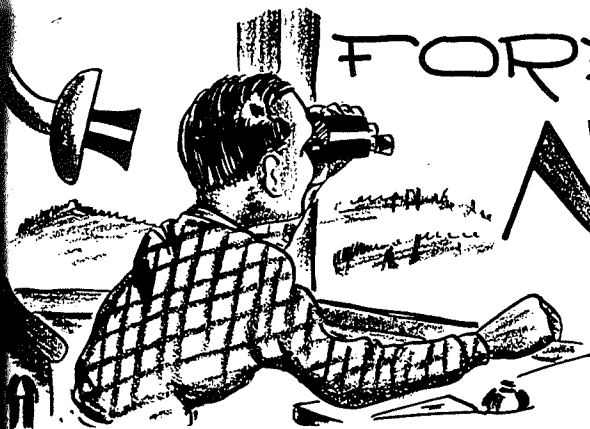




FOREST BRANCH NEWSLETTER

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

No. 46.

VICTORIA, B. C., September 21, 1942.

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July has come and gone, and by the time you read this, August will have been relegated to the past, which means that the back of the fire season is broken and, at worst, we can expect not more than another month of hazardous weather. We have been lucky. The cards were stacked for a walloping fire season this year, with the possibility of enemy action as an added bug-a-boo. It looked like we were in for a good many sleepless nights; but as is frequently the case with anticipated disaster, it didn't happen. We are truly thankful, and fully aware of our good fortune—True, we are currently suffering the humiliation (?) of listening to, "I told you there wouldn't be any Jap raids." But we can stand that.....In fact, we're glad we have to stand it, and we hope we are still hearing it when the fall rains start.....

Sooner or later, every member of the Forest Service is going to be asked questions about the A.S.W.s (Alternate Service Workers) who are now doing Forest Protection work under Forest Branch administration. To help you answer those questions the writer will tell you what he saw, what he heard and how he felt about the A.S.W.s after a recent visit, which covered most of the camps.....

Like most of us, I went into my first camp prepared to find a totally different type of man from what I found. I had built up an idea of what a Conscientious Objector would look like. He was, in my mental picture, on a par with the chinless hangers-on that one sees wandering around the city streets.....the professional goldbricks, if you like. The A.S.W. boys are not a bit like that. Another impression that was corrected for me almost at once was the idea that they object to doing any kind of military service. From what I am able to gather, this is not true.....They object only to bearing arms. In other words, they are willing to serve their country—yes, they very definitely consider Canada their country and they are convinced her cause is just—so long as they are not asked to kill anyone; they will act as stretcher bearers, despatch riders, or common labourers. They demonstrated their willingness to serve when a recruiting NCO called at Menzies Bay camp. Apparently he was not very clear on his instructions and promised them they would be recruited into non-combatant units. When they arrived at recruiting headquarters they were asked to take the ordinary oath of allegiance, with no assurance of being assigned to non-fighting units. All but two of them refused to sign and returned to camp.....

There may be, and probably are, a few men suffering from one flat foot and one cold one, but the majority are sincere. It occurred to me that perhaps most of them had accepted the policy of the church, rather than examining their own conscience in respect to war. The church is a great power in their lives and parsons tour the camps regularly. Services are held often and every meal is preceded by prayer.

You cannot be associated with these men for any considerable length of time without becoming convinced of their sincerity. They go about their various jobs with cheerful determination; they work hard, well and willingly. Most of them hail from farms and are true sons of the soil, proud of the fact that they are farmers and anxious for the day when they can return to their farms.

Life in the camps is not without humour, some of which rises from the lack of humour that often characterizes the A.S.W.s. One young chap was in the habit of walking into the cookhouse with mincing steps to call on the cook, who is a good-natured Irishman, full of dry humour.....The cook watched his friend pick his way across the floor, finally he said, admiringly, "George, do you wear a girdle?"

There's no laughter in George and he replied in all seriousness, "No, it's just my form; my figure, you know."

The fact that there are several different denominations in some of the camps has led to confusion. In one camp, near Alberni, a small group insists on visiting the nearby town on Saturday night and holding street services. The rest of the boys in this camp, being of a different religious stripe, object on the grounds that it is undignified. The question was put to the foreman for decision. This particular foreman is a wise old duck, and didn't wade through his sixty admitted winters without learning a thing or two. He surveyed the gathering solemnly and thought fast. At last, he cleared his throat and asked, "You ask me what is right and what is wrong in this case, and I answer you with a question. What would Jesus do? What would Jesus say?" Every man present knew the passage wherein Jesus commanded his disciples to go out into the highways and the byways. The argument ended right there, and so far as I know, the boys still preach to the sinning populace of Port Alberni on Saturday nights.

Loneliness seems to be the greatest hardship the men have to bear. Sometimes they get so lonely for the sight of strange faces that they book sick, which gets them a trip to town for an examination and treatment. As a rule, the trip cures the ailment and the man is able to go right back to work.....Some of the foremen are considering the old army cure, Number 9's (remember?) for such cases.

There is, as usual, the odd lawyer in the bunch, and from him I learned that we, the people of Canada, made a deal with the Menonites and other religious groups whereby they would not have to bear arms if Canada went to war, but would do some sort of alternate service, which is what they are doing now.

Harold McWilliams (Forest Economics) is in charge of the actual camps, which includes food, sleeping accommodation and recreation. Doug Taylor and Arthur Waddington (Slash disposal and snag falling) are supervising snag falling and construction. Jim Pedley and Bob Murray, both Supervisors in the Vancouver District, are responsible for fire-fighting instruction, and getting the most use out of the men during fires.....

One of the interesting sidelights of the A.S.W. camps is the use and construction of pre-fabricated houses. The houses are delivered, as you know, cut and ready to put together. Each board is slotted and numbered and fits the next board so that they make a weather-proof join about five inches long. Some of the men have become real experts in putting these houses up, and a house a day for a three-man crew is the rule. Each house holds eight men, who sleep in double decker, pre-fabricated bunks, some with springs and some without. When winter comes, a stove, probably a Klondike, will be provided for each hut.

Jim Pedley says the A.S.W.s are the best fire-fighters we ever had.

In their monthly safety bulletin the Safety Branch of the Department of Labour quotes some interesting figures, figures that should be of interest to every person connected with the logging industry in British Columbia....."Since the beginning of 1938 to the end of June this year, the logging industry has caused over 21,000 compensable accidents to our workmen. Three hundred and three of that number caused death....."Later in the same bulletin....."According to the National Safety Council, the cost of a fatal accident, based on an average wage of six dollars a day, amounts to a wage loss of \$36,000. Our 303 fatalities since 1938 have then cost us \$10,908,000. The average time loss in a compensable logging accident is 60 days. The actual cost of an accident, according to National Safety Council figures, is four times the visible cost.....Can we afford to be careless? One might as well ask, can we afford to lose this war? Be careful. Safety is vital to victory."

Compliments continue to roll in for the draughtsmen on their editing of the Newsletter.....Perhaps, as one reader suggests, we should let them try their hand at it again in the near future. How do you gentlemen of maps and plans feel about it?

Incidentally, since we are still wrestling with the fire season, the editor of the Newsletter finds himself almost alone and unassisted with this issue. Bear with him, dear readers, bear with him.....

Recently, while browsing through the dictionary in an effort to weed out the worst of our spelling errors, we came across the word newsletter, or news-letter, either one word or a compound word, never two words. The origin of the word is interesting, too. The first newsletter printed a collection of coffee-house gossip about the time of Charles II of England. It consisted of two or more sheets, and was probably the first tabloid.....

The Shell Oil Company is displaying some very attractive and graphic posters at their service stations. The body of the posters depicts a forest fire--and it looks like one--while at the bottom of the sheet, in large letters, is the legend, "Prevent Forest Fires." In larger letters the words "Be careful" scream their note of caution.....The posters are well done and the Shell Company is demonstrating that in the midst of all the war hullabaloo, they have not lost sight of the importance of Forest Protection, in wartime as well as peace time. This bit of co-operation was unsolicited and we are grateful for it.



Marine and Structural Engineer James Blake says that our genial property clerk, one Bill Tait, is peristeronically inclined.....The dictionary is right behind you, Bill.....

These things seem to run in cycles, or maybe one thing leads to another, anyhow the Accounts Office offers this one from Prince George. The word is "didactic," and to prove it isn't a gag they refer us to file 0146099. The word means instructive, according to the accompanying footnote.

Extract from a logging report: Recommend that a new sale be granted the lessee. This sale has been in the family since 1930. The present lessee is the last surviving member and generally works alone, both in the mill and woods. He is of Scotch ancestry and as such will not countenance any waste. This heirloom should be regranted to present incumbent with no increase in stumpage prices.....

"HAD YOU LIVED IN GERMANY instead of a democratic United States and violated the laws of that country as you have those of ours, your trial would have been brief, sentence quickly announced and immediately carried out. You would have been shot." This in effect was the statement of a Lincoln County justice of the peace as he imposed a fine of \$150 upon a

paroled enemy alien for burning without a permit.

Discounting the fact that the man was an enemy alien, this incident gives fair warning to careless or criminal elements that might be inclined to start fires in this coastal country. This JP has now made a name for himself among foresters as well as elsewhere. He has established a record of assessing the greatest fine that had ever been imposed for a like offence in the history of Oregon forest law enforcement. By this single act there has been evidenced a growing forest consciousness upon the public and the realization of the potential dangers in forest fires.

Such an incident should not be kept to the Lincoln County alone. It should be broadcast to the far reaches of Oregon as a penalty to fit the crime. Other similar officials in Oregon who have occasion to hear such cases could well pattern their verdicts with that of this judge. It would be one of the most effective manners in greatly reducing the number of man-caused fires.

At any rate, it is a safe wager that violation of the forest fire code will be reduced to the absolute minimum within the area coming under the jurisdiction of this justice of the peace....." The foregoing is an editorial from the "Forest Log," June 1942.....

Herewith, writes Kamloops, is a story told by the late Joss Wood, and it is true:

The new aerial set-up at Kamloops called for 80 foot poles. While the holes for the poles were being dug, an official from the Kamloops office stepped out to see how the job was progressing. As there was no one in sight he went over and peered into the hole; he found the excavator sitting on the bottom, taking a short breather. The official, anxious to make conversation to cover up his confusion, remarked that the holes were coming along at a nice rate.....

"Oh, yes," came the reply from the gentleman at the bottom of the hole: "but, you know, there's really no hurry, I'm in for four months." He was a prisoner at the Provincial Gaol, and had been lent to us by the Inspector.

W. F. McCulloch, formerly of the school of forestry at the Oregon State College, has taken up his new duties in the office of the state

forester as research assistant. His first work will be a study of the Oregon Conservation act, with particular stress on its application in the field.....He will make a study of many operations in order to determine the degree of compliance, methods of administration, costs to the operator, and the attitude of the timberland owners. His report will form a basis for possible changes in the law and also as a guide to the board of forestry in further developing a policy of administration.

McCulloch received his degree of B. A. in forestry from the University of British Columbia in 1925 and his master's degree from Syracuse in 1936. Both prior to and after his graduation from U.B.C. he worked for the Dominion Forest Service, and also for the British Columbia Forest Service. For a year and a half he was director of the Michigan State Forest Experiment Station. He came to Oregon in 1937 and since that time has been professor of silvaculture at Oregon State.

From the "Duffel Bag"....."He who thinketh by the inch and speaketh by the yard should be dealt with by the foot."

THE LEES

The snaps on the right show the famous team of Lee, Lee and Lee, at present absent from their regular duties and temporarily Soldiers of the King. Charlie Lee, extreme left, is on the roster of the Kamloops personnel. Charlie, for military purposes, reached the ripe old age of 44 some two years ago, having at that time a son, centre picture, of about 24.....The gentleman on the right is Charlie's father.

The Toba again.....Excerpts from one of Charlie Cowan's recent letters....."The draughts-men seem to get out a pretty good Newsletter, give them another chance soon.....The Monckton guy seems to think he knows the Toba. Well, dig out my report for 1913 and '14 and you will find that I, too, sweated among the fatsia horrida on Big, Little and South Forks.....I even found the survey post he placed on the beaver



dam. It was, if I remember correctly, floating on the bank. The beavers had the last laugh and repaired the damage." Later in his letter....."and Thompson is now chief draughtsman. We used to work together. His picture shows he is getting quite paunchy. He must have gained at least 2 ounces in the last seventeen years...." E. Thompson has a note stuck to the letter assuring all and sundry that he has gained no more than 1 3/4 ounces, instead of 2 ounces, as Cowan claims.....Charlie enclosed his usual cheque for cigarettes and socks.....

For many years past, forest officers have been agreeing with one another that snags are the worst single feature with which we have to contend in fire control, but we were busy with other things and the problem of disposal seemed too big to cope with so we accepted snags in about the same light as we accept the weather. Finally, in 1939, after much discussion, both within our own ranks and with the industry, an amendment to the Act was secured which made the falling of snags obligatory. For a period prior to this all snags were felled on areas to be reforested. Following the amendment, practically 100% snag falling was secured on current operations. In addition, considerable areas have been snagged by the Department as a protection measure.

Reaction in the face of actual experience, both in the Service and the industry, has been almost unqualified approval, in spite of the fact that we have had little practical demonstration of the effect this practice will have on actual fire-fighting. The following letter, received from H. W. Hunter, manager of the Lake Logging Company, Ltd., following an accidental fire in June of this year is therefore of unusual interest. We are quite sure Mr. Hunter will approve our repeating the contents of his letter here:

"You may be interested in this statement, which I am making after experiencing for the first time a fire over land where snags have been felled.

"I consider the falling of snags assisted us greatly and made it possible to control the fire we recently had at our logging camp at Rounds, B. C. Had our snags not been felled, I am sure we would have lost at least all our felled and bucked timber--which would have amounted to a large loss, both to the insurance company and ourselves, and the fire would have burned over a larger area.

"Please enlist me as a strong supporter of your snag falling system."

Continued loss of personnel to the armed forces made it necessary to curtail our programme this year, as compared with other years. We are not doing any air survey work and only one cruising party is out, with George Silburn in charge, and working from the B. C. Forester. They are examining that portion of the Sayward forest immediately adjacent to the Islands Working circle, with a view of including it in the latter. Some reconnaissance work and mapping of cut-over areas in the vicinity of Roberts Lake is being included for the purpose of lining up planting sites. In addition, the boys are making an inventory of the forest resources of the Sproat Lake watershed and watersheds draining into the North side of the Alberni Canal.

Larry McMullen is continuing his applied management studies at the Alberni Pacific operation in connection with the cutting plans project, and he is also completing his selective logging and mill studies in the Okanagan, started with Engleman spruce last season. Clarke McBride will be in the Nelson District until Christmas; he is working on the Christmas tree project started last summer by Ced Walker. Incidentally, according to word that has just reached us, Clarke became a papa for the second time on July 3rd; yep, a six pound one ounce son, Richard Phillips McBride.

Eric Garman, Mac MacBean and George Allen are busy on research, most of which is re-examination of projects of long standing. MacBean is starting some new studies in pruning and testing different types of pruning tools, prior to undertaking some experimental work in our plantations, which, by the way, are growing rapidly.

John Collins is still wrestling with cover maps in ranger and district offices. He hopes to complete Kamloops this year and take care of current revisions in other districts.

Mickey Pogue's work this year will complete his report on the Fraser South project and carry him well into his study of farm woodlot management and community forests. Both of these jobs will contribute extensively to our working knowledge when the almost inevitable rehabilitation programme starts.

There died at Prince George on July 11th, Walter Aiken, pioneer trader of Takla Landing, who will be remembered by many members of the Forest Branch who have worked in that district.....Stricken with pneumonia, he was flown to Prince George on July 2nd.....He is survived by his widow, one son and one daughter. Aiken Lake is named after him.....

ON MAPS

In the rush of modern day living it is easy to overlook the commonplace things, even to the point where miracles of technical skill, because they are in everyday use, go unnoticed. Maps are a case in point.

As members of the Forest Service most of us make daily use of maps, and we should, therefore, appreciate the wealth of exploration, research, labour and fine drawing that changes a piece of blank paper into a guiding chart capable of imparting a wealth of detailed and accurate information regarding the nature of the terrain in a certain area.

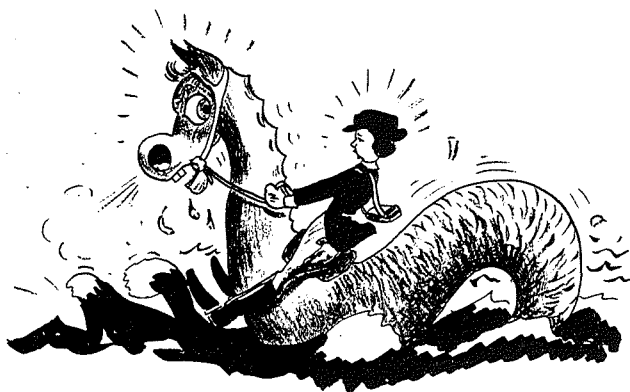
Historically, the map is as old as man. As a matter of fact, in writing the story of man, you would also write the story of maps, and vice versa. Back in the dim distant days, when men lived in natural caves instead of air-raid shelters, they resorted to crude picture drawings as a means of communicating with one another. The pictures showed animals, trees and hills; they also showed certain animals with a certain type of tree, and certain trees on certain hills.....They forewarned other men of dangers and obstacles likely to be encountered. They were the first maps.

As man advanced in knowledge, so also did his maps advance. In the middle ages, elaborate, if not very accurate maps, made their appearance. They were ornate articles, far more concerned with the types of sea serpents frequenting distant seas than accurate charting of geographical features. The maps and map-makers made one great advance during this period, however; they learned to use a compass, and to draw all their maps with north at the top, or at least indicate which direction was north.

Gradually other features have been added; contours, a variety of projections to compensate for the curve in the earth's surface, allowances for the magnetic variations, and grids to make it possible to quickly identify an exact spot by numbers, until today we have our fine modern maps that enable the initiated to form an excellent mental picture of an area, without ever having seen it.

Maps, and map making, are being improved constantly, and within the last few years aerial photography has contributed materially to making maps more graphic. Photographs are taken from an airplane of the areas to be mapped. These are then projected through a stereoscope, an instrument of lens and mirrors, which gives them a third dimension, depth. So revealing are these pictures that experts can tell by consulting them, the age, type and density of the forest cover, or details of other physical features.

AT H.Q.-
DRAUGHTSMAN PLOTTING
FIRES ON MAP WITH
NEW AUTOMATIC
FIRE-PLOTTER.



ARE THERE LADY HORSE MARINES, KAY?

But a map is only as good as the skill of its maker, and a poor or careless draughtsman, regardless of the tools and knowledge at his disposal, turns out a dishonest document which, in extreme cases, might cost lives. A good map is more than just a piece of paper covered with hundreds of meandering lines; it is an accurate reproduction, in miniature, of part of the earth's surface. By it men travel, defend their country and record their land.

The next time you use a map, take a good look at it, for it's an important, if often unappreciated factor in your life.

The gentleman portrayed with a pack on his back is P. C. Campbell, formerly Ranger at Salmon Arm....."Old Pete" Campbell as he is more familiarly known to all and sundry in the lumber and logging business in the interior, was superannuated from the Forest Service on March 8th, 1938, having reached the retiring age some month previous.

Pete was practically born in a sawmill, near the city of Quebec and has devoted his entire life to following the lumber business in one capacity or another. He is one of a large family, most of whom followed the same calling.

It is believed that he came to British Columbia sometime in the late nineties and was employed for some years at Beavermouth in charge of the yard and shipping for the Columbia Lumber Company. He entered the services of the Dominion Government about 1910 and until the transfer of the natural resources to the provinces in 1930, filled the position of Inspector of Timber for the Dominion Lands Branch of the Department of the Interior. His territory extended from the Alberta border to Boston Bar in the Railway Belt and several times he was commissioned to undertake important cruises and examinations at the coast. On the transfer of the Railway Belt, Pete entered the services of the Forest Branch and continued to do necessary field work in his old territory. On the formation of the Ranger Districts in the spring of 1931 he was allotted his home town district, Salmon Arm, a position he filled with credit to the Forest Branch and himself until he retired.

Pete was personally acquainted with almost every survey post in his District and the Rangers still refer to him for information. His instructions as to how to locate any post are typical of his breezy disposition, for instance, "You follow such and such a road until you come to a sharp turn. Just below you will see a school marm with a gash in her thigh. You will find the post a few paces to the south."

Pete had a fund of stories, some of which would not look entirely right in print. Many a tough day in the bush has been made easier by his yarns and cheerful good nature.

Since his retirement, he had been enjoying a bussman's holiday by doing field work for various private timber owners.....

The photo, by the way, was taken at the Granite Peak lookout, one of Pete's old haunts. Doubtless his visit was one of the highlights of the season for the Lookoutman.



P. C. Campbell



Kay Robinson

Kay Robinson has joined the Wrens and the Forest Branch has lost one of its most valued employees.....For several years this young lady has had her efficient fingers on the pulse of the whole organization.....When you wanted to know anything, no matter how obscure, in connection with the British Columbia Forest Service you went to Miss Robinson; she could either give you the desired information or tell you where to get it. Miss Robinson was the Chief's secretary, as you know, and we think he will miss her, for like most good secretaries, she knew her boss pretty well; she did her very good best to lift as much routine from his shoulders as possible. She acted as a polite, but unyielding barrier between the Chief and unwanted visitors... Yea, she could even tell you if his mood was favorable to your cause, when you had need to invade his sanctum.....As we said before, the Chief will miss her.....

She has been the moving force, the spark-plug behind the various agencies organized in the Forest Branch to keep cigarettes and socks going to the boys in the Armed Forces.....

So we--using the pronoun "we" editorially, and speaking for the Newsletter--say au revoir to an associate whose judgement we respect and whose friendship we value.....We will not waste time wishing her success in her new venture, being sure she will quickly make her worth felt, but instead we say simply, "Good luck, Kay Robinson!"

PROMOTIONS IN THE ARMED FORCES

Gerry (Capt. G. S.) Andrews, Economics, has been promoted from Captain to Major.....Bill (Capt. Wm) Hall, also Economics, serving somewhere in the Middle East, has been raised to the rank of Major.....Gnr. A. C. Kinnear, 1st Canadian Survey Regt. R. C. A., is now L/Bdr.....Gnr. A. J. Kirk, 13th Bty., 6th Field Regt., R. C. A., also goes to L/Bdr.....Lieut. L. F. Swannell has been promoted to Captain.....



Gerry (Capt. G. S.) Andrews,
Economics.



L.A.C. W. J. Wright



L.A.C. A. J. Nash

We are in receipt of letters from LAC A. J. Nash, P/O C. L. Botham, Sgt. H. Stevenson, Ross Douglas, R. A. Damstrom, AC2 D. Gillies, W. E. Thacker, LAC C. H. Fewtrell, D. Kittson, C. W. Mizon, W. D. Hay, M. A. Johnson, P/O J. D. LeMare, Art Kirk, A. C. Kinnear, H. G. Mayson, Alex Gordon, L. Swannell, Brig. Alan Parlow, D. McKay, Jack Eselmont, Major Maude-Roxby, J. C. Wright, C. R. Lee..

The following members of the Forest Service have enlisted in the Armed Services. A. R. McLeod, clerk, Vancouver has joined the R.C.N.V.R.; P.N.A. Smith, draughtsman, Vancouver, has joined the army; C.J.T. Rhodes, Draughtsman, Victoria, is now with the navy; Miss K. Robinson, formerly the Chief's secretary left to take her place with the Wrens; A. G. McNeil, clerk, Vancouver, has gone to the army; Goldon Levy, Victoria, and C. N. (Rusty) Campbell, Ranger, Prince George, have also "joined up," but we are not in possession of details at the moment.....Other recent applicants for the "King's shillin'" are W. D. Grainger, Miss G. M. MacAfee, Victoria, and A. E. Rhodes, clerk, Victoria.

The Overseas news seems to be a little on the brief side recently.....does that mean that the boys are getting too busy on other, more important things? Remember, we are just as anxious to get news of your doin's as you are to hear from home.....It works both ways:

DONALD McRAE CALDER

It is with profound regret that we announce the death on August 31st of Don Calder, formerly Ranger at Alert Bay. Don had been off duty for over a year suffering from a serious illness to which he finally succumbed. The deep sympathy of the entire staff of the Service is extended to Mrs. Calder.

Don entered the Forest Service as Assistant Ranger at Revelstoke in 1931. From the first he showed outstanding ability and the faculty of getting along with both public and the men with whom he worked. As a woodsman, and particularly as an expert riverman, he had few, if any, peers. Brought up from childhood beside the Columbia River, and spending much of his life around the Big Bend, he grew up with the sound of white water in his ears and the instinctive knowledge of boat handling that comes only through the unconscious absorption of youth. To anyone who had the exciting privilege of negotiating the heavy rapids of the Columbia with Don Calder, the experience will remain a memory of keen excitement and admiration of the boatman's skill.

Always cheerful, willing to pull his weight and more on any job, he was a delightful companion in the woods and hills. Those of us who were privileged to know and work with Don Calder will long treasure the memories of his personality.

The Forest Service has lost a high class Ranger; we will miss a valued friend; and the country will be short one stout character in these times when stout characters are needed.

"ITEMS FROM THE VANCOUVER FOREST DISTRICT"

On August 24th the Vancouver Office had a surprise visit from Carle Sandey, formerly launch engineer at Lund, who is now a Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Navy, stationed at Halifax. He is looking very healthy and fit and as though life on the high seas were thoroughly agreeing with him.

Carle had many things to tell us and we had a most interesting chat concerning his varied experiences. (No naval secrets betrayed!)

Readers might be interested to learn that Mrs. Sandey is also in Halifax. We understand she is in charge of the libraries for the Navy there, handling—in company with quite a staff of other women—all the books for the naval boats which operate from that port. It is a big job but apparently the ladies are making a success of it.

Carle is very appreciative of receiving a copy of the Newsletter at each issue and has asked us to convey his thanks for including him on the mailing list.

He is looking forward very much to the time when the war is over and he will be able to resume his duties with the Forest Branch. In the meantime we all wish him the very best of luck and Happy Sailings.

George Henry Waller has the distinction of being the first ranger on the staff of the Vancouver Forest District to be superannuated. George, however, did not quite complete the usual full span as he seemed to think he wanted a few extra years in which to kick up his heels. He elected to terminate his services on July 31st, last.

George was on our staff first as a patrolman in 1922 and received his permanent appointment to the ranger staff in January, 1924. From the date of his commencement until his retirement he performed his duties with diligence, loyalty and devotion to the Service.

Members of the Victoria and Vancouver Office and Field Staffs were very happy in presenting Ranger Waller with a token of their esteem on the occasion of his severing official relations with the Forest Service. The presentation of this gift, which was in the form of a cozy chesterfield chair, was made on August 26th in the Vancouver Office on behalf of the staffs by Mr. Melrose and Mr. Haddon. The very best wishes of the whole Forest Service are extended to George and it is hoped he will enjoy many years of happiness, peace and contentment, and that the ties of friendship and esteem which bind him to us will continue always.

Replacing Ranger Waller at Squamish is Acting Ranger S. C. Frost, recently Assistant Ranger at Bowen Island.

Arthur R. MacLeod, Junior Clerk, terminated his duties with us on July 31st, to join the R.C.N.V.R. Archie G. McNeil, Clerk on the Scaling Staff, joined the ranks of the Army on August 18th.

Two new members have been added to our stenographic staff in the persons of Miss Claire Palmer and Miss Mary Chorlton. We are glad to have you with us, girls, and wish you every success.

Miss Audrey Campbell, stenographer in the Accounts Office, has matrimonial intentions in the very near future, and was the centre of interest at a kitchen shower given at the home of Mrs. Marc Gormely on August 21st, whose co-hostess was Mrs. Alex Healey, nee' Dorothy Robson. Both these ladies were former stenographers on our staff, and if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, we would say they are equally as good cooks as they were stenogs.

Note! Miss Campbell and Doug. Sims, former Export Clerk with us here, now a member of the R.C.A.F., tied the bonds of matrimony on September 9th. They have our very best wishes for Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

Jim Milroy, Official Scaler on the Vancouver Staff was superannuated June 30th, last, after 29 years' faithful service with the Branch. He served overseas in the First Great War, and was Supervisor of Scalers for the Interior of B. C. for some years before joining the Coast Staff.

Jim will be greatly missed by his host of friends who, in an effort to show their esteem on the occasion of his retirement and the commencement of his well-earned rest, presented him with a silver tea service.

Mr. and Mrs. Milroy are now rustivating at Saltair, V. I., and we hope they are very happy in their new surroundings and enjoying life to the full. The best of wishes to them both.

Harry Lyttle, Temporary Official Scaler and youngest member of the log scaling staff, joined the R.C.A.F. and proceeded to Edmonton on July 30th to train as a pilot officer. Harry was a very popular and efficient young man who, we have no doubt, will be most successful in his new venture.

As a parting gift his co-workers presented him with an Air Force club bag. Also as Harry had been very recently married, Mrs. Lyttle was presented with a silver rose bowl and silver candlesticks from the Scaling Staff.

Official Scaler J. W. (Wardie) McDonald, after a month's sick leave to recover from a tussle with his appendix (he is minus it now), is back on duty, fully recovered, and feeling better than he has for years--so he says. We all hope he can keep up the good work.

Jimmy Robinson who was Acting Ranger at Ocean Falls in the Prince Rupert Forest District, and formerly Assistant Ranger at North Vancouver, called at the Vancouver Office September 4th during leave from his R.C.A.F. station in Newfoundland.

For the information of those who desire it, his address is: No. R146096, L.A.C. Jas Robinson, R.C.A.F. Station, Gander, Newfoundland, C.A.P.O. No. 4, R.C.A.F. Overseas.

From this field huge transport planes take off for England, and Jimmie has witnessed international personages arriving and departing for destinations undisclosed.

He is connected with the crash crew whose duties, amongst other things, is to inspect all the fire equipment on the planes. Jim is intensely interested in all phases of his work there but hopes that eventually he may get overseas. Says the boys are treated very well and are all happy and keen in their jobs. There is apparently a Women's Division of the Air Force at that station so perhaps the "interest" is not so general after all, seeing that the nearest town is 60 miles away.

We had a most interesting and enjoyable visit with Jimmie and are glad to report that he seems in the best of health and spirits. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends in the Service and hopes that from now on he will receive the Newsletter in order to keep in touch with the doings of the Branch.

T. T. (Tommy) Edwards, boat-builder at the Fraser River Plant embarked on the Sea of Matrimony on September 9th. Tommy was the recipient of a gift presented by Mr. Haddon on behalf of the staff of the Repair Station at a little ceremony there a few days previously.

There must be something in this "Follow the Birds to Victoria" after all, as both Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Doug Sims took the midnight "bridal" boat to the Capitol City. The call of the "Sea," no doubt, but which one, or was it both? In any case, we wish them every happiness.

The reading courses listed below will be available, revised to date, after October 1st. Those field men wishing to take any of the courses should apply through their District Foresters.

COURSES:

Arithmetic, Forest Act, Forest Protection (Manual), Grazing, Management, Scaling, Stumpage Appraisal, Surveying, Telephone Line Construction and Maintenance, Typewriting.....

How To Learn The Morse Code

To fix the Morse signs in the brain, recourse is had to words formed to do a double duty, the LAST letter in the word always being Morsed by exactly the reversed Morse-sign used for the FIRST letter of the word.

EXAMPLE: Take the Morse for F, which is dot, dot, dash dot. We use the word "fuel" to memorize F, because L at the end is Morsed by the reversal of the Morse F, and so L is dot, dash, dot, dot. F ••—• L •—•••

The words are phrased for committal to memory.

There are four sections: (1) The Simple Opposites, so called owing to the Morse signs being either a dot or dots, or a dash or dashes; (2) the Mixed Opposites, so called because dots and dashes are used together; (3) the Sandwiches, so called because the dot or dots, or dash and dashes, are sandwiched between each other—dot, dash, dot; dash, dot, dash—and so forth; (4) letters with no Opposites—there are only three; and lastly, the Numerals.

You need not trouble about alphabet, or alphabetical order—just learn the sentences.

The Simple Opposites

Sentence: Ate 'im so hot.

Letters: ET IM SO H.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. E is one dot. | T is one dash. |
| 2. I is two dots. | M is two dashes. |
| 3. S is three dots. | O is three dashes. |
| 4. H is four dots. | |

•/—••/—•••/—••—
E T I M S O
••••/—••—/—
H O T

You have learned seven letters here almost at a glance.

The Mixed Opposites

Sentence: Ann Bee Vee, d'you feel Great War cutely? (Note Q sound in 'cutely).

Letters: AN, BV, DU, FL, GW, QY.

AnN	A •—	N —•
BeeVee	B —•••	V •••—
D'yoU	D —••	U ••—
Feel	F ••—•	L —•••
Great War	G —•—	W —•—
Q'telY	Q —•—•	Y —•—•

You will easily remember A as "dot, dash," because it is the first letter of the alphabet, and Morse Code is a "dot dash" code.

B is best memorized by its letter shape, one upright and three horizontal lines standing for its dash and three dots=13=B.

D by the Latin duo—two; and so D has only dash and two dots.

F and L are the most difficult letters to remember. The word Fuel makes it quite easy. F=UE in Morse. U ••— E • = F ••—• As L is the opposite to F, it is quite easily remembered.

To memorize G and Q, either remember G, M E (in Morse — (M), • (E)); Q, M E T (in Morse — (M), • (E), — (T)); or G by the word Ger-many; two long sounds and a short one—two dashes and a dot.

Q by calling to mind the long food queues, and that the sign for Q is as G, but with a dash added.

The letters N V U L W Y are the Opposites. Thus another dozen letters are learned.

The Sandwiches

Sentence: Kaiser pax.

Letters: K R P X.

We and our Allies are dots; the enemy are dashes.

Alphabet

A •—	N —•
B —•••	O —•—
C —•—•	P •—•—
D —••	Q —•—•
E •	R —••
F ••—•	S •••
G —••	T —
H ••••	U ••—
I ••	V •••—
J •—•—	W —•—
K —•—	X —••—
L ••••	Y —•—•
M —•—	Z —•••

Kaiser began war and hemmed us in, so K, which begins Kaiser, is: dash, dot, dash.

R is END of Kaiser, so we have him; R is therefore: dot, dash, dot.

P is beginning of peace, for which enemy is forced to sue, because Allies have surrounded him; therefore P is: dot, dash, dash, dot.

X is end of peace, with Allies in the centre, sending dismissed enemy armies home; therefore X is: dash, dot, dot, dash.

K —•— (alse)	R •—•
P •—•• (a)	X —••—

Here again the end letter of the word is the reverse of the Morse for the initial letter.

The Outsiders

These are the letters, C, Z, J, for which there are no Opposites. We learn them by the sound of C Z, memorized as "Seize," and the J by "Jeremiah."

Sentence: Seize Jeremiah.

Letters: C Z J.

C —•••	Z —•••
J •—•—	

C is dash, dot repeated. Z is harsh C sound, so is double-dash, double-dot, which is a sort of emphasized C. C, Z, and J each have four Morse signs.

J is memorized as Je-re-mi-ah—one short sound (dot), and three long sound (dashes).

C can also be memorized by word CaNNe (in Morse N=—•, double N=—•—•=C). Z by M I (in Morse M=—•—, I=••). J by AM (in Morse A=•—, M=—•— (JAM)).

Short Numerals

1 •—	6 —••••
2 ••—	7 —••••
3 •••—	8 —•••
4 ••••—	9 —••
5 •	0 —

One to 5 begin with the dot.
Six to nought begin with the dash.
Treat the dash as TEN.

1 is one out of ten	•—
2 is two " " "	••—
3 is three " " "	•••—
4 is four " " "	••••—
5 is the pivot	• one dot
6 is ten MINUS four	—••••
7 is ten " three	—•••
8 is ten " two	—••
9 is ten " one	—•
0 is minus	—

Numerals

1 •—	6 —••••
2 ••—	7 —••••
3 •••—	8 —•••
4 ••••—	9 —••
5 •••••	0 —•—•—

Note—5=••••• (5 dots).
0=—•—•— (5 dashes).
4 the same as the Short Numerals
6

1 and 9, 2 and 8, 3 and 7, are Opposites.

Thus—1 •—	9 —•—•
2 ••—	8 —••
3 •••—	7 —••

"THE CHECK" FIGURES V. LETTERS.

A for 1	6 for 6
U " 2	B " 7
V " 3	D " 8
4 " 4	N " 9
E " 5	T " 0