

Up With

(Continued from page 6)

of the U.N.B. girl's bas-
net. The intramural teams
up almost all the co-
nging everyone in on
e hope that this team
do the trick with
this year. There have
dates set and probably
until after Christmas
competitors after that date
H.S., Woodstock, the Nor-
l, McAdam, and of course

the bowling lines we wit-
practice game the night
n which the freshmen
the sophs and the juniors
seniors. At this game a
ylvia Brown topped the
alley record of 92 made
y Kenney, with 108 as
e. Congrats! A contro-
ween the ten and five
ns was terminated with
t put the five pins in the
f honor.

y latest swimming news
nite pinning of Tuesday
day from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m.
y gals. Anybody happy?
imming, same hours, Mon-
Wednesday.

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FORESTRY BRUNSWICKAN

VOL. . . ABOUT 50 CORDS HEIGHT . . . WHO CARES PRICE—BROTHERS

FORESTERS MAY YET RECEIVE EDUCATION

Bungan's Blow at Flanagan Hideout

It was a very successful Brawl (Bungan's, that is), not the "Hammerfest." At least everyone I could find on Sunday morning vaguely remembered someone telling them that it was. Frankly, I don't remember, but here's what they say happened. There were hot dogs and "refreshment" and then more refreshment and then no one could find the hot dog dispensing window, so they settled for "refreshment." (For translation of word "refreshment" see Barrett). There was a large tent which served to keep the rain off, particularly if one stood under it, which didn't often happen. When you were being talked at by anyone they always seemed to push you under the edge of the tent while they stood inside. Nasty manners these Foresters possess. The result of these alternate submersions was to impart a damp but daring atmosphere to the function, which resulted in a closing football scrimmage with Tom (I'll carry the case) Ballantyne opposing a rugged (and thirsty) line coached by Prof. "Doc" (keep your eyes open boys) Roberts.

Between the opening gun and this closing ball game so much happened that there are even rumours surrounding the hearsay upon which this reporter must base his facts. (Facts, he said).

The highlight of the evening undoubtedly, was "Robbie" Robinson's unanimous acceptance as Bull-of-the-woods, a mythical giant of the forest who fattened all opposition and won for himself a large Moosehead plaque. He subsequently spent the evening modestly hiding, said award from envious fellow Foresters. Just like a hero.

The whole affair netted the hot-dog dispensers a profit, the Molsons a profit, and the woods-laddies a rather nasty headache next morning. The members of this happy gathering who were calm, cool and collected towards the evening's close topped things off by adjourning to the dance dressed as good Foresters should, somewhat to the detriment of their social status. What! have we got one. Ignoring that remark by the artsman, peering over my shoulder, I'll summarize the "do" by saying Paul Bungan would have been proud of his brawl.

NOTICE

ALL CANADIAN WIVES OF VETERAN STUDENTS INTERESTED IN FORMING A SOCIAL CLUB, PHONE 7766 FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.

The Direct Approach

Three students lost while hunting—
1st student "Forester"—I'll just walk out.
2nd student "Engineer"—I'll figure my way out.
3rd student "Artsman"—I'll talk my way out.



DR. J. MILES GIBSON
Dean of Forestry

HOOT'S MESSAGE

Anniversaries follow with the increasing years and this year marks my 30th since graduation, although I can assure you that the time seems to have passed very rapidly. In welcoming this year's class it is hard for me to realize that almost twenty of these years have been spent at the University and that you are a generation that has grown up during this time.

Faculty members are all very much interested in the incoming students as they are the people with whom they spend a lot of their time and who they see grow and develop while at the University. The teacher, I am sure, makes his best effort with students who are interested and I feel sure that as a group our present students are greatly interested in forestry as a career.

The news day by day is not too reassuring, but it one always considers that the worst is going to happen, your own existence will be most unappily, and I think it is

only reasonable to assume that there is still plenty of opportunity for the diligent, energetic and dependable student. One should always remember that education is a continuous process and while at the University courses or subjects are emphasized, that it is all preparation for life and living, and that it does not end but in many ways only begins on your leaving our classes.

It is hoped that all students will find or have found university life a stimulating and worthwhile experience.

J. MILES GIBSON.

Forestry at U. N. B.

By SID FORBES

Shortly after the turn of the century, the lumber industry in Eastern Canada and the United States was the subject of much concern from the standpoint of conservation and management.

In was then Dr. C. C. Jones, at that time the President of U.N.B., enlisted the aid of Professor A. B. Mills of Yale University in United States, to lay the foundation of our present Forestry course, and it is with great pride that we look back with appreciation to recall its mushroom growth in facilities, knowledge and high standards.

Within the first twenty-five years of this 20th century the quest for a knowledge of forestry spread

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Senior Foresters Seen Leaving Cattle's Classics Lectures

It has been learned that certain freshman and sophomore Foresters are actually accepting certain Arts options offered in the new course of study. Some have even books which have for years been banned in Forestry libraries. One sophomore admitted he was reading a book entitled Herodotus. Much discussion amongst fellow seniors only served to deepen the mystery. Though Herodotus must be from Upper Canada, he wasn't known on the Miramichi. Later reports mentioned two heavily disguised senior Foresters seen leaving Prof. Cattle's Sunday lecture.

Logging for Beginners

Reprinted from SENSE and NONSENSE by E. F. Nicol.
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Every year the logging industry chops down so many trees that in some places there are mountains naked as the day they were born, or wearing nothing but a G-string of Scotch pine. Nevertheless we should admire the logging industry and help to prevent forest fires, which annoy it very much.

The first thing needed for a logging industry is a forest, preferably a forest of trees. Trees have, on the whole, been found to make the best lumber, and every effort should be made to start a logging industry in a region where there are trees.

Trees are usually found by a man called a cruiser, who goes with his dog and finds all the trees you want, simply by cruising away from cities and main highways. Naturally these trees can't be just any old trees (plum, for example); they must be Giants of the Forest that have been standing around since Columbus discovered America. The cruiser checks this by cutting down a sample tree and counting the rings. Trees are like women: you can't discover their age until after they are dead (but dead trees make better end tables).

Once a tree has been found, a man with a Swedish accent is sent out to cut it down. This man, known as a faller, can easily be identified by the fact that he yells "Timber!" just before the tree falls down. Unfortunately, if you are close enough to a faller to hear him yell "Timber!" you will probably be killed by the tree when it falls down. This is known as workman's compensation and is quite popular.

Besides his axe and his Swedish accent, the faller must take along a friend who is a bucker. The bucker saws the big tree, once it is felled, into a lot of little trees, making it look like more and fooling the company. Many fallers and buckers now use the fast, power saw, although some fallers complain of a tendency to saw through both the tree and the faller standing on the opposite side.

Wherever the faller and bucker go they are followed by a donkey. This donkey pulls itself along by means of a line attached to a winch which revolves noisily, shortening the line and dragging the donkey

fairly close to a felled tree. Then some men called chokermen approach the tree and corks it with a line attached to another winch on the donkey. When they think they have choked the tree enough, the chokermen shout at a little man sitting on a stump nearby. This little man is the whistle punk, and when the chokermen shout at him he hoots his whistle at the donkey, infuriating it and causing the winch to revolve furiously, hauling the tree closer to the donkey and probably rolling it over one of the chokermen, providing more workman's compensation, which is appreciated by all concerned.

The donkey heaps as many trees as it can into what is called a cold-deck pile. As soon as it drags itself away, however, another larger donkey comes along and takes them all away, a pretty dirty trick. This donkey is operated by a stationary engineer, who is not permitted to move unless the donkey's boiler bursts, whereupon the stationary engineer may hurtle into the air.

With this donkey, each tree is loaded onto a flatcar by the first loader and the second loader. The first loader is the loader who gets killed first when the winches toss around the logs. The second loader is allowed to get killed only after the first loader, and therefore receives less money.

During loading, the donkey becomes so excited turning its winches that it gives off sparks. To counteract this, it is necessary to have a spark-chaser, usually a college boy earning his fees, who chases the spark into the woods until one or the other is extinguished.

When the tree has been placed on the flatcar, it becomes a log. This is made official by a scaler, a man who climbs on the loads and measures the logs in bored feet. When the locomotive engineer (who can move when he feels like it, doesn't have to wait for his boiler to burst, and is therefore pretty cocky) thinks the scaler has measured enough bored feet, he starts the train, throwing the scaler off the loads and thereby usually killing him. Besides the workman's compensation involved, this helps to amuse the locomotive engineer and brighten up the arduous journey ahead.

During this trip, the logs depend for their welfare on two men, who sit on top of the last load (Continued on page five)