

S CORNER

MENTAL POEM

a davenport stands,
sitting there

ther.
the parlor a cradle

weeping and wring-

ands,
her.

—A. Phorester.

ER'S LAMENT

THE

was a rake —

then hit the bottle;

ays on the slate,

down his throttle;

ed night and day,

was Villon's war-

across the way,

was not a far cry;

er had a cent,

his board and lodg-

paid his rent,

the highway dodg-

h across the slope,

t game to blow it;

rom all this dope,

a poet.

—A. Phorester.

on the green

h boat I seen

on Burns was the

y in the same posi-

...

uce gum melted in

on grease will make

a crack or hole in

you have nothing

u. The gum alone

hen it hardens.

REVUE

Legs and a

...

the Greatest

take place

8.00 p.m.

...

you with the

FOR MEN.

...

WE

SELL

ARROW

SHIRTS

...

or we cater

ce and care

...

MEN'S

SLACKS

...

MEN'S

TOP

...

rk

FORESTRY AT U.N.B.

(Continued from page one)
ity many farmers practised conservation, on their own woodlots at the expense of this college. Facilities and equipment were scarce (Forbes says they still are), when Prof. Miller undertook to advance the knowledge of forestry to the scope that it embraces today. He was given three rooms in the Arts Building for lectures and labs. The lab was the corner room now used as the Assistant Bursar's office, with the lectures being given in what is now Room 107, the office of the English Department, and nestled between the two was the Library and Prof. Miller's personal office, now the Bursar's headquarters.

The first class consisted of four students who were enticed to leave their second-year studies in Arts and Science and complete their four years of study with two years of Forestry. It was not until several years later that a full four-year course known as Forest Engineering was in full operation, the first two years being very similar to our present Civil Engineering course.

The University was given a grant of six square miles of timber which was originally a part of the plan of the City of Fredericton. This tract was put under a 10-year

concentrated conservation plan, which by 1914 began to prove its worth in both production of wood and timber and as a training ground for students.

Prof. Miller remained at the head of the Department until 1919, and was succeeded by Prof. M. H. Pulling who capably guided the expansion of the course until 1924. Since then the faculty has been and still is headed by U.N.B. grads. In 1924 Prof. P. H. Webb, B.Sc., M.Sc., occupied the leadership, which was relinquished to our present and most capable dean, Dr. J. M. Gibson, B.Sc., and D.Sc.

The greatest expansion in facilities and equipment came about in 1930, when the present Forestry Building, built in 1929, was taken over. Pulp and paper companies interested in the development of Forestry set up a fund with which to equip the building with the modern equipment which we enjoy today.

Students of today are provided with a five-year curriculum which, without doubt, will prove its worth in years to come. The new course commenced in 1948 and provides a course in forestry plus the choice of our laboratory course and one non-laboratory course from a broad range of Arts and Science courses.

Future graduates having such technical training will have a marked advantage.

SOCIAL FORESTERS

Contrary to popular opinion, Foresters can look presentable. They proved it on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 26 at the outstanding successful social evening held in Alex. Common Room. The sparkling coffee of Julian Guntensberger kept the bridge-playing set active until the "wee hours," but the majority of students, with baby-sitters holding the fort at home, left immediately after the evening's chat by Prof. Love. I term it a 'chat because Prof. Love proved to have a nice sense of distinction between a lecture and a social evening and enhanced his already growing popularity by reviewing past customs and personalities of U.N.B. The fact that he added the statement, "I enjoy lecturing to Foresters," didn't antagonize anyone. The talk by Prof. Love followed three very interesting movies. One on the St. John valley having been shown last year in town, but had been missed by many interested members of the audience.

As I mentioned earlier, coffee, ice cream and doughnuts refreshed the large gathering.

A large measure of credit must go to Dave Youle as projectionist, Julian Guntensberger as organizer, and to Prof. Love as guest speaker.

LOGGING FOR BEGINNERS

(continued from page one)
of logs with their knees crossed. These are known as brakemen, or brakies, and it is their function to annoy the locomotive as much as possible. They do this by jumping off the train, seizing switches, and forcing the locomotive into a siding. They then wave their arms at one another until the locomotive is obliged to go to the back of the train in disgrace. The train then starts off again with the locomotive tamenly pushing instead of pulling, fuming at the sight of the two brakies, now sitting on top of the front load with their legs crossed.

Thus, when the locomotive reaches the sea, it is in an excellent mood to hurl all the logs into the water, and stalk back into the woods in a huff. What the locomotive doesn't know, of course, is that this is exactly what the company wants it to do. For, as soon as the locomotive has disappeared, a number of men appear on the logs and start sticking them with sharp poles to see if they are ripe. These are the boommen, whose job consists chiefly of staying on the logs without falling into the water. Boommen who persist in falling into the water are worse than useless, especially if they drown.

At this point another scaler shows up to see whether the dead scaler up in the woods has counted correctly the number of bored feet in the logs. Unfortunately, this scaler is maintained by the government, so that the company cannot kill him off. Unless, of course, there is a change in the government, in which case the company can obtain permission without much difficulty.

Finally, a tug comes into the bay to take away all the logs that have been found ripe and showing the proper number of feet. When it is a suitable distance out to sea, the tug is struck by a sharp storm, losing most of its logs, which are washed up on the shore to provide fuel for beach parties. Anybody who has tasted a wienie roasted over an open beach-fire will tell you that logging is one of the nicest industries you'd want to meet.

WANTED

Subscription agent for International Journal, organ of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. Liberal commissions. Apply to Prof. C. P. WRIGHT.

LOST—

Wine colored Waterman's fountain pen. Lost between Civil Bldg. and canteen. Phone 9025 or leave in Forestry Office.

W. C. SCHURE
Alexander College
Hct 23, Room 6

Don't follow old wood-cutting roads. They generally wander around and bring you out nowhere.

To keep ants away from rations set a box on four stout sticks set in four cans or saucers of water.

The Nut House

For the benefit of Curious Foresters

The outside of the newly-established Maggie Chestnut Residence is fairly familiar to most of Fredericton by now. The inside, however, from females to furnishings, presents an entirely different picture. Sunday visitors may think they have caught a glimpse of residence life, but here's the inside story.

Did you ever see eighteen girls using one telephone? Those science profs who hold there is no perpetual motion should drop in any hour. The procedure is as follows: The phone rings. A horde of pounding feet and a chorus of screaming voices immediately rush toward the second floor desk (No. 7561). Usually several shrill sopranos disappointedly shriek "Ruth Ann! It's a man!" There is a quick dash from the third floor, and a sultry "Hello?"

The telephone also provides an excellent blind date bureau. Just last week four ravishing (?) coeds of assorted shapes and sizes trooped out the front door toward "Madame Bovary" after brief directions to four mysterious males. They had a good time, too!

Note: Calls from "Guess who?" fans are not appreciated.

We shall now endeavor to outline a typical day at the Residence.

The first alarm rings at 6 a.m., since the next two hours are the only ones that do not interfere with other activities. The din increases until the last alarm clock is sleepily shut off at 9:30. Breakfast conversation includes: "Have you a nine or a ten?" "Who's done their physics?" "That dress looks familiar," and—"Where's Audrey?"

The noon rush concerns both food and mail. Among Judy's stacks of mail we may possibly find a few meagre postcards for ourselves. Financially and socially depressed, we straggle in to eat. (It's getting so we can't even afford our nightly pilgrimages Club 252!) Hunger triumphs over conversation at the dinner table, but afterwards everyone settles in the library to listen to Dorothy Shay versus "The Swan Ballet."

After supper, we quiet down to a dull roar in reverence to the few studious inmates, but the stroke of nine is the cue for bedlam to break loose. Those who have not gone out on dates (all too many, we fear) begin roaming to other rooms, trying on clothes, singing, eating and being generally noisy and noseey Joan van Atten has some lovely A.M. hen parties. A regular party of 252 goes set out, and till the wee small hours tales of miscellaneous and men, or miscellaneous men are told in every room.

That's Residence life.
—B. L. V.

LAW SCHOOL NEWS

The most talked about subject in the Law Library lately is the Law School Ball coming up on November 4th—and when is "Duff" Harper going to draw that super-duper radio of his? (Rumor has it he may build a video set into it just to step up the price of tickets).

Plans are well underway for the annual Law Brawl (ops! Ball is meant) at which the corps delecti will most likely feel that way the next morning. Ted Gilbert says everything is well in hand and expects a bangup shindig (provided D.V.A. cheques are paid before the 4th). It is regrettable that the Fall Formal Up the Hill is on the same night because so many students from each group used to attend both functions. (What this writer would like to know is how the same patrons will attend both "doos." This will be worthwhile weighing).

The Sports Committee exerted their sinews, expanded their chests and declared that instead of bridge this year there's going to be bowling. Alleys have been reserved for one night a week and it is expected that rival teams will be formed in the School. (Why not Ladies versus Gentlemen?—sounds

like even odds).

The lower floor of the Provincial Building has been vacant for over a week since the N.B.E.P.C. moved to Fredericton. There are several good rumors going the rounds that with a little alteration the Law School will have another lecture room and a students' Common Room. About time the latter became a reality.

The Law School Family had another member added on Friday, October 21st. Percy Smith, 3rd year, became a proud papa of a bouncing boy. Congratulations Percy—but here's a tip—don't refer to Halsbury on how to change diapers.

I. S. S. Will Sell Christmas Cards

At the S. R. C. meeting held last Wednesday evening, the I. S. S. group was awarded a concession on the sale of Christmas cards on the campus this year. It was learned during discussion preceding the motion, that other campus organizations were contemplating application for this concession, but Miss Virginia Bliss, I. S. S. representative at the meeting, explained that an order would have to be placed immediately to make them available around Nov. 15.

Miss Bliss also said that the plan was not intended to interfere with cards issued by the separate faculties. The design, she said, would be much the same as last year.

Butchers Choose Rideout

Sam Rideout was chosen to preside over the Pre-Med Society at last Thursday nite's meeting in the Biology Lecture Room. Other executive officers are Vice-President Claire Rideout and Secretary-Treasurer Danny Elman.

The Right Smoke at the Right Price for Young Men