

### A Summer On Wild Life Survey

(Continued from Forestry Brunswickan)

While passing some rocky islands on another morning we noticed seagulls making a fuss. Investigating we found a nest just above the water level made of loosely put together moss. Three large grey-brown eggs with dark brown spots could be seen tottering there obviously at the point of hatching. Nearby two tiny little gulls about the size of incubator chicks were running about and swimming rapidly in shallow water with remarkable facility though barely just out of their shells. We put them back on the shore in the hope that the pike would not get them.

While passing through a particularly wild and rugged little lake towards the end of June an inquisitive otter kept poking his head out of the water ahead of us sniffing and snorting loudly. He was trying to smell us but as we were down wind could not do so and seemed very annoyed. Two other slick little otters splashed into the

water right beside the canoe as we left the lake.

Towards the end of the season a trip was made with an overseer for the Chapleau district who is a skillful bashman of long experience and from whom the writer learned much practical forest lore. Encountering a beaver colony in a swampy area one day he called two young beaver to within three feet of the canoe before they flipped under the water with smack of their tails. He also demonstrated how by bumping a beaver house lightly with the bow of the canoe then remain very quiet the beaver will come out to see what happened. He said this is often done by poachers who shoot the beaver when they appear.

During this same trip just at dusk one evening we saw a huge bald eagle at the top of a tall pine tree. Taking off as we drew near he shed several feathers which fluttered down and we were able to recover one. The incident seemed like an actual illustration of Longfellow's lines so familiar during earlier school days. "The day is done and the darkness falls from the wings of night As a feather is wafted downwards From an eagle in his flight."

The season's work ended with

an experiment in the live trapping of marten which went off very well. One morning we found a very young female in the cage. She was a beautiful little creature shaped like a weasel, longer and thinner than a cat with a long, bushy tail, lovely fine, dark fur and a buff patch on her throat. She would growl and spit like a cat if approached but would roll about on her back and play happily like a kitten if left alone.

There is much more that could be told of this Summer's work but perhaps this account will serve to illustrate something of the experience of a student assistant in Ontario. It has brought home to the writer a better appreciation of the close relationship between scientific forest and wild life management in a vivid and practical way. It has also brought home the fact that there is urgent need for the services of more and more trained foresters if effective conservation of our great national forest and game resources is to be achieved. But perhaps the thought that remains uppermost in returning to study of Forestry at U.N.B. is that we students owe a debt of gratitude to governments and others who make available to us these splendid opportunities to gain

### In This Corner . . .

SPECTATING . . .

After running three blocks in two seconds to catch one of our local perfumed chariots for the York ice Emporium, we find it emptier than a Brunswickan page with the ads left out. No crowd? Well if your watch had stopped at eight-fifteen on Tuesday night, wouldn't you be late? So when we get there the U.N.B. rubber-clubbers are one tally towards the league cellar already. Beating the eager stand-uppers out of the line of vision we see ice—in November? Some engineers says they do it with salt water; who cares about the flavour!

On the ice, however, we see a fearful lack of improvement; Shorty Clark, referee (?), and the usual scruffy team from Fred's town trying to learn to both skate and play hockey while an illustrious U.N.B. team runs through their dazzling plays but only manage to tie the score. If our puck-chasers would exhibit their skill when the score is tied like they do when they have the dirty end of the stick there would be no game. Everybody and his girl-friend's dog, sounding off like a team manager with a cut budget (Can't beat the wimmen for spirit, so take someone along to keep you warm, or even a co-ed if you're really stuck).

Punchy Toothless (I'm the gap in the Can. football line) Walker stops everything he can, but three to one its unfair don't you think, you defensemen way over in the corner? The competition's galle may have grey hair, chum, but he's really Young, in name and action. While I'm sitting here talking, the score has riz to 5-4, for us no less. And those ignorant yokels have no more sense than to tie it up; don't they know somebody should win this imitation of a kindling factory—three bust clubs, all ours. Comes the reckoning, you sluggards . . . why the pleased look on your those ugly faces; a tie's no good, you're back where you started. Oh for the good old days of overtime when the fracas couldn't end in a nice comfortable tie.

EXHUMING . . .

Last year they killed Junior Varsity and buried it but the ghost rests not. You can replace Jayvees with Intra-Mural but this don't give you no trained stooges for Senior Varsity. So Biddiscombe slips two C-notes to a team to play in the Junior City League and everybody gives it the gripe. The knife that stabbed the J. V.'s last

practical experience in the professions for which we are being trained.

year was the away game—there's no need for train fare in the city. What is \$200. to the S.R.C. (Hollow laughter offstage).

SUGGESTING . . .

The Intra-Mural B-ball league is flourishing better than ever. This term there are eighteen teams of victims for the slaughter, and most of them have won a game here or there. To our casual gaze it appears that there is more fun and sportsmanship than usual showing through the general tangle, and we humbly suggest that you go down and watch some of the top teams play (admission is extremely sensible), and in part, if your club or year and faculty are playing and you know the players.

### DEEREST EDDIE TOR:

(continued from page two)

she's stuck-up anyways and Horace he wood take aut Malviner but she goes real steady with Cousin Clarence so Horace he's goin ta take out Bula what scrubs ta the Civilized Engine Buildin. She's real cute Bula is.

Thankin youse and yer frens fer what yez have did fer us namely them Boone boys,

We remains,  
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