FEATURES

Sigma Lambda Beta Rho

BY
HERODITUS

Well, after a week of communing with the dead, we are back to regale you with tales as seen from the great dark beyond.

A visitor in the halls of our fair establishment at the unearthly hour of eight a.m. is liable to hear strange chants from the third floor as a few (three to be exact) intrepid athletes do their morning exercises (keen you know).

A sweepstake is soon to be organized in the building. The rules of this sweepstake are going to be different, however, from the usual rules. A number of tickets will be made up with the names of the various vegetables plus some in beef which is common to all the cards. This beef is obtained (I think) from the scraps which butchers throw out. The person who holds the ticket which matches the ingredients of the stew, the stew which decorates plates 3 or 4 times a week, on a said day will receive the grand prize which will be one extra plate of supper that night. I wouldn't have anybody think that this corner is complaining about the food because we needed to lose weight anyway.

I have a question. Why are the Foresters so quiet this week? Any of you engineers know the reason?

The nomination of man of the week goes to Fred "Nature Boy" Drummie, who, while careening down the road from the "Foggy City of Sin", did come upon a strolling HEN partridge which was moving at right angles to said *garcon's* line of flight. The partridge was crafty but "Nature Boy" was craftier. The result of this encounter in the wild—Dis—AST—her.

To finish up this week we would like to extend our congratulations to the UNB soccer team, who are Maritime Champs for the sixth straight time. This truly is a feat to be proud of.

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Confidentially yours . . . .

A toast to the Foresters from the girls of the Maggie Jean! All of the freshettes were eagerly awaiting the Hammerfest. Little did they know that it was restricted to Foresters—even female engineers couldn't go.

Mary Lynn has at last returned from her exciting trip to Mount A. Several young ladies voyaged to Moncton to watch their heros play football. Some of them had other ideas. As this is being written, six belles have not as yet returned from the Foresters Social. Would any one like to search the woodlot?

In Memoriam:

Diana B. Drew who departed this life on Thursday, Nov. 4, '54. Funeral will be held from Kelly's Pool Hall on Monday at 10 p.m. Interment under her favorite tree in the UNB woodlot.

The estate will be settled on Monday at the cocktail hour in the Foresters' Reading Room. Miss Pauline Saunders will handle all claims.

See you at the funeral.

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Reflections

by "LIZ"

Merciful Heavens (as my dear Aunt Betsy, a maiden lady of uncertain years, used to say), how out of place I feel in a foresters' Brunswickan!

However, with women invading more and more of the man's traditional territory, I suppose it is not really so unexpected to find a column written by a female in a Brunswickan so largely given over to the forester.

Seems to me that the men are playing a clever game. "Women must not be allowed to invade our fields", they say with tongue in cheek, knowing very well that this is all it takes to make the female of the species more eager to invade. Then they sit back in lazy pleasure and contentment to see women do their work.

Men won't even tend the furnace in this modern era. Comes seven a.m. and it's the little woman who gets up to turn on the thermostat!

The mention of my dear Aunt Betsy reminds me of lace handkerchiefs. Lace hankies, naturally enough, remind me of their modern counterpart, Kleenex. Did you know that last week was "National Kleenex Week" as well as forestry week?

I suppose that there is a connection between the two, because Kleenex are made from cellulose, which comes from wood, which comes from trees, which, as everyone knows, comes from forests.

A Forester went into a bar and bet the bartender $20 he could go right down the line of bottles blindfolded and tell the bartender what was in the bottle and who made it, by tasting the liquor. He started down the line with his blindfold on, "Bright's Port, Seagram's 83, Ferdi's Rum, etc. When he came to the last bottle, the bartender seeing that he had got them all right so far, filled the bottle with water. The Forester picked up the bottle, tilted it, and spit the contents out on the floor replying, "Timber, I don't know what in hell is in that bottle, but whatever it is you won't sell very much of it." You see you can't fool a Forester when it comes to liquor testing.

Forestry In Norway

The following is a brief account of the activities of two of our sophomore Foresters, who were employed by the Norwegian Government in connection with Forestry. The two Foresters of adventure are Colin Rayworth and Norm Torunski.

On May the 18th Norm and Colin secured passage on a short round-bottomed German freighter carrying a cargo of munitions and grain. After "twelve miserable days" they landed at Rotterdam.

Between Arnhem and Hamburg, the two wanderers, being unable to secure a night's accomodation, were forced to seek the uncomfortable lodgings of what they thought was a public park. Unfortunately it was not a public park but a public burial ground complete with tombstones. While travelling through Denmark the UNB red jackets caused quite a disturbance. People swarmed around like flies demanding photographs and signatures.

Upon arrival in Oslo, they found their way to the Norwegian Forestry Society where, to their disappointment, the person whom they were supposed to contact was out of town. They were driven to boredom when they were forced to spend the day with his two gorgeous secretaries. The following night they attended a party given by students. The girls all drank beer and danced to Dixieland Jazz. The red jackets now produced a different effect——the girls were repelled by them. In Norway the students have their parties before their exams.

Colin and Norm were sent to Haldén in southern Norway. Their work included swamp draining, seeding, thinning and cutting. Norway has an extremely economic timber rotation plan. Trees are planted by seed and are thinned every twenty and forty years. They are clear cut every sixty years. Seeding produces pure types and even age stands.

Colin returned by way of Paris to Glasgow where he boarded the USS United States for New York.

Where is Torunski???

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Joanne Corbin Reports on WUS Summer Seminar

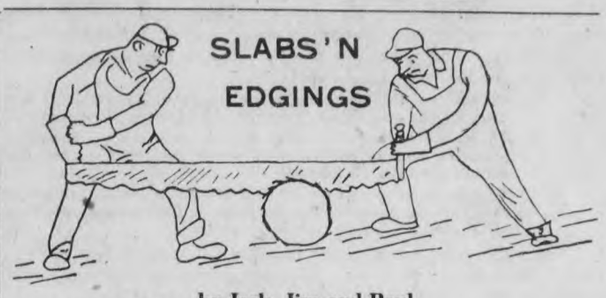
On June 4th, 1954, twenty-four Canadian university students assembled in Quebec City. They were the members of the Summer Study Tour sponsored by World University Service of Canada and were on their way to Europe for three months. During these three months they were to investigate and study aspects of life in various countries. For this group there were four main study groups of six members, each to go to one of the areas: Scandinavia, France and Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. Another group of six students was already on its way to study in Africa for the summer under the same plan.

The entire group of thirty students studying under this scholarship this summer was only a part of the great number of students who have had similar opportunities during the past six years. WUS has for that length of time been carrying on the most effective method of promoting international understanding on the university level. The two main aims of WUS are to encourage mutual aid and to promote understanding, through knowledge, of the various universities of the world. It is felt that this summer study scheme is the best possible way for Canadian students to meet, mingle with and therefore come to understand other students in their own environment. Thus it has been that for the past six years WUS has granted summer scholarships, has held summer seminars and has arranged study tours for students. Since 1949, seminars have been held in Holland, France and Yugoslavia. Ottawa (to which foreign students were brought to Canada) and India. This summer's plan was a slight deviation from the usual plan in that rather than having one large group going to one country, five small groups went to that many countries. Plans are now being made to hold next year's seminars in Japan.

The recipients of these scholarships are chosen by a selection board on each campus across Canada having a WUSC committee. Most universities are able to send one delegate as representative to participate. This means that when the scholarship holders met in Quebec last spring practically every Canadian university was represented. I was fortunate enough to be the student from UNB, and now on my return to the campus have been asked to write a series of articles on the activities of the summer so that other students may learn more of the countries that we visited.

The group that I was with went to Yugoslavia for a month after studying international organization in Paris and Geneva for two weeks. During this first two weeks we were accompanied by the group that later went to Czechoslovakia. Leaving Yugoslavia on July 26th, we travelled through Austria, Germany and Belgium, arriving in England on July 30th. There, for the next two weeks, the five Canadian groups attended an international Seminar at Crafton Grange, between London and Cambridge. These two weeks were perhaps the most fruitful of the entire summer as there were some fifty students from other countries also attending. Our Canadian group then had three weeks on our own. In that time I travelled in England and Scotland. We sailed from England on Sept. 5th, arriving back in Quebec on the 14th, after the most fascinating summer any of us had ever had.

This first article has been a quick resume of the background of the WUSC summer scholarships and of my schedule this summer. In future articles I should like to begin describing the summer's experiences in greater detail.



by Jack, Jim and Paul

We wish to thank all Foresters, the Faculty and others who helped in any way with the preparations and the carrying out of these preparations, for the various events during Forestry Week. There was wonderful co-operation and spirit among the Foresters this year, resulting in a most successful week.

We also wish to thank all donors of prizes for their wonderful co-operation. The prizes were exceptionally good this year and we are able to assure the merchants that the winners are very pleased with their loot.

With the winning of the door prize (an honourary membership to the Forestry Association, and a trip to the Hammerfest) came the limerick.

There once was a pre-med from U.N.B.
Said after the Hammerfest which he went to see,
"These parties of theirs,
Would raise your head hairs.
Now I know they've better parties than we.

A panel discussion of the C.I.F. in the Beaverbrook Hotel was good proof of the fact that the general public does not know what Forestry work is composed of, outside of fire and bug control. Nelson Adams took a tape recorder into the lobby and interviewed the first ten people he met. Of these only two had any idea of what forestry (dealing with forests, Canada's second major industry and source of employment and revenue) deals with. National relations' men, reporters, and radio men served the side opposing the Foresters. Their opinion was that education on the subject of Forestry methods should be started in elementary schools, and that instead of talking in Forestry terms, we should simplify facts so that all the public is able to understand them. Television, radio, films and papers should carry the most interesting facts more often.

A speaker was lecturing on forest conservation. "I don't suppose that there is a person in the house who has done a single thing toward conservation of our timber resources," he said.

Silence ruled for several seconds, and then a meek voice from the rear of the audience timidly retorted, "I once shot a woodpecker."

LAMENTATIONS FROM THE ROCK:

Like a man without a country, I am a rock without any ground. I have no soil pit I can call my own. Many years ago I was evicted from my cosy little slushy, sloppy swamp by a malicious glacier, who pushed me to a barren and wasted land now called New Brunswick. I was left alone for many years. I was seriously considering taking up citizenship papers when someone exclaimed: "This boulder just has to go". I was pried from my humble humus and rolled to the bottom of a hill. Here I was left to slowly erode away until one day it was decided that I should return to my former dwelling on top of the hill. I was dragged unmercifully back. They slapped cold cement around my bottom and hammered a metal plate on my head. People came and peered at me. They threw bottles and old paint at me. I am only waiting for the day when some sympathetic forester will blow me all to hell.

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