

HOLS HOLBROOK'S

LOGGERS ANNUAL

Strictly a
High Ball proposition.

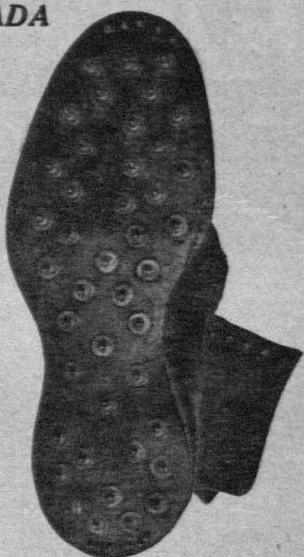


The only Logging Boot of its Kind ---

MADE IN CANADA

TELLING the logger about calks is a tough job—and to prove our story in "Printer's Ink" with a space limit seems next to impossible. Yet here's a story of a "Calk that will never come out." If you study the Boot and then the plan of the "Leckie Double Lock Calk" you will easily see that, here at last is a Sturdy Logger's Boot, calked perfectly.

The logging Boot itself is made by "Leckie" and every detail in its fine construction reflects the high standard of "Leckie" workmanship and materials. It is built for comfort—long wear, and absolute dependability. The "Leckie" double lock calk system provides the wearer with calks that remain in the sole for the life of the Boot. Do what you like—kick 'em on a good hard rock—they're there to stay.



Leckie Double Lock Calk

See them at
Your Camp Store

Manufactured By
J. Leckie Company Ltd.
Vancouver, B. C.

Our Guarantee

We will replace free of charge any pair of Leckie boots equipped with double calk lock in which the calks fail to hold, except boots that are burned or unjustly abused.

J. LECKIE & CO., LTD.

THE

Loggers Annual

Strictly a High-Ball Proposition



Rigged up by

HOLS HOLBROOK

and published by

The Pacific Coast Lumberman

FOREWORD

READERS, this modest and somewhat haywire effort is concocted with but one idea in view, and that is—to laugh.

Old Man Jake—who tended hook for Kink Solomon several years ago—said that if he could make folks forget their troubles for a time he would be content—in other words, “she’d be Jake.” Therefore, if you can get one lone, single kick out of this great family journal—why, carry on—and, I’ll be happy myself.

Personally, I’ve had one h—l of a time in getting out this rig—(what with snoos at \$1.20 the roll and WRITING FLUID at its present high price) but she’s here now (don’t scale her too close!) and I have **The Pacific Coast Lumberman** of Vancouver to thank for letting it see the light of day. And THAT is THAT.

Now, let’s pass out The Bunk.

I thank you, gentlemen,

HOLS.

“Never say ‘Rye,’” remarked Angus, as he pulled the Dimple cork.

“This is all ‘Bull,’” remarked the whistle-punk, as he rolled another cigarette.

“That’s one on me,” said the Head Faller as he crawled out from under a hemlock.

“Here’s how,” said the cook, as he produced a new receipt for muligan.

“I’m all up in the air about this,” remarked the High Rigger, as he made the top.

“This is a queer sort of place,” remarked the Nut, as they pushed him through the gate at Okalla.

“What a dead place!” remarked the tourist, as he surveyed the cemetery.

“That’s an awful bunch of junk,” remarked the donkey puncher, after the spar tree hit the yarder.

The Jam On Garry's Rock

(Author unknown)

Well, gentlemen, here she is—that old River Hog favorite, “The Jam on Garry’s Rock.” Composed over sixty years ago by a Michigan shanty-boy, it is still sung in camps from Halifax to Victoria, and from Bangor to Seattle. As far as we know, this is the first time it has ever appeared in print here in the West.

COME all ye brave Shanty Boys,
wherever ye may be,
I would have you pay attention and
listen unto me,
For it concerns a Shanty boy so
noble, true and brave,
Who broke the jam on Garry’s Rock
and met with a watery grave.

It was on a Sunday morning as you
shall quickly hear,
The logs were piling mountain high
we could not keep them clear.
Cheer up! cheer up! brave hearted
youths; relieve your hearts of
fear,
We’ll break the jam on Garry’s Rock
and to Saginaw we will steer.

Now some of them were willing
while others they were not.
To work a jam on Sunday they did
not think they ought,
’Til six of our Canadian boys did
volunteer to go
And break the jam on Garry’s Rock
with their foreman, young Mun-
roe.

They had not picked off many logs
when the boss to them did say,
“I would have you be on your guard
my boys, for the jam will soon
give way.”

His lips to this short warning scarce
gave vent when the jam did go
And carried away the six brave
youths and the foreman, Jack
Munroe.

Now when the boys up at the camp
the news they came to hear,
In search of their dead bodies to the
river they did steer.

And there they found to their sur-
prise, their sorrow, grief and woe,
All bruised and mangled on the
beach lay the corpse of young
Munroe.

They picked him up most tenderly;
smoothed down his raven hair.
There was one among the watchers
who’s cries did rend the air.
This fair one most distracted was
a girl from Saginaw town.
And her wails and cries did reach the
skies for her true love who was
drowned.

The Missus Clark, a widow, lived by
the riverside.
This was her only daughter (and
Jack’s intended bride
So the wages of her own true love,
the boss to her did pay,
And a liberal subscription was made
up by the Shanty Boys next day.

When she received the money she
thanked them every one
Though it was not her portion to
live for very long
And it was just six weeks or more
when she was called to go
And her last request was to be laid
at rest by the side of young Mun-
roe.

They buried him most decently
(’twas on the fourth of May)
Come one and all you Shanty Boys
and for a comrade pray.
Engraven on a hemlock tree which
by the beach did grow
Was the name and date of this sad
fate of the Foreman—John Mun-
roe.

Lars Takes on a Little High Society

A very good friend of ours, Mr. Lars Parsen—and by the way, one of the best hand-loggers North of the First Narrows—has kindly consented to allow us to publish the story of his recent visit to some of Vancouver's "High Society." When in the city a short time ago, Mr. Parsen was invited out to a dinner party given by a well known lumberman who lives on The Heights. Needless to say the names of those concerned have been changed for the purpose of publication.

Vell, Yack Yackson say, "Lars, we go up to house an have gude time." Ay say, "Alright, Yack, let her go." So ve get in his car an go up hill 'cross Granville Bridge an pretty soon stop at big house—bigger dan bunk-house at Wapilano. Missus Yackson say, "How do, Lars," Ay say, "Pretty gude, ay tank." Lots odder people dere too, an ve skal few drink Scotch, yin, and den come supper.

Ay never see so dam many knife an fork on table but get along pretty fine for talk with lady next me and she bane yolly, too. "Lars," she say, "Aint it fine for live in big forest, where big trees all 'round and nice voods?" "Ay say, "Yah, but cedar dam poor price now an toredo work like hal all time, so what's use anyway?"

After while, bull-cook dressed yust like Union Steamboat feller serve drink all 'round an ven he come to me say, "Mr. Sparsen, have HIGH-BALL?" Dat sound funny to me so ay have yoke too, an ay tell him, "No, tanks, ay vork for Bastings Company before." Har, har, ay laugh and Mr. Yackson laugh too, an say, "Dam gude yoke, Lars."

Pretty soon all lady and faller smoke. Ay vork hard on big cigar but fine need cleaning bad an it go out, so ay chew on butt just like

drummer-feller what come my camp one time to sell boom chain.

Young city feller what sit next me say, "What you tank of high-lead, Mr. Sparsden?" Ay tell him, "Ay don't stop at dat hotel any more, so don't know. Ay stay down Carrall



"Ay vork hard on big cigar."

Street." An den, Mr. Yackson laugh like hal again an say, "Gude yoke, Lars."

Den some lady say, "Come dance, Mr. Sparsen," but they dont have gude Svedish polka or Yennie Lind dance, on phonograph so ay tell her cant dance.

Ve drink an talk yust to one o'clock and den ay say guess gude time for go home. Mrs. Yackson say, "Lars, wouldn't it be gude idea if ve all go to cabaret?"

Ay say, "No use to try, Mrs. Yackson. Mamma's place bane closed tight." An Mr. Yackson laugh like hal again, an say "Gude yoke, Lars."

An dats all to tell 'bout party at Mr. Yacksons.

Something Went Haywire

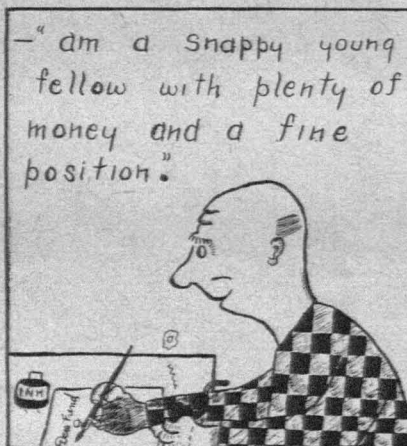
Mysterious Disappearance of Rich Young Widow Makes Stir in Coast Circles—\$10,000 Involved

Just recently it has leaked out that four well known loggers are in Town, and, "Waiting at the church" as it were. Although the matter is still far from clear, the ANNUAL'S tireless reporter has uncovered some correspondence which throws a little light on the affair, and which we pass along to an eager public.

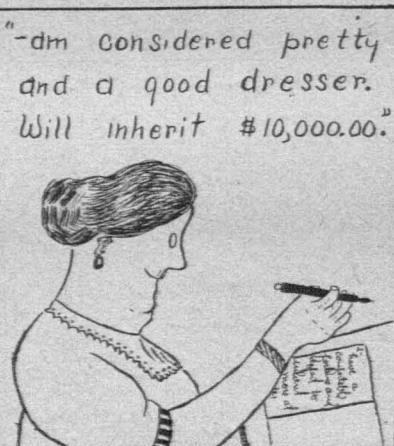
The first is a letter addressed to a Mrs. Wopple, of Really, Ont., and is signed by one Napoleon Couture.

make O. K. ef we get married pretty soon. You say de word and me, I send you firs' class railway tickette for pass on B. C. and come Vancouver. Den we get license for de job and close de deal toute de suite,—mak honey moon, tree, four, day maybe and den fare advance to de Camp.

Soon we get to camp me, I fire one of the cookee whats haywire anyway and give you de job.



Mr. Wiffle



Mrs. Wopple

Dear Missus Wopple: I see your pictaire on de "Wedding Bell" matrimony journal and dam quick I send her two dollar cash for get your address so can write you.

Firs', I tell you 'bout myself whats Napoleon Couture an' gentleman too me,—to say nothing 'bout be de firs' class cook also. Was born 'bout fourty year 'go near Riveriere du Loup, Province Quebec, and pass here on de Coast tree year nex May. At firs' I trow de ehokaire me, but she's too much on de highball for gentleman, so pretty soon I get mulligan job an' now I'm de boiler for de Ginpole Logging Co.

So I tink, Madame dat she would

En cas, my fren', you want reeco-mend for me, I tell you what for do: jus' write letter to Mrs. Jeanne Hibou, Levis, P. Q. or Mrs. Marie Pouchon, Sherbrooke, and ask dem ef I don' make de premier class husban'. I marry dem bote (at different tam of course) an' aldo we don' mak her go so good an' separation pretty quick, all de same I tink dey will be glad for giv' me Al reecomend.

Dere ain't no use for beat de bush an' ef you mean busness, my fren' why jus' drop me line for say so an' I meet you at station C. P. R. any dam tam what please. I'm de busness man myself an' put all de eard on de table,—dats me,

Whats,
Nap. Couture.

P.S. I sen' you my photographie by same express.

PPS. Ef you come 2nd classe, why, dat leave us more cash for de honey moons, hey?

Letter to Mrs. Wopple from Henry Wiffle.

Dear Mrs. Wopple: They say it can come but once in a life time and since adoring your picture for two whole weeks (while awaiting your address from the "Wedding Bells") I have come to the conclusion that I am in love! Yes, little lady, and I hope you will say the word that will make me happy for life.

I am a snappy young fellow with



Mr. Napoleon Couture

plenty of money and a fine position bull-cooking for Hemlocks, Ltd. It doesn't matter much to me whether or not you inherit the \$10,000, although of course it might come in handy. We could start a logging company of our own, and, with my experience and knowledge of the woods, we could probably put most of these timber barons on the tramp.

At present, most of my capital is tied up in different ventures in the City but I think I can raise the price of a fare, dearest one, if you will promise to meet me in Vancouver

immediately. I will await your reply with impatience. Bushels of love to you sweetness.

Henry Wiffle.

From one Dan McRorty to the same lady

Madame: it makes me happy to graze on yure likeness which appears in mi latest copie of wedding bells. now i aint one of them fresh guys which can rite lovely letters an say sweet nothings but if yure lookin for a A1 high-ball bounding sun of a gun why thats me so why go elsewhere. i been running camp up and down the coast here for the past ten years and never work for



Dan McRorty

no haywire outfit neither.

i was married once a few years ago but the gurl was a no acct cultus jain an first time i left town she up and run away with a shingle weev-ing ape from westminster. i aint never bothered with no divors but i figger she got one by this time and anyway if she aint, why i gess we

can fix it up ok somehow.

so if you want a good steady husband, lady, why jest drop me a few lines to that affeck and ile tell this bird in the ofiss to spill the ink and will meet you in vancouver soon as the cassiar can make the grade. hopping this finds you jake and logging on all eillinders,

Respectfully yrs,

Dan McBorty.

P.S. are you kidding about that \$10000. in the add. or is it the real goods.

* * *

To the same lady from Gust Guston.

Dar Missus Wopple: Ay see yur picture in Vedding Bells magazine an ay tank yu pretty dam gude looker. Ay yust ban Sveede man logger but got gude yob for fall and buck by thousand and average \$6.70 day even if dam bull buckler cheat like hall same as all bull buck do. Deres lots hemlock here but pretty soon get better show on gude

cedar near Yonson Inlet and den ve make her pay yu bet.

Ay tank to have gude stake by next month and if you still tank for marry, ay yust as soon try it myself. So let me know if yu want ticket to come Wancouver. Ay send my photo enclose.

Ay bane strong feller, yolly, and gude head faller. Ay chew snoos-ka sometime but not ven in City. Also drink little visky but not ven in bush. Yur frend,

Gust Guston.

* * *

And the following, it appears, is a copy of the **same** letter received by each of the aforementioned from the Mrs. Wopple in the case:

My Dearest Darling Man: How happy I am to receive your sweet letter and I hasten to reply at once—before you are lost to some other girl. (Men are **so** fickle, you know.)

I am a widow, 27 years of age and am considered pretty and a good

The Radio Hits Haywire Bay



dresser. Will inherit \$10,000 on the death of my Uncle Barney of Hull, Ont., and I expect the poor, dear man to be called at any time now. Like yourself, I believe in coming to the point at once and if you will kindly send on about \$200 for fare, etc., I will join you in Vancouver immediately. It would be much nicer to see each other and talk it over. don't you think? Believe me, my sweet man.

Totally yours,
Lavinia Wopple.

Two months later, the mail man left the following interesting communications at the "Wedding Bells" office:

Say: Jeem Chris wat you tink kind of business it is anyway. Leetle while 'go I send Mrs. Wopple, what advertize on your journal, cash for \$200, an' dat's lass hear of Mrs. Wopple or de cash. She's dam poor busness ef gentilman cant get first-classe wife for two hundred dollar. Please send cash or Mrs. Wopple by return mail, and oblige, your fren',
N. Couture.

Dear Sir or Madam: I have changed my mind about marrying your Mrs. Wopple. Business reverses have caused me to come to this decision. If you know where Mrs. Wopple can be located, will you please ask her to send on the \$175 to me, care Ground Lead Hotel, Vancouver. This is **urgent**.

Yours truly,

Henry Wiffie.

Well: what kind of a bum steer is this? you guys better tie a can to this here Wopple jain and send me the \$210 by return mail. if you dont ile have the whole gang of you prosekuted by the workmens compensashun bord. you better cum thru wile the goings good.

Signed,

Dan McBorty.

Dar Vedding Bell: Ay bane de poor Sveede feller what send \$180

to Mrs. Wopple. She dont come to meet me and yust now ay go bust on Powell Street. Aint go no gude



Mr. Gust Guston

show for fall by thousand and snooska all gone. Please send Mrs. Wopple, \$180 cash or 150 rolls copenhagen, and oblige,

Gust Guston.

The Loggers' Information Bureau

Conducted by ED.

SWEETIE—No, Sweetie, darned if I know why loggers call a Grass Line, "The Tin,"—unless (of course, that tin is used in the making of grass line.

ANXIOUS—If your husband told you to "roll 'em up" he didn't necessarily mean for you to roll up your blankets and go back to mother; what he probably referred to were your stockings.

I. M. BALMY—No, Balmy, you're wrong—bull cooks do not always throw the creature. Some logging operators are quite good Toreadors, however.

WILLIS—You want to know what sort of a complete logging outfit you may purchase for \$500. (Well, readers—altogether—let's tell Willis JUST what sort of a logging outfit he can buy with his five hundred!)

Skid Road Poetry

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR

By H. A. D'Arcy

Although not a poem of the woods, here is a famous old piece that is always requested when Bunk House reciters have the floor.

TWAS a balmy summer's evening,
and a goodly crowd was there
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar;
on the corner of the square;

And as songs and witty stories came
through the open door,

A vagabond crept slowly in and
posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some
one said. "The wind has blown
it in."

"What does it want?" another cried.
"Some whiskey, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, sic 'em, if your sto-
mach's equal to the work—

I wouldn't touch him with a fork,
he's filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took
with stocial good grace;

In fact, he smiles as tho' he thought
he'd struck the proper place.

"Come, boys, I know there's kindly
hearts among so good a crowd—

To be in such good company would
make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I
want—I'm out of funds, you know.

When I had cash to treat the gang
this hand was never slow.

What? You laugh as if you thought
this pocket never held a sou;

I once was fixed as well, my lads, as
any one of you.

"There, thanks, that's braced me
nicely; God bless you one and all;

Next time I pass this good saloon
I'll make another call.

Give you a song? I can't do that;

my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's
worn out, and my lungs are going
fast.

I'll tell you a funny story, and a
fact, I promise, too.

"Say! Give me another whisky, and
I tell you what I'll do—

That I was ever a decent man not
one of you would think;

But I was, some four or five years
back. Say, give me another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some
life into my frame—

Such little drinks to a bum like me
are miserably tame;

Five fingers—there that's the scheme
—and corking whisky, too.

Well, here's luck boys, and landlord,
my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly
and I'd like to tell you how

I came to be the dirty sot you see
before you now.

As I told you, once I was a man, with
muscle, frame and health,

And but for a blunder ought to have
made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that
daubed on bricks and wood,

But an artist, and, for my age, was
rated pretty good.

I worked hard at my canvas, and
was bidding fair to rise,

For gradually I saw the star of fame
before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've heard, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame,'

It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name,
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman, and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair!
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise,
Said she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnishd and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys; why, I never saw you smile.
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.
Why what's the matter, friend! There's a tear-drop in your eye.
Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whisky I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score—
You shall see the lovel Madeline upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

The Girl With The Blue Velvet Band

And here is another favorite oldtimer, well-known up and down the Coast. Judging from requests for re-publication, this poem runs a close second to "The Face on the Barroom Floor."

IN that city of wealth, beauty and fashion;
Dear old Frisco, where I first saw the light,

And the many frolics that I had there
Are still fresh in my memory tonight.

One evening while out for a ramble;
Here or there without thought or

design,

I chanced on a young girl, tall and slender,

At the corner of Kearney and Pine.

On her face was the first flush of nature,

And bright eyes seemed to expand;
While her hair fell in rich, brilliant masses,

Was entwined in a Blue Velvet Band.

To a house of gentle ruination,
She invited me with a sweet smile;
She seemed so refined, gay and
charming
That I thought I would tarry awhile.

She then shared with me a collection
Of wines of an excellent brand,
And conversed in politest language;
This girl with the Blue Velvet Band.

After lunch, to a well-kept apart-
ment,
We repaired to the third floor above;
And I thought myself truly in
Heaven,
Where reigneth the Goddess of Love.

Her lady's taste was resplendent,
From the graceful arrangement of
things;
From the pictures that stood on the
bureau,
To a little bronze Cupid with wings.

But what struck me most was an ob-
ject
Designed by an artistic hand;
'Twas the costly "lay-out" of a
hop-fiend,
And that fiend was my Blue Velvet
Band.

On a pile of soft robes and pillows,
She reclined, I declare, on the floor,
Then we both hit the pipe and I
slumbered,
I ponder it over and o'er.

'Tis months since the craven arm
grasped me,
And in bliss did my life glide away;
From opium to "dipping" and thiev-
ing,
She artfully led day by day.
One evening, coming home wet and
dreary,
With the swag from a jewelry store;
I heard the soft voice of my loved
one,

As I gently opened the door.

"If you'll give me a clue to convict
him,"
Said a stranger in tones soft and
bland,
"You'll then prove to me that you
love me."
"It's a go," said my Blue Velvet
Band.

Ah! How my heart filled with anger,
At woman, so fair, false and vile,
And to think that I once true adored
her;
Brought to my lips a contemptible
smile.

All ill-gotten gains we had squand-
ered,
And my life was hers to command;
Betrayed and deserted for another—
Could this be my Blue Velvet Band?

Just a few moments before I was
hunted
By the cops, who wounded me, too
And my temper was none the sweet-
est,
As I swung myself into their view.

And the copper, not liking the glit-
ter
Of the "44" Colt in my hand;
Hurriedly left through the window,
Leaving me with my Blue Velvet
Band.

What happened to me I will tell you;
I was "ditched" for a desperate
crime;
There was hell in a bank about mid-
night,
And my pal was shot down in his
prime.

As a convict of hard reputation,
Ten years of hard grind did I land,
And I often thought of the pleas-
ures
I had with my Blue Velvet Band.

One night as bed time was ringing,
I was standing close to the bars,
I fancied I heard a girl singing,
Far out in the ocean of stars.

Her voice had the same touch of
sadness

I knew that but one could command,
It had the same thrill of gladness
As that of my Blue Velvet Band.

Many months have passed since this
happened,

And the story belongs to the past;
I forgave her, but just retribution
Claimed this fair but false one at
last.

She slowly sank lower and lower,
Down through life's shifting sands,
'Till finally she died in a hop-joint,
This girl with the Blue Velvet Band.

If she had been true when I met her,
A bright future for us was in store,
For I was an able mechanic,
And honest and square to the core.

But as sages of old have contended,
What's decreed us mortals must
stand;

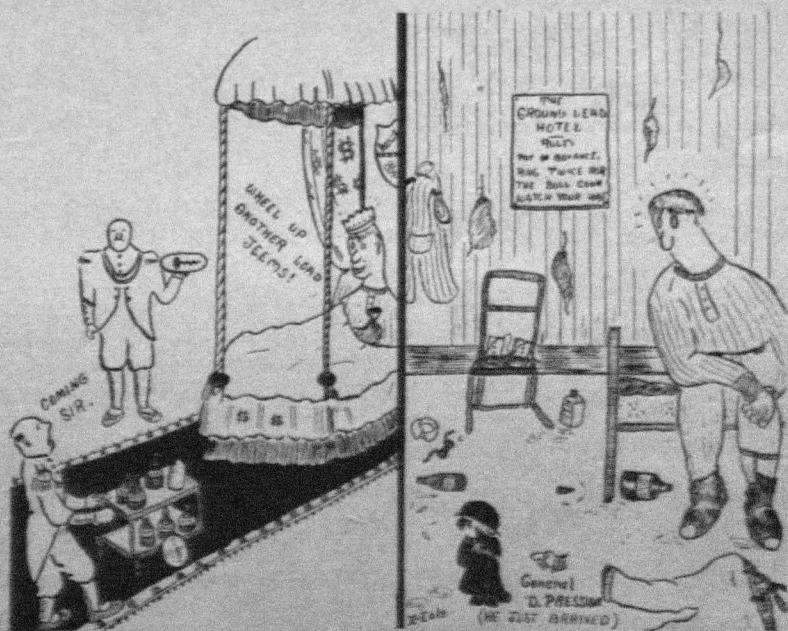
So a grave in the potter's field ended
My romance with the Blue Velvet
Band.

Now, when I get out I will hasten
Back to my home town again,
Where my chances are good for some
dollars,

All the way from a thousand to ten.

And if I'm in luck I'll endeavor
To live honest in some other land,
And bid farewell to dear old Frisco,
And the grave of my Blue Velvet
Band.

How The Old Waldorf Has Changed



The First Night in Town, and—the First MORNING

And Now He's Back In Piccadilly

EARLY last fall this brief item appeared in a Coast trade paper:

Mr. J. Wescott Jones, of Wimpleton-by-Moor, Blahwoop, Sussex, England, recently spent a few days in this City en route to Maggie Bay, where he will take personal charge of the big operations of the Maggie Bay Lumber Co., Ltd. Although he has never before been in Canada, Mr. Jones is a man of unusual capacity and has a thorough knowledge of logging in the Old Country. His father, the late Sir M. Onocle Jones, was a well known Old Country logger and also the chief stockholder in the Maggie Bay Company.

So much for that. But that isn't ALL the story—not on your jolly old life! After the departure (From Maggie Bay) of Mr. J. Wescott Jones, a diary—which evidently had been overlooked in the hurried packing—was found in his bunk-house and turned over to us by Mike Brennan, the genial bull-cook. Although only a few extracts, which have a direct bearing on the case, may be given here, we hope at a later date to publish them complete in a full volume, under title, "Tyee Timber."

Sept. 9th—Spent day in the City Office, talking matters over with Mr. Brown, the Superintendent. Although a bit of a bally duffer in a way, he seems a jolly good sort and insisted that he should accompany me on the jaunt north, Monday next. But I told him I had rather go it alone. One doesn't care to be encumbered with supers. when one wants to get the whole thing in a few days, does one? And I always have heard these overseers or supers. are a bit on the fruity old daze when it comes down to the actual logging. Old England expects every man to do his duty, you know, so I think I will go it alone, what?

Had the odd snort with Brown and some of the office operatives.

Sept. 10th—Sunday and not a bit like dear old London. However, managed to have the odd snort with some chappies at the Hotel.

Sept. 11th—Brown was almost indecent in his insistence to go to the camp with me. But I held firm. Told him it was entirely unnecessary. I really think the boulder has some doubt regarding my knowledge of cutting trees. How deucedly embarrassed he would feel if I told him that I had charge of felling two



Mr. Mike Brennan, the Genial Bull Cook

acres of jolly old Sherwood Forest for the pater, last year. But it wouldn't be decent to rub it in like that. Let him find out for himself. Got passage on the ship Cowichan. Odd sort of name. Funny thing, there isn't a bar on board. Happy thought when I tucked the odd bottle in my luggage.

Sept. 13th—We arrived at the Maggie Bay thing shortly after lunch. Quite a turn-out to meet us at the pier. I expected that surely the head-chopper would be there to meet me and I enquired for him. "What you mean, head-chopper?" said one of the Johnnies on the pier.

Then I told him a bit sharply that I was the new general manager and wished to see the person in charge.

"Oh, you mean the 'push'," said this Johnnie, "he's up to No. 2." Which struck me as rather odd. However, I was taken to the upper barracks on a steam-train, which apparently is used for carrying the logs to the sea.

The Upper Barracks—or No. 2, as the pier Johnnie called it—is a rum sort of place; a bit of the real old woods thing, I take it. Rough board houses with no wall-paper, and packing boxes seem to be the only furniture. I must look into this matter.

The head-chopper (or push, as they call him here) finally put in an appearance and I gave him one of my new cards, "J. WESCOTT JONES, GEN. MANAGER, The Maggie Bay Timber Co., Ltd." (I think them rather precious.) The head-chopper's name is Pete something-or-other and a very odd sort of cove—beastly unmannerly. He muttered something and then said to follow him. This was the nearest approach to the jolly old reception thing I received. I am quartered with him in what is termed the Rooster House (juicy name that—rooster house). We had the odd snort just before dinner, which made things look a bit more on the topping.

Sept. 14th—A very full day. Have been looking over the place and really find it a different proposition than I had first expected. Not a bit the way we do things in England. Beastly lot of engines, cables, old iron and such; get a fellow all mixed up, you know. However, I have the situation well in hand and have jotted down a few new ideas I mean to put into practice tomorrow—to increase the efficiency and all that sort of thing. Had the odd snort just before dinner.

Sept. 15th—What an odd lot these logging jokers are! Today, I meant

to introduce those new ideas I had in the old bean, but the whole thing was a washout; not ready for the new idea here, I take it. To begin with, I had noticed that the felling and bucking persons were prone to carry their bottles of liquor with them—even when they went into the forest to work (for some reason, they have odd little hooks tied to the bottles). Now, I believe in a chappie having his liquor; in fact, I insist on it, but this carrying the odd bottle to work! why, it isn't done, that's all!



"I say, old chap, don't you think we would get in more logs if that chappie over there would cease blowing that infernal whistle?"

So I spoke to the filing person about it and he laughed most indecently. Said the bottles contained oil! But he was trying to spoof me, for I quite distinctly saw the labels. I shall write Brown a letter about this. I don't object to the odd snort or so, just before dinner, but to make a beastly pub out of the bally old forest isn't the thing at all.

During the afternoon I watched the logs being pulled to the central tree—yarding, I think they call it. There was one logging chappie who is a beastly nuisance. Every time a log got a good kick-off, and just when it was sailing along rippingly,

he would blow the electric whistle and hold up the whole game, as it were. Finally, I could stand it no longer so I called Peter, the head-chopper or "push." "Don't you think, old chap," I said in an engaging manner, "Don't you think we would get in more logs if that chappie over there would cease blowing that infernal whistle?" I thought I made myself clear enough on the point but Peter looked dazed a moment and then broke into a horrible stretch of profanity—proved himself a regular bounder, in fact. So I left him and went in to the barracks.

Peter seemed very gloomy tonight—probably worried over his rotten show of temper. But I harbor no ill feeling and said, "Cheerio, Peter, old thing, you'll learn this logging game yet." But he continued gloomy so I let the matter drop.

Sept. 16th—Odd thing happened this morning. I arose at the usual hour, washed and went to the mess-hall. Absolutely deserted—except for the waiter chappie. "What ho," I remarked, "Where's the jolly old crowd?" "They took last night's boat for Town," said he, "that is, all except me and the bull-cook. The push told us to stay and take care of you." Rather thick, what? Think I will get a passage on today's ship myself. The juicy old logging seems to be over for the present. Odd coves, these logging johnnies. Had the odd snort just before dinner.

Later—Caught the ship about midnight. Left the bull-cook chappie in charge of the barracks.

Unfortunately, the diary entries cease at this point and we much regret we are unable to give our readers any further information on the subject except a small item which appears in the "Times" under the date of October 15th:

"Mr. J. Westcott Jones, eldest son of the late Sir M. Onocle Jones,

has just returned from a two months' sojourn in the deep forests of British Columbia, where he has been attending to his large timber operations in that province. Mr. Jones, when seen last night at the Savoy, among other things stated his approval of the Dominion Settlement project but warns all intending emigrants to be prepared for "roughing it" if they wish to be successful. "It's exceedingly hard work," said Mr. Jones, "but I did it, and 'made good,' as the Canadians say. Others have the same chance."

Joe Larue Buys a Typewriter on the Installment Plan

Dear S¹/₄r, Monsieur, i write for say, i got de neww mach\$ne, (for writ% de bisne!¹/₄ss letter an' my frends backkk near Lachin¹/₄.) an' nOw i wr³/₄te you recomfnd for printt on cat/alogg an' mak de fine bisn\$esssss for you, dat's what you call — hOt do¹/₄ggg. De premier tam i tryy FOr wr³@te, she don' go so weIll I don' knoww how t2 play de tUnE an' forget for watchh de beIlll. But now i practizz\$@ all de night, an' put de speedd oN her, an SACRE bleu ! i go so fass' all same stenog%7/pher.

I use heem now about tr3e weekk since i install de \$% pay, An' she's de bess go³/₄dam machi6ne dat's make on u s a . an' ME, i pay de c\$sh install 'til 19—32, An' den i'll own dis fine m¹/₄hine, dat's me, whats,

JoE Larue%.

"Whoooooooooooooooooooo," the jerk-wire had caught and the yarder's whistle continued to emit a ghastly wail. "That's the stuff, punk," said Curly, the hooker, "send 'em in a good long one and let 'em eut it up to suit themselves."

High Ball Ballads

THE SWEDE AT THE POTLATCH FAIR

(By Hols)

Whether or not you attended the Potlatch Fair in Vancouver last summer, you will undoubtedly be interested in what happened to Nels — and take it from him—she was a yolly occasion!

AY bane Sveedish fall and buckler,
Vork in woods 'bout one yar,
Ay come down to see Wancouver,
Yust to look on the Potlatch Fair.

We tak drink of Yakey Yinger,
And begin to dance and sing,
And ay say to all Sveede logger,
Ay skal pay for the whole damn ting.

Buy me bottle at Campbell River;
Yump on boat 'bout half pas' six,
Dere I meets lots Sveedish logger,
Say go down for get teeth fix.

Ay send out for yin and wiskey,
Then Ay yump on chair and say,
"Drink and every one be yolly,
Thats the style for make her pay."

When we come to wharf Vancouver,
Ay go look for place to eat,
No one go for see the dentist,
All come down on Powell Street.

Riding up in nice blue vagon,
To the City Yudge for see,
He say Nels pay fifty dollar,
Cause you bane on awful spree.

Ay valk round to see the City,
Stop in "High Lead" yust for hell,
Dere ay see one nice, big, fat girl,
She slap my back say, "Good dog Nels."

Ay pay Yudge his fifty dollar,
That ay earn for fall and buck,
Take all money in my pocket—
Poor Sveede logger; no gude luck.

Ay turn round and feel so funny,
Never seen this girl ay tink,
Ay bane foxy, say "Hello Tillie,
Won't you come and have a drink?"

Walk me back to look on Skid Road,
Hire at Labor Office dere,
Yump on "Cow" for Thurlow Island
Got to hal with the Potlatch Fair.

A Coming Railroad Man

"Augh, — waukh, — gr-r-r!"

It was the baby and he had been making similar remarks for the past hour. Mr. Smith's hair stood on end.

"Goo, — ablub, — womblud fibssr-r-r!" remarked the baby lustily, while the people across the street arose from their beds and pulled down windows with a bang.

Mr. Smith ground his teeth, "To think," he murmured wearily, "that I should have lived to become the father of a train-announcer."

Free Fare, Too

He was a notoriously useless "logger" and had failed to hold any job to which he had been shipped. But he showed up at the labor office once more.

"Say," he asked one of the clerks, "will you ship me to Myrtle Point on that loading job?"

"No," said the clerk, shortly. So he applied to another clerk in the office and demanded, "Can I go to Cowichan on that choking job?"

"No you can't," replied the clerk.

"Well, WHERE CAN I GO FROM HERE?" bellowed the "logger." And then, in one voice, they told him JUST where he could go.

How to Become a Logger

(Editor's Note—Although practically all of this high class publication is given over to jesting, ribald roistering and ordinary plain bunk, we feel that at least a few lines should be instructive as well as entertaining. Therefore, and at great expense, we have secured the sole rights to that great work "How to Become one Hell of a Logger," by B. S. Champion. A few of the most pertinent paragraphs are given herewith).

I, as you know, have logged this country from Coast to Coast. I have swamped the brush at Trois Rivières, yarded wheat at Brandon and worked on the side-line grade at Green Point.

Speaking of Green Point always reminds me of the time I was Straw-Line push at Camp 23.

I was holding the bull-block in my hand when a string of flats came running down the tree-jack. Pain-killer Pete was braking and he failed to see the bull cook's signal. With a horrible crash the main-line hit the high-ball and the punk blew "Annie Laurie."

Every time I hear a punk blow "Annie Laurie" on the chimes my thoughts revert to the old days when I was logging pea vines near Levis, P. Q. This type of logging is probably the most difficult known to man. The yarding system which was first introduced by the late defunct Louis 14th, has been superseded by the "Alouette" type of Jean Baptiste Trudeau. If good singers were plenty, the thing wouldn't be so bad, but it takes a real John Henry to sit in the middle of a clearing, warble "Alouette" and make the pea-vines come romping in over the corduroy road.

Which reminds me that corduroy roads were invented by Roy U. Cord (the same old bird who first made the pants that bear his name).

But I wander. What I meant to say was, that if you simply **must** be a logger, why, make up your mind to start at the bottom. Apply for a job as camp push and gradually work your way upward to wood-splitter. Then, cut off one foot and go on the W. C. B. for the winter.

Business Chances

FINE Extract factory. Lemon and other flavors. Sell reasonable. Take a sniff at this.—Box 111, ANNUAL.

BIG MONEY peddling our new welding compound for tin pants. No blacksmith should be without a bottle.—Bill Boyd, Box 222.

RAISE SKUNKS by our new method. This is a strong proposition—Skunk Farms, Ltd.

STOCK—Take on a few shares of our Snoos Mines, Ltd. Ore assays 2 ozs. snoos to the ton. Scandinavian market assured. Salt Petre & Co., Ltd.

SPREADERS—Farmers, if you are looking for a high class machine that will throw the bunk forty rod through the alders, why, order our new 12½x14 **SIMPLEX SPREADER**. She's a darby! There's no bull-buck about this. Spreaders Inc.

LEARN to be a Bull Cook by mail. Thousands wanted. Apply Box 333, ANNUAL.

GOOD BOOTLEG JOINT—Must get out. Reason for selling, hate to charge 35c for the small glasses. Address unknown.

The Round Trip



(This great moving picture especially posed for us by Jack the Zipper, the well known short-stake champeen.)

OUR SOCIETY COLUMN

Conducted by Tillie

MR. FRED M. GUILD, the well-known haywire logger, was in Town last week on his bi-annual drunk. Mr. Guild states he is pleased to note the finer grade of paper used in printing the 1923 permits but regrets that the price is set at \$2.00.

"Too high," said Mr. Guild in an interview. "I have joined several **all-night** clubs at 10c per join, and I fail to see why I should pay \$2.00 to get into a joint that closes at 5:00 p.m."

* * *

Maynard Ivison, the notorious timber broker of Minneapolis, has been in the city recently lining up a few suckers to assist him in putting Hemlocks, Limited, on deck again. Mr. Ivison alleges that if this great concern can be kept above water, the present lamentable shortage of No. 5 Hemlock (clear) will immediately disappear.

* * *

Pauline Huntington—star in "An Honest Woiking Gail"—and a favorite from Coast to Coast, is now in Vancouver preparing scenario and looking up "locations." Polly is also hiring a bunch of real fallers and buckers for her forthcoming picture, "**WATCH THAT RULE, SCALER!**" which is to be filmed in this vicinity very soon.

We were fortunate enough to have a short chat with her and gladly pass along her idea of what a logging film should be. It would appear that Polly knows far more about the

jungles than these Hollywood birds who have oft offended our eyes with the sight of "fallers" pounding away at a tree with a broad axe and buck-saw; here is what she says:

"Tin pants and snuff don't make a logger. What I want is some real stiffis who can make the maccaroni fly;—birds who can pound her on the back and keep the bull-buck dodging 8 hours per day."

After meeting the fascinating Polly at the Employment Agency, the Peterson boys and Hen Henson hired on at .40c per m.

* * *

Chief Gubbergoo of the Gumbo Isle and his entire troop of entertainers (including Murphy, the Great Dane) are still on the Northern Circuit. The Chief reports a fine season, especially in the Topaz Bay district.

* * *

M'lle Fifi Hunk, the popular lady barber has gone South for the Winter.

* * *

That every-popular Bull Cook, Mike Brennan, gave an Hibernian party in his current quarters last week. It proved to be the quietest party Mike has had in years. Only the bureau, telephone, and two chairs were smashed.

Chief Anderson could not attend but late in the evening sent a few delegates.

A fine time (and costs) was had by all.

No, This is a Different One

There was a young lady from Wheeling,

Who had a most terrible feeling,

The nurse rubbed her back,

With a rough gunny sack,

And tossed her clear up to the ceiling.

He Missed a Lot

1st Old Timer—That religious old Smith has had a disappointing life."

2nd Old Timer—How come?

1st O. T.—He prayed not to be led into temptations and his prayer was answered.

“---And Board”

I KNOW there have been a lot of funny things happen to we birds who follow the woods, but can you beat the enclosed, re a friend of ours by name of Chris Christon.

Two years ago, Chris had a fine yumping and yacking hand-log show near Cultus Sound. He cleaned up \$4,000 in about four months time and banked most of it before he came down to see the Dentist.

Chris tells us that after a somewhat hectic week in the City, he awakened one morning and found that he was BROKE. This, of course, did not surprise Chris. It was later in the day when he got the jolt.

Sick, dejected and restless, he was walking down Powell Street and—like many of us—started going through his pockets again to make sure he had not overlooked a stray two-bits. Imagine his surprise, then, when he felt something in a coat pocket. It was a bank book. Opening the same he discovered that the figures stated Chris Christon had \$3,893.00 in said bank! Yiminey!

Chris burned up the trail to the bank and presented the book. “Ay vant \$3,893.00 please,” he told the cashier.

(Business of consulting books.)

“But, Mr. Christon,” said the cashier, “your account shows only \$32.25 to your credit. You have apparently checked out the remainder during the past week.”

“Vell, I’ll be damed,” said Chris, as he walked out.

Shortly after, pangs of hunger became too great. He entered a mulligan-joint and asked the proprietor if his face was “good” for a meal.

“But **what** have you done with all those meal tickets?” enquired the prop.

“Meal tickets?” said Chris.

“Sure,” said the prop. “Your were in here the other night and had supper. You said you wanted

some meal tickets and I asked how many—and you bought a batch.”

“How many Ay buy?” asked Chris.

“\$150.00 worth,” said the prop.

“Yiminey,” said Chris, as he located several hundred of the tickets in a pocket.

After eating, Chris proceeded to his rooming house. He figured he could pay the Old Lady thereof with meal tickets.



Mr. Christon on work on his good hand-logging show.

“How much bane my bill?” he asked her.

“How much is your bill?” she exclaimed. “Why, night before last you paid your room rent in advance to August, 1923!”

“Yiminey!” said Chris.

But later, we met Chris on the Union Wharf, all ready to take the “Cow.” North.

“What’s the matter, Chirs?” we asked. “Thought you were booked up here for another seven months.”

“Vell,” he answered: “in a vay I vas: board and room bane paid, but got no money to live on. Ay tank Ay yump on “Cow.” for good show at Yonsen Bay.”

Free Circulating Library

A philanthropist, who asks us that his name be withheld, has kindly donated 10,000 shares of Wild Cat Oil and 5,000,000 roubles to a Loggers' Library Fund. This fund is to be used for the purchase of educational and uplifting books only. We are pleased to announce that the following standard works are now on the shelves:

The List

"Boilers and Sizzlers I have Known," by An Old Logger.

"Favorite Expressions." (expurgated) by Anon.

"Forest Fires I Have Put Out," by R. A. N. Ger.

"Under Two Rags," by I. M. Broke.

"The Four Tongmen of the Timbersticks," by Tobasco y Bunez.

"Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Water Gauge," by Donkey Puncher.

"Snappy Stories," by Lady Barbour.

"Wild Animals I Have Known," by A. Bun, Esq.

"The Three Boozketeers, or 278 Thimbles to the Quart," by One of Them.

"An Outline of Mystery," by Peachie.

"Three Weeks," by Short Staker.

"Three Months, by Yudge.

Not Steady Enough

Hired Man—I'm going to leave. You promised me a steady job.

Rancher—Well, haven't you got one?

Hired Man—No, there are three or four hours every night when I don't do anything except fool away my time sleeping.

Business Poor

"Yes, the tightest jack I ever see is that same hook-tender," remarked a skid-road habitue.

"How come?"

"Well, just the other day he told me he had lost some money through investments, and come to find out, he'd tried one of them dancing-gal slot machines over in the shootin' gallery and the thing was out of order."

Hard A Port, Sir!

"Murphy," the well known gas goat man of the Greene Point district, was toting a wire rope salesman from Tucker Bay to Hellboro Channel. "Mr. Murphy," said the salesman anxiously, "I hear there lots of shoals in this passage."

"I know every shoal north of Vancouver," assured Mr. Murphy. Just then the craft hit a rocky bottom and rared sharply to the right.

"There's one of 'em, now" he said, never lessening the speed of the boat.

Fine Joke

Nels: "Ay thought yu said if ay bane sociable to the yudge, ay would get off?"

Lars: "Vere yu?"

Nels: Yah. Ay say 'Good morn-ing, Yudge, how are yu to-day?' Yudge, he say: 'Fine—fifty dollar.'

Big Time At Whishkish River

New Year's Ball Proves Gala Affair—Injured All Doing Well

KEEPING to their laudable custom of having a masquerade and shake-down on New Year's Eve, the residents of Whishkish River fairly outdid themselves this season. The riot was held at the boom-camp (which for this event meant the camps, yard and booming grounds). All the belles of the River district were present, as well as many debts and dubs from over the Mountain.

The opening gun was fired early Sunday evening when Mike McCarty knocked the cover off a package of mail-order goods from Beatty Street—and the big peerade was on.

The dansant part of the affair took place in what was allegedly once a cook house, but today only a few rafters and the stove remain.

Pete Lemire was the orchestra until 12:45 a.m., at which time he was snowed under—Gust. Guston playing the last five innings.

The costumes of the dancers were brilliant, beautiful and in some cases historical. An eye-witness, who arrived late in the evening, gives us the following interesting account:

"I tied up at the wharf about midnight and started down the pier toward the camp lights, when my attention was attracted to a bizarre looking figure on top of one of the gin-poles.

"I'm Count Monte Cristo," it cried hoarsely, "An' I own whol' worl'! Whee!"

"I left the Count where he was but had not gone far when I almost ran into a party who looked like the Devil (that is, costume-ly speaking).

"'Help save John Baptis,' he said, pointing down to the chuck. 'John Baptis' fell off pier. Help save John.' And sure enough, there was a man struggling in the water. But before I could move, my friend

The Devil picked up a boom chain and crying again 'Save John Baptis,' he dropped the chain in John's direction. Fortunately, he missed John and in a few minutes I hauled him onto the pier. He was dressed very simply—the costume being some burlap tied around his neck and reaching to his feet. I gathered in conversation that the two had been put out of the dance hall because their costumes did not please the crowd.

"The 'ball-room' was a sight worth seeing. Gust Guston was going strong on his harp and an 8



"One of the BLOODS from Whishkish River."

hand reel was under way. Armand Ledoux was calling changes.

"'Balance de partner an' eight hand round.'

"The costumes of the ladies covered everything in style from Susan B. Anthony to Pola Negri. The men were mostly dressed as loggers, although there were two Napoleons and a dozen or so minor celebrities.

"During the 8 hand reel, an old codger, who had been sitting on the sink, suddenly let out a whoop and jumped into the middle of the floor.

"'I've jest turned 85,' he cried, 'an I'm going to be Queen of the May. Wow!'

"'Who said that wa'n't good liker?' asked one of the Napoleons.

"It took three men to lead the old fellow off the floor and then the dance continued. I went outside the ball-room and found four other old codgers playing leap frog up and down the track. This was good and I sat down on a stump to watch.

"Suddenly there was a terrible yell from the ball-room and with a crash of glass the figure of one of the Napoleons came sailing through the window.

"Inside the shack pandemonium broke loose. Doors, windows and lights were smashed as the crowd made for the open air. This was the end of the ball and everyone spoke highly of the finale, although some of those difficult to please, thought it came a little early in the morning.

"As near as I could learn, the trouble was started by one of the Josephines who objected when someone trod lightly (with 00 size calks)

on her dainty feet. This faux-pas of hers led to the riot, for at Whishkish River no lady would deign to



"The Belle of the Ball"

bother her head about such trifles.

"The injured were later taken to the Hospital at Bock Bay, while the party continued on the pier until daylight. Everyone is looking forward to next year's ball."

NEW YEAR'S BALL

JANUARY 1st, 1924

AT

Whishkish River

Good Floor — Elegant Music

Everyone Come and Bring a Case

First Aid Men in Attendance