

FOREST BRANCH NEWS LETTER

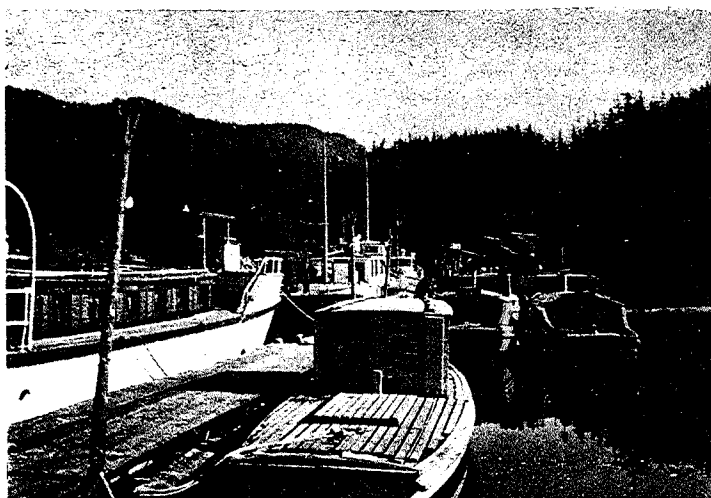


An entirely unofficial budget of news, nonsense, 'n' opinion compiled from time to time for the profit, amusement, and annoyance of the staff.

No. 42

Victoria, B.C., October 20, 1941.

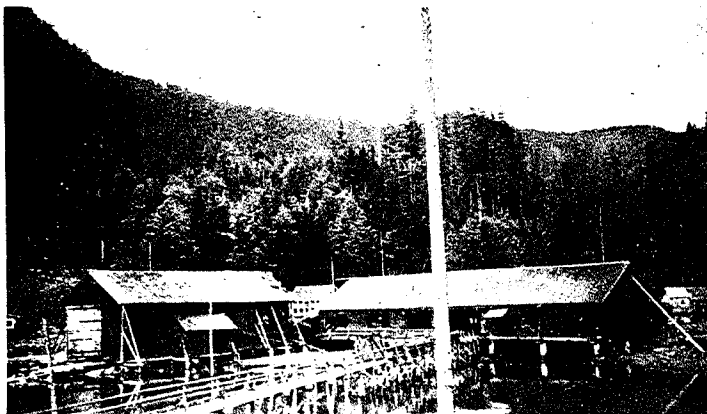
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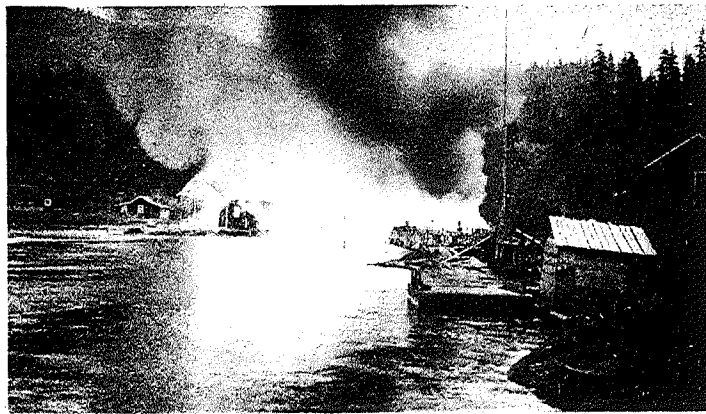
"Blimps" & Ranger Boats at the Thurston Bay Station.

The biggest story available for this issue concerns our new launch-building and repair station in Vancouver put in commission in July last. This may be a little stale as news but we believe that, even so, it is worth recording.

More than 20 years ago our launch fleet and repair and maintenance requirements indicated the necessity for a repair station. The site chosen was Thurston Bay, and a repair plant, of which we were justly proud, was established there with ways, workshop, floats, our own hydro-electric power development, residences and various other appurtenances. In the course of the years this served its purpose admirably, but more recently its physical condition was getting to be such that rebuilding was taking on the elements of necessity. The old buildings, not too substantial in the first instance, were propped up with poles, as evidenced in the accompanying pictures, and the physical plant generally was showing signs of serious decay.



The Thurston Bay Station immediately before disposal with everything of value removed.

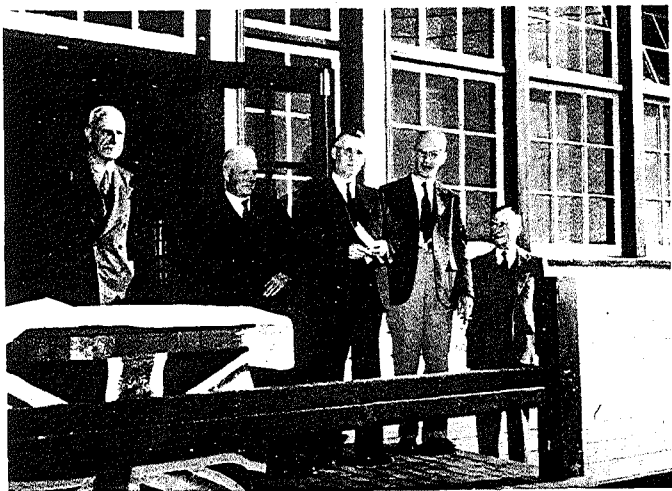


The Thurston Bay Station 15 mins. after being set on fire.

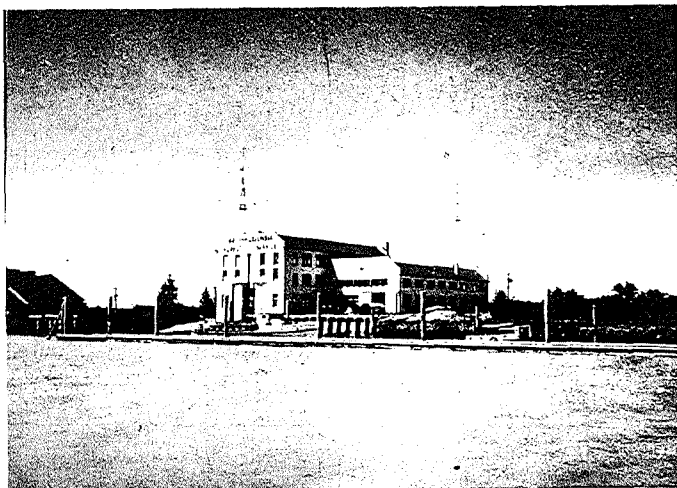
The site for the new buildings was chosen on the Fraser River on Balaclava Street at the foot of Celtic Avenue in Vancouver. Plans were drawn by the Provincial Architect's Office, Department of Public Works. The contract was given to Messrs. Ward & Sons of New Westminster. The construction was supervised on behalf of the Forest Branch by our own Mechanical Superintendent, Jimmie Blake. The building was completed in June and equipment transferred from Thurston Bay. The end of the Thurston Bay Plant is shown above.

The new plant was taken over from the contractors by the Honourable A. Wells Gray, Minister of Lands, in a short ceremony on July 11th. Various interested organizations were represented, including the Professional Engineers' Association of British Columbia, the Engineering Institute of Canada, the Canadian Society of Forest Engineers, and representatives of the Provincial and Dominion Governments. The Chief, Mike Gregg, Forester in Operation, under whose office the project was carried out; C.J. Haddon; Bob Swan, who will continue in charge of the new station, and members of the district and plant staffs.

The plant building is 132 feet long by 100 feet wide. It has a commodious machine shop; carpenter shop; two boat ways, 90 and 40 feet long, respectively; and ample storage, office, stockroom, paint room and other accommodations necessary for the efficient handling of repair and boat-building work.



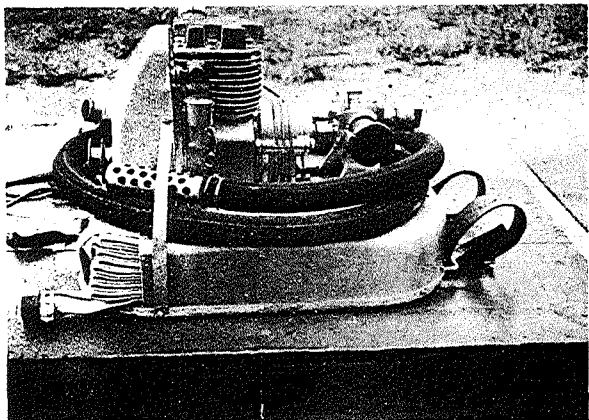
The Minister of Lands receives keys to the new Fraser River Plant from Mr. Ward, the contractor.



The new Fraser River Plant from the River.

The Vancouver District radio headquarters has already been moved from Campbell River to the new plant building, where they are in local telephone communication with the District Forester's Office, and it is not unlikely that all pump overhaul will be undertaken in the same building at some early date.

The new plant is one of the finest structures the Forest Service has ever attempted to build and we believe that in quality and quantity of work and general service it will more than justify its establishment. For those located out of the Vancouver metropolitan area we recommend that you give it the once-over on your first visit to the coast. Bob Swan will be glad to welcome you and might even permit you here and there to turn a switch on and off.



Second only in importance to the new Fraser River Plant is Jim MacDonald's new pump.

Jim conceived in organized form the thoughts that most of us have had from time to time regarding our requirements in light pumping equipment and now, after a couple of years of planning, experiment and worry, we have a baker's dozen of his pump actually in stock and on the job. In this connection, by way of contrast, it will be interesting to look back to our first effort in this field of endeavour. Searching back through ancient files, it would appear that Fairbanks-Morse and Evinrude were the first in the market with a portable fire-fighting pump, and prior to 1920 a few had been purchased for use by our Service. As was to be expected,

fire fighters were not satisfied with what they had and we endeavoured to provide something better under the guidance and genius of C.S. Cowan, then Forester in charge of Protection. The result was the old "Wonder", the grand-daddy of all its numerous progeny, good, bad and indifferent, in the Forest Branch for the past 20 years. The "Wonder", you will remember, weighed 255 pounds and we were told that it was "portable" or, if we were fussy, we could remove the flywheel for carrying purposes, reducing the weight to a mere matter of 212 pounds. It took two men and a boy anywhere from 5 minutes to 5 hours to get it started, but once it started it went (in more ways than one). It continued to pump without breakdown as long as there was gas in the tank and oil in the base, and if you turned your back on it, it went off into the woods on a tour of its own under the influence of a sort of violent St. Vitus dance incident to vibration. Owing to this peculiarity it was normally weighted down with sandbags, and the more sandbags the more likely the operator was to find it where he left it when he returned to replenish the fuel tank.

We are not belittlin' the "Wonder" pump. It was the product of an inventive brain and persistent effort in the face of difficulties and ridicule. It did, in its day, pump an ocean of water on a lot of fires. At this distance we can forget the ruined characters chalked up against its "man-killing" qualities and peculiar "wandering" characteristics. Time has proved it to have been a major step in advance in the technique of fire-fighting and it served its purpose well.

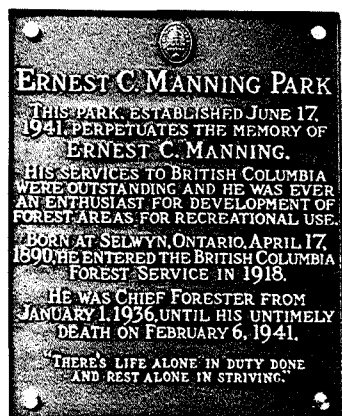
In contrast to the "Wonder" and its deficiencies, Jim MacDonald believed that we need above all other things at the present time: (1) A light pump (under 50 pounds). (2) That had a trouble-free running life, not of 10 or 100 hours, but of hundreds or a couple of thousand hours. (3) That cost a modest sum. (4) That would deliver water. (Quantity a secondary consideration. In any event we waste 90% of the water we normally pump on a fire.)

The result consists of: (1) A 1-horse air-cooled 4-cycle engine. (Any one of the several types of proved performance on the market). (2) A 3:2 reduction gear. (3) A small geared pump. Total cost of complete unit (including "spit and polish") 1/4 to 1/3 nearest competitor. Total weight (without hose) 47 lbs.

Don't bother asking the experts about it. Their advice to us was that a 1 H.P. engine and, more particularly, reduction gear, were crazy and impractical. All we know is that this pump has worked for us without failure or trouble throwing a stream of water about 65 feet through a 1/4-inch nozzle at the end of 1,000 feet of hose. We don't know how much water and are not interested. We think someone put a pressure gauge on the outfit but we forget and don't care what the head proved to be. We think this little pump is going to do a big job and that fire fighters are going to owe a lot to Jim MacDonald. Operation Office hopes to have a good number on the job next year. In the meantime you will have to content yourself with a picture.



Parts of the "props" are still usable and might come in handy if any of you have fairs coming up. At least, what we have on hand might serve as a foundation for your own efforts. Write us for details.



This bronze tablet, mounted in a 7½ foot stone cairn, marks the site of Ernest C. Manning Park. (The cairn was erected by Joe St. Pierre and Chester Lyons.)

This year we went back to a type of publicity that we have not used for some time; we put up displays at the Canada Pacific Exhibition, Vancouver, and the Provincial Exhibition, Victoria. The main attraction was a movie, which we showed on a screen set well back in a large black box. Around the outer edge of the box we built a beaverboard border on which in foot high letters we painted "British Columbia Forest Service." A banner over the top of the whole affair carried the slogan, "Prevent Forest Fires." Two wings, also of beaverboard, and painted green, jutted out from either side of the box's borders and on these in 10-inch red letters we painted "Burned Forests Are a Public Liability" and "Green Forests Are a Public Asset."

On the floor in front of the screen and between the two wings Tom Wells built up two hills divided by a gravelled road depicting a green forest on one side and a burned forest on the other. At either end of the display we placed cards with photos of planting and nursery practice pasted on them.

On September 14th the Honourable A. Wells Gray, Minister of Lands, in a simple ceremony at Lookout Falls, near Princeton, dedicated Ernest C. Manning Park to the memory of our late Chief.

It is singularly fitting that a park should have been chosen to perpetuate his name, for during his life he devoted much of his time and effort towards the establishment of great outdoor playgrounds, where wild things could grow and live unharassed by man. It is fitting, too, that the park should be big (it covers an area of 268 square miles), for his outlook was big.

It is good to know that Mr. Manning's efforts have been recognized by such a tribute.

The boundaries of Manning Park, starting at the International Boundary, half way between M. 72 and M. 73, run in a straight line to Shawatum Mountain; thence in a straight line to Snass Mountain; thence in a southeasterly direction to the headwaters of Copper Creek, down Copper Creek to the Similkameen River, which it follows down until it reaches Chuwanten Creek, which it follows back to the border.

It is good for our souls to have blunders, the result of poor judgment, or lack of foresight or organization brought out into the light and aired. Between Supervisors, District Foresters, Operation and the Public we can pretty well bank on the fact that these will not be overlooked.

It is good for our morale to have our best efforts appreciated once in a while and we can't be quite so sure that they will be accorded like attention. For this reason we think we may be pardoned for quoting part of a recent editorial from the Prince George Citizen, which speaks for itself:

"To those pessimists who believe no government service can be efficient, the works of the Forest Service are a living contradiction. These fires, worst in this district for many years, were well and ably handled. Not only was the actual fire-fighting, under the direction of E.E. Gregg, head of the Service operations, and R.D. Greggor, district forester, carried out with determination and expert efficiency, but there was cool judgment and careful consideration for the interests of both private and public welfare involved. At a critical time there was no panic. Best possible use was made of every piece of equipment and every available man. When men were urgently needed, they were drafted with skill and discrimination to prevent hardship to individuals and damage to industry and production. When fires could be fought, they were fought with courage and energy. When they could not be fought, there was no idle hand-wringing and lamenting--the Service got on with the job wherever it could, and kept cool mentally, if not physically. It was a good job well done."



Ranger Percy Young at Nakusp for many years has had a lookout on the particularly useful prominence, Saddle Mountain, located within sight of the office at Nakusp but perhaps 15 miles away as the crow flies, and on the other side of Arrow Lake.

On Sunday night, July 6th, the district experienced one of its periodic violent electrical storms and on Monday morning they were unable to get in touch with Eric Johansen, the Lookoutman. A high-powered telescope indicated that the lookout house was not what it had been and Assistant Ranger Ott was dispatched immediately to secure details. It developed that one bolt had struck a stump about 2 feet from the camp tent and that Johansen had suffered from a slight concussion. A visit to the peak disclosed the lookout house in the condition illustrated in the accompanying photographs. The entire building had been moved from the foundation. The heavy bolts which fastened it down had been pulled free and the place was generally wrecked. Shakes were found 500 feet away with pieces of logs from the lookout site. There was nothing whatever left of the copper insulated wire of the telephone line, which extended for half a mile, other than a black streak down the mountain side. The 12-gauge galvanized wire for another half mile had disappeared, with



the exception of about 100 yards, which had been cut into lengths ranging from $\frac{1}{4}$ " up.

As may be gathered from the foregoing, the lookoutman lived a little further down the mountain in a tent camp, which proves to have been a most fortunate chance.

In spite of the number of our lookouts and their constant exposure to electrical storms, we do not recall any other case in the Province of a lookout house having been wrecked.

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Ira Stoddart, engineer of the Launch "Tamarack" has posted at various points around the launch some excellent advice to tenderfeet and to more experienced passengers and crew as to their proper behaviour while on board. Following is a fair sample.

Don't chum with engineers, and such,
They really don't amount to much;
The clothes they wear, their language,
jokes,
Are scarcely fit for decent folks;
But rather take your place instead
Beside the wheel and peer ahead;
Or watch the compass card intent,
As if you knew just what it meant.

A man can often - if he will? -
Appear quite wise by keeping still.
The novice, too, will find it pays
To memorize some seaman's phrase:
"Avast", for instance, or "Belay",
It hardly matters what you say,
The chances are the others, too,
Are just as ignorant as you.

So, when at sea, upon a cruise,
Be sure and mind your "P's" and
Q's",
And never spit to wind'ard,
Or you'll get back what you gave;
Leave that side to passengers
(Who love the bounding wave).

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The Chief accepts responsibility for turning over to the News Letter, because of its wide general interest, the major part of a recent personal letter received from Charlie Cowan. Chief Fire Warden of the Washington Forest Fire Association but formerly of our own Service, Charlie needs no introduction to most of our staff. We might add that the "little dough to help along the cigarette fund" was sufficient to send over a thousand smokes overseas, or to put it in other terms, enough for a package for every one of our 45 men in the services with some to spare.

For Charlie's benefit and your information, we should add too that his dam and light plant still function at Thurston Bay, where we continue to maintain a Ranger Station. Only the boat-building and repair plant was dismantled, but that is dealt with in detail elsewhere. The letter follows:

"In reading over the Forest Branch News Letter, which arrived today, I notice several interesting things which take me back to told times. One is a picture of Chris Armstrong in uniform. You will remember we used to laugh at "dug-outs" --men who had reached the sere and yellow age of 40. They are indeed but children of a larger growth to us now.

"I also was interested in a paragraph on Page 5, which refers to the old Thurston Bay Ranger Station. In 1913 this area was being logged by fore and aft road and later in that year it became the headquarters, by adoption, of Ranger Connell.

"Some time in 1914 it was put on reserve as a Ranger Station and in that year I was sent up to look over the site and made the recommendation we should put in a Hydro electric plant. I personally located the dam site, which was, 10 or 12 years later, changed to the outlet of the Lake to secure a more equable summer flow of water. Nothing was done about this Hydro electric plant until my return in 1918, after having completed my part in what I thought was a good job. (It appears now to have to be done all over again.) Some time in 1919 or 1920, we put in the Hydro Electric Station. I think Percy Hart was the Supervisor at that time and later the job was taken over by the late F.A. MacDonald. When it was completed we thought it was quite a rig because we had electric lights in our Ranger and Supervisor cabins and also had electric power for the boat repairing station, our fleet by this time having developed beyond the "Leila R." and "Euclataw" and a few other second-hand launches, with which the Forest Branch was at that time blest. When I ran out my lines, the area was freshly logged and it was just a mass of bare stumps. Since that time, of course, much has happened and much growth has come in. We had several Rangers' meetings at Thurston Bay and there have been many Supervisors in charge since that date. I remember being introduced to a game called poker at one meeting. This took place, of course, after hours. The cost of lessons was such that I did not have enough ready cash and gave a check to my instructors. Three months later this turned up through the Bank. It was patched together with adhesive tape and bore the signatures of no less than eleven men of the Vancouver district, and apparently had been used in lieu of cash for those months.

"Another item which brings back old times to me is a paragraph from one of the staff, W.J. Owen, in which he thanks you for the Christmas parcel which apparently reached him some time after Christmas. The Vancouver Staff sent me a parcel, the Christmas of 1915, and it was forwarded to France and then back from France to England, where I had been in the hospital; from the hospital to Training Station, there to Mesopotamia and back from Mesopotamia to the Fourth London General Hospital, where I was once again a patient. It took a little over two years to reach me and the Piper Heidsieck and Bull Durham were almost as good as new, after all that travel. I still have the card that accompanied it, written in Joe MacKay's hand.

"I am enclosing a little dough to help along the cigarette fund."



"No. Gustav. Av must couldn't do it!"



GEORGE MAYSON (Barriere) at 60 plus, is a grand example of what exercise and living away from home will do. We understand he is an old Tar, having put in some time in the Navy. His reputation as an exponent of Boxing is more than local and from all appearances he could still give a good account of himself.

One of our Senior District Foresters has recollections of an argument with a huge gentleman of Swedish extraction which might have ended sadly for the said Senior District Forester but for the intervention of George Bruiser Mayson.

If anyone is interested in learning George's routine, here it is: A cold tub on arising in the morning and before retiring at night, plus ten minutes with the dumbbells (and we don't mean district officials).

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KAMLOOPS reports that fifteen members of the district staff have joined the armed forces and that nine of that number are already seeing service overseas. In War Savings they report over \$2,000 in deductions for 12 months. Of course this figure does not include additional pledges the staff may be maintaining outside. Many of the men belong to A.R.P., Special Police and other reserve units, while the ladies spend their evenings learning home nursing, knitting sweaters and sewing "infant sarongs"--whatever those are.

Kamloops district is doing cheerfully and enthusiastically its share to help win the war.

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It is with the deepest regret that we announce the passing of George E. McParlon, who died on August 9th.

George first came to the Forest Branch in May, 1917. He was appointed Assistant Ranger in the Waldo District, a position he held until the following December, when he was promoted to the rank of Ranger in the same district. In January, 1931, he was transferred to Grand Forks as Ranger and remained there in that capacity until the time of his death.

Due to his wide experience and his keen interest in the welfare of the Service, George earned for himself the confidence and respect of everyone with whom he came in contact. His loss is keenly felt.

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C.J. (Charlie) Slade, Assistant Ranger at Arrowhead, was attacked by a grizzly bear on August 9th when climbing to Sproat Mt. Lookout with supplies. He was first grabbed by the hips and thrown to the ground. In falling he struck his head on a rock, getting a deep gash in his head and sustaining a slight concussion. He was then bitten around the hips and back and when the bear reached his neck Charlie thought his time had come, but something attracted the bear's attention and she left him and went to her cub. She returned and grabbed him by the right arm and shook him like a pup shakes an old sock. At this point Charlie does not remember exactly what happened but found himself $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles down the trail. He made the office and radioed Ranger Percy Young that he would have to go to the hospital. Assistance was sent immediately and he was taken to the Revelstoke Hospital, where he spent the next 10 days.

Slade reported for light duty on August 20th. He intimated that his right arm was still quite sore but that it was coming along nicely. Actually it was suggested from Nelson that he massage it with bear grease!

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Hugh Hodgins, who has been subbing at Kamloops for more than a year past, returned to his proper place in the Economics Division on October 1st. In the absence of Finlay McKinnon, he will be in full command of the Division. Mac, incidentally, is making fine progress toward a complete recovery.

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Ranger I.T. Cameron has been transferred from Ocean Falls to Kamloops to fill a vacancy arising out of the numerous enlistments there, and Assistant Ranger James Robinson of North Vancouver has gone to Ocean Falls as Acting Ranger. In this connection we are pleased with the note recently received from Vancouver Office which immediately follows:

"Assistant Ranger James Robinson, North Vancouver, now Acting Ranger, Ocean Falls, recently received a phone call at his headquarters from the foreman of the fire crew fighting the "Wayne" fire near the headwaters of Lynn Creek, North Vancouver. Jim wanted to know what was wrong and was advised to come up to the fire camp and see for himself. Fearing the worst, Jim rushed to the camp to find that the news of his promotion had preceded him and the crew had "chipped in" to buy him a beautiful Rolex wrist watch engraved "To James Robinson from the Wayne fire-fighters, 16/8/41." Needless to say, Jim is still somewhat groggy from the shock but when last seen, heading north, his chest was observed to have expanded in a most alarming manner.

"Seriously, we think that this unusual, but very generous, gesture on the part of the Wayne fire-fighters is an excellent tribute to Jim's ability to handle men and to his cheerful personality. He leaves the Vancouver District with our best wishes for success in his new appointment."

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Stan Hopher of Vancouver Office has recently left to become a Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F. He is assigned for an instructional course to Brandon, Manitoba. We understand the office presented Stan with a club bag and shaving kit box in Air Force blue, suitably initialled.

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Lieut. (Si) Oldham of the 17th Searchlight Battery, R.C.A., recently sustained a bad fall and serious injuries when he had a tumble from a horse.

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When Barney Johnson, Ranger at Invermere, left to join the Navy, he was replaced by Acting Ranger Harry Barbour. Now Harry has joined the Army, and has been replaced by Douglas Ross.

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Dave Carey announced with pleasure the arrival of a new baby daughter on August 7th. Congratulations, Dave, and thanks for the cigar.

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It's a boy at the McMullan house--arrived September 23rd. Congratulations, Larry.

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News comes to us belatedly of the graduation of two former Forest Branch men, Ian Mahood, formerly a cruiser on Forest Surveys, and J. Ralph Johnston, who served as Assistant Ranger at Invermere and the Big Bend country. Ian obtained his B.Sc.F. at U.B.C. and is now employed on plywood production with the Fraser Mills. Ralph graduated with honours in Forest Engineering and has taken a position with the Comox Logging Company at Ladysmith.

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Miss Kay Robinson, the Chief's secretary, is the proud possessor of a blue ribbon and a ten dollar cheque which she won for jumping at the Horse Show on September 11th.

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Chris Armstrong in a newsy letter dated August 25th, reports that the weather is much the same in Scotland as at home--exceptional. "Our summer consisted of one Sunday in June and a Thursday in July. We are looking forward to Indian Summer which will be coming sometime next month. I hope it falls on a Saturday."

We gather from Chris's letter that he is now a Major and offer our congratulations.

Our congratulations also go to the following:

Gerry (Lieut.) Andrews of Victoria has been promoted to Captain.

Pte. R.R. Gouglas of the Kamloops Office is now Corporal.

Sgt. H.C. Casilio (Victoria) has been promoted to S/Sgt.

Pte. D.J. McKay, Victoria, is now a Corporal and has arrived Overseas.

Capt. O.V. Maude-Roxby, No. 19 Company, C.F.C., is now Major.

Pte. H.G. Mayson, Kamloops District, who is with the C.F.C., has been promoted to Sergeant since his arrival Overseas.

Gnr. W.J. Owen, Vancouver District, serving with the Survey Wing, R.C.A., is now Sergeant.

Gnr. A. Smith, Prince George District, with the 56th Heavy Battery, R.C.A., is now L/Bdr.

Writer Carl V. Smith, formerly of Prince Rupert Office, previously stationed at the R.C.N. Barracks, Victoria, has been promoted to Petty Officer and transferred to Prince Rupert.

Gnr. H. Stevenson, Vancouver District, also with the 56th Heavy Battery, R.C.A., has been promoted to L/Bdr.

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WANTED - Information as to the whereabouts of F.W. Crouch of the Economics Division. We'd like to put him on our mailing list. Anyone knowing his address please advise Chief Forester's Office, Victoria. He has enlisted with the R.C.A.F.

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In a recent letter from somewhere in the north of England Geoff Playfair thanks us for his News Letter... says he is now Squadron Signals Officer in an active Coastal Command, responsible for construction and maintenance of all radio apparatus; also does a lot of operational flying, which he finds amply satisfies his desire for excitement... He also says they have an excellent mess with food that cannot be beaten, but mourns the dearth of cigarettes, which seem impossible to buy.

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I.C. MacQueen, Victoria



A. Gordon, Victoria



D.R. Monk, Victoria

L.A. Willington (Prince George District) writes from "Somewhere in Scotland", giving us considerably more interesting detail of how the Forestry Units are logging than we have had from other sources. As we think this will be of unusual interest to the Service, we quote as follows:

"Here, every part of the tree is used, except the small twigs and needles. In the woods proper are the falling gangs and swamper, and at the landings are the bucking crews, pit prop crews, canthook men and loaders.

"Caterpillar tractors and arches are used to bring the trees to the landings, where they are first measured into various lengths for bucking. All trees have to be so measured so as to get every available inch of lumber, or usable wood.

"The main stem is cut into sawlogs, varying in length from seven feet to eighteen feet, and in diameter, from seven inches. The logs are sent to the main mill. The large branches and tops are cut into lengths of 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 feet, and to a diameter of 4½ inches and up. These small logs are sent to what is called a Scotch mill, which is a small manpower portable, as seen on some of the farms in the interior.

"It is just a long frame about 20 feet long, with the saw mandrel set in the center, on each side of the mandrel, hardwood rollers are set in the same, and on these the saw table rides. A thin high speed circular saw is used which turns out a fairly smooth board. Either steam or industrial units are used to operate these small mills.

"The remainder of the tree is cut into various lengths up to 12 feet and to a diameter of 2½ inches, for pit woods or pit props, if smaller wood is left or broken or damaged wood, it is placed in a separate pile for some other purpose. It is a great contrast to the way we are used to utilizing wood."

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Enlistments of members of the staff since our last Letter include: David Monk, Victoria - Signaller, R.C.C.S. J.H. Stokes, Economics, Victoria - Pilot Officer, R.C.A.F. Don MacMurchie, Peace Arch Park, Western O.T.C., Gordon Head. A.B. Anderson, Economics, Western O.T.C., Gordon Head. H.A. Ivarson, Prince Rupert - Gunner, Area Headquarters. Harry Barbour, Nelson - Division "B", Forestry Corps.

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We are glad to take this opportunity of acknowledging a large number of letters received from various men in the Forces. Unfortunately, most of these do not get answered, but are none the less appreciated. In order to share them with the rest of the staff we print the following extracts:

J.H. BENTON (Economics, Victoria)

"At present I am in Initial Training School and am receiving a brush-up course in such subjects as Math, Wireless, Gas and Armament. I am not finding this course very difficult, but, from what I can gather, our next step, the Observers' School, things are very different...Our quarters are excellent "barracks", being the residence of the U. of A., two to a room. Discipline is probably the most severe that we will encounter and is a constant source of surprises, not all of them pleasant."

C.R. SANDEY (Vancouver)

Writes of the Navy..."One thing I can say in all honesty, it's no snap and I have no qualms at receiving my cheque. For things in the last year have worked themselves up to quite a high pitch of activity here and it takes the steam out of one's backbone to keep ahead of it all."

F.J.G. JOHNSON (Nelson)

Also in the Navy..."My time is spent in a manner somewhat similar in some respects to the old F.B. grind, to wit: Stores, Food and Forms, in from 5 to 7 signed copies. Ten, my men--children. One day up for punishment, next day to tell me of a recent addition to his family--a week later (usually in the middle of my sleep) with a 'boil on me bottom, Sir)--usually moaning over a flea-bite, the same fellows who will stand at a gun with machine-gun bullets digging up the deck and coolly eye the offending Fock-Wulfe--greed lads.

"Great chap, Nelson. If he'd never been born I dunno what we'd have done in the Navy--so useful, so useful for reference as 'authority' on procedure and fittings, stores, etc--in fact a great conservator of initiative and progress--Bless? him.

"Thanks for your kind Christmas parcel which arrived in the midst of a 'Blitz' as was a blitz. Will you please thank all concerned for the 'comforts--1 Lieut. for the use of: and specially Kay Robinson for the scarf or muffler, which was a god-send--for it was March--most of my clothes had been fried, and it has been in constant use since that time--7° above zero on June 22nd.

"Tell me, is Kay Robinson an alias, a nom-due-guerre of Auntie Dick's, or is she the sweet girl in the ante-chamber to Olympus that I was privileged to bother, the day (Oh long, long ago) I said good-bye to F.B. Forms and Regulations--and said hallo! to Naval S. Forms and N. Monthly Orders."

W.J. OWEN (Vancouver)

"For my part I have passed and received my qualification as a Surveyor, R.C.A., and have been lucky enough to obtain the rank of Sergeant Instructor for Field Surveying."

I.C. MacQUEEN (Victoria)

"We have just completed our third week of actual training and, although heavy, it is very interesting. We were dog fighting with camera guns yesterday, and some of our boys found their stomachs were not built for acrobatics! I appreciated my experience in B.C. southeasters!"

W.S. HEPHER (Vancouver)

"They give us plenty of work here but it is extremely interesting. The only thing I wish is that the prairie had a few mountains...John Stokes of the Economics Division is here taking the same course--navigation."

E. BENNETT (Victoria)

ROSS DOUGLAS (Kamloops)

A. GORDON (Victoria)

W. (BILL) HALL (Victoria) writes from Egypt:

J.C. WRIGHT (Kamloops)

Parcels are being sent once a month to each and every Forest Branch man in the Forces. Some have not written to acknowledge receipt of these and there is a little doubt as to whether they are arriving. If you are not getting your parcels, please let us know.