

THE TIMBER SURVEY

Where the trail ends up in a muskeg swamp,
And the windfalls scatter the ground;
The canoe route's only a line on the map,
And the meander can't be found.
Where mosquitoes are thicker than hair on a dog,
And the wolves at the moon do bay;
Where the grub is strong, and the miles are long,
Why that's the Timber Survey.

Where types don't fit and lines don't jibe,
And corners are posted wrong,
Where the moose doth browse, and the rain it falls
While the birds carol out in song.
Where a hundred dollars by some are given
Without a pang at pay;
We're doing the scenes without any cost
On the N.I.R.A Timber Survey.

Where you tote your chuck and you pay your bills,
If your check ever clears the mail;
Where the canoe upsets when the wind is strong,
Midst sundry various wails.
Where the J.F.'s measure the spruce and pine
As they rattle off the chains,,
And the compassman follows the strips always,
In the Superior Timber Survey.

Where the maps are nice and the lakes look fine,
And you draw in pencil red;
The route you can follow with Shell Lake canoes
Each night 'fore you go to bed.
But the map proves wrong and the Beaver creeks
Won't flow at a piece of bark,
So you try again the camp to make
Before it gets too dark.

Where acquisition work has been done,
And the maps are finished jake,
But it calls for 3c type you see,
And you find a twenty-five acre lake.
Where government doesn't furnish the chuck,
But you got to tote it and pay;
Where the crews move North in endless search,
On the Thirty-Four Timber Survey.

Where reports must be on the Ranger's desk
On the morn of the first of the month,
While your camps stretch North on a long, long, trail,
And you duties you cannot shunt.
Where only will and the good stout heart
You knew in the years away;
When you slugged the trail in muddy France,
On the A.E.F. Survey.

We're finding the corners and posting them right
So the man who follows behind
Won't discover too late, that the poster is wrong,
And cuss as his teeth he grinds.
And the gang can laugh and their hearts are strong,
And the acres fall by the way;
For we're pushing North like never before,
On this frenzied Timber Survey.

Where the candle burns white, the moon hangs low,
But computing goes on ahead;
The blankets' wet, and the rocks are hard,
And it's better than going to bed.
Where the work moves on,
and the checks are O.K.,
And the morale is happy and gay;
We're doing the work, and that's what counts,
On the N.I.R.A. Timber Survey.

Author Unknown