Issue #107
Sep 2020
look for #108 Dec 2020
Ideas deadline Oct 15

Website:
fhabc.org

ISSN 2563-0229 (Print)
ISSN 2563-0237 (Online)

British Columbia FOREST HISTORY NEWSLETTER

Fall Issue

Back-issue Link

From the Editor

By Dave Florence, newsletter.editor@fhabc.org

I'm writing in this space because our President Richard Dominy is busy preparing for our **"virtual"** AGM to be held on **September 26** at 10:00 am. He is working with the Prince George organising committee to prepare some interesting presentations for you, not necessarily on the 26th but likely over the days following the AGM. All members will receive electronic notifications via email detailing the plans, presentations and how to connect to the AGM and the presentations. Questions can be sent directly to bc.forest.history.dominy@gmail.com

Also, Richard is fulfilling his National Vice-President duties for the Canadian Institute of Forestry – Institut Forestier du Canada in preparing for their CIF-IFC 2020 "Virtual" Conference & 112TH AGM to be held **Sep 15 to 17.**

Most interestingly, one of our members, Ira Sutherland, a UBC doctoral student, will be presenting to the National CIF conference during the forest history presentations. You may wish to follow the online CIF National Meeting online as well.

Our lead piece by David Smith tells interesting details on the early years of the Forestry program at Vancouver Island University.

In our International Foresters offering this month, Doug Rickson recalls some fascinating years in Bhutan 2004-2006.

(Continued on page 16)

Forestry at Malaspina Community College

The first thirty years (Part 1)

By David Smith RPF (Ret), *who spent most of his career with Vancouver Island University and its predecessors in the Forestry department. Part 1 provides recollections and perspectives by the author on the Forestry program up to the mid 1970s. Part 2 will appear in Issue 108; it features logger sports activity, the integration of Woodlot 020 and biosolids activity in the Forestry program. Photos courtesy of VIU Library Special Collections and the author's personal collection.*

Nanaimo: September 1969. Malaspina Community College opened its doors to its first classes of students in the long-vacant Nanaimo Hospital.

Six hundred students had enrolled, twice as many as had been expected! Higher Education had arrived in Nanaimo, but Forestry was not among the offerings.

The college programs were divided into Areas (Sciences, Humanities, etc.) and one of them, Technology, was charged with launching programs that would attract students, be appropriate to the local community and, of course, not require expensive laboratories, etc. Forestry was at the top of the list but at this time B.C.I.T.'s Forestry Technology program was the "go-to" institution in BC and so Forestry was not introduced. Another early objective was to establish the credibility for the College's offerings amongst the local community and the world of academia. BCIT was approached about a 'transfer' arrangement whereby first-year students from Malaspina would transfer to BCIT for the second year of the program. However, they had no need for more Forestry students but would accept students into the second year of Forest Products.

And so, in 1970, I was hired as the instructor, the first year of the Forest Products program was offered, and a about a dozen students enrolled. It should be added that the distinction between Forest Products and Forestry had not been made clear to everyone and the class was a little smaller by the second day. Visits to local mills, no shortage around Nanaimo, classes in lumber grading (most got their tickets) as well as the obligatory Math and English fleshed out the program and

(Continued on page 13)

Influenza 1918-1919 — impact on the BC Forestry sector

By Eric Andersen, *who selected entries from the Western Lumberman on archive.org for 1918 and 1919 that showed how the media were reporting the pandemic. BC had 4000 deaths in that epidemic, compared to about 200 in BC as of mid-August 2020. It is interesting to compare the issues faced by the forestry community in 1918/1919 with those of today.*

From WESTERN LUMBERMAN, DECEMBER 1918

"**Logging Congress Postponed** The disappointing news was made public November 11th that owing to the prevailing epidemic of Spanish influenza on both sides of the line, and the ban placed on all public gatherings by the medical authorities, the officials of the Pacific Logging Congress had decided to postpone the convention fixed for December 5, 6 and 7, in Portland. Secretary Geo. M. Cornwall wired the *Western Lumberman* as follows: "After consultation with government medical officers it has been decided to postpone the tenth session of the Pacific Logging Congress until a later date"

"…. in the early part of November, the Powell River paper plant was closed for a week or ten days owing to the large number of employees ill with influenza."

"Mr. A. E. Munn, head of the Kerr & Munn Logging Co., Ltd., operating a spruce camp on the Queen Charlotte Islands, returned to Vancouver on November 10th, with the good news that no new cases of influenza had developed, and that men who had been on the sick list were again at work."

"**Manufacturing on North Arm of Fraser River** The Huntting-Merritt-Shingle Co., just west of Marpole, has been operating steadily and without any reduction in output. The Spanish influenza disorganized things for a while, but not at all seriously, and now work is going on quite smoothly."

Aeroplane Spruce Operations to be Curtailed A few weeks prior to the suspension of hostilities ... came the disquieting news that Spanish influenza had broken out in many of the camps and threatened to interfere very seriously with the efficiency of the crews. The well equipped hospital at Thurston Harbor, in charge of Dr. Smith, formerly assistant superintendent of Vancouver General Hospital, has accommodation for forty patients. All beds were soon filled and the staff of six nurses had to be increased. At Masset Inlet a similar state of things prevailed, so that on October 15, it was deemed wise to establish quarantine regulations, no one being allowed to arrive or depart by steamer, without first showing a doctor's certificate. A change for the better soon manifested itself, and by the end of the month the worst of the trouble was over. Seven deaths occurred at Thurston Harbor; at Masset Inlet, five. While some new cases of influenza were reported early in November the attacks were of a mild character and health conditions may now be said to be almost normal."

From *WESTERN LUMBERMAN,* MAY 1919: "**Slave Dens are Palaces to Logging Camps – So Declares Former Lumberjack** One of the most serious indictments of the logging camps of British Columbia that was ever penned, appeared in the Vancouver daily press during the month of April. The writer had the courage to append his name to the epistle. … The letter is as follows: "Is there any provincial law in B. C. for the enforcement of sanitary conditions in the lumber and construction camps of the interior? The condition of some of these camps through the interior of B. C. is most deplorable. The slave dens of the south in the early days were palaces in comparison to the condition of these camps. …

During the plague of Spanish influenza men were dying in the camps by the score without seeing a doctor or getting any medicine, and the camps are still without medicine. During the plague people were being prosecuted in towns and cities for not wearing masks and neglecting to observe the regulations of health ; but the men in the camps neither received care nor protection, although the companies collected the usual $1.50 per month for hospital and medical attention and the poll tax of every man that was not a provincial taxpayer. …

If the sanitary laws are not strictly and promptly put in force the citizens of B. C. will be face to face with a plague worse than the flu as soon as mild and hot weather returns. The flu is not quite banished from our midst, it may also break out afresh any time. A farmer would have more respect for his stock than to keep them in some of the bunk-houses of this province ; but both the companies and the government seem to think that any den of disease and filth is good enough for the men in the bush and construction camps are steadily growing from bad to worse." JOHN O'CONNOR Cranbrook, B. C.

From Vancouver Coastal Health piece on the 1918/19 epidemic

Membership: New or lapsed member?

$20.00 annually, or three years for $50.00

To join, or renew Membership by email and e-transfer:

1 Print a membership form from the website, complete, scan and email it to us at info@fhabc.org

2 Send an electronic fund transfer of your dues ($20/year, or $50 for 3 years) to treasurer@fhabc.org

To join, renew, or correspond by mail:

Forest History Association of B.C.
427 Walker Avenue
Ladysmith, BC V9G 1V7

Print a membership form from the website, complete, scan and mail, along with your cheque made payable to "Forest History Association of BC".

Printed Newsletters

We send Members by email both the 8.5"x11" version and the 11"x17" version of the current Newsletter, and invite those who want a printed version to make their own arrangements. Some prefer the 8.5"x11" version on a home printer; some prefer to take the tabloid 11"x17" version to Staples or other sources of tabloid printing and make it booklet-style. Some choose black and white, some print it in colour.

More Book and Media Reports

From BC Books Online

Community Forestry in Canada, Lessons from Policy and Practice. (Edited by Sara Teitelbaum, 2017, UBC Press.) This book brings together the work of over twenty-five researchers to provide a comparative and empirically rich portrait of community forestry policy and practice in Canada, from Newfoundland to British Columbia.

The Sustainability Dilemma, Essays on British Columbia Forest and Environmental History, (by Robert Griffin, with Richard A. Rajala, 2017, Royal BC Museum.) This book delves into BC's management of our forest industry and its impact on our freshwater ecosystems.

Up-Coast, Forest and Industry on British Columbia's North Coast, 1870–2005 (by Richard A. Rajala, 2017, Royal BC Museum.) This book is the first comprehensive history of the forest industry on British Columbia's central and north coast.

Furrows in the Sky, The Adventures of Gerry Andrews (by Jay Sherwood, 2017, Royal BC Museum) Gerry Andrews (1903–2005) was a rural school teacher, a forester, a soldier and a surveyor. His developments in aerial photography dramatically changed forestry in BC in the late 1930s.

FHABC Newsletter team:

Editor: Dave Florence **Reviewers:** John Parminter, Mike Meagher, Terry Simmons, Eric Andersen, Richard Dominy, David Brownstein, David Morgan.

Submissions??: Yes, Please!
email us at newsletter.editor@fhabc.org

Book and Media Reports

… selected from our Facebook Group Page

FHABC director Eric Andersen shared several links in July:

PARALLELS 02: NORTH VALPARAISO is a current exhibit at North Vancouver's The Polygon gallery documenting the history of Chilean communities that formed on the North Shore in the 1800s. Acclaimed historians Jean and Roderick J. Barman together with Jenn Ashton present how Chillean men who abandoned the lumber ships they worked on came ashore to find employment in the mills at Moodyville and largely married into Sḵwx̱wutmesh/Squamish families impacting North Shore society.

Congratulations on the new website, BC Interior Forestry Museum and Forest Discovery Center!

A unique antique logging arch is being rebuilt by volunteers for new future display at the Creston Museum:

New exhibit at the BC Forest Discovery Centre: LOGGER SPORTS. Wickheim Timber Shows operated in the late 60s and early 70s and performed at the PNE as well as all over the world. The exhibit is a snapshot into the life of those who performed in these sporting events.

Royston Log dump pilings and Englewood locomotives gallery shared through Vancouver island Railways Historical Discussion and Modeling Group

"AT HOME IN THE WOODS: A poetic look at the life and art of Fanny Bay Artist George Sawchuk" by Mary Alice (Comox Valley Art Gallery, 2014):

Douglas Lea-Smith shared a post: a 1925 Lumber Carrier at Mohawk lumber

From the Vancouver island Railways Historical Discussion and Modeling Group. The fate of the former CANFOR [/ WFP] Nimpish Valley railway logging infrastructure Includes 55 photos

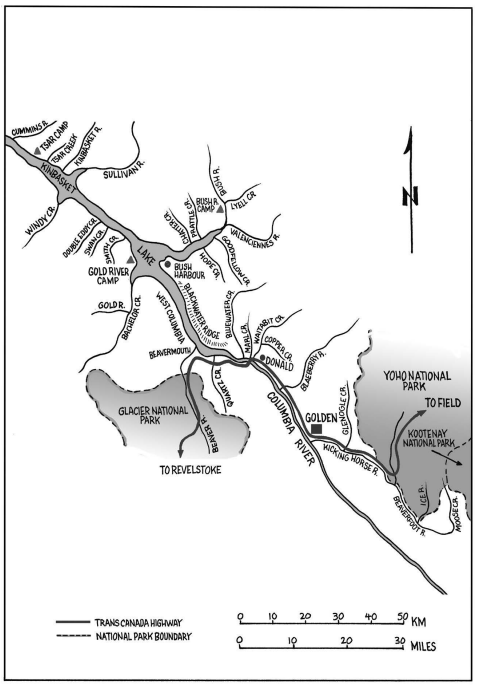
… **More Book and Media Reports to the left**…

Slashburner— HOT TIMES IN THE BC WOODS from HARBOUR PUBLISHING

By Nick Raeside, *recounting many hilarious anecdotes from his career in the BC woods during the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s. The book provides historical insights into the practice of slashburning. We are delighted to debut extracts of Nick's book, with permission from Harbour Publishing, being released on September 20, 2020.* Book synopsis and ordering details here.

After setting the scene in earlier chapters, Nick describes his early days as a "Burn Boss" in BC's interior forests.

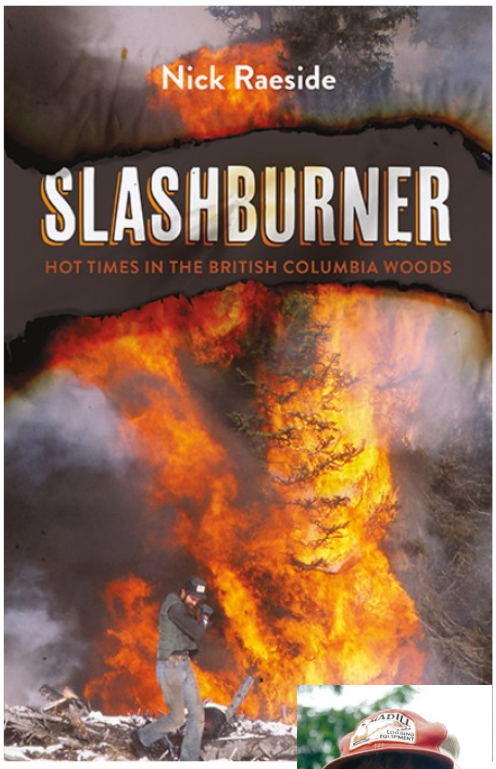
In 1980, I'd just returned from spending nearly a month supervising road construction and camp setup at Tsar Creek and was sitting in the pub having a beer when one of the Evans Forest Products staff joined me at the table. Apparently there'd been a reorganization of the Woodlands Division during my absence, and I was now the new fire protection officer. I thought he was joking at first, but it turned out to be true. I suddenly found that I'd have to conduct all the upcoming slashburning operations, and as my predecessor had left things somewhat up in the air, I'd first of all have to prepare the necessary burning plans. My only experience to date had been the spot burning I'd supervised in Revelstoke the previous year. I'd never been on a broadcast burn before, so I had never witnessed how they were actually carried out. I did, however, have a copy of the BC Forest Service's *A Guide to Broadcast Burning of Logging Slash*, a twenty-page pamphlet that had a helpful sample burn plan diagram in the back.

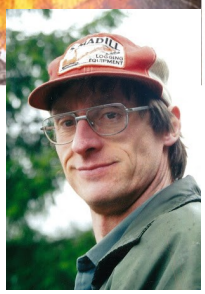


Unfortunately this plan was for a near-flat block, and there weren't too many of them on the list of blocks that I was expected to burn in a few weeks' time. I thumbed through the pages several times nevertheless, until I felt a bit more comfortable with the theory.

The first block I chose to burn was a flat one in the Beaverfoot Valley. Once I'd decided that the slash was dry enough to burn and had picked an auspicious day with a forecast of cooperative weather (i.e., no howling winds forecast for at least twenty-four hours), I gathered all the tools together. Tanker truck, standby Cat, helicopter, crew (only a couple of them were tools), driptorches, fuel and several copies of the burning plan I'd drawn up—it all seemed to be there. I'd forgotten my matches, but fortunately all the crew seemed well supplied. As I leaned on the hood of my truck, contemplating the chances of accidentally burning the surrounding forest if I screwed everything up, the crew helpfully suggested that now would be the ideal time to start lighting. I was new to the situation and hadn't yet figured out that perhaps some of their advice should be considered carefully. They'd all had previous experience in broadcast burning and were obviously enjoying the spectacle of a new burn boss on his first day. I can't hold that against them; in their place I'd have probably done the same. Eventually I decided the conditions were right and we went ahead with the light-up. Surprisingly, everything went off well and there were no escapes.

After I'd lit up a few more blocks, I began to get used to broadcast burning and the peculiarities of the burning crew. It didn't take long to figure out that they weren't too upset if a burn happened to spread out of bounds, as that meant more overtime. I never caught anyone deliberately scattering fire on the wrong side of the fireguard, but I am certain that it happened more than once.





I'd draw up a burning plan for each block, with little red arrows to show the planned ignition pattern and big black arrows showing the escape routes in case things got out of hand. A copy would be sent off to the Forest Service for their approval, but I never had anyone there dispute a plan or ask questions. I was tempted to draw one up with the escape arrow pointing directly into the burn, to see if anyone noticed, but decided that would be a little unprofessional. I'd make copies of each plan for the burning crew and hand them out on the site so they'd be aware of the escape routes, but they either threw them away instantly or saved them to use as toilet paper later on. Quite often I'd alter the ignition pattern due to changes in weather or fuel conditions once light-up started, which rendered the plan inaccurate anyway.

There was generally a lot of anticipation when we were waiting for

the moment to begin lighting. The crew would be sitting around on the fireguard with their driptorches at the ready, and the helicopter pilot would be waiting for the word to crank up his machine. Wind was always the big unknown, particularly in the mountain valleys. We'd try to take advantage of the downslope winds that would start in the late afternoon and evening, but sometimes they weren't reliable. To test which way the air was moving, we'd light a small fire on bare dirt and watch which way the smoke was drifting. In towards the block was good, but back the other way into the adjacent forest was not good at all. You could get the same idea by picking up a handful of dust and letting it trickle out through your fingers, but test fires were better, as you could toast sandwiches while you were waiting.

Broadcast burn light-up was done with hand and/or helicopter ignition. Hand ignition was carried out by walking through the slash while holding a driptorch, so that you left a trail of burning fuel in your wake. The helicopter had a much larger version, with forty-five gallons of fuel slung underneath, and would light from a higher altitude. There were two main ignition methods: strip firing and convection burning. The first method was suited to steep ground, and it involved lighting a strip along the top of the slash block close to the fireguard then letting it burn slowly downhill. This in effect was using fire to widen the fireguard. A second strip would be lit parallel to the first a bit further downhill, and the two lines of fire would be allowed to join up. Once it was considered that there was enough of a burned-out buffer at the top to make it safe, the rest of the block would be ignited in strips, either by hand if it was a small area, or by helicopter.

Convection burning involved lighting the centre of the block first and then working out concentrically toward the perimeter. The idea was to take advantage of the indraft generated by the fire, using it to draw each ignition line into the central fire. This method was ideal on flat ground or where there was a ridge inside the block being burned. It could also be used on sloping ground, depending on slope angle, fuel loading and other factors.

Sometimes we had to wait until late into the evening for the wind conditions to be just right. This caused a problem if we were using a helicopter, as it would have to be back at its base by what was known as Legal Grounding Time. We were often working a long way from town, so we sometimes would end up having to let the helicopter go and finish lighting by hand. One of our burns at the back end of Bush River finished so late that the pilot ended up parking his machine in the woods and staying the night with us at our makeshift camp because it was too dark for him to fly home.

Hand lighting in the dark was quite often entertaining, as you had to keep track of where the other members of the crew were so you didn't trap them with the line of fire you were leaving in your wake. Walking through slash could be tough in the daylight if it was particularly heavy, but navigating it at night took a bit of getting used to. One night I'd walked along a log with my driptorch as I was looking back at the burn's progress and suddenly found myself at the end of the log looking down into space. The ground had dropped off and it was too far to jump down, so I had to go back the way I came. By this time the fire I'd dripped had taken hold in the slash, so as I walked back along the log there were flames all around me to make balancing on it more interesting.

Once light-up of a block was complete, the next stage of the operation was control. If the burn had gone well and no fire had jumped across the perimeter fireguards, this would be the time to sit back and have a beer while we monitored the situation. If there was an escape, we'd take suppression action as long as it was safe to do so. Hoses would be strung out to bring water to the trouble spots, and possibly the standby Cat would be set to work building guard to cut off the fire's spread. If it wasn't possible to take immediate action on the escape due to safety concerns, the best thing to do would be to open another beer and plan strategy for the following day. There would be an inverse relationship between the number of empties lying around the site and the success of the burn.

Control problems would put a stop to any further block light-up, and we tried to avoid getting into this situation. Whether there was an escape or not, some burns would require a certain amount of mop-up once everything was under control. This was the least popular phase, as it could be slow and dirty work dragging hoses around to extinguish any hot spots within the burn that might cause problems later. Accumulations of fuel just inside the catguards that hadn't been consumed by the fire were always a concern and would be lit with driptorches to burn them completely in order to avoid them flaring up later and sending wind-borne hot embers across the guard. This is why Cats constructing fireguards always tried to set their blades so as to push debris outwards, to avoid leaving slash mixed with dirt on the inside of the perimeter. It wasn't always possible to do this along the top edge of a block on steep ground.

Even after a thorough soaking with water from hoses (or a convenient downpour), there would still be hot spots in the duff ground fuel that weren't putting out enough smoke to be obvious. Nowadays infrared scanners can be used to detect these problems, but the traditional method of locating hot spots is what's known as "cold trailing." This involves

(Continued from page 5)

testing every inch of the ground with your hand, the idea being that if you burn your fingers, you didn't do a thorough job of mop-up. I've caught individuals wearing gloves while cold trailing, presumably to protect their delicate skin, and I have suggested that perhaps they might be more suited to hairdressing than firefighting.

Our broadcast burns inevitably generated smoke, and the larger ones (up to 250 acres) could create smoke columns that were thousands of feet high. We managed to smoke out the Trans-Canada Highway for a couple of days when we were burning blocks at lower Quartz Creek and Beavermouth. We did the same to Revelstoke when we were burning just upriver above the dam site, only this time it was for nearly a week due to weather conditions. Strangely, no one in Revelstoke complained, probably because it was a sawmill town and the residents knew that slashburning was part of the logging process. It was so bad some mornings that you could almost cut the air with a knife.

When we received complaints from Calgary about smoke from our broadcast burns in the Beaverfoot Range that had travelled east and was spoiling their air quality, we simply blamed it on burning being done by another timber company operating in the Revelstoke area. No doubt when contacted, they in turn blamed it on yet another company further to the west.

No, not a forest fire; part of a spring broadcast burn, Copper Creek, May 31/ 1982. 94 ha.

Nick's adventures continue in the next chapters. Another extract we have chosen describes some of Nick's experiences with the helitorch.

The helitorch didn't break down too often, but when it did, it was always at a critical moment. Once ignition has started on a block it has to be continued in order for the burn to be carried off successfully, particularly in the case of a convection burn. If the helitorch should stop working before the ignition sequence is completed, the central fire can die down and you'll lose the indraft that is necessary to keep the burn contained. This happened to us while we were lighting up a block in the Beaverfoot Valley. The helicopter had made a pass with the helitorch, but something went wrong with it and the pilot had to land to find the problem. I wasn't certain if it could be fixed in time, and darkness was fast approaching, so I went in with the crew to finish lighting the block by hand. We weren't aware that the pilot had fixed the torch until he suddenly flew overhead and started lighting again. It was quite dark by then, so the shower of flaming napalm looked really pretty against the sky. We marveled at the spectacular sight until we suddenly realized that he couldn't see us on the ground and was heading straight for us, whereupon we had to scramble quickly over the slash to get out of the way.

Now and then the problem connected with the helitorch was pilot error, as was the case during a broadcast burn in the Bush River valley. The pilot had been flying the torch during light -up and had circled around so his flight path took him over another block on the other side of the river. This block had no road access, as the winter bridge across the river had been removed, and it wasn't scheduled for burning. During radio communication with the ground crew, the pilot accidentally pressed the button on his cyclic control stick that turned on the helitorch slung under the helicopter, instead of the microphone button, resulting in a few blobs of burning napalm landing in the slash. He thought it better not to explain what had actually happened, so he merely informed me helpfully that he'd just noticed a spot fire on the block below him. The wind was blowing the convection column above the block we were lighting in

September 28/ 1984, 72 ha.

(Continued from page 6) **Slashburner**

the opposite direction from where he was, so it was physically impossible for a spot fire to have started. One of the company foresters and I ended up wading, laden with pump and hose, through the chest-deep, ice -cold water in order to put the fire out. I puzzled over how this fire started for years, until one of the crew told me that the pilot had confessed to him one day.

This wasn't the only time this particular pilot's trigger finger had malfunctioned. During light-up of a block on the West Columbia he'd accidentally flown over one thousand feet on the wrong side of the fireguard. There were too many witnesses to that mishap, so he couldn't very well blame it on sparks blowing across the fireguard. It could be that the copy of the burning plan he had with him had somehow got accidentally turned upside down.

September 15/ 1981, 30 ha.

Usually the pilots flew without anyone else on board when the helitorch was in operation, as it reduced the amount of weight the helicopter would have to lift as it flew around the block. Sometimes getting airborne with a heavy load could take a bit of work, as we discovered one day after I'd loaded the cargo compartment and back seat of the helicopter with jerry cans of gasoline and then climbed aboard next to the pilot. The helitorch was attached to the machine as well, and though we managed to lift off the round, there wasn't enough power to lift the helitorch as well, as it had a full drum of napalm installed. The pilot ended up lying forward a few feet off the ground, dragging the helitorch along the gravel road as he tried to get enough momentum and lift to get everything airborne. Fortunately we didn't seem to generate too many sparks as the torch scraped and bounced along behind us.

I enjoyed the few occasions I was able to fly with pilots when the torch was slung underneath, even if we weren't actually burning slash with it. One afternoon we were flying back to town after completing a burn, ahead of the crew, who were driving back with the rest of the equipment. The road they were on wound through cutblocks separated by residual standing timber, so they'd soon lost sight of the helicopter. We decided to give them a surprise, and the pilot laid a line of burning napalm across the road just ahead of the lead truck. They were turning a corner in the timber at the time and didn't see the flames until the last moment. As they screeched to a halt, the pilot laid another line of fire behind the trucks so they couldn't back up. They weren't able to drive through the flames, as one vehicle had a leaking fuel tank in the back that was leaving a trail of flammable liquid on the road behind. The crew had to wait until the fires burned out, but as they pointed out to me when I met them later in the bar, they didn't mind the holdup in the least, as they were on overtime by then.

We did something similar while flying over a block we were about to burn on Blackwater Ridge so that the pilot and I could finalize the burning sequence. There were two hunters sitting in the block who didn't seem to get the message that we wanted them to clear out, as the whole place would shortly be going up in smoke. The torch was slung underneath, so the pilot hovered over a rock outcrop and dropped some burning napalm. The hunters got the message and took off like scared rabbits. The same tactic was used to chase a moose out of another block nearby a few days later.

One of the best experiences I had was flying in a helicopter over a block after it had been lit up, after dark. The sight of the mass of flames below us, and the heat that was radiating upward, led me to contemplate where I'd most likely end up in an afterlife.

The book "Slashburner" is available through Harbour Publishing

The Long Lost Goldmine

By Gerry Burch RPF (Ret.) *This piece from Gerry's early days is the fifth in a series of Gerry's writing for FHABC (Issues #97 and #103 –present). His biography can be found in the UBC Library's Gerry Burch fonds.*

An explanation of timber assessment, called "cruising" is needed to understand this story. Cruisers estimate the economic wood on a "strip" of land, their work is reviewed by the party chief in a "check-cruise". Cruising parties usually consist of the party chief, 2-3 cruisers, a cook-packer, and maybe, a baseline crew of three men. They work mainly in the best weather time of the year-April to October. The junior members were usually university forestry under-graduates.

In 1945, after being demobilized from the Navy, I entered UBC's Forestry course. Luckily, I was hired by the BC Forest Service (BCFS) for the ensuing summer and shipped off to an abandoned logging camp in the Cowichan Valley. The Forest Service had two crews this summer, one on the west coast from Alberni Inlet to Muchalat Inlet, using their launch, the *B.C. Forester*. (A picture of the crew on the *B.C. Forester* is in my autobiography on page 63) The party chief was a senior Forest Service cruiser, George Silburn, whereas my crew on the east coast was headed by Larry McMullan, chief of Surveys Division, BCFS. The job of a party chief was to determine where the cruise strips should be and to give direction to each cruiser for the succeeding day. A "strip" is a day's work, usually one to three miles of assessing, and recording, the forest cover, the topography, and other factors required to assess the harvest of the crop.

I was called a trainee cruiser, although I had never done this type of work, and hardly knew the species of trees. But, after a few weeks, I felt that I was fulfilling the job fairly well, and Larry was starting to give me more authority to control the other cruising pairs on what were called "fly trips" (sleeping under a tent fly), where we might have to be away from the base for 2-7 days. On one of these fly trips, I had sent the other cruiser to examine old-growth stands in a side valley to Cowichan Lake, whereas, I alone concentrated on the regeneration on the logged-over areas around the Lake. This happened to be a Sunday, June 26,1946, and about 11 am, the famous earthquake struck near Vancouver Island. Naturally, I was shaken and elected to sit down and determine what was going on. Some of the shoreline was falling into the lake, and bunkhouses at a floating logging camp across the lake were breaking loose and floating away.

Around July 1st of that year, I was amazed to be informed that I was being transferred to the west coast crew as Assistant Party Chief. I was sure that this move was not based on my ability as a cruiser, but, probably, on my experience handling men in the Navy. On arrival at the *B.C. Forester*, our mobile home, I found the party chief, George Silburn, to be a very knowledgeable cruiser, but, very rarely went out on strip, except to check-cruise each cruiser once a month. Instead, he relied on these fly trips to be run by his assistant, which in some of the larger drainages on the west coast, may last for ten days. The crews would work every day with packs on their backs, containing sleeping bags, a tarp, and food; then make camp, cook their meals, and move again the next day.

Well, one fly trip turned out to be memorable. I was on a strip with one of our best compassmen, Sig Techy, when we came upon a bluff (a rock face), which had a lot of debris at its base - no doubt broken off by the earthquake. As we traversed around the bluff, I happened to notice shiny ore in some of the rocks. But, with no knowledge of what gold looks like, I just thought I would take a few rock samples in my cruiser vest for the other crew members on the boat to see. They were duly impressed when


B.C. Forester

we returned to the boat a week or so later.

At the end of the season, while clearing our gear from the *B.C. Forester*, I noticed the rocks and decided to pack them back to town for my next year at UBC. When Christmas 1946, came around, I traveled to my home town of Trail, along with the rocks. I showed them to my dad who worked at the smelter, and who, at one time had been a miner. He became fairly excited and said he was going to take them to the Geological Department at the smelter for assaying. He returned, saying that the geologists were also confident that the rocks showed traces of gold but they needed a bigger sample to assay.

But, when my dad asked me where I had found these rocks, my mind drew a blank. So, in trying to remember exactly which valley, and on which of the numerous strips I ran that summer, I realized that I needed to go to Victoria to see the maps, and to talk it over with George Silburn, which I did.

But, as much as we talked, and came up with 2 or 3 areas that might pinpoint the location of the bluff, we could not agree on a location without hiking into the selected valleys, which turned out to be an impossible task with so many valleys and strips to cover from that fateful summer.

And so, my hope of finding a large and profitable gold mine disappeared! And my dream of becoming a millionaire vanished!

Volunteer work in Bhutan

By Doug Rickson RPF (Ret), *who joined Canadian Forest Products in 1964 as a forester, after serving for seven years with the B.C. Forest Service. His career grew from timber cruising as a UBC forestry student to being Vice-President and Chief Forester at Canfor Corporation when he retired in 1995. One post-retirement adventure for him and his wife Irene is described in the article below. Written in 2013 in response to George Nagle's call for International material, (Issue #203), it includes some perspectives on Bhutan's forests, which is why we include this as the fifth in our International series.*

In 2004 and 2006 my wife Irene and I did volunteer work in the Kingdom of Bhutan at a Buddhist monastery, Chador Lhakhang. Bhutan is a small Buddhist country with a population of approximately 750,000 and is about one-fifth larger than Vancouver Island. It is located at the eastern end of the Himalayas, bounded on the north by Tibet, and to the south, west, and east by India. Chador Lhakhang is located in Bartsham, a small isolated village located in the northeastern corner of Bhutan, at an elevation of approximately 1500 metres, and near the borders of Tibet and India.

Our instructions were to teach conversational English, environmental awareness, and basic computer skills to 60 monks, who ranged in age from 7 to 25 years. Most of them had lived in the monastery for a large part of their lives, either having been orphaned or offered by their poor families to the Monastery.

The official languages of Bhutan are Dzongkha and English; however, in Eastern Bhutan everyone speaks Sharchop, the local dialect. Many other dialects are spoken in the different regions of Bhutan, particularly in the more remote areas.

I had great difficulty remembering the monk's names, as they all sounded similar - we even had three monks that had the same name. The Bhutanese do not have "surnames or family names as we do, as they combine single names together - such as Dorji Wangchuk, Wangchuk Dorji, Dorji Tsering, Tsering Wangchuk, Tsering Dorji etc.

The language of instruction in Bhutan's schools is English but most of the monks knew very little English. One of our jobs was to teach them conversational English so that they could speak English with their siblings at home, who were attending public school. We were fortunate that two of the older monks were reasonably fluent in English, and that they volunteered to act as "teaching assistants".

We had brought many children's books with us and used these as a resource in our English classes. In order to engage them in the classroom activities we incorporated numerous simple games and activities based on the daily theme: 'Where are you going?", the query that is asked of everyone when meeting up with each other. This created the opportunity to visit many imaginary locales (vegetable market,

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

doctor's office, bus terminal, airport, etc. that permitted new learning in vocabulary regarding imagined places and global outreach.

We focused on experiential learning versus rote learning, which resulted in much fun and pleasure. The monks were eager to learn and wanted to take books to their dormitory rooms to study. They constructed a book stand and organized with our help, a "library" with numbering, cataloging, and a check-out system. The library became so popular that when we returned to Canada we collected over 300 books and shipped them to the Monastery.

The need for environmental awareness became obvious when we first arrived at the monastery in 2004 during an important Buddhist celebration. Nearly one thousand people came from throughout Bhutan to attend. Some set up roadside stands to sell merchandise; they all camped in tents as there was no other accommodation available in the village.

They were not at all concerned about littering, and dropped food wrappers, candy wrappers, paper cups, etc. onto the monastery grounds and along the roadside leading to the monastery. After the event was over, the area was littered with paper and plastic garbage.

After convincing the monks that the mess should be cleaned up, they became keen to follow through. When we started cleaning up the road leading to the monastery we found that the people living in the roadside houses were at first curious, and then they, too, became eager to help collect and burn the litter. There were no garbage cans on the monastery grounds, so we purchased six large plastic ones, marked them with the common "USE ME" label, and set them out in appropriate locations.

To instill a sense of environmental responsibility in the monks we formed a team of "Environmental Guardians" (EGs). Fortunately, we had brought with us a large number of gift baseball caps and were able to select a number of green-colored hats for the

EGs. The monks were all eager to volunteer as "Environmental Guardians" and to assume the responsibility for ensuring that the monastery grounds were kept free of litter. The EGs were also given the responsibility of gathering and burning the waste collected. The agreed goal was "to have the cleanest monastery in Bhutan". When we returned to the monastery in 2006, we found the monastery grounds and the village roadsides to be relatively free of litter. Perhaps as a spillover, the children in the local public school also made a weekly practice of cleaning up the grounds and roads adjacent to their school.

Teaching basic computer skills to the monks was a major challenge. The monastery had a computer room with two old desk-top computers and a printer, but they were non-functioning because the monks, who did not know how to use them, had been playing games on them.

We had brought a laptop computer

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

with us and were able to use it to teach the monks (two-at-a-time) the basic steps in using a computer. Fortunately, we also had an application program called "Rosetta Stone", an interactive program for teaching Basic English; we were, therefore, able to combine the teaching of English with the teaching of basic computer skills.

We were advised that there was an Indian school teacher living in a nearby village who was reportedly able to repair computers. Although we were somewhat skeptical, we took the two old desktop computers to him, and, surprisingly, he was able to fix one of them. Since we now had only one functioning desktop computer we were concerned that the monks would again start playing with it, and that it would soon again be non-functional. To try to protect the computer we appointed four of the older monks as "Computer Captains" and gave them the key to the computer room. We set up a sign-up sheet so that monks had to reserve a time to use the computers, and they had to go to the "captain" to get access to the computers. The system seemed to work, as the computer was still functioning when we left the monastery.

When we travelled to the monastery in 2004, the access road was in extremely poor condition, full of large ruts and large exposed boulders. There were ditches alongside the road, but the soil had slumped into the ditches and they had never been cleaned out. During heavy rainfall periods, the water ran down the middle of the road and eroded the soil, so that the road surface was like a small creek bed of exposed rocks.

We explained to the monks what was required to maintain the road surface and we soon had a "road crew" of eager volunteers who did an excellent job of cleaning out the ditches and constructing shallow cross-ditches.

When we returned to the monastery in 2006, the road had been re-surfaced, was in good condition and the ditches were clean.

Although forestry was not included in our teaching agenda, I found it impossible to avoid some instruction in this area. Bhutan's forests cover approximately two-thirds of the land area and the Government of Bhutan has decreed that at least sixty percent of the land area must remain under forest cover. Forest cover ranges from primarily coniferous (pine and fir) in the northern and high-elevation portions of Bhutan to primarily deciduous in the southern and lower-elevation parts of the country.

Bhutan's National Tree is the cypress (Cupressus corneyana). When traveling along the narrow winding roads across Bhutan, we soon discovered that we could tell when we were nearing one of the many monasteries by the fact that the branches of the younger pine and cypress trees had been pruned almost to the very top of the tree. The green branches are burned by the monks during Buddhist "smoke-offering"

(Continued from page 11)

ceremonies. This practice was evident around our monastery as well, and I had to convince the monks that they should leave at least one-third of the tree's crown intact so that it would remain healthy and grow to provide future wood products. Cypress is considered to be a sacred tree; its timber is used in the construction of temples and the manufacture of incense.

Woodworking tools are primitive, but the results are impressive - even the most remote villages have handsome wood homes with elaborate trims, and the temples, schools and monasteries are magnificent.

Our monastery had a young (approximately 5 – 10 years old) plantation of pine and cypress on its surrounding land. The land was fenced, but had no gate or cattle-guard and so the neighbors' cattle browsed on the cypress. The horses from the pack-trains were also turned loose and grazed in the plantation.

There seemed to be no concern about protecting the plantation. A new temple was being constructed on the monastery grounds and large quantities of rock were being dumped in parts of the plantation area, burying some of the small trees. Water for the monks' dormitory was piped in by plastic pipe that was laid on the surface of the road. The large Indian dump-trucks, piled high with rocks, traveled over the pipes, splitting them and causing them to leak and create a muddy wet road.

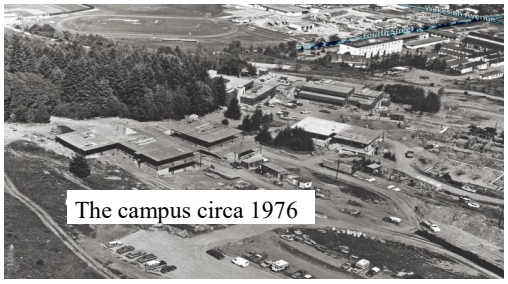
The water supply for our residence and the monks' dormitory and kitchen was a small spring located above the monastery. An intake pipe was laid in an open pool at the spring to siphon off the water. The cattle also drank from this pool. In order to reduce the turbidity of the water, the pipe was run into and out of a 45-gallon drum. Despite this "settling tank" our water was often quite dark and muddy. Sometimes there was not any water, which usually was caused by cattle brushing against the settling tank and knocking out the water pipe. Needless to say, we boiled our drinking water and bought many cases of bottled water whenever we went to Tashigang, the nearest town.

Barthsham village and the monastery were serviced by a telephone land-line, however, service was regularly disrupted by landslides causing breaks in the line. Although we had purchased a cheap cell phone, we decided we would pay for a landline service in order to obtain dial-up internet access. We had a telephone line installed in our room so that we could hook up the computer. The Bhutan Telecom man ran a line from the pole, through an air vent in the wall of our house and into our room. He left about 8 feet of loose line in the room so that we could use the computer wherever we wanted in the room. The installation was very primitive, but it worked! Unfortunately the telephone service was very poor – lots of static – so we had only very intermittent success in getting online. The service was so irregular that by the time you had your email ready to send the service would be down. We solved this by typing our emails as word documents and then sending them off during the brief periods when the internet connection was working.

The most delightful part of living in this isolated village was the people. Very few Westerners ever visit this part of Bhutan so we were a bit of a novelty. The villagers, called "Barthshampas", were very friendly and helpful. We learned a few words of greeting in the local Sharchop dialect, and we made many good friends there.

The monks were a pleasure to teach as they were very bright, energetic and eager to learn. They were also affectionate, calling us apa and ama (mom and dad), and they were always concerned about our well-being. We still get emails from some of them. When we left the monastery in 2006, the monks lined up along the road, and there were many tears as we said goodbye to each one of them. Overall, my wife and I found our volunteer service in Bartsham monastery to have been a profoundly rich and rewarding experience.

(Continued from page 1) ***Malaspina Forestry***


The campus circa 1976

our first-year students were accepted by and graduated from BCIT. Our credibility was being established.

But the desire for a Forestry Program at Malaspina was very evident and two years later BCIT agreed to accept transfer students in both programs.

Another instructor was needed and Gordon (aka Buff) Squire was persuaded to leave BCIT and come to Malaspina to teach Forest Products while I would teach the first-year Forestry courses.

Our transferees all successfully graduated from BCIT; one of whom, Paul Beltgens from the Forest Products Program, owns and is still running a sawmill (Gemico) in Chemainus.

1976: Autonomy! In 1976 the old hospital building was vacated and the College moved to a brand new campus on what was DND property just east of town. The prospect of changing institutions between first and second years was seen as disruptive and so the students went to considerable lengths to push for the second year of the Forestry Program at Malaspina. They were successful and an autonomous Malaspina Forestry Program was established that same year. The framework was modelled on the successful BCIT Forestry Program but was quickly adjusted to suit the Island ecosystems; easy access to processing plants and the timetabling options available in a small institution.

The Founding Faculty Two new instructors were hired: Fred Marshall (silviculture and management) and Harold Jolliffe (logging and engineering). All four had industrial experience, all were postgraduates from various universities and all were Registered Professional Foresters.

And so 'Forestry' at "MalU" was launched. Buff went on to teach Photogrammetry, and was sometimes known as 'The Terminator', but the forest cover maps that his students produced stereoscopically were works of art. Fred, who still runs a ranch in Midway BC, brought a strong western flavour to the coast and to the Christmas dances when everyone had to wear cowboy hats, after which he awarded Cowboy Certificates to the students.

Many of the graduates of those early classes went on to assume very responsible positions; e.g. Dave Bryden went on to become Chief Forester of Canfor, Tim Sheldon spent time as Assistant Deputy Minister of Forests, Jim Wilkinson just retired from his professorship in VIU's Forestry Dept., Greg Klimes – switched to Conservation and has just retired as a Professor of Resource Manager Officer Training at V.I.U., Rod Garbut, Rod Turnquist, and John Vallentgoed all became Insect and disease Rangers with the Pacific Forestry Centre in Victoria and took turns at guest lecturing.

As required by the College's administration an Advisory Committee consisting of local leaders from industry, research, consultants, and the government was struck. People such as Tommy Thompson, Jack Toovey, Bob Jones (whose son was a student in the program), George Westharp, Dick Kosick, Steve Lackey and Harley Norbirg assembled twice a year for round table discussions about current practices and directions on what should be expected of future graduates. The free luncheon for Committee Members, served in the Discovery Room by students of the Culinary Arts Program, was no doubt an incentive to attend Advisory Committee meetings.

Class size was limited to 24 students selected by personal interview. For some candidates, this was a stressful experience, but the selection of the


The Founding Faculty:
L-R, Dave Smith, Gordon (Buff) Squire, Fred Marshall, Harold Jolliffe.


course in drafting this fall if sufficient interest is shown by students.
basic logging techniques. The college will also offer a
offers a
The students, pictured with instructors Dave Smith, back row left, and Harold Jolliffe, back row right, Victoria, Chris Roberts, Nanaimo, Helen Emke, Vic

1978: Malaspina's First Forestry Technology Graduates
Back row, l-r; D.Smith(instructor), John Haarkema, Dave Bryden, Gerhard Pokrandt ,Richard Dougan, Alan Little, Chris Elgie, Harold Jolliffe(Instructor).
Front row, l-r, Bob Howie, Chris Roberts, Helen Emke, Phil Winkle, Jim Wilkinson, ?.
Missing, John Armstrong, David Kew, Fred Marshall, Buff Squire.

(Continued on page 14)

1999. Students at Pachena ready for a day's cruising.

(Continued from page 13)

best students was for everyone's benefit. Small class sizes were a key factor in allowing for flexibility of travel for field trips and scheduling of class times.

The proximity of Nanaimo to so many resources for field trips was hugely beneficial. Although the FOREST Products Student Transfer to BCIT had been dropped in 1976, tours to industrial operations continued and mills available for tours extended from Chemainus to Harmac, to Port Alberni where the last steam-operated lathe was still producing veneer for MacMillan Bloedel's plywood plant. Field trips to the woods were always available from Crown Zellerbach's Nanaimo Lakes Division to M&B's North West Bay Division. Ecologically, the dry east coast of Vancouver Island was at our doorstep and a return trip to see west coast conditions was only a day trip away. There was even a semblance of sub-alpine forest atop Mount Benson just above Nanaimo.

Availability of guest speakers to any courses was also hugely beneficial, and sometimes entertaining. The Federal Research Labs were a great source for speakers on the cutting edge of various topics: Dick Smith (soils and nutrition), Bill Bloomberg (pathology) and Richard Hunt from the Pacific Forestry Centre in Victoria; George Reid, from the DFO research Labs in Nanaimo, introduced students and faculty to the effects of logging on salmon; Don Watts, fire management officer for all of M&B mills, annually gave an illuminating (literally!) guest presentation, and like an alchemist, demonstrated without safety glass between him and the students, what could burn or explode and what shouldn't.

These early years were the times that M&B was one of the biggest operators on the coast, with its head office in Nanaimo. One of its more progressive endeavours was the formation of a Land Use Planning Advisory Team (LUPAT) comprised of a group of enterprising specialists, such as Janna Kumi, Bill Beese (now one of the VIU Forestry Faculty). It was another source of guest speakers, as was B.C.F.P.'s Resource Planning Group.

In the 1970s and 1980s, there were four Forest Technology Programs in BC: College of New Caledonia (CNC) in Prince George, Selkirk College in Castlegar, BCIT and Malaspina.

Once classes were finished for the year the annual conference of Faculty members from all four colleges, was held at each campus in turn. These were convivial affairs: one day was spent with meetings of faculty members teaching comparable subjects, exchanging notes on recent developments and exercises that worked and those that didn't. Sometimes a field day might be organized to show local conditions, practices, etc. Sometimes there was a dinner featuring a speaker with particular local expertise, and once at Selkirk an afternoon of logger's sports. One year when the conference was held at BCIT, the Head of the BCFS Ranger school was asked to give a talk on how graduates were fitting into the real world of employment. Jack Carradice was not one to mince words! His message was that for all the theory we were pushing into our students, many graduated with a distinct lack of bush sense (remember there was only a casual approach to "safety" in those days!). He related how two new tech graduates (institution not named!) had been caught out in the woods at the end of a snow-filled day and "they damn near died". This omission in the Malaspina program was addressed by a week-long fly camp and end-of-term cruising exercises.

For the sake of logistics, the class was divided into two, usually comprised of about a dozen students in each camp. One of the added objectives was also to introduce students to working in old-growth forest conditions. An important requirement for the camp was an area suitable for setting up the tents, i.e. two sleeping tents, an instructor's tent and an area for cooking and eating, and proximity to water was preferred. Various locations were tried, often on logging roads, landings, once at Carnation Creek Research Camp. Since many of the students were not familiar with coastal conditions it seemed a good idea to hold our fly-camp somewhere on the West Coast, and so eventually the campsite of the Pachena First Nation was found to be an ideal location for the camp – the only facilities provided were a few wooden picnic tables. A short walk down the West Coast Trail into the old growth of the Pacific Rim

(Continued on page 15)

From the Editor By Dave Florence

As the FHABC Newsletter Editor, one of my jobs is to select content that celebrates BC forest history and encourages the collection of historical records about the forests of British Columbia.

A review of the most recent 10 issues shows a selection of:

- Success stories about getting forest history material into archives,
- Biographies of significant people in BC's forest history,
- Autobiographical memoirs by BC Foresters, both local and international,
- Stories about events or technologies related to BC forest history,
- Opinions about BC's historical forest management policy,
- Book reports and links to relevant internet-based content about forest history,
- FHABC Association business.

Does you like the current mix? What would you like to see more or less of? Let us know! newsletter.editor@fhabc.org

After the COVID-19-related closures in March, it's wonderful to see most of the major museums and archives that support BC's forest history are open to the public again, albeit with reduced hours and sometimes by appointment. Here are some museum and archive links with significant forest history content that I keep handy (your additions welcome by email):

Vancouver Island

- Royal BC Museum BC Archives
- Duncan (BC Forest Discovery Centre)
- Ladysmith Campbell River
- Port Hardy North Van. Island blog

Lower Mainland

- UBC Library Rare Books and Special Collections RBSC
- Museum of Vancouver MOV
- City of Vancouver Archives
- Whistler Lil'Wat Cultural Centre
- Squamish West Coast Railroad Park
- Powell River Museum/Archives

Interior

- Prince George UNBC Northern BC Archives & Special Collections
- Prince George Central BC Railway and Forestry Museum
- Kamloops Museum and Archives
- Revelstoke BC Interior Forest Museum
- Revelstoke Museum and Archives
- Creston Museum

Other online resources:

- BC Forest Professional Magazine
- Truck Loggers BC Magazine
- Canadian Institute of Forestry Chronicle
- The Network in Canadian History and Environment.
- Forest History Association of Alberta.
- Societe d'histoire forestiere du Quebec.
- Forest History Society of Ontario.
- Forest History Society [American].
- Internet Archive.org

At present, we don't have a good count of our newsletter readership, because:

- some members share their copy
- non-members access the back-issue locations (website and ISSU)
- organization recipients share the newsletter with staff and volunteers. (we welcome wide readership!)

Potential financial supporters are interested in our readership number, and of course we'd like to expand it. We welcome ideas by email on how we could get the newsletter out to more people and have a reasonably accurate number of how many read it.

(Continued from page 14) ***Malaspina College***

National Park brought the students to where I had already established a baseline from which they ran their cruise strips. By today's standards, our minimal safety plan, with no electronics or radios and only one instructor, would be considered totally unacceptable. But everyone carried a whistle, knew where the key to the van was hidden and had been given instructions on how to contact the water taxi and the first-aid nurse across the inlet in Bamfield. The weather on the West Coast in April varied from glorious Spring to cold and wet and very uncomfortable. But one night was always dedicated to a trip to the bar in Bamfield to watch an NHL playoff game. There were never any complaints, making it a great way to end the first year of the program.

The Interior of the Province was of course not to be forgotten, and so an Interior Field Trip became an integral part of the second year of the program. The organization of this trip usually relied on Fred Marshall's contacts: he would set up the itinerary while Buff Squire looked after booking motels and meals, etc. Both instructors were needed as the class went as a whole and there was often a considerable amount of driving involved between locations, not to mention away from and back to the Coast. Since in those early days it was still possible to have a few students who had never been off the Island, the Interior Field Trip was an eye-opening experience for them.

End of Part 1. Part 2, which will appear in the next issue, features the inception of logger sports and the integration of Woodlot 020 and Biosolids into the program.

Back-in-the-Day department: FHABC awards night 2003, as reported our Newsletter Issue 70 and Canadian Institute of Forestry in the June 2003 issue

Forest History Honours and Awards Presented

On April 12, 2003, the first ever Honours and Awards Night of the Forest History Association of BC (FHABC) was held in Victoria. Co-sponsored by the Southern Vancouver Island Section of the Canadian Institute of Forestry (CIF), the awards night was organized in recognition of the twentieth anniversary of the association.

A committee consisting of FHABC and CIF members Stan Chester, R.P.F.; Art Walker; Dave Wallinger; Mike Meagher, R.P.F. (Ret) and Geoff Bate organized the event. They were assisted by Allan Klenman and John Parminter, R.P.F. Historical material and displays were provided by Allan Klenman; Dave Wallinger; Geoff Bate; Mike Apsey, R.P.F; John Parminter; Stan Chester and Rick Duckles, the Manager/Curator of the BC Forest Discovery Centre in Duncan.

Stan Chester, FHABC President since 1999, was the master of ceremonies. He led off the evening's agenda by providing a brief history of the FHABC and identified the Past Presidents and their terms of office. They were: Wally Hughes, R.P.F. (Ret) (1982); the late Bill Backman, R.P.F. (1982–1987); Bill Young, R.P.F. (Ret) (1987–1991); the late Pit Desjardins, R.P.F. (1991–1992); Bill Young (1992); Bob DeBoo, R.P.F. (Ret) (1992–1995) and Geoff Bate (1995–1999).

Dr. Richard Hebda, Curator of Botany and History at the Royal BC Museum, was the after-dinner guest speaker. He described the biological history of BC, focussing on the distribution of plant communities since deglaciation. He explained that dramatic alterations of these communities can take place over a brief period of time if there are changes in temperature and moisture availability. The implications of global warming to the future plant communities of the province were most interesting.

After Dr. Hedba's talk, certificates and trophies were presented to the following:

Gerry Burch, R.P.F. (Ret) — in recognition of his research and oral history interviews with over 70 people who made a significant contribution to forestry in BC. Gerry was also a co-founder of the FHABC.

Ken Drushka — in recognition of his outstanding contribution as an author and journalist. Ken has written many books, primarily about BC's forest industry and the people involved in it.

Edo Nyland — in recognition of his many years of dedication to the FHABC by acting as Treasurer since 1982 and working on the history of the federal government's forestry activities in BC.

John Parminter — in recognition of his being a co-founder of the FHABC, the author of numerous publications, and the editor of the association's newsletter since its inception in 1982.

Ralph Schmidt, R.P.F. (Ret) — in recognition of his research and authorship of histories of the Research and Inventory branches of the Ministry of Forests and, as well, serving on the executive of the association for many years.

Bill Young — in recognition of his being the primary leader in the formation of the Forest History Association of BC as well as his dedication to the collection, preservation and use of forest history material.

Following the awards, Mike Apsey made a special presentation to Allan Klenman, a leading authority on and collector of hundreds of axes. Mike's gift to Allan was three hand-made axes that Mike obtained in Turkey when he worked there over 30 years ago.

Following the ceremonial portion of the evening many in the group remained to examine the exhibits and visit with old friends. The association's executive wish to thank all those who participated and offer a special thank you to the Southern Vancouver Island Section of the Canadian Institute of Forestry and the international consulting firm of Michael Apsey Forest and Trade Policy Ltd. for their financial support.

Geoff Bate and John Parminter

Upcoming Events

Sept 15-17 Canadian Institute of Forestry AGM (Virtual)

Sep 25-27 FHABC AGM Weekend Prince George BC (Virtual)

The Treefrog News event listings

Next Issue: Dec 2020

- More of the Burch and International series'
- Dry to Wet—a forester's memoir
- Malaspina College Forestry-Part 2
- HH Spicer story
- Your Story? Contact us at **newsletter.editor@fhabc.org**

Website: fhabc.org

(Continued from page 1) *.... From the Editor*

Including a book excerpt is, I believe, a first for the Newsletter. We're pleased to have this opportunity to present a portion of Harbour Publishing's new book *Slashburner* by Nick Raeside.

We have a few of Gerry Burch's unpublished writings remaining in our files, and this month's piece about the "Long Lost Goldmine" recalls a humorous event in Gerry's early days.

The "back-in-the-day" reprint of FHABC's first and only Honours and Awards night held in 2003 may inspire thoughts such as "Is it time to do this again?"

The excerpts from the *Western Lumberman* about the Spanish Influenza of 1918-1919 show interesting comparisons to our present situation.

Some heavily-linked Book and Media selections on page 3 and thoughts about recent Newsletter content on page 15 complete this issue. Enjoy!

WebLinks: if you are reading the online versions of our newsletters in your browser, don't forget that you can click the under-lined text to go to relevant info on the web.