



GARY SAUNDERS and FRED McDOUGALL

Our last column, after taking the question "What is the Forestry Association?" as a springboard, proceeded to outline the history of that organization, and ended with a quotation from the "Purpose" portion of the constitution. At this point we ran out of space.

This week, to complete the picture, we'll discuss the constitution and activities of the association, starting with the exact date of the constitution. (This latter information was lost to us last time, because we picked up the wrong minute book. The mistake was forcibly brought to our attention after the secretary tried to write up the minutes of the last meeting.)

The Forestry Association became a constituted organization on this campus on Nov. 16, 1922, and has undergone constitutional changes since that time. Active or voting membership has been limited to forestry students from the beginning, while associate members are generally alumni of the forestry school. Elections are held annually and democratically months after the effects of a Hammerfest have worn off, the important positions usually being voted on in April.

The president of the association must be in his senior year during his term of office, while the vice-president must be an intermediate student. The secretary-treasurer is specified as a member of the junior class during the particular year in which he serves.

Dues are collected annually from active members, while the alumni, though without voting power, are consoled by Section 2, Article IX, which cannily states: "Associate members are permitted to pay dues."

Let these dry details or organization remind you of a bankers' association, we'll describe some of the more lively activities.

The meetings, though boisterous upon occasion, are generally orderly affairs. (More often a tribute to the executive than to the members present.) Like Pascal's dogs, the membership possesses a conditioned reflex, and always shows symptoms of excitement at the mention of the word "Hammerfest". Other stimulating topics are the election of the Forestry Queen and the mention of dues. These lively discussion periods are followed by movies, dough-nuts and coffee. (Listed in descending order of merit.)

Forestry Week is the best-known of the Associations' campus activities, and takes place this year the week beginning Monday October 27. Highlights of the week include the inter-class Tug-o-War, Sports Night, the Soccer Game, Bushman's Ball, the Protection of Paul Bunyan, and the Hammerfest. (Not listed in descending order of merit.)

An activity to which we contribute is the Winter Carnival, with its floats, Snow-sculpture, Campus Queen, and sports competitions. The sponsoring of Monte Carlo (the Maritimes' Biggest Gambling Games) and the several social nights throughout the year all testify to an active organization.

This year's bigger membership holds hope for even bigger and better things.

BOWLING

Classes wishing to enter teams in the intramural bowling leagues (candle pins, duck pins, five pins) must have their entry registered at the athletic office by Wednesday, Oct. 30.

Teams must have at least seven men to warrant an entry.

It was the middle of the night. I grovelled around for my watch—7 o'clock it claimed. I shot out of bed. By 7:30 I was down on the College Field ready to take off on my first trip to Mount "A"—with the soccer team. Unfortunately I had left a fellow-Resident soccer player fast asleep and I had to rush back to awake him. The majority of the team having turned up by 8:15, the cars left for Sackville. All went well until just the other side of Moncton, where a Mountie pulled us in. It appeared that our officious friend wished to fine us \$35, \$5 for our driver failing to carry his license and \$30 plates. (UNB students using the Sackville route beware!) Long argument ensued; the other two carloads of the team came, stopped, argued and went on. It subsequently became plain that the Mountie had a complex about students as he had not been able to get to college or have a car himself. Finally we argued him—or rather his wretched little book of rules—down to a \$5 fine and shot off in pursuit of our teammates.

On our arrival at the Marsh, a car parked behind us slid very gracefully—but not so gently—into us semi-broadside; the damage was not quite irreparable. Having had nothing to eat all day but a hot-dog, and needed to Mount "A" pitch, I then learnt that I was on the sidelines as a reserve. We lost—by the end I was a small bundle of nerves; it is much worse

off the field than on.

On the way back, of course, we got a flat—our driver's first for 3,000 miles. After much hitching to and from a garage, we got the spare on—in turn a little flat, but we just about made a free air pump without further mishap.

You might think that fate having placed such omens in my path I would have been content to make my way quietly back to Fredericton with the others. So you would think. But oh no, yours truly has to be clever enough to leave the others—with very mixed feelings—at Sussex to hitch to Saint John to meet a friend. I told the boys as I left them that I was being a fool to try to defy fate. I was. My first hitch—a Boy Scout—took me five miles. I sat on the back of a truck next to a contraction that looked like the US answer to the Russian moon for the next five miles. The object might well have exploded any time. Then, at last, I got a hitch right down to the outskirts of Saint John.

Have you ever been dropped at the edge of Saint John and tried to make King Square from there? Every inhabitant—most of them suffering from Saturday night blues—directed me to every spot in the city except King Square. It was beginning to rain. However, I was nearing my destination. Tired, cold, hungry but happy in the thought of my friend's hospitality, I at last made the Riviera where I was to meet him. The end

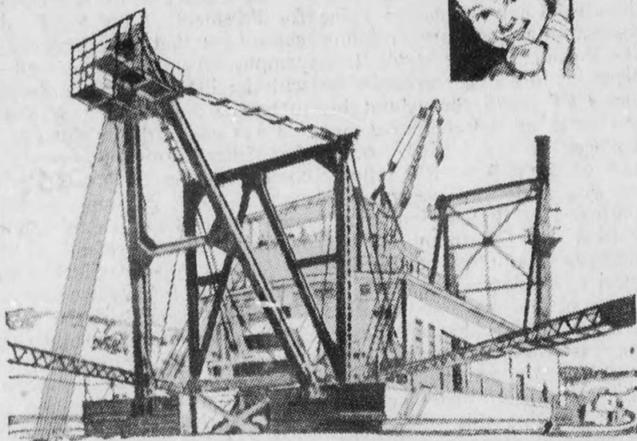
of the hectic trip to Mount "A". I should have been prepared for it—he had left the "Riv" ten minutes before I arrived. I drank coffee for half an hour before I gave up.

After much deliberation I decided to hand myself over to the police. But then I felt that that was a defeatist attitude; I would make UNB or bust. I very nearly bust. I jumped into a taxi, asked the fare to Fredericton and jumped out again. Finally I asked to be taken to the city limits. Thus it was that I set out for UNB. There were very few cars on the road—and none would give me a lift. It was now steadily pouring with rain—I was drenched. No more cars came. At last I prepared to find a reasonably dry ditch into which to crawl—I am not quite sure what for, probably to die. Then came the big break. I hitched my Dean of Residence.

Once in the Residence I was slowly, very slowly revived,—'medically'. I must be one of the few who have travelled to Mount "A" and back without a drop of inspiring liquid refreshment. In spite of this, I somehow think I shall remember my first trip to Mount "A".

It's YOUR vote that makes the difference !!

to carry a child's voice...



...or move the bottom of a lake

At Lachine, Que., Northern Electric manufactures telephone coil wire which is as thin as a human hair...

At the same plant, Northern recently completed a mammoth custom-built power cable with a diameter of just under six inches. This cable—one of the largest of its kind ever produced—is supplying electric power to two gigantic 10,000 h.p. dredges now operating at Steep Rock Lake.

These two contrasting achievements in manufacturing are dramatic proof of the versatility of the Northern Electric Company. In addition to manufacturing electrical wire and cable, and communications equipment and systems, Northern Electric also distribute approximately 100,000 electrical products which stem from more than 1,000 separate manufacturers.

There are interesting careers—and a continual need for University Graduates—at the Northern Electric Company Limited. A letter or postcard to the College Relations Department, Box 6124, Montreal, will bring full information concerning these opportunities.

Northern Electric
SERVES YOU BEST

6657-5

"What do I like about the Bell? The way your progress is encouraged!..."

"When I joined the Bell, I was soon given several projects to work on. True, there was always a more experienced engineer available for guidance, but at the earliest practical moment I was 'on my own'."

"Before long, I was working on special projects involving daily contact with other engineers and telephone people all over North America."

"My progress, meanwhile, has been helped by several courses which include one on departmental administration. I found there was more to being an engineer at the Bell than just solving technical problems!"

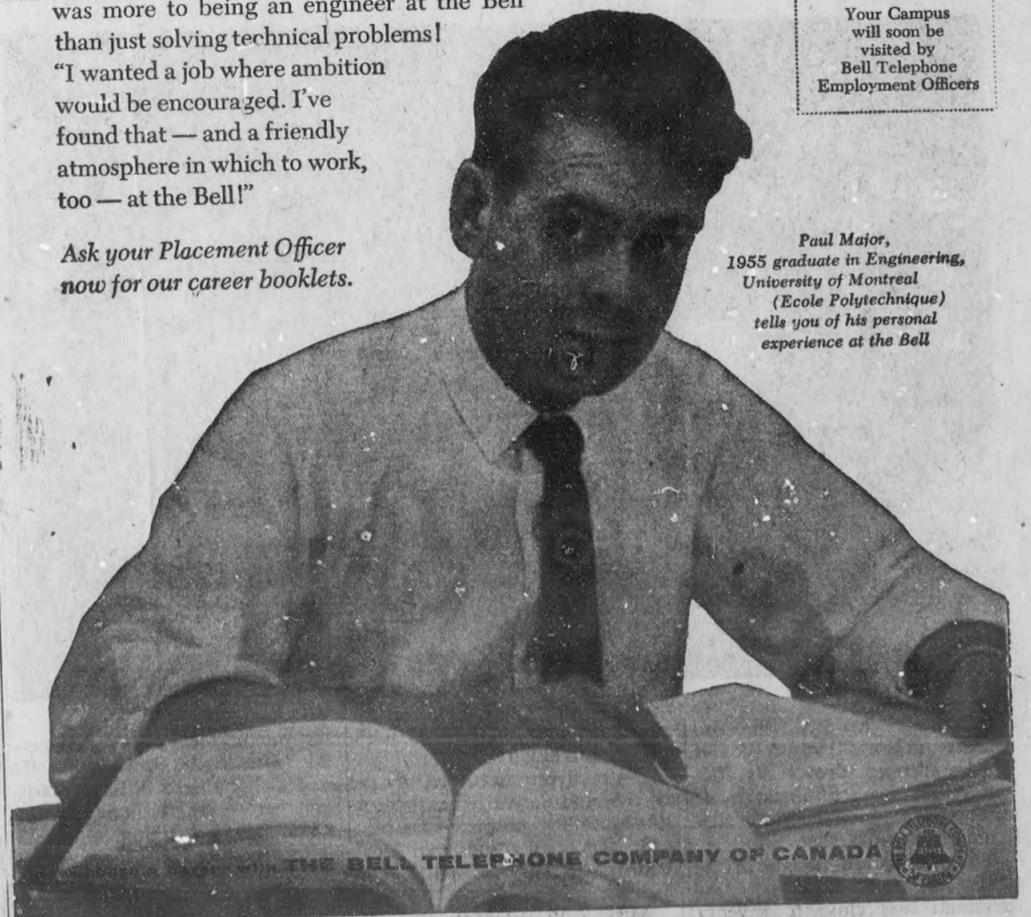
"I wanted a job where ambition would be encouraged. I've found that—and a friendly atmosphere in which to work, too—at the Bell!"

Ask your Placement Officer now for our career booklets.

Men and women students in
ENGINEERING
ARTS / SCIENCE
COMMERCE
BUS. ADM.

Your Campus will soon be visited by Bell Telephone Employment Officers

Paul Major,
1955 graduate in Engineering,
University of Montreal
(Ecole Polytechnique)
tells you of his personal
experience at the Bell



THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA