

OCT 23 1952

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. 111

VICTORIA, B.C.

OCTOBER, 1952.

THE MASTHEAD - BRITISH COLUMBIA TOUR OF DELEGATES TO SIXTH BRITISH COMMONWEALTH FORESTRY CONFERENCE

A photograph of the group behind Pine Woods Lodge, Manning Park - From Left to Right - C.P. Lyons, B.C.F.S.; Eric Druce, B.C.F.S.; Lorne Swannell, B.C.F.S.; R.H. Boyd, B.C.F.S.; W. Mather, Dom. Dept. Agri.; Ralph Johnston, B.C.F.S.; D.B. Taylor, B.C.F.S.; F.Y. Henderson, U.K.; A. Porter, Dom. Dept. Agri.; G.H. Hocking, New Zealand; Dr. C.D. Orchard, B.C.F.S.; H.R. Blanford, U.K.; Prof. H.M. Steven, U.K.; G.D. Rouse, U.K.; F.R. O'Connell, Australia; P.B. Lancaster, Nigeria; D.R. Rosevear, Nigeria; Dr. W.J. Eggeling, Tanganyika; A.H. Crane, Tasmania; G.J. Rodger, Australia; A.H. Gosling, U.K.; E.L.S. Hudson, Australia; S.A. Clarke, Australia; R.F. Wood, U.K.; M.V. Laurie, U.K.; J. Banerji, India; B.R. Hoddinott, Kenya; Prof. H.G. Champion, U.K.; E.J. Kelly-Edwards, S. Rhodesia; Geo. Allen, U.B.C.; B.H. Bednall, S. Australia; Dr. A.L. Griffith, E. Africa; H.W. Thesen, S. Africa; C. Swabey, Uganda; A.F.A. Lamb, (in front) Trinidad & Br. Honduras; Y.S. Ahmad, Pakistan; W.L. Marjoribanks, Sudan; C.L. Thesen, S. Africa; W.A. Gordon, Br. Guiana; F.C. Ford Robertson, U.K.; R.R. Waterer, Kenya; F.G. Gerraty, Australia; R.J. Barrett, B.C.F.S.; C.J. Wagner, B.C.F.S.; Drivers Behan & Johnson, Greyhound Lines.

Missing from photograph - Bryan Latham, U.K.; C.H. Tutton, Australia; J.W. Youl, Australia; T.C. Jones, B.C.F.S.; D.R. Monk, B.C.F.S.; R.C. Mills, B.C.F.S.

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The Fall of 1952 will long remain in the memory of the Forest Service as the period during which it had the pleasant duty of being host to some 37 delegates of the Sixth British Commonwealth Forestry Conference. This group of distinguished Foresters from every corner of the Commonwealth accepted the Government's invitation to a tour of British Columbia at the conclusion of the Conference proper in Ottawa.

On the night of September 20, at Banff, the group was officially welcomed to the Province by the Hon. R.E. Sommers and the next morning commenced a 13-day, 1500-mile trip from Banff, Alberta, to Campbell River, Vancouver Island. Travelling in two chartered busses, the group set out via Golden, Radium Hot Springs, down the Columbia-Kootenay Valleys and across the Selkirks to Nelson. On September 23, the tour left Nelson, crossed the famous "Hump", between Rossland and Grand Forks, and entered the Okanagan Valley where they visited Penticton and Kelowna before doubling back to spend the night of the 25th at Manning Park. After a day-and-one-half of "freedom" in Vancouver, the tour set out from Victoria on the morning of September 29 for the Cowichan Lake Experiment Station and a four-day schedule on the Island where they visited the Port Alberni Mills, Northwest Bay Logging operations, the Beaufort Tree Farm, the Elk Falls Paper Co. Mill at Duncan Bay, and the Reforestation Plantations of the Sayward area.

On October 3, the Government tendered the group a farewell dinner in Vancouver and thus terminated a most worthwhile, co-operative venture between the Forest Service and the Industry whose constant and willing co-operation left nothing to be desired.

In his address of farewell, Hon. Mr. Sommers, as Chairman of the dinner, summed up the feelings of all with the words - "In these times of mistrust and uncertainty, it is magnificently reassuring to witness such a fine co-operative example as the Sixth British Commonwealth Forestry Conference and your visit to us here in British Columbia. From all corners of the earth you have come to this Conference to carry out your tasks without rancour or bitterness but always striving towards a common goal - the clear exchange of unfiltered truth in the service of true, scientific progress."

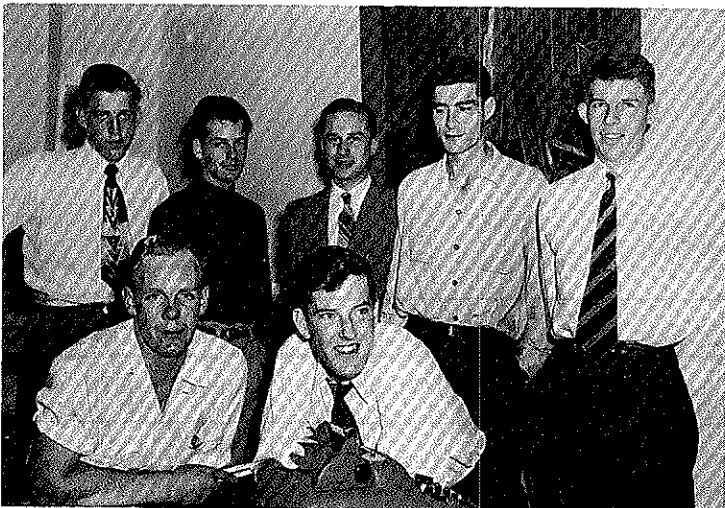
B.C. Tour of Delegates to Sixth British Commonwealth Forestry Conference (continued)

There is much organizing behind the scenes of such a tour. Although the Public Relations Division primarily was charged with this responsibility, it was the contribution of Ches. Lyons, Parks & Recreation, and the wonderful and immediate co-operation of all the field personnel from the District Foresters to the members of the Ranger Staff that really made this historic visit to British Columbia a success. To all of you go our sincere thanks.

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VANCOUVER DISTRICT

This month, at the end of another Summer season, we wish to acknowledge the work accomplished by a small but much sought-after group who are attached to our Vancouver office. Collectively, the boys are known as the Headquarters Cruising Party and they have roamed the mountains, generally in cardinal directions, from the International Border to the hills of Seymour Inlet, and from Zeballos to Scuzzy Creek; and in the line of duty they have also roamed through many of our Ranger Offices. Incidentally, the fellows are all fairly tall, and on one occasion we had over 30 feet of cruisers and compassmen in the field, in the form of 5 active bodies.



Left to right: Standing - Bob Peacock, Ted Babcock, Tom Hubbard, Sid Burgess, Don Power. Sitting - Russ Campbell, John Ridington; and, foreground, Management's printing calculator.

In order to write a few lines, the scene of their last camp was visited, and - well, we will let someone who was there take over:-

"I am a Douglas fir. For the last few centuries my life has been relatively quiet. The only sounds I ever heard were the roaring of the creeks and the continual chatter of the Forest Dwellers - and, lately, occasionally a trapper wheezing by on his way to some unknown destination.

"On a rainy day last month, however, my thoughts were suddenly shattered by the sound of crushing under-brush. On peering down I saw five strange figures staggering towards me. With a gasp of relief they threw their mountainous packs onto the ground and forthwith collapsed. After their rasping, coughing, and belching subsided, they began scampering around, evidently looking for a suitable place for a campsite. After ten minutes of arm-

waving, caustic remarks, and nodding of heads, they settled themselves at the base of my trunk.

"I began to question the sanity of these people. Who would be crazy enough to want to camp anywhere near here? A steep slope, devil's club, and other assorted flora aren't exactly conducive to good company. But I was quite happy for now I could observe at close quarters these five of the human species. After a great deal of chopping, swearing, cutting tent poles, erecting a tent and building a fireplace, they made themselves a home away from home. After listening to their gabble for a while, I came to the obvious conclusion they could only be a Headquarters Cruising Party. This, therefore, explained why they were camped in such a Godforsaken spot.

"As their chatter was incessant, I was soon able to identify them by name. The tall, lean one was Sid Burgess, an old-line member of the crew, who evidently began with the Headquarters party 'way back in '49. The blonde whose ears stuck out, considerably, was Don Power. These two were obviously in charge, as they carried 39" sticks and were frequently called "Master". The close resemblance to pack mules emphasized that the other three fellows were compassmen; namely, Russ Campbell, Bob Peacock and John Ridington.

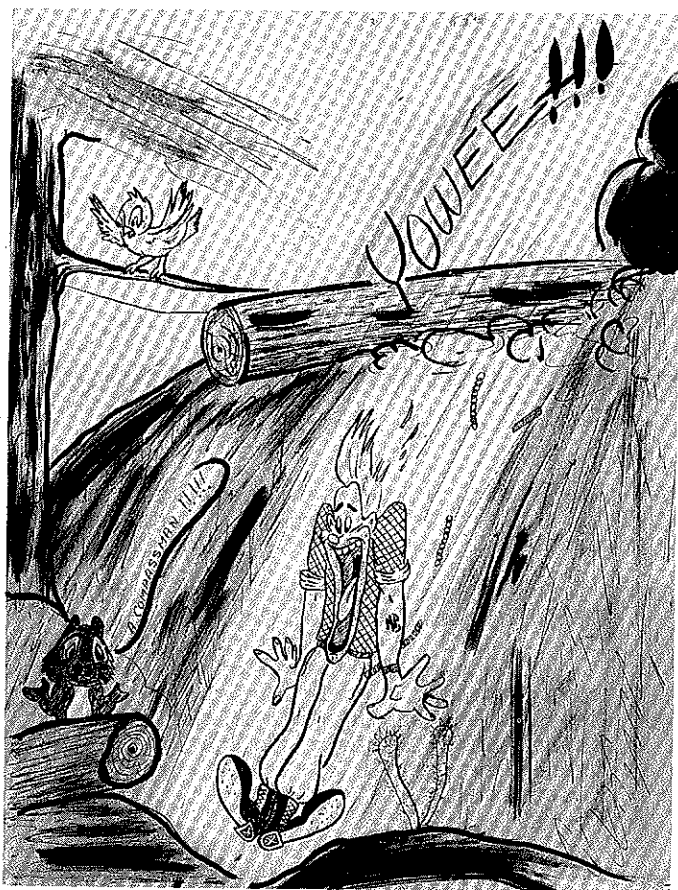
"After a scrumptious meal of powdered soup, powdered spuds, dehydrated diced beets, and Chuckwagon dinner, complete with bolts, axles, and horseshoes, topped with chocolate pudding, I had to laugh at Sid Burgess (who would look good in a tuxedo at some high-society function but was now garbed in a holey, woollen jacket and a pair of snagged pants) peering into a pot lying on the ground, bowl in one hand, spoon in the other, indignantly yelling "Who was the dirty --- that ate all of the chocolate pudding." After they had hungrily devoured the last grain of powder of their potatoes, they squatted around the dying fire drinking Russ Campbell's delicious coffee. I received a taste of it when one of the boys threw half of his cup over his shoulder when Russ wasn't looking. I gather they use the coffee for drafting ink



Vancouver District (continued)

when it cools down.

"Don Power is a great one for leaving things behind wherever he goes. I hear he would forget his shadow if it didn't insist on following him everywhere. On one job near Harrison Lake, he was labouring up a sidehill with a pack on his back, as usual, when one of the boys noticed he had only one shoe affixed to his pack-board instead of the customary two. Well, one shoe is about as useful as a compass without a needle, so in sheer disgust he threw the remaining shoe off a rock bluff, 900 feet high, figuring he would never find the other one. Several days later when the crew got back to the logging camp where they had stayed overnight, you guessed it, there was his shoe. Oh well! Some mention was also made of the time that Don came out of the woods, changed into dry shoes, and one hour and 19 miles later realized his boots were still where the truck had been.



"Russ Campbell is the fellow who, I gather, spends a great deal of his time in the process of falling, or getting up after falling. He has a speciality called "sudden death". Perched high on a windfall peering intently into his compass, upon the command of "Mush" he will be gone in less time than it would take you to swat a "No-see-um". The only thing that tells you he hasn't vanished completely from the earth is a muffled roar and curses as he fights to the surface of the underbrush from many feet below.

"Bob Peacock manages to afflict himself with so many cuts and bruises, deaf ears, sprained ankles, sore knees, et cetera, that his trip to town between jobs reminds the others of a truck coming into the garage for its monthly overhaul. He will evidently be glad when he can walk along the concrete sidewalks at U.B.C., knowing there are no rock bluffs to stumble over.

"John Ridington is another U.B.C. student spending his summer in the deep, dark, dank, dirty, miserable woods, among my comrades. When John first went with the crew I gather he had ideas about making bannock and many other dishes that are supposed to be woodsmanlike, but his ideas were quickly snuffed out by the more conservative members of the

crew. He therefore confines his cooking to hotcakes that must closely resemble manhole covers as it was said that all this talk about flying saucers is "malarky", the disks simply being John's hotcakes that have been flung into the stratosphere by the indignant cruisers.

"One of the fellows who has evidently been badly missed on the camping expeditions, since he can handle a king-sized pack, is Tom Hubbard. He used to be a regular member of the Headquarters Cruising Party but now his time is divided between field work and his desk in the Marine Building, where he puts on weight. According to the chatter, when the time came to crawl into the sleeping bags, Tom made darn sure he wouldn't catch cold. I gather he wore more clothes to bed than he did when he was working; first would come his hat, then a scarf, a wool shirt, and so on. It must have been quite a sight to see Tom in his sleeping bag. If he did do any reading, all you would see out of a pile of clothing would be a pair of blue eyes, a nose, his sweet-smelling pipe, and a pair of mittened hands feverishly clutching a Penguin pocket-book.

"The crew is sometimes afflicted with one or several of the fellows from the Vancouver Office - Eric Bennett, George Johnston, Frank Williams, Wally Tuttle, or Bob Fisher, who might spend a week's vacation in the hills with the boys who then try, though not always successfully, to find a particularly steep hill for the



Vancouver District (continued)

office boys to climb.

"The sun is setting and the fellows camped below me are slowly, painfully, and noisily crawling into their sleeping bags. All I can hear now is the low murmur of their voices and the occasional curse as some undiscovered sticks or boulders under their sleeping bags jab them in the seat.

"You may wonder where I learned to think and talk - well, some enterprising young salesman sold me a complete volume of the first edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica for only a sack full of fir cones, and I've been pretty busy for the last 70 years."

Thanks, D.P.

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A BOY'S LOG

By D. Packard

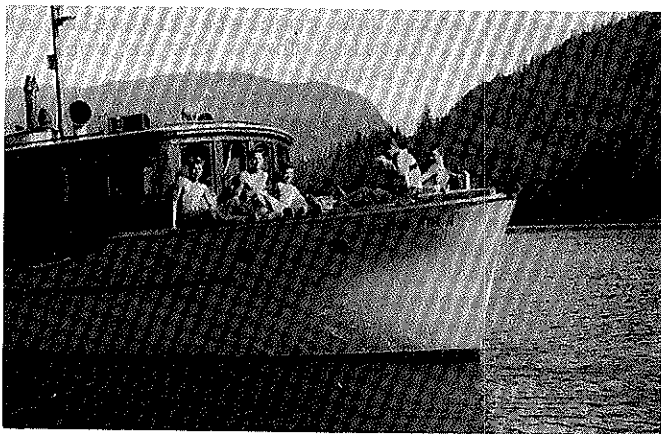
Suddenly, from far away, there was a great, irritating clanging and banging. It was to this insistent sound that I arose each morning.

A few moments later I would leave my tent, clutching my tooth-brush and paste, making my bleary-eyed way over the criss-crossed guy-ropes of other tents. As I passed I could hear muffled, protesting sounds from inside.

But when I returned after my morning shock-treatment, the tents were silent. Gathering lungs full of air I would poke my head through the flaps and bellow:

"Wakey, wakey, wakey, rise and shine! It's a Bee-oo-tee-full day. Come on! Chop, chop, 1 - 2 - 3 let's go!"

If this failed, as it almost always did, I would pounce bodily on any dormant sleeping-bag until it squirmed, wriggled, and protested loudly. Then, and only then, would a puffy-eyed, befogged-brained, young animal emerge from his cocoon.



The day was begun at Bickley Bay Training Camp on East Thurlow Island.

The camp consisted of ten teen-aged boys attached to the Research Division. They were spending two months on the Experimental Reserve at Thurlow, making themselves useful. I was their instructor.

It was after four days of splitting and piling wood that they first inquired about what the "training" stood for in the title. Even if I wanted to tell them I probably could not. The real training offered wasn't in the form of a course with a diploma at the end.

The boys off on an excursion on Rgr. Ken Haley's Alpine Fir II

The two things which were continually being called for at Thurlow were - improvising, and "seeing a thing through".

I think these were the two most important lessons they could learn.

We were almost entirely isolated on a small island in Johnson Straits. There was only a small store on the island itself, and that two and one-half miles by land.

We had to "make our own". Everything from broad-jump pit to lacrosse sticks. For a shot-put we used a 16 lb. 2 oz. cobblestone, and we made puts of 37 feet. For a discus we cut one-inch slices from a fairly round tree. We made a lacrosse ball of rope and string, racquets of forked branches with laces of hemp rope. We even made our own rules, thus creating Bickley Bay Lacrosse.

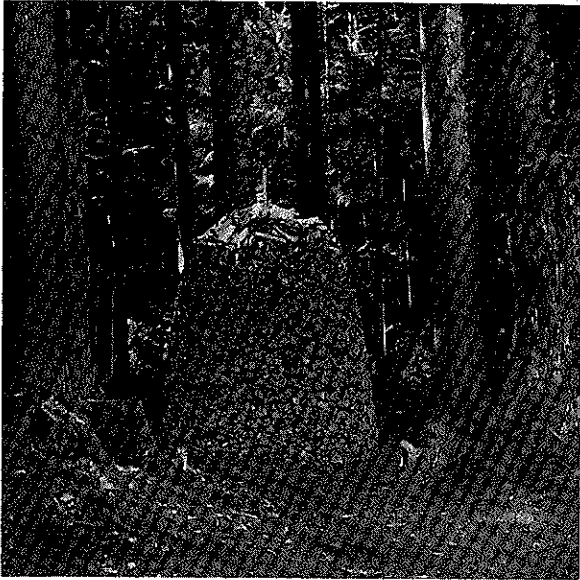
When our volley-ball burst on a snag, after the first half-hour's play, we were momentarily at a loss. Particularly, since we had laboured mightily for some hours to make a level and official court. Soon we came to the obvious answer - Deck Tennis. We spliced a circular rope and wrapped it with string, altered slightly the dimensions of the court, and developed some of the fastest players in Western Canada.

We made mouse traps which were so complicated that even the mice couldn't figure them out, they simply died from confusion.

We cut down broken handles to replace others. We own the only sledgehammer in captivity with a large section of peavey-handle attached to its head. We split our own shakes, made our own furniture, of a sort, and even rakes, out of 2 x 4's and nails.

There were no movies, no radios, no dates, no plumbing either. We had lots of time to be bored if we wished. But we never were as there was too much to be done in the bush, around the camp, or for our own personal pleasure and satisfaction.

A teen-age boy is usually a large mass of potential energy, with two arms and legs and very little sense. He is often inclined to let something go if it puts up too much opposition. While others are equally dissatisfied if nothing presents a challenge. In both cases, building bridges is the answer. There is nothing like

A Boy's Log (continued)

Chris Joergensen's bee-hive shaped woodpile a la Denmark.

drains, dug, and shingled.

We took an all-day excursion around the island to see what was about us. One afternoon we had a bull-session about the B.C.F.S., the prospects and opportunities it holds for young men, and general questions on natural history. Two boys expressed positive interests along these lines.

That's what we did. Briefly stated it doesn't sound like very much. But it was really. They were not quite the same boys I had met two months earlier. They seemed older now and they looked decidedly more substantial. But the real value was being carried away privately and individually by each boy. It is inestimable and no one will ever know if they got from their experience on Thurlow Island all that was to be had.

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SO LONG, GIL.

On Saturday, August 9, 1952, a large group of friends and associates gathered in the Chief Forester's Office to wish Mr. R.G. (Gil) Gilchrist, Chief Draughtsman of Management in Victoria, the best of luck and happiness in his retirement from the Service. Dr. Orchard made the presentation of an electric alarm clock on behalf of Gil's many friends throughout the Service.

Russell George Gilchrist was born in Toronto on August 3, 1887, but came to B.C. shortly thereafter. He attended Victoria High School, a Technical School in Vancouver, and the University of California Extension at Los Angeles. Between 1910 and 1921, Gil was employed with various surveying concerns in B.C. and joined the Forest Service in 1922 as a Draughtsman on the Naas Cruising Party under Junior Forester C.D. Orchard. Between 1923 and 1930 he worked as a senior engineering draughtsman with the Fitz-Gerald Engineering Co. of Los Angeles, returning to the fold as a clerk draughtsman in the Vancouver District Office in 1937 after three years with the Greater Vancouver Water District and the Vancouver Town Planning Commission. In 1938 Gil was promoted to Draughtsman and transferred to the Victoria Management draughting room where he became Supervising Draughtsman in 1946 and Chief in 1947.

All the best of good health and prosperity to you, Gil. Now you'll have lots of time for your "shop".

Mr. John Rodgers, Supervising Draughtsman of the Nelson District, will be replacing Gil in Victoria.

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A CASE FOR THE DEFENCE

The Editor,
Forest Service Newsletter
Victoria, B. C.

Dear Sir:

"The Case of The Foot Accelerator" (Newsletter #109, Sept. 1952) sounds both foolish and amusing in 1952. The story of the three-legged man who could not get into the service because he would spoil Jim Blake's theory of danger is not too far fetched.

But those of us who lived in 1922 can remember the three pedaled Ford, and how often one did use all three pedals, at the same time, even though possessing only the normal number of feet, in the vast majority of cases.

I expect Jim Blake to take up the cudgels on his own behalf. I was

A Case for the Defence (continued)

not in at the birth of the prohibition, although I did agree with Jim later. And there was a reason, and particularly did that reason come later from the lads who objected to the prohibition, though not in all cases.

The "attached" foot accelerator was as clumsy a goose-necked gadget for the three pedaled Ford as could be invented for the conditions met in B.C. The driving pedals were of metal, and many a hob-nailed shoe applied rapidly to the right foot or brake pedal slipped off to hit the attachment then known as a "foot accelerator". The results showed up in the repair bills of the day. Look 'em up.

I know that on one trip in the Grand Forks district with the then Ranger, (I wish I could remember his name -- he was an oldish man in years and service, and a grand fellow) we met another auto on a curve. He, the other man, was driving too fast for them there days, and was also on our side of the road, so read the P.L. report?

Like the gal in the story -- we took to the woods. How we made it without injury we never knew, but this I do know, that out came the accelerator, for the action intended was to apply the brakes; instead we make a stump cruise. Said my good ranger friend "That's the umpteenth time that's happened, but before I had my shoes loaded with gumbo." Of course there were thousands of cases where such things just did not occur, but before the argument became too heated, a standard foot accelerator, shaped like a large button, was on the market and was made standard equipment. The conservatives of the day were, in some cases, protectors of the jungle beasts. It is hard to believe this after thirty years.

The Operation office in 1922 was dealing with occurrences of the Province, not of one man or a few men, however opinionated, and Operations, then newly blessed with a mechanical inspector, felt that his was the best advice, that he knew his stuff, and by golly, after serving for 25 years or so it would appear that Jim Blake did know, for Jim, more than most men, managed to accelerate the mechanical progress of the Service.

But it does sound funny today. The cars of 1922 would look funny on the road today, but so long as we can see the humour of any situation, we are going to go ahead. I know that I made many mistakes in appearing to refuse some new ideas. Perhaps even worse was my adoption of some ideas which did not pan out. But even with these failures there was progress. It took a long time to achieve success, so that we can afford to laugh at some of the things we did in them thar days.

Yours very truly,

"C.S. Cowan"

Manager
Western Forest Fire Association.

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DOING THE WORK HE LIKES



The photograph on the left shows W.N. (Rusty) Campbell, T.F.A., of the Public Relations Division, demonstrating the principle of operating a back pump to a group of youngsters in Victoria. Rusty instructed three classes of about 40 youngsters each during the summer months as well as two groups of Junior Forest Wardens in camp at Vancouver. The picture was taken behind Ranger Jack Greenhouse's Langford Station.

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MY KINGDOM FOR A BATH!

The Newsletter was most pleased to hear recently from Harold H. Smith, former Chief Accountant, Forest Accounts, Victoria, and to receive the amusing story of a visit of the "B.C. Forester" to Whaletown. The story appears in "The Log", a quarterly published by the Columbia Coast Mission, and goes as follows:

My Kingdom for a Bath (continued)

Commenting upon a visit by the forestry boat to Whaletown recently, the Rev. Rollo Boas says:

"Of course the crew were given a bit of shore kindness that is always welcome to those who spend their days on board ship. The crew was made up chiefly of University students who were working for the Department of Forests during the summer months. The "B.C. Forester" was acting as supply ship for some 20 or 30 young men who were doing survey work. "My kingdom for a hot bath" was their cry.

"Bring the boys along, we'll do our best", we had said. But little did we think they would take us up.

It was the second Sunday of the month. The bell in the small tower of the Church of St. John the Baptist was ringing for the second time. We were about to begin when up the church steps came no less than thirteen men in their woods attire. Under their arms they carried soap, towel, and clean underclothing. They had taken us at our word. Above all they wanted a bath -- if we would let them come to church as they were? By all means we would, and did, welcome them. They took part in the service whole-heartedly. None of them gave us the impression that they had to grin and bear the price of a hot bath. Our little church resounded joyfully with the praises and prayers of these many souls.

And so to the clinic we went after service. Thirteen baths out of one tank filled with hot water! Impossible? And so we began to heat more water. No less than three burners were put into high gear -- And so they got their baths."

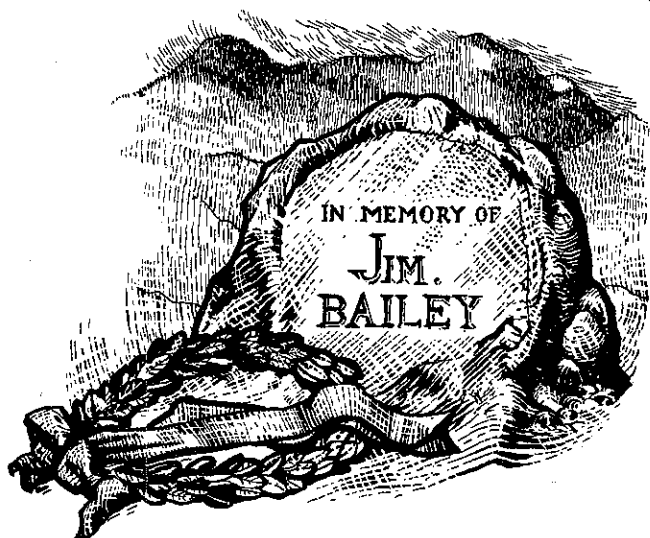
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PARKS AND RECREATION

On Friday, September 12, 1952, Jim Bailey was planning a bridge in Wells Gray Park and lost his life by drowning when a boat overturned in the Clearwater River.

James Munroe Bailey was born at Yellow Grass, Saskatchewan, on February 28, 1922. He was an earnest, capable man, possessed of a cheerful and friendly disposition and a multitude of lively interests. In three short years of association he won the respect and affection of the Parks Division and contributed much to the good repute of the Forest Service.

His untimely passing inflicts a sad loss upon all who were associated with him.



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HATCHED

LYONS - To Hugh of Surveys and Inventory, and Mrs. Lyons, a SON, 9 pounds 10½ ounces, on August 30, 1952, at the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS

B.36 - "The Cowichan Lake Forest Experiment Station". Third, revised edition of the 1931 and 1947 issues.

Copies of this publication are available from Public Relations Division, Victoria.

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MATCHED

On Saturday, October 18, 1952, Miss Ruth Veitch of Forest Protection and Mr. R.C. (Bob) Jones of Forest Surveys and Inventory were married at First United Church in Victoria.

After a honeymoon in the Interior and the United States, the Joneses will return to Victoria to live.

On October 10, Dr. Orchard presented a lovely mahogany coffee-table and a tri-lite lamp to Ruth on behalf of her many friends in the Service.

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Our best wishes to Miss Isabel Nelligan of the Personnel Office who was married to Mr. Bob O'Gorman on Saturday, October 11.

Mr. F.S. McKinnon, Assistant Chief Forester, presented Isabel with a

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Matched (continued)

Kenwood blanket on behalf of the staff on September 30.

Isabel has been replaced in Personnel by Miss June Kroeger of Management.

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All members of the Forest Service will wish to express their deepest sympathy to Percy Young, District Forester, Prince Rupert, on the sudden passing of his wife, Lorna.

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THOMAS JOHN RAMSEY
1920 - 1952

Thomas John Ramsey, Engineer on launch "Nesika", was accidentally drowned at Port Hardy, B.C. on September 13, 1952.

Mr. Ramsey joined the Forest Service as a truck driver in August, 1950 and, after working on projects, transferred to launch engineer at Port Hardy in April, 1951. He was educated in Ontario and went from school into the Army to become a Paratrooper with the 6th Airborne Division.

The condolences of the Forest Service go out to his widow and son.

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