lighting system has been renovated much to everyone's delight.

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Public Relations, A Cinch?

Ranger "Rusty" Campbell is now touring the district on an educational tour of the outlying schools. He is having some trouble with his projector and considerable film entanglement, combined with minor breakage and breakdown. On one occasion when showing a film to a very interested class of Indian children he had the film in backwards. "Rusty" explained to the children that the explanatory notes as screened were in a foreign language and this was why they couldn't understand it!

PRINCE GEORGE DISTRICT (Cont'd.)

Film splices are another problem he must cope with. Rusty is doing a grand job and has already covered a wide territory.

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What? No Mediator?

On the weekend of March 5, a rendezvous at Vanderhoof brought together Prince Rupert and Fort George District Foresters and their delegations, to change the boundary between the two districts for purposes of better control. A new boundary was mutually agreed upon. The proposed Lookout School at Fort St. James was also discussed.

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Herbert Raymond Sansom

1894 - 1949

His many friends in the Forest Service received word of the recent death of H. R. (Ray) Sansom with sorrow and a deep sense of personal loss.

Ray belonged to the "old school" joining the Forest Service after the first Great War. He was born in York County, N. B. on May 4, 1894. In his native Province he worked in the woods and acquired the experience which later on made him a valued Forest Ranger at Dome Creek and McBride. In January, 1945, Ray resigned from the Service for health reasons and took over the management of a Billiard Hall in Jasper and later branched out with the Vets Taxi Service. At McBride he was President of the Canadian Legion for several years and Exalted Ruler of the B.P.O.E. Lodge. During the late War he was in charge of the local Pacific Coast Militia Rangers Unit.

Ray passed on at Jasper, on March 24.

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KAMLOOPS DISTRICT

Potpourri

The Kamloops District is not a prolific contributor to the Newsletter. Perhaps it is wishful thinking but we have a feeling that we plug along and get things done without any spectacular fanfare, and create little news. (Ed. Note - Perhaps!)

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We are pleased to be able to report that H. K. (Keary) DeBeck took time off from grazing his stock to visit Vancouver on March 6 to receive his D.F.C. from His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor Banks.

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Gordon Jones, one of our graduates from the last class of the Ranger School is leaving the sunny Okanagan to take on the Ranger position at Penny. We understand that he is replacing Alf. Specht who left the Kamloops district one year ago. Gordon points out that Penny is the third location to which he has been appointed to replace Alf. Specht. Our best wishes go to the Jones's in their new location.

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We extend a welcome to two new stenographers, Doreen Carter and Alena Budrawech. H. (Mac) MacDougall is now working in Kamloops, assisting in the Management office. His extra hours are busily spent trying to find a home for his family so that he can move them from Forest Grove.

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Cym Williams can now forget his Ranger worries. As of March 1 he takes on the duties of Inspector of Scalers assisting Ed. Charlesworth.

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Ranger Harry Mayson considers he has some co-operative operators. The following letter from one of his pole cutters is interesting:

KAMLOOPS DISTRICT (Cont'd.)

Barriere, B. C.
June 27, 1948.

Dear Sir:

As I did not meet your man a few days ago, so I let you know about my doings up here.

30 Poles made on timber mark	28L
30 Poles made on timber mark	7E
92 ties made on timber mark	7E

51 ties made on lot 3093 timb. mark	D.95
12 poles made on lot " " "	D.95

Now my limit, this year!
130 poles made timber sale /7015 may I also state, if I try very hard I believe I'll just get the amount of poles cruised, so everything is O.K. As to lopping, you should send me a medal, even if it is a wooden one. Next report I'll send you, when I'll be finish this will be by the end of July as it would be perhaps quite hard to find me, as I'll be invited to the hayfields all over the places. As for next years pole limit, unless I find something this fall, otherwise I'll have to make some fish poles, and rabbitt snares???

Last fall I shipped 121 poles /7015 it runs through my mind that I never got no return statement from the Kamloops Office, but stumpage and Royalty were charged and paid and deducted from my pole cheque by Gilbert Smith, so please inquire at the Kamloops Office. May be there is another mix up like that time with Holdcroft. May I also ask you about Jos. Pauli's pole limit, is it still open, or has somebody snapped it up already?

May I also tell you I have a nice little black bear up there in my limit, but I found it out, he was not shy at all but I tell you only that much, I sooner not meet him no more, NO NO.

May I also say, I'll be pleased if you would come up here, and talk things over sometimes, and so I believe thats all for this time, and meantime I try not to cut the wrong knots off.

With best regards from Old Frank up there.

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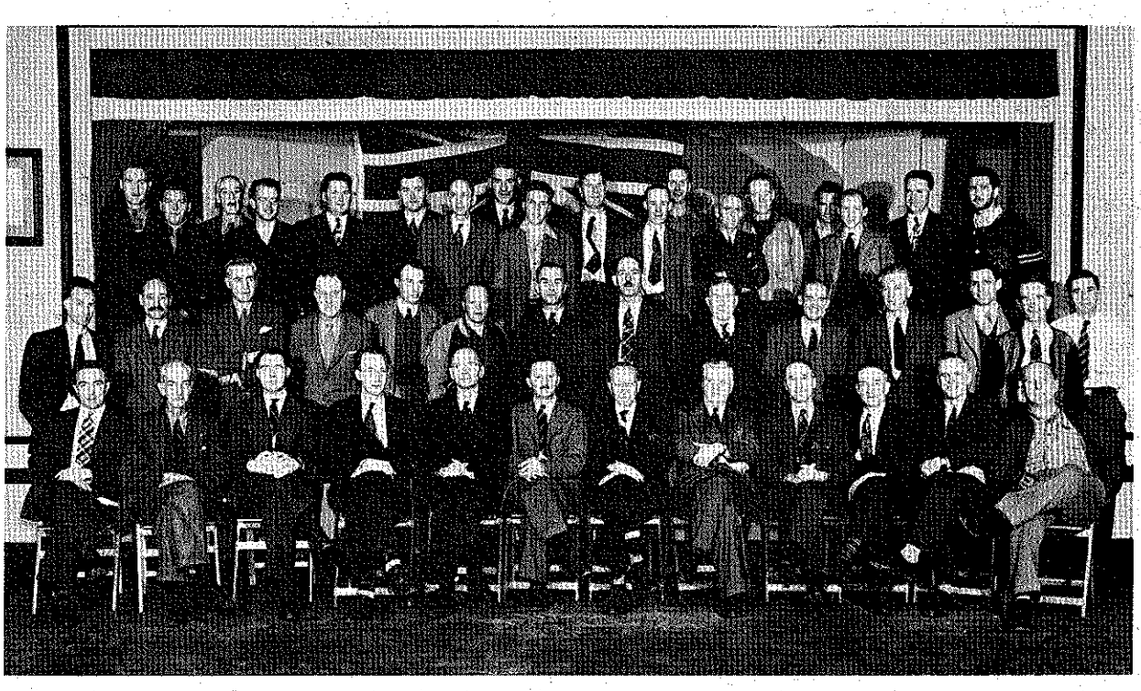

RANGER MEETING - KAMLOOPS FOREST DISTRICT - MARCH, 1949

Back row: Harry Mayson, Spud Huffman, John Pinder-Moss, Johnny Noble, Irwin Johnson, Don Fraser, Lawrence Ott, Jack Hayhurst, Ernie Graffunder, Bob Hewlett, Huntley Campbell, Guy Ludgate, Alan Sim, Harry Dearing, Jack Weller, Keary DeBeck, Lee Fraser, Gordon Bregoliss.

Middle row: Doug Ross, Emery Scott, Jack Boydell, Cym Williams, Stan Noakes, Al Norberg, Milt Johnson, Ray Downing, Jack McCluskey, Pat Stevens, Charlie Robertson, John Bruce, Henry McDougall, Pat Cowan.

Front row: Art Kirk, Charlie Perrin, C. Grove-White, Cy Phillips, Gerry McKee, Alan Parlow, Bob St. Clair, E. B. Prowd, Ed Charlesworth, H. (Fergie) Ferguson, Roy Eden, Ted Gibbs.

NELSON SPEAKS

Trundlers Active

The Nelson Civil Service Bowling League is still very much on the map, and unchallenged champions of the Forest Service, since a feeble attempt was made by Victoria Office to cop the championship a year ago.

Games are being played regularly every Friday night, and great interest shown by all participating.

The other Friday night, friend Gerry joined us in our regular games for that evening and we are now wondering if it was just for personal pleasure, or could it be that he was making a Departmental Survey of the strength of our League for future reference. Whatever the case may be, we like to remind you that we still hold the championship. (Ed. - We know!)

Here, for the record, are the averages: G. Gill (186); A. Larsen (174); H. Holmberg (173); I. B. Johnson (172); H. Forse (164); S. McLean (161); L. Ott (157); L. Chase (155); M. Klein (154); W. Wicken (153); P. MacLeod (151); A. Boyce (142); D. Terry (134); D. Burgess (125); P. Turner (113).

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An Office Boy's Philosophy of Life

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his consent, and goes out against his will and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of the trip. When he is little the big girls kiss him; when he is big the little girls kiss him. If he is poor he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favour. If he is in politics, it is a graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to the country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does it's for show. If he is actively religious he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection he is soft; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling. If he saves money, he is a miser; if he spends it, he is a spendthrift. If he gets it, he's a grafter; if he doesn't get it, he's a bum. So what's the use?

(Ranger Charlie McGuire)

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After ten years as patrolman in the Duncan Forest is it much wonder that a man takes to drinking!

One method of getting the lid down on a 10 man mess kit when all other methods have failed.

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Steam From the Kettle

The old saying "I have seen thousands of Januarys, but never yet one without a thaw" did not hold good this year. We have come through one of the longest extreme cold spells ever experienced in this vicinity, with sub-zero temperatures continuing almost without intermission since early December, and no sign of a thaw.

We were inspecting the work being done by the slash disposal crew up Ingram Creek the other day, and came to the conclusion that they were fighting a losing battle because, though they did their best with the aid of the choicest of dry kindling wood, logging slash, fuel oil and flame throwers, their efforts to warm up the great outdoors were futile, as the effects of their fires could not be felt at all beyond a radius of 20 feet.

Incidentally, Vancouver is not the only place where sawdust is worth its weight in gold these days. Fleets of trucks from Osoyoos, Oliver and other Okanagan points are currently plying the Southern highway to Rock Creek and vicinity, ferreting out every accessible sawdust pile and hauling the precious material back to the shivering residents of the fruit country.

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NELSON DISTRICT (Cont'd.)

Do Bears Shave?

One of our Assistant Rangers tells the story of a suppression crew recruit from the city last year who was appalled at the evidence of the abundance of bears in the country. The evidence--streams of black woolly Usnia (bearded) lichen on every tree, which the young nimrod took to be hair that the bears lost from their chests while chasing each other up and down trees. We use paper for wiping our razors. Apparently the bears prefer trees.

Then there was the callow dispatcher who, when the Ranger mildly suggested that it was hardly "cricket" to use official stationery and envelopes regularly for corresponding with his girl friend, naively remarked "Oh, that don't matter, she don't care what kind of stationery I use just so long as she gets a letter." You can't win.

Certain members of the local staff have been discussing the virtues of the Ranger School. The opinion, however, appears to be unanimous that the new, local, two-room, public school (with residence) has proved much handier and the company more attractive.

However, there appears to be some caulked booted competition, a case of government versus industry. We wonder what chance the slide rule and Biltmore stick will have against the axe and peavy.

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Are We In Cahoots With the Animals?

Recently the local Ranger, while on a trip up the "Kettle," chanced to meet a large bobcat hanging around one of the Valley farms. A few days later the officer visited said farm and was duly invited to partake of a most delicious roast chicken dinner.

While lingering over the remains our hostess vouchsafed the information that we owed our dinner to one "Bobcat" that had got into her chicken house and killed (without devouring or mutilating) 5 of her fat pullets before his murderous career was ended by a bullet from her husband's rifle.

On learning of the previous meeting between Ranger and Bobcat, our host's attitude of friendliness turned to that of suspicion. We are now accused of connivance.

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"In The Spring a Young Man's Fancy"

Our Assistant Ranger Verne Hopkins seems to have been paying special attention to the improving and renovating of the Beaverdell Headquarters during the past season, with many a Sunday and evening hour put in on the business end of a paint brush, etc.

We wonder what all this interest and ambition portends! Rumour has it that the strains of Lohengrin will soon be heard emanating from the "Kettle."

Another good man on his way to the dogs, another unsalaried Dispatcher about to join the ranks. We wish them all the best.

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RANGER SCHOOL

Greetings to all from the 1949 Ranger School Student Body. We are in the midst of our course and by the time this appears in print (if it does), we shall be busy with, or possibly through our exams for this session.

Former students will be interested to hear that the old school buildings are now a thing of the past and that we are taking our daily medicine in the new school building...which is a great improvement. We did struggle through a large part of the cold winter in the old building and some of the comments of the Interior boys about our B. C. climate were quite caustic.

Of course, the Vancouver District boys were under the necessity of explaining that the cold weather and snow were obtained here only at great expense and trouble, just to make the others feel at home, and we thought their efforts in this direction should have been better appreciated.

One of the highlights of this session was the opportunity afforded to the whole student body to attend the Vancouver District Rangers' meeting, and we all wish to thank the school authorities and the Vancouver District officers for making this possible.

One thing the Ranger School does is to bring the boys together from all parts of the Province and thus each gets an insight into the problems of the others. We propose, in all fairness, to give a review under District headings, of such information as so far has been disseminated.

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Nelson District

A tremendous amount of research has been carried on in the theory of the jet propelled fly. Work still to be continued by Bob Robinson. No definite conclusions reached as yet.

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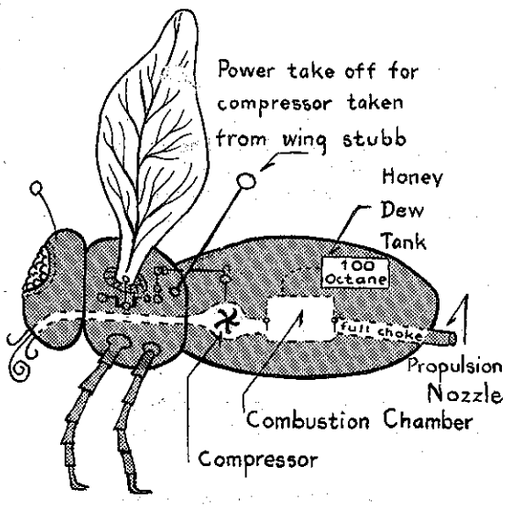
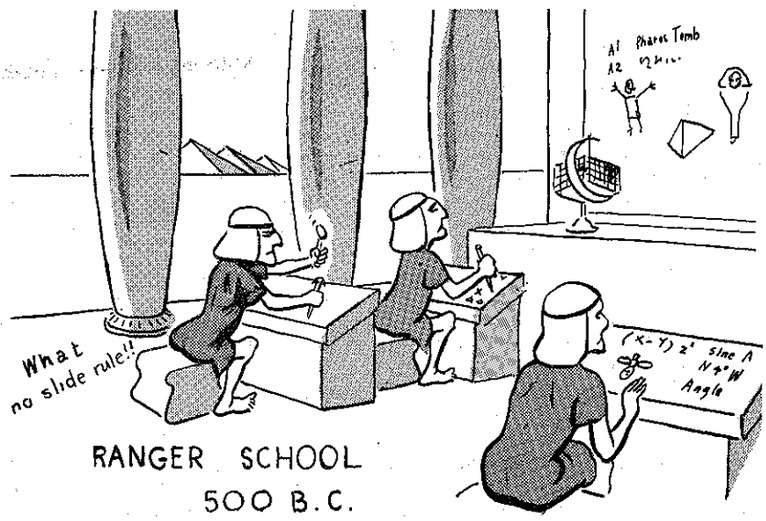
RANGER SCHOOL (Cont'd.)



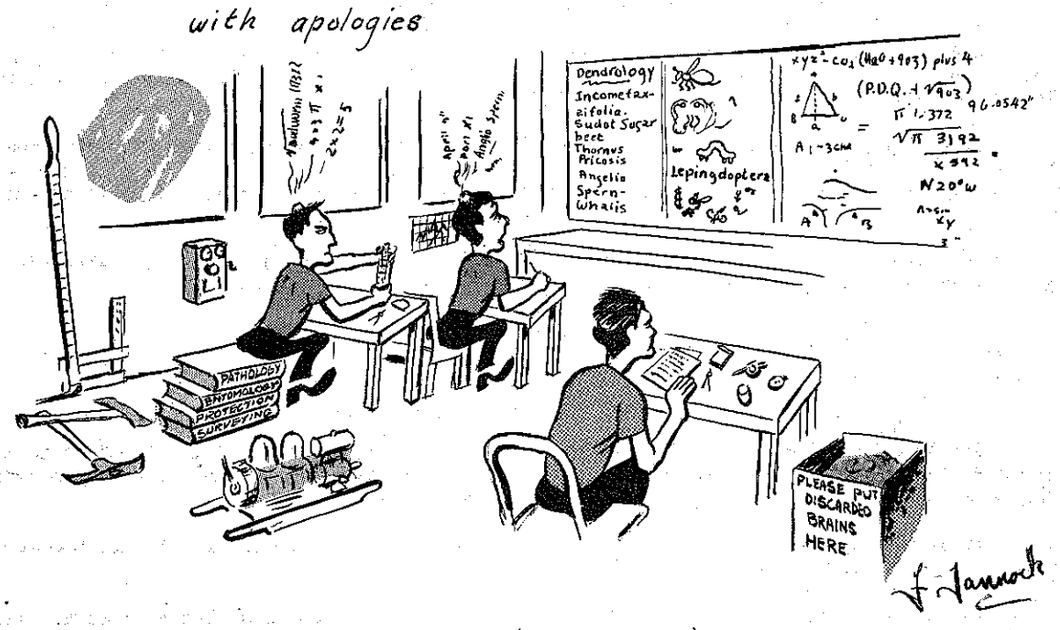
The Robinson Blow-Fly--
Jet Propelled



Ranger School - 500 B. C.

RANGER SCHOOL TO-DAY

with apologies



Ranger School to-day (with apologies)

Peace River District

Our impression of the Peace River District, supplied by our good friend Harry Barbour (good for an argument at any time), is a country overpopulated with pretty Indian maids. The country is of a park-like nature, wide expanses of lush, green muskegs, dotted here and there with oases -- like plots of standing timber into which one can go and take refuge from the mosquitoes.

Harry is very secretive about the work he does and even about the method of travel. We have in our minds a picture of a pair of snowshoes hanging on a lone arctic pine, with a snarling dog team near the entrance of an igloo -- a cosy two-roomed igloo. And the pungent odour of whale blubber, frying in fish oil, floating on the frosty air.

Ah me! Oh for the life of a Barbour, with apologies to our good friend Harry "the Barbour."

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Prince George District

George Meents advances the theory that where the white spruce and the Engelmann spruce have come into contact in the Golden region, they have cross-pollinated and formed the species of tree found in that region. He says that if this is true of the spruce may it not also be true of the pines....Lodgepole pine cross-pollinating with the snow pine, giving the hybrid....the yellow pine.

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Kamloops District

What well known Kamloops Asst. Ranger has a new car, and a "money full of pockets." (Quoted from recent school debate)

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School Daze

The students at the "Ranger School" feel that one important insect has been left out of the course on Forest Entomology; therefore, we offer this information for publication in the Newsletter so that the previous classes may add it to their Entomology notes.

G. LEPIDOPTERA

Glacis Spagiitteae Ridiculi (Ice Worm)

This insect has been only a secondary pest since the late 1800's, at which time it received mention in some literary works.

Host — Attacks ice in rivers and lakes, also snow in snowfields.

Range — Northern part of North America including Alaska, Yukon, and N. W. Territories extending south to 50th parallel in the interior region.

Losses — Effects, not often noticeable except when infestation is severe, may be noticed in lakes and rivers where it weakens the ice and makes it unsafe for travel. Everyone is aware of the possibly serious consequences to a traveller, trapper, prospector, forest ranger, etc., who falls through the ice in winter. In snowfields the larvae feed on ice crystals in the lower strata, undermining the field so that, when additional weight is placed on the surface, the whole snowfield is likely to sink or fall a short distance and an exhalation of air may be heard. This "sinking" may cause considerable panic and has proved fatal in cases of persons with weak hearts, and in cases where those affected failed to take their supplies with them when they departed from the scene of the "sinking."

Adult — Commonly known as Snowflys, comes forth in large numbers during snowstorms and blizzards. Being white and not very large (length about 1 cm.), they are practically indistinguishable from snowflakes. Very little is known of their habits. In some respects this insect is similar to the Gold Bug. However, it remains to be proven that these insects are of the same species.

Eggs — Laid in masses on moss in Tundra and Barren lands; also in Muskegs and other open spaces in wooded areas. Eggs are laid in spring, "oversummer," in these places. Egg is ovoid, translucent with irridescent tins, small in size, and usually laid in roots of moss.

Larva — Eggs hatch after first snowfall and young larvae commence at once to feed on ice crystals near the ground. They grow rapidly to 4" to 6" in length with diameters of 1/16" to 1/4". Abdomen is white and the head is purple in colour: mouth parts are well developed. In extremely cold weather they may come up to the surface of the snow and it is at this time they are most often seen. The reason for this habit is undetermined.

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THE RED DESTROYER

The travellers were weary,
For they had travelled far,
And on their backs were heavy packs
Which they dropped on the sandy bar.

The mid-day sun was burning,
They felt the need for rest;
So glanced around and soon they found,
An answer to their quest.

Just a few steps to Eastward,
Across the river's fork;
A little canyon opened out,
A few more steps to walk.

They found a level, shady spot,
Moss covered, cool and damp:
And from the ground: A welcome sound,
Came water for their camp.

One man with care began to clear,
A spot to place their camp,
For they had learnt to light a fire
On ground quite bare, or damp.

Then one got water from the spring
His friend began to fry,
Some trout he caught just up the creek;
A treat to nose and eye.

Then with coffee quickly boiling,
Made with water from the spring;
They dined with splendid appetite
On food fit for a king.

They finished up their supper,
Lit their pipes and took their ease;
And thanked their Gods for B. C. Woods,
With its tall and stately trees.

"Well we must be progressing,"
Said one man to his chum.
"Pick up your duds and let us go,"
"The day is nearly done."

The two men quickly started out,
To take the homeward route;
But neither man had stopped to put,
That smouldering Camp Fire out.

As they started down the trail,
In neither's mind was any doubt,
That this time THE OTHER FELLOW,
HAD PUT THE CAMP FIRE OUT.

The little Camp Fire slumbered on,
And every now and then
A fitful breeze just moved the trees,
Then died away again.

Just as the sun was setting,
Its lengthening shadows send,
There came a gust that raised the dust
And caused the trees to bend.

The little slumbering camp fire,
On its hot and ashy bed;
Felt the breezes stirring,
And op'ed its eyes so red.

Another gust came in again,
But stronger than the last;
It blew the startled fire to life,
Before it quickly passed.

Then faster ever faster,
The wind began to blow,
Until before the summer gale,
The trees were bending low.

Sparks from that little camp fire,
Spread on a rocky bluff,
And soon a lot of little fires
Were burning in the 'Duff.'

The little flames kept travelling,
Along the rocky ground,
Towards a noble Cedar Tree,
With a chuckling, crackling sound.

THE RED DESTROYER (Cont'd.)

That Cedar Tree had guarded,
The Canyon's rocky bed,
For full two hundred peaceful years,
And seedlings gently spread.

Over distant hillsides,
In endless rows of green;
Filling the spreading valleys,
Its children could be seen.

Now creeping towards the Cedar
Came those chuckling Imps of flame,
Let loose by Careless Campers
That curse our woods and game.

Closer and closer the Fire-fiend
Like Cougar hunting its prey,
And the wind in the Trembling poplars,
Cried "Merciless Fire Fiend Stay."

For a moment it crouched and waited
Just under a mossy branch;
Waiting another Stronger breeze
To speed up its devilish dance.

Just then another gust of wind
Came roaring through the pass;
The flame sprang up and the Cedar Tree
Was a raging, blazing mass.

Two hundred Springs and Summers,
God took to build that tree;
In just three seconds time it was,
A splendid memory.

And was this the only damage
Caused by those careless two!!
"Oh no" that restful Campsite
Was lost to me and you.

As the great Forest Giant
Died with almost human scream;
In a sheet of flame that rose to heaven,
To the God of all things green.

As if in answer to its protest,
Ere the Mighty Monarch died;
Came a lashing gale that lifted
Fire and Sparks on every side.

Up that little narrow canyon,
With its cooling pools and falls;
Roared a raging hot inferno,
Leaving nought but blackened walls.

By: Acting Ranger Denis Crowther,
Nelson Ranger District.

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VICTORIA

What is Research Doing?

The research staff of the Economics Division wintered in the old barn on Michigan Street. Despite rumours started by the survey gang, the circus is nearing full swing again after the staff shortage of the war years. Ringmasters 'Alec' Alexander, Dick Spilsbury, and Eric Garman are smartening up seven assistants among their respective rings of mensuration, soils, and silviculture. A collection of acts, some dating back almost thirty years, are being dusted off and presented from time to time as research notes and in the "Annual Reports." As with the good fuel of the forester, ageing is a necessary pre-requisite for most forest research problems and the acts foreseen by our predecessors are only now hitting the ring. Anticipating demand for new acts to meet the requirements of recent legislation and the resultant need for more trained performers is the biggest problem.

Most of the acts are rather dull except to selected audiences. However, Alan Orr-Ewing is trying some new angles on fooling the poor little field mice, which may be of interest. It seems the little fellows have a passion for fir seeds, particularly hand-sown ones, and all efforts through the years to disguise the seeds as pebbles, mouse traps, or atomic bombs have failed to discourage their appetites. Working on the theory that the smell of their worst enemy may cause their little hearts to palpitate and scare them away, Alan has located a supply of a certain little animal's protection glands and after extracting the scent (in the back room of our office, mind you) he rolls the seed up in a bit of clay and impregnates it with the smell. Actually it is not a bad job since he collects ten per cent of the gross from the corner coffee shop, each day he succeeds in driving the staff outdoors (the Chief doesn't read this drivel, does he?). Also he has the bus all to himself on the way home -- during the rush hour too! The only drawback is the rumour his wife feeds him, and makes him sleep, in the basement. When last heard from, he was out in two feet of snow at Cowichan Lake setting a mouse trap by each seed to see if his theory was any good. Seriously, though, when all the kinks are ironed out his act will be well worth the kidding he takes.

The whip just cracked by my ear. Where was I? Oh yes! Trying to prove that trees grow -- a cinch, but how fast?

"Joe Research"

P.S. Best of luck to new performers, J. N. (Mike) Finnis, formerly Imperial Forestry Institute, Oxford and Daryl R. Selkirk, ex U.B.C.

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Annual Dance in Victoria

As usual the Annual Service dance was one of the social highlights of the year, enhanced by the presence of Service members and their wives from points outside Victoria and by the return of many "alumni" who have graduated to the ranks of industry.

This year the dance was held in the main ballroom of the Empress Hotel due to the inability of the Royal Colwood Golf Club to accommodate the throng which increases in size each year.

The hardy perennial committee of George Silburn, Harold McWilliams, Joe St. Pierre and Phyllis Christian (with powers to add) again staged the show and developed the decoration motif. The total attendance was in the neighbourhood of 250.

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B. C. Forest Service Memorial Fund

Contributors to the fund must occasionally have wondered at the lack of progress reports. To tell the truth there hasn't been much to report. Early in 1948 sufficient contributions had been received to enable us to repay the amounts loaned by fellow members in the Service to permit us to meet our total commitment of $2,500.00 to the Queen Alexandra Solarium. Following repayment of loans, Messrs. Barclay and Sendey of the Forest Service Accounts Division, official auditors for the Fund, gave the Treasurer's accounts a thorough overhaul, and affixed their stamp of approval. The balance on hand in the Bank is $18.28. Subsequently, receipts to cover deductions from taxable income have been distributed.

At the request of the Committee the following report has been received from the Solarium as to the situation with regard to the money contributed -

> I have been asked by the Directors to advise you that the Solarium's long-term building programme has not been finalized as yet. The money donated by the B. C. Forest Service Memorial Fund has been set aside in a special fund awaiting the day when the building programme can be started.
>
> The excessive cost and the scarcity of materials have made it impossible for us to go forward with major building plans. However, we do hope that in the not too distant future we may be able to proceed with plans that have been long delayed.
>
> Will you be good enough to advise the B. C. Forest Service Memorial Fund Committee that we will discuss fully with them all plans for the erection of the memorial chapel. We are indeed sorry that it has been necessary to postpone its erection so long.

Due to rising costs of all services and supplies, the Solarium is experiencing great difficulty in financing its operations. The public generally is under the impression that the Solarium comes under the benefits of the Provincial Hospitalization programme and, in consequence, has not maintained the usual generous support. The Solarium does receive some Government support but is not fully financed by the Hospitalization programme.

Representations are being made for additional Government financial support and this appeal may be successful. In the meantime, however, your Committee has discussed this matter with members of the staff and has decided to again establish the practice of monthly collections on a voluntary basis, the proceeds to be turned over at periodic intervals to the Solarium for general operating expenses. Your generous co-operation is urged. Receipts for contributions over $1.00 per year will be available for income tax purposes.

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Matched and Hatched

Matched

L.B.B. (Bev) Boulton to Bertha Crosby, January 29, 1949 -- Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria. On Monday, February 28 the staff of the District office joined briefly to express Best Wishes to the happy couple, and presented them with a silver tray on behalf of Bev's associates in Victoria as well as the members of the Rupert District. The presentation was made by District Forester Marc Gormely with a few well-chosen words. Heartiest Congratulations to you both.

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Jack Woolsey and Grace Victor...February 26, 1949, at New Westminster. Both of Quesnel.

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K. N. (Ken) Petersen hurried home from the Ranger School to be married. On December 27, 1948, Ken and Miss Dorothy Williams were wed.

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Hatched

Brian Dennis arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. (Pat) Cowan on January 21.

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To Mr. & Mrs. (Shiela) Breitenbach on February 24, a son, Michael John.

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To Mr. and Mrs. Don Owen, Victoria, Deborah Jane. On February 16.

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To George and Mrs. Warrack, Victoria, a daughter, Heather Margaret.

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To Ed and Mrs. Roberts, Cowichan Lake Station, a daughter, Joan Helen.

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