

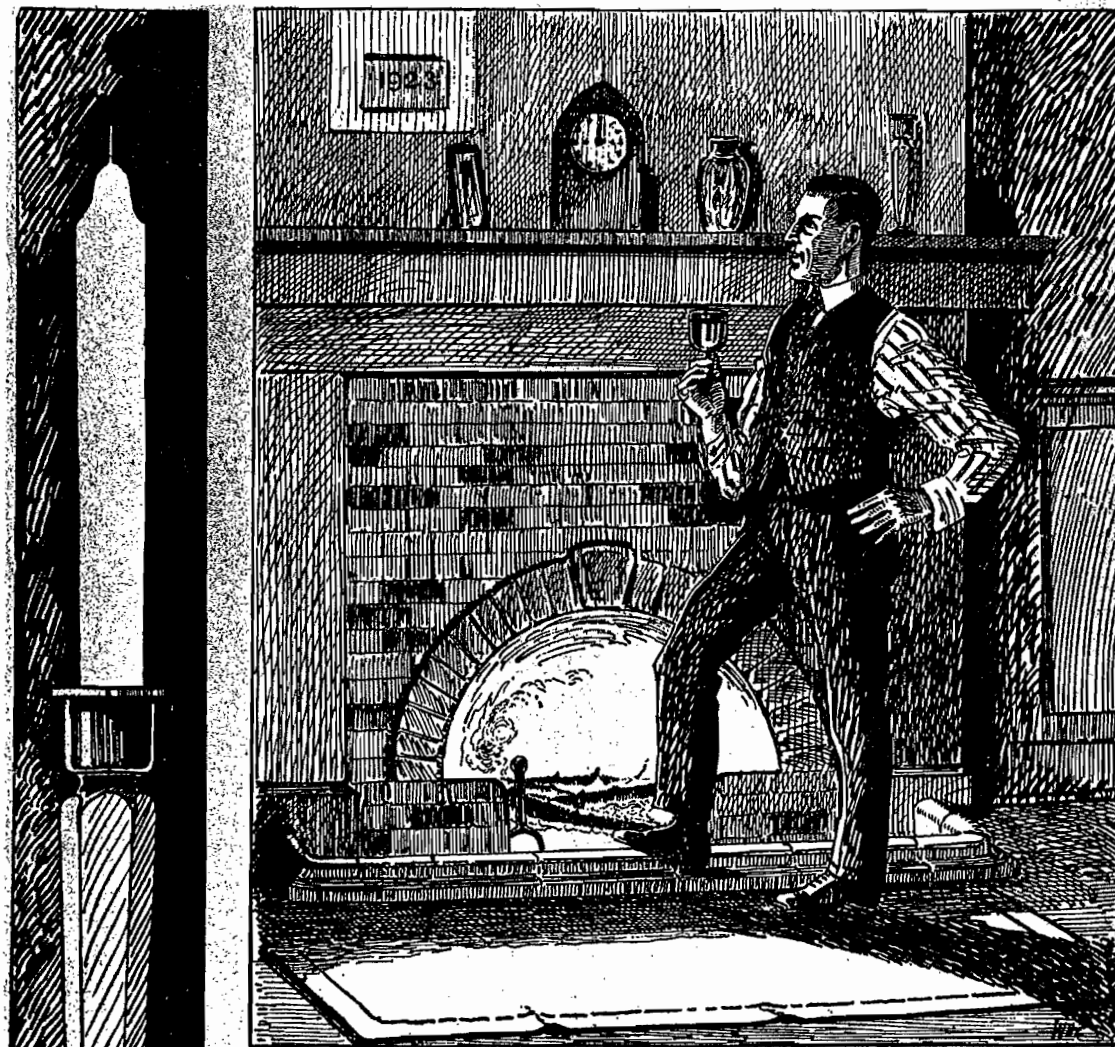
OFF COPY ROOT BRANCH AND



Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1922.

No. 8.



TO 1923!

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR"

But it is good that Christmas does come once a year; good that on one day we may put aside all thoughts of how to get a more efficient Department, and pay attention to the wants of the little ones and see what pleasure we can give them.

It is nearly two thousand years since the Little Babe was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, and the old yet ever new message "Peace on Earth, Good-will to men" was first given to a tired and waiting world. And has there ever been a time, in the world's history, when that message was more needed than now? It is over four years since the Armistice, and Europe is still an armed camp, with a million more men under arms than in 1913!

During the past century there has been, in many ways, greater advancement than in any preceding twenty centuries; but while we have been making scientific discoveries and harnessing the forces of Nature, so that a Rip van Winkle who fell asleep a hundred years ago and woke up today would not know the world, I wonder if we have not been forgetting some of the fundamentals? In spite of the advancement in material wealth, are people as a whole much happier than they were a hundred or a thousand years ago? Is not the real happiness of today to be found in the simple kindly actions rather than in the spending of the colossal wealth amassed by the Captains of Industry? Is there any other way in which to bring about "Peace on Earth, Good-will to men" than by the determination of the individual that, so far as his neighbour is concerned, he is going to live in peace and quietness with him?

We have all kinds of schemes and doctrines and "isms" for the salvation of the Universe, but when we get right down to bed-rock, is there any salvation other than in the individual determination to be decent and kindly, to have a cheery word and a pleasant smile for those of our own household and for our neighbour? "Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

It makes little difference whether we have Capitalism, Socialism, or Communism, unless the individual wants to be fair and just and is willing to 'play the game'; and with individual fair-mindedness any of the systems would work.

There is nothing new in this - nothing original; it is a simple Christmas message and means that it depends on you and me, not on Kings and statesmen, as to when in actuality there shall be "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men."

And now I wish you all, from the Minister to the Office-boy, "A Very Merry Christmas and A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Geo. R. Naden.



THE WILL FOR THE NEW YEAR

"He only is who wills to live
The best his nature prophesies;
Master of fate, executive
Of self - a sovereign strong
And wise."

(Haddock)

For 1922 it only remains to write 'c'est fini' and pass it on to history. A year of many trials and vicissitudes, and it may be that history will credit it with some achievements.

As we sit by our Christmas firesides, let us look back in a mental review of the experiences, the progress, the failures which have gone to make up the year; and in recalling them, let us register mentally a programme for the new year, feeling sure that this time we will gain our objective.

Or do we feel discouraged? Do we think "What's the use"? Or will we feel discouraged if a year hence we still fall short? Does it matter so long as the Will is strong? That great interpreter of human emotions, Shakespeare, has told us that "All things that are, are with more pleasure chased than enjoyed," and which of us today would engage in the game for the prize alone? Is not the greater reward in the action, the strife, the game itself?

And so it is in our work. As one Forest Economist puts it - "To such a people was given in the New World a forest which no less must mark their destiny.....To make it supply our wants and aspirations, employ our workers, and contribute forever to our prosperity is the end we seek with common intent, common interest, and it should be with common viewpoint." Into your hands has been placed the responsibility for the shaping of our Forest Destiny. A game, surely, with few equals.

With 1922 a memory of what has been, what might have been, we enter boldly into 1923, not with regrets over failure to accomplish, not with fears for the results yet to be achieved, but with the WILL to drive through to the end, wherever that end may be; and if we are strong in that spirit, our experiences of 1922 shall not be stumbling-blocks, but "lamps unto our feet."

A Merry Christmas to you all, and Happiness and Good Fortune in the New Year.

P. Z. Caverhill.

"TALKING FORESTRY"



Everyone should know more about the business in which he is engaged than the fellow employed in some other line. You may not know all there is to know about Forestry, but, generally speaking, the other fellow knows less.

The travelling man, the mining man, and the clever stranger we meet in the smoker, all have their favourite subjects, their 'line of talk', and each is interesting to the degree in which he puts across his ideas without boring his audience.

No other profession has more possibilities for interesting discourse than Forestry. It is relatively a young profession. Most everyone has read something on the subject, just enough in most cases to make them want to hear more. It is a subject that appeals particularly to men's out-door instincts; and one which, due to popular stories and articles, usually suggests to the layman the wild country, hunting, fishing, the mountains, and Nature generally.

Every Forester (and by that I make no distinctions) should be able to talk interestingly about some phase of the subject at a moment's notice. The exact 'line' will vary with local conditions, the angle from which we see the problem, and what is likely to be the most interesting viewpoint to the people we meet most often; but the following are a few of the many points that might be suggested: Fires, how we fight them, the damage they do; the number in your district this year; the growth of trees, how they grow, which ones grow most rapidly, how long it takes to grow trees big enough for saw logs; the amount of timber in your district (or the Province), the amount cut annually, where it is marketed, the number of men employed in the industry; the need for wood in every industry, especially farming, mining, railroading, and so on; the proportion of farm land to forest land in the Province; the position of B.C. and its possibilities as the great timber-producing area of the Empire, and the consequent need for conservation, protection of forests, and management of timber land. The basic facts for these are available to all of us, through publications of various sorts.

A good Forester should be a good salesman, for it is only by selling the Forestry idea in its broadest sense to the general public that we can hope to secure their interest and support in the necessary conservation and management of our forest lands.

To do this in an interesting, entertaining and instructive manner, we must marshal facts and figures, compile



them and boil them down, and thoroughly familiarise ourselves with the work being done, and which should be done, in the Districts and in the Province.

This looks like a big job. How many of us can "Talk Forestry" at present ?

There is no Christmas sentiment in the foregoing but only because the Christmas sentiment has been so well expressed elsewhere that I cannot but feel that for me to attempt to amplify it would be both vain and needless. I wish you all the Compliments of the Season.

----- R.C.St.Clair.

Here are TEN COMMANDMENTS for the man who handles men, which each one of us might well embody in his code of ethics :

1. Be an Optimist. Confidence is infectious.
2. Make few promises - and keep every promise made.
3. Every question has two sides. Always make a point of hearing both.
4. Study your men. Put each where he can do the best work.
5. Never show discouragement. A stout heart never dies.
6. Don't hold spite. Correct when necessary, but forgive afterwards.
7. Notice good work as well as bad. Give both praise and blame justly.
8. Be fair. A foreman often has to act as judge, and therefore must be just.
9. Control yourself. Anger is too valuable to use promiscuously.
10. Take your full share of blame. Sharing both praise and blame with workers is a big factor in the successful management of men.

(Western Canada Contractor.)

CHRISTMAS IN "MESPOTS" (1916)



Dreary, flat, sandy and treeless (except for a few acres of date palms stretching along the banks of the Tigris) "a pillar of fire by day and a minimum of warmth by night" - that was the scene of my Christmas in 1916. I was then in command of a battery at El Sinn - and you can pronounce the name any way you choose, and it will still be right. Of course, it was romantic to spend Christmas in the cradle of the human race, but romance and comfort do not always go hand in hand. "Miles and miles of 'Sweet Fanny Adams'" describes the country very tersely in the words of the inimitable 'Tommy'.

Fighting at that particular time was at a low ebb, as Kut el Amara had been surrendered by General Townsend, and we were going through the period known as "re-organization", with which all the Armies were afflicted spasmodically. This meant a flood of orders issued at 10.00 ak emma every morning, to be cancelled or superseded by 3.00 pip emma of the same day. On one occasion twentyfour hours elapsed before the cancellation was issued - a great day, that !

The soldiers in France, Italy and Egypt were nearer home, transportation was not so difficult, and consequently there were always luxuries of sorts to be had. We, however, were some hundreds of miles up the Tigris, whither all men and all materials were transported by stern- or side-wheelers with scows made fast alongside. The average rate of speed going up was from 3 to 4 miles per hour per 10-hour day (navigation during the night was suspended entirely owing to the risk of going hard a ground), and consequently only necessities were taken to the troops in that area.

But Christmas is Christmas to us of the Empire, and if natural conditions were not conducive to festivity we determined to alter the conditions to suit! That was the year in which Messrs Walker, the Haig Brothers, Sandy Macdonald, and Johnny Dewar paid such big dividends on their capital stock (no pun intended). I am bringing up this minor point merely to emphasise the major one outlined above - that we altered the conditions to suit!

We received a new issue of 'Boots, Army, for the use of,' extra Maconnachie, and more mutton than usual. (By the way, have you, dear reader, ever read stories of starving men in the North who, before they finally succumbed to the pangs of hunger, chewed the 'babiche' of their snow-shoes? The mutton of Mesopotamia compares rather to the wooden portion of the shoe than to raw-hide in texture, but in taste it inclines to favor the 'babiche'.) But, determined to make Christmas at least endurable for us, there were some splendid self-sacrificing women known as "The Daughters of India," or some such society



equivalent to the "Daughters of the Empire" in Canada; and these good ladies notified all troops, through their C. C's, that they had forwarded hampers for the men and officers, which same contained plum puddings, candies, crackers, "Gaspers", pyjamas, "shorts", light-weight shirts and candles. Did we joy at this promise? I'll say we did - but we continued our own active preparations.

Christmas duly arrived, and we dined on *Mesconnachie* 'a la naturel', legs of mutton, Coffee 'a la Hennessey', while on the wine list were Johnnie (Black label), Sandy Macdonald, and issue Demerrara.

The following April our hampers arrived in good shape complete with the latest home papers, dated November 20th, 1916!!

We had by that time fully recovered from the festivities, but the Spring weather had opened nicely, and at 110° in the shade -- with no shade to be found -- we did not feel like starting all over again.

But we were a merry crowd, that Christmas of 1916. As usual in the Army, men were found whose talents had long been hidden under the proverbial bushel, and the result was a huge discovery -- the post corporal had been first violin at the Empire, that place of gaiety, George Graves, and the Promenade. He could and did play, and although the songs struck one at first as being somewhat sentimental, by the time midnight had arrived I remember they had taken on a new sound and meaning, which was both pleasing and soothing.

Still, it wasn't a home Christmas, but there was this advantage, it was rather a long-drawn-out affair, for on January the 12th, 1917, I received a parcel from the Forest Branch staff of the Vancouver office, with a little note of good wishes from Joe MacKay enclosed. The parcel had originally been intended to reach me by Christmas 1915, but I had been to France, wounded, returned to England, back to France, and thence to Mesopotamia, and the parcel religiously followed me. This speaks volumes for the Army persistence and efficiency. The chewing gum was still in perfect condition, and the good wishes that prompted the sending were as welcome and fresh as if they had been sent yesterday. And after all, it is such remembrances that make Christmas what it is.



Some time ago our worthy Editor came to me and said that he'd like an article for the Christmas Number of "ROOT & BRANCH." I told him I would do my best, but for the life of me I could not think of anything to connect the Forest Branch with Christmas, until a few days ago. I then sat down and, after spoiling many sheets of good scratch paper, I turned out something in which I took a considerable pride. It went into the sanctum, and today it came back.

I went in to see what was the matter with it, and was politely but firmly informed that my Christmas contribution was rotten ("Not up to your usual high standard" was what we said - Ed.) and couldn't be printed - at which I told 'them' (editorially) that as an Editor 'they' would make a darned good butcher.

And then I had to admit that the contribution was rotten.

And after all that, 'they' had the nerve to ask me for something to take its place, and as 'ROOT & BRANCH' went to press on the morrow I'd better get quick action, too!

If this one is rotten you'll never see it in print, but if it gets by the censor's eye, here is what I want to say - Away back last year we had a lot of discussion on Logging Inspection forms. We found that the timber sale and logging inspection forms were asking very similar questions in different ways, and it was thought that we might combine the two, get all the information we wanted from each class of operation in the same way, and save the little confusion (when dealing with different forms) that comes from looking for, or putting down, in different places, the same facts.

The plan was thought out at last year's conference of District Foresters, and additions made to the arrangement of the form. It was finally adopted as now printed in Form No. 89 FB., and all field men by this time should have their copies, together with circular A.70 in which the form is briefly discussed.

We hope the consolidation of the two forms will work out well, do away with some work, and make things clearer. But if there is anything wrong with it, we want to know, and will appreciate any criticism. It will come up for re-print upon exhaustion of the present supply, and we can then embody any changes which seem desirable.

The same applies to other printed forms. If you don't like the way they work, and have a better idea, just chase it right along, and at the next re-print we will have your suggestions on file, and can take them into account.



Now, as I said before, there isn't much about Christmas in this article. I failed badly once in trying to connect Christmas and the Forest Branch but that doesn't mean that its members do not respond to the 'spirit' that goes around at this time of year. It will probably be the New Year before this reaches most of our readers, and I would like to suggest that we all make a New Year's resolution (this one not to be broken by January 10th, 1923) that we'll all give little "R.A.B." a good time during the coming year, by feeding him often and heartily on the food he likes best - 'Contributions pro and con.'

..... G.P. Melrose.

To Our Friends Everywhere, at Home and
Abroad, We Extend the Hand of Greeting
and Good-Fellowship. May Peace and
Good-Will enter into all our Hearts at
this time, to abide there.

"Then here's a han' ma trusty frien'

An gie's a han' o' thine,

We'll drink the cup o' kindness yet

For the days o' Auld Lang Syne."

WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

NEW YEAR !
.....



Dear Editor:

It is 9.35 p.m. I have just left an Association meeting in response to an urgent call from my wife as to when I intended to come home; home is 5 miles away; 'Lizzie' is out of action on account of the snow; the street cars are awfully slow; and this letter will miss the mail unless I mail it at the Wharf. Also I have a mass of unsigned mail to get through which must go tonight. But my guarantee to you (that without fail you should have an article from me before going to press with your Xmas Number) sits heavily on my conscience, after five previous broken promises!

Incidentally, I have been on the go since 5 a.m. and am leaving for England within twenty-hours - a happy moment for the writing of a humorous article that would be fit to print in your fine little magazine, for which I have a profound regard.

Not but what the subject given me was easy - "On 'Being Broke', by a Past Grand Master of the Art", - for to turn that tap brings plenty of memories.

For instance, a two-hundred mile walk in Northern Cassiar on a very empty stomach, to get a job freighting on Dease Lake with a Hudson's Bay inspector, who callously drank bottled beer right in front of us, while my partner and I sweated at the oars. Then there was the time I peeled spuds by the sack, with a short knife and rheumatism in the thumb, to work my passage down from the 'Golden North' at the sad fag-end of the Klondike Rush.

Or the boarding of a day-coach on the Northern Pacific at SEATTLE, with 2-lbs. of cheese and a supply of soda crackers; and living on that mouldy diet sitting up, all the way across the Continent, going to the skirmishing, lice, hard tack, dysentery, and sorebacked horses of the South African war.

I remember, too, that in provisioning the train at one of the stopping places someone dropped a loaf on the platform. I got out, and proceeded to boot the loaf aimlessly around until I reached a secluded spot, when I salvaged it for home consumption.

Or, again, scrubbing decks on an Orient liner, beating our way back to Alaska. Manoeuvring unsteady wheel-barrows full of coal through narrow iron doorways in the depths of an Atlantic liner (and oh! the skinned knuckles); rolling boulders ten hours a day on a Northern hydraulic mine, for \$3 a day and grub; and then, by a



somewhat sudden transition, travelling down the Rhine, with every appearance of opulence, to be the momentary guest of the famous multi-millionaire Pulitzer.

These and many other thoughts - of logging camps up Coast inlets, staking timber, placer mining, trails and camp fires, come crowding backbut there's that phone again. My wife is tired of waiting up for me. Forgive me that broken promise, but I cannot write an article. I can only send good wishes for your Xmas number, and congratulations to you and your colleagues on the work you are doing with "RCCT & BRANCH", and a warm handshake to my old friends in the service.

-- M. A. GRAINGER --

CLOSER UTILIZATION OF THE LOG: One of the fields of endeavour of the Lumber Trade Commissioner is to locate outlets for material which is waste for the mills, or of too low grade to yield a satisfactory return. A recent concrete example of the efficacy of this work is the placing of an order for approximately \$10,000 worth of short length clears for stave stock. These staves will be manufactured from the waste which accumulates in the manufacture of other stock. This business will be steady throughout the year and will, when fully developed, consume at least two million feet per annum in Eastern Canada alone.

MORE ABOUT "CLOSE UTILIZATION": We quote the following from the report on a Logging Operation in the Vancouver district.

"Operation came to sudden close on account of operator being sent to prison for operating a still in connection with bolt operation."

Recommendations: "This might appear to be a new method of production - distillation of cedar. I believe, however, the two operations were distinct. Apparently the ranger was too late to collect from either, as I do not know of any returns yet. This operation is on Dominion lands. Further inspection will no doubt be made in case either operation is resumed."

A RETROSPECT



There is no time like Christmas and New Year for indulging in retrospection. The time for good resolutions is the First of January - the last one being broken towards the end of the first week of the same month! However, perhaps the time is opportune to look back along the trail the Forest Branch has traversed since its first small beginnings.

At the outset the office space was cramped, and the Forest Branch, so far as Victoria was concerned, had no permanent abiding place. It flitted from cellar to garret, and one's quarters were changed overnight! But in time the Forest Branch settled in a wooden building on the corner of Superior Street, and work proceeded apace.

But we are going too fast, leaving out the steps which led to the formation of the Forest Branch as a separate unit.

In the early days, timber inspection and collection of royalty came under the Provincial Timber Inspector, who reported direct to the Deputy Minister of Lands. Timber Licences, Leases, Marks, and like matters of records were administered by a section of the Lands Department, while Forest Protection was a separate unit and not connected with either of the foregoing.

In 1910, the Province from the standpoint of Forest Protection was divided into three zones, administered from Victoria, Vancouver and Nelson. Each had its ranger staff of half-yearly men, there being some twenty-five under Nelson, about the same number under Vancouver, and ten on the Island. By horse, team and buggy, bicycle and on foot, these rangers covered the ground. One motor cycle was then the sole piece of mechanical equipment, other than the few launches used on the Coast. There were no launches in the Interior.

The seed of the Forest Branch germinated about the time of the Timber Commission, and gradual growth took place until in 1912 the three branches which had been separate were joined and came under one roof and under the control of a Chief Forester.

It is manifestly impossible to even mention more than a few of the results so far accomplished, but it must be admitted that the work of the Branch has made great progress and become increasingly useful to the people of the Province. The personnel of the Branch has changed repeatedly since its inception, but the torch of progress has been passed on and lifted high.

Since the formation of the Branch, collections from operations have increased enormously, the estimated Royalty of 1911-12 being \$300,000 (the only return from operations) as against \$1,250,000 for 1922-23.



But perhaps the achievement which has been more beneficial than all others is that the feeling of mistrust which existed to a certain extent among some of the lumbermen towards the Forest Branch has entirely disappeared, and been replaced by the fullest co-operation between the Industry and the Branch.

May 1923 see us further along the path !

N. F. Pite.

"Dear editor;

Your last copy of your vallyable paper is to hand. I applyd for a job at Thurston Bay and when i saw one of the gentelmen in Vancouver offic (he was back of the bar in the small offis next the big one) he axed me a question or two and one of them was How manny thousandths is there in a inch ? I sed i did not know fur sure but there must be quite a number. He sed your all right but I havnt herd yet wether or not do i get the job.

Yours truly,
Ima Nutt."

This is our first Christmas Number and our readers, we trust, will be patient with us. We live and learn. Next time (and if "ROOT & BRANCH" retains its popularity, we feel safe in predicting for it another year of life) we shall do better.

Provincial Forester G.H.Prince, New Brunswick, writes : "I saw in a copy of 'Root & Branch' a statement that an adjustable nozzle would be of great assistance in handling your fire problems. We secured three of these nozzles, which will vary from $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch by means of an adjusting valve something similar to that on a garden hose; also by removing the nose piece of the nozzle one gets a large flow of water like what would be required for filling barrells or flcoding purposes. These nozzles have also been found as satisfactory as anything now on the market. Perhaps you have developed a new nozzle that would be useful here?"

We are greatly pleased to hear from Mr.Prince in this way; and we shall be delighted to reciprocate, of course.

"STUMPAGE APPRAISAL"



In the October and November issues of "ROOT & BRANCH" appeared a discussion on "Stumpage Appraisal". The introduction outlined what we took to be a brief summary of points involved in our Timber Sale policy. On reading this over, however, it struck me that mention should be made of an important phase of policy, namely, the ensuring of a second crop on the area cut over, and the financial considerations connected with it in stumpage appraisal.

It seems to me that the position of the Province in disposing of its timber is further complicated by the fact that our first and primary consideration in disposing of timber should be the safeguarding of a second crop. It is noted that no mention was made in the discussion of such items as cost of slash disposal for fire prevention or soil preparation, and cost of leaving seed trees, groups, or strips to insure a second crop.

The financial aspect of insuring the utilization of species not attractive to log at the present moment, and the distribution of price between the desirable and undesirable species where mixed, is a second matter deserving mention, in our opinion.

These factors should enter directly into the appraisal calculations of every sale of any size.

We would cite the case of Timber Sale X2911. In this sale the cost of leaving seed trees was estimated at \$10.00 per acre or 25¢ per M. This was of necessity figured in stumpage calculations. This provision for securing a second crop was in our opinion the only justification for considering a sale on this area at all, as it was absolute forest land. The recommendation was made that the sale should be withheld from competition entirely if the cost of provisions for leaving and safe-guarding seed trees on this area appeared prohibitive at the present time.

Another appraisal in point was Timber Sale X4076, where recommendation was made after a careful appraisal of the stumpage that either what appeared to be an absurd upset price should be fixed, which would prevent the operation of the area until some future date, or else the area should be withheld from sale until a future date.

The area in question was a stand of Hemlock and Cedar on absolute forest land, running about 50 per cent of each species. The appraisal showed a handsome profit on the Cedar, but a considerable deficit on the operation of the Hemlock. There did not appear to be sufficient margin in the operation of the Cedar to take care of the deficit on the Hemlock to insure utilization of this species so that ordinary precautions could be taken to insure a second crop when the timber was logged.



The area was therefore withheld for future timber sale purposes.

We would suggest the addition to Part 2 of the article, as follows -

"The appraised stumpage value is the selling price of the manufactured product less the sum of the items known as Operating Costs, Royalty, Depreciation, Profit and Risk, plus the cost of insuring and safeguarding reproduction, without which we have, in our opinion, no justification for selling any timber held under reserve by Act of Parliament."

-L.R. Andrews.

The practice of towing dinghies in heavy weather has cost us two boats. One of them was lost last July from the "Balsam", and the other a week or two ago from the "Embree."

The dinghy for a "one-man" boat should be of a size which can conveniently be handled by one man (say, 10-ft) so that it can be lifted out and carried on the cockpit. Any square stern gas-boat can be fitted with a roller set up athwart, dead aft; the nose of the dinghy being lifted up on to this roller will then come inboard quite readily, and can be stowed or lashed on the cockpit as circumstances may suggest.

Where the dinghy must be towed, a bridle on the stem is very simple and effective. Weighing down the stern-sheets of the dinghy will alter the position of the painter leading from the bridle (the painter being rove on a thimble which runs on the bridle) until the best towing position is found. This is not a criticism - only a suggestion.

GRAPHIC: "A local Chinaman went into the Cowan Supply Store here," writes Ranger Eden, "and when asked what they could do for him stated that he required some 'sing song nails.' Having gone through the wholesale catalogue without result, the Manager had to inform Ah Lee that he was unable to find that kind. By this time Lee was getting kind of 'het up.' 'Whatta mally? You no sabby phonograph? Sing song nail he makkim phonograph go!' The gramophone needles were produced forthwith.

OH, HELP!! : We notice on the door of the Stationery Annexe (which comes under the jurisdiction of that courtly gentleman, the Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty) a sign which reads - "STATIONERY ANNEXE: for Loose Acts, Statutes, Reports, etc".



A FOREWORD

Standing upon the threshold of the new year, and looking forward with keen anticipation to our share in its many activities, it seems to us that now is the appropriate time to place before our readers our ideas as to the future policy of "ROOT & BRANCH".

This little paper has progressed so rapidly from feeble infancy to sturdy youth that we must begin now to take it seriously in hand. It can no longer be allowed simply to grow, but must be guided in its growth.

"ROOT & BRANCH" is attracting a considerable amount of attention - so much so, indeed, that already we have found it necessary to raise an admonitory finger - and we are encouraged to believe from this that we have in this little paper the nucleus of a powerful influence in our particular sphere. If that is so, then we must abandon our more or less haphazard methods for a definite policy.

Heretofore our journalistic enterprise has been limited to shaking the tree and accepting whatever dropped into our lap, without much regard for the particular needs of the moment. In future we must be more specific, and since each season of the year brings its own peculiar problems (with the exception of 'Forest Protection', which is perennial) we shall endeavour to make "ROOT & BRANCH" more seasonal in its contents, by assigning to our contributors definite subjects on which to write. And, with the idea of making it more representative to the Forest Branch as a whole than it has been in the past, we shall directly invite our Field Executives (District Foresters, Supervisors, Junior Foresters and Rangers) each in turn, to forward an article.

In this way, by providing "leaders" for general discussion we hope to overcome that diffidence which has been our main obstacle up to the present. It irks us to have to harp so continually on the same string; but our readers seem to have forgotten that this little journal was instituted mainly to promote discussion and to develop initiative. It was never intended that it should be merely a vehicle for the ideas of the Headquarters staff, and if the Headquarters Staff have been 'hogging the camera' (thank you! we are quite conscious of the mixed metaphors) it has been not of design but of necessity.

"ROOT & BRANCH" is a community proposition, absolutely, and we wish to make it valuable to every member of the Service. With that idea in mind, we intend to embody two new features, one of which we shall call the QUESTION-BOX and the other the FORUM. To the QUESTION-BOX can be forwarded the individual problems with which we are all confronted from time to time, and which the rest of us will endeavour to solve from the fullness of our joint experience. The FORUM will be



devoted to the comments, criticisms and suggestions which we shall expect to receive from the Field; and we shall be sorely disappointed if we do not get them. We intend to have a MAGAZINE SECTION, too, for news items and articles of general interest not intimately connected with our own activities.

Such regular features as PERSONAL PARS and FIELD NOTES will be retained, of course, as both have their value in fostering a greater degree of intimacy between the several units of our organization. And we feel that each District Forester should make a point of forwarding us a monthly news-letter, however brief, to aid us in keeping these features alive.

In this way, with a definite policy before us, and everybody bearing a hand, we should be able to produce a really 'worth-while' and thoroughly representative paper, and a paper which will be a useful addition to current literature of the kind.

We of the Forest Branch of British Columbia cannot hide our light under a bushel, even if we would. Our dignity and standing is no petty thing but Nation-wide. We are the guardians of a splendid national asset which time cannot depreciate but must enhance. The very magnitude of our responsibility clothes us with prestige, and this little paper, from the mere fact that it is our paper, has acquired (and seems to reflect) something of the dignity and standing of the service which it represents.

We have an organization brim-full of "pep", loyalty and enthusiasm. All that was wanting was some sort of melting pot for the fusion of ideas, and this we have endeavoured to provide in "ROOT & BRANCH". Let us get together, then, and let us find a common aim - a joint hobby - in the building up and developing of our paper, for until it can truly be said to represent the Forest Branch as a whole, it will still fall short of the ideals we had in mind.

The Editor.

PRESIDENT HARDING URGES FOREST PROTECTION.

Washington, D.C. - Dec. 8th. President Harding in his address to Congress today endorsed reforestation and forest protection from fire in the following words -

"When it is realized that we are consuming our timber four times as rapidly as we are growing it, we must encourage the greatest possible co-operation between the Federal Government, the various States and the owners of forest lands, to the end that protection from fire shall be made more effective and replanting encouraged."



A CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

To those of us who are settled in comfortable berths ashore, life and its perils for the sailormen at sea seldom appeal other than in a very abstract way, conveying to our minds no adequate idea of what those 'who go down to the sea in ships' have to contend with. On shore we make preparations to enjoy ourselves on those days which kindly custom has set apart for amusement, religious exercises, and other functions aside from the daily round of labour, with reasonable assurance that we will reap the benefit of our efforts. And Christmas, with its festivities and atmosphere of general good-will and good-cheer, has long appealed to man as a time at which to rest from his labours and take thought for those about him, exchanging with all the Merry Greetings of a Merry Season, and partaking in jovial and mirthful company of his share of the season's good things.

We all look forward to Christmas, and none more so than the sailorman at sea. Probably because his prospects of enjoying a quiet Christmas on board ship is somewhat of a gamble, particularly in ships of sail. Many years ago, I remember well being robbed of my Christmas 'duff' on the old 'WHANGAROA', far out on the stormy Tasman Sea. We had sailed from Westport on Christmas Eve, with a mixed cargo on board among which was an ~~awful~~ lot of corrugated iron roofing, on deck. A spanking sou' wester was blowing and we fairly romped along. The seas were very nasty owing to a heavy ground swell running against the wind. There was every sign of the gale's increasing, but there was a good chance to drive right through to the comparative shelter of Cook Strait.

So we drove along through the night, looking forward to the morrow. The Cook had orders to prepare an extra tasty hash, and a wonderful 'duff.' It wasn't to be one of those creations which appear in blue and dancing flame to the ruination of good liquor - we didn't take our grog that way. And there were to be no sprigs of holly, no cheery fireside (which seem to be necessary adjuncts to Christmas Pudding ashore, no doubt to correct dyspeptic symptoms and enliven sluggish appetites.) No! There was only the tumbling ship, driving into the spume and smother of a rising gale; but still there was to be a 'duff' and a big one too! The thought of it opened up the heart of even old Nels, that grizzled old piece of salt-horse, who had fought Boreas and the ragings of Neptune in every sea of the Globe and under every maritime flag afloat.

Each watch below had discussed the 'duff-to-be' and each watch on deck would exchange thoughts relative to the Day and other Days, as they stood by brace and halliard, or laid out along the slanting yards. Every man, I fancy, had cautioned Cook regarding the quantity of raisins, peel and other ingredients

Necessary to make a real one, that the poor chap began to wonder, "Who's building this duff anyway?"



ocean. From then on, it was hack and chop, for what seemed like hours.

Just as the tangle was somewhat freed and the pounding easing up, the deck cargo began to tear adrift. Then we did have merry Hades loose on board! Those who have had experience of corrugated iron awash on the deck of a ship which seemed to be the plaything of every great roller of the seven seas, will understand! Efforts made to make fast the lashings only resulted in crippled men, for flying sheets of iron in the grip of those crashing seas will slash and hack like a cutlass.

The seas were coming too fast and strong for puny man to hope to win in such a fight, and orders were given to "Let her go!". As quickly as possible everything was cut loose and it was a weary and thankful crew that saw the last of the iron go over the side. By this time it was long after dark, and the wind was blowing a howling gale. The ship was groaning and creaking and the gale shrieked in the rigging and strove to tear the remaining sticks out of her. Fortunately the wreckage had floated out ahead and it seemed that we were in a measure compensated for enduring the perils of that deck cargo — the greater immediate danger to the crew from the flying sheets of iron required that the wreckage be left alone, and it was mostly ahead acting as a sea-anchor, and had brought the ship up into the wind.

With every stitch of canvas in ribbons, she jerked and plunged and rolled, and it was fearfully hard work to do anything. It was ALL HANDS all the time, working to get a steadying stitch on her, hanging on by hands, teeth and eyelids, getting extra stays on the remaining sticks, and at the same time trying to fish in some wreckage to make a safer and more reliable anchor.

No thoughts of Christmas and its 'duff' were with us that day! It was too full of other things. All through the day we toiled and fought, and daybreak of the morning after showed a rift in the sky. We saw the silver lining that is ever present amid the densest clouds, to tell its hope of joy and good days to come to weary sailormen, who would have to wait another year for their 'duff' on Christmas Day!

T.P. McKenzie.

A STOMACH'S DIARY

(Being the diary of the outraged stomach of a flapper.).



10:00 A.M. , Oh Dear! Another warm day. Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday. If I am I'm going on strike. Just disposed of a half-chewed breakfast. We ran for the train which meant I was so jiggled about and so tired that it took me twice as long to do my work. Hope she gives me an hour or two's complete rest before anything more comes my way.

10:30 a.m. Two glasses of ice water have just arrived. It will take all the energy I can pump up in the next hour just to warm me up again to normal.

10:50 a.m. Half-chewed breakfast did not satisfy her and she has bought some pea-nuts and started again.

12:00. Pea-nuts have been drifting along steadily ever since. Think she has finished them too.

12:30 p.m. Decided she wasn't very hungry, and instead of a good solid dinner sent me down a cold egg-nogg heavy with chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it hadn't been so unnaturally cold, but that made it terribly difficult to deal with.

1:10 p.m. More ice water.

1:40 p.m. Was mistaken about the pea-nuts. She found another handful in the bottom of her vanity bag and now I am getting them again.

2:05 p.m. More icewater.

2:10 p.m. She has been lifting some heavy books and as usual used my muscles instead of her arms. You see, she's never had any proper physical education - soft, flabby, slouchy sort. Tired me almost as much as six course dinner.

3:20 p.m. Furtive fellow has brought us a box of caramels. Just heard her say "Oh dear! I don't feel a bit well. The milk in that egg-nogg must have been sour."

6:30 p.m. We played a set of tennis before dinner and here I am all tired out and a lot of work to do.

6:50 p.m. We were invited by a sissy sport with a belt on his coat to have a soda before going home. Had a lemon Phosphate and then had to run for a cab.

7:00 p.m. Fried taters, cucumbers, veal cutlets, catsup, cookies and canned blueberries. What do you know about that!

7:45 p.m. We are strolling down to the corner with a knock-kneed guy in a sport shirt and white pants for a pineapple walnut college ice.



8:20 p.m. Got home and found someone had made some iced tea. She drank some. I tried hard to keep the tea and the college ice separate but they mixed in spite of me. I go on strike.

8:30 p.m. I have sent back the college ice and the iced tea.

8:40 p.m. Returned the blueberries.

8:45 p.m. And the peanuts.

9:00 p.m. The devil to pay - can't get the Doctor.

9:17 p.m. Doctor found at the movies. Mother thinks it's a weak stomach she inherited from her father. Knock-kneed guy suggests it's the beastly weather - the poor boob.

9:45 p.m. Doctor says it's from a bilious temperament. Good night!"

"Say!" cried the excited traveller to the jitney man, "can't you go faster. I've a train to catch." "Sure I kin go faster," explained the driver, "but I got to stay with the flivver."

The lady of the house was engaging a new maid. "And, of course, Mary, I shall expect you to be reticent." "Oh, of course, ma'm," replied Mary. And then, with shining eyes, and in an eager whisper, "But what is it that I must be reticent about."

Bill had a bill-board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill, so Bill sold the bill-board to pay his board bill. So, after Bill sold his bill-board to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.

(From "PUNCH") A FAIR WARNING. "Notice: My wife.....has left my home for nearly three years. I cannot tell where on earth she is. I therefore notify the public at large that I do not feel like remaining in this condition much longer." (quoted from a Jamaica paper.)

The girl who thought REX BEACH was a seaside resort has been matched by the girl who understood ZANE GREY to be the latest colour.

PERSONAL PARS



We hear that Ranger Henning (Prince Rupert) has taken to himself a wife. Best wishes to Ranger and Mrs. Henning; may Fortune smile upon them for many happy years.

Asst. Ranger Eric Spikins, who was at Quesnel last season, is now a happy Benedict. We believe he intends to reside at Yarrow, B.C.

Misfortune has been a busy jade these last few weeks. The most serious accident was that which befell W. J. Sutherland, the telephone lineman, at Thurston Bay. Sutherland's clothing was caught in some portion of the machinery and his left arm was broken, in addition to which he was badly bruised on back and neck. There was no carelessness on anyone's part - it was simply an unfortunate happening for which no one was to blame.

Fire Inspector W. Black was run into by a Ford, in a heavy fog, and sustained two broken ribs; but we are pleased to hear that he is sufficiently recovered to be back on the job.

Ranger G. H. Smith (One of Vancouver's two remaining bachelor rangers) was badly hurt through a fall while cruising.

Nor have we escaped at Headquarters. John Hoy had a bad fall and broke a rib and, it is feared, has sustained other injuries, which are likely to deprive us of his genial presence for several weeks.

While C.S. Cowan, while wielding an axe, completely severed his left thumb. We have no information as to the exact circumstances, but the fact is patent that Charles is minus a thumb. He's a dead game sport. He says: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. This makes a news item for 'Roct & Branch!'".

J. D. Boyd, Actg. District Forester at Williams Lake, injured his right hand while cranking a recalcitrant Ford. We notice from his signature that he makes a pretty fair stab at writing with his left. We use the word "recalcitrant" advisedly; we see by the Dictionary that it means, literally, 'kicking back'.



On the other hand our numbers have been augmented by the arrival of a daughter in Ranger Daniel's family and Wireless Operators Brooks and McGee have been similarly blessed, one with a daughter and the other with a son. We welcome the little folks and wish them long life and prosperity.

Ranger W. W. Boyd (Cariboo) became the father of a fine boy some time last summer. It takes a long time for news to travel from the Cariboo.

The atmosphere at Cranbrook has proved deleterious to W. B. McConnell, Draughtsman in the District Forester's office, and it has been necessary to replace him. His successor is Sydney S. Simpson to whom we extend a cordial welcome.

Also to Miss Rorie and Miss Caldwell, of the District Forester's staff at Prince Rupert.

We thank Supervisor Brewer (Prince George) for his information in regard to comrade H.A. Rees, killed in action in the Great War.

Our old friend John Milroy, Asst. Supervisor of Scalers in the Interior, has forwarded us an article which will appear in an early issue, as will the one we received some time ago from Scaler Chestnut of Vancouver, on 'Conservation'. The latter will be very appropriate for our CONSERVATION Number.

We are figuring on bringing out a FORD Number next month. Will our readers please bear that in mind? There must be lots of Ford stories that we haven't heard.

A number of circumstances have conspired to make us a little late this month. You will have the shorter time to wait for the next one.

The recent heavy snow-fall has practically suspended all log scaling activities in the Vancouver District, and log stocks are piling up. When the snow goes, there is lots of work ahead for Supervisor Bryant and his Staff.

We have had several requests lately from members of the clerical staff for copies of 'ROOT & BRANCH'. But this is essentially a field man's paper, (no other dividing line is possible) and that is the sole reason why the clerical staff are not included in our mailing list.

FIELD NOTES



"It has probably been noticed long ere this that the Cariboo district has sorely neglected 'ROOT & BRANCH'", writes District Forester Boyd. "I can assure you, however, that this is not from lack of appreciation. Its monthly arrival is looked forward to by the entire staff and we find it very beneficial from an educational standpoint. It is interesting in so much that it keeps us in closer touch with all branches of the service, and during the bad fire season this summer it brought home to us that we were certainly not the only ones who were having a bad time.

After an unusually fine fall, we have been and are experiencing a decidedly cold snap throughout the district, the thermometer ranging from zero to 45° below, making it very disagreeable for motoring, and owing to the light snow-fall the sleighing has not yet commenced.

There has been very little logging activity in this district during the past year, and judging from all appearances very little can be expected during the coming winter.

The light snowfall has been a boon to stock ranchers, as a great number of them are short of winter feed, and owing to the very low price of cattle this fall, stockmen do not feel justified in paying high prices for hay. However, it is not expected that the cattle loss will be more than usual."

"I am just sending you this brief note, giving you a few items of interest from the Vancouver district," runs a letter from R.V. Stuart, "and also to express the appreciation of the members of the staff in this district of the several suggestions contained in the last issue. The idea of Special Numbers appeals to us very much.

"The cruise of the Capilano Water Shed lands, which has been carried out this season is now completed and the finishing touches are being put on the report. One interesting feature of this report is the relief map which is being built. This map (which is, I believe, one of the first constructed by the Forest Branch) is being built to scale, and as considerable care has been exercised in surveying the topography of the water shed, the map promises to be very useful as well as an interesting addition to our records. In connection with the Capilano Water Shed it may be of interest to note that the watersheds of the Lynn, Seymour and Capilano creeks, from which Vancouver and the adjacent towns draw their water supply, are patrolled by the Forest Branch, and during the past year - notwithstanding the severity of the fire season, it is a matter for congratulation that there was not a single acre of watershed cover destroyed beyond the small area of slash which the Capilano Timber Co. burnt for the purpose of a camp site."



"re Mr. Cowan's article asking for ideas on fire prevention, I hereby contribute a few which might bear investigation. To begin with," suggests Supervisor Brewer (Prince George), "prevention is the first point to be considered, and the education of the public on Forest Protection is absolutely essential. I would like to suggest that we begin at home; when we get the different Departments of the Provincial Government to understand what Forest Protection really means, we will have taken a long step. This should not be difficult if we could secure their co-operation.

Then, what portion of the general public should we educate first? Why, that portion which frequents bush lands, of course. This could be done through the above-mentioned co-operation. That is to say, a great number of people go into the woods or along timbered water-ways carrying licences of some sort. Why not have these licences issued in the form of inexpensive buttons urging Forest Protection, these to be worn conspicuously?

There is the big gamehunter, the trapper, the prospector, the guide, and the ordinary gun licence holder, all of whom would go to form a vast army of propagandists, who would personally represent Forest Protection while wearing the button. They would be continually meeting other travellers and would naturally give the general impression that they were guardians of the forest. This would eventually eliminate carelessness.

The quartz prospector is, I believe, most in need of this education, because he will burn off side hills so as to be able to trace float.

For the control of fire, if steps were taken to improve means of communication, with sufficient organization to insure quick and decisive action, a properly-proportioned number of men with ordinary tools, such as saws, axes, shovels, grub hoes, etc., with a pump to put out the hold overs where water is available, is hard to beat."

"Concerning suction hose (and the subject is getting stale, I know)" writes Ranger Roy Eden (Cariboo) "I don't think it matters if it is cut shorter or left the way it is. If it's short, some day we will not be able to get the pump quite close enough. Of course, it doesn't prevent fires, but the pump is fine and does great work after the fire has started.

"We had a lot of travel through the Cariboo this year, but no fires in my district and very few in the lower Cariboo could be traced to neglected camp fires, which would show that the signs are having some effect on the travelling public.

"I believe that real prevention would be secured if the regulations were lived up to. The Public Works Dept., for instance, might see that on every piece of new highway, and on the old ones, the brush was disposed of by burning, the same as on a railway right-of-way. And the co-operation of the Ranchers and settlers is a necessity if we are ever to have real prevention."



Considerable interest has been displayed in the "COTTONWOOD" and the consensus of opinion seems to be favorable. Our choice of a name however, seems to have given rise to some misgivings on the part of one critic, who is said to have remarked - "Those fellows know what they're doing, I guess. All the same, it seems to me they can't expect to get much service out of a boat built of cottonwood."

In finding names for our launches, we have favoured pretty nearly all of the trees indigenous to British Columbia. If we are to avoid repeating ourselves, we shall have to call the next one the *2PSEUDOTSUGA TAXIFOLIA*. For ordinary working-day purposes, it could be shortened down to "TAXI".

A redistribution of the personnel in the Vancouver District has resulted in the transferring of Supervisor McDonald from Nanaimo to Vancouver, of Supervisor Flumerfelt from Myrtle Point to Nanaimo, of Supervisor Fairbank from Thurston Bay to Myrtle Point, and of Supervisor Wilkinson from Vancouver to Thurston Bay. In no two Supervisor Districts are conditions exactly alike, and to change around occasionally tends to freshen the viewpoint and widen the experience.

Failing health has made it necessary for Scaler Thomas Henry (Vancouver) to apply for superannuation from active service. His connection with the scaling staff dates from 1912. In that time he has made many friends both in the Service and out of it. We shall miss him from our midst, but we trust that he will be able for some years yet to enjoy the leisure which his voluntary retirement has imposed upon him.

STOP PRESS NEWS: District Forester Parlow is in town for Christmas, with his wife and family. Among other interesting items he mentioned the birth of a daughter to Captain and Mrs. Tyner, of Lower Nicola, on Dec. 6th. We extend our felicitations.

W.J.M. Telfer, from Kamloops, and H.G. Shepherd from Prince Rupert; ~~who~~ are also spending Christmas in our fair city.

TROUBLE ON THE LINE: The heavy snow-fall seems to have cut us off from Kamloops and Cranbrook. We don't seem to be able to 'raise' them at all! The connection between "ROOT & BRANCH" and Prince Rupert and Prince George has been pretty poor, too, lately.
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EDITORIAL.



When a man says to us, "Come around to my place some night; drop in any time," we never feel disposed to take him up on it. Supposing even that he means it, the time that suits us might not suit him, which would be embarrassing to both of us. But if he says, "Can you come around next Wednesday after supper? You can? Good. I shall expect you," that's another matter; and only Death, or a conflicting arrangement of the wife's, will keep us away.

It is quite possible that, in our invitations to contribute to "ROOT & BRANCH", we have been too casual to be taken seriously; and this may account in a great measure for the relatively small response from the field. Anyhow, we intend that our appeals in future shall be more in the nature of definite appointments.

It is never out of place to emphasise that this magazine is not the property of any coterie. Absolutely Not. And the few who were directly responsible for its inception do sincerely hope that the field men as a body will come forward and do their bit.

Frankly, we need your help; we begin to feel that when we took on this job, we over-estimated our abilities.

Which reminds us of Scottie and the horse-shoes. It was in the summer of 1907, and the battery was located in the neighborhood of Bully-Grenay. Pitching horse-shoes was a favorite diversion of Artillery Drivers, and we kept a set of shoes cached under a hedge. On the evening in question, however, the shoes were missing; some miscreant had looted the cache. We made exhaustive search but to no purpose. An ancient Frenchman, whose custom it was to potter around in the vicinity, hobbled past while we were searching, and Scottie conceived the idea of interrogating him. We "renigged", our knowledge of French being limited to demands for vin blanc and eggs and chips, and sundry phrases of an amatory nature; but Scottie rather fancied himself as a linguist and took the job on himself without more ado.

"Parly voo frongsay, M'soo?" he said. The Frenchman admitted a knowledge of French. "Er - uh - compree cheval?" "Oui, oui" said grandpere, affably. "Er - er - uh - compree, compree (What's French for 'shoe', Bill?)" We suggested 'bottine' after mature deliberation, but Scottie rejected that as being idle and irrelevant. He turned again to grandpa. "Er - er - Hell! Shoe, SHOE. Darn yuh! Shoe poor cheval! Shoe poor PITCH!!"



Izzy and his pal McPhairson paused outside the saloon. They needed a drink but Izzy had no money either. "An idee I got it, Mac," he said, "but me foist. Maybe it don't work more than once." He went into the saloon and, with a drink in front of him, proceeded to engage the bartender in animated conversation until another customer entered to distract the bartender's attention, when Izzy finished his drink and turned to go. "Hey, feller," said the bar-keep, "aint you goin' to pay for that drink?" "Why" said Izzy, "I paid you when I foist came in." The bar-keep accepted the statement, and Izzy hurried out to announce the scheme to MacPhairson. Mac strode into the saloon, called for a drink, helped himself to a good liberal hooker, and launched into argument with the bar-keep. Having finished his drink, Mac stood waiting. "Well" said the bar-keep, "how about paying for that one?" "Ah peyed ye when ah ordered," said Mac sternly, "ah'm waitin' for ma change."

Angus McLachlan was travelling from Glescae to Aber-r-r-rdeen. "Six and ninepence, please," said the ticket clerk, "and change at Perth." "Change at Perth be damned," said Angus, "ah'll tak ma change richt noo!"

The ticket clerk explained that travellers from Glasgow to Aberdeen changed trains at Perth, and tendered Angus his change in coin of the realm. Angus counted it deliberately, and scrutinised it closely as he transferred it, coin by coin, to his pocket. "Well" said the clerk with some acerbity, "isn't it all right?" "Oh aye, it's richt" admitted Angus, "but only jist richt."

There are no Jews in ABERDEEN.

She: "And when you told him I was married, did he seem sorry?"

He: "Yes, he said that he was very sorry - even though he didn't know the fellow personally."

Harry Lauder, they say, has added a codicil to his will, bequeathing the sum of Five Thousand Pounds to the widow of the Unknown Soldier.



"IT'S DOGGED AS DOES IT" - "The other day" writes F.D. Mulholland, "Jim Blake started to tell me about a dog, and intimated to me that your nature is one that yearns towards our canine friends. Perhaps it may interest you to know that I once employed a "compass dog" up North. I took him on as a cruiser, but after he had explained to me that although tree species are distinguishable by barks, his were intended to indicate, but varying degree of emphasis, grouse or squirrel rather than spruce or hemlock, I "demoted" him to the compass. I found that after lining him in for two chains in any direction, he would continue that line through the forty, keeping just in sight. Straight as a handlogger's path to the Vendor's. Absolutely. Five feet of snow made no difference.

"I could tell you the Lot numbers he helped me on if they hadn't slipped my memory. Anyhow, Bob Leighton of Hazelton could tell you his name, which unfortunately I've forgotten. Bob was greatly attached to the dog before I discovered his accomplishments.

"His owner did not accept an offer of \$500 for the dog! And you can readily understand the value of such an animal to a ranger; in fact, with a step further in their training two such dogs would enable him to spend the greater part of his time studying Management circulars and composing replies to District "follow-ups".

"You will observe," concludes F.D., "That 'Operation' hasn't got all the dogs, fire-fighting or otherwise."

We are credulous to a fault. We have to be, since it is part of our duties to certify to the validity of Leaves of Absence up to three days. But really, the sagacity of the dumb brutes that perish is quite wonderful, is it not?

Which reminds us of Finnerty's goat. Finnerty had a red flannel shirt of which he was inordinately proud, until the goat ate it off the clothes line. Finnerty was peeved, naturally, and took the goat out and tethered it between the rails of the track, to be eliminated by the next train. Presently he heard the engine whistling impatiently and went out to investigate, to find that the goat had actually coughed up the red shirt and used it to flag the train.



A few weeks ago, thoroughly "fed up", I stood with a man who might answer to the general term of "Dago" in the lobby of a certain Hotel, impatiently waiting for the launch which was to take me to the camp twenty miles down the lake. There was a stove, innocent of fire, and it was cold. Most of it (the cold) was going to my toes and I was in no mood to pay attention to the other man's constant chatter in the most broken English I have heard for many a day. Persistent as they make 'em, he finally jogged my elbow to make sure of my attention, and then walked over to a Forest Branch calendar hanging on the opposite wall, and pointing to "UNDERTAKEN" in the red line under November said "Bury um, eh?" I laughed and explained to him as best I could (considering his meagre knowledge of English) that all the red print must be taken together, and the general idea; also that, prior to October 1st, fires must not be set in the woods at all. He returned the compliment by explaining what he made of it - "Maybe sometime poor man he die. Gov'ment, he bury him for noting (that was his understanding of 'Without Risk to Property') Damn fine Gov'ment."

He was nowly arrived in Canada and evidently not altogether illiterate. He was trying his hand at reading English and making some little headway; and he was certainly losing no opportunity to practise talking it! It is just possible that the little trouble taken in explaining the rudiments of the Forest Fire law to him may at some future date mean the prevention of a fire. "Cast your bread upon the waters." Guess it doesn't matter much how murky the waters happen to be. I talked with him for the rest of the day - he allowed no intermission - and found him a rather interesting companion, with many a weird idea derived from a mistaken interpretation of English words.

(Anon.)

APOLOGIES TO "SUSAN" - One of our critics (a very friendly one, by the way) objects to the word "forester" in the little poem indited to "Susan" which appeared in our last issue. The context makes it plain, says our critic, that the word should have been "Ranger". Of course it should. Not even the 'sad exigency of rhyme' requires that extra syllable, and we take the earliest opportunity to offer our apologies to Susan "the ranger's wife."

She frowned on him and called him "Mr."
Merely because one night he Kr.
So, the next night, just her to spite,
That naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.



THE HANDLOGGER MARK BOOK.

Can anything seem more prosaic than a Register of Timber Marks? Yet, to a student of nomenclature, the Handlogger Mark Book is a mine rich in suggestion.

"Topography" gives us 'Lake Joe' and Stickens Joe! "Occupation" gives us 'Tinshop George' who may yet father a line of 'Tinshops.'

"Titles of dignity" are 'Captain Johnston', 'Captain Lewis', 'Boss Billie' and 'Boss Charlie'.

"Diet" furnishes 'Billie Beans'.

Adopted names are of various origins.

"Statesmen". Knowing the weakness of a certain great English statesman for tree felling, or as his young lady biographer with the nice taste in alliteration expressed it "laying low the lofty lords of the sylvan scene", we naturally look for

him and find "Willie Gladstone". (How sacrilegious the diminutive of endearment sounds.)

Then truculent and swashbuckling, we have 'Joe Chamberlain' and equally truculent 'Teddy Roosevelt'. Incidentally Teddy Roosevelt is Joe Chamberlain's son so it would seem as if the younger generation had swung from militant imperialism to no less militant democracy.

"Literature". We look in vain for the name of Shakspeare but another Elizabethan dramatist who shared William's last carousal is found 'Ben Jonson'.

Other striking names are:-

"Fritz Louis" which seems to give promise of a Franco-German entente.

"Willie Billie". This name was too much for the indexer of the Register. Unable to decide which was praenomen and which agnomen he solved the difficulty by indexing it under both Billie and Willie.

The "Tallies" number five. This name is also spelled Talheo and Tally ho. When first encountered it suggested that some English sporting squire of the early days had left his impress on the natives of the Province. Further investigation however revealed the fact that it is not really a surname but a descriptive title. Among their own people the handloggers are known as Tallie Willie, Tallie Jim &c. from the Talcomay Reserve.

The five "Schooners" did not win their name by their Bacchic proclivities but are - the offspring of a man who piloted one of the early trading schooners through the inland channels.

Then we have no less than eight "Hunchits". This name is not a hybrid combination of Chinook and English but is a Wah-clees-lah or Bella Bella word meaning 'chief'.

R.H.L.

Don't you
think ABSOLUTELY
is a very much
over-worked word?

Yes, absolutely.

"Mother, why did you marry
father?"

"Oh, so you've begun to
wonder too, have you?"

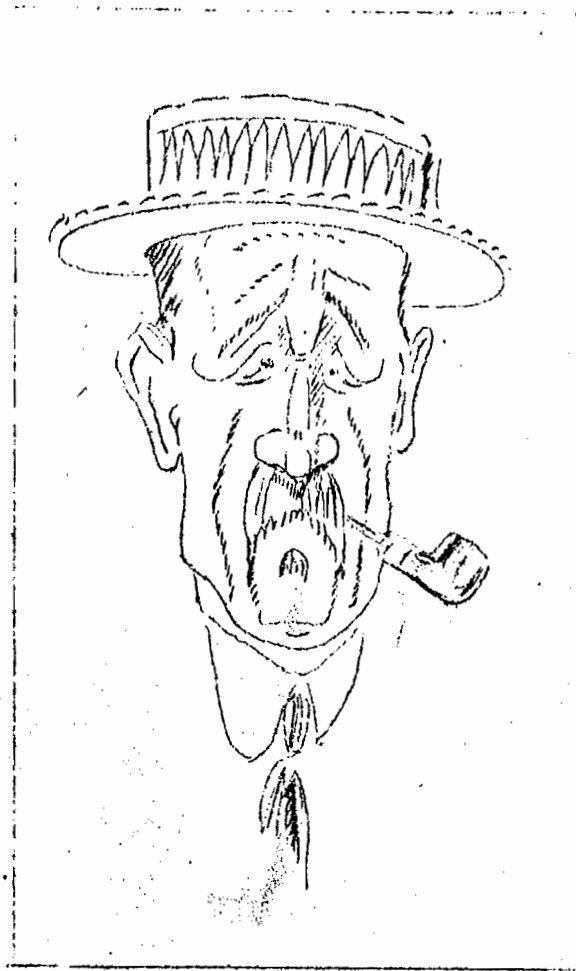
"Where is the demand for
cougar skins most keenly
felt?"

Probably among cougars.

The custom of kissing pet
dogs is said to be partly
responsible for the spread
of pyorrhea, which is prob-
ably why so many dogs
prefer just to shake a paw.

A drink in time saves
nine - if it's wood
alcohol.

Portrait of an Englishman
having a good time at a Cricket
match.



An Irishman had had a serious accident and had been
rushed off to Hospital to be operated upon. As he lay on
the bed, he beckoned to the nurse and said weakly:

"I'll not be operated on by that doother. Ye must
find another wan."

"Why," remonstrated the nurse. "He's one of the
cleverest surgeons living."

"Mebbe so," was the reply; "but he has an unlucky
name. I heard thim say his name was Dooother Kilpatrick."

How the dear girls do love one another, to be sure!
At a dance, one remarked delightedly to another, "I over-
heard that young man telling you that I danced like a
zephyr."

"Zephyr nothing — He said 'heifer'."

ONCE in a chill December, on a dark and dreary day, when the Earth seemed plunged in gloom and the sky hung leaden grey, & the forest trees were standing shivering, cold and bare, the gentle SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS came stealing through the air! Instantly golden sunshine burst from a sky of blue, and the sombre forest giants were garbed in glittering hue; bedecked with jewels of frost, they waved white arms in the breeze, for the whole dark forest was changed to a FOREST OF CHRISTMAS TREES! EACH of them held fair Gifts, as if with an outstretched hand, Health and Beauty and Wealth for all in this pleasant land. Each of them bearing gifts too precious to buy or sell, the Blessings of God for Man— and shall we not use them well?

W.H.S.

