

FEATURE PAGE

HARVEST HOME

Except for a few odds and ends of crops that did not have to be garnered before frost came—the late sowed turnips, the pumpkins in the corn, the winesaps on the old tree at the back of the orchard—the harvest of the year has been stored in barns and bins and warehouses, in cans and refrigerators.

It has been a goodly harvest too, no unusual droughts, no widespread floods, no uncontrollable plagues of insect pests have measurably reduced the yield of farm or orchard. Nor has any trampling host of men ravaged hill and valley, turning fields of the living into graveyards for the dead. At Thanksgiving we could with full hearts thank God for this our land, which is sufficient unto all the hopes of men.

Sufficient also unto all the needs of men—food for all, clothing for all, shelter for all. Between the oceans that set her apart form a starving world, almost as a darling of the gods, this our land produces enough of everything needful to make everybody happy. It isn't nature's fault that there are skimpy tables—in the past we have cut down on production that there is shabbiness—wool and cotton are glutting the market (or so it would seem as Australian wool is excluded from U. S.) that there are crowded tenements and hovels that pass for homes—we could have space and light and comfort for all, if we only knew how. Nature—always prodigal, always so gay when her breasts are teeming, dreams of a time when everyone is fed and clothed and housed, as she makes it possible that everyone should be. Unfortunately, that is a problem for men to solve, and up to the present they have not been putting their best efforts in that direction.

About 10 years ago, a certain Jan Valtin published a book "Out of the night," which immediately became a best-seller. It described the hunger, gang fights and anarchy out of which the Nazis sprang in Germany after the First World War. People read it with fascinated horror. But it was obviously ridiculous or at least grossly exaggerated. In this age children die of starvation, women didn't sell themselves for a tin of bully beef. Oh no! Get a veteran of the Italian campaign in a confiding mood or even enquire about conditions in Belgium and Holland, let alone Germany, immediately after this war. It is disturbing how identical conditions are in Germany, now and then.

How long can a few nations live in comparative prosperity, while around them, the world cries for bread? The four freedoms, if universally applied would bring in a new era. But they would not be enough. There should come an economic rehabilitation of the masses, adding to the four freedoms, a freedom even of choice, in food, clothing and shelter. These are the basic needs, the lack of which makes men the prey of crack-brained schemers, the prey of totalitarian monsters. Hunger breeds discontent and violence. A happy people neither rebels nor offers sanctuary to tellers of better systems of government.

Our immediate problem is to feed the hungry. But the only permanent solution is to restore the shattered economy of Europe. Everyone knows but no one does much. The

PARTRIDGES

It's early morning and rather chilly so when we step into the car we're wearing our woolen shirts, heavy breeches, long wool socks and a pair of hunting boots, rubber-soled with leather tops. Tucked away in my game pocket are three boxes of lunch—one for you, one for me and one for Rover, the dog.

As we drive through the countryside our minds are filled with thoughts of the coming sport. The setter, too, is excited, trembling a little and looking up at us as if to say, "For Pete's sake make it snappy!"

In about an hour the houses become fewer and fewer, and at the left is a long valley, on the opposite side of which is a hill covered with sumac bushes, white pines, a few scrub oaks and birches. Below in the valley there are alder thickets. The undergrowth is of the sort that bears seeds and berries, good food for partridges.

We stop a moment after leaving the car well off the road. We'll start in here, letting the dog range the ground ahead of us.

Down the valley, then across and up the hillside we go. You keep walking parallel with me about 20 yards away, and in case you can't see me or I can't see you we'll speak or "holler" to each other every now and then. When two are hunting together each must keep a constant lookout for the others whereabouts.

Rover is working perfectly ranging not too far ahead, so that we can both see him. There, he's making game—he's got the scent of a partridge. He runs a few steps, points more. But now he's solid as a rock and the bird right ahead. Perhaps two feet, perhaps 10 feet. We can't tell.

Now, snap the safety off your gun.

question is not what to do, but how we could forever discard the criminal policy of curtailing production (burning coffee, etc.) and the erroneous idea of a favourable trade balance, whereby we think we can sell goods without buying. The only way that we can be paid for what we sell, obviously, is to receive other goods in return. One thing that would help, however little, to restore the trade balance, would be to facilitate tourist travel by lessening border restrictions. A simple gesture in the right direction would be to raise the duty-free limit of tourists' purchases, from \$100 to \$500. Many of the things which tourists bring back do not compete with home industries. The person who buys Swedish glass, doesn't really need a vase.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we hear of good crops this year. But what of next. The old laws still work: "I was anhungered and ye fed me;" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Some nations are busy sowing dragon's teeth. Canada wants nothing of such a harvest, now is the time to delete thinking of what we want it to be. Corps must be planted a long time before they are gathered in.

N. B. Hope this doesn't sound too much like a seasonal sermon. Guess we had better stick to packs and hunting etc.

held it out before you're ready to shoot. When a partridge flushes it goes all in a bunch, just like an explosion. Walk in slowly, you don't know where the bird's coming from or in what direction he's going to fly, but every tense muscle of the setter on point proclaims that there's a bird in the vicinity.

Closer and closer you go, until you're alongside the dog. Seems as if the suspense would never end! Now you're ahead of the dog, every muscle alert: "Whir-r-r!" There goes the bird, straight-away ahead of you! There's a panicky moment while your gun leaps to your shoulder, then you press the trigger, and the bird drops 30 yards away. Good shot!

"Fetch!" you say, and the faithful old setter runs ahead, noses around in the undergrowth a moment, then fetches the bird back. He comes up to you, sits on his haunches and lifts his head. You put your head down under the bird and say, "Give!" and the bird drops into your hand. Fine work, Rover!

Next time the dog points, you're not so lucky. The grouse gets up, closer than you expected, swerves suddenly behind a screen of pine and escapes your snap shot. On we ramble up hill and down through the pleasant autumn country. Now and then the dog points. He's working great today.

And so the hours go. At noon in a corner of an old snake fence, where the sun beats in warmly, Rover and you and I have our lunch. We take it easy, as I light my pipe, talk over the incidents of the morning, then reload our guns and head into a cover that slopes gently toward the southwest. There are birds here all right. Look at that! "Take it easy Rover, old lad, don't rush 'em." "All right, I'll try this shot but come in close yourself. There may be two or three birds. It's a likely looking spot."

The afternoon passes swiftly—the shadows lengthen. We don't know we're tired. The fact that we miss five or six easy shots only makes us more anxious to keep on, for the surest shot is never sure, when it comes to upland hunting. No two grouse flush alike, nor do two ever fly at the same angle, when flushed. It's my opinion that the ruffed grouse or "partridge" is the king of the game birds. And it's the variety and surprises which he gives that makes the sport one of the best.

As the sun dips down beyond the rim of the hill we walk to the car and the setter trots contentedly at our heels. Such, in short, is upland hunting.

Skiing at its Best in '48

When snow starts to fall this season and swarth dear Fredericton and her hillocks in white powder, I for one will be anxious and glad. Anxiety breeds satisfaction; gladness is what comes from healthy recreation under satisfying conditions.

This year's U. N. B. Ski Club will undoubtedly prove to be the University's most outstanding organization. In sportsmanship, in health, and in happiness we shall strive to bring to each participant an abundance of understanding and leadership. The hill is yours! Have fun and enjoy it.

On Thursday, October 2, 1947, a meeting of the Ski Club was held to elect its officers for the current season. The retiring president calmly sat back and listened to what his successor had to say. A brief survey of the findings of the well represented meeting would impress us as being expectant of a most successful skiing year.

An Inter-class meet, as planned, representing the four normal college years, will tend to develop better skiers, to increase the representation at Royal Road's Hill and to encourage other factors pertaining to the uplifting of this magnificent sport to the realm in which it belongs. Those competitors placing first, second and third in the various events, as well as the year that wins will receive appropriate awards. The ladies, this year, will be eligible for competition. The winner in this class will likewise receive a trophy. It has been made known that we are to have quite a number of co-ed skiers in our midst during the numerous trials and tribulations that we shall undoubtedly encounter at the SCHUSS. Possibly our intercollegiate team would do well to have feminine members. But this matter will be left strictly up to the time-keepers. Stop watches,

by the way, are to be supplemented by a sound-powdered telephone set this winter. We are really going all out to keep up with modern timing methods. The local number of this line will be: "5-4-3-2-1—GO!!" Why don't you all try it, its great sport.

An interesting suggestion and something worth thinking about, is that the U. N. B. Ski Club be host to a Maritime Intercollegiate ski meet early in February. We could put forth with a "smash-up" programme if all hands "turned-to" and did their part. Skiing is far too localized in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. A meet such as the one just mentioned would play a major role in the promotion of skiing as a "first" in the sport's field of the Maritime Universities.

Signed: The Executive:—
RAE GRINNELL—Pres.
BILL MURRAY—Vice-Pres.
NINI GIBSON—Sec.-Treas.

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