

FABLES AND FOIBLES BY FORESTERS



In a spurt of youthful exuberance, the intermediate foresters are shown above "decorating" the "thing" which, as everyone knows, is located in front of the forestry building. These fine young men planted a grove of beautiful spruce and fir trees in a brave attempt to beautify the campus but . . . their efforts were to be in vain. As so often happens these days not everyone is appreciative of good honest labour. A destructive group from another faculty undid the molasses, feathers, and spruce boughs which bedecked the blot to leave it in the same sad state of disrepair.

Aunt Loozy's Corner

(Note to the Editor in chief)

Delighted with the flow of literature that comes to us under the title of "I Name It," the editors of the Forestry Brunswickan have decided to give everybody interested a closer look into the life of a forester. The editors thought it fit that, now the girls of the residence give us such life-like closeups of the goings on in the Barn and adjoining edifices, that they, the editors, should give them and all others interested, some vignettes of the life among the trees.

The only thing to do now is to find a suitable writer. The editors were unfortunate in not finding a single member of the regular staff of the Forestry Brunswickan that was capable enough of tackling this ticklish job. They happened, however, to run across a certain H. D. Glockenspiel who used to make the Forestry Building the place of his daily reveries, said Glockenspiel was not unwilling if the proposition was jacked upon a financial basis. His first words "What is in it for me?" give a clear picture of the low character of the man. It needs no further explanation that Glockenspiel and Aunt Loozy are one and the same person.

Dear Boys and Girls: To give, in a few, but well chosen words, an impression of life in the forest, is a task that is almost too much, even for me. But first — do not believe any of the fairy stories that life, between the confiners, is rough. On the contrary! Take an average survey party or logging crew and let us observe those hardy workers at their day's work.

The early morning sun shines on the green tree tops and song birds are warbling their morning welcome. The cook, cups of tea and coffee in both hands, enters our warm roomy tent, and calls out in a soft shy voice; "Gentlemen, if you please." Well everybody likes to get up in the morning and soon the cheerful faces peep over the rough but honest blankets.

Under cheerful whistling and singing the blankets are folded up neatly and we're off to the shower-rooms, from whence we return, well shaven and brimming with energy. We shine our boots and are lured by the crisp smell of fried sirlon to the dining room where our friend, the cook, is already busy. His assistants serve the food and press us to have another helping. Many a merry jest flies up and down the well-lit airy room and then filters through the

window. When breakfast is over the cook likes us to hang around for a while and take a fifth cup of coffee and another cigarette, while we discuss the coming work-day with the foreman. This smiling jovial creature always asks us what we'd like to do best, and leaves it up to us how to do it. We are all very capable.

When the workday programme has been made, we fill our lunch-boxes to the brim with choice meats and fine pastry that the cook makes just to keep himself busy, and happy. It is not easy to break away from that cookery . . . Once in the bush, we hop and skip about, sometimes lightly crashing through the lush underbrush. It's heavenly! Whatever we carry on our backs seems to get lighter by the hour and we feel almost sorry when lunch-time is announced.

The winged fauna about us and around us gives us plenty of lunch-time music, and we listen in silence, overawed. After lunch the hours seem to fly by and the end of the day is greeted with exclamations of regret; "What, already four o'clock!"

But the evenings are very pleasant too; we have plenty of books and parlour games. Sometimes we are even allowed to go to town and buy soft drinks.

Yes, it's delicious in the woods.

HOLY SMOKES !!!

Have you ever asked yourself: "Why do I smoke?" Or conversely: "Why do I not smoke?" If so, perhaps you will be interested in this open discussion covering the field of smoking.

First, one should realize that the term "smoking" connotes a radically different meaning to various people. To some smoking is thought of as a damnable sin; to others, as a pleasant pastime; while to most, it is a habit whether good, bad or indifferent. It should also be noted here that there are individuals who have an entirely different concept of smoking. For example: One gentleman, on being asked if his girl friend smoked, replied, "I'm really not sure, but I do know that she gets frightfully hot at times".

Realizing then, that there is more to smoking than meets the eye, we'll now put the non-smoker's mind at ease. To explain why he does not smoke is easy. Obviously, he is peculiar or simply just a "queer".

Having dispensed with the non-smoker, we are now faced with the problem of analyzing the motives of the smoker. Let us consider three such motives: social; pleasure and habit. The first of these is probably the prime motive as it is well known that: (1) the starting smoker does not have the habit and, (2) he derives no pleasure from turning green after his first few "drags". Therefore we can easily see that most normal people learn to smoke simply for the sake of society.

Having learned to smoke, the smoker then realizes too late that he is harnessed to the nicotine merry-go-round and must spend the rest of his natural days puffing away whether he enjoys it or not.

With our victim thus enslaved, the plot thickens. Shall he give up cigarettes? Can he undo the wrong that society has done unto him? WE say that he can because we've done it. Here, then is our secret.

Once you are convinced that cigarettes must go, try this recommended formula: Pick some other item of which you are very fond and derive much pleasure from then say to yourself, "either I give up cigarettes or I give up this other pleasure." If you are married, as I am, a wife is a good item to choose.

As proof of the guaranteed results of this system, I can truthfully say that, although my wife is presently living with her mother, I have not had a cigarette in three months.

Will you pass me a cigar, son?

MESSAGE FROM DEAN GIBSON

About a month ago, I had the privilege of attending the 50th anniversary of the Department of Forestry at the University of Maine. During the very interesting exercises, reviews were made of the development of forestry in the State of Maine, and the speakers, both those from public service and from industry, were very optimistic of the future of forestry and of the forest industry.

This programme made me realize that this is the 45th year since forestry came to the campus of UNB. The first class, in 1908, consisted of students who changed from engineering and arts and who graduated in 1910.

All teaching of forestry subjects was done by Professor R. B. Miller, who, after a lifetime spent in teaching, is now retired and living in Sydney, N.S.

The space allotted to the Department was two rooms in the Arts Building. From that time there has been continued growth in Forestry at the University in space, equipment, staff, and in the courses required.

This parallels the interest and development that has taken place in Forestry in Canada during this same time period. From a country whose people felt that Canadian forests were unlimited and who felt that expanding industry would always have ample wood supplies, we have reached a period where our forest resources have been reasonably well measured, and with our present knowledge realize that our forests and our forest industry are not unlimited, but that we must be guided by the amount of wood that our forests can produce.

This realization is having an increasing impact on Canadian forest policy, and to an increasing extent, questions of policy are being decided on the advice of professionally trained foresters.

I would like to suggest that you, with your present facilities at the University, apply yourselves with the same concentration of effort as the earlier graduates, so that you will be prepared to play your part in the development of forestry in Canada.

J. Miles Gibson.



BUCKEY: Now Do You Get The Idea?

A FORESTER

The forester is an amateur woodsman with a college education. There are two classes of foresters: One class believes in keeping abreast of those broad dynamic movements of the present day that challenge the best efforts of the nation's thinkers. The other class fights fire, builds truck roads, plants trees and wears old clothes.

Some foresters have offices, some live in cities, and some work in the woods. Lots of foresters spend practically their entire lives in God's great out-of-doors. They love to hunt and fish — they would too if only they had time.

It used to be said that a forester's best friends were his horse and his axe. Years ago, many foresters wore big Stetson hats, carried guns on their hips and a flask in their pockets. Nowadays, big Stetson hats are worn only by a forester carrying a gun.

An interesting thing about a forester's life is that he meets all kinds of people from hobos to multi-millionaires. It is not uncommon for a forester to have the privilege of personally doing a millionaire tourist favors. However, there is no record of a millionaire ever doing a favor for a forester. But even if they don't make much money, it's nice, steady work, and they have lots of fun.

Another satisfactory thing about a forester's career is that he is his own master — absolutely independent and answerable to none for his professional conduct. That is, except to his wife; ladies' garden clubs; sportsmen's associations; nature lovers; newspaper editors and local politicians.

Forestry is a very pleasant profession because it is so easy to "get ahead". Many foresters graduate from college with only a few debts and immediately get a job and a wife. In about ten years' time, in addition to the same job and the same wife, they have lots more debts and five kids.

That's why foresters are so happy.

The Tables Turned

OR
ADVICE TO AN ARTSMAN

William Wordsworth

Up! Up! My friend and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double.
Up! Up! My friend and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

Ah hark! How blithe the robin sings!
He too is no mean preacher.
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
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