CRYSTAL GAZING

Almost forty years ago, a group of men in more intimate contact with New Brunswick forest trends, were instrumental in having the U.N.B. Forest School established. That course was the best they could devise but in many ways it would bear slight resemblance to its 1944 twin-headed brother. During its early life that course, with minor changes along the way, went through a war, two depressions, and a boom. The forests it served also went through many changes. With rollicking depletion due to blatant exploitation, many areas became unproductive. At first fire was blamed for conditions and better fire fighting and prevention was the order of the day. Then someone said it must be the insects and disease and that more attention must henceforth be given to these enemies. Finally some courageous and honest man imposed the question,—could part of the depletion be due to our ill-practise of forest culture and management, perhaps?

This analysis from effects back to causes of forest deterioration developed the determination to act. Naturally the U.N.B. Forest School took up the challenge, altering old, and introducing new courses to provide graduates who could take the realistic long view of the forest as a renewable crop. By 1938 the U.N.B. Forest School had increased its courses and staff to provide two practical types of training,—the "A" course, leaning towards engineering and operational forestry, and the "B" course, loaded with more bioiogical courses, was the answer to companies and governments for men to take care of the newer problems of forestry—problems in forest entomology, pathology, silvics, tree physiology, genetics, and many other fields of research, protection, and applied silviculture. This latter course is shaped to lead directly to Graduate School. Since initiation, the "B" graduates have thought largely of Forest Entomology but there are indications that Canada will need other specialists before long. The Dominion Government maintains seven year-round forest insect laboratories across Canada, apart from seasonal field stations. Those laboratories all need men trained both in forestry and forest entomology—and the U.N.B. course is the only one offered at present in Canada which does just that. The war has decimated many staffs. The awakening of public consciousness of the need

for the adequate forest entomological covering of our country pictures us running about 75 forest entomologists short. Even the salary inequalities of the past are reasonably sure of disappearing.

The forest insect problem is not solved upon victory over any one "bug". We all remember the to-do about the Spruce Sawfly. No sooner had parasites, disease, and other factors, rendered it innocuous, than the Spruce Budworm "flared" up in Ontario. Hence, although the "insect of the year" may change, constant research must go on, and the Forest Insect Survey, a sort of perpetual forest insect census, continues to build up valuable date. Due to the lack of trained men, occasionally an entomologist must give attention to a pathological problem. Mr. T. Bird of the Fredericton Dominion Entomological Laboratory, working on the virus disease of the Spruce Sawfly and Dr. R. B. Friend of Yale interesting himself in the Dutch Elm Disease, are but two current cases in point.

When an epidemic of forest insect threatens, control measures cannot be recommended unless much is known about the life history and habits of the insect and the forest. In time of peace (calm) prepare for war (epidemic). The Provinces, in some cases, are fearful lest the Dominion may not act soon enough, and they are ready to build laboratories and set up staffs with their own funds, if necessary. Nova Scotia and Ontario are two provinces practically committed to such a course. Which all means that the U.N.B. Forestry "B" graduates see a promising career in the crystal.

The U.N.B. Forest School intends to provide the types of training which will best serve forestry. New courses, optional courses, increased staff, and encouragement of the very keenest types of minds to forestry, are to be seen in the crystal also. Everyone knows our school has produced able foresters but we are still too young to begin living in the past. We are leading into the challenge.

MAY WE PRESENT

This week's presentation brings to less fortunate souls on the campus PETE, the Forestry School mascot. This black, curly haired canine is the pride and joy of the school's dean, Dr. Gibson—but a bit of a pest to the Foresters.

Pete is not an ordinary dog since ordinary dogs (Engineers for instance are not even allowed in the Forestry Building let alone the hallowed sanctity of the bush). By being friendly with the Foresters, our little mascot meets telephone poles in the raw and Emily Post's rigid rules are thus instilled in him.

While in the vicinity of said animal—say a mile or two—you cannot escape the melodious, but earsplitting yelps. One poetic woodsman described it in those three well-known words, "My shattered nerves!" However, other comments, while unprintable, have been most descriptive.

But with all this you wonder why he is the mascot of the School? No, Engineers, you're wrong, if he had no intrinsic value, it would not make any difference if the President owned him. We would not have him. After all we pass our courses on ability plus practical application of knowledge, not befriending the Dean's dog. To give you some of Pete's good qualities is to introduce you to a canine world as a whole. Despite that piercing bark, you know it heralds the arrival of a bounding playful bit of black wool fixed with a four-wheel drive. Among other things it hearkens you back to boyhood days and your own dog—remember how you used to listen when you neared home to catch that opening bark? Pete's the sort of dog you like to see around all the time because he is a good little fellow and obedient too.

HOW TO BE A LOGGER

By ERIC NICOL
in the Vancouver News-Herald

The logging industry is primarily for cutting trees. When it has cut enough trees it throws them in the water and they are washed up on the beach and make swell places for beach-fires. We should all, therefore, admire the logging industry and 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 surveyor who goes out with his dog and finds all the trees you want by keeping away from cities and highways. The dog has been found invaluable for this purpose, and has his own sleeping quarters, called a pup-tent.

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". This man saws the big tree, once it is felled, into a lot of little trees, making it look like more and fooling the company.

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 wench. By turning the wench, the line shortens until the donkey is fairly close to the tree. Then some more men, called "chokermen," approach the tree and choke it with a line attached to the wench or the donkey. When they think they have choked the tree enough, the chokermen shout at a little man sitting on a stump.

The little man is the "whistle punk", and when the chokermen shout at him he hoots his whistle back at them and the wench starts revolving furiously, bringing the tree closer to the donkey, and probably rolling over one of the chokermen, providing more workman's compensation, which is appreciated by all concerned.

The donkey keeps turning its wench until the tree has been hauled up to what is called a "coldeck pile." This consists of a large number of trees heaped together so that they can be taken away. For this, another donkey much larger than the first and with a considerable number of wenches revolving with steam coming out of the ends, is brought up.

With this, the tree is loaded onto a flat-car by the first loader and the second-loader. The first loader is the loader who gets killed first when the wenches toss around the logs. The second loader is only allowed to get killed after the first loader, and therefore receives less pay.

During this operation, the donkey becomes so excited turning its wenches that it gives off sparks. To counteract this, it is necessary to have a "sparkchaser", 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 upon the loads and measures the logs in bored feet. When the locomotive engineer thinks the scaler has measured enough bored feet, he starts the train, throwing the scaler off the loads and usually killing him. Besides the workman's compensation involved, this helps to amuse the locomotive engineer and prepare him for the arduous journey ahead.

During this trip, the logs depend for their welfare upon two men who sit on top of the last load of logs with their knees crossed. These are known as "brakemen", or "brakies," and it is their function to annoy the locomotive as much as possible. They do this by jumping off the train, seizing switches, and forcing the locomotive into a siding. They then wave their arms at one another until the locomotive is obliged to go to the back of the train in disgrace. The train then starts off again with the locomotive tamely pushing, instead of pulling, fuming at the sight of the two brakies now sitting on top of the front load, with their knees crossed.

Thus, when the locomotive reaches the sea, it is in an excellent mood to hurl all the logs into the water, and stalk back into the woods in a huff. What the locomotive doesn't know, of course, is that this is exactly what the company wants it to do. For, as soon as the locomotive has gone, a number of men appear on the logs, and start sticking them with sharp poles to see if they are ripe.

These are the "boom-men", whose job consists chiefly of staying on the logs without falling in the water. At this point, another scaler appears to see whether the dead scaler up in the woods has counted correctly the number of bored feet in the logs.

Unfortunately, this scaler is maintained by the government and the company cannot kill him off. Unless, of course, there is a change in the government, in which case the company can obtain permission without much difficulty.

Finally, a tug comes into the bay to take away all the logs that have been found to be ripe and showing the proper number of bored feet. When it is a suitable distance out to sea, the tug is struck by a sharp storm, losing most of its logs, which are washed up on the beaches, where they are quickly demolished by a swarm of beach parties. This is generally considered to be a healthy condition, preventing too many logs from reaching the lumber mills.

Love is the feeling that you feel when you feel you are going to have a feeling that you have never felt before.