

in politics doesn't mean the same thing in all parts of the country. New fangled methods do not attract us. We don't even grow the dwarf variety of garden peas that requires no support. We still prefer the old-fashioned tall climber, and we don't use chicken wire or twine to support the vines. We still use birch brush as our fathers and grandfathers did before us.

The very fact that in our vicinity we have thousands of acres of pea-brush where once was pine forest is the result of our inability to change our ideas to conform to changed economic conditions. We have known for thirty years or more, that the supply of pine in the province was decreasing too rapidly for safety, owing to the enormous destruction by forest fires. We have known for about the same length of time that a white pine forest could not re-establish itself if the land was burned over periodically, because each fire kills the old seed-trees, the seedlings and other young trees already started, until finally none is left. We have known these things for a generation, yet we have been too conservative to apply our knowledge. This is quite apparent from the fact that the greater portion of the forest land in our valley has been burned three times in the past thirty years.

Pine Trees vs. Pea Brush

As in some other cases that might be mentioned, our conservatism is unprofitable in the long run. How much better off we would be if our hillsides were clad with pine trees instead of pea-brush. Then we would not have had so many abandoned sawmills, of which a dozen could be enumerated in our little valley. If these sawmills could have stayed with us, each with its little community of working people, the farmers would have had a local market for their produce. Then we might not have had so many abandoned and semi-abandoned farms, of which one can count a score in a day's walk in almost any township in our valley. Just now there is one bright spot in their extreme desolation — the briar roses in bloom around the crumbling foundations of the houses. They were placed there by the tired hands of over-worked farm women and it may be they have persisted all these years in the hope that the households would be re-established; perhaps, as an expression of faith in the coming of a

day when farm, forest and freight rates shall be managed on the basis of the permanent upbuilding of the community.

If our sawmills and our farms could have stayed with us, our young men would have found profitable employment at home. Then, doubtless, so many of them would not have flocked to the cities or emigrated to the States. When pine forests are converted into brush lands by repeated forest fires a long series of economic events is initiated and most of them eventually work out disastrously to the community.

Millions of Acres Laid Bare

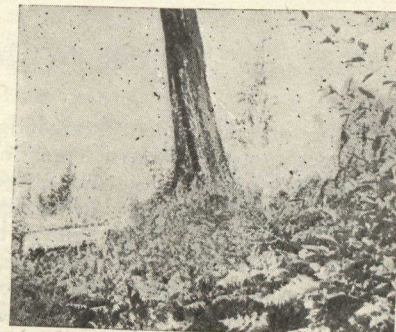
My little valley is not peculiar or exceptional in its policy of exchanging pine trees for pea-brush. There are close to a million acres in the Maritime Provinces on which the possibility of natural regeneration of the original pine forests has been destroyed by repeated burning. The areas are now covered with an inferior growth of birch, poplar and soft maple. Quebec is reported to have about two-thirds million acres

A Fallen Tree That Rose Again

IT IS SELDOM that the editor of the "*Forestry Magazine*" comes across such an odd circumstance as surrounds the tree shown in the above snapshot. Mr. Frederick W. Godsall, of Victoria, B.C., who kindly sent the picture, gives the following details:

"You have requested photos of trees with some 'unique feature'. I think the one I send you 'takes the cake'. If you came along one day and saw an old tree trunk that you had seen lying in the forest for many years (and had probably been lying there before you were born), standing straight up again, you would rub your eyes. In fact the occurrence runs contrary altogether to the bible saying in Ecclesiasties. "In the place where the tree falleth there it shall lie."

"My brother often passed this tree near Bellingham, Washington, and I saw it once, lying on the ground. Coming by one day he saw it erect as in the photo. In fact it had slightly passed the per-



pendicular and was leaning in the opposite direction.

"What had happened?

"A big tree had grown out of the root. One day it was blown down in a gale and, in falling, it raised the old dead log and held it there. Thus do impossible things happen."

The Canadian Forestry Magazine heartily invites its readers to send in pictures of odd natural occurrences associated with tree life.

of brush lands, where once pine and other valuable trees grew. Ontario has a million acres or more of brush land once covered with luxuriant pine forest; once yielding many billion feet of pine lumber of superior quality; once supporting many thriving communities now completely deserted or merely existing in that state of industrial stagnation popularly designated as "dead" because successive fires have destroyed both the merchantable timber and the young growing stock on which future supplies depend.

Through repeated burnings the conversion of wealth-producing forest into worthless brushland goes on every summer at a rate we simply cannot endure if we would maintain our sawmills and our pulp and paper mills and the prosperous communities which they create. The great majority of forest fires result from human carelessness and are therefore preventable. It is the duty of every citizen, whether he goes into the forest or not, to aid in the work of prevention in order to stop the vicious exchange of money, earning forest for idle brushland.