

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 Ringtailed 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 foresters 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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