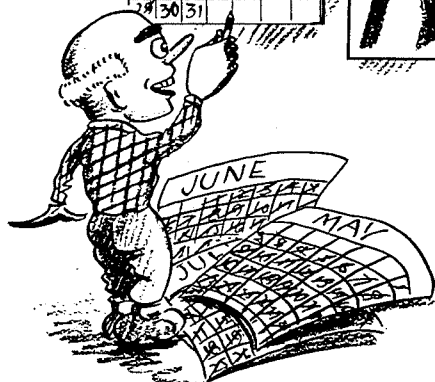


FOREST BRANCH

NEWSLETTER

AUGUST						
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FOILED AGAIN!

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



NO. 50.

Victoria, B. C., September 17, 1943.

08581.

The Forest Branch is getting just old enough and has made just sufficient progress to leave in its wake an interesting history of men and outmoded methods and procedures. A few still on the staff have vivid recollections of earlier days, concerning which most of us would read with more than a little interest. Amongst these are A. G. Mumford of the Management Office at Victoria, who contributes the article immediately following. More of a like nature would be welcomed.

It is quite apparent that Mr. Mumford served his apprenticeship in the Branch the hard way. He covered a lot of country under difficult conditions and, if build is any criterion, those long legs accounted for more miles and acres in an average day than most of us would like to contemplate; and his field season from May to December makes us a little ashamed of the days when we brought survey parties out of the field in September or early October because the weather was getting too tough for us.



All this brings to mind such instances as the day we sailed out of Vancouver Harbour with the late Frank MacDonald. At a point between the First Narrows and Point Atkinson, Frank pointed to a spot on the shore, some ten or twelve miles from the wharf, and remarked that there was the place where he and his compassman had spent the night of the first day out of Vancouver on his first coast boat assignment. They were off on that occasion in a rowboat to carry out timber sale cruises and reconnaissance up and down Johnstone Straits!!!

The next November day we climb into our heated sedan or go aboard the "Forester," the "Lillian" or the "Syrene," bound for a timber sale or a tour of inspection, it might not be amiss to momentarily recall Mumford, MacDonald, et al, with their back-packs and rowboats of a day thirty years past.

EARLY YEARS OF THE FOREST SERVICE

This subject should be prefaced by a brief summary of salient events leading up to the creation of the Forest Branch of the Lands Department.

A Royal Commission was appointed in 1909 to conduct enquiry "into and concerning the timber resources of the Province, the preservation of the forests, the prevention of forest fires, the utilization of timber areas, afforestation, and the diversification of tree growing, and, generally, all matters connected with the timber resources of the Province."

The late Mr. M. A. Grainger acted as secretary of that Commission.

The Commission's report was published in 1910 and in 1911 Mr. Grainger was engaged in translating the Commission's recommendations into Bill form. Finally the "Forest Act" was passed in February, 1912.

The Honourable W. R. Ross, Minister of Lands at that time, secured assistance of Mr. Overton W. Price as consulting forester. A technical staff was recruited immediately. The personnel included H. R. MacMillan who became our first Chief Forester, John Lafon as Forester in charge of "Management," R. E. Benedict (affectionately referred to as "Bene") as Chief of "Operations," H. K. Robinson (formerly State Conservator of Forests in India) as Chief of "Surveys," and M. A. Grainger as Chief of "Records." The original stenographer was Miss M. S. Macdonald. The subsequent organization welded into one "Service" all of the branches which had functioned hitherto as separate groups of officials who had conducted forest affairs along independent lines. These had been known as the Timber Inspection Branch in charge of Geo. D. McKay in Vancouver, who later became our senior and first District Forester; the Scaling Branch also with headquarters in Vancouver and supervised by J. L. Bryant, determining volumes of timber cut for benefit of the Collector of Royalties in the person of the above-mentioned Provincial Timber Inspector and his staff.

Thirdly, the Forest Protection Branch composed of District Fire Wardens, assistants and fire guards of seasonal status.

Here it may be recalled that jovial W. F. Loveland (known to all his associates as "Lovie") was a District Fire Warden as from April, 1910, in the Kamloops and Kootenays ridings while our worthy present District Forester in Vancouver, Chas. J. Haddon was Assistant District Fire Warden in 1911 and 1912 at Wardner and Revelstoke.

It is but proper that we should refer to others of the early officials under that prior regime: R. Trinder, the Supervisor of Interior Scaling; Joe McKay, Chief Clerk and Accountant to Timber Inspector in Vancouver; Messrs. John Hoy and G. V. Cuppage, clerical staff, H. Q., Victoria; Messrs. James Milroy and George R. McKay as Coast scalers. All well-respected Public servants in their day.

In registering these notes upon our origin as a "Service" it was expected they would be permeated with reference to timber sales as provided in the "Forest Act" of 1912.

However, prior to being in a position to conduct disposal of Crown timber intelligently in keeping with the spirit of and provisions in the said "Act" it was necessary for the Department to take stock quickly of the natural resources of our forests.

Therefore, Messrs. H. K. Robinson and R. E. Benedict were combing through the Province early in 1912 for men to carry out the field requirements. As soon as feasible a small band of men was set to work in the then-remote areas of the Province.

That handful of men was dispatched singly from Victoria, each armed with volumes of instructions and an advance in cash wherewith to equip their separate parties from whichever settlement was nearest to the territory to be reported upon.

Due to the hiring or purchase of pack-horses and canoes, payment of other transportation and grub bills, and for wages of temporary help, the advances with which we "Forest Assistants" started off soon melted and our personal accounts stood the burden until it was feasible to re-finance the party through the Government Agent's Office--that is, when we were fortunate enough to contact said benevolent official.

One such party was well advanced up the Clearwater Valley into what is now known as the "Wells Gray Park" when an urgent order from H. Q. was received by Indian rider requiring the whole crew to report promptly to Mr. H. K. Robinson at Greenwood on Boundary Creek.

Therefore, late in October, 1912, a number of parties headed by the following men concentrated upon temporary H. Q. Greenwood; viz., Messrs. J. B. Gareau, R. Beard, Eric G. MacDougall, A. M. O. Gold, C. R. Plumer, E. S. Edgecombe and the narrator.

The project for which these parties assembled was the complete examination and evaluation of the several land grants known as the Heinze Blocks. These blocks ranged from thirty-six to one hundred and eight square miles in area.

Each party was required to examine two or more of these blocks for Forest, Grazing and Agricultural land values and Water powers; also reporting upon land applications and certain promiscuous cordwood operations on mineral claims. This field work was concluded late in December, 1912.

During that year there had been set up eleven districts and divisions for forest administration in the approximate sequence; viz:

<u>District</u>	<u>District Forester</u>
Vancouver	Geo. D. McKay
Nelson	J. R. Martin
(replaced by)	G. H. Prince
Prince Rupert	H. S. (Buck) Irwin
Tete Jaune Cache	Chas. McFadden
Fort George	H. G. Marvin
Cranbrook	J. D. Gilmour
Hazelton	R. E. Allen
Kamloops	H. B. Murray
Lillooet	Percy LeMare
Vancouver Island	H. K. Robinson
Vernon	L. R. Andrews

In the following year some of the original Forest Assistants worked under direct control from Victoria, thus we cruised and examined areas in various parts of the Province and as the demand for timber sales increased field parties were gradually concentrated upon this work, although a flood of examinations for pre-emption records and applications to purchase required our urgent (P.D.Q.) attention.

These early field parties exercised much diplomacy thereby gaining the confidence of the operators and establishing the good relations between this Service and the loggers, which is benefiting our present field staff.

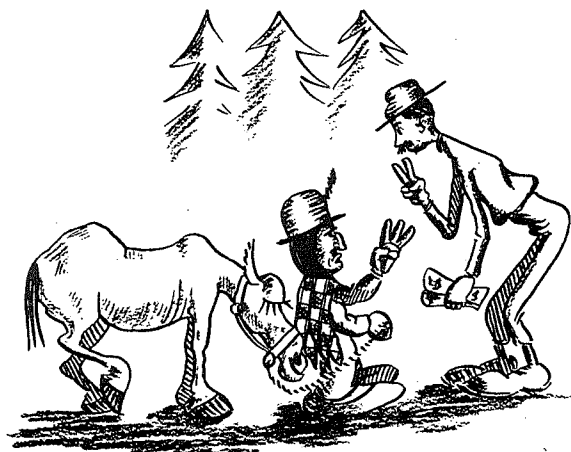
One such party headed by that splendid Newfoundlander, Jack B. Mitchell, who later gave his life on the Somme, and privileged to be the first user of the launches "Liela R" and "Euclataw" successively, cruised upwards of 300 million feet of timber in the then Vancouver District, involving ten to twenty per cent. strip cruising.

In those days of actual calliper measurement and careful chainage of baselines and boundaries, the volume of work accomplished during period of eight months--May to December, inclusive--may or may not have been equalled by any of our parties on similar work. The work mentioned did not include a strenuous side trip into the upper Klamath Valley thirty-odd miles inshore on Vancouver Island, occupying the greater part of November, in deep snow and undertaken by one section of the party in question.

The members thereof were obliged to make "bear-paws" and backpack up the Klamath after having negotiated the seven miles of Nimpkish River and twenty miles up the lake of that name. With Jack Mitchell ever in the lead, humping the most weighty pack, this small "band" plugged through as far as the "Little Woss Mountain" finding but few blazes and no posts, all of which were buried by the deep soggy snow. Therefore only a reconnaissance report was feasible but happily in the following summer, under more favourable conditions, we were able to go in and complete the examination of the certain lease involved and in addition some 31,000 acres said second party cruised in the Klamath Valley and its tributaries. Our genial Assistant Chief Forester of today will recall that trip in 1914, seeing that he and one other venturesome fisherman enjoyed a damp joyride on a raft down one or more of the "riffles" very late one evening.

Reverting back to the 1913 season it is well that we should comment upon the excellent service rendered by the two first Coast Rangers; Wm. Black who with Capt. McKay ran the famous old Launch "R. J. Skinner," and the late Dave Connell, who ran the smaller Launch "Kiora" which, by the way, can still be seen at anchor in Victoria off the Causeway.

During the last weeks of December, 1913, the flagship "Euclataw" wended its way south from Seymour and Knights Inlets, with its crew cruising ashore daily until we tackled the last cruise at Squirrel Cove, then on



to our mooring in Vancouver. That period in December 1913 has been recorded as one of the most stormy and disastrous to shipping on this Coast in our time so that it was not surprising we were obliged to dodge sizable waterspouts in Knight's Inlet, entrance to Loughborough and Bute Inlets and in Poyce Channel.

Then to "cap-off," as we emerged at the south entrance of Welcome Passage we found the famous tug "Le Roi" had lost her tow of a flatraft of fir logs, broken and adrift, being driven by the heavy sea lashed by a strong Southeaster across our course. Naturally we had a lively hour and a half keeping head to wind, running dead slow and all hands on deck with peevies diverting the forty-footers which threatened any moment to stave us in.

Our present-day field men must be either very modest or tough bush- and sea-men seeing that in season they must bump into many similar experiences but they rarely give clues in any of their written reports.

In justice to our first field staff and when comparing some of the early reports with present-day data recorded it is well to remember there were practically no volume tables and few (if any) standardized conversion factors. It was necessary, particularly when cruising pulp and other timber sales, to compile one's own tables which would be typical for the site. The methods employed to secure such data were many and their description would be too lengthy to relate herein.

It must also be recalled that extensive trespasses were prevalent in the years prior to 1915--naturally the majority of the operators were not overjoyed upon their discovery. This led, in some cases, to risky jobs of cruising felled timber when some of the fallers refused to quit felling.

In those days there was little or no time to call later to get the "dope." We rarely had more than twenty-four to thirty-six hours in Victoria and certainly no "comfy" office in which to compile the multitude of reports required. This so stirred the kind-hearted Geo. D. McKay that during the Fall of 1913 he told us "confidentially" we could expect some day to have a wonderful boathouse and float in Thurston Bay where we could "rendezvous" for supplies and office work.

However that luxury was not for us to experience, seeing that that little band of fellows, to a man, decided in due time that a greater and more urgent task was theirs "Over There"--some returned in person, others did not.

However, George's dream did begin to materialize sometime in 1915 when the boat station was transferred to Thurston Bay and the late F. A. MacDonald was one of two men employed in laying the skids and beams for the first repair shed there. It will be remembered "Mac" later became District Forester at Nelson and finally O/C "Operations."

By way of comparison of our early timber sale activity with that of recent times it is interesting to note during the five years ending December 29, 1916, a total of 831 applications were dealt with and during the five years ending December 30, 1942, a total of 9,504 applications were handled. Record for this year bids fair to be an all-time high.

- 30 -

"A. G. MUMFORD."
24/6/43.

WHAT IS A LUMBERMAN ... AND WHY??

The Lumberman is a foxy guy
Who buys things cheap and sells them high.
Atleast, that is what folks always thinks
When speaking of these lumber ginks.
But after meeting quite a few
Among the lumberjacks "who's who,"
I've had to change my mind a bit,
My old opinions didn't fit,
The facts about these lumber folks
Concerning whom we hear the jokes.

What is a Lumberman--and why?
I couldn't tell you, if I'd try.
He's just like other folks you know;
His morals--well, they're just so-so;
He tries to be a model man,
Perhaps he does the best he can.
He would like to give his boards away
And say "All Right," when you don't pay.
But listen, folks, his family chores
Are just about the same as yours.
His wife and kids must have some beans
And cauliflower, and other greens.

His dentist don't pull teeth for fun,
His Doctor don't make one free run.
He even has to wear glad rags,
When chasing down the scalawags
Who haul his boards and things away,
And then forget to come and pay.

A Lumberman is a funny bird.
Atleast, that's what I've always heard;
He gits up early, stays up late
To make his business percolate.
Then, if he saves some dough,
Some guy pops up, and says "Oh-Oh."
It is a dirty shame the way that crook
Has caught the public on his hook.
But if, instead, he ends up broke,
Folks just consider that a joke,
And smile, and wink, and maybe say,
"I knew he would wind up just that way."

But rich or poor, there is one reward
He will always have, for, thank the Lord,
In selling homes to folks around,
He is doing something that is bound

To bring them more substantial joy,
Than if they had bought some useless toy,
And when he has finished all life's chores
And sold his final two-by-fours,
He will need no tombstone high and grand
To keep his memory in the land.
For every home he has caused to rise
Will be someone's Paradise.

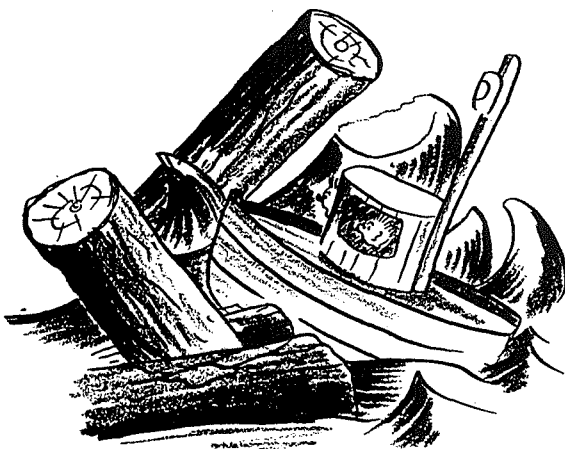
I will tell you, folks, we are all alike,
Just Bill, and John, and Joe and Ike.
We always think the other guy
Has got a cinch and wonder why;
But when we check, and double check,
And learn the inside dope, by Heck,
We come to love each other more,
Than we have ever done before,
Because we know each one that's here,
Has got some useful load to bear;
And if he bears it as he should,
I am sure he does a lot of good.

PREPAREDNESS

(For the profit of some, amusement of none, and annoyance of one of the staff.)

While checking over equipment one of the Victoria officials ran into a Fairbanks-Morse pump box containing a collection of material that could indicate many things; viz: (1) the ranger in charge is of a racial extraction to which waste is anathema; or (2) somewhere in his ancestry is the blood of Neotoma floridana; ("pack rat" to me!) or (3) he is still thinking in the Model T days; or (4) he gets thirsty; or (5) he gets hungry; or (6) he just doesn't give a damn.

Anyway, here are the lists. List 1 shows what was in the box including the glorious collection of historical relics which should be handy to have, but not in a tool box, compared with List 2 of what should have been in it.



PUMP BOX LIST

LIST 1

What We Checked

- 2 pr. Slip Joint Pliers
- 2 Suction Hose Wrenches
- Nozzles: 2 - 3/8"
- 1 - 6" Funnel
- *1 - Magneto Wrench
- 19 Discharge Gaskets 1 1/2" to fit
Screw Hose (No Screw Hose in Cache)
- 1 Spark Plug, Porcelain
- 1 - 1 1/2" Male Screw Coupling and
2 - 1 1/2" Expander Ring Screw
Couplings (No Screw Hose in Cache)
- 1 Screw Adapter
- *24" Square Wire Screen
- 3 Starting Cords
- 1 tin Grease
- 3 Grease Guns (2 broken)
- 11 Discharge Clips 1 1/2" (3 damaged)
- 5 Suction Clips 2" less Nuts and Bolts
- 1 Model T Ford Windshield Nut
- 2 Tin Lids
- 1 Brass Nipple 2"
- 1 - 2 oz. Pyroil Measure
- 1 DDV Carbureter Clamp
- 1 DDV Feed Line Nut
- 1 Large Cotter Pin
- 1 sheet Emery Cloth
- 1 Pint Oil Measure
- 1 Foot Valve Leather
- 1 Tin Drinking Cup
- 1 Ball Pein Hammer
- 1 Model T Ford Connecting Rod Wrench
- 1 Ford 1/2" x 9/10" Open End Wrench
- 1 Large Wire Staple
- 1 Potato Knife
- 1 Broken DDV Connecting Rod
- 2 - 2" Suction Caps

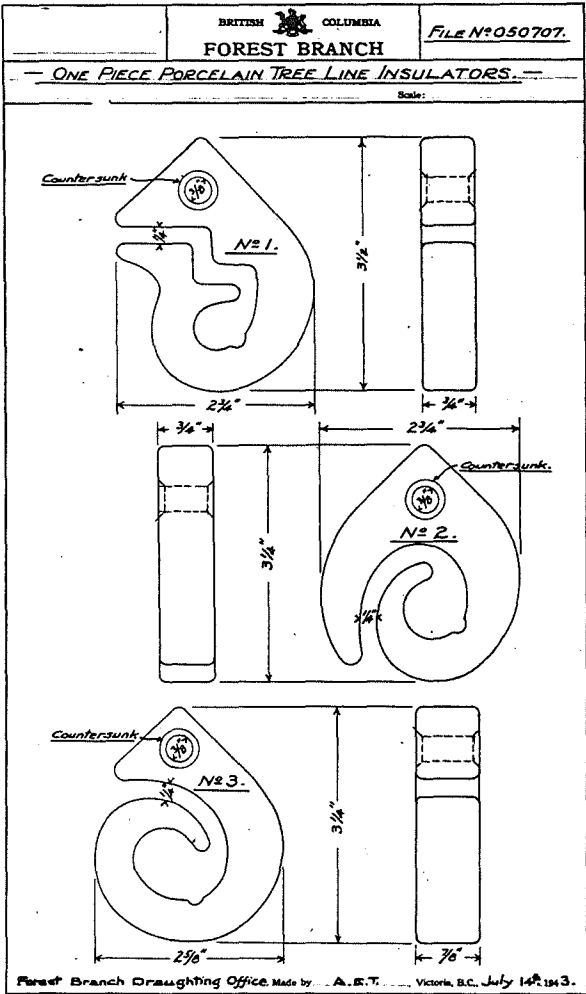
*Worthy of special mention.

LIST 2

What There Should Be

- 1 Monkey Wrench
- 1 - 10" Crescent Wrench
- 1 - 8" Crescent Wrench
- 1 - 6" Crescent Wrench
- 1 - 8" Screwdriver
- 1 pr. Slip Joint Pliers
- 1 Suction Hose Wrench
- Nozzles: 1/2", 3/8", 1/4"
- 1 - 3-way valve with instant fittings
- 1 - 8" Funnel
- *1 - Magneto Wrench
- 1 Chamois Strainer
- 12 Discharge Gaskets, 1 1/2"
- 6 Suction Hose Gaskets 2"
- 2 Spare Spark Plugs
- 2 Spare Couplings (Instant)
- 3 or 4 Adapters (Instant)
- *24" Square Spare Screening
- Clean Rags
- Instruction Book
- Equipment List
- Log Book
- 2 Starting Cords
- 1 - 1/2 lb. Tin Grease
- 1 qt. S. A. E. 30 Oil
- 2 Canvas Buckets
- 1 Grease Gun
- 6 Discharge Clips 1 1/2"
- 6 Suction Clips 2"

(The next time we'll
get really annoying
by using this space
for the culprit's
picture.)



Under the caption "ITEMS OF INTEREST" we have to include a novel development in tree line telephone equipment which has been produced by an Alberta firm in the pottery business. This item is a new form of insulator complete in one part and is designed to take the place of the usual split tree insulators we have used for so many years.

One of the outstanding features is that the wire may be strung along the line on the ground and then lifted into the insulator by means of a forked stick or other appliance instead of tying the insulator onto the wire and the tree while precariously balanced on top of a shaky ladder or hanging on to the tree with climbers. In the case of broken lines the usefulness can well be appreciated.

This insulator, designed by Mr. Home of the C. P. R. Tie and Timber Branch at Nelson, comes in three different patterns or shapes, as shown in the accompanying cut, with channels arranged to permit easy entry of the wire and prevent the wire coming out of place unless deliberately removed.

These insulators were brought to the attention of Ed. Bassett of the "Operation" office in Victoria by Bill Holmgren of the Nelson District office and further particulars and data have been requested from the manufacturers.

NOTES FROM THE VANCOUVER FOREST DISTRICT

We are pleased to report the birth on July 1st of a daughter, Gail Marjorie, to hold dominion in the John S. Mottishaw home. All three are reported doing well.

Jack Mottishaw, to those who might not be "in the know," is our ranger for the Mt. Seymour Park, North Vancouver, and a happy man he is with his "first."

Another happy event, right on the home front, was the birth on August 28th of a second daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Fisher. (We have checked this date and can certify it is reported here exactly as given in the original notes. We think there may be some minor error, however, as the notes are dated Aug. 6.)

Pauline Ethel, to give a little competition to the new Miss Hay (daughter of Radio Operator J. E. Hay, CJD, Fraser River Plant, reported in the June issue of the Newsletter) and to prove her independence, also arrived on payday. This might ultimately prove a b-a-d omen for the now happy fathers!

Frank is assistant recorder of scaling in our Vancouver Office and he swears up and down he can still keep his mind on his figures.

The following very welcome visitors dropped in to see us here in Vancouver recently.

Lieut. A. H. Dixon, R. C. E., ex-ranger at Port Hardy. Allan has just about completed his training at Chilliwack and expects to be leaving soon for more active, if not greener, fields. Our best wishes go with him.

Ranger W. E. Noble, Birch Island. Unfortunately, Bill was here on sick leave but we were very pleased to see him and talk about the "good old days." We are sure that our salubrious (50%, please) climate would have an early and positive effect on Bill's convalescence and have no doubt that he has completely recovered. At least, we sincerely hope so.

Sergt. W. J. Owen, R. C. A., ex-asst. ranger at Cowichan Lake. Wilfred has been stationed at Petawawa, Ont., as an instructor (much against his inclination), and we are sure that his commands carry a lot of weight behind them. Certainly his friends would agree that he is not wasting away. He still thinks that B. C. is God's country and is hopeful of an early transfer here.

Sergt. H. Stevenson, R. C. A., ex-ranger at Alberni. Harry says he has moved from post to post several times but has never managed to get very far from his starting point, much to his disgust since he has had an overseas urge ever since the war began.

Miss Lorraine Edwards who was in the Vancouver Office for slightly over two years and recently stenographer on our Scaling Staff, said "good-bye" to her friends here on July 31st. Lorraine is a very excited girl these days--running around starry-eyed and rosy-cheeked, with happy thoughts of the future, more especially August 21st. On that date she becomes the bride of Mr. Jack Carbutt, announcer for radio station CJFC at Kamloops.

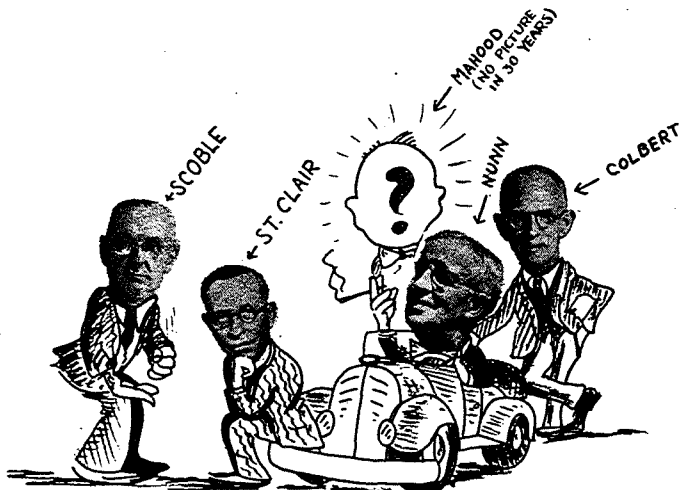
As a little token of their friendship and many sincere good wishes, Lorraine was presented by the staff with a silver tea tray. Something to remember us by; and she said she'd serve us tea, too, if we ever went to Kamloops!

A very pleasant break in the routine of Vancouver District occurred at noon on Thursday, the 22nd of July, when twenty-two of the District officials and men of the staff gathered for luncheon at the Devonshire Hotel to pay honour to Ranger J. A. (Jim) Mahood, on the occasion of his completion of 25 years of service with the Branch.

The presentation of the certificate and button was made by the Chief Forester, who in his short address emphasized that he could not visualize anyone working in a Service such as ours for 25 years without feeling a great deal of satisfaction from belonging to the Service and having accomplished something worthwhile. A very suitable response was made by Ranger Mahood.

We were pleased to have with us as visitors, Mr. Steve Barclay from Victoria and also P/O Douglas S. Haddon, R.C.A.F., the younger son of the District Forester, who was in Vancouver on embarkation leave.

P/O Haddon joined the Royal Canadian Air Force sometime previous to the declaration of war and has been for some considerable time rendering valuable service in Canada, the nature of which cannot be disclosed. He has recently been successful in obtaining his commission and is now on his way Overseas. He leaves with the very best wishes of the staff for good hunting and a safe return.



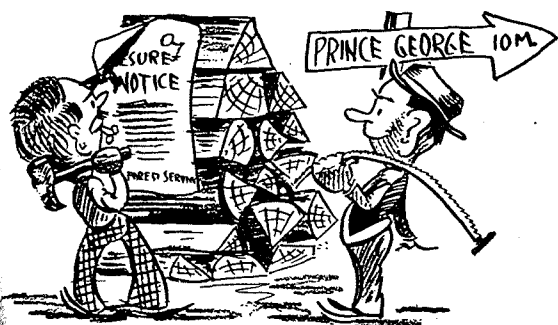
TWENTY-FIVE YEAR PINS

On July 11th, J. H. (Jack) Benton was killed while on Active Service. His mother has been advised that the funeral took place in Scotland but beyond that no details are available. He was a flying officer in the R.C.A.F. and the last advice from him was that he was on special duty working with air photos much the same as he did with us.

Jack first started with the Forest Branch as a compassman on the 1937 Lower Arrow Survey. After graduation from the School of Forestry, University of British Columbia, in May, 1938, he went out with the Okanagan Survey as a cruiser. The following year he was assistant party chief on the Harrison Drainage survey and this aroused his interest in air photos. The winter of 1939-40 he worked in the air surveys section of the Economics Division and when both Andrews and Hall left for overseas Jack stepped into fill the breach. Despite a lack of experience in the technique of taking air photos, he did a remarkable job the summer of 1940 when he operated the camera and directed operations for a season's work of 5,370 square miles--a big job for one plane and crew in any organization.

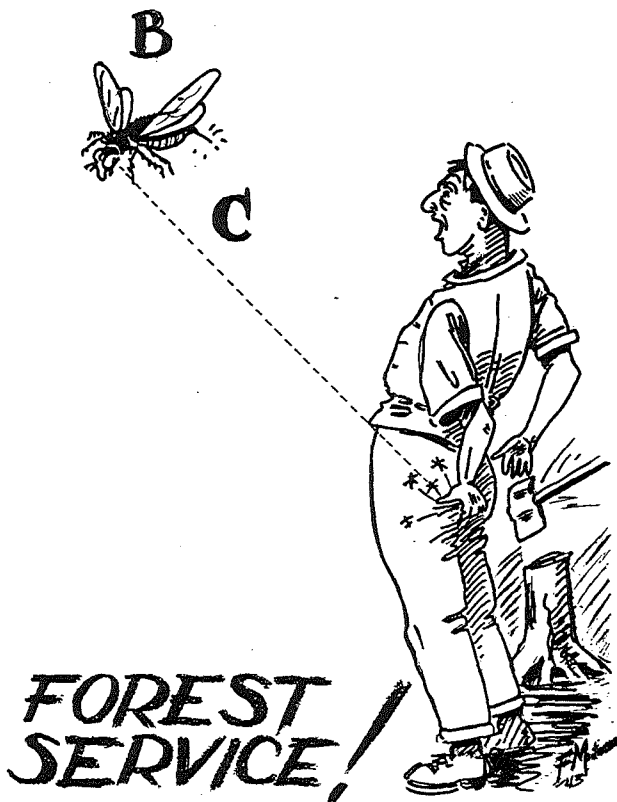
Benton was one of our most promising young foresters whose loss the Service can ill afford. He was very popular with his associates and well-liked by all who knew him. Jack is the first member of the Forest Branch to be killed in this war and we take this opportunity to do homage to his name. Our sympathies are extended to his mother, who lives in Victoria, and his brother Frank, overseas.

Visitors to the Victoria office since our last letter have included Ian McQueen who was about to start flying training after a long tour of duty with the Air Force on other activities; Cedric Walker on leave; Norman Wharf, air gunner and about to get his commission on embarkation leave; Si Oldham on embarkation leave.



Harry Forse and side kick at Kamloops, finally giving up hopes of purchasing a fuel supply for the winter, have taken the axe by the helve and gone out to cut their own. "Fine," says we, "but how much of it are you going to find still waiting by the road when you get around to hauling it?" "All of it," says Harry; "We've got it plastered all over with F. B. seizure notices."

We think perhaps they have committed some kind of a crime but perhaps again they will have got their hauling done and destroyed the evidence before we can decide just what crime and what should be done about it.



For this cartoon we are indebted to
Mr. F. Mortimor, Duncan, Dispatcher.

Joe sauntered over to where the Chief was standing and in a most matter-of-fact way suggested, "We could do a lot better with these signs, weathering them and all, if I had a place, a sort of workshop, to keep the raw logs in, Chief."

"Sure, Joe," came the reply, "we've thought about that and have plans for a place for you near Langford, to be equipped with power tools."

Joe mumbled "Oh," looked bewildered and came back to where we were standing, "You know," he grumbled, "I wish he hadn't agreed so easy. I've been saving up lots of good arguments why I should have a place like that, and now they're wasted. Seems a shame, somehow, not to have a chance to use them."

Just a Song

A sawmill man one morn got up
And found the sun was bright,
His breakfast food, each plate and cup
And ev'rything was right.

He heard the morning whistle blow
And heard the saws begin
Their singing in the vale below,
The day to usher in.

And when he wandered to the mill--
Found every man in place,
And each one working with a will
And with a smiling face.

The logs came up without a hitch
To saws as sharp as swords;
Each cut produced a perfect flitch,
Each flitch the best of boards.

And not a pulley slipped a belt,
And life was just a song;
The logs to lumber seemed to melt
And not a thing went wrong.

The morning mail some orders brought
And cancellations none;
In all the letters there was not
A kick from anyone.

All day the mill, from early dawn,
Till night began to fall,
Kept working on and sawing on
Without a break at all.

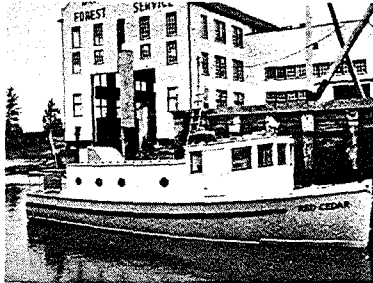
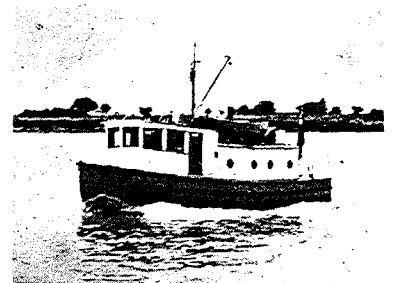
At last the mill man homeward sped
Without a woe or care,
And kneeling by his little bed,
He prayed this little prayer.

"O Lord, I know that sometime I
Will have to perish, too--
I know that sometime I shall die
For people often do.

Today we never spoiled a board,
And everything went right--
If it is all the same, O Lord,
I'd like to die tonight."

"The Piggeries" is a familiar name to many of us who have worked at one time or another in the Okanagan Valley, but there probably are not many who ever knew that the name has nothing to do with a suggested one-time pork producing project. The story we heard recently explains that the name arose locally from the fact that early intending settlers in that region included a "Ham" Hamilton, a Mr. Bacon, and a Mr. Hogg.

Accompanying photos are of the new "Red Cedar," "Blimp," one-man patrol launch, 34 feet long, 9 foot beam, built from scratch, or keel, at the Forest Service Fraser River Plant, from plans prepared by A. E. Thompson, chief draughtsman, Victoria; and launched in July. Bob Swan, plant foreman, his crew, Thompson, Jimmy Blake and District Officers, to say nothing of the Chief, are all very proud of the Red Cedar. It undoubtedly is the finest of its type to date by reason of design and fine workmanship. The Red Cedar should warm the heart of some patrolman for many years to come.



Joe St. Pierre, whom we haven't seen for some months, had many things to tell, and he was in the course of this concentrated telling when the Chief put in an appearance.

"Don't go 'way," says Joe, "but please excuse me a minute while I put a flea in the Chief's ear."



Registration booth at Little Qualicum Falls Park--Credit goes to Joe St. Pierre and Ches. Lyons.

The Man Who Wins

The man who wins is an average man--
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck--
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck
When asked a question, he does not guess--
He knows and answers no or yes;
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.

For the man who wins is the man who works,

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries.
--Andy Stewart.

"Just a Song" and "The Man Who Wins" are from the A. P. Chronicle.