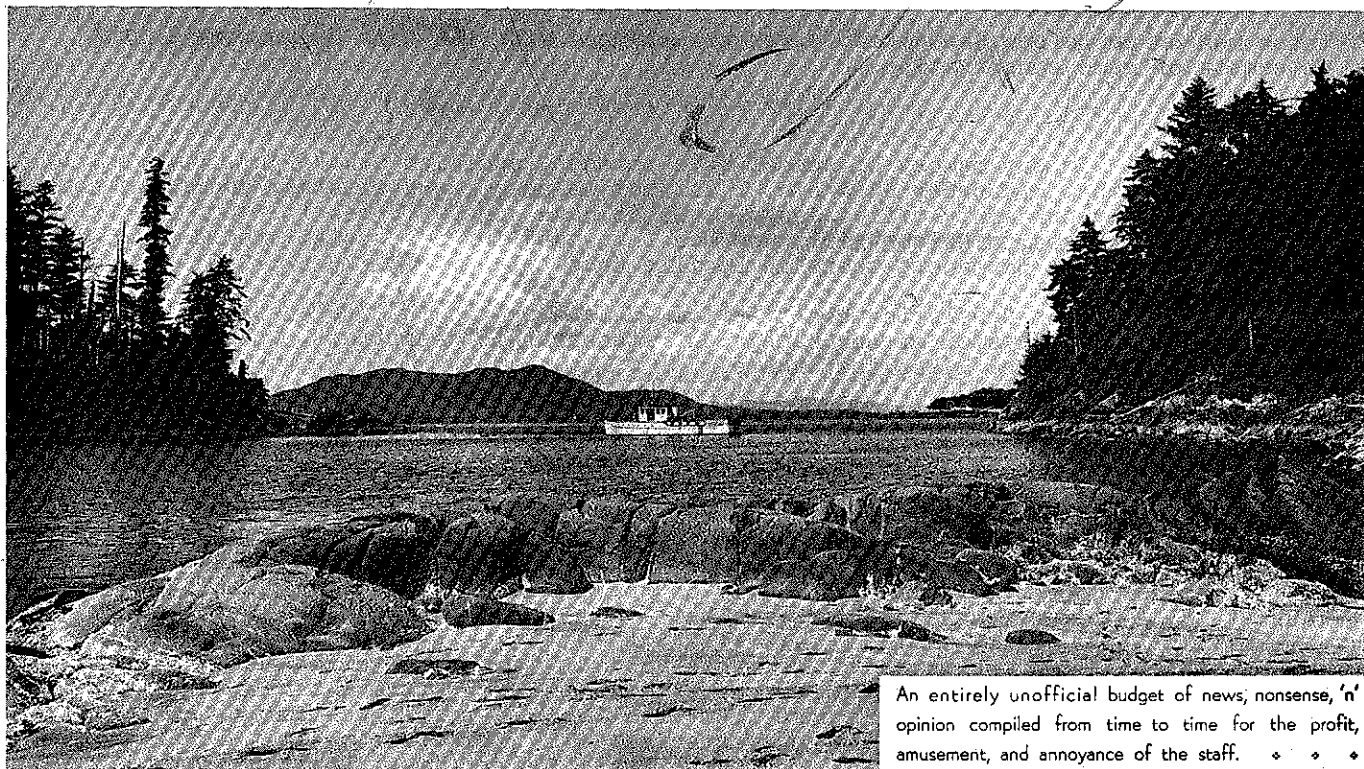


FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



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

No. 99

VICTORIA, B.C.

OCTOBER, 1951.

NELSON DISTRICT

Because a busy fire season provides an alibi for many assorted delays, deferments, slips of memory, procrastinations, and downright delinquencies, it may as well be our excuse for Nelson's three-issue absence from the Newsletter. That alibi held water until somebody remembered the existence of one Forest Service division which is not often overcome by the turmoil of fire season. Such a division of course is Grazing. That's not to say that we have not been busy like everyone else but, fortunately or otherwise, our situations are seldom emergencies or crises and our composure may be mistaken for inertia.

This then is a good time for Grazing to have a turn at recording a few events and observations for Nelson Forest District. We have no poetry. (And no pix.Ed.)

Subtractions

Bert Ramsden, Operations clerk, left the Forest Service on June 30 to prove that distant pastures really are greener (longer green anyway), and is now employed in the accounting line of big business here in Nelson.

From the same Operations office Lucille Roos is leaving in October to take employment in her home town of Salmo. An up and coming town, that Salmo, and now competing for our trained personnel.

Telling of more departures in advance would be stealing news from the next Letter, but we will anyway. Some oilman's office in Calgary looks like a better bet to "Red" (Vivian) Monteleone, who has been doing her share of billing in Management here. Vivian leaves early in October just in time for Calgary's first snowflakes to cause regrets. She is pretty sure of a job there, but won't tell us his name.

Miss Catherine Morrison leaves us today, September 18, to join in matrimony one Ernie Gare of hockey fame. At a gathering of friends in the office, an electric kettle was presented to Cathy together with the good wishes of the staff as expressed by Irwin Johnson. For the first time in several years, we will be down to one red-head, and it is only a month or so since we seated four in the general office.

One more farewell is rumoured - this for Vera Crane, our senior file clerk, who has made a down payment on a ticket to Kamloops to transfer into a similar post with the Forest Service there. Date of Vera's leaving is indefinite as yet.

None of these four girls will come right out and say that they don't appreciate our company here in Nelson, so to stop any rumours arising over the mystery of their departure en masse, we will self-righteously assert that it must be their outside interests which lead them elsewhere. Come to think of it though, the eligible male portion of our personnel is very limited and, except for air observers, remains aloof.

We have for some weeks now been without the services and philosophy of Chief Clerk Sid Simpson. We hope things are progressing satisfactorily, Sid, to the point where you can occupy the podium soon again to conduct our typewriter band.

Also, temporarily lost to us are five lucky attendants at Ranger School. All "repeaters" are R.A. Damstrom (Ferne), C.J. McGuire (Canal Flats), A.J. Larsen (Lardeau), J.I. Snider (Invermere and Brisco), and J.H. Raven. The first two of these are veteran Rangers, and we wish to congratulate the last three on becoming Rangers Grade 1 as of June 1, 1951. In the words of the District Forester, the departure of

NEWSLETTER

2.

Subtractions (continued)

these men on or before September 14 was prearranged with the Game Department in the interests of game conservation.

Additions

... ..

In our memory of school-days phrases, addition always came before subtraction, but that old order changeth. In fact we seem lucky if staff additions come at all, to judge by our empty office desks. We do have some welcomes to record though. Miss Dorothy Sparkes, a Nelson girl, who has been handling a seasonal overload in Operations, will become permanent there in Lucille Roos' place.

This Newsletter contribution is late enough that we can still officially welcome Miss Helen Krystek of our Management stenographic department, who has come all the way from Lethbridge and likes the change.

In Operations clerking we were augmented on September 18 by Howard W. Phillips, to take over where Bert Ramsden left off at the end of June. Nelson is no change of scenery for Howard, Mrs. Phillips and family, for he has worked here for some time after residence in Fernie.

Not to be forgotten under staff additions are DAUGHTER, Sandra Linda, in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Wilf. Berg at Perry Creek Nursery near Cranbrook (July 14, 1951), and SON George Colin in the family of Mr. and Mrs. G.M. Cartwright at Invermere (August 16, 1951). Congratulations, folks!

... ..

With apologies to one whose voluntary offering to the Newsletter got pigeon-holed in Nelson, we present a composition on the assorted nature of mud. The inspiration for this item, which came from Elko way last April, was undoubtedly the exasperating, miry set-backs which characterized this year's Spring in the East Kootenay. However, by the time this goes to press, who knows the sentiment won't be appropriate and in season again. Which all goes to justify that old practice "P.C. for a couple of months and the problem will solve itself."

"MUD IN YOUR EYE"

By: H.G. Sandberg.

There are probably 100 different kinds of mud, useful or detrimental, depending on its composition or location. It is useful for facials and political election arguments. One can get plastered with it and usually does.

In Damstrom's (Ferne) district, the predominating type is a blackish substance that would be valuable as a fuel if the heavier particles were reclaimed. The Elk valley and Flathead type of mud has that non-grip quality where traction is needed.

In the Elko district, where Hesketh is stuck, the mud is not of a dangerous type. In fact, a lot of it evaporates and blows away on short notice. In the town itself, there is a stockyard and this combination results in a type exclusive.

Going west to Cranbrook (Hill's) district, you will find on the side roads, plenty of mud, but usually it's mixed with saw-dust and bark. Occasionally there is a broken-down logging truck or bulldozer with the stuff.

In the Yahk area, on very light inspection you will find the mud consists of about three parts snuff, two parts broken bottles, and the remaining parts ashes and cinders.

From Kitchener and on into Creston, (Ross's district) clay, mixed with apple cores and lost footwear appears to be the predominating type of soil. This, when wet, has a tendency to slow down and stop you if you're in a hurry, or it will throw you if you're afoot. A person can get into it up to his ears, especially if he's with Cunningham doing a land exam. along the lake.

The mud around Nelson consists of a good, fertile soil mixed with red tape and bottle-necks, also a sprinkling of brass. A considerable amount of this is carried in by a strong west wind.

... ..

Bull's Eye

We have heard a lot about Christie and his elks, Harold and his rocks, Lawrence and his strikes, but we think the prize for dead-eye accuracy should go to Freddy How Nan's pilot Don Thompson. It seems that the Thompson Mountain lookout man (no relation) had only to bend over to pick up his bread at the foot of the tower steps, also that 60 pounds of bread for the Yahk fire were dropped on the cook so precisely that he went on compensation for a wrenched knee. Again, Don called his shots to the extent of hanging a chute-load of eggs between two trees, said eggs not quite touching the ground. Seems quite a high standard, Don, and you just daren't do less next time because the public now know what to expect of you. We quote from the Creston "Valley Advert" of August 21. "Supplies are sent in by pack-horse and also by parachute drops, by means of which even fresh eggs are floated into the fire-fighters. Care has to be taken that the eggs fall on a small tree or something that will lessen the impact. Similarly, bread that's sliced has to be tied securely." We know that the way to get the best is to expect it, and won't mention another case of eggs on a chute that failed to open.

Still speaking of air drops on fires, R.G. McKee and Ranger Ross of

Bull's Eye (continued)

Creston were greatly impressed by an instance of thoughtfulness on the part of United States Forest Service people in Kootenai National Forest. On the occasion of a very large Canadian fire near the International Boundary, a U.S. Forest Service patrol plane flew over a Canadian fire-crew camp and dropped some welcome news, this being a bundle of the latest Spokane Spokesman-Review with compliments of Kootenai Forest District. Both the papers and the sentiments were cheering to the men on the fire. Such good relations speak for themselves.

It being timely to continue the subjects of air drops and co-operation, we offer the contents of a letter from Ranger Cloninger of Kootenai National Forest to Assistant Ranger J.F. Bailey of Elko in Nelson Forest District.

Fortine, Montana,
August 13, 1951.

Mr. J.F. Bailey,
Asst. Ranger,
Elko, B.C.

Dear Mr. Bailey:

Received your letter of August 4th and the map of your area north of us. The map will come in very handy.

In reference to your question about our smoke jumper organization, it is quite a long story, but will try to give you the highlights.

The organization is on a Regional basis, which covers 17 National Forests in Montana, Northern Idaho, Eastern Washington, and a small part of North Dakota. There are approximately 100 men who are trained for jumping in remote, inaccessible areas.

All calls for jumpers are made to the Regional Fire Dispatcher, with necessary information as to location, etc., of jump area. The men are then dispatched to the fire.

After the jump is made, it is the responsibility of the local organization to get the men and equipment out of the brush and on the way back to Missoula.

This is about the story in a nut-shell. The main advantage is faster initial action in back country areas than is possible for ground men. The average time in 1950 from time of call to action on the fire was two hours and 40 minutes. This, of course, covered fires in many areas.

Hope this partially answered your question.

We were very happy to help you along on your Frozen Lake fire and we wish to extend our invitation to visit us any time you are down our way.

Sincerely yours,
"R.S. Cloninger"
District Ranger.

... ..

Rungs in the Ladder

Ranger Em. Reid of Grand Forks has put into practice at least a couple of the devices to be found in "Fire Control Notes" and would pass these hints along to the many who have dull axes and the few who have Bean Fog Pumps. Refer to Fire Control Notes for the dates indicated.

April 1951 - Page 21. Tape Guard for Edged Tools. We are trying out this idea this Fall on our equipment. A roll of masking tape costs \$3.20 and we have covered the edges of all our axes, pulaskis, mattocks, and grub, hazel, and adze hoes, and still have over third of a roll left. An expenditure of approximately \$2.00 for tape, giving us cheap insurance against accidents, and assurance that the tools are sharp.

July 1951 - Page 14. Ejector Suction Booster. This idea was tried out with the unit ejector on our Bean Fog Pumper. We were able to refill the tank using 75 feet of 1.1/2 inch discharge hose for return, with a rise of 12 feet. The idea has many possibilities, especially for filling of tank units, if proper ejectors, for the various pumps in use, are used. Many roads are within 100 feet of a stream, but it is not always possible to get the truck close enough to the water for refilling, but the ejector idea seems to be the means for decreasing this drawback.

... ..

The polaroid camera has been one of the sensations of this fire season. Its ready-cooked one-minute prints for immediate use in conjunction with our complete coverage of vertical air photographs constitutes an outstanding advance in methods of locating fires. The value of such a gadget is enhanced, of course, by the artful technique of a clued-up air observer, and such is Mel. (We know who to get next year, if we are Neidig a good observer). Mel's comments on the new camera, as recorded below, will undoubtedly be of interest to many.

"Fair success under reasonable conditions with the Polaroid Land Camera has helped considerably in the early attack on some of our 1951 fires. The

NEWSLETTER

4.

Nelson District (continued)

developing takes one minute after the picture is taken, and prints can be delivered or dropped to the Ranger in charge of the fire, giving him first hand information and enabling him to plan his attack accordingly. Isolated fires may be photographed from day to day recording rates of spread, governing the crews and equipment to be sent in."

... ..

Recently brought into a semblance of order in Nelson District office was (and is) a collection of identified plants gathered throughout the district by Grazing and others interested in the purpose of the project. Remembering the few but formal "Herbariums" which exist in B.C., we hesitate as yet to call ours a grazing herbarium, but it actually is the nucleus of one. With mounted plant specimens identified as to species and classified alphabetically within their families, the growing collection is now in a stage to be of use to persons who require to know, or are curious about, the identity of our native and introduced plants of grassland and forest. We confess that the facilities have already been of use to several people in and out of the Forest Service and we don't really need to mention the fundamental part which plant identification plays in grazing administration itself. Perhaps many people and in particular our field staff, will find our herbarium project of interest and assistance. Certainly its full development will be helped by contributions and enquiries from all who become interested. As for the custodians of the collection, they don't pretend to know all the names in our flora yet but can get clues elsewhere when stumped at home. Come in to see, if nothing else, the fine birch cabinet which contains and preserves this collection.

... ..

FORT GEORGE DISTRICT

Winter! Winter! Winter! must be rapidly approaching, as we note Victoria field staff heading very quickly for warmer climates.

A Hearty Welcome to the following new appointees:

Bob Malcolm - who has in the past followed the birds to Victoria - must stay and face a Prince George winter. They're not so bad, Bob.

Flo Wood and Joan Sande - the two new glows in Management. Flo has replaced Dorothy Milne and Joan replaces Helen Penner.

Very pleased to have you with us and hope you will stay with our happy gang.

A "Special Tribute" to Dorothy and Joe Milne, who have finally received their adopted child - a lovely boy - Jimmy. Dorothy, on her departure from the Forest Service, was presented with a vanity set by Lorne Swannell on behalf of the Staff. Congratulations to you both and wishing you the best of luck on your new venture.

... ..

The Stork Presents!! (FANFARE)

To Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Jones - a DAUGHTER, Betty Anne.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ken Northrup - a SON, Michael Gregory.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ray Patterson - a SON, Larry Irvine.

To Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hyslop - a SON, Andrew Peter.

Congratulations to you all and may your sons grow up to good foresters and your daughters good stenos.

... ..

Marriages

Helen Churchman (nee Michaylenko) was our July bride and Helen Sass (nee Penner) decided to take the leap in August. Both girls are from Management office.

Helen and Bill Churchman were married on July 7 after which the bride and groom set off to Vancouver and Seattle for their wedding trip. Helen has returned to work for the present and we're all happy to have her back (not just because there's someone to buy our ice-cream cones and milk shakes either).

Helen and Steve Sass were married on August 18 and also headed south, for the Okanagan, on their honeymoon. They are now living in Kwinitsa (along with four other people), but judging from Helen's cheerful letters she is undaunted by the wild and lonely north.

Both girls were given showers by the staff at which they were presented with gifts of household articles. Helen Churchman's was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Swannell and the shower for Helen Sass took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Carter.

Ralph Angly - (No! not matrimony! At least not yet. Just off to Ranger School).

... ..

Arrivals and Departures

Ranger (Lover Boy) Angly - has left off combatting grizzlys in the wilds of Fort McLeod. Ralph spent a very pleasant summer (one fire) and is looking forward to a winter of $x - y = 1$.

Ranger (Speederman) McKenzie - swished through Prince George, no doubt a little eager for some bright lights, as he has been buried at Penny for the last six months.

Ranger (High Ball) McQueen - didn't see Lorne go by at all.

Rusty Campbell - the film king of the north is back in town. Welcome

Arrivals And Departures (continued)

Home, Rusty - of course you'll be showing us some interesting films.

*** **

Mighty Nimrods

Hunting season has opened with a bang. Shortly after opening day we saw Floyd Nelson, Alf Specht, and Bill Mulholland dragging, by the hind quarters, a bull moose. (Haven't seen the horns yet!). From all reports the meat was excellent.

The Unfortunate Hunter
or
How I Missed that ---- Grouse

By: R. Braathen

I wandered over field and hill,
I heard a noise and I was still,
I carefully crept along a log
And darn near fell into the bog.

But then I saw him sitting there
And aimed my deadly gun with care,
My eyes grew dim, my muscles taut
I couldn't see to fire the shot.

"Why don't you shoot," my friend exclaimed,
And so once more I carefully aimed,
"I cannot see him," I did cry,
So we sat back and watched him fly.

Now telescopic sights are fine
But not for any gun of mine.
I need a sight to peer around
And see my bird still on the ground.

Now people laugh and joke at me,
They smirk and say "Look there!
that's he,
Who, when his careful bead had
drawn,
Found the grouse had left and gone."

And so a "Want" ad. I did run
Which said "I'm looking for a gun
That's good and cheap and all the
same
Will show me that at which I aim."

*** **

FOREST SERVICE MUSEUM PROPOSED

The vagrant idea that has probably blossomed in the minds of many Forest Service employees during the years past, namely, the establishment of a Forest Service (or Forestry) Museum, found more concrete expression a few days ago with the official appointment of A.E. (John) Collins as Honorary Curator of the Forest Service Museum-to-be.

Of course the project is still in what the business editors of our better dailies like to refer to as the "blue-print" stage, but it does make one person responsible for the collection and cataloging of suitable (and all-too-often disappearing) material while such is still obtainable; and one can hope that the proviso "if and when suitable space is available" will soon be encompassed.

For the guidance of all and sundry in the Service who might have suitable material for the collection, or might have suggestions to offer on this project, the Chief's citation to "John" is quoted verbatim:

Confirming our conversation of recent date, it is felt that the Forest Service here at the Victoria headquarters office, if and when suitable space is available, should have a modest forest museum, featuring such items as wood samples, wood processing, forest growth, curiosities, antiquities, woods tools and curios.

The proper housing and display of a collection of this description may have to wait for some considerable time until we have much more adequate office accommodation. In the meantime, interesting and even valuable exhibits are coming to our attention and being passed up for want of a wide understanding of proposals in this regard, and particularly for want of someone who is willing to accept the responsibility of collecting.

You are therefore appointed Honorary Curator of the Forest Service Museum-to-be, and are at liberty to take such interest from time to time as you find necessary in the collection, classifying and describing of anything that you consider may prove to be a useful museum item. I understand that you have already made arrangements with Mr. Oldham for the safe storage of items collected, and would suggest that anything accepted should be fully identified and described at once, a copy of the description, history or other pertinent data to be stored away with the item.

You are at liberty to make some expenditures in this connection, as for example, packing and shipping charges, or in special cases, to make purchases.

For the purposes of acquainting the staff with our intentions in this regard, a copy of this letter is being forwarded to all Victoria Divisions, all District Foresters and to the Newsletter. Forest Service Officers throughout the Province are invited to keep for Mr. Collins' attention at the time of his periodic visits to the Districts, or to write to Mr. Collins at Victoria concerning, any item that they think might be acceptable.

Forest Service Museum Proposed (continued)

Further, pending suitable exhibit room, it is possible, and you are encouraged, to consider small and interesting exhibits which could be changed from time to time, to be housed perhaps in suitable glass cases in the corridors of the Forest Service offices.

C.D. Orchard,
Deputy Minister.

... ..

PARKS AND RECREATION DIVISION

NOTE: The Parks and Recreation Division have considered it their duty to investigate various rumours pertaining to general efficiency and morale. The sum of \$1.97 has been released from the heavily-burdened Park Vote to finance that almost legendary private eye, Squidby Squirting. His report, with pictures, has been published fearlessly and without prejudice in the common interest.

.....

Squidby Squirting, Esq.,
Private Eye Ltd.,
(Master of Intrigue and Disguise.)

Sept. 16, 1951.

Parks & Recreation Division,
B.C. Forest Service,
Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, B.C.

Dear Sirs,

Having completed certain confidential investigations, I am submitting my report. Owing to my extremely keen powers of perception, the perfect disguises employed and the finesse used in dealing with sauve individuals, the following can be considered absolutely authentic as well as true.

Case #1 - How Much Wood Should a Wood Scaler Scale?

Disguised as a beautiful Indian maiden and a friend of Jim Underwood, I visited Ole Sven Swensen, who is a Swedish logger. Slyly posing as a snooze saleswoman I led the conversation around to the problem of the scalers not getting to the booms before some being completely eaten by toredoes or blown apart by winter storms.

Crux of situation expressed by Swede as "By Hokenboken, deese logs of mine, five times she blow to hell-and-gone and some even further! Where the(strange foreign words)..... are dose wood scalers?"

Case #2 - Is There a Turban in Your Yacht?

Absolutely magnificent as an Eastern gentleman with black mustache and bright yellow turban, I made application for a wood-cutting area. Naturally, the astute Management official in question (H.H.) was completely fooled. When proceedings slowed down and I'm not getting Cathedral Grove for wood cutting, I took the dazzling Midnapore ruby from my turban and waved it enticingly under his nose. Although his eyes popped

and his Adam's apple jumped up and down his throat he still sat on his trembling hands.

I am forced to conclude that his luxurious yacht and white sailor hat were not financed by dark-skinned vested interests.

Case #3 - To Check Two Cheques

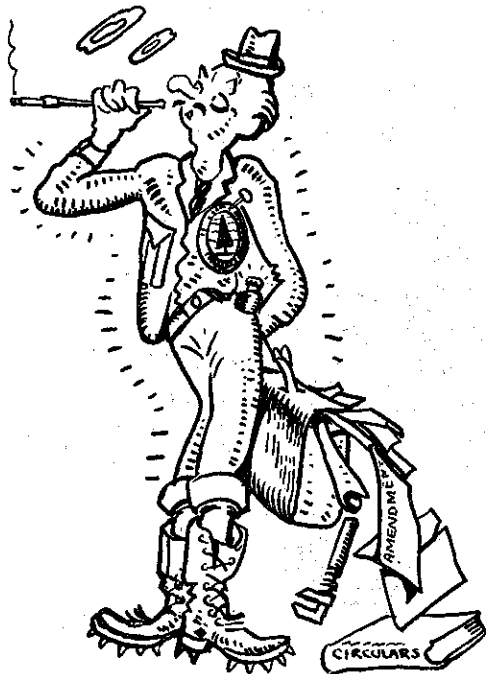
In order to interview a typical Forest Ranger and yet raise no suspicion, I was extremely ingenious as to disguise and approach. Wearing shiny khaki clothes and a hat 3 sizes too small, I rushed into his office at 10 A.M. (this hour was purposely chosen to catch him at low ebb, just after finishing his night's sleep). Mumbling a name and waving my shiny, bulging briefcase in the direction of Victoria he immediately mistook me for one of the unknown head office officials.

He was so crafty and evasive as to what he did on February 30, 1923, that



Parks and Recreation Division (continued)

I tried a bold forceful approach, I asked him man to man "Can you look yourself in the eye?" and, without even blushing, he says, "No, and I doubt if anyone can unless its Squint McQuire on top of Old Smokey."



Sensing some antagonism, I took off my hat and in a cultured Oxford accent politely asked, "How is your 'esprit de corps'?" He was completely bewildered and I realized then he had never attended Ranger School to learn culture.

I am sorry to report that the two cheques issued in August have not improved the efficiency of these men. I would recommend that the practice be discontinued and also as soon as possible.

Case #4 - Surveying Surveys or What Rot is This?

It was extremely fortunate in this particular investigation that I possessed versatility in the almost lost art of disguise and a distinct flair for fine acting. Rather than take the most obvious but highly dangerous course of posing as a woman, I instead donned the skin of a black bear.



Intercepting several strolling timber cruisers, I endeavoured to get close enough to see if the new Pogue pack-sacks really contained only aspirins, roller-skates and hot-water bottles. So realistic was my approach that these beardless youths climbed trees in great haste and shouted an astounding variety of oaths at me. Undaunted I followed one whereupon he set fire to his shirt and dropped it on me. Only by the utmost efforts of self presence was I able to make an orderly retreat.

It is safe to presume that these devilish green bags must contain hidden luxuries to be so zealously guarded by their wearers.

A further instance shows the deterioration already underway. George Silburn who, I am told, is an old-time timber cruiser and the first white man to explore the West Coast, is employed to guide and toughen up the beginners. This figurehead of heroic manhood was sought in the wilds and stealthily approached on his return from a mooted field trip. Cunningly enough, he was using a mud-stained truck but this imposter when seen huddled on the seat, had a fishing rod in one hand and lemon pie in the other.

You may draw your own conclusions as to the dangerous capabilities of such persons.

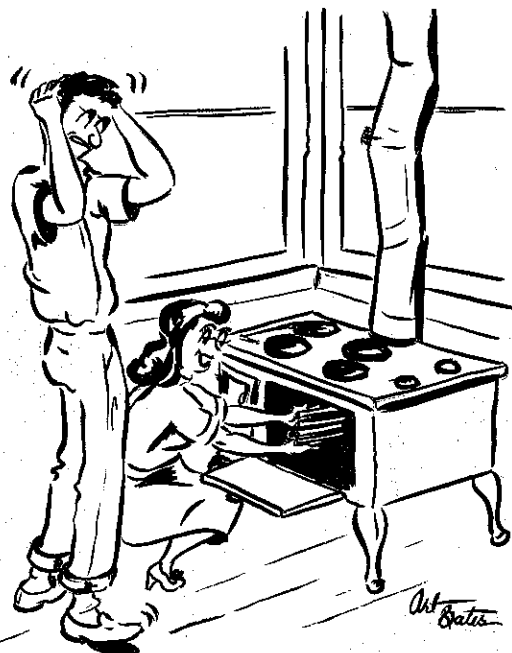
Yours most respectfully,

SQUIDBY SQUIRTING.

(Aided and abetted by C.P. Lyons and S.E. Park).

::: ::: ::: :::

PRINCE RUPERT DISTRICT



"Look dear, I've dried those little sticks for you."

Since our last contribution to the Newsletter (which was quite some time ago) we have a number of changes in Personnel to report.

DEPARTURES: J.C. Payne, Ass't Forester in Management, to Kamloops; F. Goertzen, Radio Tech'n, to Vancouver; Paul Letourneau, Management Clerk, to Federal Customs Dep't; Murray Johnston, Radio Operator, to Queen Charlotte Airlines; A.A. Antilla, Ranger, Babine Lake, to Industry; Jack Eastwood, Clerk, to U.B.C.; and Archie Willan, Ranger, Smithers, to private business.

Also leaving shortly is Walter Longwill, so that he can accumulate a few necessary shekels to take further training in draughting.

ARRIVALS: J.B. Bruce, Ass't Forester in Management, from Kamloops; H.L. Couling, Supervisor of Rangers, from Nakusp; Misses Janet Budinich, and Olga Hayduk, stenographers; Yew D. Lee, Radio Technician, from Victoria; Mrs. Muriel McNab, Temporary Radio Operator; Miss Jacquelyne Ratchford, typist; and Miss Luella MacDonald, Map Colourer.

MATCHED: On June 15, Margaret Baxter, Management clerk, and Douglas McGreish were married. The Staff presented Marg. and Doug.

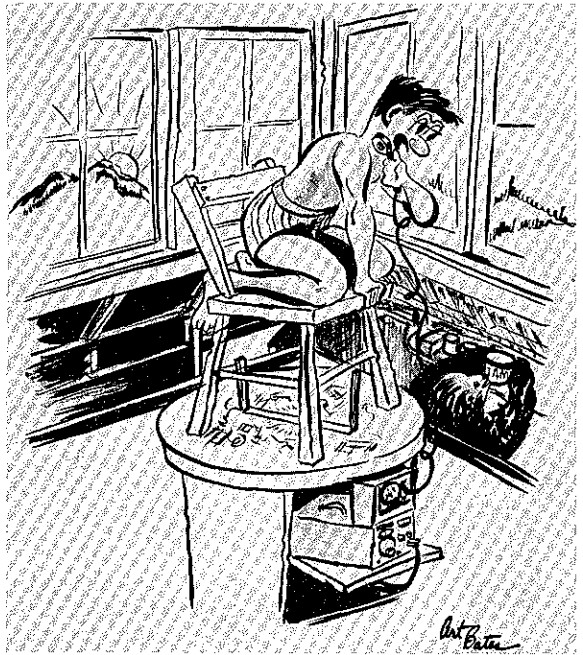
Prince Rupert District (continued)

with a chest of silver. On July 4, Murray Johnston, radio operator, and Miss Sanford were married, and the Office presented them with a tri-lite and matching ash-stand. Ass't Ranger A.C. McPherson of Smithers and Miss Margaret Symes were united in marriage on August 11. We extend to all of you our very best wishes for your happiness!

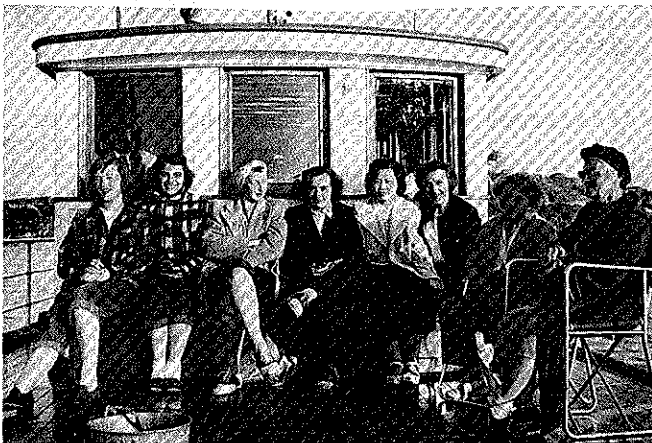
HATCHED We are pleased to announce the birth of a 7 lb. 5 oz. DAUGHTER, Shannon Louise, to Ranger and Mrs. Paul Piche, Southbank, B.C. on June 25. Congratulations!

UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS

(a) Annual Picnic. On July 8th the Forest Service (all of us that were lucky enough to be in town) and our guests sailed on the luxurious yacht, "Salt Mist", to Lucy Island, about an hour's run up our picturesque coast. The weather was marvellous (so much so that a few of our beautiful girls not only displayed their bathing suits, but also their ability in swimming.) As there were over fifty of us, we were able to get into the sports we most enjoyed, like baseball, volley ball, boating, hiking, or just plain loafing or snoozing. Later on in the afternoon there were many unusual and hilarious races, tug-of-war, etc. The prize to each individual or team that won was a couple of freshly toasted marshmallows! Diets were forgotten for the day and everybody ate and ate. (Why is that everything tastes so good at a picnic, even if you do happen to let the



"BAKER, EASY, ABLE, ROGER."



On Deck, "Salt Mist"

L. to R. - Olga Hayduk (Billing) Deska Penoff and Doreen Paul (Guests), Dorothy Edgar (Records), Louise Mah (Guest), Elsie Creed (Clerical), Mrs. M.O. Kullander and Mrs. (Bob's Mother) Corregan.



Tug-O-War

Directed by Ike Martin with Marc Gormely and Jim MacDonald as anchors. MacDonald's side won.



Three-Legged Race L. to R.: Dave Knowles & Frank Yanitski; Herdis Holdestad & June Thornton; Anne Dumas & Mel Thompson; Janet Budinich & Olga Hayduk; Mrs. Bob Corregan & Mrs. Jean James; Mrs. Bertha Boulton & Mrs. Jim MacDonald; Olga Zabudney & Vic Grant. Mr. & Mrs. Marc Gormely are hiding behind Miss Budnich and Miss Hayduk).



Baseball

Jim MacDonald batting; umpire, Mrs. Marvin Kullander

Prince Rupert District (continued)

hot dog fall into the fire or sand?) On the way home many lusty voices were raised in song, while sitting on deck watching the sunset, but there were a few murmurs from "below" too, where a friendly (?) game of "cards" was in progress. The picnic was a definite success (even if we all did get sunburned and have stiff muscles for a few days! Here's hoping it becomes an annual feature.

(b) Painful Accident: It happened to D.R. (Doc) Selkirk (in charge of Cruising) when his car overturned and he suffered shock and seven broken ribs, but he is now out of the Smithers hospital and convalescing in Victoria. Hurry home, Doc, we miss you!

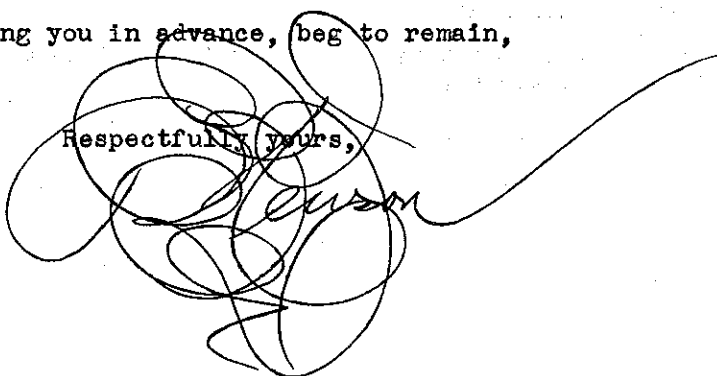
(c) "Moose" MacDonald: "J.P." Has Done It Again! should be the headline. Jim MacDonald and his son Bob went hunting on September 9 and "bagged" a tremendous moose. (Jim's second moose feat in 3 seasons). It weighed 640 lbs. when quartered and, as Jim is very generous, we will once again know what "BEEF" tastes like.

... ..

IS THERE A GRAPHOLOGIST IN THE HOUSE?

Thanking you in advance, beg to remain,

Respectfully yours,



Most offices encounter interesting signatures from time to time and members of the staff who are budding students of handwriting probably practise the art by trying to visualize the writer or list his (or her) characteristics. Here is a specimen that landed in the P.R. & E. mail the other day below a request for a copy of "Forest Act".

... ..

VANCOUVER DISTRICT

Hatched - To Mr. and Mrs. G.M. Schell (Scaler) on August 19, a DAUGHTER, Marguerite Hedvige. We have it on the authority of Miss Della Drummond that Marguerite H. "is a lovely big girl". Our congratulations and best wishes to the happy parents.

Engaged - Miss Deena Gyres and Ralph Sanderson (Scaler) are engaged to be married in the near future, although the date has not been definitely decided yet.

... ..

The following letter of appreciation and farewell has arrived from Fred O'Grady:

3990 Marguerite,
Vancouver, B.C.
August 5th, 1951.

To E.W. Bassett, Esq.,
District Forester,
Vancouver.

Dear Mr. Bassett,

I want again to give my heartfelt thanks to all my friends for the grand send-off they gave me on my departure.

I found it not easy to walk away from all the old friends with whom I had worked and sung and quarrelled and malingered and even once or twice bent a discreet elbow for nearly a third of a century, and start things going again in a new milieu. But I take with me a solid, palpable assurance that the friendship does not terminate with my services.

Good fortune and my best wishes to you all.

Yours very sincerely,
'Fred O'Grady'.

... ..

VICTORIA

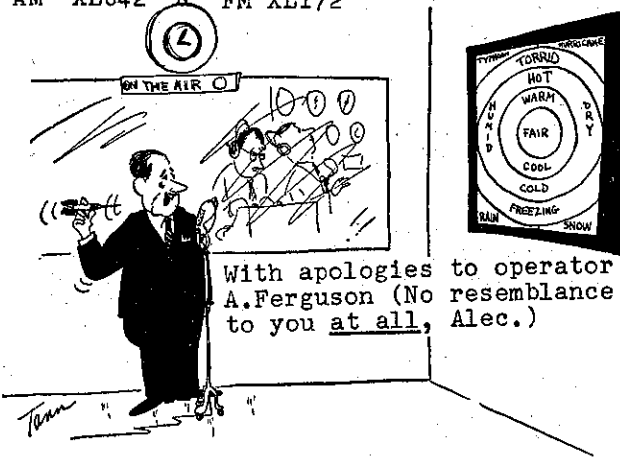
Hatched - To Wilf (Forest Agrologist) Pendray and Mrs. Pendray on September 18, 1951, at Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, a second SON - Thomas James - weight 8 pounds, 14½ ounces.

... ..

10.

Vancouver District (continued)

AM XLU42 & FM XLY72



With apologies to operator
A. Ferguson (No resemblance
to you at all, Alec.)

THE RAINS CAME

An Ahmedabad (India) man went on a
nine-day fast to please the "rain
god." He died on the eighth day.
On the ninth it rained. (News item).

Any volunteers?

... ..

"And now for the weather report. . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

OUR MASTHEAD STORY

The "Salt Mist", flagship of the Rupert District fleet, like a jewel in
a lovely setting, lies off Lucy Island lighthouse.

... ..