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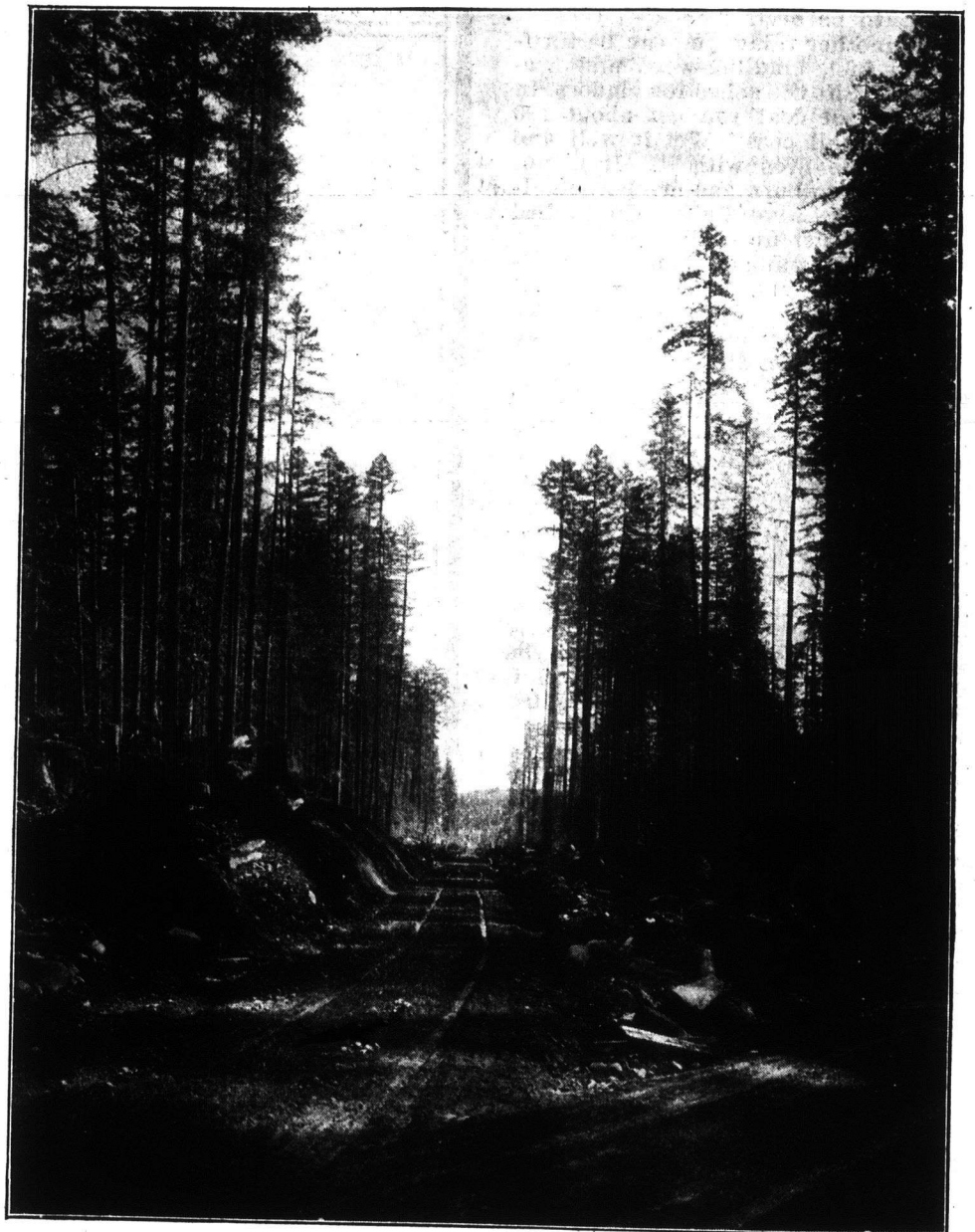
The Tallest Vegetable in Canada

By Bonnycastle Dale

WE were far back in Vancouver Island—just a mile from the sea—and yet, for all the sky or scenery or sign of man's handiwork we could see we might as well have been in a cave—truly we were in a cave, but one built of gigantic trees that covered us in on all sides. "Look where the deer slept last night," called Fritz, pointing to a comfy looking depression beneath a hemlock tree—just then a rare call, between a screech and a whistle reached our ears, we looked above in vain for the Baldhead that uttered it, the canopy of boughs far above us formed a perfect green tent over the entire scene so that if that huge bird of prey slept in the top of that mighty Douglass fir last night it could not, even with its powerful powers of vision, have

towards the doomed forest. First to arrive was a small auto with a fat man in it. He looked quite hard at the imposing native growth, trotted up and down the deer paths, almost dislocated his neck trying to see how long and how clear a stick of our old favorites would make—but he left without breaking off even a branch, but he was more dangerous than many donkey engines—he was, as Fritz said, "The Whole Push."

The next day jolly surveyors with immature barber poles and glittering steel tapes and shining instruments were plunging into bog holes and falling over logs and climbing precipices, but all the time the blaze and the peg showed just where the axe would fall—right at the



A New Road Through the Douglass Firs, B.C.

seen the timid deer that dozed beneath.

As far as the eye could reach along the valley, and for a hundred miles beyond, this magnificent forest stretched—from the backbone of Vancouver Island right down to the highest tide line of the sea, on all the continent I knew of none that excelled it, and rarely one that equalled it. Imagine the monarch that surrounded the lad and I—trees a thousand years old and often over 250 feet high, with enough board measure in one of them to build a ten room house, barns, fences and outbuildings. Now compare these forest giants with us puny mortals and tell me if they had been able to read the telegram in my hand would they have believed it?—"A road 200 feet wide for power wire, 50 miles long will be cut at once."

"Goodbye to our deer stalking, our panther chases, our wolf hunts, no more creeping along with our bright-eyed cameras. Mr. Trees you are going to be cut up over this," half laughed, half sighed the lad. I was dumfounded, here was a run of logging operations on an immense scale changing the forest primeval into a tangle of fallen trees and charred stumps and climbing berry plants.

As Fritz is always athirst after knowledge we daily watched the movements

edge of a clattering mountain stream it fell, of all trees the first one we had lunched under daily for years was the victim. We watched the two men advance with axe and saw and oil bottle, I took out my watch as the "knotch" was chopped on either side for the standing boards—for remember these B.C. trees are so huge near the roots, so gnarled, so filled with rich fats of their centuries of absorption that first cut is made from 6 to 10 feet from the ground, this leaves the country full of great unsightly stumps—it is a sight for the gods when this land is finally sold off into building lots of 25 x 100—it only takes about four six foot stumps to cover up and shut off the entire front of a man's lot, and when you blast these huge rooted things out you are apt to take a good part of the next man's lot with you. Well! we were watching the two brawny axemen, the boards were placed in the footholes, the axes cut out the felling notch, the saw was oiled and started and in 45 minutes hard work—from the time the first axe blade cut into the wood the mighty fire, it was standing when Columbus discovered America—before Cook, or Vancouver sailed the Pacific, long before our present English language was spoken before Elizabeth of high ruffles sat on the throne, its evergreen spire