

(Pigeons as Messengers).

From Private F. B. Robertson,
(Forest Assistant, Head Office):

France, December 20.

"The last time the battalion was out I took an interesting pigeon course in connection with signalling. The birds have done great work here in the carrying of messages. I tried to consider how pigeons would work to carry messages from rangers in northern districts to headquarters or wherever the loft was established. The great difficulty is that birds will not "home" properly after being away from the loft more than a couple of days; also, as they would be carried in a small basket, they would become wing bound."

Lieut. W. J. Maclaren (Chief Fire Ranger, Winnipeg):

December 14.

"As you probably know, all the Canadian Forestry battalions have been amalgamated into the Corps known as the "Canadian Forestry Corps," and I am at present attached to the Corps Headquarters in France where we are just commencing operations which will necessitate a large number of both bush and mill men."

On The Eastern Desert.

Captain E. W. Conant, (Forest Ranger, Nicola Reserve, B.C.):

Cairo, Egypt, December 15.

"I am now on the Eastern desert facing the Turks instead of on the Western side against the Senussi as we were all the summer. Also my job is rather altered as I am a Captain on the Staff. I have been on the General Staff for a while and am now attached to the Headquarters of a mounted yeomanry Brigade, but I leave them in a few days to go as Brigade Major to some other brigade but which one I don't know yet. The Western desert wasn't a patch on this one for sand. The surface of the former was decently hard and one could use horses and even Ford cars, but here you are about ankle deep all the time and horses cannot go out of a walk; it is all up and down, steep sand dunes, but in nearly every hollow there are date palms and a well of more or less brackish

water, fit for animals and native Bedouin but not for white troops, and all our water is brought in pipes from the Suez Canal; and only a gallon a day is allowed per man, for all purposes, so washing goes a bit short. I am very tired of the desert and would give a good deal to be in the woods again. If I come out of the war alive it will take a 17 inch shell to get me out of British Columbia any more."

Adventures In The Air.

Lieut. W. L. Scandrett, (Forest Supervisor, B.C. Reserves):

France, Nov. 29, 1916.

"I still consider that the honour belongs to the Infantry, not so much because of the danger they must undergo as because of the hardship and discomfort they are called upon to endure. As far as safety is concerned it is a toss-up, I think, because while the infantry only go "over the top" once in a very long while we have to go "over" every time we fly. When I was a new pilot I was only sent up on the defensive jobs which are carried out above or behind our own lines, but now that I am supposed to have developed more or less knowledge of the lines and the habits and customs of the wily Hun I rarely go on a defensive assignment but find myself cruising about well on the other side of the lines, taking photographs or making a reconnaissance.

In July and even more so in August we had things pretty well our own way in the air and the Hun machines did not bother us much. Since then however they have been concentrating here until they are as numerous or more so than we. The result is that we never attempt an offensive job without a swarm of them coming after us.

Not long ago I was sent out with a beautiful new machine to take photographs beyond Bapaume, I had with me as escort three more like myself and ten smaller, fast machines. While well over in the enemy country my escort for some unknown reason cleared out and left me alone. I had been watching seven Hun machines ahead of me and was surprised