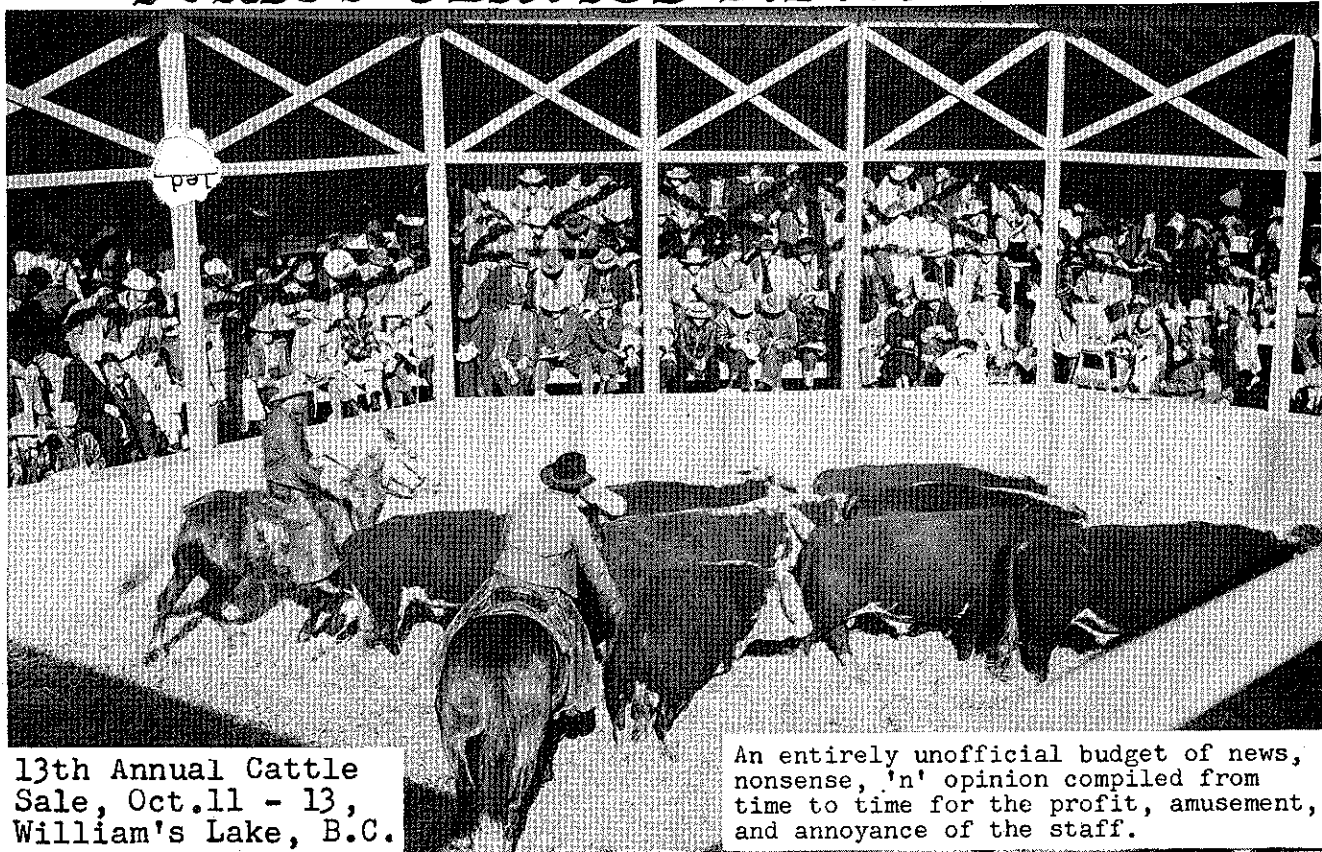


FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



13th Annual Cattle
Sale, Oct. 11 - 13,
William's Lake, B.C.

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

No. 88

VICTORIA, B.C.

November, 1950.

FORT GEORGE NEWS

Official Volunteer No. 1

The last time this District submitted anything for the Newsletter we were looking forward to the disappearance of the snow from the woods. Now we are busy getting in a new supply of snowshoes. We could think of plenty of reasons why no news was sent in, but the chief one seems to be that everyone thought that somebody else was taking care of things this time. Finally the Boss took action and appointed an "Official Volunteer in Charge of Newsletter Material" - namely, your correspondent. Said correspondent decided he could save himself a lot of work by getting a number of people to contribute a paragraph apiece, then taking these items together and sending them in. Unfortunately, the few items obtained in this manner proved either libellous or censorable, so very little -- and that little much watered down -- appears in what follows.

... ..

Delayed Action

Most of you have probably heard rumours of the fires in the Peace River Area which broke loose on September 22. We had counted our costs and added up our total number of fires to that date and, as a result, felt well pleased with ourselves for the 1950 fire season. We assumed that the hazard was over, so the lookout men and patrolmen were put on improvement work or were laid off for the season. But the Peace River country didn't realize that the fire season should have been over. A buildup of fire weather combined with 40 M.P.H. winds caused dormant fires to spring to life and numerous new blazes to start up.

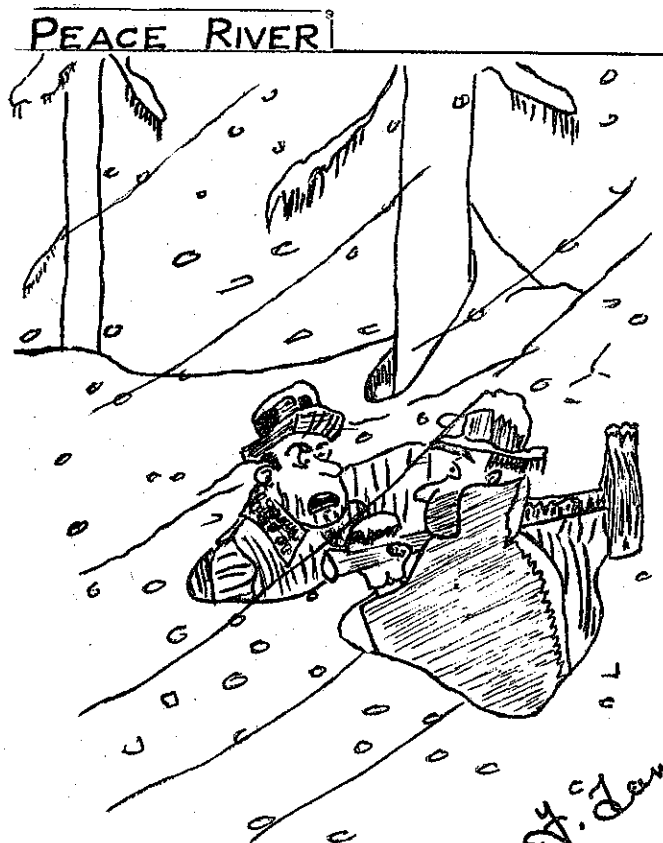
The fires were so extensive that it was decided to send a man from the District Office to take charge. Supervisor Floyd Nelson, who runs the Management Office, was sent north to handle the job. This may sound a bit unusual, but it is typical of the sort of situation that makes life so interesting in this District. Floyd soon found plenty of scope for exercising his talents for diplomacy as well as his fire-fighting ability. It seems that the farmers in the Peace have a habit of burning off timber, and when the fire backfires on them and burns their crops and homes as these fires did, they somehow or other feel that the Forest Service is responsible since Government timber is involved. Floyd, however, managed to convince them otherwise (or so he tell us). The fires were crowning on the night of September 24 which is very unusual at this time of year (like our weather). However, with the assistance of men and bulldozers (which put in five miles of fireguard one day) the fires were kept out of the main blocks of timber until rain and snow on September 25 finally brought the blaze under control. But our fire costs were certainly increased greatly in a remarkably short time. Special praise is due to Acting Ranger Leon Mitchell who had charge of the District in the absence of Ranger Angly who was at Ranger School. Leon did a top-flight job in organizing the fire-fighting efforts over a large area.

... ..

School Roundup

In addition to Ranger Ralph Angly, two of our Assistant Rangers, Roddy MacKenzie of Fort St. John, and Lorne McQueen of Pouce Coupe, are now going through the grind at Ranger School. Recent graduates of the school are Ranger Patterson who now has charge at Fort Fraser, and Rangers Woolsey and Meents, who are now at Quesnel. During September, Mrs. Meents - nee Doreen Tobiasson and former Management steno - presented George with a daughter, Diane Lynn. Congratulations, George and Toby.

... ..



That d--- Post's Around
Here Somewhere!

Welcome!.

The welcome mat is unrolled for Miss Marion Laferre, who is handling the rugged task of Operations steno, and for Art Bowes who has joined us as junior draftsman. This has doubled the drafting staff and they seem to be working on the assumption that twice the staff means twice the output. At any rate, as Victoria office has probably noticed, the number of amended clearances has increased tremendously of late.

... ..

Annual Picnic

Last month the Annual District Picnic was held at Mr. Bob Carter's summer home at Bednesti Lake. Perfect weather and sufficient food combined to make the affair quite successful. The amazing capacity of kids for ice cream was well illustrated with most of them lining up at least six times for further helpings. Conspicuous in the queue was Asst. Ranger Jack Bailey. That was quite understandable, however, as a man of his size obviously needed at least six helpings to fill him up. The only casualty reported was that of the ice cream dispenser, who suffered from a strained right arm, which caused him to land quite a few scoops of the best vanilla on the floor. In order to recover from his strenuous labors he decided to relax on the lake in a canoe. However, he couldn't paddle with that arm, so the Operations steno went along with him. This has led to rumours in certain quarters that he was attempting to teach the Operations steno how to operate. However, we have it on the best of authority that she knew all the answers already. Sure was a nice trip, though.

... ..

Successful Exhibit

The Forest Service had a rather unusual exhibit at the Prince George Fall Fair this year. It consisted largely of specimens of the conks and rots found in the District. The exhibits were provided by Mr. Tannhauser of the Dominion Forest Pathology Lab. The samples made a most impressive display and the fact that somehow or other the labels were all mixed up hardly mattered as no one knew the difference anyway. Tucked away behind a large conk, where nobody but a nosy newspaper reporter could possibly detect it, was a sad-looking little green toadstool -- which brings us to:

THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE CARNIVEROUS CLITOCYBE

Last August, a worthy citizen of Prince George, whilst engaged in the laudable and most necessary task of repairing one of the town's boardwalks, found this little green fellow nestling underneath a rotten plank. Stuck on its top edge and still struggling feebly was an ant which seemed to be in the process of being absorbed alive by the toadstool. The finder took the specimen to the local newspaper editor and then brought it to the Forestry Office for identification. No one could identify it, however, but we were all convinced that it could not be carnivorous because such things don't exist. Since the discoverer of this scientific marvel was not satisfied with this we promised to turn it over to the Dominion Pathologist for identification. However, the latter said - and we quote "I'm a tree rot man so I don't know what it is. Send it to Professor Buckland at U.B.C. He knows all the answers" - unquote. So we did just that and in due course we received a lengthy reply from the professor which was published in the local paper, and from which we quote the following pertinent excerpts:

"I know of no animal or plant that eats with its reproductive structures, and the mushroom is entirely a spore-producing mechanism. To explain the incident: a Clitocybe odora was eating a board walk and growing very rapidly since fungi find Northern Interior board-walks very nutritious. The whole structure probably grew in less than 48 hours. Odora produces a waxy surface which is or would be quite good fly-paper covering if it could be gathered in sufficient quantities." (Forest Economics to note).

"Apparently, traffic was not heavy on the board walk and an ant was approaching the given individual, Odora. A sudden jar, or mis-step on the part of the ant, and he found himself on top of Odora which did nothing about it but continued to grow. The ant would live with only its feet stuck for at least 24 hours, as you or I would, and in that 24 hours Odora could grow around the annoying ant at least as far as it did."

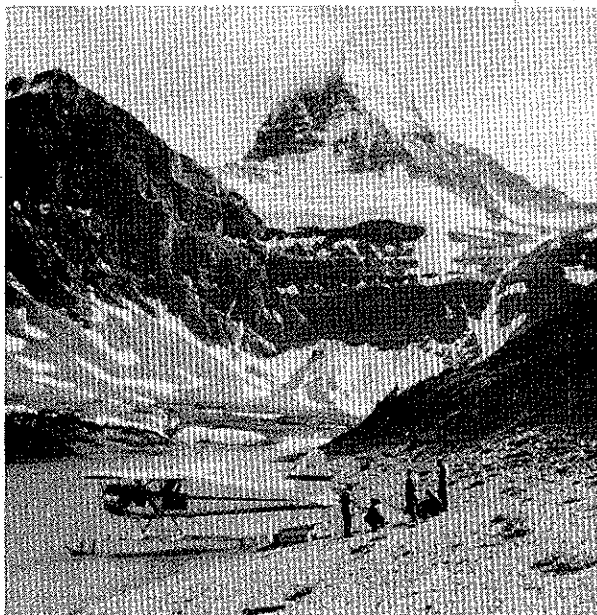
We thought that the answer would satisfy the finder, but alas for such hopes! In a letter to the paper he says the Professor is all wrong and he seems to think that Dr. Buckland is trying to do him out of credit for an amazing new scientific discovery. We have forwarded his letter to the Professor, and we sincerely hope there will be no further developments over this storm in a teacup, but if there are, we will keep the Newsletter posted.

... ..

NELSON DISTRICTNEWS AND VIEWS FROM THE AIRCRAFT

During the lull that falls between the fire season and preparation of the Annual Report, we find time to sit down and meditate over the past season's activities.

When one compares today's transportation method, such as dropping lumber, hauling canoes, stoves, supplies and all types of material and equipment by aeroplane in place of horse or back-packing as we did a few years ago, we realize the vast progress our Service is making and are proud to belong to it.



Aircraft bringing in lumber in the Invermere Ranger District. That is Mt. Assiniboine (11,870 feet) in background with Mogog Lake in front.

However convenient the planes have proven to be, there are some things a pilot cannot do. For example, one day last summer, Fire Inspector Ollie Christie was investigating a raging fire on a steep mountain slope. Ollie's chief worry was: "Had the fire spotted over the top?" Circling the mountain top which, by the way, was in the heart of the Rockies, Ollie looked down and saw what he thought was a spot fire. Being a conscientious fire fighter, Ollie called over to the pilot, "Hold 'er! Hold 'er! There's a spot fire down there!" Needless to say, the pilot did not co-operate.

One day, just as we were preparing to take off on a patrol, an elderly gentleman came rushing in asking if we would drop a message to an old friend of his who was out prospecting and whose wife had taken a stroke. The message was prepared, put in a small can with some sand for weight and a long white streamer was attached to the can. Arriving at the approximate location of the prospector, we tossed out the can. The prospector working beside the creek did not hear the plane but happened to look up and see the can streamer coming down. Having received the message, the 73-year old prospector made the 10-mile trek out to the road in record time where a car met him and brought him home. Arriving home, he found his spouse sitting up in a rocker, none the worse for her experience and the following

conversation took place:

Prospector - Hello! I thought you were sick.

Wife - I had a light stroke last night but I'm fine now.

Prospector - Well, next time you call me home from my prospecting, you damn well better be dead.

... ..

Visitors from Victoria

At a recent weekly government bowling league fixture we had two Victoria five-pin enthusiasts with us, Eric Druce and Wally Hughes. As it was intimated that we might be able to arrange a "radio" bowling tournament against Victoria this year, all eyes were on these two stalwarts to see what the competition might be like.

It was noted that they had improved since the last time they played here but then it might (we hope) just have been one of those "on" nights. We might say, though, that their style was very impressive and they were most graceful on the alleys.

It might also be fair to say here that not only did they show us up at bowling but, the next day, Wally even had the prowess to pick out the winning ticket in the office sweepstake on a local hockey game. This latter feat was much to the chagrin of Sawyer Hope and George Minns, in the Management office, who have been trying for three years to pick the winner. Along with Sawyer and George, Ted Knight feels that our clerical staff has shown discrimination in letting Wally get away with his expense cheque in a matter of hours and the other three gentlemen have to wait for weeks to get their money. However, it must be luck because we understand that a couple of members of the Victoria staff have picked a horse on the Irish Sweepstake and stand to win a little bit of money.

If you fellows don't let the Districts in on a little of this know-how, we will have to close up shop as N.S.F.

... ..

New Additions

The welcome mat was extended recently to Miss Marie Holmberg and Miss Catherine Morrison who are at present working in the Management office. We hope that your association with the Service will be a lengthy one, girls, but in view of the way Dan Cupid has been acting lately around the office, we doubt it.

... ..

This And That

Ed Smith of our Grazing Staff has been on the sick list for the past couple of months, having spent a great deal of the time in the Vancouver General Hospital. We understand Ed will be back with us soon and sincerely hope that this will expend his sick-

NEWSLETTER

4.

This And That (Continued)

ness for a good long time.

Kay Stefenac and Phyllis Turner of our Management office both have taken the plunge into matrimony recently. Kay is at present residing in Vancouver while Phyllis has taken up residence around Revelstoke. Good luck, girls, and may all your troubles be little ones.

... ..

To Be Or "Ott" To Be

Lawrence Ott recently spent a few days at home sick, and it appears that fresh air was the cause of it all.

It all started when Lawrence commenced work on the new Remote Control site which involved several days of outdoor work. You see, Lawrence is allergic to fresh air after having spent so much time in the "DUNGEON" or the "BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA" as it is sometimes called.

What is the "Dungeon" or the "Black Hole of Calcutta?" Why, the Nelson Radio Room of course.

The air is so thick in there that you practically have to cut your way through with a knife and that's not exaggerating.

We are sure the remainder of our offices would be condemned by a health officer, but all our sympathies go out to the Radio Room personnel who are gallantly fighting off the war of germs and suffocation.

... ..

This Age of Speed

According to an item in a recent issue of the Vancouver Province, it would appear that things don't move any too fast in the Invermere country. (This is in spite of evidence to the contrary which could be introduced).

Apparently Ranger Joe Johnson has just received a bill covering food supplies for fire fighters engaged on the Toby Creek fire of 1926. The account is from Lake's General Store at Athlmer and the envelope was postmarked on July 31, 1926.

In 1926 there was no Forest Service office at Invermere and in 1950 there is no Lake's Store at Athlmer so, needless to say, great is the confusion thereabouts.

It is suggested that possibly the Post Office and Messrs. Kellog & Stevenson might have a little chat about this.

... ..

NEWSLETTER FASHION NOTES

To those whose fortune it has been to be caught in a summer shower in one of our shiny new uniforms, we offer the following solution to the problem of hat-shrinkage: While the "Issue" hat is still wet, impale it firmly over the business end of the closest "Pail, tin, Identification #725" which may be found in almost any 25 man mess kit. After drying in that position, the hat will be found to have retained an almost perfect size 7½. If your head is not size 7½, a haircut or a toupe will provide the necessary adjustment.

It is reported that retaining the hat on one's head until it is dry will attain the desired result but this is not recommended for personnel with pear-shaped heads or those carrying surplus avoirdupois above the ears.

... ..

In Response to a Lament from Operation Clerk

by: W. Boothby,
Despatcher, Edgewood.

Has Vernon the only poet? Kamloops the only wit?
Wake up, ye men of Nelson; arise and do your bit.
Between cruises and fires and inspections, there must
be some time for play
Or are you too tired for composing at the end of each
perfect day?

Tax your imagination; write something - sad or gay -
What do they care if its awful, They'll print it
anyway.
Send a sketch or a photo, or even an office skit
And get that pleasant feeling of having done your bit.



In Response to a Lament from Operation Clerk (Continued)

The
Desp(her) By the Time I've swept out the office, and filed
all reports for the day
Attended to Mr. Marconi, and put all the fire tools
away
(The many listed as "missing" are causing my hair
to turn grey)
I'm only fit for a lager - or two - before I crawl
into the hay.

The L/O Men We are the eyes of the Service, ours is serious work.
Shall we take pen and be pranksters, shall we our
duties shirk?
Let the fires burn up our forests, while the smoke
comes up in a murk,
All for the sake of a joke, or a laugh, or a humorous
quirk?

The Patrol-
men Just think how you'd feel after hiking all day
If some brass shoved his head in the tent just to say
"My Friend, you're remiss, I hope you'll do better"
And compose an essay for the F.S. Newsletter,
I'd suggest for a start something on Insect Pests
Or the prevalence, say, of Black Looper's nests.
(My temper grew hot, and I started to scream -
Only to wake and find 'twas a dream).

The Ass't
Ranger My duties absorb me completely; I fight each incipient
fire;
I cruise and inspect and write permits till it's time -
past time - to retire
And I go to sleep with the Manual. (To a Ranger's job I
aspire).

The Ranger What? Shall I seduce my erudition
By writing jokes. Degrade my high position
By posing as a wit?
Impose on me such menial condition
By Gad; I'd sooner quit.

Chorus-All Hail to the Forest Service, in our uniforms so smart
We've the motto "Save the Forest" imprinted on our heart
WE cannot joke, WE cannot play
Let others while their time away
In such mad pranks.
We serve the people, and with mien austere
Fulfil our lawful duties. (aside) What about a beer?

... ..

Good Luck Eileen

Responding to the urge to "just get up and go", Miss Eileen James, Secretary to Assistant Chief Forester Bob St. Clair for the past four years, left the Service on October 24 and, early this month, headed for London, Ontario, where she will visit with friends while planning her next move.

On behalf of Eileen's many friends in the Service, Mr. St. Clair presented her with a very smart travelling case and a corsage during a ceremony in the Management Office attended by a host of well-wishers.

We all hope you experience the very best of luck and happiness, Eileen.

Mrs. Betty Stewart has been appointed to take Eileen's place as Mr. St. Clair's secretary.

... ..

MATCHED

On "Thanksgiving Day", October 9, 1950, Miss Jamie Crisfield of Forest Accounts, Victoria, was married to Corporal Robert Fulton, R.C.A.S.C., at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Victoria.

After a reception held at the Oak Bay Beach Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton left for a honeymoon on the Mainland after which they will reside in Vancouver.

The best of luck and happiness to you Jamie from all your friends in the Forest Service.

... ..

HATCHED

STEWART - To Bob, of Parks and Recreation, and Dorothy Stewart, a SON, David Murrell, on Sept. 10, 1950, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Victoria.

... ..

... ..

DIVISION-

ITS A GRAND AN'
WONDERFUL SEASON -
UP THAR IN MANNING
RANGER BOYD IS
ALL SET FOR HIS
ANNUAL

HIBERNATION

AND OVER ON

MT SEYMOUR, "OLE"
JOHANSEN IS FULLY
PREPARED FOR
ANOTHER HARD SEASON

ITS ESTIMATE TIME IN
COSY OL' HEADQUARTERS AND THE
BOSS HAS DRIVEN OUR
ACCOUNTANT ERNIE CHARLTON TO
SUICIDE... **ONLY** THE
"ISLAND-PARKS"
CREW IS WORKING- ON V.C.
AND THEY REALLY ARE -

CHRIS
WELSEN

SNORE

CHARLIE
DARKIS
222

FRANK
- RAINBOW

CEC
LEWIS

BILL ROBINSON

BUSY AS BEAVERS !!

SEYMOUR
PARK/- The
CLERK NOT
THE PARK