

### THE RANGER SCHOOL

By "HANK" BLENIS

The Maritime Forest Ranger School, situated atop Marylaud Hill on the edge of the U.N.B. Forest, was founded in 1945 through the combined efforts of the governments of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and the major forest industries of these provinces.

Operated in affiliation with the University of New Brunswick, the objective of the school is to provide vocational forestry training which will bridge the gap between the lumberjack with little or no academic background and the Forest Engineer with four or five years of professional training at a university. The Ranger School curriculum includes basic courses which will enable a graduate to work with either government agencies or private industry. Among others, such courses as surveying, scaling, timber cruising, logging, forest improvements, and photogrammetry are presented, with em-

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Lady Anne  
TWIN SET! Fancy cable stitch in pullover, across shoulders of cardigan. All wool, popularly priced, everywhere.



### The Woodchoppers At Play

The Forestry Association held its annual field day on Saturday, October 22nd, at the field behind the Forestry building. The dull, overcast sky and occasional spatter of rain did not seem to dampen the Foresters' spirits, for the boys came through nobly and both participants and spectators enjoyed a good time. Great credit is due Lee Fletcher and Len Barrett for their efforts in organization; everything came off on schedule. Tom Ballantyne should be complimented for his high-spirited participation.

In the fire lighting contest one could observe the genius of Tom Ballantyne surmounting overwhelming odds and clouds of dense smoke to first burn through the string. Unfortunately, he was disqualified; why, I'll never know. However, he did prove that a Moosehead carton is pretty hot stuff. John Francis had some scruples and, without resorting to Ballantyne's trickery, won officially, with John Gibson following closely. Following this event Kelso Robin-



HOMEWORK BY ABBOT AND CLARK

In the first event, Wally Montgomery and Kelso Robinson formed an unbeatable team to take first prize in the cross-cut sawing contest. They went through an 11-inch log in 14.4 secs., followed by E. T. MacMoran and G. Seed in 16.8 secs. In the chopping contest, MacMoran amazed everyone with his gymnastics as he severed a 10-inch spruce log in 27.6 secs. with a well-aimed axe. "Robbie" fell back to second place in this event with 28.4.

In a 10 chain traverse, Rorie McLeod led the pack with only a 13-link error. John Dunfield was second with 29 links.

It is certainly strange that some senior Foresters emulate art students and wander about with 5-chain errors. Shame!

son placed first in axe-throwing, after misleading everyone by announcing he would enter "just for fun." Bob Abbott placed second. Greg Hurley correctly estimated the piled wood.

Kelso Robinson was awarded the "Moosehead" plaque at the evening's "Brawl" on the basis of the high point total he amassed—two firsts and a second. The meet was a great success and, despite the weather, hilarity highlighted the day. The crowd then adjourned to the football game. It is hoped that next year's field day will see more juniors, sophs and freshmen out to these events. Let's have more complete representation from all undergraduates.

### FORESTRY FOR FRESHMEN

#### A Handbook of Essential Misinformation

By D. B. (40%) MUNN

In view of the introductory course in Forestry which has recently been introduced at this University, it is fitting at this moment of our history to set down a number of Facts and Fancies concerning and perhaps illuminating the life which the young Forestry Undergraduate may expect to lead for the next few years.

It will not be long before the enquiring young Forester will perceive a kinship between the novices and members of his profession, and those who go down to the sea in ships, and have their business in great waters. For even as the sailor reviles the sea while he floats upon it, and is unceasing in his efforts to return to it once his money is spent, so the experienced Forester regards the bush. Indeed, this is a serious matter: of professional ethics, and the neophyte is surely identified if he expresses a preference for the woods.

Hard upon the heels of this discovery, he will learn to deal with the attitude of the general public. This numerous group thinks of him, when they are on rare occasions made aware of his existence, as a cross between a fire guard, a bucheron, and a creature escaped from the zoo. As his training progresses, he may grow to resent this; and after three consecutive hours of grappling unsuccessfully with Dwight's Refined Method of reducing order to chaos, feels his gorge rise at facetious questions about his axe and saw. He is conscious of his desire to use these tools to perform a prolonged, minute, and painful vivisection on the questioner.

Let his tormentor be an Engineering student, however, and his revenge is simplified, for if he steals the Engineer's slide-rule, this coarse technician will be unable to so much as find his way home, even though he lives in the Residence.

As a matter of fact, it is much wiser not to allow a Forester to have an axe. It usually results in a self-inflicted wound.

In the halcyon days of summer, the hopeful Forester is required to obtain what is laughingly referred to as "practical experience." He will need very little time to realize that it is the height of impracticality.

It will probably be called "cruising," a generic term for one of the Higher Mysteries of Forestry. After a summer's cruising, the Freshman may feel truly initiated.

He will begin by allowing himself to be encumbered by a load of supplies and equipment that would appal King Kong; then he will be required to walk incredible distances until such parts of him as have not been devoured by flies collapse from exhaustion. There he will be permitted to make camp.

Very early in the morning, for many dreary days, he will be hauled from his snug couch; and for their sins, he and two companions will be urged, with blows and imprecations, into the trackless wastes which encircle the encampment. He may tell his party chief of the widowed mother who anxiously prays for his safety, to no avail; and with belly well laden with sodden pancakes and bitter coffee, staggers on until the senior member of the crew signifies a halt. This is alleged to be at some pre-selected spot, but is in reality where the terrain appears most favourable.

Being young and tender, he will be chosen as compassman. He will be handed a compass which is like no other compass he has ever seen, for the east and west points appear on its card to have reversed their hitherto immutable positions.

This phenomenon will have been carefully explained to him during his Freshman Forestry Camp. He does not comprehend, but accepts it; and after puzzling about it for the term of his undergraduate days, never more quite understands either the outrageous monstrosities peculiar to Forestry, nor the more general form, and is confused and uneasy with either. When he is very old and wise, he will know that the Forestry compass was made that way to impress the layman, an object which it has failed miserably to achieve.

He will be further encumbered with a tally-board, which contains sheets of paper with ruled lines of a terrifying complexity. This serves to hamper his movements at all times, and causes him to mislay the pencil with which he has been issued to mark it, at reg-

ular ten chain intervals.

He is then hung about with lunch packs, and armed cap-a-pie, presumes to start his work. But the crowning indignity is reserved for the last. His companions now secure tightly to his waist the end of a helish, reptilian, malicious tape of steel, which he is forced to drag behind him to the detriment of his breathing.

While he directs his footsteps by the compass, his henchman follow at the other end of this ribbon many yards behind. What time he is struggling with his accoutrements, poised on a slippery and jagged windfall ten feet in the air; with a hornets' nest hanging near his left ear and a vile and stinking bbg beneath him, the blue will be rent by a shriek of, "Chainnnn!", like the wallings of the damned, and a violent tug will bring him crashing into the morass.

His fellows now advance on him, chanting the ritualistic war-cry of the cruiser: "Sprucefirtenbirch-sixteen damn these bloodyblackkiffies yellowbirchheightdidjagetallthat?"

These bewilings he is supposed to interpret and record on his tally-sheets. This he is capable of only in part, but filling in the rest with his imagination, he produces sundry hieroglyphics which cover many sheets. Years after they are pored over by another Forester in some distant office. This worthy can by no means read what has been written, and often confuses the corpses of long dead mosquitoes for some trenchant observation on minor vegetation. None the less, he draws divers pretty and highly inaccurate curves, and comes to wildly improbable conclusions.

In due course, these reach the Board of Directors, who disregard them and carry on with previous decisions. In this way the forests are perpetuated.

By way of diversion from his compassman duties, he may be allowed to use an Abney Level, a lying instrument which inevitably produces ophthalmia in the user. Or he may carry the Callipers, originally designed to, check the ocular estimate of the girth of trees. In practice they are either employed not at all, or if actually used, the eye is considered to check them.

At the end of the day it will fall to his lot to "throw" the chain, the steel tail which has rendered his progress like that of a snail. He is naturally eager to do this, until he learns that in defiance of the dictionary this word describes a gratuitously complex method of coiling the chain for purposes of transport.

When he has subdued four-fifths of the monster's length, it will escape his grasp, and with a noise like a hundred banjo strings breaking together, will writhe around and encircle him. Only the greatest good fortune will enable him to extricate himself without the loss of an ear or some other organ he can ill-afford to spare. So thorough is the cocoon-like embrace of the chain, that a Freshman Forester in the toils was once mistaken by a wealthy American tourist sportsman for the Laocoon statuette.

If he survives this he can make the acquaintance of the Increment Borer, with which he is asked to ascertain the age of trees. He will be exhorted to "hit the pith." If he bores until he hits the pith, he will finish his days, he he long-lived as Methasselah, at one and the same tree. If he does not hit the pith, he cannot find the age of the tree. (Historical note: the In-

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# Player's Please



THE ENGINEERS...

...BECAUSE THEY'RE

## Double-Fresh!

Cook Top and Range

REMEMBER—  
Player's "MILD" HIGH WATERPROOF PAPER  
DO NOT STICK TO YOUR LIFE

was held in great esteem at Britain. Following the British Film Institute London a memorial exhibition of selections from his masterpieces. His masterpiece, "The Last Days of Pompeii," is the first Soviet film presented by the Society. Whether or not the last will depend on the reaction to it. At the studios of no one have an absolute movie film productions of picture art.

### TWEENS

game birds for sport use human activities in can be no middle ground. It is completely in the minds of those who do not shoot and just as irresistible in the hands of those who do.

### Here I'm Going

in good authority that allow travels everywhere down with compass, bird-seed wild rice, radar, insurance policy, indemnity, flares, and of H.E., clothed in and completely surrounded by a small party of twe-

BRUNSWICKAN  
ISERS. It prys!