

### PAUL BUNYAN'S MUZZLE LOADER

Regardin' Bunyan's famous gun,  
About which few have heard,  
It was a gunsmith's work of art  
Designed for bear or bird,  
A muzzle-loader made in France,  
Its barrel Swedish steel,  
Its trigger guard and flin' pin  
Of wrought iron made in Kiel.  
It measured eighty feet in length,  
And had a mammoth butt  
Carved out of one gigantic log  
Of seasoned butternut.  
The front sight on the barrel was  
A ship's keel painted white,  
A set of moose horns mounted aft  
Served well as hinder sight;  
While a lofty pine shucked off its bark,  
And shorn of limb and knot,  
Made a ramrod used for drivin' home  
Both power, charge and shot.

The barrel, since its bore was smooth,  
Permitted one to use  
A load of nails, or cannon balls,  
Whichever one might choose,  
And though black powder served quite well  
To speed shot in its flight,  
Paul found that "bug" would do, as well,  
But pre-ferred dynamite,  
So when it came to range of ball  
'Twas governed by his views,  
Regardin' how much dynamite,  
Or power he should use.

Paul often times shot ducks and geese  
In Texas, on the "Red",  
While he, a thousand miles away,  
Up north on watersheds,  
A-top a stump sat comfortably,  
Dry-shod, and watched his hound,  
A-wadin' water to his tail  
In huntin' 'Round an' 'round,  
In effort to retrieve such fowl  
As he had, by mistake,  
Killed farther south in Texas, down  
On Fort Worth's private lake.

I reckon, though, the longest shot  
That Bunyan ever made  
Was when he went a-huntin' moose,  
And had to climb, and wade,  
The Rockies in Alaska, and  
That duck pond, Great Slave Lake,  
When one day he sat dryin' out,  
And watchin' bannock bark,  
At a certain choice volcano in  
The Northland, farther west;  
When he spies a moose bird swipin' chunk;  
And stuffin' level best—  
A feature which annoys old Paul,  
And causes him to shoot  
That thievin' little devil, in  
The act of takin' loot.

It's difficult to swaller hull  
This rather weird account,  
But facts is facts, and must prevail,  
And truth is paramount.  
In shootin' that ar moose bird, it  
Requires Paul's amin' high,  
With his musket pointed anglin' up,  
In favour of the sky,  
And bein' so the bullet bursts,  
Right out across the ocean,  
Around the earth, and back to where  
Originates a notion  
That his hinderquarters has been jabbed  
With somethin' powerful hot,  
In the region, special where he sits,  
But for a time will not.

You can bet that ever after that,  
When shootin' heavy loads,  
At angles some to skywards, that  
Old Paul when they explodes,  
Immedjit steps to right or left,  
The purpose in his mind  
A-bein' to avoid a slug  
That's sneakin' up behind.



SEEN ANY MOOSTAKES HOOT?  
With Kind Permission of The FINANCIAL POST

## ENGINEERS WIN SOCCER GAME 2-1

The traditional soccer match between the foresters and the engineers, which opens forestry week, was won by the engineers by two lucky goals.

The opening kickoff came at 2.15 p.m. on Sunday, Nov. 1; Forestry Dean Dr. Gibson did the honours. The game was played under perfect weather conditions, but the field was in a rather muddy condition, which enabled engineers Starr and Banett to enact some brilliant ballet poses.

The engineers, stacking their team with Varsity soccer players, found it hard to defend the inexperienced but ambitious foresters. The foresters, playing heads up ball, held the engineers scoreless in the first quarter, but a sneaky goal by engineer Blair in the second stanza gave the opponents a slight edge. Undaunted, the foresters came back strongly, and forester Art Cowie scored on a picture play. The game stood at 1-1 by the end of the first half.

Realizing that they were going to lose, the engineers asked for a new referee, claiming that as a forester, he was biased, (which was untrue) and that the forester (Bryant) did not know the rules of the game, (which was true). The foresters, like the true sportsmen they are, consented to let Will Morrell referee the second half.

This concession of the foresters, however, proved their undoing, as engineer Starr scored. This tally was counted, even though the engineers were off-side on the play by a mile. The rest of the game proved scoreless, but a number of engineers, particularly Starr and Banett gave the fans an exhibition in mud sliding and rolling.

The game ended with the count 2-1 in favour of the engineers, who were having a hard time defending the numerous and strong forestry rushes.

The deciding factor in the game was probably the muddy condition of the field. The dirty engineers seemed more at home playing in the mud than did the clean cut foresters.

### Freshmen Declared Tops in Tug-of-War

At noon on Tuesday many people witnessed the annual tug-of-war for a trophy which is symbolic of Forestry Week.

Each member of the winning team receives an individual trophy of one quart of beer, Moosehead, of course.

A running record shows the following results:  
Freshmen V:S Intermediates, Winners—Frosh  
Seniors V:S Sophomores winners—Seniors  
Freshmen V:S Juniors winners—Freshmen  
Seniors V:S Freshmen. Fifth year was dug in so that their eyeballs were showing, but were soon uprooted by the Frosh who became this year's winners.

### The Lumberjacks Prayer

Blue Monday,  
Bitter Tuesday,  
Long Wednesday,  
Everlasting Thursday,  
Friday, will you never go?  
Sweet silver Saturday in the afternoon,  
Sunday, may you last for ever. Amen.  
Two nights in the straw, and three meals ahead.

### SOCIAL NIGHT IS BEST IN YEARS

Just like all parties that are put on by the foresters, the Social on Wednesday night was a huge success.

Approximately thirty couples and fifteen stag foresters were present. Also as our distinguished guests were a few good sports from the Ladies Society and Dr. and Mrs. Gibson.

This event was started at about 8.15, with the arrival of the first couples, who played cards in room 305, at the work tables, or danced in the warm atmosphere of Memorial Reading Room from nine to eleven o'clock.

Three films were shown in the hallway, which was converted into a miniature theatre. The first movie "Australian Cora Reef Animals", showed the colorful coral fish, and the life history of the turtle. The second, an R.C.M.P. case history, kept everyone in suspense for thirty minutes.

The third movie was about paper making at the Hammermill Paper Company, and was of interest to all foresters and most girls. After the movies cards were played and dancing continued until 11:30, when food was served buffet style in room 301.

Two large tables were placed in this room, on which were many heaping plates of sandwiches, cake, cookies and coffee. After eating, there were again cards and dancing until the last dogs were hung about 1:15 pm and had to be pushed out of the reading room.

Everyone had a wonderful time by all reports, and the girls think we should have more of these do's, which make us say, "The foresters have done it again".

### Spring on the Miramichi

There's a fitting up of schooners,  
A gathering up of logs,  
A clip and buzz of mill saws,  
And concerts of the frogs;  
The steamer men are hustling,  
And the drives are on the way,  
For spring is here, and "get there"  
Is the order of the day.

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## Harvard Conference On Forest Production

Dr. S. L. PRINGLE, Professor of Forestry

Recently, I was privileged to attend a most interesting gathering of a small but varied group of foresters.

This meeting was held at the Harvard Forest, some twenty-three hundred acres, a few miles from Petersham, in central Massachusetts. The occasion was the second Harvard Conference on Forest Production. Forest production, in the terms of the conference, covers those phases of forestry concerned with the "initiation, culture and management of woodlands, together with the economic and social problems related thereto."

The purpose of the conference was the identification of forest problems and the stimulation of possible solutions rather than any presentations of specific solutions of these problems.

The membership was deliberately restricted to fairly young foresters with several years of practical experience. They represented a wide variety of organizations, areas and interests. Federal, state, and county governments, private concerns and universities had sent foresters. Administration operation, research and teaching were represented. Lines of speciality included fire protection, taxation ecology, silviculture, management, logging, and tropical forestry. This vastly diverse group found common ground with the staff of the Harvard Forest in the broad field of the forest production.

The program was divided into three major parts dealing with, first, the existing physical and cultural geographical patterns in the area, secondly, specific case histories of forests in the district and, thirdly, research in certain aspects of forestry. The first phase included patterns of topography, forests, soil and climate, the nature of land tenure and market outlets. The highlights included visits to the Terabbin reservoir, Boston's great water-holding area, the original Plaswood factory and Heywood - Wakefields furniture plant at Gardner, with its five and a half miles of production line.

The second section on case histories dealt with the dynamics of forests under natural conditions in plantations with various land uses, on different soils and under varying silvicultural treatments. The Forest is blessed with an abundance of well documented records on the history of stands as well as with the famous Harvard Forest Models which are breathtaking in their realism.

In addition to the maintenance of historical development of stands, the staff is conducting a wide variety of research projects on soils, forest history and genetics and in other fields. These projects provided the base for a day-long discussion on forest research and its direction. One project, in particular, deserves special mention.

### The River Driver

It was at the age of twenty one,  
When I hired on the drive,  
It was after six months labor,  
In Quebec I did arrive.

It was there I met my Molly dear,  
And with her I meant to roam,  
For I'm a river driver,  
And far away from home.  
Two bottles and two bottles,  
And some dreadful wine,  
That you may drink with your true love,  
And I will drink with mine.  
That you may drink with your true love,

And I will drink alone,  
For I'm a river driver,  
And far away from home.  
I'll eat when I get hungry,  
I'll drink when I get dry,  
I'll get drunk when I'm ready,  
And get sober by and by.  
And if my Molly don't like it,  
I'll leave this land and roam,  
For I'm a river driver,  
And far away from home.

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