

Slabs and Edgings - continued

The Forestry Association ran into some unexpected trouble when they tried to purchase 30 cases of brew for the Hammerfest. Apparently the only way one can purchase bulk quantities of brew for a social evening of the Hammerfest is to agree to take a certain percentage of the order in an inferior product. The boys were denied the purchase of 30 cases unless they took 8 cases of the inferior product as part of the order. In our eyes, this type of selling is unfair, undemocratic and definitely small time. Needless to say the Ass'n. rallied to the cause and the DESIRED order was obtained; but only after a time-consuming chain gang type of purchasing at the regular outlet. It's a darn good thing that these dispensers of brew have a monopoly as they wouldn't last a week in competition with private interests if they adhered to such petty practices.

A credit to the reputation of Forestry at U.N.B. is the fact that several delegates to the recent N.F.C.U.S. conference at Laval were of the impression that Forestry was the only course given here if any of them read this—yeah, there's one or two other things given here, nothing of any importance though.

At Wednesday noon, the annual Tug-of-War took place on the Arts terrace. Things went along pretty well as planned with the Senior Foresters having by far the best team. The elimination pulls saw the fourth and fifth year teams emerge as finalists. With a Senior victory a foregone conclusion the teams began to pull for the top honors. At the point where the Seniors were about to apply the coup de grace, an inexplicable thing happened. The turf under their boots began to tear away and very unsportingly the Intermediates took advantage of the sad situation to eke out the victory.

On Tuesday evening, the Foresters held their Annual Social evening in the memorial room. The evening was an unqualified success and the food exceptionally well prepared. There were a couple of highlights of the social but they didn't cause too much trouble. All during last week, the Foresters had the opportunity of wiping the mud off their boots on the most appropriate doormat we've seen in years. This mat was at the door to the memorial room and was inscribed with the words Engineering Week. Needless to say the mat was put through a severe endurance test and unfortunately we will have to wait till (ugh) engineering week for a new mat.

Artisemen's Corner: For this week we think it only fitting to reprint those beautiful lines: I think that I shall never see A thing as lovely as 'The Tree'.

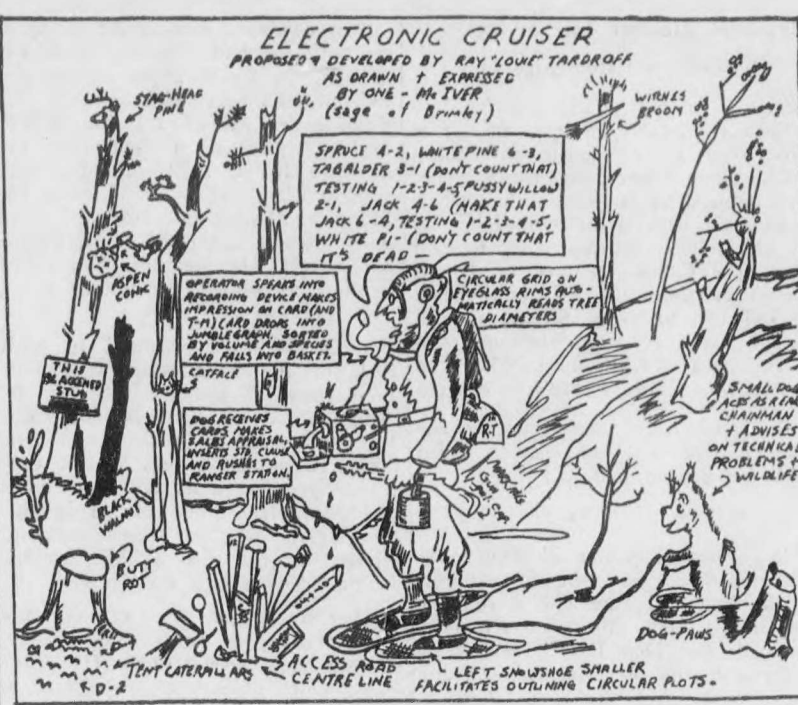
In—the Field Day—passing. We were requested to mention the Field Day in passing. You're welcome.

Naturally, the Forester's dance was a huge success. As always, people could be heard saying as they left, 'Best dance of the season' and other things equally eloquent. The decorations were superb and a special bouquet here for Ben and the boys for a swell job.

Intramural Meetings

You are reminded that tonight is the last chance you have to enter as a team or as an individual in intramural hockey and intramural basketball! Organization meetings will be held tonight in the Trophy Room of the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium.

The basketball meeting will be at 7:00 p.m. and the hockey enthusiasts will meet at 8:30 p.m.



Railroading by Carrier

(Continued from Page 6)

turned the stare, but ours was one of utter disgust. The war had been an impersonal one for us; dropping bombs on a hidden enemy and our first live contact came as rather a shock. Our interpreter, a former Government forestry official, informed the officer present of our intentions, also made enquiries about fuelwood. Since there was no coal in the colony, wood had to be substituted in order to fire our only serviceable locomotive, the British tank engine, as well as the power stations in the city.

The journey continued without incident as far as the border where we exchanged salutations with a band of Chinese Communists.

On our return we hired some of the former railway staff at a daily wage rate of two catties of rice, the only form of currency of any value. The Japanese yen was valueless; for example it cost me 17,000 yen to have six small articles of clothing laundered.

A routine was soon established. The outgoing train took a string of empty freight cars and left them to be loaded at various sidings along the route. On the return trip the locomotive picked up those cars that had been loaded with fuel wood and hauled them into the city. A schedule was out of the question as the time taken on the return journey was directly proportional to the load. It became a common practice to stop at the bottom of a grade, of which there were many, and "catch" steam as the Chinese firemen put it. Wood, as we found out, is a poor substitute for coal when trying to "catch" steam and delays of an hour or so were not uncommon.

Our major assignment came when the area we were servicing was to be taken over by a Marine commando who had been diverted from the Malay peninsula. The Marines had their own truck transport but were obliged to call on us to move out the Japanese. We provided seven ancient and dilapidated coaches and two box cars. Starting at the far end of the line, about twenty-five miles from the city, the Marines herded the Japanese into the limited accommodation. By the time we picked up the last detachment, some four hours after the commencement of the journey, over a thousand hapless Japanese with what personal goods they could carry had been squeezed into every atom of space. The heat of the day stimulated many a thirst, but the Marine officer in charge, a Burma veteran, would allow no one to leave the train. After frequent pauses to "catch" steam the train pulled into Yerabu station and disgorged its load of dejected humanity. The prisoners were thoroughly examined by the Marine occupation committee in the station waiting room, then marched off to one of the recently evacuated P.O.W. camps, followed by a crowd of jeering Chinese.

A short time later an R.A.F. construction unit arrived, and to them we formally turned over "our" railway, before leaving for Australia and the U.K.

FOUND—at the Hammerfest, one dollar bill. Will owner please line up in the forestry building.

Goodwill Trip

In an effort to promote friendly relations between Mount Allison and U.N.B. and to spread the spirit of Forestry Week, two forestry students made an impromptu goodwill trip to the Sackville swamps early this week. The inspiration for the trip arose out of an unofficial forestry meeting, the good-fellowship of which the boys decided to spread.

Our stalwarts were given every consideration by the Mount A student body and in the course of the visit were shown through the men's residence and out of the girls'.

In many respects this visit took over where the Mount A trip last year left off. The telephone offices and the "Power" commission were both visited. In a fine gesture by the town a large delegation from the police force were on hand for the visit to the telephone offices.

As yet there has been no report from Mount A on the visit and until such a report is issued the boys' names are being withheld.

ENGINEERS HIT ROAD

In case the lesser students on the campus wonder where we are next Thursday, the senior and intermediate Engineers will be hitting the open road hours before the first Artisan stirs in reluctant preparation for his daily lecture. Where to? We'll be away on an Engineering Society organized tour of the Tobique Power Project and the Grand Falls Development.

The bus will leave the campus on Thursday, Oct. 30 at eight o'clock (sharp) and will stop down town at the I.O.O.F. Hall at eight fifteen— from then on it's the Tobique or bust! All travellers will please come adequately armed with two dollars.

An Engineer's reply to Slabs and Edgings: "Had a good laugh the other day—engineer wanted to know how he could get to the Hammerfest — Hah!"

A rewrite on the above: Had a good laugh the other morning—forester wanted to know what happened to the Forestry Week banners — HAH! —where there's an engineer there's a way!

She—"Why did you turn out the light dear?" He—"I just wanted to see if my pipe was lit."

Professor—"If you start at a given point on a figure and go all the way around it, what will you get?" Freshman—"Slapped, sir."

Definitions

Sweater girl—one who pulls your eyes over her wool.

Janitor—a floor-flusher.

Musician—a band aid.

Wedding—a funeral where you smell your own flowers.

—And there was the fellow who called his dog Carpenter because he was always doing odd jobs around the house.

—And there was the fellow who called his dog Blacksmith because every time he kicked him he made a bolt for the door.

He—"Say those three little words that will make me walk on air."

She—"Go hang yourself."

First person—"Did you ever hear about the fickle horse."

Second person—"No."

First person—"He switched his tail."

THE GLENAYR "Kitten"



Meet

the "Kitten", the newest, softest, most fantastic lambswool sweater ever... its soft cashmere-treated texture actually improves with washing... guaranteed not to shrink!

Full-fashioned! In 18 heart-warming shades, dolman sleeves, pert new collars...

Cardigans at \$8.95, Pullovers \$6.95, \$7.95.

There's an exciting "Kitten" skirt to match too... styled by Phil Cohen of Montreal. At fine stores everywhere!

GLENAYR-KNIT LIMITED TORONTO - CANADA



soft as a pussy's purr!

In Fredericton... VAN'S READY-TO-WEAR DAISY SMITH

You are always welcome at... HERBY'S MUSIC STORE 306 QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON'S BRIGHT AND CHEERY MUSIC CENTRE

Player's "MILD"



ARE MILDER

Canada's Mildest Cigarette