

RATS ROUTED RED BOMBERS STOP COCK-SURE CHAMPS

HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED



TOUCHDOWN UNB's McLellan breaks through a Mountie defence for the first score in Saturday's thrilling game. The Red Bombers, fated as the 60-0 losers by Mt. A Coach in a pre-game prediction, came through for a 14-6 win over the unbeaten '56 champs from the Tantramar Marsh. Two completed UNB touchdowns were called back by Referee Trueman and other officials. Played on a rainy Saturday afternoon, the regularly scheduled tilt was viewed by a record crowd, numbering well over thousand. If UNB wins against St. John next Monday in the port city, they take on the Mounties the following Saturday in Sackville.

FREDERICTON — The UNB Red Bombers in the most amazing reversal of form seen in the NBCRFU in the last two seasons pulled off a 14-6 upset win over the highly touted Mount Allison Mounties, last Saturday afternoon at College Field. In Sackville three weeks ago the Mounties had chalked up a 46-13 pasting over the Bombers and two weeks ago the marshlands crew had set a Maritime scoring record in their 86-0 rout of St. Thomas. The Bombers superior line play and blocking bogged down the Mounties and with Bubbles Peters and Rick Bateman "the touchdown twins" seeing only limited action, their vaunted offense was never a threat.

The Bombers featured a steam-rolling running attack, their best blocking display of the season and a tight pass defense. Mount Allison's only touchdown came in the final minutes of the game on a long pass into the end zone but previous to this UNB had come up with three interceptions, two by defensive halfback Hal Hicks and the other by guard Tom Doyle. Doyle also recovered a Mt. A fumble that nearly set up a touchdown.

With Sonny Clark out of the lineup because of an injury the ball carrying load fell on Brian Arthur, and Stirling MacLean working out of the fullback slots and Ed MacLellan and Bill Perry in the half positions. The opening kickoff was received by UNB at their own 35 yard line. From there they marched to the Mt. A 37 but lost the ball on third down. Harry Haukkala, John Roberts, and Gerry Stevens handled the ball carrying chores for the Mounties.

(Continued on page 6 col. 1)

FORESTRY BRUNSWICKAN



QUEEN CROWNED AT BUSHMAN'S BALL

by John Dunlop

The Bushman's Ball, another of the many exclusive social functions of the Forestry Association, was held Friday night in the Boxing Room of the Lady Beaverbrook gymnasium. The Ball was chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Dr. and Mrs. Pringle, and Prof. and Mrs. Hilborn.

The boxing room was decorated very appropriately for the occasion by a group of extremely artistic foresters. The outside wall was lined with clumps of trees, wild animals, (stuffed, naturally), and fire fighting equipment. Across the front of the room, from left to right, was the throne for our charming Queen, and adjacent to this the orchestra, very capably directed by Mr. Paul Yorksey. Along the inner wall we saw what at first appeared to be a small forest, but on exploration turned out to be a number of well-concealed tables where a forester could feel free to discuss any important business matters pertinent to the forest industry without fear of being overheard by an engineer, or, God forbid, an Artsman. Lastly, but by no means least, at the back of the room a well supplied bar was in operation, serving soft drinks, straws, etc.

During the intermission Dr. Gibson was called upon to crown our Queen, Miss Carol Ann Barter. This pleasant task, we feel sure, would be taken over by any member of the faculty, on request, to relieve the Dean of at least one of his many duties on the campus. After the crowning of the Queen, Bill Goodfellow presented Lyndon Gray with the traditional double-bitted axe, signifying that he, for the next year is the Bull-o'-the Woods.

One of the most fortunate students on the campus, is Mr. John Findlay, a chemistry student, for he won the door prize, which entitles him to attend the hammerfest. We are sure that this man is the envy of all on the campus.

We feel that in ending this article, your attention should be drawn to the fact that this year's Bushman's Ball was one of the best, mainly due to the super-human efforts of Cliff Emblin, The Regent Regulars, and a few others. We extend our most sincere congratulations to these people.

GOODFELLOW

Another Forestry Week has come and gone, and I think it has been a very successful one. I would like to thank all the members of the Forestry Association who made the week such a very good one. Thanks are also due to members of the Forestry faculty, and to the Ranger School staff, who always lend us a hand during our Forestry Week.

All events planned for the week were well attended. At the Field Nite, Lyndon Gray won the "Bull o' the Woods" title for the year. Although the winners of the events were mixed around, Lyndon showed fine form on a large number of the events to win the title. Our Social Nite and Bushman's Ball came off well, with the crowning of our queen, Carol Ann Barter, being the highlight of these functions.

The Week finished in grand fashion with the Hammerfest. Even with the damp weather the fellows' spirits were not dampened, with songs and laughter ringing into the night. Mr. Moosehead was well represented, and he kept the feast moving gaily.

In closing, I would like to stress the fact to all forestry students that next year is the fiftieth anniversary of forestry at UNB. It is also the golden anniversary of the Canadian Institute of Forestry. I hope that you will all get behind the Forestry Week Committee of next year, and put on, in conjunction with half a century of forestry at this university, the biggest Forestry Week that UNB has ever seen.

Ol' Paul

Now everybody knows that it was Paul Bunyan who made the Thousand Islands in Quebec and the Niagara Falls in Ontario. Most folks have heard too, about the exploits of Ol' Paul and his famous Blue Ox, Babe. (Babe measured 37 axe-handles and a plug of chewing tobacco across the horns, which is why we couldn't get her up there with him last week.)

But apart from picking his teeth with pine trees and shooting high-flying geese with rock salt to keep them from spoiling on the way down, which every educated person knows about, Paul dabbled a bit in tree breeding. Until, that is, he got his genes mixed.

His idea was good enough. What he wanted was a tree that would grow lumber already cut into planks, the boards hanging down like apples. That, he figured, would save a pile of money, because then he could hire apricot pickers instead of lumberjacks, and everyone knows that fruit pickers work cheaper than lumberjacks, and feed themselves in the bargain. And besides, the trick would do away with Sawmills, except of course for the few needed to make sawdust for butcher shops and saloons.

But Ol' Paul never should of tried it. Somehow he accidentally crossed a Douglas fir, a California redwood, and a desert cactus. The tree he got was as tall as a redwood, the wood couldn't be told from fir, and it grew well in the driest desert. The main trouble was that it had thorns for branches, and they were seventy feet long, and wicked sharp.

That was how he got in Dutch with the Government. His trees grew so quick that in no time the desert was covered. The Society of Tired Eastern Women got after him then, complaining that a desert vacation was no fun any more because one couldn't see the desert for trees. So the Government quick wrote him a letter, and ordered him to log them off. They even sent a hand-painted picture showing him what they thought a desert should look like.

It was a problem. First they tried cutting them, but they wouldn't fall for the thorns. Dynamite was what they tried next, and it worked dandy. Every tree was blown clean out of sight. The smoke and sand went up in a column 34 miles high, and the blast knicked the roofs off three barns in P.E.I. The best part of it was all hands had roast duck for supper, for Paul reached up, felt around on top of the column, and found half a wagonload of ducks up there.

But next morning they found the trees fallen back to the ground, every tree right side up and back in the same holes.

Ol' Paul was puzzled. He whittled while he thought on it. By the time he had whittled a full-rigged ship, full size, he had it. "Boys," he says, "the Gov't's dependin' on us. We'll build the

SOCIAL

By Lyndon Gray

On Wednesday evening the top floor of the Forestry and Geology Building was the scene of another successful Forestry Social. About forty-five foresters and their wives and friends gathered to enjoy a programme of movies, dancing, and card-playing.

Special guests for the evening were Misses Barter, Carr and Kitchen, the three candidates for Queen of the Faculty of Forestry. (Many, needless to say, were captivated.)

The evening was concluded with a sumptuous lunch — a feather in the hat of the juniors.

The Sorry Siege

The Engineers, the Engineers, Came marching up the hill. They had no fears, but rather cheers;

Paul wasn't long for his narrow sill.

On they came, one hundred strong, To challenge the few on guard, But something happened, went badly wrong, The advance stopped dead in the yard.

For though a fight ensued, a battle fought, The guard had held its place. A quick way out, the invader sought,

Ashamed to show his face. And down the hill with burning ears

Went all the Engineers.

biggest pile-driver ever seen. And by the Great Ringtalled Catamount, we'll drive them trees down like tent pegs!

And they did, too, with Babe's help on the weight. They drove a tree every three minutes, clear down to bedrock and sixteen feet out of sight, and Babe sweat so much that it was too muddy for working thereabouts. So Paul grabbed a shovel and dug a ditch to drain off the water. This is now known as the Grand Canyon. After Paul left the country the Government run the Colorado River through it.

Adapted from "Annual Ring" 1957.

The Dean

Last year I mentioned the opportunities for foresters and the hope that our classes would increase in number. Over the year members of the sections of the Canadian Institute of Forestry did some useful missionary work in talking to high school graduating classes and the increased enrolment this year shows some measure of their success. Our total enrolment in Forestry increased eleven per cent compared to a general university increase of seven per cent. We also have the largest number of New Brunswick Freshmen taking Forestry that we have had for a number of years. These factors are encouraging and augur well for the future.

While forecasters have no control of the beauty of our fall foliage, they, like all other students, appreciate the vivid colours of autumn in New Brunswick. They see this beauty in more detail as second year students when they are required to collect and mount the leaves of some sixty tree species found in the vicinity of Fredericton.

Having returned recently from quite an extensive trip through the arid regions of the southwestern part of the United States, the beauty of our autumn landscape impressed itself on me anew and I am sure my feelings would be shared by every forester. Sometimes we may not fully realize the opportunities and privileges we have in Canada and these are particularly favourable for foresters, providing that the forester is prepared to live in the smaller communities where you find the headquarters of the forest using industries and local governmental services.

I wish to extend a very warm welcome to all foresters during Forestry Week and know that your association will continue to take an active part in all worthwhile campus activities. This is an introduction to the part that you can play in community effort when you graduate, for you must remember that the Canada of the future depends on you and your associates at the University for its guidance and leadership.



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Forester On Good Things . . .

Ordinarily, I am a grumbler. A nothing-pleases type. A sort of "Woe is Me" fellow. I grumble about my courses. I thrive on cursing the weather. My razor blades always go dull one day before they should. But there comes now and then a brilliant flash across my gloom of grumbles, and by the glare I see that some things are fine and good after all. I want to talk about them.

Have you ever owned a venerable old pipe—a good briar, a battered relic that more than once you darkly swore to drop into the furnace? One that bit like a muskrat trap on the first few puffs and gurgled like an underground stream on the last? If you have, then you remember those glorious clouds of contentment between, and you have known one Good Thing.

Have you worked in a simmering summer heat with salt sweat stinging your eyes and 6 o'clock a long way off? And afterward come home to a frosty glass of foam-topped beer winking with amber lights on the table? That is another Good Thing.

Consider: A hayfield shimmers greenly under an August sun. You stand spraddle-legged in the grass, swinging a scythe in smooth, clean circles. You are naked to the waist and your sweat is cool in the breeze. And you have a month left before fall term. That is a Good Thing, too.

When the humor is on me, even simple things like these seem worthy of praise:

A good, keen axe—an easy-swinging, deep-biting, companionable sort of axe—one that will help you fish smelt through the ice, peel a rail, build a camp, hammer a spike, sharpen a pencil, or even open a stubborn sardine can, and one that will not shiver into shards when you attack a frozen birch on a bitter February morning.

A sleek, intelligent, lively obedient dog (not of elegant pedigree, necessarily—he may as well be a mongrel) but one that knows what you are thinking, who shares your joy in the hunt, and who asks only

a pat and a morsel for unflinching friendship.

On a cold night alone in the woods—what comforts better than a small, bright fire and a mug of pungent tea? And perhaps that other friend, that pipe?

A good book, a good rifle, a good pair of boots—these are but a few of the things that sometimes in his brighter glimpses this grumbler sees as valuable beyond money.

One, however, he is at a loss to classify. She wears long hair and a skirt and is known as Woman. She brings both peace and confusion. What to do? How to please? The pipe is comforting, the axe is dependable, the dog is a companion. Likewise, they say, is Woman all these. But the pipe never needs a new hat, the axe never smashes into Reverend Brown's car, and the dog never has to go to the hair dressers. Woman, they say, does.

The problem is that lemon pie with golden droplets of sugar bursting through tender meringue is a Good Thing too.

Damn! Another busted shoe lace!

She'd have worn her mother's girdle but she didn't have the guts.

A FORESTER DOES?

Many people ask the question "What, exactly, does a forester do?" and, after being answered with a flabbergasted silence, promptly conclude that they don't do anything at all. While this may be true in some cases, I hasten to assure you that the silence generally ensues because the question is practically unanswerable. The forestry profession is divided into so many facets that a generalized answer, which must be either a forty minute recital or something like "Looks after trees", is no more informative than no answer at all. The following is an attempt to outline three very general fields of forestry, giving the un-informed reader some idea of the probable activities of a forester within each field.

The general forester in the management aspect of forestry is usually concerned with integrating the efforts of a group of specialists towards achieving a particular management aim.

Specialists concerned with actual forest management are silviculture, mensuration, and forest economics. In the large organization specialists are hired to perform the duties involved within each of these phases of forestry.

The forest economist is concerned with costs, with the prediction of future demands as to type and quantity of forest product, and in general with ensuring that forest management practice is economically sound.

The silviculturalist is directly concerned with the methods and cutting practices used in growing and tending the forest crop. Silviculture has been defined as "the art of producing and tending a forest." Silviculture, then, is the tool which is used to achieve the aims of forest management.

The third specialization is forest mensuration or measurement. The mensurationist is concerned with determining the amount of wood standing in the forest, as well as the amount cut. He determines inventory.

Trees must be protected against fire, insects and disease. The financial loss alone is serious if they are not, particularly where money has been expended on man-



GARY SAUNDERS and FRED McDOUGALL

The hard work, cooperation, and high spirit of the foresters has been evident throughout this most recent and successful forestry week. Although the organization and planning of the varied activities can be attributed to a fairly small group, success was only possible with the enthusiastic support of the entire faculty.

Nevertheless, before too much praise is heaped upon our efforts, it would be wise to realize that other faculties make little or no real attempt in the direction of a faculty week. Therefore we have no real basis for comparison. Other faculties could probably do as well; they have done better in past Winter Carnivals. The success achieved in those Carnivals attests to their capabilities. What they lack is spirit. Last year's Wassail, and this year's attendance at meetings of the Art's Union, are glaring examples.

One feeble attempt at some semblance of faculty unity was made last year by the Artsmen when they bedecked themselves with specially made neckties. The Engineers likewise had a faculty jacket made. Both ideas are good, but something more is needed. A genuine desire to set up an organization, one formed as a means toward creating interesting activities, and not as an end in itself, may be that something.

It is true that talking is easier than doing, and that a faculty such as ours is already at an advantage, by reason of its professional unity. Therein, perhaps, is the secret. If the "faculties - within - faculties" (especially characteristic of Engineering) could get together, it might become evident that several small organizations are better than no organization at all.

Such organizations would, by reason of their creative nature, be more concerned with constructive than with destructive undertakings. Perhaps, when these organizations are formed, all-night vigils to protect advertising such as Paul will not be needed.

Protection has developed as a separate entity due to its highly specialized nature, which demands specifically trained personnel. The forest entomologist deals with the insects life of the forest, while the pathologist is concerned with forest tree disease. At present, in Canada, men in both groups are daily employed in research. They assist, through consultation, in problems which arise in regard to their specific field. Fire protection is generally the responsibility of those concerned with management.

The greatest number of forestry graduates are employed in forest utilization. The concern of the forester in utilization is the development of effective logging, transportation and marketing methods. Logging operations particularly come under the supervision of the forester, while roads, dams and other transportation facilities are often the concern of the forest engineer, who may be a forester with engineering training or an engineer with some knowledge of forest operations, when one can be found. The role of the forestry graduate in milling and marketing is steadily increasing. The growing number of foresters who are specializing in wood technology ensures that this trend will continue.

"May I have this dance?" "I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said, "I didn't know your condition."

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The Schoen Lake Tree

This is the story of a tree, the Shoen Lake Tree—a section of which stands on the second floor of the Forestry and Geology Building, U.N.B.)

About 1090 years ago—around the year 865—there spiralled to the forest floor near Shoen Lake on northeast Vancouver Island a tiny winged seed. It fell from the newly-opened cone of a towering Douglas fir, and, more fortunate than its fellow-parachutists, came to rest in a moist, sheltered hollow. A redicle went down, cotyledons came up, and a monarch began to grow.

It grew well. The wet Pacific winds brought abundant rain, the giants about it gave shelter from the occasional gales, and winters were mild. Fire except from lightning, held few terrors, for the red man with his taste for cooked food was a scarce animal, and the white man was unknown.

Over in England at this time another monarch was beginning his career: Alfred the Great, now king of Wessex, was soon to be ruler of all England. Our tree was then an infant of a half-dozen years. When Alfred died in 899, 28 years later, the infant had become a sturdy youth, and boasted 11 inches across the butt, and perhaps 50 feet in height.

The tree was 130-odd years old when the first white man sighted eastern North America. (This was Heljulf, the Norseman, who sailed from Iceland in 1000 A.D.) By this time it had added another 11 inches to its butt diameter. The Battle of Hastings, 5000 miles to the east, was of small significance to the tree. More important was the battle for water and space, for now, at 200 years of age, it was pushing its green pyramid into the stubborn canopy some 80 feet above.

When King John sweated at the Magna Carta signing in 1215, our tree was sweating also, for the piercing of the canopy was one of the most critical periods of its existence, and competition was everywhere. It was now three feet across, and still young. The diameter steadily grew:

1431—Joan of Arc burned at the stake 52 inches
1492—Columbus reached America 56 inches
1513—Balboa discovered the Pacific 57 inches
1564—Shakespeare was born 57 inches

And the years piled up:

718 years old—Sir Humphrey Gilbert takes possession of Nfld.
743 years old—Quebec founded

Hy-A-Watta

On the shore of Lake St. Nora,
On the sands laid down by water,
All the young men are assembled
In the lodge of forest learning,
Listening to the monstrous story
Of the wonderful adventures
Waiting for them in the future
Told by Site-les, son of Auger.
"Fifty years from hence," he told them,

"Management will be no problem;
Leave the forest grist for chippers,
Let the soils become degraded:
Automation will replace us,
And the young men leave the woodland."

"Hark you!" shouted young Boy-oo-cos,

As he entered in the doorway,
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of all the old man's stories."
Then from forth his little soils bag
Forth he drew with joyous manner
Maps of depths, regimes and patterns:

Blueprints for the distant future.
"We must cultivate the forests,
Know what trees for growth require,

Become farmers of the woodlands,
Match the species to the soil.
Should the soils become degraded,
Then 'tis time for 'mellioration,
Time to change decay organic,
Time to hault process geelsolic.
Should the trees show leaves chloroic,

Should the height growth be in question,

These are problems in nutrition:
Fertilize with salts of potash,
And in lime or super-phosphate;
Fertile soils provide the answer.
Even deserts and the wasteland
Will all fall before our secrets."
And the name of young Boy-oo-cos,
Lingers still among the listeners,
And in winter when the snowflakes
Whirl in eddies 'round the lodges,
"There," they cry, "comes young Boy-oo-cos,

He is dancing through the forest;
He is gathering in his harvest."

* The text of this narrative was found by K. A. Armon on a piece of birch bark imbedded in the C horizon of a soil pit excavated in Block 17 of the University Forest. The Huroquos title may be freely translated as "Soils in the Future."

"Annual Ring," 1957.

Four years later Captain George Vancouver circumnavigated the island. And, inevitably, there came in 1825, a botanist, one Douglas from Scotland. He was greatly impressed by these giant and abundant evergreens, and honored them with his name. Thus our patriarch, now a noble 960-year-old and until now variously called spruce, hemlock and even pine, received its present name of Douglas fir.

Things now began to happen in the sprawling land across the Johnstone Strait. The men of Canada began to draw lines upon their country. They fashioned a Dominion of four provinces, in 1867, and a few years later added three more—Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia. Now the tree stood on official Canadian earth. The creation of Alberta and

Saskatchewan in 1905 made this Canadian earth a continuous nation—"A Mari Usque ad Mare"—though stubborn Newfoundland was to mar the beauty of the phrase for a few decades yet.

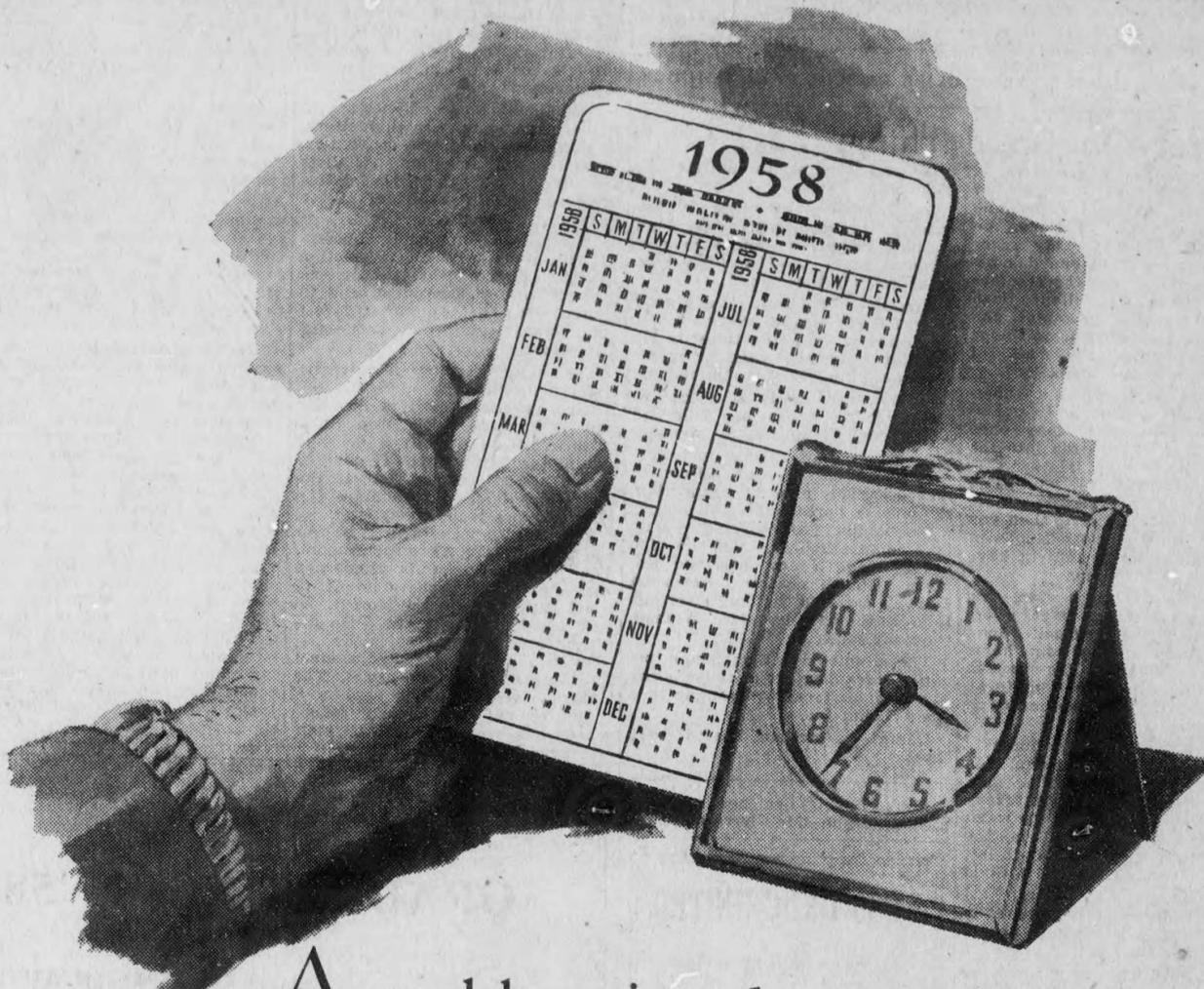
World War I found the tree nearly 1050 years old, and the rumble had scarcely died when World War II thundered into being. By this time the diameter growth had slowed to a small millimeter a year. Only a fraction of an inch more was to be added before its death.

In 1952, the year that Queen Elizabeth II ascended the throne, and Canada's first television station opened in Montreal, some men came to the grove of giants. They were from Canadian Forest Products Limited, (which holds extensive timber licenses in the area)

and they had come to cut trees. Among those chosen to be felled was our 250-foot patriarch, and the power saw soon made yellow sawdust fly.

Thus a small biped called man wishing to make for himself a house, a bridge, or a ship, undid in minutes the work of 10 centuries—and rightly so. History that day came to a standstill for the tree, and the long cry of "Timber-r-r" was its death-knell.

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A problem in administration

To meet new trends and opportunities, modern industry requires ever swifter financial and operating reports, concentrating on significant data.

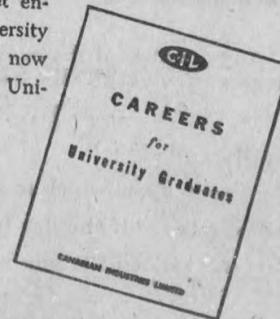
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CAMPUS VISIT

C-I-L Company Representatives will visit the University of New Brunswick on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 12 and 13 to interview students seeking regular employment upon graduation in 1958. Appointments can be made through your University Placement Office. This office can also provide application forms for summer employment.



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Timber

by Jack Davis

Again this year the foresters were out showing their prowess at the annual Field Night, and the one executing his bushman's skill to the fullest was Lyndon Gray, this year's Bull o' the Woods. The winners performed creditably in capturing their laurels from stiff competition, and a special word goes to the winners of the buck-saw, the chain-throwing and the cross-cut events.

Ilbert Newcomb sliced through the log as if it were butter, showing excellent ability in handling the saw. In the chain-throwing, Alex Matiece threw a near perfect chain to win handily. Lyndon Gray and Garry Saunders, who took the cross-cut event, had to be seen to be appreciated. Starting slowly and surely, they rapidly reached a smooth rhythmic swing that had lightning speed.

The winners of the events were as follows:

Cross-cut: Gray, Saunders; (14.6 sec.) Collins, Griffiths, Doyle, Goodfellow.

Axe-throwing: Moore; (3/4" off bull's-eye) Griffiths, Gray.

Buck-sawing: Newcomb (13.8 sec.) Emblin, Goodfellow.

Log-Rolling: Shafer, Wainwright; (18.5 sec.) Gray, Saunders; Day, Stephenson.

Knife-throwing: Butler (1" off bull's-eye) Robins, Stewart.

Chain-throwing: Matiece, (9) McCormack, Tuinhof.

Power-saw: Day; 5.6 sec.) Matiece; Goodfellow.

Water-boiling: Gray; Oxley; Day. Back-Pump race: McCormack, Porter, Davis.

More enthusiasm and participation were shown this year, and it is hoped that in future years all foresters will take a try. A special thanks to the professors who officiated at the field night.

WET HAMMERFEST

Great laud and congratulations to the Bombers! We must confess here that after planning a solid defense of our beloved goal-posts we were rather disappointed that the Mount A men did not even make an attack. After an unorganized trek from the football field, the Woodsmen gathered in front of the Forestry Building. The ensuing sing-song suffered from lack of co-ordination — a feature not found when the well-known "That-was-a-Cute Little-Rhyme" MacDonald was around. On to the Hammerfest!

Except for a few bottles being thrown out the windows, the bus ride to the Hammerfest ground was rather an orderly piece of confusion. Soon, undaunted by the rain, the boys made the woods ring with cries of: "Bring on the food! Bring on the beer! Bring 'em before Colin B. gets here!" We all hope that the President enjoyed his evening in the Woodlot.

Bill Hilborn was telling his usual stories around the fire, and being periodically interrupted by an exuberant fourth year lad (better known as Spud) who seemed to be advocating a mass pass for the class. A guitar duel brought forth the best in song and lusty voice-stretching. For "unknown reasons" two Upper Canadians, the "Fire Jumper" and the "Chapleau Kid", were not present.

It seems that "Hoot" Gibson and Colin B. were accosted while leaving the Sacred Grounds by two High-soaring Hitch-hikers. The fact

TUG-O-WAR

Monday afternoon saw the start of the now famous forester's tug-of-war. The first pull was between first year and fifth year. After a rough beginning the fifth year boys finally pulled the first year team over the line. The fourth year team was successful in winning the second pull of the day over the powerful third year team.

Tuesday afternoon the second year team which had a bye on Monday tugged against the fourth year team. The fourth year team won again.

Owing to the mysterious disappearance of the rope on Tuesday night, the final tug between the fifth year boys and the fourth year

Continued on page six



READY FOR ACTION—Lyndon Gray, this year's "Bull o' The Woods".

Foresters Cream Engineers

Sparked by the two-goal effort of Bill Bennett, the Forestry Soccer team kept alive their we/know tradition by again blanking the Engineers with a 3-0 win on Sunday afternoon in their annual Grudge Game. Last year the score was even higher when the Engineers were swamped by a score of 5-0.

Both teams started fast (due probably to the freezing weather) but the Foresters dominated the first half using both a strong offensive and defensive pattern.

The scoring was opened at the five-minute mark when Bennett made good a play set up by Franco and Van Vredenburg. Bennett quickly followed his first goal by a long, hard drive into the corner of the net, thus giving the Foresters a two-goal advantage.

The Foresters completed their scoring at the 25-minute mark when Boyles teamed up with Dubrule to complete a beautiful passing play which saw the ball being relayed the full length of the field.

Suddenly realizing what was happening, the Engineers came to life, and it was only through excellent goal-tending that they were stopped. Bryant, who has had two shut-outs in as many games, stopped time and again what appeared to be sure goals.

In the second half Folop, Baker and Mercer led the Engineers in their losing cause. All three, who are former or present Varsity players, used their powerful kicking and superior passing to set up numerous

attacks, only to be turned back by Moore and Van Westharp. The Foresters continued to press, but were noticeably tiring, and hence failed to increase their lead.

The game, which was hard-fought throughout, (in more ways than one commented referee John Drew) provided an excellent beginning for this year's Forestry Week. A noted critic summed it up when he drawled: "Well-ll-l . . . you know, it was this way, boys; the Foresters just got a terrific esprit de corps."

We think you're perfectly right, Verne.

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For interview appointments, please contact

the Director of Public Relations, U.N.B. Fredericton
or (Law Students) Miss M. L. Lynch, Registrar,
Faculty of Law, Saint John, N.B.

RED DEVILS ENTERED IN TOURNEY

The University of New Brunswick Athletic Director, Peter C. Kelly has announced the acceptance of an invitation from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York to compete in the seventh annual R.P.I. Hockey Tourney. The tournament will be held in the R.P.I. Field House, January 2, 3 and 4, 1958. Yale and Brown are also lined up for this top intercollegiate event.

The Red Devils, 56-57, NB-PEI champions and Maritime finalists played an exhibition game in Troy last January 12, 1957. They were defeated 7-5 by the Techmen, but although handicapped under American rules, they played excellent hockey and were extended an invitation to compete in the annual tourney this year. The Red Devils will be the seventh Canadian collegiate team and only the second team from the Maritimes to compete in this tournament. St. Francis Xavier were undefeated to win the third annual and the University of Toronto Varsity Blues swept three games to win the fourth annual. Overall, Canadian clubs have won eleven, lost nine and tied one in past Tourney competition. Other Canadian Colleges that have played in the Tourney are Laval, McGill, Loyola, and St. Patricks. This invitation enhances UNB's prestige in hockey circles and is a real compliment to the Red Devils.

R.P.I. provided the nucleus of the United States Olympic Hockey Team coached by former N.H.L. referee Bill Stewart two years ago. Out of necessity most of the players on the American college teams are Canadians, who are recruited by athletic scholarships. This opportunity to obtain a free education and play hockey at the same time attracts many Canadian junior players to the States. Paul Midghall, one of R.P.I.'s leading scorers last season, is a former O.H.A. junior star. A rundown of the roster of one of last year's competing team, Michigan Tech, shows only one native American on the squad.

Intramural Bowling

The intramural five pin bowling league finalized plans last Friday afternoon. A record sixteen teams have entered. Play commenced last night. A schedule has been drawn up and all teams are playing this week. The schedule is posted in the gym.

Team — Senior Foresters, Captain, Bob Meyagawa, Phone, 5-9004; Inter. Foresters, Tom Foulkes, 7036; Junior Foresters "B", A. Brennan, 5,9046; Junior Foresters "W", B. Watson, 5-5103; Soph. Foresters, Tony Little, 5,3456; Fresh. Foresters, Fraser Cassell, 5,4855; Senior Civil, H. MacLennan, 5,5664; Inter. Engin., J. Reinsborough, 5019; Junior Engin., John Plummer, 5,6712; Soph. Engin., Andre Ferlatte; Soph. EE, Mike Denny, 5,2984; Fresh. Engin., Bob Patrick, 1-2460; Junior Geologists, Dow Johnston, 3-2433; Soph. Geologists, Wayne Lockhart, 5-4157; Arts, Raleigh Childs, 1-2556; Physical Education, Jim Beyer, 5,8174.

U.N.B. WINS CROSS COUNTRY

The UNB cross country team defeated Minto High School in a return match here in Fredericton last Saturday. UNB scored 26 points to Minto's 29. The team with the lowest points wins. Bill Best, one of the Maritimes' top cross country runners, won the meet, defeating UNB's Bill Webster and a field of twelve other runners. Best's time was 21.04 and Webster came second with a time of 21.13.5. Bernard of Minto came third and Denny, Morgenstern and Pickett all of UNB followed up.

The cross country team has had a very successful season, winning two meets, tying one and placing second in the other. Led by Bill Webster, UNB has beat Minto twice in home and home meets. Bill Webster won that first two mile meet. The team came second at Orono, Maine with Webster coming second in the two and a half mile race. The tie came with Minto at St. John in a five mile meet that Best won and Webster came third in.

SCIENCE MEETING

TUESDAY 5.00 p.m.

Room 106

GEOLOGY BUILDING

Agenda

CARNIVAL QUEEN

The Swimming Pool in the Lady Beaverbrook Residence will be closed from Wed. evening, Nov. 6 till Sat. Nov. 9.

TUG-O-WAR

Continued from page five squad had to be decided by a flip of the coin, which went to the fourth year boys. Professors Hilborn and Van Slyke refereed the exciting series.

WET HAMMERFEST

Continued from page five that they did not have any women in the back seat rather perturbed the two High-soaring Hitch-hikers, but they nevertheless accepted the ride to town.

Football Story continued

UNB came close in the first quarter when Hicks made his first interception on the UNB 35 yard line and ran it back to the 50. A 45 yard pass to Mike O'Connor from Pete Madorin set the ball on the Mt. A 15. The drive was stopped when the Mounties recovered a fumble on their 10 yard line.

In the second quarter, Doyle picked off a Tsonos pass intended for Stevens on the Mt. A 52 yard line. McLellan carried to the 36, Perry to the 20, Madorin on an option play to the 10, and Arthur bulled his way to the one. McLellan took a pitch out and raced around left end for the major. Mike O'Connor's convert attempt was good.

In the third quarter Stevens fumbled Mike Schofield's kick on the 16 yard line. The Bombers had three cracks at a touchdown, but had to relinquish the ball on the one yard line. UNB had another good scoring opportunity minutes later when Doyle recovered a fumble on the Mt. A 34. Jim Ross and Arthur carried to the two yard line but lost the ball on a fumble. The Mounties, evidently slightly rattled, attempted passing from their own 12 yard line on third down. The pass was incomplete and Madorin, taking over, threw one into the end zone intended for O'Connor, that was knocked down. O'Connor then tried a field goal but the snap was erratic. Mike picked up the ball and swivel hipped his way for a touchdown but unfortunately it was nullified by a UNB offside.

In the fourth quarter Jim Ross reeled off a 40 yard run down the sideline to the Mt. A 10. Arthur carried to the five, MacLellan to the one and Ross took it over. This one was called back for holding. Minutes later Hicks picked off his second interception at the Mountie 25 and Ed McLellan swept around right end for his second touchdown. O'Connor's convert was good.

A 15 yard illegal interference penalty was called against UNB and an additional 10 yard was paced off when someone beefed too strongly and loudly about the previous penalty. With the advantage of this additional yardage, Tsonos threw a 40 yard pass to Stevens for the Garnet and Gold's only happy moment of the game. The convert was no good. The Bombers's pass defense tightened up in the remaining minutes of the game to stave off last ditch attempts to close the gap.

SPORT NOTES by GORDON HOWSE

Gus MacFarlane, Mount Allison coach, evidently sensed a defeat coming for his squad. MacFarlane made some statements last week to the effect that both Bubbles Peters, leading scorer in the N.B.C.R.F.U. and Rick Bateman, fifth leading scorer, would be out with ankle injuries for the game with the Red Bombers. Furthermore he stated that his team was at its lowest ebb in spirit and apparently were not "up" for the game. From this viewpoint it looks like MacFarlane was attempting to send up a smoke-screen for lo and behold on Saturday afternoon there were Peters and Bateman dressed and playing, though they saw only limited action. There could not have been too much the matter with them if MacFarlane was willing to let them play at all. Mount Allison's play indicated a great deal more spirit than Gus was apparently willing to credit them with. Red Bomber coach, Don Nelson did not have much to say previous to the encounter, working on the assumption that actions speak louder than words. One thing that was evident among the Red Bombers was their spirit and fight, something that was obviously lacking against Saint John. UNB's blocking was exceptionally sharp this game.

Stirling MacLean did a good job at tailback, running out Mount A's kicks. Stirling Gorham was a defensive standout as was tackle Stan Williams. On one occasion Williams nailed Roberts for an eleven yard loss and later Tsonos for twenty. Tsonos outkicked Mike Schofield but UNB got some good boots from their kicker. Harry Haukka carried a lot of ball in a losing cause. One of the outstanding defensive plays of the game was Mike O'Connors flying tackle of Gerry Stevens who was in full flight.

UNB picked up 60 yards in penalties and Mount A 45. Two UNB touchdowns were called back because of rule infractions.

The rain started shortly after the first quarter began and continued throughout the game. The field was in surprisingly good shape and no more than the usual number of fumbles were committed.

Looking into the hockey situation we find that the ice is going into the Lady Beaverbrook Rink this week. UNB ice times will be announced in the near future. Although no final decisions have been made, the UNB Red Devils, Varsity hockey squad may play in the Southern New Brunswick Hockey League. It will probably be on a limited basis as the Red Devils have intercollegiate commitments to fulfill. Other possible starters in the SNBHL are Fredericton, Camp Gagetown and St. John.

INTRAMURAL SOCCER

In the semi-final playoff games played last week Faculty and Foresters battled to a 0-0 tie. Physical Education defeated Engineers 1-0 on captain Laurie Jodries goal. Faculty and Foresters were to have played Sunday afternoon in an effort to decide who will meet Phys Ed for the intramural soccer crown, but that game was rained out. The final is to take place tomorrow night at 7.30 at College Field if Faculty and Foresters can decide a winner.

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