

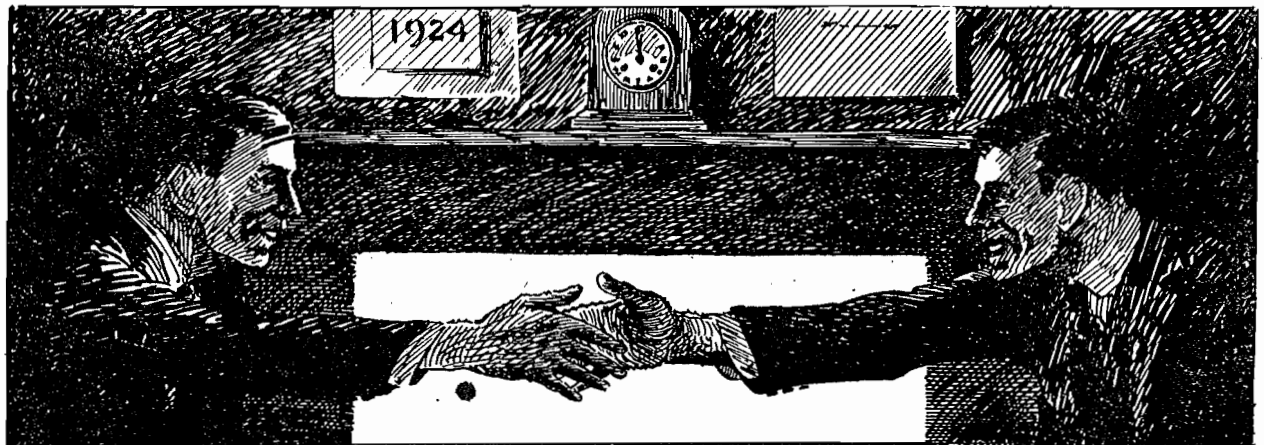
OFFICE COPY ROOT AND BRANCH



Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 7.



- 1924. -

Eleven fifty-five! How time does fly
As we sit by the fire and live again
Those arduous, hectic days of Summer time
When all the world takes holiday. That's when
We fellows have our hands full, day and night,
To guard the Forest from the hungry flame.
A strenuous job, I'll up and tell the world!
But after all, it is a he-mans game,
With ups and downs, the rough place and the smooth,
And you and I are strong for it, old son,
And satisfied enough to have it said,
Now that it's past—"You played your part; well done!"
Then "here's a haun" (to quote immortal Burns,)
"an' gie's a haun' o' thine," old man, and o'er
A friendly glass we'll pledge the boys, each one,
The Branch, ourselves, and NINETEEN TWENTYFOUR.

W.H.C.

This magazine is a staff publication, and is not in any sense a medium for the expression of Governmental policy.

The object of its publication is to promote discussion, foster exchange of ideas, disseminate news of "family" interest and, through the encouragement of individual initiative, to strengthen the spirit of co-operative effort.



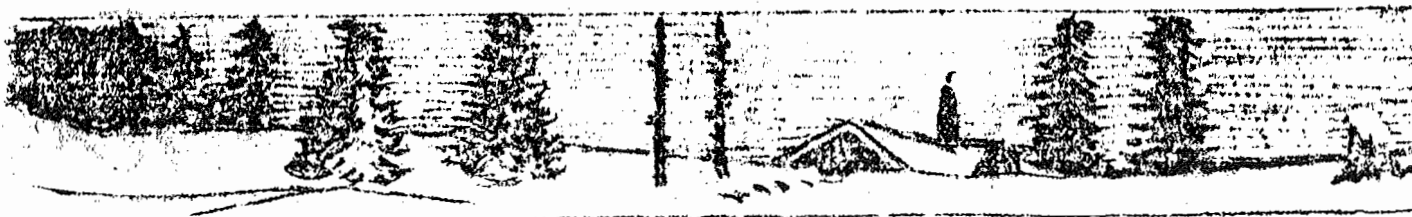
Dec. 22, 1923.

I would like to extend to the Officers and Members of the Staff of the Department of Lands my most cordial good wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

I very much appreciate the continued loyalty and co-operation of the members of the Department.

In the hurly-burly of public service one cannot expect to escape all criticism, but we must all have the satisfaction of knowing that we are doing the best we can, and while that does not necessarily mean that we shall scale the amount of perfection, we must be sure that no one else can cut a higher notch.

T. D. PATTULLO.



RETROSPECTIVE

The Christmas Spirit again pervades the air, and one naturally recalls the associates of the year, to extend with a hearty handclasp the SEASON'S GREETINGS.

In some cases, the association has been severed by the hand of the Grim Reaper, and we have now but a memory of those who last year were vital forces working with us. They have passed on, and are now face to face with the full meaning of "Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men."

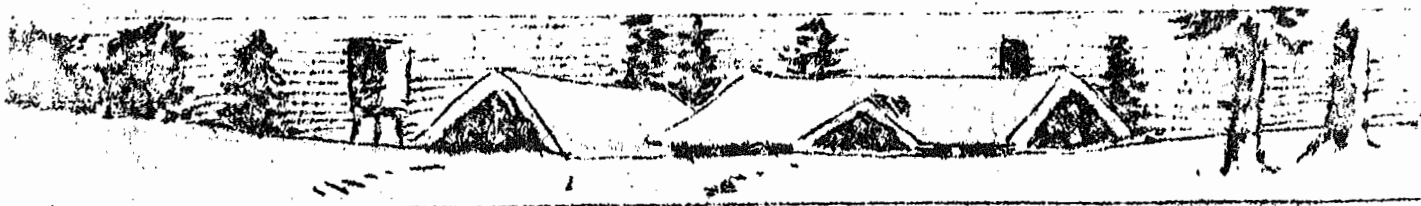
Others have glimpsed what to them were greener fields, and are away for what can be gained elsewhere. Still other associations have been severed because "THE WORK" demanded more than they were prepared to give, and because we must, if we are to succeed, hold "THE WORK" above all else. To these we feel only goodwill, and whole-heartedly wish them the SEASON'S Best.

To the many who have remained with us, and who are looking forward to a continuation of the work, I might point out that the year has shown advances more particularly in the line of public support. FOREST PROTECTION WEEK was an unqualified success. Even the much-maligned "Twenty-five cents an hour," in the words of Ranger CONWAY "has changed fire fighting from a job to a public duty."

The New Year offers new opportunities. When the public realises that the whole question of managing the public forests is the question of growing continuous forest crops, to keep a supply of the wood material to feed our industries, and is a "Public Duty," only then can we say that our work is fairly launched.

So to you who are to undertake anew "The Work," we extend the hand of fellowship and of friendship, with a wish for a Merry Christmas and a New Year of Happiness and Prosperity.

P. Z. CAVERHILL.



ATMOSPHERE

To you all, a Very Happy Christmas and a vary Successful and Happy New Year.

On January 1st, 1924, brand-new resolutions will doubtless be made, and old times looked over in retrospect. Mistakes will be recognized and resolutions made to make sure that they do not occur again.

I, myself, have done this periodically now for some years, and I wonder if I have kept ten per cent of the new resolutions I made, but if I have kept even that, I am that much ahead, and I am sure that you would be in at least a like position.

The thought of having made resolutions for more years than I care to remember, is brought home to me by the fact that my children are getting to know what Santa Claus means, and to look forward to his coming, and this is reflected in my December accounts. Owing to the happy arrangements which exist in Civil Service circles, December pay-day is generally a day or two before Christmas, making January the longest month of the year, and during this month we have every chance of keeping New Year resolutions because we have not any money to do otherwise.

I remember that during the very early issues of Root & Branch, I wrote an article entitled "Talking Shop", and if my memory serves me well, the point I tried to make was that we had so much shop to talk about that we could interest people outside our Service and at the same time not be boring.

The Editor says that Shop is barred, and yet somehow all my good wishes to you men in the field are bound up in the thought that next year you will have a better season; that your organization will be improved, and therefore, that you will each be happier and more content. For after all, a man's life work is a very vital part of him, and if that part is sick or not functioning properly then happiness is not to be found.

I remember that a very few years ago, I was in Scotland during New Year, staying at the house of a friend of mine who was in the same "crush" as I was in the army. We had met on the football field in early youth, playing for rival schools. We had gone to rival Universities, and we again met in the army. I spent this



particular New Year with him and we were both under orders to go back to sunny France with all its attendant mud, sparkling eyes, bursting shells and bursting bottles. We both became somewhat sentimental and wondered if we would ever meet again. We did meet again. I was out of the army, or at least on my way, because I was in hospital, and he was fit - full of his work, full of ambition, full of his men and himself, and I still wonder when he said Good Bye if I would ever see him again. So far I have not, but he is well and working and just as enthusiastic as ever for the work he has now taken up. He is teaching in a well known public school in Scotland, and having been a very prominent football player, he is, naturally, coaching the school team. He still writes to me and his letters are full of his greatest ambition to make his boys good sportmen and then good citizens, although personally, I do not see how a man can be a good citizen unless he is a good sportsman in the true sense of the word. If the school team wins he is happy - he has achieved a certain portion of his ambition; the boys are happier because they have played well and won the game, and I feel that the same thing applies to us all throughout the year to come. If we can play the game sportingly, and win it, then whether you have made resolutions or not, 1923 has provided stepping stones to the happiness which I hope you will all achieve during 1924.

C. S. Cowan.

"Mike, what do ye think o' these new fangled
drinkin' cups?"

"Sure, me bye, soon we'll be shpittin' on our
hands wit' an eye dropper."

(.)

(.)



NEW YEAR - A PROMISE

We are just about to wind up an old year, to be in at the death, as it were, of a dying period or measure of time. Our first thought, when we realise that another year is gone, is one of retrospection. What has been accomplished in the past 365 days? What of good and what of ill? What have I personally done, and what left undone, which has left its mark on my record or the service?

Such thoughts are all very well, but I believe there is a better line of consideration. The old year is dead and gone, and whatever use we made of the time is in the past. It can't be helped now!

But we have the future before us, the NEW YEAR - a Promise

We have before us 366 days in which to do something worth while. So let us think rather of the Future than of the Past, of what we hope to do during the coming year rather than of what we might have done during the year which is past.

And we only have to live this next year's one day at a time. To me that is a comforting thought. We can stand one day at a time, can accomplish a little at a time, and in the aggregate - when we come to think it over at the end of next year - what we have done, whatever it may be, will be composed of the sum of each day's work. If each day sees a little something towards the goal of accomplishment, we will not be ashamed of the showing made when the sum is totalled up at the year's end.

So let's hit her with a smile. Let's see if we can't make the New Year a bigger and better year for the Service and for ourselves. Let's resolve to make each day count - and particularly the first day of the year - which I sincerely hope may be the beginning of the most Happy and Prosperous New Year to each member of the Service.

R.C. St.Clair.



CHRISTMAS, and a FEW QUOTATIONS THEREON

Silviculture, slash, timber sales, protection - these and all allied subjects are barred, I am told, from the Christmas number of "Root and Branch," which leaves one at somewhat of a loss for a subject, even for such a number of this magazine.

However, the thoughts of Christmas and New Years do bring up various ideas and visions to our minds, very often jumbled and indistinct visions, but still with a thought back of them. Possibly our ideas are those of Susan Coolidge:

"We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hand up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic - and then
Back to the same old lives we go again."

Or perhaps Christmas means a little more to us than a mere temporary celebration. Are we looking back over the year just gone, pondering the victories and defeats, the accomplishments and failures? If so, is there not a thought in this from "The Christmas Tree," by Watts-Dunton?

"Life still hath one romance that naught can bury,
Not Time himself, who coffins life's romances,
For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If childhood comes, as here, to make him merry."

Scott's Christmas, on the other hand, was a time upon which to look back during the following months; a bright spot in memory; a starting, rather than a finish. In "Marmion" he says

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

(Or did Scott mean "gamble" instead of "gambol?" A good gamble would cheer a lot of hearts I know along about Christmastime.)

However Christmas affects you, whether in prospect or retrospect, temporarily or lastingly, we hope, with the old saying, that "As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas, so many happy months will you have," and leave it up to you to taste a lot of mince pies.

Geo. P. Melrose.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PERIOD

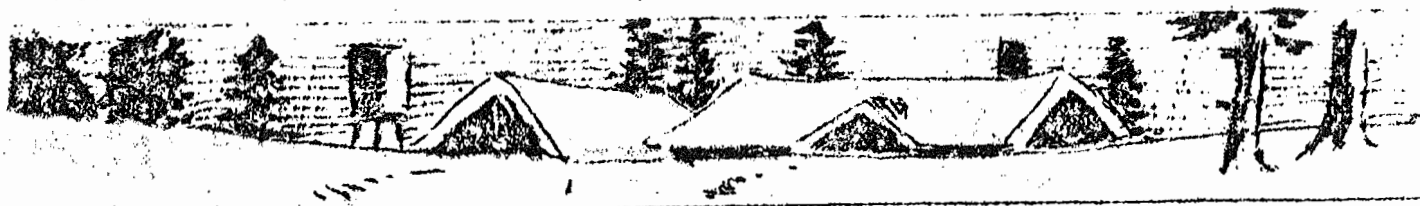
ON FOREST BRANCH LAUNCHES.

My first entry into administrative duties for the Forest Branch was in northern waters, and when the Christmas period approaches I invariably think of my first trip to Thurston Bay, to take command of the good launch "Eunice B", and take over a district in northern waters.

I arrived at Thurston Bay just prior to Christmas and met my old friend Dan (former skipper of the Eunice) who was going to Vancouver. My introduction to the launch was anything but enthusiastic. The engineer in charge had taken down the galley stove and there were pipes scattered on the floor; soot over the galley sink and dishes; ashes scattered from one end of the saloon to the other and the launch possessed a damp, muggy, lonesome feeling. However, in the course of a day or two, Fred, the engineer, who was anything but a whirlwind of activity, managed to get the ash pan back in its place, lids on the galley stove, and declared that the good ship was ready to put to sea. As I was about to depart, I saw Dan again, who was apparently not quite as enthusiastic about it as I was. He said, "You know, the launch has got broken clutch gears, and we will have to make boomstick landings." However, that did not mean anything in my young life, as I hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about. Dan again took on a mournful look and said, "I haven't untold faith in this engineer, but I guess we will make out alright."

In due course we departed in the usual South Easterly the regular drenching down-pour of rain, and proceeded to Northern waters in and around Wellbore Channel.

Dan remained with me for ten days or so, and one or two incidents which occurred during that trip, while amusing to Dan and myself, may not compare with the experiences of the grey whiskered pioneers who negotiated Malaspina Strait on a raft with nothing to eat but two Raisins, but at the same time are worth mentioning.



We arrived in due course at Grassy Bay, and after cleaning up some work there, we met an old friend of Dan's who presented us with a fine, big, fat, tame duck for the Yuletide period. Mr. Duck was very gratefully received and was promptly taken on board the good ship Funico. During the course of the next two or three days, Dan and I had a considerable amount of cruising work to do, which got us out early in the morning and kept us out till dark, and each day as we crawled through the brush, wending our weary way back to the boat, we had visions of a nice, big, fat duck for dinner, and each day we were certainly greeted with the duck, not in a hot pan, but hanging from the rail on the after deck.

Finally, after the third day, I remarked to Dan that I thought that Fred, the worthy operator of gas engines, might take a little interest in the duck himself and prepare it for the oven. Dan had apparently been working himself up to the same line of thought and intimated to Fred rather heatedly that unless he did show a little practical interest in the duck and put it in the oven, that the bird would probably leave the boat of its own accord.

The following day we were out in the woods again and did not return to the boat until dark. The first thing we naturally looked for on our return, was our friend the duck, and sure enough, it had disappeared. My mouth watered and I am certain Dan's did also. We had visions of a nice big, hot, juicy looking bird. After divesting ourselves of our wet outer garments, we slid down into the saloon, and our progress certainly was not retarded in that respect by any rich aroma arising from the oven. Dan and I looked at one another and said nothing. It was perfectly obvious to both of us that our appetites that night were not going to be satisfied as we had hoped. However, in due course, Fred, after many groans and grunts, announced that supper was ready, and following the announcement he extracted a baking pan from the oven and placed it on the table. There was no duck, but there was the finest array of macaroni, well dried out, and beautifully covered with feathers you could possibly wish to see. After several nasty remarks on the part of Dan and myself, Fred admitted that he had plucked the duck that morning and had carried out this operation in the galley. Having completed this, he was at a loss to know what to do with the feathers -- the idea of climbing the galley steps and throwing the feathers overboard was a piece of work that entailed an expenditure of too much energy; the idea of putting them in the stove and burning them had not occurred to him, so he opened up a port-hole and endeavored to heave them overboard in that



manner with the result that the wind took command of the feathers and scattered them over the launch broadcast. The macaroni was not missed in the deluge of feathers. Fred explained that the reason the duck was not cooked was that he had spent the rest of the day extracting feathers from every corner of the launch, and if we had only been a half hour later he would have had all the feathers out of the macaroni. As it was, he was only half way through the job when we got back.

Well, to make a long story short. We never did get that duck, and if my recollection is correct, it was placed out on the after deck as usual and was taken home by some starving tom cat.

Dan left for the south and I returned to the north, inspired with the hope that I would be able to make a drive on the large amount of outstanding work, and make a clean up. However, fate ordered otherwise. On my arrival at Wellbore, I was advised that a youngster in the camp had cut a finger off while playing with an axe, an hour or two before my arrival. There were no launches available, and "would I be good enough to take the youngster to Rock Bay hospital". I had never been to Rock Bay and was not familiar with the water, but there was no other alternative than to comply with the wishes of the boy's parents and take the youngster without delay.

We started out with the boy and his mother just before dusk. We negotiated the waters down to Green Point and through Blind Channel without a great deal of difficulty, but when we headed out into Johnson Straits, we walked into a rip snorting, South-Easter. By that time it was pitch dark, so dark in fact that you could not see the stem of the boat. However, we could just see the dim outline of the mountains silhouetted against the dark sky. The Eunice chugged and snorted and plunged into the green seas, which at times seemed to submerge us completely. We plugged on down the channel, bucking a strong tide, and to make matters even worse, one of the big G. T. P. boats passed close by and added to our discomfort by making the sea just that much worse. Fred's eyes were sticking out of his head, expecting the old engine to go "phut" any moment. The youngster was weeping his head off, rolling around in his bunk; everything in the launch that would move, did so; an odd dish would go crashing across the launch, and amidst it all we could hear the constant appeal from the mother "would we ever get there?" I personally, ~~was not taking any~~ bets on the matter at all. After what appeared an interminable time, we picked up Chatham light and eventually got round the



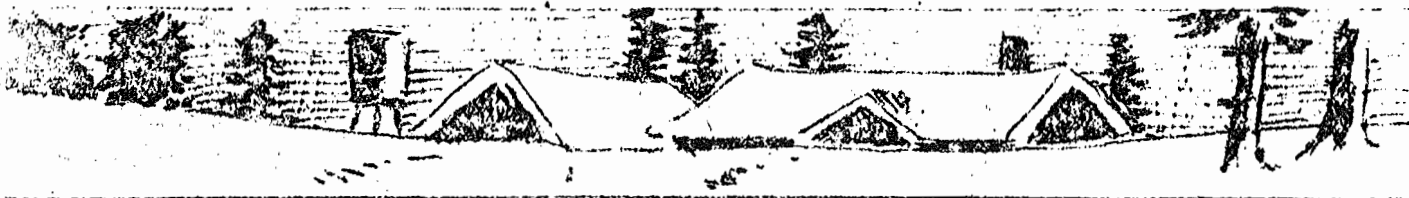
point and crept into Rock Bay. Anyone who has been to the Bay during a dirty south-easterner realizes that it is not the best place in the world to tie up, especially if you are a complete stranger, not familiar with the tides and not acquainted with the little gap through which you can run and seek comparative safety.

Just as we were on the point of tying up, Fred stalled the engine and the launch caught in the tide was carried past the wharf and we finished up with a crash against a barge about 100 ft away, resulting in the breaking of a couple of panels in the pilot house. I hopped out on to the forward deck and made fast to the barge until Fred got the engine started again. We made another attempt to tie up at the wharf, and were more successful on this occasion but not before I almost smashed a rib in jumping from the launch to the float. I did not jump quite far enough, with the result that I landed on my ribs and slid down on to the boom log in front of the float. However, I scrambled up on to the float and made fast for him, and eventually got the launch safely moored, although it was doing a considerable amount of jumping around in the dirty sea. We rustled around and got some planks and eventually got the mother and son ashore and the son into the hospital.

Neither Fred nor myself were anxious to remain tied up at Rock Bay for the night, with the launch pounding on the boom sticks, so in spite of the storm raging there was no other alternative than to head into it and beat it for Thurston Bay.

The usual run to Thurston Bay is a mere detail, taking up something like one hour, but that trip took us two and a half hours. The delay was not so much due to the weather as to the driftwood. To those who are familiar with the piece of water just off Chatham Light, nothing new can be said about conditions existing there on various occasions, but on that particular night if we hit one log we hit a section. Fred stood by the engine and we just felt our way through, and it was just one continual Boom! Bang! for an hour. We seemed to be bumping and wallowing through two or three booms of logs that must have got adrift. I could not see how we could possibly get through without taking the propellor off. On one occasion we did foul a chunk which got wedged under the propellor and we had to clamber out with a pike pole, and after a struggle of about fifteen minutes, we got free. We eventually came clear of the drift and landed safely in Thurston Bay, weary, wet and cold and absolutely fed up with launch life.

There are many other experiences far more exciting than the foregoing, but the one or two related here will always be



brought back to memory with the approach of Christmas and New Years, because it was on New Year's Eve that the last trip mentioned took place.

I often think of the boys on the launches on the northern coast, especially when I am sitting in my own home in comfort and listening to the wild, south-easters shrieking through the telephone and electric light lines. I can just picture them tied up to some boom, having to turn out in the middle of the night and clear for shelter, feeling round in the dark endeavoring to locate a safe anchorage. I do not envy them in the least. The men in the car districts who have never had launch experience, can take comfort in the fact that when they return after the days work, they can put "Lizzy" in the garage and retire for the night. They do not have to worry about Souther-Easters. There is no chance of their waking in the morning to find that their bus is stranded and over at an angle of 45° which is not conducive to peace of mind and comfortable living.

However, there are lots of bright spots in the launch life, and I imagine if I had to start again and make my choice I would prefer the launch to the "Liz".

"Where's the car?" asked Mrs Biggs.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Professor Biggs, "did I take the car out with me?"

"You certainly did. You drove to town in it."

"How odd! I remember now that after I got out I turned round to thank the gentleman who gave me a lift and wondered where he had gone."

NINETEEN SEVENTY-FOUR

(J. H. Blake)

We have reached an age when the old-fashioned things are going out of date. Ten years ago, the first regular lighting and starting system was built into an automobile; today a car is out of date without that equipment. Ten years ahead, will we have progressed at the same rate?

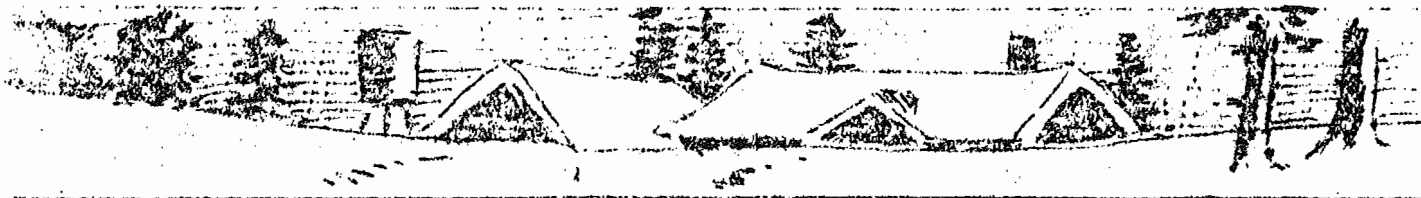
Newton discovered the force of gravity many years ago, and that is about all that has been done about it. You may coast down a hill helped by gravity, but can you coast up a hill? This tremendous force is due to be harnessed some day, and when this is accomplished cheaper transportation will be in order, and the slowest-moving vehicle will travel with the speed of light.

Counteracting or destroying the force of gravity with regard to any object will cause that object to remain in the position in which it was placed. It will not be necessary to provide any but a small amount of power to raise an aeroplane from the ground; instead, we will use the acceleration due to gravity to supply the power to move it in a horizontal direction.

For detection of forest fires what can be more logical than seeing by wireless, or "television." A screen for every ranger district and a master screen at headquarters will enable a fire to be spotted before it reaches any considerable size. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility to make such a screen automatic both in detection and warning.

Large bodies of water may be raised and transported to the threatened area by anti-gravity appliances and used at our discretion both with regard to precipitation and quantity. Or, the interatomic forces being at our command, what could be simpler than to cause the material within reach of the fire to disintegrate and disappear. If there was no fuel, there could be no fire. Turn to EINSTEIN and see what he has to say. We have reached far beyond his fertile brain and use the rays of light to bend other conflicting heat waves into such inextricable confusion that they destroy themselves, and the fire is out almost before it started!

Clearing logged-off land is easy when we use the force of cohesion and its antidote. Stumps which have defied fire and the other elements crumble down in heaps and resolve themselves into their chemical constituents, and are used to cover the bare



rocks and gravel, making fertile the hitherto hungry soil.

The force or energy pent up in a one cent copper piece will when released provide the power necessary to haul a freight train of 100 cars, of 90,000 lbs. capacity each, from Vancouver to Calgary. How simple to use this for the reduction of stumps. Picture a burnt-over area, ugly rock showing through the burnt dead soil, every few feet a black stump, so charred and hardened as almost to defy decay. Hopeless, is it not? But the picture changes; the rocks and stumps have disappeared and in their place we have rich soil and green vegetation, the atoms and molecules have been compelled at the word of command to disassociate themselves and reform in a right and proper manner, that we may make use of material which before was useless!

Scaling is to be performed automatically in long tanks interposed in the path of the log from the water to the mill, where the water displaced by each log is automatically weighed and the number of board feet computed therefrom. Each species of wood has a different specific gravity, and it is not difficult to get out Volume Tables along this line. Everything under the sun gives off emanations of some kind, and a machine to measure and classify this radio-activity will detect and segregate the various species. The human element having been eliminated, no re-scales will be called for.

Cruising and surveying have ninety per cent. of their difficulties removed when it is possible to skim over and above the ground in a gravity proof conveyance instead of falling off and over logs, climbing mountains and forcing one's way through dense undergrowth.

Reseeding may also be undertaken during a stump cruise, thus getting double value for the time and money expended. Again we revert to the anti-cohesive forces and cause seeds to drop from their cones without expensive ovens and incubators. During this operation, the force of gravity will be augmented to the necessary degree, thus causing the seeds to bury themselves in the ground to the proper depth.

The Chief Forester will be enabled to get into immediate touch with any member of his staff, either office or field, by pressing the proper button and using the speech valve or "Audion" tuned to the wave length required.

We can see in the future - how near it is impossible to say - a complete reorganization of all methods now in use as well



as the inevitable changing around of the entire Forest Branch personnel. The functioning of our fleets of cars and launches will be totally different and radical alterations to the design and construction will be necessary.

CLIPPINGS FROM RECENT LAUNCH ENGINEER
EXAMINATION PAPERS.

Slip of propellor is the distance that it loses through the unsolidity of the water.

Apply hot cloths to outside of cylinder if it gets heated up.

The mixture is made by the vacuum letting in air which is created in the cylinders.

Some engines are air cooled and so the cylinders are ringed to fan cool air on the outside.

Pitch and slip of propellor means that a propellor can be given more cut or can be reversed.

Over lubrication will cause the engine to miss owing to lack of oil.

The vacuum is caused by letting out the suction.

The mixture is induced into the cylinder. (By offer of money, probably. J.H.B.)

Assume twenty-five miles per gallon and per hour for a 16 H.P. engine. (Some boat and just five times more speed than we expected!)



A PARABLE FOR RANGERS

(Adapted from '100 Ton Booster)

And in those days, behold there broke into the Service a Ranger from afar off. And it came to pass that as the days went by he got through scads of work. They that were grouches smiled upon him. Operators gave him the glad hand. Yea, and there were fire-fighters who would holler to High Heaven, even they rejoiced to do his bidding.

And those in the Service that were just getting by, and they that spent their days in adding to the Alibi sheet, were astonished, and said one to another - "what tell? How does he get away with it?"

And it came to pass that many of them gathered together. And there was amongst them a Soothsayer. And he was one Wise Guy.

And they spake and questioned him, saying: "Tell us, oh Soothsayer, how come? This man that came from afar off, lo, he goeth about from dawn until dark and keepeth his work up to date, while we are continually in the hole, and we fear to report to the District Forester lest he smite us hip and thigh."

And the Soothsayer made answer, saying: "He of whom you speak is a live guy. He ariseth early in the morning and goeth forth full of pep. He complaineth not neither does he knock. While you gather here and say one to another: Verily, this is a helluva day to work, he is already abroad, and when the eleventh hour cometh he needeth no Alibi. He smileth alike on the just and the unjust; he sayeth not to the Big Boss: Behold, they that are in my district are a bunch of Boneheads. Neither doth he say, Verily, everywhere I have called they were out. He knoweth his work and doeth it. Men say unto him. Nay, nay, yet when he goeth forth, he hath them in his crew. He hath taken with him two Angels, Aspiration and Perspiration. He knoweth whereof he speaks, and he worketh to beat the band. I say unto you, Go thou and do likewise."

But they answered and said: "Old stuff, old stuff, Many times have we heard all that bunk."

And they would not, but instead called for a new deck.



"HOWLERS"

New definitions of logging and forestry terms as given in the papers received in a recent Rangers Examination.

Section of Logs, "Is 640 acres of timber".

Hook Tender, "Is a small truck used in handling logs, with a hook at the end which catches in a loop without being handled by men."

Hook Tender "Is a man that looks after hooks while at work".

Contour "Contour is used in Forestry Work".

Traverse "Is a phrase used by forest workers".

Reforestation "Is a phrase used by Forest Rangers in their duty as such".

Switchback "Is a hill that runs out from a range of hills and stops without any continuation".

Section of logs "A consignment of logs used on the railway 7,000 ft".

Switchback "Used to clear skid road".

Forest Type "Under Forest type I understand anything what has the appearance of having lived long in the woods."

A hay seed for a plainsman, a hill billy for a mountaineer, a forest type for a woodsman.

If you were asked to run a line south, 30 degrees west astronomic, what would be the magnetic bearing of the local variation at north 20 degrees east? "1/2 mile".

SPARTAN METHODS! - "I would start as soon as possible, as fifteen miles means five hours walking with a pack. On arrival, after a bite to eat and a drink of water, I would take the men around the fire." (From a Ranger Examination paper.)



HIGH SPIRITS! "Onlooking through a Pre-emption file," writes F.D. Mulholland, "I found the following attached to a ranger's report, some three years ago. This is a situation which I believe Rangers do not often run up against:

"Mr.-----and his son became excited in telling me of the evil spirits that are haunting them. It seems that these spirits have now been controlled by sanctifying the water in the Bay in front of their house, and by using this Holy Water around their boundary lines no evil spirits can bother them by crossing this Holy Water. However, they still remain on the horns of a dilemma, as they cannot bless the tops of their trees. They say that for over one year they have not felled a tree for fear of an Evil Spirit causing the tree to fall on them.

"Owing to my becoming nervous, I failed to secure their signatures to the Permit to Cut Pre-emption Timber."

The Ford is my Car, I shall not want another,
It maketh me to lie down in wet places,

It soileth my clothes; it leadeth me into
the paths of ridicule for its name sake.

It leadeth me into deep water,
It prepareth a breakdown in the presence of
mine enemies.

Yea, though I run down the valley,
I am towed up the hill.

I fear much evil when it is with me,
Its rod and its engine discomfort me.

It anninteth my head with oil,
Its tank runneth over.

Surely to goodness the damn thing won't
follow me all the days of my life,
Or I shall dwell in the house of the insane
forever.



PERSONAL PARS

A week or two ago we read an article on RACE SUICIDE which caused us considerable uneasiness at the time. Since then, however, we have come to the conclusion that it's the bunk.

"An item of interest," remarks Supervisor Flumerfelt, "is a son to Mr. and Mrs. T. Ainsworth, Nanaimo, on December 7th. Both doing well."

From Vancouver, we learn that Ranger J. A. Mahood became the proud father of two fine boys on December 24th. Some Christmas Box, we'll say!

And then on Saturday last, who should invade the sanctum but R. C. St. Clair. "It's a girl, and both coming on fine!"

Race Suicide - H-ll!

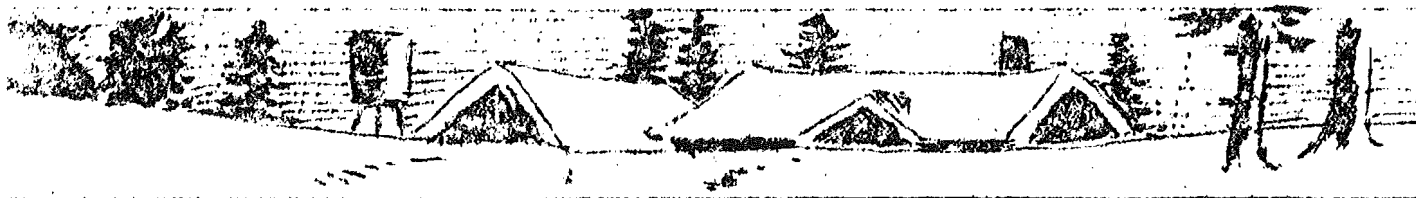
Well, we wish the little folks the best of luck, Health, Happiness and Prosperity, and an ample double portion for Ranger Mahood's young hopefuls. God bless 'em, every one.

Hearty congratulations are being extended to T. H. Wilkinson on his election as an associate member of the Canadian Society of Forest Engineers.

We understand that Ranger T.R. Dixon (Vancouver) sustained a slight accident while making a cruise in the neighborhood of COMOX, which involved his absence from duty for a few days.

The loss of the "Geraldine R" on December 20th. is reported from Prince Rupert. It appears that she caught fire some few miles North of SWANSON BAY, and was a total loss in a very brief space of time. An investigation is in progress as to the circumstances attending the accident.

The new Headquarters Launch "Forester" for the Vancouver District, should leave the ways at Thurston Bay towards the end of January. By all accounts, she is a first-class job. We hope to publish full details later.



IN THE
DISCARD



UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

"To the Fray Bentos Cigar Co.,
Toonerville.

"Deer Surz. Last week my husban smoked a FRAY
BENTOS cigar, sinz wen he will smoke no other."

(We understand that the Fray Bentos Cigar Co.
have discontinued the practice of giving pianos in exchange for
coupons. It was found that, after smoking a Fray Bentos a man
had no use for a piano - all he needed was a harp!)

To W.H.C.

"Omne ignotum pro 'alcoholico'"

Was it the air from heather hills
Where you were wont a lad to frolic,
Or breeze down burns in which you 'paidelt'
That formed this complex alcoholic?

Auld Scotia's sons spread far her fame,
(Though Saxon loons unkindly mock her)
The brithers Haig...Guid Sandy Mac...
The canty steppin' Johnnie Walker.

To these high names your youthful breast,
In pride of country thrilled....Quite rightly,
Till Nature, as their "Heather Dew",
Had naught to offer half so sightly.

This first impress of childhood days
Deep graven in, it is, I trow, which
Constrains you e'en in manhood's years
By 'demijohn' to translate mowitch.

R.H.L.



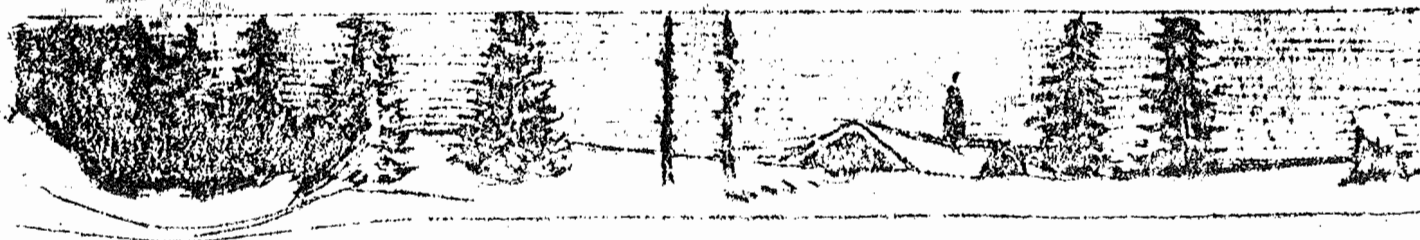
ODE TO "ALICE - A CORNERPOST" : "One night in the summer of 1922," writes Professor H.R. Christie (University of B.C.), "Jasper Daniels and I were at some place on the coast where there was a player piano. I do not remember the name of the place just now, but among the pieces was a song addressed to ALICE by someone who apparently had lost or mislaid her. It seemed to apply so well to a search we had made for an elusive corner-post that we copied it. The other day I came across a copy, and thought it might fill a niche somewhere in 'ROOT AND BRANCH' - so here it is, freely rendered."

The birds are sleeping, gently, the moon beaming bright,
Her rays tinge the forest, and all seems glad tonight,
The wind's sighing by me, cooling my fevered brow,
The stream flows as ever - yet Alice, where art thou?

The night dews are falling, yet onward I plow,
And all things do slumber, but Alice, where art thou?
I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought thee on the hill,
And in the gloomy wildwood, when winds blew cold and chill.

I've sought thee in the forest, by day and by night,
To Heaven I'm looking now, but there mid the starlight.
I've sought thee in the forest, to Heaven I'm looking now.
Oh, there amid the moonshine, Alice, I know art thou.

OUT OF THE BLUE ! - "100 95-ft cedar poles were wanted by a Power Company at Portland," relates District Forester MacDonald, "and several of the pole men at Spokane sent representatives by train to Portland to secure the order. A British Columbia pole producer was in Spokane and caught the news. He engaged an aeroplane and arrived in Portland early enough to secure the order, Forty-five dollars each, F.O.B. cars at his loading spur. Some class to this Nelson man!"



Late in 1915 a friend of ours was in need of a marine engine. Among other replies to his WANT Ad., he received the following :

"For a long period of time I investigate Directory of British Columbia Telephone Company Ltd, to discover personality of Fmt 00678-W Number who desires marine engine six horse power Grey or Fairbanks manufacture in sound condition suitable for adventuring to sea. By evil fortune my speech of English is not of such high academicity as my literary composition wherefore I make more lucid in writing my consideration of things.

"My possession obtains one excellent six horse power indicated marine engine, by unfortunate circumstance not manufacture you arrogate, 'automatic.' In my usage it has served me short period only. I was educated in most excellent High School in Japan and in high hope of my condition bettering made my resolution and embarked for this nation. But things do not find themselves thus. Bad times eventuated and by necessity your servant most obediently fished on Fraser River the salmon. Too much goddam Scottishman there, and rough as hell. Excuse me I beseech you my colloquial phraseology. I sell hull of boat engine I possess 'Automatic' r.d. no. 3862 Chicago Ill. U.S.A. 6 H.P. 2 cylinder 4 cycle magnetic high ignition requisitioning neither coil or battery power gasoline or distillate clutch reverse all in condition very powerful machine propels 28 ft. of boat 8 miles per hour economical fuel patent port non-blowbacking schebler carbonetter.

"I have signal honour to fight for this land and am distributing my property before I depart to encounter common foe goddam Hun, excuse me, price Nine-five dollar. You may interview me at drill hall any night at 7:30 p.m. Kindly ask Sergeant at arms for No.35 Takate Kinahire, private."

Teacher: What is the difference between a stoic and a cynic ?

East Side New Yorker: A stoic is a boid what brings the babies, and a cynic is a place you wash the dishes.