

# PASS OUT



In all probability some of our naive Artsmen friends (?) have consulted a dictionary in order to find the meaning of the word Hammerfest. No doubt they have closed the book, secure in the knowledge that Hammerfest is merely the northernmost town in Europe with a population of 3649 (1936). So much for the hopeless and hapless.

Last Sunday morning a certain arear of the U.N.B. woodlot was peaceful and serene. A few short hours before, this same area was the scene of bacchanalian revelry "par excellence". That is to say, the annual Hammerfest was going in high gear, and for some it might not be an overstatement to say that things slipped into "overdrive". Levy's Chain Gang whipped things into shape during the early hours of Saturday afternoon, October 20th, and by 5:30 p.m. a large fire was blazing invitingly on the lower terrace. The refreshment booth was ready; the delicious recipe prepared by Don Levy himself, sat steaming, and an expectant hush hung over the whispering conifers and their gaunt deciduous brothers.

The thundering herd arrived slightly in advance of themselves, with the rumour that some participants were not interested in food unless it was in a green

bottle. After the solids had been stuffed away the herd again stormed the refreshment booth for their second round. Our resourceful woodsmen nursed what their green flagons held and surrounded the fire where they lifted their united voices in melodious song. About this time a certain forester was heard to ask for a drink of (ugh!) water. He was hurriedly bound hand and foot with greasy boot laces, gagged with gravy-soaked cardboard plates, and rolled off into the darkness. Those in a position to know, state the culprit, will, in all probability be asked to turn in his Associate Membership Card and consult the Registrar about changing his course to the faculty of Arts.

It should be pointed out with pride that we were honoured and pleased to have Professors Hilborn and Sebastian, and Messrs. Renko Vreeman, Boyr, and Henderson as guests. They were soon swallowed up amid the carolling crew, foresters among foresters for an evening of total relaxation. "Gordy" Franklin, in his usual excellent musical form, rendered endless pleasing selections on his "squeeze-box", to the attentive spellbound crowd in the shadows. Down at the fire, the perennial Astaire-like capers were demonstrated by the skilled choreo-

graphers of first year in devil like images through the fire, around it, then through it again.

Soon the buses extracted the smoky, wet participants of the area, resulting in a depopulation and a change of scene to that of peaceful serenity. In wrath of missing the bus, "Bear" threw himself bodily into a nearby ditch. Almost immediately a somewhat cool, quiet forester scrambled out, for the ditch was full of that stuff called water. A 10% cruise was made of the environment around the fire in an effort to ascertain if any "tired" foresters were "resting" in the nearby woods or slippery grass. No bodies were tallied under this classification. Then, after a few more rounds of stories, songs, and closing out ceremonies, the last of the foresters drove off to whatever fate awaited them at their respective homes.

All in all the 1962 edition of the Hammerfest was an unqualified success. A sincere vote of thanks goes out to each and everyone who assisted in any way whatever, in the production of this success. An extra special "Thank You" is extended to the wives of association members who unselfishly donated their time and skill toward Forestry Week. No one could ask for a more perfect performance.

What, throughout the years, has opened the hearts of most fair maidens to the advances of the ardent young suitor? No, it wasn't Gilbey's Lemon Gin, it was the guitar that served as the key to most boudoirs! And, indeed, it looks like a key.

This versatile instrument, which is played everywhere from the classics stage down to the pad of the beatnick, has become popular with people of many countries and very different musical tastes. In fact, the suggestion of the 'git-box' is so great that modern rock and rollers merely hold it without so much as pluckin' the "G" string, while they gyrate.

Perhaps you have wondered where such a shapely instrument originated? Well, there's a legend that's told around the foresters' camp fires about a young forester who was camped up on the Miramichi one winter: He became so lonesome that in desperation he snowshoed twelve miles to the shack of a wise old trapper for advice. The old man took a piece of wood, shaped it like the body of a beautiful woman, and set string to it. Thereafter the forester was never lonely—he would play his ballads of passion and longing on the woman's body, while his left hand caressed her long, graceful neck.

This tale may not be completely true; the more widely read among us insist that the guitar came from the Orient, through Arabic cultures, as did many other instruments.

## Grudge Soccer Game

Foresters—1; Engineers—3  
On Monday night of Forestry Week the foresters tangled with the Engineers in the annual grudge game in soccer. In a very even game except when the Engineers' manager impeded the

field as an extra, the final score does not seem very justified.

The foresters opened the scoring late in the first half with a thrilling shot by Mike Day after Garnet Brown and Mo Simpson had set up the play. Just before half-time the Engineers scored on a shot from Ted Keddy. In the second half the ball raged from end to end till Cliff Moulder stuck his hand in the way, resulting in a penalty shot by Emanuel Batoko. The Engineers scored again on a beautiful corner kick by Batoko for his second goal of the night. Although the foresters pressed hard the Engineers led by Charlie Robichaud kept them out.

This year's game was relatively clean. The foresters left their axes at home while the Engineers left their slide-rules there also. Altogether it was a clean, hard fought game which kept the crowded (?) stands on their feet. And this is the most biased piece of writing you will see this year!

## The Woodsman's Head

or  
"Ode to an Outhouse"

*Perched upon our special log,  
To see a man about a dog,  
Solely not to sit and stink,  
But to meditate and think.*

*Before me lies the land in green,  
Behind, a sight as yet unseen  
By many in the city bred,  
The glories of a Woodsman's Head.*

*An honoured hole, a patent pit,  
A smoothed log on which to sit.  
The central features must be right,  
Extra smooth and special height.*

*If feet be dangling in the breeze,  
The mind cannot be set at ease,  
For fate awaits the luckless soul  
Who topples backwards down the hole.*

*Yet sling this log a mite too low  
This lack of wisdom leads to woe;  
To no avail you plead and beg  
And still end up with dampened leg.*

*So folks, you see I do not jest  
Nor brag, our outhouse is the best.*

*But it has served and shared the load,  
To it we dedicate this ode.*

(from the Ubyssy)

## TUG - O' - WAR

For four days, at 1:00 p.m., two teams fought each other for a case of Moosehead Ale. For this was Forestry Week, the time for the annual tug-o-war among each of the five years composing the faculty.

On Monday the surprisingly strong first year team almost pulled an upset over the second year team. However second year with more beef behind their belts and with more experience eliminated the newcomers in two consecutive pulls.

Tuesday was the downfall of the fourth year team. With the encouragement and rhythm from their supporters and considerable weight advantage the third year team had no trouble in sweeping the fourth year fellows off their feet. Nevertheless it was a gallant effort by the fourth year group who showed their true forestry spirit as they went down fighting.

Wednesday saw the greatest battle of them all. For on this day the two mighty, evenly matched teams from second and third year fought each other to their last foothold. Both teams grunted and puffed, cursed, and cursed again, with the rope marker finally edging over in favour of third year. This post mortem has it that the third year team used a fresh substitute during the third and deciding pull. If such was the case then the second year revenge will be that much sweeter next year.

On Thursday the final scheduled tug-o-war event was held. The hastily assembled, unorganized, and demoralized fifth year team was caught unprepared in the first pull as the third year champs dragged them across the line. The second effort was somewhat better. The fifth year fellows managed to hold their own for two whole seconds and even

gain a few inches before they were lifted off their feet by the third year team. However being foresters the losers went down fighting to their last man thus suffering an honourable defeat.

As it stands the third year foresters are the champions in the tug-o-war competition.

On Friday the engineers with questionable courage dared to challenge we the foresters, to a tug-o-war. The poor misguided souls from down the hill faced the masters in Buchanan field at noon. The outcome is hardly worth mentioning. One can see the marks left by the would-be heroes as they were hauled off the field by the unbeatable, unconquerable, forestry team. Once again we have shown our domination over the engineers!



"Of course I drink at home!"  
(How do you open this thing?)



### NOTICE

Due to mechanical difficulties at our printers, some of the pictures in this issue are off-size—ed.