

JAN 28 1952

FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



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

NO. 102

VICTORIA, B.C.

January, 1952.

THE SCIENCE OF COMPROMISE

(Reprinted from "Forest and Mill", Nov. 17, 1951, where it appeared under "Culls and Clears").

Every so often, after I have used my stomach unwisely as an organ of entertainment rather than a combustion chamber requiring sensible fuel, I have a nightmare. In this nightmare I go from one impossible situation to another and there are no solutions except for me to come a terrific cropper ... or wake up. So far, I am happy to report, I have always awakened.

But those nightmares kind of give me a fellow feeling for whoever the fellows are who have to decide how to put timber operators, large and small, in possession of standing timber to go on with.

I get thinking about what I would do if I were the Solomon in question and I come to the conclusion that I'd either be wise enough to quit the job or call in the tailor and get measured for a nice-fitting, comfortable strait-jacket that could be used in the eventual emergency.

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If I sell the timber cheap, I'm robbing the taxpayers and giving away the birthright of the country.

If I sell the timber dear, I'm favoring the guys with money and wiping out small industry.

If I sell the timber without auctioning it, I'm making hole-in-the-corner deals with my friends. If I auction it and force the buyers to compete with one another, I'm favouring the people, again, who are well-heeled and have the ability to pay the highest prices.

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If I dish it out in small parcels, I'm ruining the perpetual forests plan and continuing the old "cut-and-get-out" policy that everyone agrees is wicked.

If I sell it in huge tracts and demand that the buyer live up to a certain programme of taking care of it, and that he agrees to pay me what I or my successors may think the royalty should be 70 years from now when he or his successors cut the crop, the little operators reckon they are being squeezed out and the big ones know doggone well they're being asked to spend their money and then sign a blank cheque. Both are unhappy.

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Trouble with the whole thing for me would be that there wouldn't be any possibility of waking up and saying: "Boyoboy! It was just a dream. Isn't life beautiful in my regular little rut!"

They say government is the science of compromise. You make nearly everyone just a little bit mad and nearly everyone just a little bit satisfied and you're probably batting the best average you can do in public office.

My guess is that the politicians will, by the trial and error system, emerge with reasonably good solutions that will make nearly everyone a little bit sore and leave nearly everyone more or less convinced that there wasn't much else that could be done.

That's the way you run a democracy.

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FORT GEORGE DISTRICT

Now that Christmas and New Year's have come and gone, we can all lean back and look forward to filing our Income Tax Returns in April. We hope that our less-fortunate cousins in the South enjoyed the festive season as much as we who live in God's Country. Anyway, the staff of the Fort George District wish all of you the very best of everything in 1952.

Some joker here figures there should be a story written on our Christmas Party. Now said joker is running around frantically trying to find someone who remembers it.

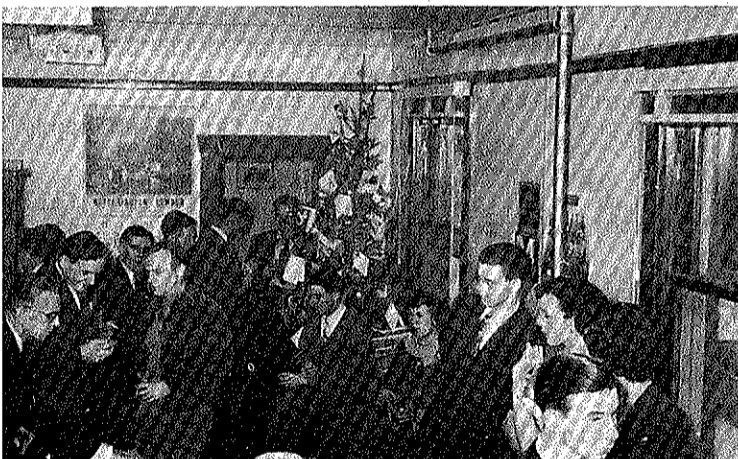
Ask Larry Willington - he'll tell you all about the launching of the boat the Forest Service hasn't built yet; or ask Walt Henning - he presided at the Punch Bowl; ask Lorne Swannell - he was M.C.; ask anyone - they'll tell you it was the best Christmas Party yet, but none of them can honestly remember anything about it to print in the Newsletter.

Anyway, we send along a few prints of the Party and a few comments. We think these snapshots aptly illustrate that a grand time was had by all.



#1.

#1. Left to right are: Flora Wood and Phyl Fisk, stenos; Draughtsman Art Bowes propping himself between Management clerk Joan Sande and Mail clerk Louise Glynn; directly behind Art, are Frank Shires, Asst. Ranger, and Gerry Shires, F.I.T.; behind Frank, Radio Technician Bob Simpson and Acting Ranger Bruce MacAskie attempting to look nonchalant; next to Gerry Shires, Mrs. Frank Shires is keeping a watchful eye on her husband while Management clerk Ed Clough ogles the camera (this poor fellow hasn't been around much); behind Ed is Bob Carter, smiling at the theatrical efforts of Larry Willington, Fire Inspector; and to Larry's left are Albert Biederman and Ranger Ralph Angly.



#2.

#2. Shows Silviculture in background planning to transplant the Christmas tree. Lower left are Don Flynn and Gerry Shires discussing the quality of the punch with Walter Henning. In front of the Christmas tree, Bruce Harvey and steno. Mary Bondar catch a moment's relaxation from the excitement.



#3.

#3. About half-way through the party, this business of transplanting the Christmas tree began to look rather interesting, so the photographer ambled over to get some action shots. Silviculture proved rather reluctant to disclose their intentions but agreed to pose for a group photo. Left to right they are Eric Robinson, Asst. Forester; Henry Sawatzky; Ivor Reaugh; Denis Glew, Asst. Forester; Art Bowes; Larry Willington (not Silviculture); and Don Flynn. There is some doubt as to how Willington got into the picture and the only condition that Bowes was allowed in the picture was that he put the two stenos. back where he found them and assured Silviculture of complete co-operation from the Draughting Office for the next twelve months.

#4(next page).Walter Henning and Lorne Swannell enjoying the company of one of our vivacious stenos, Phyl Fisk.

Enough said - everybody had a good time. We all went home happy and looking forward to another wonderful get-together next year.

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Good Luck, Albert

A highlight of the Christmas Party was the occasion of the presentation to Albert Beiderman who,

Good Luck, Albert (continued)

this Fall, retired from the Forest Service. For eighteen years, and from Pilot Mountain Lookout, Albert guarded the country north of Prince George. Lorne Swannell presented Albert with a Peterson pipe on behalf of the Forest Service as a small token of recognition of his many years of faithful service to the Service.

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Happy Birthday

Walter Henning, whose birthday coincided with the Christmas Party, came in for his share of the spotlight. Walter was presented with a box of cigars from the male members of the staff. Then to growls of "unfair" and muttered threats to take back the cigars, Walter received a

kiss from each of the girls present.

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Caught in the Act

The married men of Operations holding a conference behind closed doors. The subject - this year's Esquire calendar. No single men allowed. Reason given - bad for the morale.....Alec Backmeyer keeping a pet mouse in his waste-paper basket. Alec has been feeding his little friend cookies.....Operations ordering electric clocks without requisitions. It nearly broke Jim's heart to return it, and it did look so nice on the wall too. Oh well, Jim, better luck next time...Art Bowes sneaking into the stenos. room when the lights went out. The stenos. fooled him - they all dashed for the Operations office.....Eric Robinson up to his ears in adding machine tape with a four-million-and-some-odd dollar total, trying to find a 50-cent difference in his annual Management report.

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Radio Message Received on December 31, 1951.

To: L.F. Swannell
Text: A Happy New Year to Lorne Swannell,
And all his Prince George staff as well.
May the New Year of '52
Bring all things fine and good for you.
Health, Wealth, Good Will toward men
Is the sincere wish of R.D. 10.

Signed: R.D.10, Fort St. John.

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Here and There

Within the past few weeks we have had two new additions to the staff - Louise Glynn and Violet Pavluck. Ralph Angly has returned from Ranger School to take over R.D.14. Keith Irwin and Jack Wilson passed through from Vanderhoof the other day. Keith is going to Ranger School for the rest of the winter while Jack is taking a short vacation in warmer climates. Sterling Cosins from Fort St. John and Ken Northrup from Penny have also left their respective Districts to join the winter classes.

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HAVE YOU SEEN THE LIGHT?

"Where were you when the lights went out?", or "Head for the Round House, Nellie, the Rangers can't corner you there!" Ye olde pioneer town of Prince George had a power failure on Monday, December 17, at 3:45 P.M. - pouf, the lights, they went out! We're all immensely proud of our Junior, Junior Draughtsman, Alan Nevison. Now, Alan is over six feet tall and, while looking mighty "purty" on a baseball diamond, he is not exactly cut out for ballet dancing, especially ballet dancing down the hall with the lights out - trying to dodge flying bodies. Alan claims he was trying to dodge them and we couldn't see either. Anyway, a hand reaches out of the darkness - crash - Alan receives a right to the jaw followed by a female shrieking "Fresh!" We believe Alan's side of the story (coming from Victoria, he naturally wouldn't contemplate such advances - or retreats). Then some jovial genius enters the picture with, lo and behold, three coal-oil lamps plus two Coleman issues, which are strictly from hunger - "gitta work, you're in the Forest Service now". "Nightingale" Robbins (recently rescued from Victoria) beats a disorderly retreat and retires to his desk, complete with lamp - to carry on. Eric Robinson, our popular Assistant Forester can be seen in his "black hole of Calcutta" working furiously away with his coal-oil lamp. We are not saying what work Eric is trying to do - perhaps it's wrestling with the lamp to make it work. In the Fort George office they play it safe by having the Rangers and field staff upstairs - a floor away from the District staff. However, when the lights went out you should've seen those boys move - just checking to see that the stenos. were all in good order. A very competent bunch - our field staff.

Besides all the nonsense, we really think we've got what it takes. No time was lost and the power was cut off for a week. The staff arrived at 8:30 A.M. (check that) and worked till 4:30 P.M. with their lamps. The place resembled a dug-out in

Have You Seen The Light? (continued)

France - but the spirit was sure there. Bruce Harvey, up from the bright lights in Vancouver where he is attending U.B.C., worked with us during this - er, ah - shortage and one thing we can say - Bruce is more determined than ever on a career where they have light all day and night. Anyway the S.L.A. was really earned. C.U. next time the lights go out - fun!

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KAMLOOPS DISTRICT

On December 31, 1951, Charlie Grove-White severed his direct associations with the B.C. Forest Service.

Grove has become very fond of the Kamloops District and, by setting up as a private consulting Forester, his stay in Kamloops may be much longer.

His career has been varied and interesting. A number of us remember him as a Student Assistant in Cranbrook. A few years later he served as Assistant Ranger at Rossland, after which he worked out of Nelson laying out perpetual-yield Christmas tree permits in the East Kootenay.

For a time he continued at Nelson working under Sawyer Hope in Silviculture and was then transferred to Kamloops as Silviculturist. For the past year he has been in charge of the Management section in Kamloops.

The Kamloops District extends a wish for a successful venture to Grove.

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VANCOUVER DISTRICT

Further to the letter from Harry Stevenson, (Newsletter December 1951) in which he paid tribute to the memory of the late Jack St. Claire, lookout-man, we have received the following from Ranger Frank Tannock of Alberni - "Please find copy of what is thought to be Jack's last written words, the original of which was found in a 242 Book on the table of the lookout."

Jack St. Claire's Last Message

When I quit this mortal shore and mosey round the earth no more,
Don't weep, don't sigh, don't sob;
I may have struck a better job.

Don't go and buy a large bouquet for which you'll find it hard to pay,
Don't mope around and feel all blue,
I may be better off than you.

Don't tell the folks I was a saint or any old thing that I ain't,
If you have jaw like that to spread;
Please hand it out before I'm dead.

If you have roses bless your soul, just pin one in my buttonhole;
While I'm alive and well today,
Don't wait until I've gone away.

There you have it. We make no suggestion as to the authorship because, frankly, we do not know. It is apparent that the sentiments appealed to Jack; that he made them his own; and by writing the verses in a Forest Service notebook he intended to let us know these things.

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I Tot I Taw A Puddy Tat!

Ranger Tannock also sends along the following press clipping. Ranger W. (Bill) Littleton of Port Alberni had the following nerve-wracking experience when he was running a line near Grumback logging operation about 14 miles south of Port Alberni.

Littleton said he looked up from his work to see three lean cougars hungrily eyeing him from a few feet away. As the big cats advanced, Littleton retreated, swinging his hatchet, until he got between two trees.

Two of the cougars faced him while the third scurried off and came up behind the Ranger. They refused to budge for thrown stones or even when Bill burned his notes and other papers.

Finally, Littleton yelled for help and, fortunately, was heard by a faller who joined him and frightened off two of the cougars. The third, however, stood its ground until other loggers appeared.

Littleton said he believed starvation made the big cats bold enough to challenge a man as there is very little natural food in the bush.

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Wedding Bells

On the occasion of their marriage on December 22, 1951, Miss Deena Gyves and Mr. R.R. Sanderson were presented with a coffee table by friends in the Scaling division and the general staff.

Wedding Bells (continued)

We also have a "late news" report to the effect that Scaler Fred Douglas was married during the Christmas holiday period but to date are unable to supply the lady's name.

Our best wishes to all these young people!

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Welcome!

It's a BOY! "Hilton Kenneth Reid" - December 9, to Mr. and Mrs. J.A.K. Reid. Possibly explains that pre-occupied look on Ken's face at the District Forester's meeting December 3 - 8. The new arrival was also welcomed by sister Emily Mae who is 3 years old.

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District Office Party

The office party was held on Christmas Eve. Our usually reliable photographer, Stan Phillips, came away without his camera.

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Scalers Make Merry

The B.C. Official Scalers' Association held its annual banquet and dance at the "Gai Paree" on Kingsway, on December 27. We have it on good authority that everything passed off beautifully.

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Memo to Dave

So that your readers and you may be fully and fairly warned, we wish you to know at this time that we are passing this chore of getting out copy for the Newsletter each month to Bert Gayle and Frank Williams who have kindly offered to give it a whirl.

(Many thanks to Charlie Holmes for his yeoman contributions to the Newsletter on behalf of Vancouver. Welcome to Bert and Frank - we'll be hearing from you! ED.)

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PERSONNEL REPORT

The Newsletter has always prided itself on keeping more or less abreast of the times -insofar as Service additions, deletions, changes, and so forth are concerned. However, lately and in two specific cases we have been most remiss and hasten to make amends.



Since June, 1951, the Service has had a full-blown and much-needed Personnel Officer in the form of Walter James (Jim) Williams who was born in Honan, China, in 1924, and first arrived in British Columbia at the tender age of four years.

Jim attended Richmond Elementary and High Schools and entered the University of British Columbia in 1941, graduating four years later with a Bachelor's Degree in Arts.

For the next five years, Jim had a most eventful time of it. He taught high school for a year at the Japanese Re-Allocation Centre at Tashme and then spent three years as Junior Industrial Relations Supervisor for

the Shell Oil Company of Venezuela. Upon leaving South America in 1950, he went to West Germany and worked with the World's Y.M.C.A./Y.W.C.A. Services for Displaced Persons in the U.S. Zone. Welcome to the Service, Jim. We hope you'll like it with us.



The second and no less shameful omission is in connection with the arrival in July, 1951, of John Arthur (Jack) Turner, as Meteorologist for the Service, replacing Don Perrie who left to enter theological college in the Fall of that year.

Jack Turner was born in Calgary in 1918 and attended Elementary and High Schools in the general vicinity of that city. In 1936 he entered the University of Alberta and in 1940 graduated with his Bachelor of Science degree and Honours in Mathematics. He spent a year at the University of Toronto on a Fellowship and obtained his Masters Degree in Physics there in 1941. It was at Toronto that Jack first came in real contact with the science of meteorology.

During the summers of 1939-40-41, Jack worked with the Dominion Forest Service on fire hazard research at Kananaskis Forest Experiment Station. In 1941 he joined the Department of Transport and was attached to Western Air Command in Victoria until 1943 when he was transferred to Joint Services

Personnel Report (continued)

Headquarters at Vancouver:

In 1947 Jack was attached to the Vancouver International Airport doing airways, public, and forest industrial forecastings. In November of last year Jack's temporary attachment here became permanent and, although he is still actually only on loan from the Department of Transport, we hope and expect to see him around for a long time to come.

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PARKS PATTTER

As usual, the Newsletter deadline has sneaked up behind our backs and caught us without any lofty New Year's resolutions ready for publication. Be that as it may and despite the fact that Dave Monk holds the mortgage on the house, our tradition demands we go to press as best we can.

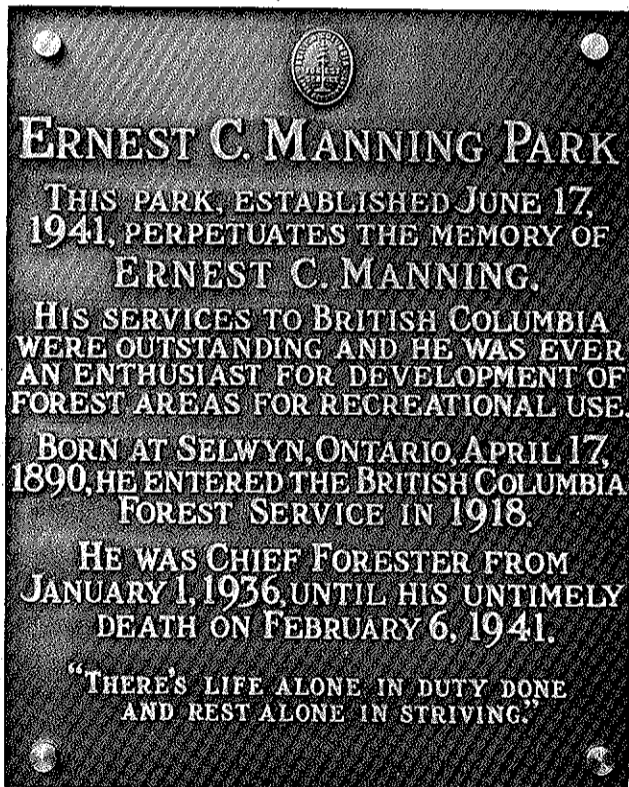
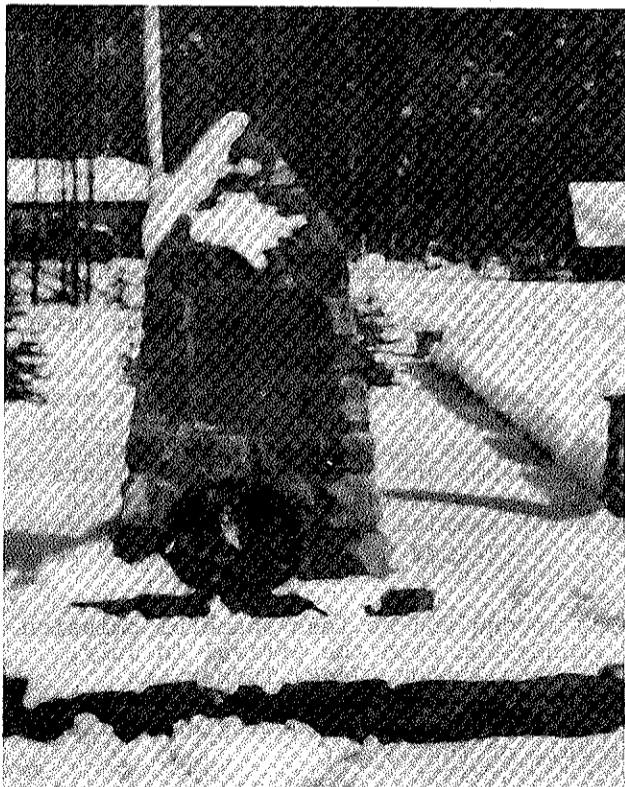
Social Highlights

Agnes Fyfe, of keen wit and profound mind, leaves us to marry Fred Nora, a newspaper editor in Kelso, Washington. York Edwards, wildlife biologist, was married to Joan Thicke on December 1. Both occasions were marked by a presentation of a gift and best wishes for the future. Jean Shiedel, late of Calgary, now occupies Agnes' chair. Norm. Clark, draughtsman with Forest Surveys, has come into the fold to grapple with a number of varied draughting problems. After spending the summer and fall on engineering projects at Miracle Beach Park, Don Shaw has made his first appearance in the office.

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The memorial cairn to the late E.C. Manning was built in Manning Park in 1941. At that time the Park was little more than a wilderness. Today it is traversed by the modern Hope-Princeton Highway. Buildings, roads, and trails are only a few of the developments underway to meet the needs of a steadily-increasing number of visitors. Each year, thousands of people come to know the name.

The cairn has now been given a final resting place in front of the Park Administration Building.



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"GOBBLEDYGOOK"

A few of the many solemn souls who have found their destiny's nitch in reading and writing official correspondence may ponder at the "gobbledygook" that creeps in. Samples of this have come to light from time to time. Have you these in your dictionary?

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|--------------------------------|---|
| "Under consideration" - | Never heard of it. |
| "Under active consideration" - | We're looking in the files for it. |
| "Immediate attention" - | Being tagged to somebody who will tag it to somebody. |

"Gobbledygook" (continued)

- "Implementing recommendations" - Two more carbon copies, please.
- "Reliable source" - The man who told me.
- "Informed source" - The man who told him.
- "Unimpeachable source" - The man who started the rumour.
- "You will hear in due course" - "Touche" for me.
- "Your most obedient servant" - Someone without a permanent appointment.
- "Temporarily unemployed" - Someone who writes these things.

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FILISOFICAL POEM

If all was always as it should be so
How would we ever get to know
That far down beneath below
Some guys are not too bad a Joe.

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A GENEROUS GIFT

Through the generosity of Mrs. J.L. Alexander, the Research Division, and the Forest Service Library, have been enriched by the gift of Alex's personal library of forestry texts. This selection of references, acquired during Alex's 30 years of study and practice in forestry, form a welcome addition to the Library equipment.

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MASTHEAD STORY

There were three good reasons why we picked this summer view of the Manning Park Ranger Station and Staff House for the Masthead on this issue - (a) it looks nice; (b) reminds us that when January's here May can't be far behind and (c) it was the only available photo suitable for the Masthead.

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