

LOGGING FOR BEGINNERS

BEING POSSIBLE MATERIAL FOR — A MASTER'S THESIS IN FORESTRY . . .

Every year the logging industry chops down so many trees that in some places there are mountains naked as the day they were born or wearing nothing but a G-string of Scotch Pine. Nevertheless we should admire the logging industry and help to 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 cruiser (D. B. insists it is crooser) who goes with his dok and finds all the trees you want, simply by cruising away from cities and main highways. Naturally these trees can't be any old trees (plumb, for example); they must be 'Giants of the Forest' and have been standing around since Columbus discovered America. The cruiser checks this by cutting down a sample tree and counting the rings. Trees are like women: you can't discover their age until they are dead (but dead trees make better end table).

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 buckler. The buckler saws the big tree, once it is felled, into a lot of little trees, making it look like more, and fooling the company. Many fallers and bucklers now use the fast power saw, although some fallers complain of a tendency to saw through both the tree and the faller standing on the opposite side.

Wherever the faller and buckler go they are followed by a donkey. This donkey pulls itself by means of a line attached to a winch which revolves noisily, shortening the line and dragging the donkey fairly close to a felled tree. Then men called chokermen approach the tree and choke it with a line attached to another winch on the donkey. When they think they have choked the tree enough, the chokermen shout to a little man sitting on a stump nearby. This little man is a whistle punk and when the chokermen shout at him, he toots his whistle at the donkey, infuriating it and causing the winch to revolve furiously, hauling the tree closer to the donkey and probably rolling it over on one of the chokermen, providing more Workman's Compensation, which is appreciated by all concerned.

The donkey heaps as many logs as it can into what is called a cold deck pile. As soon as it drags itself away, however, another large donkey comes along and takes them all away—a pretty dirty trick. This donkey is operated by a stationary engine, who is not permitted to move unless the donkey's boiler bursts, whereupon the

Winter Carnival

WILL FACULTY SOCIETIES PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES IN CHOOSING A QUEEN CANDIDATE FOR THE WINTER CARNIVAL . . .

1. Any coed is eligible other than those who were Queen candidates last year.
2. A candidate may represent only one faculty.
3. The Queen will be chosen by a panel of five judges on the basis of 60% appearance and 40% personality.
4. Each faculty may have only one candidate.
5. The names of all candidates must be given to the Queen Committee chairman before December 15, 1956.
6. The Winter Carnival reserves the right to reject any candidate who refuses to cooperate during the pre-carnival campaign.

Jean Baird.
Queen Committee Chairman.

HAMMERFEST OF YESTERYEARS

TERMED 'ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE' HELD IN GARDEN OF EDEN

Over a period of twenty-five years the character of the Hammerfest has undergone a radical change. The Hammerfest more closely resembled a social event than the present day meeting of the clan. The Hammerfest of 1932 was one of the most successful social events ever held by the Forestry Association till that date. The event was held on Saturday evening at the forestry camps. All members and their guests (female guests this editor presumes) "made their", and I quote "annual pilgrimage to the welcoming portals and sumptuous tables that awaited them at the end of the journey".

Among the invited guests were Premier C. D. Richards, L. P. D. Tilley, and Deputy Minister of Forests.

After supper had been served, a few speeches and enlightening stories told, the gathering resolved itself into a musical review with Dr. Toole and B. O. Hagerman at the piano while Sergeant Major Clark wielded the baton. Professor Gibson congratulated MacDonald on his Gaelic song (editor's note—not to be confused with the MacDonald of 57 who sings "That was a Cute Little Rhyme") and could readily see why the forestry industry was one of the oldest. Here Professor John Stevens remarked that it was the oldest, since forest products were first utilized in the Garden of Eden.

For many hours after the guests had departed a few Seniors could be seen gathered around the stove singing Auld Lang Syne over and over again.

stationary engineer may hurtle into the air.

With this donkey, each tree is loaded onto a flatcar by the first loader and the second loader. The first loader is the loader that gets killed first when the winches toss around the logs. The second loader is allowed to get killed only after the first loader, and therefore receives less money.

During loading the donkey becomes so excited turning its winches that it gives off sparks. To counter-act this it is necessary to have a sparkchaser, usually a college boy earning his fees, who chases the sparks 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 on the loads and measures the logs in board feet. When the locomotive engineer (who can move when he feels like it, doesn't have to wait for his boiler to burst, and is therefore pretty cockey) thinks the scaler has measured enough board feet, he starts the train, throwing the scaler off the loads and thereby usually killing him. Besides the Workmen's Compensation involved, this helps to amuse the locomotive engineer and brighten up the arduous journey ahead.

During this trip, the logs depend for their welfare on two men, who sit on the 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 legs 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 disappeared, a number of men appear on the logs and start sticking them with sharp poles to see if they are ripe. These are the boommen, whose job consists chiefly of staying on the logs without falling into the water. Boommen who persist in falling into the water are worse than useless, especially if they drown.

At this point another scaler shows up to see whether the dead scaler up in the woods has counted correctly the number of board feet in the logs. Unfortunately, this scaler is maintained by the government, so that 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 ripe and showing the proper number of 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 to shore to provide fuel for beach parties. Anyone who has tasted a wienie roasted over an open beach fire will tell you that logging is one of the nicest industries you'd want to meet.

Pull to Victory

To those who were present at the annual muscle stretch this year it sounded something like this—"Heave, pull, dig, grab, kick!"

The fact that the freshmen forestry class won the mammoth pull is proof that such a contest depends more on organization than upon brawn. The freshmen were victorious over both the second and fourth years. The third year was disqualified in competition with the second year. On a repeat pull the second year drew the third year across the asphalt path. The senior class came down under the fourth year pullers.

Present on the winning Freshmen team were: Cooke, Vining, Bennett, Connelly, Snell, Du-brule, Caldwell, Craige, Norman and Franco.



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