



PINE·TUM

JOURNAL OF
FORESTRY OF THE
N. C. STATE COLLEGE

Fred J. Hartman

THE OLD NORTH STATE

Here's to the land of the long leaf pine,
The summer land, where the sun doth shine:
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great
Here's to down home, the Old North State.

Here's to the land of the cotton bloom white,
Where the scuppernong perfumes the breezes at night;
Where soft Southern moss and jessamine mate,
'Neath the murmuring pines of the "Old North State."

Here's to the land where the galax grows.
Where the rhododendron roseate glows;
Where soars Mt. Mitchell's summit great.
In the land of the sky, in "The Old North State."

Here's to the land where maidens are fairest.
Where friends are truest, and cold hearts are rarest;
The near land, the dear land, whatever our fate.
The blest land, the best land, the "Old North State."

PI-NE-TUM 1939

Journal
of
Forestry
N. C.
State
College



RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



DEDICATION

TO Mrs. J. V. Hofmann, Mrs. G. K. Slocum, Mrs. Lenthall Wyman, and Mrs. W. D. Miller, wives of our much loved Forestry School faculty, we, the staff of the 1939 PI-NE-TUM, dedicate this sixth edition. Thanks to you for the big bright smile your husbands greet us with each morning at eight o'clock. Your sincere understanding, cooperation, and interest in us is felt by our contact with your husbands. May this dedication be only a small token of our appreciation of you.

FOREWORD

A GAIN this year the PI-NE-TUM is an annual by and for the students, alumni, and friends of the N. C. State College Forestry School. We have done away with most of the technical articles, with the desire to make the PI-NE-TUM a more humorous publication. If everyone gets a few chuckles and laughs, we consider our work a success.

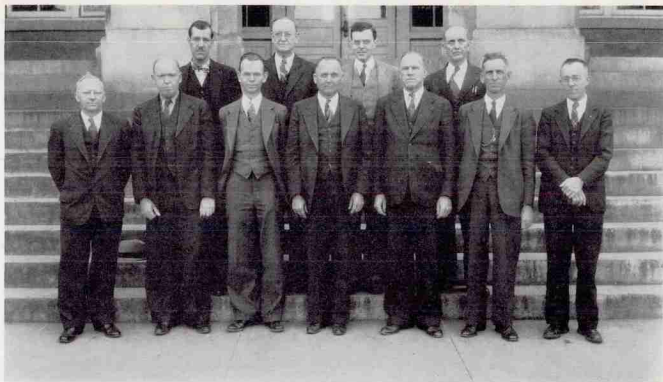
As editor I would like to express my appreciation to the faculty, alumni, and to my staff for their work with me on this Sixth Edition of the PI-NE-TUM. Special appreciation I extend to Professor Slocum for his untiring assistance and to John Milholland for his lovely full-page photographs.

May next year's staff better carry on the ideals and purpose of this publication.

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FORESTRY FACULTY

SLOCUM SHUNK BUELL WELLS
CLEVINGER WYMAN MILLER HOFMANN FONTAINE LAMBE MITCHEL

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- Dr. W. D. Miller—Assistant Professor of Forestry, Silviculture, Methods of Research, Problems of Research, and Advanced Silviculture.
- Professor G. K. Slocum—Assistant Professor of Forestry, Wood Technology, Mensuration, Timber Physics, Dendrology, Timber Preservation, and Seeding and Planting.
- Professor Lenthall Wyman—Professor of Forestry, Forest Products, Forest Utilization, Logging, Lumbering, Seasoning, Forest Finance, and Timber Appraisal.
- Dr. B. W. Wells—Professor of Botany, and Plant Ecology.
- Dr. I. V. Shunk—Associate Professor of Botany and Plant Ecology.
- Dr. M. F. Buell—Professor of Dendrology, and Associate Professor of Botany.
- *Dr. R. F. Poole—Professor of Forest Pathology.
- Dr. C. B. Clevenger—Professor of Soils.
- Dr. T. B. Mitchell—Professor of Forest Entomology, and Associate Professor of Entomology and Zoölogy.
- *Dr. C. M. Heck—Professor of Meterology.
- *Professor C. R. Bramer—Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering, Surveying, Mapping, and Topographic Drawing.
- Professor C. M. Lamb—Instructor in Civil Engineering, Surveying, Mapping, and Topographic Drawing.
- Professor James Fontaine—Instructor in Civil Engineering, Mapping, Topographic Drawing, and Surveying.
- *G. E. Jackson—Superintendent of School Forests.

* Denotes absent from picture.



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"Windy"

Cambridge, N. Y.

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"Sid"

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Transfer from Pineland Junior College. Forestry Club 2, 3, 4.



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"Pee Wee"

Laurinburg, N. C.

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"Amos"

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"Dutchy"

Lexington, N. C.

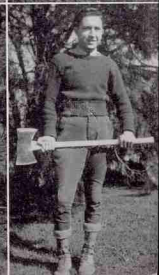
Swimming 1, 2; Forestry Club 3, 4; Military 1, 2.



H. J. HARTLEY

Clifton Forge, Va.

Alpha Gamma Rho; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Scabbard and Blade 4; Interfraternity Council 3, 4; Editor *Slabs and Edgings* 4; Dance Chairman 4.



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Colerain, N. C.

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"Parson"

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"Chief"

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Alpha Kappa Pi; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming 3, Manager 4.



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Sigma Nu; Forestry Club, 2, 3, 4; Military 1, 2.

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"Chet"

Boulder, Colorado

Forestry Club 2, 3, 4.

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Asheville, N. C.

Forestry Club 2, 3, 4; Hillbilly Club 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 4; Pi-NE-rum Staff 3, 4; Student Legislative Assembly 4; Tennis 2, 3, 4.

HERBERT R. RUPP

"Soil Erosion"

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2; Y.M.C.A. 1; Pi-NE-rum Staff 4.



RICHARD WAYNE SHELLEY

Forksville, Pa.

Forestry Club 3, 4.

ROBERT WESTON SLOCUM

"Zip"

Raleigh, N. C.

Alpha Gamma Rho; Phi Eta Sigma 1; Alpha Zeta 3, 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman of Program Committee 3; Military 1, 2.

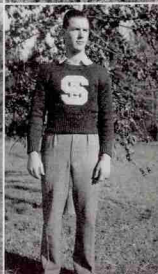


EDWARD WOODSON SMITH, III

"Smitty"

Norfolk, Virginia

Forestry Club 2, 3, 4; Ag-Forestry Council 4; Pi-NE-rum 3, Editor 3; Military 1, 2, 3, 4; Scabbard and Blade 3; Second Lieutenant 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Frosh Football Manager 1, 2; Assistant Varsity Football Manager 3; Frosh Football Manager 4; Monogram Club 4; Publications Board 4.



JOE JONES STEELE

"Joe"

Lenoir, N. C.

Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 1.



HENRY P. STOFFREGEN
"Bull"

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Lambda Chi Alpha; Forestry Club 2, 3, 4;
R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4.



EDWIN M. WALKER
"Red"

Raleigh, N. C.
Military 1, 2; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



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"Westy"

Galesburg, Illinois
R.O.T.C. 2; Forestry Club 3, 4; Archery 4.



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"Chet"

Highlands, N. C.
Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



PEARSON BUCKLEY YEAGER
"Pete"

Mount Union, Pa.
Upsilon Sigma Alpha 3, 4; Forestry Club
1, 2, 3, 4; Military 1, 2, 3, 4.



MONTE M. YOUNG
"Red"

Charlotte, N. C.
Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1; Archery 4.

N. C. STATE FORESTRY CLUB

Ernest Roberts, '41

OFFICERS 1938-39

Fall Term

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ROBERT CAIN.....	Vice President.....	RALPH LEE
JAMES BELL.....	Secretary.....	ROBERT CAIN
SIDNEY INGRAM.....	Treasurer.....	SIDNEY INGRAM
WILLIAM BEASLEY.....	Program Chairman.....	THEODORE SPIKER
RALPH BRAKE.....	Sergeant-at-Arms.....	JOHN W. HILTON

Winter Term

This has indeed been a banner year for the Forestry Club. The large attendance and hearty coöperation of the members surpasses that of previous years. Much credit goes to Presidents Joe Frye and William Beasley and to Program Chairman Theodore Spiker for their untiring efforts in making each meeting an hour of diversified entertainment.

Among the outstanding speakers of the year were Mr. Davis of the State Museum, Professor Hicks with his lecture on the importance of a well-balanced education, Dr. Wells, giving an illustrated lecture on mountain balds, and Professor Heck who philosophized on scientific living. We were fortunate in having Mr. Holmes, State Forester, who gave an interesting talk on the organization and development of North Carolina Forest Service.

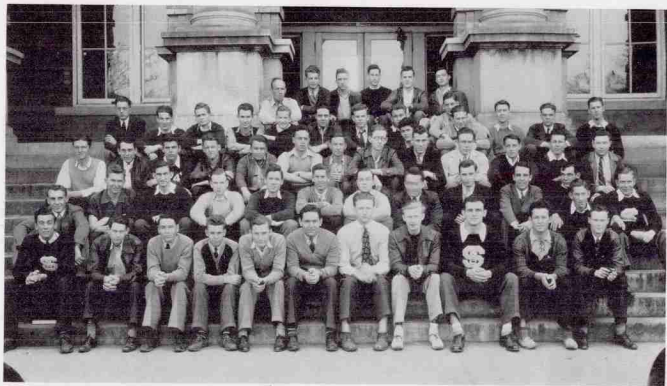
On January 10, Dr. Hofmann gave a resumé of the annual meeting of the Society of American Foresters which was held in Columbus, Ohio in December.

A few of the gatherings were turned into round table discussions, locally termed "Bull Sessions." Selected "lines" were furnished by Dr. Hofmann and Professor Slocum with the aid of a number of seniors who willingly contributed their "bull" to the hot air sessions.

When the weather permitted, the club held several meetings outside in close communion with Mother Nature. One of the most enjoyable of these outings occurred on the night of October 13 when a bonfire in Slocum Holler was found surrounded by mendacious youths competing to determine the champion of the local liar's club. Cromartie, in the last round, nosed out Reeves with his "tall tale" of the "Tater," and was crowned the Liar of Liars.

At the Students' Agriculture Fair, held at the State Fair, the Forestry exhibit under the direction of Frye and co-worker Cain took fourth place. Headed by Bob Slocum, the Rolleo on October 29 was well conducted and attended, with the Juniors taking first prize. The Forestry Club Rifle Team, captained by Ralph Brake, has made a remarkable record this year, defeating such teams as University of Maine and Yale University.

Slabs and Edgings, edited by J. H. Hartley, made its appearance on November 15. This publication of happenings in and around the Forestry School has already stimulated closer harmony among the individuals of the club.



19 FORESTRY CLUB 39

The basses and "whiskey tenors" have been blending their notes into some real harmony since Barbour, Reid, and Roberts compiled some of the best Forestry songs into a neat booklet.

LOGGERS' BALL

It was on November 5, that again the woodsmen tossed aside their outdoor garb and donned evening attire for the annual Loggers' Ball. The Frank Thompson Gymnasium echoed to the soothing rhythms of Key Scales and his orchestra. The Gymnasium was beautifully decorated in the Forestry School colors.

Congratulations to Mark Taylor and his committee for their splendid work in making this annual dance a success.

Chaperones for the occasion were the Forestry School Faculty and their wives.

CLOSED DANCE

It was known by the rocking and vibrating of the Tar Heel Club that February 11 had finally rolled around. The hall was filled with laughter and gaiety as the men of the forests and their charming dates shuffled to the recordings of the best bands in the land.

The U. S. Militia would have been helpless in retarding the hungry terpsichoreans as they plunged to the basement for refreshments at intermission.

Thanks to Hartley for making this dance even a greater success this year. Everyone reported a swell time, although a few pants and evening gowns did receive splotches of red clay while the buses were being excavated from mudholes.

Chaperons were Dr. and Mrs. J. V. Hofmann, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Miller, Professor and Mrs. Lenthall Wyman, and Professor and Mrs. G. K. Slocum.

It is these informal gatherings and the friendly atmosphere which prevails throughout such occasions, and it is that never dying spirit of the club to expand and undertake new programs, that makes the N. C. State Forestry School one of the outstanding organizations on the Campus.

IN MEMORIAM

HOWARD A. SNYDER

We regret to report the passing of another of our Alumni. Howard Snyder, "30," died at Greenville, Tenn., after a brief illness last summer. Mr. Snyder was employed by the U.S.F.S. at the time of his death.

Mr. Snyder was buried at Montlawn Memorial Park in Raleigh. Dr. Hofmann and Prof. Wyman were among the pallbearers.

We all extend our solicitations to Mrs. Snyder and her two children.

SENIORS AT A GLANCE

1. Arnott—A good, quiet Yankee, wrongly nicknamed "windy."
2. J. B. Bailey—Always the life of the party with his wise (???) philosophy, and quoting Shakespeare.
3. Bill Bailey—Any man's perfect friend. Any woman's "dream man." A natural leader, and an all-round, swell fellow.
4. Barker—Pineland Junior College gave us "Sid." Their loss was our gain.
5. Beasley—A very likable fellow, but he well deserves the nickname, "Goldbrick."
6. Butler—Always bringing up the rear.
7. Dale—A hard worker who really isn't appreciated.
8. Frye—A West Virginia "hillbilly" who came to town and made good at State College and Meredith.
9. Harris—"Dutchy" is really "tops"—quite a hard worker. The Forestry school could use more men like him.
10. Hartley—With his "dirt" in *Slabs and Edgings* he is stiff competition for Walter Winchell.
11. Hughes—The "Colerain Flash" is all right. He does O.K. with the girls.
12. Johnson—One of the brightest in the class, and should do big things.
13. Jollay—"Parson" deserves a big hand for putting up with all of us heathens.
14. Lyon—Always willing to do more than his share of the work, but inclined to "leg."
15. Page—"Baldy" will be O.K. when he gets out of Raleigh. Just now Meredith College and Rex Hospital claim most of his time.
16. Peterson—He is to be liked and remembered for his quiet, easy-going ways.
17. Plummer—A scrapper from the word "Go"—anybody, anywhere, anytime.
18. Reed—We can thank the State of Colorado for this fine fellow. He's all right!
19. Reeves—Fred is a good, industrious worker and one of the Seniors' best Terpsichoreans.
20. Rupp—Never quiet a second from morn 'till night, but stick in there and fight 'em.
21. Sloeum—"Zip" will go over big in this world if he doesn't have to mix much with females. He is a man's man.
22. Smith—"Swamp Rat" likes a little Forestry mixed up with girls. A job up around Boone would save him a lot of bus fares, but maybe half-way between Raleigh and Boone would be best.
23. Steele—Really is a good worker when he wants to be—too bad the "spirit" doesn't move him more often.

—Continued on page forty-seven

PI-NE-TUM

Journal of Forestry of North Carolina State College



G. K. SLOCUM SMITH ATKINS BAILEY BEASLEY CROMARTIE REEVES
BOB SLOCUM RUPP HIGGINS ROBERTS GIBBONS

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CAMP IN MINNESOTA

R. L. Cain, '40



Paul Bunyan Statue, Northern Minnesota

"Bring your fishing tackle, cooking equipment, canoes, and camping outfits, and be prepared to enjoy frequent week-end fishing and camping trips to the distant points of Lake Itasca and the many surrounding lakes at the source of the mighty Mississippi." So read the instructions to forestry students of the University of Minnesota, who, after their freshman year, are preparing for six weeks of field work in their chosen field. Since they are still gullible freshmen, they come variously prepared as instructed.

The catch comes the very first day when classes meet at 8:30 a.m., run through the day, and end with instructions to "write it up," meaning a good long report to be turned in before the class meets the next day. The students soon learn that the most useful equipment in their packs are the pencils and paper for reports and vile smelling mosquito dope for a crop of mosquitoes that makes our own eastern Carolina-pocosin swarms look like fifteen cents on Saturday night.

The Minnesota Forestry Camp is located in Itasca State Park in the north central of the state and in the transition zone between the hardwood forests of Minnesota and the Balsam Fir-White Spruce forests of the northern part of the state. Being situated as they are in a transition zone between two major forest climax types of the Lake States region, the park forests afford an excellent opportunity for silvicultural field work. Silviculture work in the camp consisted of

making silvicultural analyses and forest descriptions of the important types found in the Park. The course was taught by Professor E. G. Cheyney, the author of our silviculture text, with a one-hour lecture the first day out. From then on his instructions were simply, "write a report on the specified type and hand it in at 5:30." This simple method of teaching was very effective.

Mensuration, taught by a long-winded, hard-driving professor, assisted by a big Swede "stooge," covered the whole subject so thoroughly that when we got through making tables, charts, and graphs, and writing extensive reports, we hadn't learned a darn thing.

Other courses besides Silviculture and mensuration were Dendrology, Entomology, Forest Botany, and Ornithology. These courses were supposed to keep us from oversleeping, and they served the purpose well indeed. I must say that I earned those seven credits.

When as many as ninety foresters get together, there's bound to be some action in camp, regardless of assignments. This camp was no exception. Twice a day, or oftener, the lake was alive with swimmers, some of whom, with the aid of a big Red Pine log, developed into very good "birlers." Birling a log is lots of fun if you don't mind getting wet every now and then. Lake Itasca lies in the center of the park and is about five miles long by one-half mile wide. It is large enough for some nice canoe trips, and fishing is fine too. The "big-uns" that don't get away run as large as five or six pounds and up to thirty inches in length, but, of course, the really big fish always get away.

Besides swimming and fishing, the lake served another important purpose. An act on the part of a student that met with the disapproval of two or more men was considered a "lake offense," punishable by throwing him in the lake fully clothed. During the last half of the term, when the boys had become well acquainted, "lake offenses" became very common, and very few men escaped the punishment.

The "social" highlight of the season came on July 19, when the whole camp celebrated the famous occasion of the "Burial of the Quiz." The celebration originated in the early days of the camp when a professor gave a very hard and unfair examination, which the boys remonstrated against by preaching a funeral of the quiz and burying it. Ever since that time, on July 19, the foresters, in every conceivable form of dress and undress, form a parade and march to nearby tourist camps, singing songs, shouting, measuring D.B.H.'s, and doing anything else possible or impossible. The ceremony ends at the "grave" where the "funeral" is preached. The "funeral" is a satirical take-off on the professors, and, it being the only chance that the boys have to "get them told," it is really a masterpiece of composition.

After the big celebration, the camp really got down to work on the "40 report" required of each pair of men. This report consists of a complete timber estimate and silvicultural description of a forty-acre

—Continued on page forty-eight

SENIORS AT HOFMANN FOREST

During the week of February 6-12 "Doc" Hofmann gave the Seniors another taste of the briars, undergrowth, and swamps of Jones County.

Monday was spent in traveling from Raleigh to Pollocksville, the afternoon being spent in putting up cots and making up the beds.

Tuesday and Wednesday were two days of cruising which will never be forgotten by even those fortunate enough to draw short lines. Each day seemed worse than the preceding one, and each crew swore his line was the worst of all. Briars were plentiful, and several of the fellows came back with pants ripped off and hands and legs pretty badly cut up. Page, Smith, Reeves, and Taylor headed the long string of casualties.

Thursday found the gang making sample plots and taking increment readings of the trees on these plots. Then the normality and average of each plot was obtained.

On Friday morning we rode all over the Hofmann Forest, observing places of interest, and after lunch, headed back to Raleigh, all ready to welcome a bite of civilization again.

SIDELIGHTS

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Jackson were our hosts for the week, and Mrs. Jackson certainly did feed us like kings. Butler, Beasley, and Steele were undisputed for the title of the "biggest eaters," but I'm sure no one lost any weight.

Bill Bailey and Chester Reed decided not to shave for an entire week, and two House of David men resulted.

Mrs. Jackson gave us a dance one night, and invited all the "Swamp Angels" from the neighboring towns. Beasley hit the "jack-pot" when he got the young school teacher from Maysville. Wright, Smith, J. B. Bailey, and Walker did their best to cut Beasley's throat, but young Beasley held his own.

J. B. Bailey finally met his match in Mr. Scott, a native who had a few too many drinks of "white lightning" under his belt. Mr. Scott could preach on any subject, and reading palms was "duck-soup" to him. Our friend's final decision seemed to be that most of us were pretty wicked fellows and were as good as in Hell.

"Bull" Stoffregen was the only casualty—a good dose of Poison Sumac.



SENIORS AT HOFMANN FOREST

THE ROLLEO

R. W. Slocum, '39

The annual Forestry Club Rolleo was held on Saturday, October 29, 1938, at the Hill Forest. The weather was cold, rainy, and unpleasant, but this did not prevent a large attendance.

The upper classmen were excused from their morning classes, and so most of them left on the first buses. The freshmen, not being excused from classes, had to wait for the second trip. However, every one was at the forest and ready to go by about one o'clock; and so the Rolleo was put under way.

The wood chopping, wood sawing, and tree felling for accuracy events, took place across the river from the cabin where some fairly large pine trees were available. The tree felling for accuracy contest took place first with five teams competing, the advance students making up the fifth team. The trees were all felled, at least within ten or fifteen feet of the mark, and no one was injured by falling squirrel nests or other debris. The juniors dropped their tree within less than a foot of the mark, and so took first place.

The next event was wood sawing for speed, and one of the trees felled in the previous contest was used. The time in this event was very fast, and the first two teams were very close, the sophomores barely nosing out the seniors for first place. There were six teams in this contest. Professor Wyman and Professor Slocum giving an impromptu performance. They did very well indeed, but I do not believe that they beat the seniors' time as was stated in the first issue of *Slabs and Edgings*, however, the "Rolleo" data has disappeared, and so nothing can be proved.

In the wood chopping for speed event the juniors won going away, but this contest featured an event that had a very bad effect upon Professor Slocum's mind and spirit. Cain, chopping for the glory of the juniors never noticed when he cut through the log, and he managed to turn two boulders to powder with the cutting edge of the Professor's best axe, before the heart rending cry of a soul in torment stopped him with the axe in mid air. Professor Slocum dashed headlong to the rescue of his pet, and seized it from the destroyer's ruthless hands, and then, crooning softly, he whipped out his whet stone and administered first aid. Cain thinking that perhaps the Professor's crooning might have something to do with him, melted into the woods, the bushes parting before him as though he were but a shadow.

The next series of events took place around the cabin, the first being tree climbing for speed. A straight, smooth tulip poplar was selected, and the climbing commenced. The time of the first climb was good, and the next better, and so on, until the last climber would have given a squirrel a mighty close race. The final contestant, a freshman, won.

Due to a scarcity of time, several events were now run off together. Tree climbing with spurs, based mostly upon the form used, was won

by the sophomores. Hubbard, climbing for the advance students, not only fell down the tree but also up it, a rather rare achievement for one so young.

The height and diameter estimation contest was won by the freshmen, and this so upset the competing seniors that they actually got to wondering just who had measured those trees in the first place. Imagine!

The hotly contested horse shoe pitching contest was won by the seniors, and the knife throw for accuracy by the juniors.

The rock put for distance was won by the juniors, and the rock throw for distance by the freshmen. The rock put for distance was really a contest, and for awhile it looked as though complications might ensue. However, after a study of higher mathematics involving the axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and a decision by Doctor Hofmann, the judge being considered prejudiced, the juniors received the nod.

The running and standing broad jumps were won by the juniors also, and here again fierce dissension arose. Due to a statement made by the judge in the early part of the contest, the juniors received what some considered to be an extra jump. However, things were finally settled and no one was seriously injured, although some of the more delicate natures were slightly bruised.

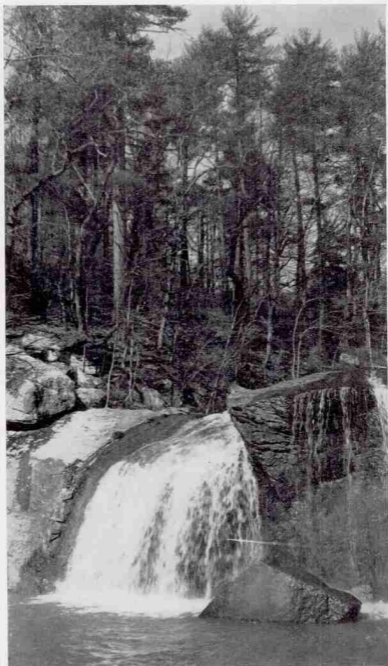
The rope climbing for speed contest was won by the advance students. The most difficult problem of the day was the putting up of the climbing rope, and many interesting and educational comments were furnished by the intelligent spectators. From some of the comments one would almost believe that the commentators could easily learn to boil an egg in six easy lessons.

In the fire building contest the finish was very close, with the seniors nosing out ahead. After the fires were built, there was a fire extinguishing contest, the contestants putting out the fire with water carried from the river in pails. The seniors won this also, having had men hidden along the trail to trip up all other contestants.

The final and deciding event was the cracker eating contest. J. B. Bailey, seeing a chance at a little extra food, entered for the seniors. However, he became so interested in the fine flavored crackers that when he finished he started to look for more and forget to whistle, and so the juniors won.

The final results of the "Rolleo" showed the juniors to be the new champions, with the seniors a very close second. The freshmen were third, the sophomores fourth and the graduate students fifth. The fellows showed a fine coöperative spirit and a high degree of competitive ability in this "Rolleo," and in the next year's contest I believe that the freshmen will be the ones to watch. They really put up a good fight this year, and if the spirit that they showed stays with them, they ought to take next year's contest if the juniors don't cheat them out of it.

—Continued on page forty-seven



SUMMER CAMP 1938

SUMMER CAMP 1938

Fred Reeves, '39

Well, whatever I might say in regard to the camp of '38 can't possibly influence the number of future enrollees—it's required—so I'll do my best to give a resumé of what happens when 28 boys, 4 Profs., and the summer heat get together for 10 weeks of Dendrology, Mensuration, Surveying, and Silviculture study.

There would be no purpose in trying to disillusion the boys who have the camp to look forward to, but for a few who might be looking forward to a "bed of roses"—it is only fair to say "don't kid yourself!" Don't get me wrong, just because it's not a "snap" is no reason that camp isn't just what a forestry student needs after two years of classroom work. Summer camp not only gives you the first *real* opportunity to find out just what this forestry game is all about, but it gives the individual the chance to find out the kind of "stuff" he and his fellow-men are made of. It is a chance to make or "break" yourself as far as the boys are concerned, because the 10 weeks will certainly bring out the worst and best sides of a fellow.

With such a wide variety of interesting experiences to choose from, it will be rather hard for me to take the best, but here goes—and don't look for a notary seal.

First came the ever dreaded business of registering, which involved the heart-breaking experience of giving the treasurer \$64 in cash. (Incidentally, the total cost of summer camp shouldn't exceed \$125.00, unless one has plenty of money to throw away.) The rest of registration consisted of filling out a few pink, white, and blue blanks to designate the courses and teachers for the summer, which were: Dendrology by Professors Slocum and Miller; Mensuration by Professor Slocum; Surveying and Mapping by Professors Brown and Bramer; and Silviculture by Dr. Miller. With a few instructions and a great many helpful hints from our own "Der Feuhrer" Slocum we were ready to go.

Clothes for the summer ranged from everything from pants and shirts the janitor wouldn't take when school closed (that was me), to starched tux shirts worn by Joe Powers, who left off the collars for easier neck exercises performed during Dendrology tests. Practically everyone wore boots, and by the end of the summer a coat of tan was the only covering for the back.

For future reference I will give you a list of characters for this little play—names having been based upon true facts, or given because nothing better could be originated. Leading characters were: Slocum the "Slinger," and Miller the "Mouse," ably assisted (they had to be, with only one leg left), by Westerfield the "Wart" and Brake the "Brainless." The supporting cast was made up of such noted stars as Higgins the "Hog," Gerber the "Goon," Taylor the "Tick," Lozier the "Louse," Leo the "Lion," Perry the "Pup," Powers the "Parasite,"

"Romeo" Ingram the "Idiot," Hayes the "Hiek," Simmons the "Sot," Dunn the "Dunce," Wogan the "Woack," Karlman the "Cribber," Matson the "Moron," Lee the "Lug," Walker the "Witch," Harley the "Hideous," Reed the "Reamer," Nigro the "Nut," and this humble person who appeared as an extra now and then as Reeves the "Rat." I might mention that we rode from place to place with Simmons the "Sot" and "Lucky Teeter" Lozier at the controls. Lozier, by the way, should be a preacher—he always had his passengers praying. He actually drove that Ford so hard that one day near the end of the summer it was parked in front of the Jacksonville Drug Store, and before we realized it, a wrecker was towing it away.

Variety of work, places and experiences kept the summer alive for us. With the aid of our snapshots you will be able to visualize Forestry Camp as we believe it to be "at its best."

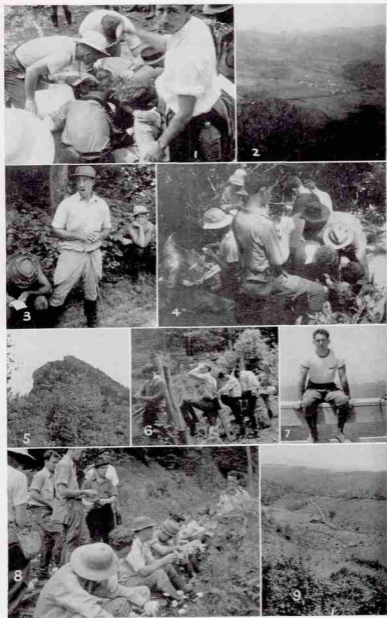
Dendrology

Our Dendrology study was made in the three main sections of the state in order to take advantage of the great variety of trees found in North Carolina. There was a week in and around Raleigh, a week in the mountains at Boone, and another week on the coast near Jacksonville.

The first day was spent on the campus with Prof. Slocum, who introduced to us the many trees found here. Then the tests began! One day we would be introduced to a specimen, and the next day held responsible for both its common and scientific names. During the week in Raleigh we studied trees at Hill Forest for three days and spent one day exploring a Cypress bog east of town: We walked, stood, and sat from 8:00 a.m. until 3:30 p.m., and you'd be surprised to know how much *some* of the boys learned during this time. "Der Feuhrer" always walked in front to take off any flowers, fruit, or even leaves that might help us to identify the specimen. If the boys who were late in getting to the specimen wanted to make good grades, they had to learn how to identify the species in the pulverized state. It is rumored that by the end of the three weeks some of the boys could identify a tree by the expressions on the other boys' faces!

Then came the week in Boone! This was really the most pleasant week of all—for those who still enjoy their "fling" at romance. Some were lucky, and got good-looking "gals." Others weren't so lucky and got some "hags" who were evidently sent there for scaring the children back home. I'd say that Gerber "spotted" the prize of the lot, while Westerfield got—well, if there's no teaching job, there's always a Circus. "Tick" Taylor and "Moron" Matson were also lucky in Love—lucky because the old man's shot gun was in the shop. I remember Walker asking a girl if he could call her by her first name, and she said, "Gimme room, Gals, I'm bein' Courted!" Really, the girls were swell, especially the ones with shoes on!

The girls weren't the only attraction, by any means. One day we



1. Your guess; 2. View from Boone; 3. Thank the Lord for the stick; 4. Another Specimen; 5. Top of Grandfather Mt.; 6. A long distance one; 7. Karlman; 8. Rest in peace; 9. Cabin in the hills.

went to the top of Grandfather Mountain, the most rugged and beautiful mountain in Eastern America. Another day we spent at and around the State Fish Hatchery near Boone. Everyday at Boone brought something new and something interesting, all centered, of course, around our main purpose—Dendrology. After telling the girls "good-bye" and taking a last look at the mountains, we returned to the State's Capital.

The third week of Dendrology was taken on the coast after we had finished our stay at "Hell's Half-Acre" or, as it is sometimes called, Hill Forest. We have all agreed that the mountain species are the most difficult to recognize, with the Ginsberg oak taking first place. Der Feuhrer will be glad to show it to you.

Surveying

After hearing previous classes boast about living through three weeks of surveying, we looked forward to the course in much the same manner as a Freshman looks forward to a good hazing. Much to our disgust, though, we found that the tales we'd heard were all baloney—it was worse! For two weeks we plowed through poison ivy, tore through thorns, and swam the Flat River with a transit, a chain, and a bush-axe on our backs. I remember one night we quit early because Reed dropped the lantern in the river. For next year they're advocating a luminous rod. It is a great opportunity to learn some surveying, really.

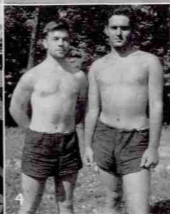
Hill Forest is a swell place to spend a summer month and, all in all, it's one never-to-be-forgotten. The swimming pool furnished the most pleasure with two nights a week in Durham and horse shoes running a close second. The most popular place (to become unpopular in) was the dining room where we met three times a day to inhale some vitamins and exhale our complaints. For fear some of the boys may get a stomach-ache I won't discuss the food at Hill Forest, but there was never enough left over to feed Zeb, our German police mascot.

The week of drawing was interesting but a little nerve-wracking. Can you imagine tracing contours and wiping sweat from your eyes with both hands all at the same time? Hovering over a drawing board eight hours a day with an aching back and burning eyes certainly made us appreciate the restful atmosphere at Hill Forest.

Silvics and Mensuration

With a few warming-up exercises in Silviculture and Mensuration at Hill Forest, we took up the courses in more detail when we moved to the coast. The third and last week of Dendrology was also taken up on the coast.

Most of our Silviculture work consisted of counting seedlings on planted areas, laying off sample plots, thinning, building fire lines, and studying site influences. Mensuration, on the other hand, consisted of timber cruising, stem analysis, volume measurements, both actual and estimated, height and diameter measurements.



1. Sea-sick??? 2. All aboard; 3. Loading at Kinston; 4. Who stole the razor? 5. Sophomores pose; 6. Watermelon loot; 7. Logg'ng in the Pocosin.

It was during these courses that we tramped through the perilous Hell's Pocosin, bounded on one side by Purgatory Hill, and on the other side by Hades Swamp. If the briars are any thicker and tougher in the deepest jungle of Africa, they were made in a plywood factory. Once when Perry was delirious, I heard this much of a poem he was mumbling:

"If I must swim the deep blue sea
Or walk through this Pocosin,
If I've no other choice to make
Good God, I'll swim the ocean!"

There were mosquitoes, too, and lots of them. Some of the boys overheard a couple of the mosquitoes talking one night, and one said to the other, "I don't think we ought to carry that hog down in the woods; one of the big mosquitoes might take him away from us."

In reality there were many more desirable than undesirable things. In front of the hotel in which we stayed flowed New River, three miles wide and with cool salt water swell for aching muscles. There were also two nights a week in Jacksonville and an occasional alligator hunt up the river.

I would need the whole book (and a couple of menus from the hotel), to tell what happened on our deep sea fishing trip. Nine of us out of seventeen gave in to the "restless" sea, and when I say gave—I mean gave! The first hour "out" we acted like a bunch of geysers, but after that there was nothing left to do but blow bubbles. You can laugh now, but wait 'till it happens to you. I was all for taking a life preserver and a compass and abandoning the ship.

Side Glances

The phrases or words in this paragraph are included in the article to keep fresh in the minds of the boys some of the outstanding scenes and "obscenes" of this year's camp. Only the inmates will be able to interpret them. Remember? Taylors' mistake due to a knot in the plumb-bob string—Brakes striped paint—Chiconas' shoes through suit-case with 6 suits, 2 o'coats and 8 shirts—Red Walker, Westerfield and Lozier lodge a tree with only 2 trees on the acre—"Butch's" Big Ben—The "Guinsburg" oak—Higgins fells a walnut, but misses Taylor (his mark)—"Tick's" sunburn—Karlman rides again—The Poison Ivy Club headed by Joe Powers and Leo Perks—Typhoid shots, and Reed faints—Gerber's swell voice—"Illegal Watermelon Feasts," or, "Traylor scores Again"—"Doc" sits in the noisy chair—Malaria scare—Ham sandwiches—Nigro in the fish pond at Boone—The girl at Paradise Point—The cross hairs move in "Perk's" transit—Westerfield "cops" an "A," or "Slocum Limp Again"—"A day in the Pocosin," or "Why Foresters Change to Hem: Economics"—"Brunch."

Camp is a swell experience, fellows, so make the best of all the opportunities it offers. We of the camp of '38 can only wish for the succeeding sessions a camp as profitable and successful as ours proved to be.

For a good grade wait until a hot, sultry day and tell Prof. Bramer what you think of him and his surveying—You'll get a separate page in next year's "Agromeck."

1938 SENIOR TRIP

Lenthall Wyman

On March 23 the senior class, marshaled by Professors Hofman and Wyman, left Raleigh for points south and west.

In general, the trip followed the plan of the last several years. Several new places were visited, however. The class split up and half went through the Union Bag and Paper Company in Savannah while Hudson, '36, piloted the rest around the Kraft Corporation of America plant at Fernandina. At the Hercules Powder Company operation near Brunswick, Ga., we saw turpentine being extracted from pine stumps, and here also the Downing Company officials took us around their barrel factory and naval stores terminal.

Leaving Georgia, we made comfortable headquarters for several days at Camp Oleeno, run by the State Forester's organization. From here we visited the Wilson Cypress Company mill and wood's work where we received very courteous treatment. We also were shown through the Brooks Scanlon mill and logging front. Mr. Foley even provided lunches to go with our "private" train.

We met Douglas, '37, at Fernandina and Mathewson, '37, a day or so later at St. Augustine. We dropped in to the University of Florida Forestry Club one evening, and visited the excelsior plant at Gainesville. One day was spent on the Osceola Forest and another at the Naval Stores Station before we went to see Oettmeier at Fargo, Georgia. He demonstrated his short-wave radio, which has proven highly successful in fire control.

At Thomasville, Georgia, Nease, '36, caught up with us and we wallowed through the rain to see the work being done at Sherwood Plantation, the headquarters of the Coöperative Quail Study.

After a short visit on the Choctowhatchee Forest we went on through New Orleans to Baton Rouge, where we met Prof. Hayes and President Frank Graham. A land-use conference was in progress here at the time.

We missed the Great Southern Lumber Company mill, but went over experiments being conducted by the Southern Forest Experiment Station.

After barely getting across the flooded Pearl River, we went on "by detour" to Knoxville and the TVA.

From Bent Creek we made side trips to the Sylva Tannin Plant and inspected the work of the Appalachian Forest Experiment Station at Bent Creek and on the Biltmore Forest. One day was spent on the Pisgah Game Preserve, and we came back again to Raleigh on the nineteenth of April.

One of the highlights of the trip was a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match between Chestlock (126 lbs), and a wild and wooly black bear at the Wilson Cypress Company camp. Cheslock claimed a foul when his opponent bit him on the leg.

PROJECTED 1939 WESTERN TRIP

Lentholl Wyman

Although details of the 1939 trip have not been perfected, they call for the Seniors to leave Raleigh about April 22 and to return about June 1. In the meanwhile, we will have travelled high, wide, and handsome and should all have cactus spines and abalone shells in our baggage, for we plan to visit the wide open spaces for the first time.

Briefly, we go via Atlanta, Dallas, El Paso, Phoenix, and San Francisco to the Redwoods and come back via Yosemite, Flagstaff, Santa Fe, Oklahoma City, Memphis, and Knoxville.

Among the more important points of forestry interest will be the hardwood mill, distillation plant and pulp mill of the Crossett Lumber Company in Arkansas; the Forest Service grazing studies at Las Cruces, New Mexico; the Redwood forests, logging work and mills and the Sugar Pine mills and plywood plants in California; the forest experiments near Flagstaff; and the Ponderosa Pine logging at McNary, Arizona; the cooperage operations on the Ozark Forest in Arkansas; and the forestry work around the TVA and Asheville.

Incidentally, we will probably get a glimpse of Spanish señoritas at Juarez, across from El Paso. We will drop in at the San Francisco World's Fair for a flying visit. We plan to see the Yosemite if all goes well and the Grand Canyon. We will prove to our own satisfaction whether or not we are mountain climbers when we try to conquer Agassiz Peak (Elevation, 12,300 feet) near Flagstaff. In climbing this peak we pass successively through the piñon-cedar, the ponderosa pine, the Douglas fir, and the Engleman spruce-foxtail pine types to timberline and above.

Well, let's dust a little rosin on the seats of our pants and hitch up our belts a notch because, fellows, we are scheduled to do *some riding* (and note taking) this spring.

A FORESTRY STUDENT TAKES A QUIZ

"When the logs break loose in a dam it is called a log boom.

"A log 'boom' is what is known as a rush for logs in a certain area that has been opened for logging.

"Normal age of a tree is the age between mature and maturity.

"To get rid of mice in a nursery, trap them and then poison them.

"A flume is a triangular trough that is put inside the bark of a tree for the purpose of getting the sap into a bucket.

"A wood substitute is something used as imitation wood. Vernier is an example.

"There is no profit in cutting trees in a Park because no trees are cut.

"Big Tree is found in the Sierra Mts. This tree is almost distinct.

"I would advise a woodlot owner to cut down to an 8 or 9 inch stump every ten years.

"The advance reproduction of Sitka Spruce is mostly of other species.

—Continued on page fifty

FORESTRY STUDENTS IN POLITICAL SPOTLIGHT

W. L. Beasley, '39

Right this way, folks, to meet the doggonedest pair of hand-shaking, back-slapping, baby-kissing, cigar-donating politicians that ever trod the path to the Dean's office on the campus of N. C. State College.

Everyone knows of whom I am speaking. Their names are household words, especially in homes that have female occupants in college. But for the sake of those immigrants recently arriving in America and the limited number of people who don't receive the *Technician*, the two young gentlemen in question are none other than Joseph Thurman "Small" Frye from Wardensville, West Virginia, and William McCook "Zileh" Bailey from Richmond, Virginia.

Space does not permit of my listing their achievements—honorary fraternities, special awards, and the like. For further information on those aspiring and conspiring veterans of the political battles of this institution, consult any up-to-date encyclopedia or Who's Who in American Colleges.

I deem it quite an honor to have even a grunting acquaintance with either of the boys, and in this article I merely want to touch on some of the more personal highlights gleaned from my distant acquaintance with them. Who knows? When biographies are rated on the basis of truth and intimacies, my name may go down in history as the humble writer of such a treatise on two outstanding forestry seniors.

But on with the story. Everyone is warned in advance of Frye's arrival by the clanking of innumerable shiny and heavy keys on his sagging watch chain. I've noticed of late, though, that Frye is only wearing three or four of the more coveted keys, that is, coveted by other students. He doesn't give a rap for keys. Why, it was at least a week after being listed in Who's Who before he even had the little old Who-Who key on his string. Naturally a man who comes into possession of such distinguished honors and who wears them so lightly is very much in demand in all colleges for women. Many is the hour I've listened in breathless silence as Joe told of his entanglements at different institutions, and how he kept some in ignorance of the others, and how by cleverly designed stratagems he has thus far averted the pitfalls of matrimony. But if he is not overly cautious and on his guard at every turn, some publicity seeking movie actress is going to snare him into a J. P.'s office during our spring trip to the West Coast.

Joe is really to be congratulated on his rise to the heights. Entering here as a sophomore transfer from West Virginia University, he has made innumerable friends, and knows his way around quite well.

No, Bailey, I haven't forgotten you. By the way, to you who perchance (and a slim chance at that) don't know Bill, just keep an ear clean for a stale joke or a catchy riddle. The deliverer will be none other than our esteemed "Zileh" Bailey. Bill entered State as a regular freshman. His political career was launched when Mark

Taylor nominated him for freshman class president. Since that eventful day, his prestige has been well established.

For William McCook there were no feminine worries in his first two years here, but by his own admission he was a killer-diller with the high school girls back home and was the dignified mascot of the Woman's Club. That's a heckuva role for an ex-footballer to be playing, but I daresay he made good at his duties.

At present, Bailey's time is divided between meetings and trips, including three trips daily to the Alumni Secretary's office to see Dan Paul. It would be a hard matter to say which of the two, Joe or Bill, is busier. Both have their engagement books filled up for weeks ahead, and it's getting so a fellow has to put in an application to hold a five minute conference with them.

Aside from horses, and livestock in general, Bill's chief interest in school now seems to be centered around Professor Hicks' course in Marriage. Of course, this could have no possible bearing on his life after graduation, but a fellow always gets more out of a course if he's really interested.

Both of these boys are frequently asked for advice when difficult problems arise; even the professors seek them out.

Congratulations are in order for the splendid work they are doing at their present administrative helms: Frye as president of the Senior Class and Chairman of the Senior Gift Committee, and Bailey as President of the Student Body and on innumerable committees which require his presence.

Let us gaze into the crystal for a moment and see what the future holds in store for these two June graduates (they hope). Ah—here it comes—the sign of the polecat—the vision is at hand. Here is an office on the West Coast, a lawyer's office, and who is that smooth looking individual with the cigar clenched between his teeth and feet on the mahogany desk just like he owned the place? Why mercy be! It is none other than Joe Frye, a lawyer in his own right for that big Pacific Coast Lumber Company. He looks as though he's enjoying it, and his surroundings certainly indicate that lawing is a financial success, at least for Joe.

The scene is fast changing. It shifts to Old Virginny, and here we see old Bailey standing beside the tracks, stopwatch in hand, clocking time on his best thoroughbred, and, of all things, that is just bound to be William Junior aboard that three year old. Bailey has that kind business-looking face. Cattle raising on a large scale is profitable from the looks of those stables, and that Southern Colonial home with alternate rows of flowers in bloom along the drive to the road, I suppose every now and then one of those four-legged streamliners hits the jackpot and adds several figures to the already substantial bank balance.

Well, so long, boys, don't forget that Forestry Class Reunion we're holding at Professor Slocum's home in 1950 to "shoot the bull"—see you then.

SPORTS IN REVIEW

Bill Gibbons, '40 and Ted Gerber, '40



REEVES BAILEY SMITH LOZIER TRAYLOR STEELE
 PETERSON MATSON GIBBONS

After an eventful summer of tobacco chawin, tree climbin', full hearts, if not an armful, of buxom feminine pulchritude, not to omit one eye perpetually cocked toward the heavens to protect their Sunday suits, the boys threw the bottle of sweet summer memories over their left shoulder and delved into State's widespread athletic program.

State's renowned Varsity Wolfpack was bolstered considerably on the physical side by three strapping woodsmen. Warren Wooden played his usual bangup game at guard, even though handicapped for a large part of the season by a cronic knee injury. In the backfield, playing many a smashing quarter, Don "snakehips" Traylor, '40, at one of the halves, and Battering "Ferdinand the Bull" Lozier, '40, at fullback saw plenty of action. Wade Brown and Paul Abrams ably assisted as reserves, and will be in there plugging again next year.

On the hardwoods the Forestry school was represented by J. V. Waters, a sophomore, and E. M. Story, a freshman, both of whom hope to break into Doc. Sermon's first string lineup next year.

In the last major sport Adolph Honeycutt and Joe Steel, will be battling the ol' apple for the varsity ball club this coming season.

Forestry athletes are taking a large slice of the minor sport laurels. We are represented by two captains, Bill "Speedy" Bailey in swimming and Don "Hardrock" Traylor (still mentally speaking) in the gentle art of self defense. Along with Bailey, Sid (Lord High Cus-

—Continued on page fifty

THE ECOLOGY TRIP

Ernest Roberts, '40

There is one event in the life of every Forestry student that will cling to his memory long after the provoking seven o'clock whistle and the breezy lectures by Professor Slocum have faded into dim recollections. The Juniors look forward to this day with great anticipation. The Seniors recall incidents of the previous year and almost feel pangs of remorse for us students in Ecology.

The eventful October 7 finally arrived. After the usual commotion of scrouging into buses and scrambling for seats near the professor's legs, another group of Dr. Well's and Shunk's Ecology students was speeding eastward. Everyone seemed in a hilarious mood over the three day release to enjoy the profound beauty of the country side and a visit to Carolina Beach.

The occupants of one of the buses had in their midst two of the Fairer Sex. Although their presence stimulated higher themes of conversation, the boys were left at a disadvantage of choosing words of contempt for each other and expressing their sentiments in the language typical of a true Forester. On the other bus there were no restrictions, and before many miles had elapsed the air had become uncomfortably hot. "Little Robin" set an all time record for continuous "bulling," never allowing his tongue to relax the entire three days.

We made frequent stops along the highway and chased after Drs. Wells and Shunk for miles into swamps and pocosins. The different types of vegetation and environmental condition of each were seen and given adequate explanation by our able professors. We also visited Greenfield Park and several other interesting places in and around the quaint old city of Wilmington.

After the studies were made and suitable notes taken, on we sped to Carolina Beach. Arriving there a cordial welcome was given us by "the family" residing at this dead end. By their exuberant hospitality it became obvious that they operated the cold storage plant (boastfully spoken of as a Hotel) that we were to freeze in the next couple of nights.

Desiring a bit of nocturnal carousing some of the gang chanced upon the "Joint" which had been foretold of our arrival and awaited us with eagerness—yes, eager to relieve us of our allowance for food and other necessities while on the trip. Their success was so remarkable that several of the fellows were in dire need of assistance as they precariously sought their sleeping quarters later in the night.

The climax of the evening was the dance routine of Dr. "Ikey" Wells and "Jitterbug" Nigro. Nigro's own creation, "The Yankee Flop," was quite a sensation. But the gracefulness of Dr. "Ikey's" fantastic toe as he leaped rhythmically doing a combination of the "Little Apple" and the "Susie Q" stole the show from the younger and less experienced shuffler.

—Continued on page forty-nine

PRESERVATION TRIP

J. C. Higgins, '40

September and October dragged by; November came and with it Thanksgiving. We all agreed that one day was not enough for Thanksgiving; so the Preservation class decided to take an extra two days and go to Charleston.

Professor Slocum made preparatory lectures on what to wear and what not to do in Charleston. We needed no warning to take our overcoats, however, because it snowed Thanksgiving night and was very cold the next day.

"The buses will leave promptly at eight o'clock," and for once everyone was ready, that is almost everyone; "Der Feuhrer" himself kept us waiting until nine-thirty.

We did not suffer much from the cold on the trip down, since the bus was kept warm by hot air from the front seat.

As usual, there were choruses of everything from "Hillbilly" songs to Grand Opera (by Gerber).

After our throats all became sore, we settled to a quieter form of amusement by playing "cow poker." The game went very nicely until Perry began making his own rules. Then those of us who claimed to be honest, quit.

We pulled into Charleston later in the afternoon, and went directly to the Y.M.C.A. where Professor Slocum had arranged for us a room. All of us shared one room, except the Professor. He preferred to slumber in the Ladies Parlor, or so the sign over his door said.

Finally settled, we all went down town to eat, all except Brake and Cain, who claimed they were going to visit some relatives. No questions were asked.

We had a fine meal in Raley's Cafeteria, with a good-looking waitress to carry our trays for us. Boy, what service!

After our meal the boys broke up into small groups and scattered. Where to, I cannot say, because my "A" was not very certain; so I attended the Cinéma with Professor Slocum, along with Perry, Taylor and Needham.

After the show we strolled down Charleston's one way main street, pausing to look in the windows of antique shops and liquor stores.

We had quite an exciting experience, but I will not relate it here. I will let Slocum add it to his many tales to tell the neophytes after those of us who know the truth about it are gone. I will say that we moved down the street under flying rocks and foul language, and returned from the waterfront via another street.

We returned to the "Y" about eleven, and turned in for a good night's sleep, but Nigro kept talking in spite of Perry's insisting that he be quiet. Most of us finally managed to get to sleep when Gerber staggered in minus his overcoat and hat. After another lull Plummer wandered in with the most beautiful shiner I have ever seen. He

—Continued on page forty-eight

FRESHMEN GO TO THE HOFMANN FOREST

Frank Santopolo, '42

In the middle of February, the Freshman class took a trip to the Hofmann Forest in order to see how a forest is run. Accompanied by "Doc" Hofmann, the class left Ricks Hall at an early hour and proceeded to the State Nursery near Clayton, North Carolina.

At the nursery the fellows saw CCC boys working at beds of Shortleaf, Longleaf, and Loblolly pine. The CCC boys probably wondered at the sort of fellows that made up the class, because an occasional snicker was heard when the "Esquire" forester, Gordon, strolled down the path. Many combinations of dress were seen, and maybe the CCC boys had a right to laugh. The class was shown the method of packing seedlings for shipment and that of storing seeds.

The leading bus, driven by drivers Mulhall and Rapheal, made a quick trip to Kinston, almost leaving the other bus behind. It was rumored that the second bus met up with too many farmers' daughters going to school.

At Kinston the boys split up in groups after visiting the lumber mill there. The majority of the class landed in the same cafe, and practically drove the proprietor and the pretty waitresses crazy. All flirtations with the waitresses were stopped when the rings on their left hands were observed. Led by "Lady-Killer" Palmquist, a dozen of the more adventurous and romantic Freshmen invaded the candy counter of a 5 and 10 cent store. For one very thin dime, each fellow received two promising addresses, a beautiful smile, and of course some candy. Brownstein almost won a dollar, but he missed the final question put to him by a roving radio announcer. At the end of the lunch hour, we started on our way, and arrived at the forest on midafternoon.

After walking on a logging road, we stopped in the middle of the swamp. We waited a few hours hoping to see a donkey engine in action, but we were not successful. While waiting around, a few of the more athletic and agile boys decided to explore the swamp. This was a fatal step for some because quite a few slipped on the wet logs and got a free bath. Yours truly had to be the first, but by no means the last. It seemed that the boys learned how to become wetter as the time went on. Laysath, the last to fall in, went in clear up to his waist. When he removed his pants, someone stole them, and he had to enter the house wrapped only in a blanket. This was one of the most comical happenings on the whole trip.

The group spent a quiet and restful (?) night at Forester Jackson's house, and they ate so much food that he must have lost money. After supper that night, the boys started to clean up for the night life in the thriving community of Pollocksville. In the service station next to Mr. Jackson's house, the boys, especially Austin Pruitt, showed the belles of the town some genuine "jitterbugging." All of us found out that Pollocksville has more than its share of pretty girls per acre.

The wolves of State College went hunting for "Quail," and it is rumored that the wolves, Charter and Hurm, came back with full bags.

After a busy day and evening, everyone tried to sleep, but it was of no use. Clothes were tied in knots, blankets and mattresses were missing, and raiding parties were on the go all night. A few boys were put to sleep by a loud but smelly duct by Barbour and Santopolo. When the noise quieted, the temperature dropped, and the boys had to sleep in warmer clothes.

The next day, after a big breakfast, we visited the fire tower at Camp Hofmann, observed the effects of fires, were shown the results of proper forest management, and various other things of interest. Late the next day, we were fortunate in seeing some logging operations that absorbed everyone's interest.

The fire tower was the waterloo of quite a few. Some boys felt like turning back when almost all the way up. At the top most of us got leary feelings when the wind, with the help of a few energetic freshmen, started the tower to shaking. Coming down was quite a job for Brownstein and Gordon. Dorsen patted the ground, and most of us joined him silently.

After lunch, two camera enthusiasts caught Williams at an unguarded moment. We have been wondering how the pictures turned out. The second night a bus load of the boys invaded New Bern, but they were disappointed because there was not enough excitement there. Of course a few made a tour of the taverns and enjoyed themselves. We have often wondered how Huff got the pleasingly plump body of his, and we found out.

The boys that remained in Pollocksville went to a basketball game. There they stole all the pretty girls and took them back to the gas station to dance. Some of the couples took all night to get back. The headlights of the returning bus revealed a little too much to tell here—tsk, tsk, Holtzer and Cagle. Ed Lumpkin along with Martin, Pruitt, and Levine were left stranded by some girls. Everyone wondered why. That night all was well until the "hunters" returned, and then peace reigned again.

The next day, our last, started off with a hearty breakfast and the removal of the beds. At nine, we started for the forest again to view the pocosin. Before we reached the pocosin, we saw a buck and a doe deer.

After this we started for Kinston in order to see the lumber mill in operation. We missed it on the trip down, and almost missed it again. We saw a few of the saws in operation, but the noon whistle cut it short. After a quick lunch, which prevented the boys from repeating their previous acts, the buses headed for home. We amused ourselves by singing and looking at the pretty girls.

It was a tired but happy crowd that returned to college. All of us had observed Forestry in a different angle than in the past. Some found that Forestry is the right profession for them, and others found out otherwise. On the whole, the trip was enjoyed by all and will be remembered in the days to come.

PROGRESS REPORT ON THE HOFMANN FOREST

G. E. Jackson, '35, Forest Supervisor

Articles on the Hofmann Forest have been published in the *Pi-Nu-Tu* during the past few years in order that the students, Alumni, and the public at large might have first hand information of the activities on the forest. In order that this information might be brought up to date, this annual report for 1938 is submitted for publication.

Game: The past season was the fourth year that regulated hunting has been in effect on the forest. Hunting was allowed for 25 days as follows: Opening day October 1, and the weeks of October 3-8; October 24-29; November 21-26; and December 26-31, inclusive. The demand for guides with dogs was so great that four guides, each with a pack of hounds, were secured to take care of the parties. Many sportsmen were able to join with local hunters on their hunts and received a hunter's share of the game taken. During the season one hundred and one deer and three bear were reported killed on the forest, which was almost twice the number killed during the 1937-38 season.

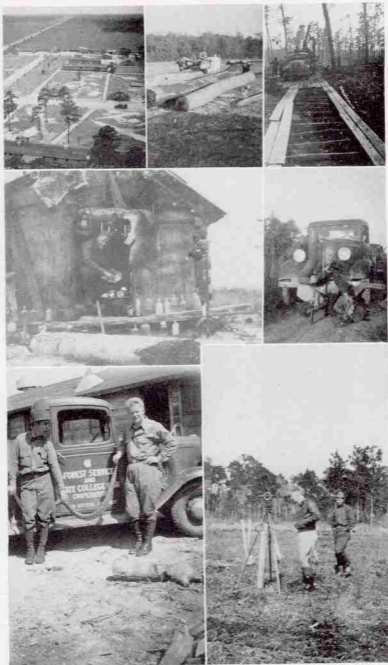
One hunter that was in a party that killed three deer on the last day of the season gave me the following report on that day's hunt: "Our party of eight men and nine dogs left Trenton on the morning of December 31, and walked about three miles along a trail into the forest. Deer signs were so plentiful that we turned only one dog loose at a time. Each dog jumped a deer, and I saw two deer that there was no dog after. We killed three deer, and I feel sure that with what deer that we actually saw, together with the signs in the forest, that there are a plenty of deer left for next season. Personally, I am all for your program of regulating hunting, and you may count on me to help carry it out."

Game receipts increased 20 per cent during 1938. Hunters from all parts of the state came to the Hofmann Forest to hunt, and most of them had plenty of venison to take home with them.

Bears did some damage to crops on the adjoining farms during the past year. Most of this damage was along North East swamp near Kellum and Cypress swamp near Comfort. Some damage was done by deer in the Half Moon and Oliver Cross Road sections. Several hunts were put on in these sections during the past hunting season, and it is hoped that enough game was taken to keep the damage small during the coming year.

A trapping program was worked out for the past season, but because of the low price of furs this program did not get underway. Considerable revenue from the fur-bearing animals of the forest is expected with an increase in the price of furs.

Forest Fires: From a total of forty forest fires that were investigated during the past year, twenty-two were burning on the



SNAPS OF HOFMANN FOREST

[41]

Hofmann Forest. These fires burned over a total of 5,845 acres. This gave an average of 266 acres per fire on the forest. The largest fire burned 3,050 acres and the smallest less than an acre. The records show that eighteen of these fires were in the Onslow County portion of the forest, and four in the Jones County portion. The forest is almost equally divided between the two counties. Fifteen of these fires were of incendiary origin, while smokers caused four; loggers one; brush burning one; and hunters one.

During the year 134 fire and game posters were put up along the forest roads and boundary. Nine persons were prosecuted for violation of the forest fire and game laws. Eight of these were convicted and one was acquitted by the courts.

The Comfort fire tower was used throughout the fire season and during March, April and a part of May a fire crew of four men was kept at the tower under the towerman's supervision. The Deppe-tower was used during the last part of the season, but it was not of much use since there was not a trained organization on duty.

Logging: There were two logging operations on the forest during 1938. Hines Brothers Lumber Company of Kinston continued their operation in the Cypress Creek area, and the Pine Lumber Company of New Bern were taking logs from the other end of the forest near Deppe. On both operations the logs were cut and hauled from the forest by truck.

The sale of fuel wood, lightwood and post increased during the year. Most of the fuelwood was sold to tobacco farmers and was taken from the cut-over area long Cypress Creek. The lightwood and posts were sold from the vicinity of the Roper road as there were many cross-ties made available when a fire brake was built along this abandoned railroad bed.

Surveys and Claims: During 1938 the boundary was cleared up along Cypress Creek, and three of the large claims east of the Atlantic Coastline Railroad were settled. The largest claim settled involved 1,139.25 acres. This area was covered by several different land grants, some of which were older than the original grant of the forest. This claim was settled by dividing the disputed property according to its value, leaving the largest acreage inside the forest boundary. A quit-claim deed was then drawn up establishing the agreed lines.

Permanent concrete corners have been set around approximately seventy-five per cent of the forest boundary. The lines between these corners have been chopped by the two-back method. The distance between the chops varies according to the distance the tree was from the line.

Cattle: The cattle program is not underway at present because of the lack of fence and barn space. Of the 25 cows that were carried through the winter of 1937-38 on the forest, 18 calved before May 1, 1938. Twenty-one of the cows and 17 calves were returned to State College about the first of May. One cow and one calf were

left wild on the forest, and during the early fall they were shot and sold locally for beef. During the winter three of the oldest cows and one calf died.

Plans are to bring the cows back to the forest during 1939. At that time more fence is to be built, as well as a permanent cattle headquarters. This improvement is to be put in on the Cypress Creek section.

Local cattlemen continued to run their herds on the forest during the year. Most of their cattle ranged on the large reed beds and grass land in the Half Moon section.

Summer Camp: During the summer camp on the forest the students put in two one-fourth acre plots in a six-year-old stand of loblolly pine. These plots are located near the edge of the meadow about one-half mile east of the CCC camp site. One of these plots was thinned to a six by six spacing and the other left unthinned as a check plot. The stand in which these plots are located average 6 to 8 feet in height and originated after a fire. A few residual hardwoods on the plots average sixty feet in height and are 50 years old. A count of seedlings not over ten feet high adjoining the plots to the north showed 7,740 pines per acre on the cut-over area and 3,860 on the uncut area.

Seedling counts on the burnt areas on the forest showed that even the lightest fires of early spring kill all the one- and two-year-old seedlings. On areas burned early in 1937 there were plenty of one-year-old seedlings for a good stand where seed trees were available. No seedlings were found on the areas burned in 1938.

The students continued their stem-analysis work in the stands of pond pine along the Quakerbridge road. The trees used were cut into five foot sections and stacked for pulp wood. A 100 per cent cruise of the loblolly pine reserve plot near Cypress Creek completed the students' summer work on the forest.

CCC Activities: On August 3, 1938 CCC camp S-65 moved to a new location near Bolton, N. C., to do work on private land. Their work program as far as the Hofmann Forest was concerned was just getting started. Work done by the CCC on the forest during 1938 included the completion of a fire brake along the old Quakerbridge road from White Oak River to Gum Branch and along the Roper Railroad bed from Gibson Fork to Scotts Place near Kellum station. With proper drainage these fire brakes could be used as a truck trail.

A 120-foot wooden fire tower was constructed at the camp site. Improvements around the tower included a pump and a privy.

The CCC were called on fourteen forest fires burning on the Hofmann Forest and put in a total of 510 man days of fire fighting. Many of these fires could not have been controlled as soon as they were if it had not been for the CCC forces.

OUTSTANDING VISITORS AND HUNTERS DURING 1938

The Forestry Faculty, N. C. State College, Raleigh, N. C.

Dr. C. F. Korstain, Dean of Forestry School, Duke University,
Durham, N. C.

—Continued on page forty-nine



1. "Doc" Ikey; 2. Sophomores Shiver; 3. Management Problem boys pose; 4. Hill Forest cabin; 5. Hill Forest swimming hole; 6. Dedicated to Professor Wyman; 7. Seniors break the camera

OUR PROFESSORS THRU A STUDENT'S EYES

Bill Bailey, '39

HOFMANN

Never has any forestry student felt so low that after a few minutes' interview with "The Doc" he wouldn't feel like tackling the world.

As an inspiration to students in forestry, Dr. Hofmann has no equal. Never since the first day the class of '39 walked into Forestry have they thought of forestry as anything but a *he-man's* profession. This was brought on by Doc's account of the fire in Wind River Valley, racing through the tree tops at 60 per, the intense drying out of the woods for a mile ahead, and strips of flaming bark as big as saw-logs jumping the river a half mile wide and setting fire to the other side. Such accounts of forestry work as these cannot help but make you want to be in there fighting it "teeth and toenail."

Besides being a teacher, his business ability can't be beat. "Forestry to me begins with the dollar mark (\$)," and "all I want left on that land is low stumps," are familiar statements to all seniors in forestry. Hofmann is one of the few men able to take a tract of land that would not grow a sizable lichen, and turn it into the most promising pole, piling, pulpwood, and lumber forest in the country. Not only does he do it, but he will drag you through it, make you cruise it, and explain to him how he did it, just to prove it to you. "If we can't take a piece of land and grow trees that will pay, then we had better give the land back to the Indians," says Dr. Hofmann after an inspiring lecture on the future of the forests.

WYMAN

Wyman says "Since leaving Arizona, becoming a teacher, and discarding my spurs and boots, I have a dickens of a lot of trouble keeping my feet on the edge of the desk." A big cigar, a chair that will lean back, a *Timberman*, a farm bulletin, and a funny paper—there you have the picture of contentment that's our Prof. Wyman.

Behind that pleasant countenance of his lurks more pitfalls in the road to graduation for an embryo forester than the U. S. Government will have trying to build a highway to Alaska. An old forester and lumberjack himself, he can figure out more trick logging and lumbering terms than the man who wrote the book. With the current issues of a few timber magazines, the daily paper, and an extract in the progress of forestry in the South, Wyman will conjure up a test to slip you one morning when you ain't looking that will test the ability of the best forester that ever lived, including Silcox himself. "If you can't figure out how to log off Mount Mitchell with two men and a mule, what the devil are you going to do when you hit a problem in the pocosin?" pops up Wyman when some dumbfounded student kicks about an exam being a little tricky. One of the greatest helps we have in guarding against becoming too theoretical, he turns the study of theory in the textbooks into the practical problems of the field.

Besides being a valuable teacher, Wyman is the life of the party on any forestry outing. He will lead in the singing of "I gotta girl in Sourwood Mountain," push Slocum for the tallest story of the night, or anything else that will enliven the party. As an all-round good fellow, he is hard to beat.

MILLER

"Tops" in research and silviculture, no problem is too much for him. You have only to step into his office and let fly your questions—if the answer isn't on the tip of his tongue, which is usually the case, he will immediately point to the exact reference where you can find it. There are few men who can equal his ability to retain information on forestry work, or the points at which this information can be found.

Since their freshman year, the class of '39, with Dr. Miller, have covered the forests of the U. S., Alaska and most of Canada—from the peaceful shores of California to the storm washed shores of Cape Hatteras, and from the tropical Florida keys to the ice-capped fields of the North Pole.

With a little imagination in one of his classes you find yourself in the West, standing beside a massive Redwood, or plowing through some stagnated Lodgepole pine reproduction; or in the East, in the dense shade of beech maple forest eating lunch, or standing on the bleached sandy soil of the Turkey Oak.

Dr. Miller's patience and easy going manner have helped no end in smoothing down the rough edges in many a hard day's travel. Never has the day been too hot and dusty, nor too wet and disagreeable to cause him to say a harsh word to any student. Never has an explanation been too long and tedious that he would not go over it again when some unappreciative or listless student came up with, "How's that again, Dr. Miller?" Many raw endings to a hard tiresome afternoon's work have been turned into pleasant repose through his contagious peacefulness.

SLOCUM

To the students as a whole in forestry, Slocum rates second to none, not even Jim Huff, in shooting the Ferdinand. Why not? After all, his ancestry traces back to Ole Biff Slocum who used to be Paul Bunyan's rival over on the Scandinavian Peninsula. This joker was so tough he mixed lead arsenate and poison sumach juice with his chewing tobacco, and bumped knots in the middle of winter with his bare feet. Slocum's stories usually center around guns and fancy explosives—"I will never forget the night," he goes on, "that I loaded a No. 2 washtub full of dynamite, hand grenades, musket balls, old shotgun shells, and a half gallon of ether, then touched it off in the middle of the street with a Roman candle. The explosion broke every window pane in town, changed the course of the Susquehanna River, brought down a Martin bomber flying over at 12,000 feet, and blew

me into a manhole, where I remained until my Ole Man settled with the City Commissioner."

Handling students seems to be a knack with "The Prof." *Mile* after *Mile* over the mountains, *Knot* after *Knot* through the White Oak pocosin, and the students still look to Slocum as "one of the boys." Many's the student who has said, after spending a summer with Slocum in the pocosin, "When I get to *Hell*, I'll be a *Sophomore*." There's only one man who can take a bunch of college students into "that pocosin"; work them to within an inch of their lives; make them pay for it; and then still be "one of the boys." That's our Prof. Slocum, a soother of pains to the weak, but a hellian to the obstinate.

Seniors at a Glance

—Continued from page sixteen

24. Stoffregen—Although a trifle lazy, "Bull" is well-liked for his slow, easy-going manner. Being born in Georgia is probably to blame.

25. Taylor—A great guy who just couldn't get along without his pipe.

26. Walker—"Red" is the most improved student in the class. He had a tough time with his studies when a Freshman, but he need not take his hat off to anyone now.

27. Westerfield—Tries hard to get along, but he does ask too many foolish questions.

28. Wright—A real mountaineer who knows his Forestry and loves anything with a skirt.

29. Yeager—"Pete" and "Dutchy" are in a class by themselves. Quiet, smart, hard-working fellows, they are highly respected and well-liked by all their classmates.

30. Young—A good forester, but a "Lucky Teeter" at an automobile wheel.

31. Shelley—A fine friend and a real bus driver.

The Rolleo

—Continued from page twenty-three

After a recess for the eating of hot dogs, apples, rolls and milk, the evening's entertainment got under way. This was furnished by the new men being initiated into the Forestry Club.

The formal initiation took place, and the initiates were presented with either a tree trunk or an osage orange apple handsomely tied with white cord. These were worn about the neck.

The informal initiation, handled by Red Shimer, disclosed some of the new men's hidden abilities to great advantage, and Bunny Hofmann's display of proper way to handle your girl gave us all some very helpful pointers. The initiates were then blindfolded and given a ride part way home. I am sure that they all enjoyed the initiation, and it would not surprise me if some of them volunteered to take it again so that they could once more enjoy its many and varied thrills.

The boys really did accept the initiation in good part and with fine spirit, and they should have received some small good from participation in it.

The initiation brought the "Rolleo" to a close, and so its 1938 version was now but history.

Camp in Minnesota

—Continued from page nineteen

tract of timber, the data for which is gathered and worked out during the last two weeks of camp. With the completion of the reports on July 22, the camp ended, and everybody was "damglad of it."

One Saturday in July was spent on a trip to the Cass Lake Nursery, a United States Forest Service nursery, producing stock to be planted in the 1,500,000 acre Chippewa National Forest in Minnesota. This nursery is one of the largest in the United States, producing 21,000,000 trees per year. In 1933 this nursery turned out 93,000,000 trees on the same area that it now uses, but, because of the poor survival from the seedlings, the system of growing trees has changed, and production has been cut in order to produce older and better stock.

A system of rotation is practiced in the nursery whereby the beds are planted in legumes before being seeded or transplanted to trees. Most of the stock produced in the nursery is grown to 1-2 transplants. This system gives the stouter trees that survive in the cold and relatively dry climate of that region.

The principal species grown in the nursery are White, Red, and Jack Pine; White and Black Spruce; Balsam Fir; and Tamarack. The seeds planted are gathered by CCC labor and by the Chippewa Indians, who hunt out squirrel caches that sometimes contain as much as a half-bushel. The seeds are extracted at the extractory, and in some cases the empty cones are sold for more than was paid for them filled with seeds.

The forest land, both in the National Forests and out, is in bad condition, as a result of clearcutting and fire. The once extensive stands of White and Red Pine have been logged and burned. The fire types of Jack pine and Aspen now cover a large part of the timberlands of the area and present a knotty problem in the reforestation of these lands. However, much work in fire protection and planting is now being done which is bound to get results, but they may be rather slow in materializing.

Preservation Trip

—Continued from page thirty-seven

mumbled something about a salior that got what was coming to him (and I imagine he did—he probably skinned his knuckles).

We were up at six-thirty and out to the Century Division of the Wood Preservation Corporation, where we spent hours looking at retorts, dry kilns, seasoning yards, loading docks, etc. All of which was very interesting to see, but not to write about; so I will say nothing about it.

We started our journey home early in the afternoon, and the weather was awful. As there were no cows to count, we had to be content to give the "hot foot" to those who tried to sleep.

As we got nearer home the rain changed to snow, which got deeper as we neared Raleigh. We rolled in about 10 p.m. and all of us Praised Allah that the next day was Sunday, and we could catch some much needed sleep.

Ecology Trip

—Continued from page thirty-six

Saturday morning was spent studying the various plants communities found in this vicinity. We also visited Fort Fisher and other places valued as relics of the historical Civil War period.

In the afternoon each person chose his own entertainment. Some went fishing, others invaded Wilmington, while the remaining ones sought the companionship of the three girls on the Beach.

Just before the break of dawn we were rudely awakened by the arrival of our trustworthy bus drivers. They had succeeded in adding one hundred and thirty-five miles to the Ford while having the carburetor adjusted in Wilmington. Is that not the same number of miles to Jacksonville and back to Carolina Beach? Moments later another potential Ecologist started us with a terrifying scream. He was found dangling to the side of the Hotel striving desperately to reach his window. But the unsolved mystery of the trip was the sudden disappearance of a chap from the Hill Country. His absence caused much speculation, and for twenty-four hours his bereaved companions were in a nervous tension. However, the Prodigal was found on the return trip. Evidently he had been led astray, but there was a note of repentance in his voice as over and over he murmured—"never again."

We rolled onto the campus late Sunday afternoon. There were manifestations of regret despite the weary bones and financial deficits. But we all felt wiser for the experience until the Professors stated that soon an examination would be given to determine the value of the trip from an Ecological standpoint.

Progress Report on Hofmann Forest

—Continued from page forty-three

- Mr. Donald Brewster, Herty Research Laboratory, Savannah, Ga.
- Mr. L. R. Harrell, State College, Raleigh, N. C.
- Dr. C. T. Wilkerson, Wake Forest, N. C.
- Mr. W. T. McLean, Clinton, N. C.
- Mr. T. J. Morgan, Salisbury, N. C.
- Mr. J. D. Lineberger, Shelby, N. C.
- Dr. B. H. Kendall, Shelby, N. C.
- Ernest E. Harden, Charlotte, N. C.
- Alvan Crowder, Winston-Salem, N. C.
- G. C. Tilley, Rougemont, N. C.

ALUMNI THAT VISITED THE FOREST

- R. A. Wood, Clinton, Tenn.
- J. W. Hendrix, Asheville, N. C.
- J. B. Heltzel, LeSage, W. Va.
- W. J. Barker, Raleigh, N. C.
- J. M. Stingley, New Bern, N. C.
- Charles C. Pettit, Jr., Clayton, N. C.
- G. K. Slocum, Raleigh, N. C.

Sports Review

—Continued from page thirty-five

todian of Finances) Ingram, and Ted (O' Seasalt) Gerber, junior, aided the Varsity natators. The past summer in the swamps tearing after alligators in their watery habitat, proved to be valuable training to these boys.

Captain Traylor, a 155 pounder, led his mittmen to a successful season. Paul "Slim" Abrams, Varsity 165 pound sophomore, fought three successive draws, which was quite an oddity. G. S. King (not G.K.S.) and John "Figalo" Nigro, helped condition the boys. The swelled portion of their rear anatomy well testified their enthusiasm in hitting the canvas.

In the grunt and groan game P. Reichert, 145 pound sophomore, developed into a consistant winner on the varsity. Leo "The Lion" Perks, a junior, is working hard for a berth on next year's mat squad.

The forestry boys monopolized the varsity rifle team, four of our fusileers taking top honors in matches throughout the year. Brake, Harley, Lee, Shallington, and Higgins will not have their domestic bliss marred by any male intruder while they can gently put the eye out of a moving squirrel at three hundred paces.

This spring State's new track responds to the spikes of four juniors in the middle distances. Jimmy Bell, Pat "Flying Finn" Matson, "Maryland's Flash" Robertson, and Sid (L.H.C.F.) Ingram, showed their flying heels to a majority of their competitors. Bill Gibbons held the boys in line as varsity manager.

Fred Reeves, senior monogram man on the tennis team, will be blasting his opponents on the clay court this spring to the tune of the *Dipsy Doodle*.

In the realms of golf there is still a lack of material. However, dear reader, despair not, as several of our "six" year men have been seen frequenting the links, and eventually—who knows?

A Forestry Student Takes a Quiz

—Continued from page thirty-two

"A stocked quadrat is one in which the stock has been planted.

"A stand which is very dense is in great danger because fire trails would be hard, because timber is packed together.

"When the fire is under control and it breaks out again, it is known as a bulldozer.

"Grazing injures the forest by eating the vegetation on the trees.

"For best seed conditions the ground cover should be burned over in the spring of a good seed year and every three years in the winter following.

"The time of broadcast burning should be when an approaching cloudburst or snow is expected.

"When a tree gets to be 12 inches in didmeter it is known as a virgian.

"The only time I would appraise the damage done to a woodlot by a spring fire would be when the forest had a lot of insects in it and the fire would kill them."

ALUMNI SECTION

1938

Volume 7

The replies to the Alumni questionnaire were slow as usual again this year. I wish to state that if you do not have a dollar for the PI-NE-TUM, we would still like to know where you are and what you are doing.

There were 82 of our 172 alumni who sent in their replies. I would not say that was so very good, if anyone should ask.

There have been a number of the Alumni who have complained about not receiving the PI-NE-TUM after they paid for it. If you change your address after you send in your "dope" and don't let me know, you have yourselves to blame. If you don't get your PI-NE-TUM by the first of June, let me know, and I will gladly send you another one.

There has been talk of a reunion. If you are in favor of such a move, let me know when you think we could arrange such an affair. I sure would like to see the gang together again. Raleigh should be the place of the gathering so that you can see what has been going on since you were here.

The faculty joins me in wishing you the best of luck in the coming year or years.

GEORGE K. SLOCUM.

1930

BITTINGER, C. A. Fayetteville, Pa.

"Since my Mother died in September 1937, I have been here at home, waiting for things to open up around here. Now it looks as though something might. I see Slim Chance and Tubby Pierce quite often."

(I have been shooting a .22 myself, "Jenny." It costs too much for me to shoot the big ones any more.)

CHANCE, E. R. Construction Engineer, Sun Oil Co., 318 W. Mowry Street, Chester, Pa.

"I am pretty busy right now, but will take time to let you know I am still alive and going strong. Sure would like to see some of the old gang.

"Best regards to all. Keep up the good work!"

GRAEBER, R. W. Extension Forester, State College, Raleigh, N. C.

Graeber didn't say a word in his reply, but he is still busy with the farmers in this state. He has a new assistant. W. J. Barker ('34) has taken Page's place. Page, as you know, is now Extension Forester of Alabama.

HARDING, N. R. Forester, Southern Kraft Corp., Panama City, Fla.

"Have been with this company about a year now. Have been doing Naval Stores work, pulpwood cutting, sawmilling, fire protection, planting, etc. I like my work fine.

"I see Don and Hob now and then. They are working their heads off trying to make Uncle Sam's forests pay off. Hope they make it!"

LEADER, J. N. 873 South Avenue, Springfield, Mo.

"I have established a Landscape Service here in Springfield, but the dry weather has hurt my business very much. Unless business improves in the very near future I don't know what I will be doing."

MORRIS, D. J. District Ranger, U.S.F.S., Vilas, Fla.

"Have been holding up returning the questionnaire in hopes of getting back a picture of my remarkable two-year old feeding part of our thirty new fauns that are to be used in stocking our new game management area.

"We will pave about nine miles of Forest Highway to Wilma this summer, leaving only eleven miles of sand road in here. Am pushing it as an inducement to get your bunch over here on your next Senior trip. Give my regards to all."

PIERCE, R. L. Forester, Camp S-51, Pine Grove Furnace, Pa.

"Had a little reunion last August with some of the old gang at Loganton, Pa. 'Hap' Foreman ('31) has been in to see me. 'Bill' Buhrman ('31) drops around every once in a while. I am still single and expect to stay that way.

"Talk up a reunion for next year. I am in favor of it and will help all I can."

I was up to see "Tubby" last summer. "Hob" Howard ('30) went along and we had quite a session.

1931

ARTMAN, J. O. Assistant District Forester, TVA, Box 194, Norris, Tenn.

Jim is interested in a reunion in 1939 or '40. We are really due for one in 1940, as that will be the tenth anniversary of the first graduating class. What do you say, fellows?

BUHRMAN, W. T. Assistant Forester, CCC, 407 Penn Street, Huntington, Pa.

"Doing same work as when I saw you in August."

"Whispering Bill" and his family stopped by to see me in Waynesboro this summer. Bill is running a bunch of CCC Camps, so he moves around quite a bit.



1. M. M. Riley, '33; 2. Class of '38; 3. J. S. Vass, '36; 4. D. S. Morris, '31;
5. G. K. Brown, '31; 6. W. D. Gash, '37; 7. Class of '34; 8. W. M. Hill, '36;
9. J. W. Davis, '37.

LOUGHEAD, H. J. Associate Conservationist, USFS, 23 Pickwick Road, Asheville, N. C.

"Nothing much to tell. Have been working on flood surveys of the Department of Agriculture. I am heading up this work at the Appalachian Station until I can find a qualified man to take over the job. Have been doing some writing and research on the side at odd moments."

The Lougheads are the proud parents of a baby girl, Ann Stevens, born October 15. Congratulations!

PHELPS, C. F. Assistant Superintendent of Game Propagation, Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, Library Building, Richmond, Va.

"I worked with the Biological Survey until January 15, then took over this job. One of the main projects is the raising and restocking of wild turkeys. We also raise a few thousand quail. The raising of deer and beaver takes a lot of my time also.

"Still expect to get my Master's in June—I hope."

(And still no cherubs—my, my!)

SHAFFER, C. H. Forester, Blue Knob Recreation Project, 122 W. Penn Street, Bedford, Pa.

"I like this assignment very well. With two youngsters, a frau, and a job, time doesn't lag a bit and contentment isn't hard to find.

"Please print a big 'NERTS' for me to Phelps and Cartwright. As correspondents they are minus ten."

The Shafers have a new daughter since the last *PI-NE-TUM*, Thalia Eloise. We all join in extending congratulations to them.

SLOCUM, G. K. Assistant Professor of Forestry, N. C. State College, Raleigh, N. C.

Am still doing the same things, but more of them.

1932

COOPER, W. E. Forester, Soil Conservation Service, 1526 Caldwell St., Newberry, S. C.

"I like my work fine. Am forester for two projects in this state. Consider it permanent enough to warrant the purchase of a comfortable chair. My wife and son are doing fine."

GRUMBINE, A. A. Assistant Forester, U.S.F.S., Cleveland, Tenn.

"No runs, no hits, no errors, but still playing." (With what, Art?)

MAXWELL, A. H. Junior Forester, U.S.F.S., Asheville, N. C.

"Nothing new. I am cruising timber at the head of South Toe River in the shadow of Mount Mitchell. If anyone doesn't think it can rain and snow and the wind blow cold, just hit the high spots of Yancey County in January and February."

SCHAEFFER, G. K. Assistant Ranger, U.S.F.S., Star Route, Dalton, Ga.

"I have moved again. I am now in the Georgia Highlands where electric lights are expected in the future, fleas occupy the residence in the summer, the gardens are cultivated by hogs all year round and the rabbits can be shot from the back porch. It's delightful!

"I am on the biggest district in the Southern region and I like it fine. Will sure hate to leave here."

1933

BLAKENEY, J. C. District Forester, Camden, S. C.

"I have been with the S. C. Forest Service for the past year and a half. Am in contact with practically all phases of Forestry. Nice work, too.

"Tell all the fellows to come to South Carolina, it's a great state. (And so is N. C. lest we forget)."

HAFER, A. B. Assistant Forester, TVA, 3408 Whitaker Place, N. Chattanooga, Tenn.

Hafer says he has six Irish setter pups???. He sent me several pictures, but I can't print them until the boys put their clothes on.

RILEY, M. M. 14 Enterprise St., Raleigh, N. C.

"Bugs" is going to school again. He is taking graduate work at "Dook" and will get his degree next June. He stops in every once in awhile and we have a session.

WOOD, R. A. Associate District Forester, TVA, Norris, Tenn.

Dick, Dot and Dicky were in Raleigh over Christmas, so we had a chance for a bull session. Diekey keeps Dot and Dick busy and out of mischief, so more power to him.

1934

BARKER, W. J. Assistant Extension Forester, N. C. State College, Raleigh, N. C.

Until January 1, Bill was a District Forester in Arkansas, working with the Arkansas Forestry Commission. The first of the year he accepted the job here at school to replace Page as Graeber's assistant. I don't see much of Bill as he is in the field most of the time, but I understand he is getting along fine with his new job.

CHATFIELD, E. E. Forest Assistant, Cowen, W. Va.

Chatfield says just nothing at all.

CORPENING, B. H. Lenoir, N. C. (Bachelor's Home.)

"The PI-NE-TUM has made a big improvement since its birth, may it have more success. (Cope was one of the attending Doctors.)

[55]

"I am thinking of changing my line of work (just thinking), if I don't get a job in forestry soon.

"Let the PI-NE-TUM carry my best wishes to all the fellows and when any of you get around Lenoir, I would like to see you.

"Don't let the students put you on the spot like we used to, 'Sloc'."

HAIRR, L. B. 224 B. S. Rutherford St., Wadesboro, N. C.

"Rabbit" is Junior Forester for the Soil Conservation Service at Wadesboro. Says he didn't get his PI-NE-TUM last year so I sent him another. Did you get it, Hairr?

PROUT, C. T., Jr. Project Forester, S.C.S., Box 382, Greenville, Ala.

"You will find most of the information in the letter I wrote to you last year that you said was lost."

It's still lost, "Bolty," I haven't seen it yet. You say you have one addition to the family, a girl. We send congratulations to you and the Mrs. You ought to tell us more about it as to when and where, etc.

SMITH, W. R. Junior Forester, S.F.E.S., 333 St. Charles Street, New Orleans, La.

"For the past year or so, I have been on the Nantahala N. F., working on fire studies. In October I was transferred to the Southern Station to work on Flood Control Surveys. At present I am doing field work on the Trinity River in Texas. My wife is with me and keeping me straight.

"Would like to get back to Raleigh for a few days and see how things are going, especially at the Hill Forest.

"Please give our regards to your family and all the others."

1935

BOYKIN, W. E. District Forester, S.C.S., Box 501, Oxford, N. C.

"I am trying to get a few management plans started on farm woodlands and assisting in marketing the stuff. The district has been enlarged to over a million acres with slightly over 50 per cent in woodland. It would take half a life time just to walk over the area.

"Luck to the other fellows and the department."

CZABATOR, F. J. Instructor in Forestry, State College, Miss.

Felix tells us he was married August 2, 1938 to Miss Patricia Landen. We extend congratulations and best wishes for a happy future to you both.

"I worked out a M.S. in Botany last year, and have a lovely little certificate to that effect. Am still an active member of the Society and still interested in Forestry. Give my regards to the gang."

DEARBORN, L. S. Assistant Technician, Superior Nursery, Superior, Arizona.

"Cook just hollered to come and get it so reckon I've got to eat. Still in nursery work and like it very much. Sure hope it lasts.

"Would like to see some of the boys again and also hear from them. I never was much on writing letters, but I like to read them.

"Am still following State's football team."

FINDLAY, J. D. Acting Assistant to Commissioner, Division of Game and Inland Fisheries, Raleigh, N. C.

"Finally got back to Raleigh where I can keep a check on Geo. K. Last time I saw him he was just one jump ahead of one of these Game Protectors. Claimed he had lost his license somewhere in No Man's Land (White Oak peosin to you guys)."

GARDINER, T. B. Junior Forester, S.C.S., Shipp Apts., Newton, N. C.

"Still farm 'woodlotting' and preventing N. C. from washing back to the Indians. Have one wife and one kid. As you know from experience one of each is 'PLENTY' even if we foresters are mighty men."

I saw Tommy at the "fights" January 23 at the Gym and we were comparing notes on our little "Angels." Neither of us can figure how 40 lbs. can keep 190 lbs. hanging on the ropes most of the time.

GRAVES, J. B. Assistant Ranger, U.S.F.S., Talladega, Ala.

"I was very pleased to learn that my classmate, Rufus Page, is to be Extension Forester for 'Bama.'

"Harry Wright, also of '35 was married December 17 in Florida. Boy! I would like to have seen that, wouldn't you?"

"If any of you fellows get down this way, stop in to see me."

JACKSON, G. E. Supervisor of School Forests, Jacksonville, N. C.

"Since the last edition of the PI-NE-TUM, my work has been chiefly fire control, game management, boundary adjustment, timber sale, chasing cows and collecting wood specimens. (That's our Eddie!)"

"During the summer, I mess around with the students in summer camp and pester Slocum.

"Wood, Heltzel, Stingley, Barker and Pettit have been down here this year. Why don't some more of you pay me a visit?"

NEWHAM, F. Ranger, U.S.F.S., Jemez Springs, N. M.

"Have been on Timber Sales work since March 1937. Operator cuts average of 1,500 M per month. It's been a tough winter—20 below so far. Regards to everyone."

PAGE, R. H. Extension Forester, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.

"I am mighty reluctant to leave N. C. but Alabama is a mighty good state, I'm told. Be glad to break bread with any of the fellows when they are in my neck of the woods."

Page sends love and kisses to all, but I won't print that.

PIPPIN, J. A. Private Timber Cruiser, 418 E. Second Street, Washington, N. C.

"Private forestry is pretty interesting work. Have worked all over N. C. and some in S. C. Swamps are my dish at present.

"I am also a Scoutmaster and have one of the largest troops in N. C. Rufus Page brought his Scout troop from Raleigh down to visit my troop this past summer and did we have fun!"

ROBERTS, E. G. Associate Professor of Forestry, State College, Miss.

"Say, is that kid of yours going to look like you? (Hey, what is this?)

"One of my students tells me one Professor says that the cash crop is poultry, another that it's cotton, another says milk and honey, another says milk and cheese and now you say it's woodland products. Gee, I don't know what to do now."

Buck up, E. G., fellows like that soon graduate (after 5 or 6 years) and won't bother you any more.

SHUGART, M. W. Junior Forester, S.C.S., Lillington, N. C.

Shugart was in to see me February 20, but was in a rush so we didn't have a chance to talk much. He is still with the S.C.S., and is going strong.

WRIGHT, H. R. Acting Party Chief, U.S.F.S., Lake City, Fla.

"During the past year, I have been working on new management plans and revising old ones. This work carried me all over the National Forests of Fla.

"I am unmarried at present, but plan to get hitched on December 17 to Sara Nell Moore, whose home is in Lake City. (Good going, Harry, and Congratulations.)

"I have lost track of everyone including Kahler and Dearborn and would like to hear from them."

Wright was married during the holidays and we join in sending greetings to the newlyweds.

1936

AIKEN, W. C. Project Forester, S.C.S., Marion, Ala.

"Since school I have made the rounds. I have been private timber cruiser, school teacher, Junior Forester, blister rust controller and planter for the Champion Fiber Company and now with the S.C.S.

"About a year ago I married Miss Elizabeth Boone of Chattanooga, Tenn. (Congratulations from us to you both.) No children or even a dog to show, just a little furniture. However, it's a great life.

"Was in Florida in January and saw Nease, Hood, Comfort, Prout, and Miller, so we had a reunion.

"I'm getting bald and fat, so there isn't much hope for me anymore. Regards to all the boys."

CRANDALL, H. M. Inspector, Western Electric, Brownville, Ala.

"I am still located in Brownville with Western Electric and can't say that I have any kicks.

"Looks like I will never get a chance to get back to Raleigh, but still have hopes. I saw a couple of ex-Staters in Birmingham the other day. They gave me quite a bit of good news about how State was developing.

"Give my regards to the faculty and all my old friends."

DIXON, D. C. Pole Inspector. Wood Preserving Corp., Charleston, S. C. (833 Rutledge Ave., Charleston, S. C.)

"I am just plugging along, trying to learn the wood preserving game.

"I am always glad to hear from any of the boys who wish to write. Best wishes to one and all."

I saw Don last November and we had quite a visit. He took me to dinner and we had a chance to check up on several of the Alumni.—

HILL, W. M. Postal Clerk, Thomasville, N. C.

"Please forget about my delay in mailing you the buck. It's not that I couldn't spare it; I just didn't have time. Yeh, that's it. I just didn't have time.

"I am working seven days a week in the local Postoffice; so you see I really don't have time to come down and talk over old times with you, and get a check-up on all the boys. But I'm looking forward to all that in the new PI-NE-RUM, and I'll be seeing you later."

HUDSON, S. K. (Student of the Ways of Women), Box 288, Fernandina, Fla.

"I spent a week-end with Allen Nease and his wife at Lake City awhile back. We were having our fun, you know, as young folks will in the Red Diamond—when in comes "Click" Mathewson and his recent acquisition. Douglas, Nease and Mathewson are all roped, but me, I am as free as the winds (damn it all!).

"Regards to all the Alumni, Faculty, Mrs. G. K. and small G. K. and my expressions of sympathy to all the students."

Hudson was in to see me at Christmas and we had quite a bull session.

OBST, P. M. 1614 Park Drive, Raleigh, N. C.

"I have long been an advocate of trying the various vocations. I have taught school, raised chickens, stretched cable for the highway, and sold life insurance. I very successfully fell in and out of love two times, and today I am a man, a 'free' man.

"At present, I am Project Supervisor for the Forest Resource Survey in this section of N. C. and like the work fine."

PARKER, D. M. Park Superintendent, Greensboro Recreational Park, Greensboro, N. C.

"Most of my work is improvement and maintenance.

"Of all my work, I am most proud of the Zoo that I have started here at the Park. It is the only collection of birds and animals in this section. It's not big, but from seven to ten thousand people come here on Sundays.

"My regards to the other fellows and tell them to keep on being optimistic."

PETTIT, C. C. Junior Forester, State Forest Nursery, Clayton, N. C.

Charlie didn't say anything in his report, but I was down to see him the other day and he is getting along fine. He gave me a few trees for our new arboretum, so I will let him rest in their shade sometime.

SEARIGHT, J. L. Undergraduate Agricultural Aide, S.C.S., Dadeville, Ala.

"Not much news. I came here November 21 and so far my work is typical of work being done in this region. Hope I am not too late in answering your letter."

SEWELL, M. E. Gas Engineer, 635 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.

"I am devoting 100 per cent of my time to the gas business. It is a mighty interesting occupation. Much of my time is spent in the plant on supervision of operation and maintenance, and out along the lines where repairs are necessary. Office work is evenly divided with the result that I am not inside too much.

"After nearly two years of married life, I can still recommend it."

The Sewells are the proud parents of a daughter, Beatrice Valerie Sewell. These foresters sure go for the girls, before and after marriage.

THORNTON, J. E. Graduate Student, Department of Biology, V.P.I., Blacksburg, Va.

"Resigned position with the A.F.E.S. to accept a fellowship in Game Management at V.P.I. If you know of anyone who wants a good game man, just refer them to me."

VASS, J. S. Assistant Chemist, 4411 Tennessee Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"In October I got a job with the Southern Chemical Cotton Co., after being laid off by the Taylor-Colquitt Co. I am out of forestry for a time at least. The plant is not far from my house, so I ride to work on my trusty steed, a bicycle.

"I did quite a lot of tree surgery work during the summer so maybe I can qualify someday as a tree surgeon.

"Please give my best regards to all my friends at school and elsewhere."

WELSH, L. H. 1501 Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

Welsh is a Timber Inspector for a private inspection company and likes his work fine. He stops in to see us every once in a while to keep posted on his work. He has been traveling extensively through the middle West lately but is now located in Wilmington. He sends his regards to all his friends.

1937

BRIDGES, W. J., JR. Assistant Forester, Southern Kraft Corp., 1706 Highmarket Street, Georgetown, S. C.

"Bill Utley and I spent most of our time marking timber for selective cuttings on company and privately owned tracts. Then, too, we have fire seasons. My regards to all at school and in the field."

CRAIG, L. Junior Forester, U.S.F.S., 99 White Faun Drive, Asheville, N. C.

"I have been on fire damage work for the most part, but have been doing some work on fire protection studies.

"I have quite a family now, wife, daughter, and two bird dogs, Peanut and his wife Snow."

We extend congratulations to the proud parents of Miss Anne Burgin Craig, born October 25, 1938.

DAVIS, J. W. U. S. Engineers Sub-office, Williamsport, Pa.

"I am not married but announce my engagement to Miss LeLois Osborne of Winston-Salem as of Christmas, 1938. (Congratulations.)

"I am working on a survey party and holding down the various jobs at various times. Would like to get a job in forestry in the South."

DAVIS, P. L. Waynesville, N. C.

Davis has been on the Survey but expected it to end the first of November. So what he is doing now I cannot say as I have not heard from him since. He has been in to see me several times since the last PI-NE-TUM and is anxious to hear from any of his friends.

DAVIS, W. G. Rural Rehabilitation Supervisor, Box 189, Franklin, N. C.

"My work consists chiefly of trying to reestablish families on farms where they will be able to make a better living. We are hoping to do some planting and reclaiming of badly eroded places this winter.

"I have recently been promoted from Assistant Supervisor and transferred from Burnsville."

FOX, C. A. Asheboro, N. C.

Fox is working with the Davy Tree Expert Company at present. Sends regards to the gang.

GASH, W. D. Gentleman Farmer, Swannanoa, N. C.

"Was with the A.F.E.S. all summer as Assistant Field Assistant. (There really is one salary classification below that.) Then with the TVA on a temporary planting experiment.

"At present I am on vacation, November 10 to January 16. One must take care of his health, you know. Long vacations keep you healthy, but broke.

"I am going back to work January 16, I hope, I hope, I hope."

And I hope you did, Gash.

HEIN, A. F. Forester, N. Y. Zoölogical Park, 374 E. 209 Street, New York City.

"At present we are in the midst of knocking down the dead and diseased trees. During the summer I became quite an expert on the Dutch Elm Disease. As an outside hobby I am experimenting with the soil-less growing of plants. Started with an approved formula and now I am working on one of my own. So far the results are encouraging—keep your fingers crossed for me.

"Regards to all the gang."

HELTZEL, J. B. Superintendent, West Virginia State Nursery, Le Sage, W. Va.

"Still a nurseryman. However, I took time out this fall to help in one of the hottest fall fire seasons that West Virginia has had since 1930."

HENDERSON, B. Forester, Chesapeake-Camp Corp., Franklin, Va.

"I haven't heard much about the old gang since we all went away with a piece of sheepskin to stretch over the whole realm of forestry. Personally, I found that it wouldn't stretch to cover more than I had put into it.

"After a year and a half I find myself Forester for the Chesapeake Camp Company and Camp Manufacturing Company. I hope I can prove to be a good common sense forester.

"We are planning improved cutting practice, practical demonstration and education work. I have plenty to do all right. My best wishes to all the 1937 geniuses."

HENDRIX, J. W. Route 2, Asheville, N. C.

Walt has been with the A.F.E.S. since graduation, I believe.

Did you get that bear out of the swamp?

MATTHEWS, C. M. Farmer, Box 11, Arbor Lodge, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

"I resigned my job as Chief of Party of Topographic Surveys with the New Mexico Pipeline Company last July and took to farming with my father-in-law, 'by request.' Have been building barns, sheep corrals, water troughs, etc. Ran a combine a month here and over in Pecos Valley, threshing alfalfa seed. I thoroughly enjoy my work here. It is an irrigated farm, large and very diversified. Cotton, alfalfa seed and hay, pecans, and sheep.

"I plan to start a small nursery. Have no competition and there is a demand for planting stock.

"Regards to the boys and faculty and here's wishing lots of luck to the school, club, and PI-NE-TUM this year."

RUSSELL, C. F. Pole Inspector, 307 N. 5th Street, Wilmington, N. C.

"I am still working for the Gulf State Creosoting Company as pole buyer and inspector.

"Sorry I haven't kept closer contact with the 'Alma Mater' but I just keep putting things like that off. Will try to do better in the future.

"Regards to all the fellows."

TROXLER, L. Assistant County Agent, Albemarle, N. C.

"I'm still working as the Assistant Agent and like it fine. My wife is a very good musician, so between us and together we have a time with the neighbors. The neighbors are calling for peace at present with a few gentle threats thrown in."

Troxler says his wife is a school teacher and if he can find her a full time job he is going to retire. The mean red-headed man!

WHEELER, W. H., JR., Assistant Field Assistant Forest Survey, A.F.E.S., Asheville, N. C.

"I am working with the survey at present. Will finish up November 1, 1938. I worked as Fire Guard in Sequoia, N. F., in California until I got an offer from the survey. Wish I were back there. Enclosed—one buck—from me to you. Love and kisses, Bill."

1938

BRAGAW, H. C. Manager, Orton Nursery, RFD, Winnabow, N. C.

"Am still single 'cause I play with snakes too much, I guess. I have four loose in the house that I can't find and hope they don't find me.

"Got the finest crop of azaleas you ever saw and in two more years will have the finest garden in the U. S. They had a lot of WPA work-

ers down here cleaning out ditches and wherever they waded in the water the mosquitoes that bred there were so lazy they starved to death."

Bragaw wants me to come down and help him ride an alligator. As you see, he hasn't changed any.

CAMPBELL, J. S. Assistant Forester, Chesapeake-Camp Corp., Franklin, Va.

"I worked all summer on southern pine beetle control for Camp Manufacturing Company. Since September have been with the Chesapeake-Camp Paper Mill. I haven't practiced much forestry as yet, but still have hopes.

"Say hello to the boys and tell Dick Hunter and George Smith to write me."

Jimmy was in to see us in the fall and we had quite a session on bugs.

CAMPBELL, W. A. U.S.F.S., Ashe Nursery, Brooklyn, Miss.

"If you want to see what a real up-to-date nursery looks like, just drop in here. It really has everything a nursery could want.

"I am going to stick here until I know just how and why little pine trees grow.

"There is so much to do that a fellow never has a dull moment."

CHESLOCK, C. J. Orbisonia, Pa.

"I am working as rodman in a survey party near Sunbury for the Department of the Interior, while waiting for the politics of the state to change. Will have more to tell you in a month or so, I hope."

COLWELL, W. L., JR. 9 Rock Creek Church Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.

"During the summer of '38 I had a swell job timber cruising with the F. S. on the Osceola in Florida. At present I am doing some tree surgery and landscaping work and going to night school. Am taking Spanish, business law and bookkeeping.

"I may take some graduate work next fall if I don't get a job in the meantime.

"Give my regards to all the fellows. I sure miss the old gang at school and often think about the good times I had there."

CONNER, P. C. Under Soil Surveyor, Box 322, Gate City, Va.

"I am now working for the Virginia Soil Survey for a three months trial period. If I don't make the grade you will be hearing from me.

"So long and good luck. Maybe I will be down soon."

DILLINGHAM, M. M. Project Assistant, Camp N. C. F-24, Otto, N. C.

"I have been in this camp for the past six months. It is located on the Nantahala about fourteen miles from Franklin.

"My work has ranged from using a pick and shovel to office work in the Supervisor's office. Have done a lot of timber cruising and like it fine."

DIXON, D. C. Belle Mead, N. J.

"I am working with the Princeton Nurseries of Princeton temporarily.

"I am still single and expect to remain in that condition for awhile I hope."

FARRIOR, J. W. Project Assistant, Camp N. C. F-23, Otto, N. C.

"I am a Project Assistant in a CCC Camp located on the Coweeta N. F. Am working up at the experiment station where stream flow studies are being carried on. Have a bunch of weather stations to check daily. Also doing some planting and erosion control work.

"This work gives the young forester much practical experience, especially along research lines.

"Dillingham is here with me and we are both anticipating getting on with the Nantahala N. F. and are waiting for a crack at the J. F. Best regards to all."

FOSTER, I. Littleton, N. C.

"Not much to tell except that I want a job. When my temporary job with the S. C. S. expired in December I came home and have been working with my father who is a Civil Engineer.

"I have several good prospects for work, but nothing definite as yet."

GRIFFIN, B. U. S. Engineers' Survey Section, Box 59, Louisville, Ky.

"During the summer and fall I was working for Uncle Sam at the tobacco warehouses in Rocky Mount. During Christmas I did quite a lot of hunting and got so I could shoot birds like a certain Professor could shoot the stuff.

"Went to the Orange Bowl game on New Year's and also got a job with the U. S. Army Engineers at the same time. I like my work fine.

Give my regards to my friends."

HENRY, R. M. District Forester, Box 62, Warren, Ark.

"Right now it's a hell of a hard job with the worst fire season in years. Can you imagine a Ranger District with 615,500 acres? Well, that is what I have.

"I have the unit divided into seventeen districts, the smallest being 72,000 acres. Have a Ranger in charge of each district and he has from five to seven guards.

"Have seven towers and 400 miles of telephone line. I could rattle on about it for ever but I have to get busy now. Give my regards to the gang."

HONEYCUTT, A. J., JR. Raleigh Apartments 0-9, Raleigh, N. C.

"Nothing new. Am taking graduate work in Sociology and intend to go to Cornell next year and complete work on a Master's degree. Would give me great pleasure to hear from some of the members of the Class of '38."

HUBBARD, J. B. Williamsburg, Va.

Hubbard finished up his work at the end of the fall term and now has his "sheepskin" to keep him warm for the rest of the winter.

HUFF, J. Windsor, N. C.

"The hunting and fishing are great down here so you can mark me off the list of potential 'Chief Foresters'."

Huff is with the Foreman-Blades Lumber Company with headquarters at Elizabeth City. "No Film" sends his regards to all the fellows.

HUNTER, G. W. Second Lieutenant CCC Company 418, Olustee, Fla.

"Where are the rest of the State boys? Most of them are down here.

"Am still eating, thanks to a cast iron digestive system. No forestry as yet, but am still hoping. I am in the middle of it at least. What's the news?"

LULL, H. W. 599 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

"I am doing graduate work at Yale as you well know. Am working on the 'Influence of Slash Burning on certain soil characters.'

"They have some swell profs up here and I am getting a lot out of my work. I don't think I have disgraced N.C.S. as yet.

"Luck to Smith and his staff and give my regards to one and all."

NELSON, R. M. 169 Coldspring Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

Nelson and Lull are together and I will bet they are in mischief most of the time.

"Me and Jug (Yale student, mind you) are doing fine. we're both flunking everything beautifully except once Jug got a C. We think we will get our seats changed. Now we are sitting beside two fellows from Georgia and one from Louisiana. Regards to all."

SHIMER, C. B. Teaching Fellow, Botany Department N. C. State College, Raleigh, N. C.

"Doing graduate work in Plant Physiology."

I see Shimer quite often so I can keep a check on him. He tells me they have "tea and crumpets" every afternoon at four over among the bugs in the Bacteriology Lab.

SMITH, I. Forestry Department, Duke University, Durham, N. C.

"In my present opinion Duke has a fine start in the attainment of an excellent forestry graduate school.

"A little femme requires my week-end presence in Raleigh, so that gives me an excellent opportunity to keep up with the affairs of State. Here's to the old school."

WATTS, N. B. Self-help Secretary, Y.M.C.A., State College, Raleigh, N. C.

Watts was with the Pulaski Veneer Corporation for a short time, but came back to State as the Self-help Secretary on January 1. He sends his regards to all the fellows.

WARLICK, P. W., JR. Field Assistant, Asheville, N. C.

"I worked this field season on a fire wound and decay study on Appalachian hardwoods.

"Have seen several fellows of Class of '37. Will be glad to hear from any of you and would like to know the addresses of fellows in regions 7 and 8 as I travel there extensively."

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Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin'
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further South retreatin'.

—James Russell Lowell.