

PAUL'S HONOUR DEFENDED

BUSHED OR— THE TREE & I

Everyone has been writing memoirs, The Duke of Windsor, the Duchess of Windsor, King Farouk, the Brink's bank robbers—anybody that is anybody. I've been thinking about it. The problem is the title. I've been kicking a couple around—"The Tree And I"—(with apologies to Betty McDonald) or perhaps "Bushed"—that one is short and snappy.

But let's go back a bit—the reason for all this of course is that I married a Forester—I met him at a cocktail party. I already knew his family, nice respectable people. As a matter of fact he looked quite respectable too. There I learned what he was—a Forester!!

I guess I was young and foolish—where angels fear to tread I dashed with gay abandon, and so several years later (between fishing season and hunting season) we were married.

Not long before we were married we drove around the Cabot Trail—the day was perfect. My hero had a dreamy, faraway look in his eye. I asked him what he was thinking about, turning to me with a tender smile he replied, "Spruce Budworm!"—I should have realized but I didn't.

On our honeymoon we climbed a mountain—we walked and walked and walked some more. There we settled down in the country and while my husband went off bright and early to count trees and chase budworms and cutworms etc. and so on—I at least had a chance to rest my feet.

By that time we discovered that we were to be three. My husband swelled up with pride—I just swelled up, but I was healthy (the walking no doubt) and happy—and so it went. He went off Monday morning (very early) to return on the weekend loaded down with dirty bush clothes, pine needles, spruce ticks, etc., and sometimes even water lilies—ah, life has its beautiful moments!

When I was about three months pregnant and beginning to feel it, we went one evening to a lobster supper—in a jeep. The road was rough and winding and when finally faced with the lobsters, they were scarlet and tender. I might have been mistaken for an uncooked one—a sickly green. Now, I don't believe in prenatal influence but our son is very bouncy. He loves the great outdoors—a future forester no doubt.

I am several years older and wiser now. I know what it is like to be a forester's wife—the long hours of waiting, the slimy fish to be cleaned at midnight, the carcasses in hunting season—the lectures on Ecology, Dendrology and Mensuration and Bugs—always bugs! and flies!

On the other side of the ledger there is the smell of a camp fire at night, the smell of coffee and bacon over an open fire, the stillness of the woods, alive with sounds.

You learn to play second fiddle to a tree—and to wait—and wait. You learn to recognize your man under the two week old beard and the dirt and all and not to slam the door thinking it is a tramp come begging.

Would I change him? not for the world, not for all the diamonds in South America. As a matter of fact I recommend it—Foresters make excellent husbands!

A FORESTER'S WIFE

BACK - PUMPS, HOSES KEEP OFF RAIDERS



The benevolent reign of Paul Bunyan remained relatively quiet during this year's Forestry Week. This fine achievement was solely the result of splendid sentinel work, under the direction of the sophomore class. It is reported, however, that several unsuccessful attempts were made to topple the traditional forestry monarch. On Wednesday evening several students, unknown to the foresters, proceeded to throw stones at the guards. Apart from possible harm to the sentinels themselves, little was accomplished. Later the same evening the Fire Dept. was called to the University, apparently as a result of a voluminous smoke cloud hovering over the Forestry building. It was disclosed later that this was, allegedly, another unsuccessful ruse to dethrone Bunyan.

The foresters are to be congratulated for the fine way they precluded any critical assault on Bunyan during this year's outstanding "Frantic Fracas".

Historians Say . . .

Historians agree that Paul was born in the East. He was christened in the Bay of Fundy, where four horses and a logging jammer lowered him into the water. He hit with such a splash that he started a tidal wave which still has not subsided and may be seen anywhere on the Bay.

It is said that he cut his teeth on a peavy and drove logs down the Kennebec River in his first pair of pants. There were no scholarships in those days, in fact the Governor General's assistant was requested for educating Paul, but without avail.

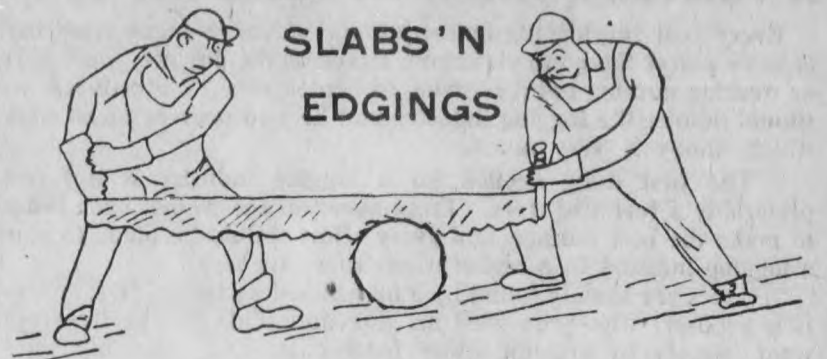
Paul had a sawmill six stories high. The smoke-stack was so tall it had to be hinged to let the clouds go by. Three men were put on the stack with long pike poles to push the small ones by.

Paul had the misfortune once of shooting a duck at such a high altitude that it spoiled before it hit the ground. To prevent this recurring he loaded his gun with rock salt.

Buffet Success

We feel we owe our success to the courtesy of Mr. Cunningham of the C.N.R. and to the generous patronage of the University students on board the Mt. A. Express. We know that our able sales representatives: Sam MacPhee, John McConnel, Jim Chalmers, Tom Ernst, Jeanne MacPhee, and Sylvia and Virginia Hossack were pleased to be of service.

The C.N.R. supplied us with a complete lunch counter car and also fuel for the stove and ice for the soft drinks, (free of charge).



by IAIN BARR

Forestry Week. Quite an institution; and this year's has been one of the best. At the time of writing Paul is still standing and judging by the organization of the sentries, is likely to remain so. We trust the tendency for the other faculties to be purely destructive is on the wane. The next step is for them to do something constructive to proclaim their respective weeks.

Still speaking of Forestry Week, congratulations are in order to all the members of all the committees for jobs well done. The plaudits of the crowd are also due Bill Goodfellow for successfully defending his title of Bull of the Woods.

A big item of news in the faculty is, of course, the repainting of our Memorial Reading Room on the third floor. At last that "bruise purple" hue has been eliminated. The shades of green now brighten the room and give it an altogether new character. The grey border serves to set off the dark red furniture most handsomely.

What happened to all you non-Foresters at the Blood Donor Clinic? All mud-slinging aside, that 34% that a certain faculty managed to squeeze out was pretty feeble. How about having 75%—or more—of the University next clinic? We Foresters realize that we must show the rest of you the way, but after all we can only boost the overall percentage so much.

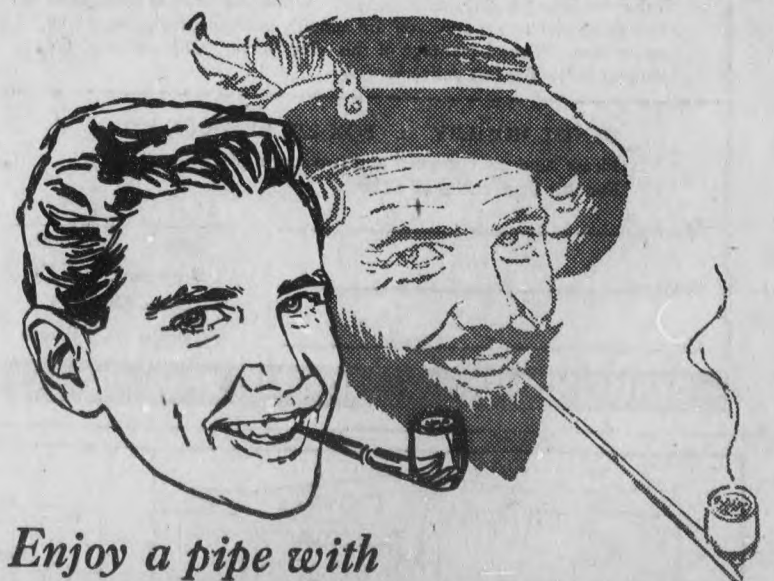
This column is going to close with a suggestion—and a hope. Now that Forestry Week is past, let's not follow the usual pattern. Attendance at Association meetings has always taken a beating once the tumult and snouting has died down. Let's make this year different. We have shown that we can work, and work well, so far. Now is the time, when there is less to do—officially—to make a special effort to keep things rolling.

How about it, Foresters?

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