

On The Passing Of Ol' Paul ...

by PETE JACKSON



The Bushman Paul

Tug O' War

On three consecutive afternoons this week the foresters gathered on the Green Road Extension (after having been banned from all other available pieces of level ground) for their annual contest of strength—the tug-of-war.

The results were as follows:—First round: 3rd year outpulled 2nd year and 1st year beat 4th year. Second round: 3rd year defeated 5th year. Third round: 3rd year triumphed over 1st year.

Third Year thus emerged the winners and qualified for an extra quart at the Hammerfest.

A forester, when asked what he missed most while he was in the bush, didn't hesitate. "Temptation", he said.

An observer, picking through the obituary column of the *Daily Gleaner*, may have run across this diminutive notice:

Bunyan, Paul, at his residence, the Forestry Building, University of New Brunswick. Paul Bunyan (3-D) is survived by a son, Paul Bunyan Jr. (2-D). Resting in the Forestry Building basement from where the funeral will be held on Monday with the service at 2 pm. Cremation in the Fredericton City Dump.

This was the only public observance of the passing of the greatest forester of all time. No bulletins on the *CBC*; no headlines in the *Toronto Telegram*; only this meager proclamation. Even with the extensive circulation of this newspaper, his friends the nation over, remained ignorant of his passing.

Not until these friends returned in the fall and inquired as to his whereabouts was the great loss discovered. At first they were disbelieving. How could such a man, in his prime of life, a man of such enormous stature and boundless energy, have the light of life snuffed out so quickly, with so little warning?

The bereaved foresters listened with ringing ears and watery eyes as the tragic story unfolded.

"You remember that even poor Paul felt a little weary after last year's Forestry Week ...?" began the story teller. "Yes",—and well we remembered that he had good reason to be tired. Who was it that cleaved both log and saw horse in twain with a single stroke of the buck saw? Who danced a hole in the gym floor? Who downed all the ale at the Hammerfest? Who, but our Paul.

"It's no wonder he was tired", said a sympathetic voice.

"So Paul thought he might catch a few winks", continued the story-teller. "And what better place than the basement of the Forestry Building, curled around

the furnace. There he slept - or rather hibernated. (Paul always did things in a big way). Fall passed and winter came and still he slept. The balmy breath of spring passed unnoticed through his lungs. Summer's stifling heat could not penetrate his concrete bedroom. He continued to sleep, undisturbed".

"Paul unknowingly rested in the path of the March of Progress, the advance of Steam Heat. They came to get the furnace and that was the cause of Paul's downfall".

"In all the confusion he breathed in a clinker and the next moment the Forestry Building was rocked by a horrendous sneeze. Windows cracked, locked doors burst open and down came the furnace, tons of plate, cast iron, grates and stokers. When the dust had settled, all that protruded from the rubble was a size 28 boot. That's how it happened".

"They piled him in a truck as if he were so much dead wood and trundled him off to the Municipal Crematorium".

What an ignominious end for the noblest Bunyan of them all! If we had only known. What a sendoff the foresters would have given him. The biggest funeral since Al Capone. Can't you just imagine it? He would lie in state in the Memorial Reading Room while hundreds of foresters paid their last respects. A week long wake, befitting such a figure, would be held with all his faculty wholeheartedly participating. A towering white pin statue would be erected in the Pump House Square. After they had said goodbye, twenty yoke of foresters would solemnly bear him to the banks of the mighty River Saint John.

Here he would be eulogized by leaders of both government and industry, for was he not the greatest logger ever to appear at this university? After a ritualistic service conducted by Father Short, and equalled in ceremony only by the Druids, he would be gently lowered aboard a mighty lumber barge. A dozen guitars would strum while a choir of Newfoundlanders commenced to sing "The Loggers Lament". As a 21 quart salute gurgled out across the water, a flaming pine knot would be cast into his pyre and the funeral barge would be quietly set adrift on the bosom of another giant, the ageless river, which logged with Paul before steam was harnessed.

If we had only known ...

A Welcome

On behalf of the Forestry Association, we take this opportunity to welcome Mr. Leslie Sebestyen to the faculty as Assistant Professor of Wood Technology.

Mr. Sebestyen graduated from the technical University of Sopron in 1949 and immediately became an Instructor in the Forest Utilization.

When the Faculty of Forestry of the University of Sopron moved to Canada in January, 1957, Mr. Sebestyen, by this time an assistant professor, gave lectures in a *Powell River Company* camp and later at the University of British Columbia.

We wish Mr. Sebestyen much success in his field in this country

Dave Fairbairn

THE HOTBED



The foresters had a successful week.

Despite the fact that the Business Administration Club acted in an underhand and unethical manner, Forestry Week was successful. Despite the fact that the Business Administration Club threw rabbit punches, kidney punches and low blows at the Forestry Association in rapid succession, the Foresters rose to the occasion, as they always have in the past, and would not even let a knife in the back stop them from acting like gentlemen and making a success of their week.

Groggy but undaunted they never quit—nauseated but still on their feet they never stopped trying—hurt but never dead, they fought to dig their way out of a messy pile of Business Administration dirt.

Forestry Week was successful.

The foresters had seven candidates for their Queen. On the eve of the foresters' election Business Administration had one of their rare meetings and to this meeting they invited two of the Forestry candidates. On the eve of the foresters' election they chose one of these girls to be their queen. This typical sportsmanlike gesture has undoubtedly made them very proud. So proud that one of their members had to leave the meeting saying he "didn't want to get mixed up in that". They are now sitting back with a contented smirk, licking their chops, and playing a waiting game. Perhaps they will discover, as the pelican did, that their beaks are bigger than their bellies.

An executive member of the Business Administration Club asked that the following facts be printed to clarify their actions. Forthwith and without changes are the facts, verbatim, as submitted by this member.

(1) Two members of Executive interviewed the two candidates Monday evening after receiving nomination from our committee a week earlier.

(2) Saw pictures on Thursday morning—Student Centre. (Editor's Note: Reference to pictures of the Forestry Queen candidates).

(3) Our election held Thursday night.

On the condition that these enlightening and clarifying facts be printed, Mr. Bill Cunningham, an executive member of the Business Administration Club gave *Hotbed* permission to print his statement. When asked if he knew that both the Business Administration candidates were also Forestry candidates Mr. Cunningham replied, "This was just a guess. As far as we were concerned they were only pictures of college students (reference to pictures of Forestry Queen candidates). We did see foresters and other students looking at these pictures in the Student Centre. But we didn't know that they were running for Forestry Queen".

An executive member of the Business Administration Club was asked by one queen candidate three days prior to the meeting if it was all right for her to be a candidate in the Business Administration competition when she was already running for Forestry Queen. He assured her that it was, and when again asked on the night of the meeting, he said in effect, that she would be letting down Business Administration if she didn't attend the meeting.

In light of the above, Mr. Cunningham's statement appears to be a rather poor attempt at glib evasiveness. There is an old saying—"You can fool some of the people all of the time; you can fool all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time".

An executive member of the Business Administration Club threatened the writer of *Hotbed* that if an article damaging to his Club was printed he would reply, telling *Brunswickan* readers of this writer's incapability of staying in the Faculty of Business Administration. This the writer freely admits, but if the Business Administration Club feels that they can submit an explanation that would explain their rather shabby actions it will be accepted and printed.

The foresters also had bad luck when they trudged up the hill one morning to discover that Paul Bunyan was stolen by a person or persons unknown. It was a brave feat! Imagine—stealing unguarded Paul in the middle of the night. This courageous action deserves no further comment.

Only one fact remains that does not appear to be garbled, evasive, or incorrect.

Forestry Week was a success.

and much happiness to him and his family.

We know of a town that has a static population. Every time a child is born, someone leaves town.

Mary had a little lamb
Her doctor was surprised.

We know a doctor who is so conceited that when he takes a woman's pulse he subtracts ten beats for his personality.

Two foresters were discussing their homes while in the bush. Mused one, "Harry, what's the second thing you're going to do when you get home?"

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