

# THE PI-NE-TUM



JOURNAL OF  
FORESTRY OF THE  
N. C. STATE COLLEGE

1941

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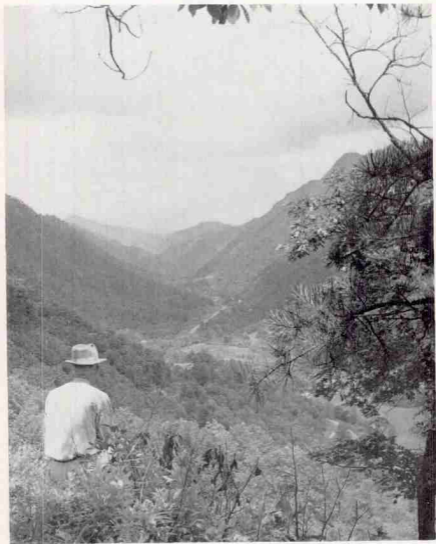
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OF  
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N. C.  
STATE  
COLLEGE



RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



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DR. WILLIAM D. MILLER

## **D E D I C A T I O N**

**T**O Dr. William D. Miller, a true friend, a sincere teacher, and an untiring worker, this 1941 PI-NE-TUM is respectfully dedicated.

May this dedication be a small token of the Senior class's recognition and appreciation of the interest Dr. Miller has taken in our class.

## **F O R E W O R D**

Classrooms are left behind in favor of many memories of hours in the woods, group gatherings, extra-curricular activities, and plans for a future.

May this 1941 PI-NE-TUM record accurately and pleasantly these school-day memories of this past year.

# Seniors

After four years of struggling,  
twenty-three foresters have  
reached their goal.

These are the men.







PAUL DOUGLAS ABRAMS

*"Slim"*

Hartford, Connecticut

Football 1; Boxing 1, 2, 3; PI-NE-TUM 4;  
R.O.T.C. 1, 2.

A. WADE BROWN

*"Bronnie"*

Rockwell, N. C.

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club  
1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball  
1, 2, 3, 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Major 4.



ROLAND E. CAREY

*"Bluebeard"*

Baltimore, Maryland

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3; Xi Sigma Pi 3, 4;  
R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Alpha Zeta 3, 4; De-  
bating Team 3, 4; Dormitory Assistant  
3, 4; Pi Kappa Delta Secretary 4.

GRAHAM V. CHAMBLEE

*"Yokel Boy"*

Zebulon, N. C.

Forestry Club 2, 3, 4; PI-NE-TUM 3, 4;  
Business Manager 4; Xi Sigma Pi 3, 4;  
Ranger 4; Publications Board 4; R.O.T.C.  
1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4.



PETER MCKELLAR CROMARTIE

*"Asphalt"*

Fayetteville, N. C.

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice President 3,  
President 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Lieuten-  
ant 4; PI-NE-TUM 1, 2, 3, Business Man-  
ager 3; Publications Board 3; Ag-For-  
estry Council 3, 4; Upsilon Sigma Alpha  
3, 4; Goatmaster 4; Young Democrats  
Club 3, 4; International Relations Club  
3, 4.

ERIC HOWARD ERICSON

*"Swede"*

Manchester, Massachusetts

Football 1; Basketball 1; Baseball 1;  
Track 2; Forestry Club 1, 3, 4.

C. EDWARD GILL

"Ed"

Richmond, Virginia

Forestry Club 3, 4; Charter Member Xi Sigma Pi 3; Associate Forester 4.

MICHAEL GORAL

"Mike"

Staten Island, New York

R.O.T.C. 1, 2; Alpha Kappa Pi, Vice President 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

BARRY T. GRIFFITH

"Griff"

Richmond, Virginia

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Rifle Team 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2, 3; *Slabs and Edgings* 2, 3, 4, Editor 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Pi-NE-TUM 4; Tumbling Team 3.

JOSEPH FRANKLIN HARDEE

"Joe"

High Point, N. C.

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

THOMAS GARDNER HARRIS

"Soupy"

Macon, N. C.

Y.M.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Pi-NE-TUM 3, 4; Young Democrats Club 3, 4.

FRED JAY HARTMAN

"Hawkins"

Merchantville, New Jersey

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Program Chairman 3, Vice President 4; Charter Member Xi Sigma Pi 3, 4; Associate Forester 3, Forester 4; Pi-NE-TUM 3, 4, Editor 4; *Slabs and Edgings* 3, 4, Associate Editor 3; Publications Board 4.





RICHARD E. HUFF

*"Beetle Brow"*

Mars Hill, N. C.

Transfer from Mars Hill.

ARTHUR L. JOLLY

*"Art"*

Holland, Virginia

R.O.T.C. 1, 2; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4;  
Y.M.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Delta Sigma Phi.



ROBERT HENRY LANDON

*"Bob"*

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania

R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating Team 4;  
Y.M.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Forestry Club 3, 4;  
Boxing 1.

JESSE LEVINE

*"Jesse"*

New York, New York

Forestry Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Man-  
ager Student Book Exchange 3.



JOHN E. McIVER, JR.

*"Mac"*

Clearwater, Florida

R.O.T.C. 1, 2, First Sergeant 3, Lieutenant  
Colonel 4; Manager Freshman Football  
3; Manager Varsity 4; Captain Scabbard  
and Blade 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4;  
Sergeant at Arms 3.

WILLIAM CREWS PICKETT

*"W. C."*

Raleigh, N. C.

Forestry Club 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Xi  
Sigma Pi Charter Member 3, 4; Fiscal  
Agent 3, 4; Pi-NE-RUM 3, 4.

**THEODORE FRANCIS SPIKER**

*"Porky"*

Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Alpha Zeta 3, 4; Alpha Gamma Rho President 4; Upsilon Sigma Alpha Treasurer 4; Pine Burr, Xi Sigma Pi 3, 4; O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Lieutenant 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Ag. Fair Chairman 4; Pi-Nu-Tum 3, 4; Wrestling Manager 3.

**QUENTIN SURREAT**

*"W. Q."*

Burlington, N. C.

R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Lieutenant 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Rolleo Chairman 4; Pi-Nu-Tum 3, 4, Circulation Manager 3; Xi Sigma Pi 4.

**DONALD F. TRAYLOR**

*"Don"*

Murfreesboro, N. C.

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Boxing Champ (155 lb.) 1; Varsity Boxing 2, 3, Captain 3.

**JOHN E. WIGGINS, JR.**

*"Big Wig"*

Sunbury, N. C.

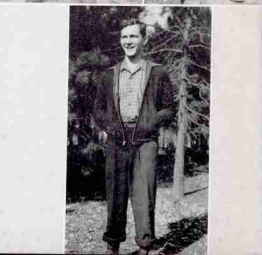
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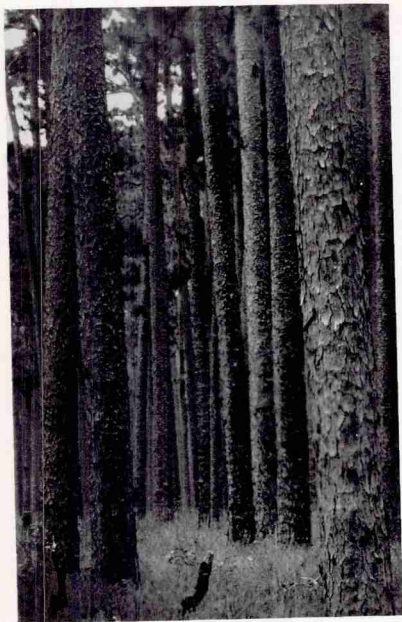
**SPENCER LEIGH WILSON**

*"S. L."*

Arlington, Virginia

R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Dance Chairman 4; Pi Kappa Phi; Pi-Nu-Tum 3, 4; Xi Sigma Pi 4.





*—Courtesy Great Southern Lumber Company.*

VIRGIN LONGLEAF PINE

[ 12 ]

# Features

Memorable incidents, regular classwork, and student activities are recorded here as a history and as a future source of pleasure.



# PI - NE - TUM

## Journal of Forestry of North Carolina State College



*Back row:* Johnson, Wilson, Surratt, Picket, Harris, Chamblee, Reichert.  
*Front row:* Hurtman, Thurner, Ericson, Mulhal, Santopolo, Muller, Hofmann, Griffin, Pruitt.

### STAFF

#### *Editor*

FRED J. HARTMAN

#### *Assistants*

F. A. SANTOPOLO

ROBERT L. CAIN

W. Q. SURRETT

B. T. GRIFFITH

A. A. PRUITT

ERIC ERICSON

W. C. PICKET

#### *Faculty Adviser*

G. K. SLOCUM

#### *Business Manager*

GRAHAM V. CHAMBLEE

#### *National Advertising Manager*

WILLIAM A. CROMBIE

#### *Local Advertising Manager*

WILLIAM C. PICKET

#### *Assistants*

JESSE LEVINE

J. H. MULHALL, JR.

H. S. MULLER, JR.

J. T. THURNER

# XI SIGMA PI

W. C. PICKET '41



## OFFICERS

FRED J. HARTMAN.....	Forester
C. E. GILL.....	Associate Forester
WILLIAM C. PICKET.....	Secretary-Fiscal Agent
G. V. CHAMBLEE.....	Ranger

## MEMBERS

DR. J. V. HOFMANN	R. S. DOUGLASS	T. F. SPIKER
DR. W. D. MILLER	A. E. JOHNSON	W. Q. SUBRATT
PROF. G. K. SLOCUM	H. S. MULLER, JR.	J. T. THURNER
PROF. LENTHALL WYMAN	S. L. WILSON	J. E. WIGGINS
W. A. BLAND	A. A. PRUITT	R. E. CAREY
W. A. CROMBIE		

The North Carolina Mu Chapter of Xi Sigma Pi, National Forestry Honor Fraternity, was installed at State College on April 22, 1940. There are twelve chapters located at various colleges and universities throughout the United States.

The purpose of Xi Sigma Pi is to recognize and encourage ability in leadership, scholarship, and good character among students in forestry. An average of 80 per cent or better is a necessary requirement for election to membership. A candidate's personal qualifications are also carefully considered. Membership is open only to those satisfying the above qualifications and who have completed at least two-and-one-half years of standard college work.



# FORESTRY CLUB

FRANK A. SANTOPOLO '42



## OFFICERS 1940-41

<i>Fall Term</i>		<i>Winter Term</i>
PETE CROMARTIE.....	<i>President</i> .....	BILL PICKET
FRED HARTMAN.....	<i>Vice President</i> .....	FRANK SANTOPOLO
FRANK SANTOPOLO.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	BILL CROMBIE
BILL PICKET.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	FRANK WILLIAMS
TED SPIKER.....	<i>Program Chairman</i> .....	JULIAN HOFMANN
BILL CROMBIE.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	JOE MULHALL
LEIGH WILSON.....	<i>Dance Chairman</i> .....	JACK THURNER

The Forestry Club started off the year 1940-41 with a bang! Ideas were presented that were meant to give the Club a new lease on life. Under the able leadership of Presidents Pete Cromartie and Bill Picket, and with the good programs concocted by Program Chairman Ted

Spiker and Julian Hofmann, the Club had many interesting and outstanding meetings.

One big item of change was the omission of the *Logger's Ball*. This was effected in order that the dance money could be spent on the Forestry Club's cabin that is to be built in the school nursery.

A promised innovation in the *PI-NE-TUM* was another change presented by Fred Hartman, Editor.

The meetings were spotted with lectures and general "bull sessions" that proved interesting and, at the same time, informative. A list of our high-caliber speakers will show that we are telling no lies. Doc Hofmann took the spotlight several times to tie together the current world events with the forestry profession. Dr. Anderson and Dr. Wells, both of the Botany Department, gave illustrated lectures on "Student Days in Vienna" and "The Paleozoic Forest" respectively. Professor Weaver, a noted authority on dogs, enlightened the members on the canine family. Professor Hicks, an always-welcome speaker, gave the members a few pointers on "The Value of Extra-curricular Activities." At one meeting Professor Wyman read several enjoyable selections from *The Penobscot Man*, and from *Now We're Logging*. The boys really enjoyed those tales of the super loggers of the past. Professor Slocum got up from his usual comfortable position several times to give talks such as "Future Jobs in Forestry," "Guns," "The Truth about the Old Man of the West," and "Trail Hints."

The meeting of the Society of American Foresters was well-covered by the Forestry faculty, each taking a different phase of the convention and presenting it to the Club. Can you imagine Professor Wyman's being mistaken for a Congressman? He says he was!

At the meetings without speakers, such events as liars' contests, spelling bees, and elections were featured. Just in passing, let me mention the elections. These affairs are turning out to be really hot times. Verbal arguments and near "knuckle to chin" affairs are becoming the mode. Everyone talks, everyone argues, everyone enjoys himself thoroughly. When the smoke clears, you can see the victors smiling. They are the happy rulers of a real all-for-one organization.

The Club created a new office which is officially titled *Public Relations Chairman*; and the man who fills this job is "Eppy" Epstein. The position was created so that the Club would have someone to keep the public informed of its activities.

The Rolleo was held October 12, and was the highlight of the fall term. The closed Winter Term Dance, held at Earl Merritt's Log Cabin, was the highlight of the winter term. This, a sweater-and-skirt-dance, was, of course, very informal. A grand time was had by all members attending. With their attractive girls in a rustic atmosphere, these foresters could not help enjoying it—nor did the faculty sit around with gloomy faces.

The new honorary fraternity, Xi Sigma Pi, is rapidly becoming one of the kingpins of the Forestry School. A membership in this organization is every Club member's dream.

## The Rolleo

QUENTIN SURRATT '41

"Sure is a swell day for the Rolleo," was the thought that entered nearly every true forester's mind on October 12, 1940. Sixty of N. C. State's forestry students were present at Hill Forest to participate in the events of the Rolleo on this beautiful October day.

All upperclassmen attending the Rolleo were excused from their Saturday classes. The Freshmen were excused at eleven o'clock and arrived at Hill Forest at noon.

After consuming the light lunch that we had packed, we started the Rolleo in fine fashion. Griffith started the ball rolling for the Seniors by drawing first blood in winning the axe throwing contest. This seemed to do something to the Seniors. They continued from here and finally won their first Rolleo. (Editor's note: We didn't come to college for four years for naught.) The competition was very keen, however, and a severe tension soon existed in each class. The tension was presently released in the tug-o'-war contest. This event gave nearly everyone a chance to participate. The Seniors, given a more than slight advantage by Wiggins' 215 pounds, finally emerged victorious, defeating in order the Juniors and the Freshmen.

The most spectacular feat of the afternoon was the tree-felling-for-accuracy exhibition so gallantly put on by the Sophomores, Etheridge and Justus. These two knights of the woods drove their stake deep in the ground when they felled their tree directly upon it.

The most amusing event of the afternoon was the firebuilding contest. Many of the contestants accused Rolleo Chairman Surratt of erecting a wire instead of a string to burn in two. The slow but sure Juniors started their fire last, but surprised everyone by taking first place in this event.

After all the events were completed, the Seniors were found to be holding first place with 47 points. The Juniors held second place with 34 points, with the Sophomores and Freshmen in order holding 33 and 29 points respectively.

The finale of the formal Rolleo was the supper. The capable Prof. Slocum showed his skill at coffee manufacture, and the entire group acted as their own chefs by cooking hotdogs around a roaring campfire.

After supper, the day was informally topped-off by Santopolo and his initiating committee giving the Forestry Club pledges the "WORKS," and I do mean "WORKS."

Events and winners were as follows:

1. Horseshoe throwing—Wilson and Surratt (Seniors).
2. Rope climbing—Wilson (Senior).
3. Knife throwing—Hartman (Senior) and Leysath (Junior) tied.
4. Axe throwing—Griffith (Senior).

—Continued on page forty-six



TURPENTINE STILL, HACKING, THE GANG, FISH HATCHERY, T.V.A. NURSERY, BIG WIGS, GULF STREAM FISH.

## Mrs. Izaak Walton Writes a Letter to Her Mother

Chancery lane, London  
Aprill 28, 1639

MY-DEAREST Mother

Matters indeed pass from badd to worse, and I fear mee that with Izaak spending all hys tyme angling along riversydes and neglecting the millinery shoppe (wch is out onlie supporte, for can bodye and soule be keppt in one by a few paltry brace of trouts a weeke?) wee sahl soone come to a sorrye ende. How many tymes, dearest Mother, have I bewailed my follye in wedding this creature who seemeth to mee more a fysh than a man, not nearly by reason of hys madness for the gracelesse practice of water-dabbling, but eke for hys passion for swimming in barley wine, ale, malmsey and other infuriating liquors.

What manner of companye doth this dotard keepe on his fyshing pastimes, Got Wot, Lo he is wonte to come home at some grievous houre of ye nyghte, bearing but a smalle catche but a plentyful aroma of drinke, and oftymes alsoe hys ribalde freinds do accompany hym. Nothing will serve but they muste arouse our kitchen maide and have some paltry chub or gudgeon fried in grease, filling ye house with nauseous odoures, and with their ill prattle of fyshing tackle, not to say the comely milke-maides they have seen along some wanton meadow-side, soe that I am moste distraught.

You knowe, my deare, I never colde abyde being colde clammy creatures, and loe onlye last nyghte this monster dyd come to my bedd-side where I laye asleepeing, and wake me fromm a sweet drowse by dangling a string of loathsome queasy trouts, still drypping, against my nose, Lo, says he, are there not beauties? And his reck of barley wine dyd fille the chamber.

Worste of alle, deare Mother, this ill-advised wretche doth spend alle his vacent houres in compiling a booke on the art (as he calleth it) of angling, surely a tryfling petty wanton taske that will make hime the laughing-stock of all sober men. God forbid that oure littel sonne shoulde be brought uppe in this nastye squandering of tyme, wch doth breede nought (meseemes) but ale-bibbing and ye diregarde for truth.

Oure house, wch is but smalle as thou knowest, is all cluttered wyth his slimye tackle, and loe but yesterdaye I loste a customer fromm ye millinery shoppe, shee averring (and I trow ryghtly) that ye shoppe dyd stinke of fysshe, Ande soe if thys thyng do continue longer I shall rippe uppe and leave, for I thought to wed a man not a paddler of dytches.

O howe I longe for those happy dayes with thee, before I ever knew such a thyng as a fysshe existed! Sad too it is that he doth justifie his vain idle wanton passtyme by misquoting scriptures, Saint Peter, and soe on. Three kytchen maides have lefft us latelye for barbing themselves upon hydden hookes that doe scatter our shelves and drawers.

Thy persecuted daughter,

ANNE WALTON

## Program Travelogue

ROBERT CAIN '40

'Twas April 25, that long awaited day when the Class of '40 reached the stage in their "program" when studies were completed for all time (for all but a few dopes) and those two old jostle wagons were filled with assorted junk for the month's trek. "Doc" King really got busy enough on that last half hour to polish off half a Master's thesis and catch the bus all in one motion.

The first night found us at Statesville sleeping in our newly-made or store-bought bags and oh, what a thrill for the uninitiated and to the "old timers" too! "The Old Ranger," Mr. "Gerouimo" Wyman himself was so thrilled at the prospect of some more of the out-of-doors life that he loosened his collar and turned in promptly at nine p.m., out on the cold hard ground. Before day, he was reported to have complained of pack mules walking on his person. The next morning he arose at the peep of dawn and walked his bruised body into town and didn't indulge in his specially built beautyrest sleeping bag for four states.

At Statesville, the Admiral purchased a prize haircut which is Number I of unofficial, interesting events. Robert Scott Plantations on the Experiment Farm was Chapter I of the "Official Program." The next stop, which was Hickory, gave us a glimpse of some of that utilization and products in the form of wagons. The first pleasant surprise of the trip came at Marion where a furniture plant that we were scheduled to visit was closed, and we were granted a full day of "time-out."

We heard a lot about hardwoods during our four years, but the first impressive example of hardwood utilization came at Asheville where we bedded down on their Y.M.C.A. floor for three nights in a row. That floor was so hard that it caused some of the boys to walk in their sleep. Abbie and Lil' Robin went to sleep in their soft cozy beds and waked up in a little nook labelled *Ladies Rest Room*. In order to escape some of the pleasures of the hardwood, in early evening hours some of the boys ventured out to Asheville Teachers' College to be entertained by the "Coeds." The "Falcon" was reported to have had the following concise conversation after a date with one of the aforementioned coeds: Perks: "Sorry I can't get out to see you this evening." Coed: "That's all right, I'm not sorry."

Saturday morning found us out at Biltmore Estate to see old forest plantations, a modern dairy, and the most beautiful estate in Dixie. Their dairy looked good, but its samples compared unfavorably with those of Southern Dairies in Asheville, where our good friend Wells is in charge of production and dispensing of samples. He even filled Pierre Lozier.

The next week's program started at Bent Creek Experiment Station where we saw studies of thinning, cleaning, seed production and stream-flow regulation, along with the fine weather station and other experimental work. The Mt. Mitchell area was next on the program, and

their CCC Camp was home for the next two nights. Imagine the language floating around when the lights went off and about 20 boys found short-sheeted beds in the dark. On the trip up to the Parkway next day came the episode of the five mountain goats when several ambitious young fellows decided to climb switchback to get exercise, only to find that the buses didn't run that way. That little game brought forth the following exclamation from one of the elders: "When you guys get ready to run your own program, you can furnish your own \*&! transportation."

Over on the Mt. Mitchell area, we got a complete outline of the management plans, fire protection work and other forestry work on the area. May 1 found us over on the Pisgah Game Preserve looking at trout (in man-made pools) and hearing tales about deer hunting from another ranger with the same congeniality as Mt. Mitchell's guide. That night found us enjoying the hospitality of the Indians up on the Cherokee Reservation. They surely do have soft comfortable concrete floors in their school basement. After a good night's rest (a la cement) we shoved off for a glimpse of some strange but interesting forestry practiced by a good German forester at the Log Cabin Association estate. He certainly goes in for mixed planting, steep grades, and precipitous log slides on the philanthropic estate.

After finishing off the mountain, the gang was ready for some real city life and comforts found in the Park Hotel at Knoxville, priced at 75c per. Prof. Wyman proved to be in the holiday mood by dedicating "Playmates" to G.K. in the lobby after supper.

The morning of May 3 blew in cold cloudy weather and blew us out to TVA, to hear about their program and see a little of it. There the "Gang" met the L.S.U. Forestry hopefuls and had a nice full day of shivering together. The TVA folks very graciously entertained the two groups at a dance in Norris with girls furnished. My good friend Lee returned about 3:00 a.m. with tales of a bus running out of gas before it ran out of gals. We had to believe him though, because he brought back the bills. Some one mentioned the fact that G. K., returning in the wee small hours, found a cold short bed waiting. Good thing to have a worthy friend like Professor Wyman to hold down a "bucking bronco" bed in such hours. Then there were stories of our boy who was last seen with a twelve-year-old lass. Truth is stranger than fiction!

Another day at TVA completed a well-planned and carefully executed inspection led by interested officials, and landed us at a little scout camp at Signal Mountain, Tenn., where we spent the week-end as unofficial guests of our own Burt Hays' family. Their hospitality was only excelled by their ability to serve delicious barbecue and that treat will long be remembered along with the show of Professor Wyman's prodigious appetite which it brought forth. The "Gang" was minus one Bruvver Brake during this pleasant week-end because he arose at dawn on Saturday with a far-away gleam in his eye and set out for parts of Georgia or Alabama. He surely did have it bad then!

This week-end also witnessed the initial game of the Softball series between the Ford and Chevy crews. The game here was a free-for-all in all departments, and was won by the Ford team—14 to 13.

After Chattanooga, we invaded Alabama to see the W. T. Smith Lumber Co. at Chapman. There we put up in a regular lumber town hotel and saw an honest-to-goodness timber growing and lumber manufacturing town that looks like a paying program. Romeos Ryburn and King lost no time in getting in some social licks at a dance over at Chapman Town Hall on our second night in the city. They were always our two most active men during the entire trip (after dark).

May 9 found us at Pensacola to inspect a softwood distillation plant where they take stumps and make anything from fiber-board to moth-balls. We hurried through that plant in order to get out to the Naval Air Base and old Fort Barrancas at the entrance to the Pensacola Beach and oh, my! Turgometers registered a new high for the season, but all to no avail, for we had to move on to the flat woods of Choctawhatchee for a three-day stay at a fine little ranger cabin on a coastal bayou. During our stay on this forest we were exposed to a new type of National Forest administration setup (99.X% fire control) on a questionable pine forest. Much of the area was covered with a new type scrub or "program" pine (sand pine). . . . I've heard that the area has since been turned over to the air corps for a bombing target (good utilization!). Our weekly day off at the Choctawhatchee found half of the group heading out into the Gulf for some deep-sea fishing with full expectations of feeding as well as catching the big-mouthed denizens of the deep. But no—we caught them first, that is, enough for a big fish fry back at camp with the Redheads doing the honors on the frying pan. Jimmy Bell took top honors and the "pot" with a 16-pound red snapper. The Gulf proved as good a fishing pond as it is beautiful to see.

May 12 was spent on the road from Fort Walton up to Tallahassee where we spent half a day inspecting the Florida State Forest and Parks Headquarters and local forest operations in the vicinity of the Capital. Another day and we were over at Fargo, Ga., to see some more private forestry and a radio fire reporting setup of the Superior Pine Products there in the Georgia flatwoods. Fargo is located on the upper reaches of the Suwanee River, and one glance at that little creek is sufficient proof that Stephen Foster never wrote his big song about that river.

On to Lake City and out to Osceola National Forest, where we made camp for a week, while we visited the surrounding territory to study all phases of turpentine operations and pine forest management. When we settled down at Lake City we finally landed in Stark, Professor Wyman's "Old Home Town" and the center of his great love, i.e. and viz., Turpentine Experimental work. There he knew everybody worth knowing and was as much at home as a "nigger" with a turpentine hack. The scenery thereabouts is beautifully described in two words, pine flatwoods.

Our stay there witnessed the finish of the softball tournament between the two buses. The Ford crew won all the games but one and



thereby became the champions in softball as well as in "gripping," a department in which they were undisputed champions (ask G. K.). After three or four days on the woods roads of the Osceola Forest riding in the Ford, maybe they had some legitimate reasons for this title. It was about this stage of the game that the composers, Atkins and Swanson, came out with a "Ranger Song," and a "Poem of the Traveling Foresters," both full of sentimental expression but nevertheless unprintable (even in our Annual). (Ed. Note: In any Annual.)

Here on Ocean Pond the three "Ike Waltons"—Ryburn, King, and Roberts, began their greatest attempts at fresh water fishing by fishing day and night. Results were poor but those guys got all credit for trying.

On Saturday, May 18, we started off on our most pleasant week-end of sightseeing in the 'Gator State. This trip included Silver Springs, Daytona Beach, Marineland Studios, and St. Augustine. During this expedition the two Romeos, Matson and Hilton, set off on a program of their own with some old female acquaintances and joined us back at Marineland Studios. The sightseeing expedition ended Sunday night at Wyman's "Resort," where we bedded down among the cows and hogs for a good night's rest. That is, all except the "Three Fishermen," who decided to fish by the light of the moon. Their decision was O.K. for once because they came in at daylight with a dozen fine bass and grins from ear to ear, having narrowly escaped arrest and imprisonment for boat stealing and fishing out of season. Wonder if one of the Profs. tipped the game warden off?

There came another day of private programs including a stave mill, woods operations of Container Corporation of America, and the experimental forest of the University of Florida. Then we were back at Ocean Pond for our last night there. The following day we saw the Florida State Nursery and went on to Jacksonville to visit the Zoo before going to Fernandina for the night. The next day we saw our first pulp mill from the inside, and were duly impressed by the great noise and putrid odors which accompany the pulping process. The afternoon at the beach that day helped restore our equilibrium, and the big shrimp feast and beer party given by the company that night did much to destroy it again. The "Gang" must have been a sight to behold after the fourth keg of beer. (I wouldn't know!) It was a swell party for which the Wood Division of Container Corporation deserves a bouquet.

May 23 saw the beginning of the end, when we visited a cooperage plant and rosin concentration yard at Brunswick, Ga., and proceeded to Savannah for the night. The following day we saw a private forest nursery at Soperton, Ga., which ended the "Program" and we headed for home. Saturday afternoon the "Gang" dispersed in Raleigh. Thus ends the Travelogue.

## Summer Camp - 1940

FRANK A. SANTOPOLO, '42

Dear Editor:

Here is my assignment, on time, I hope, with all the mistakes my befuddled brain could make.

For the '42 boys, June 4 was a red letter day indeed. All of us were excited and justly so, my editor, because that day was the beginning of our camp. Happiness was on every face as the fellows trudged to the Treasurer, but gloom and the feeling that one had been taken through the cleaners, was on every face on the way back. We no sooner got back to Ricks Hall than "Bunny" Hofmann held us up for twenty-five of those precious dollars. After the grand larcenies, Professor Slocum explained the purpose and program of summer camp, and all of us day-dreamed of the tales told us by the previous classes.

There we were, twenty of us, forming a small and motley crew, green to life in the woods. Half of us from "Yankeeland," the other half from Dixie. The professors were also divided equally, with the Foresters from the North and the surveyors born and bred below the Mason-Dixon line. With the sides being even, the old hatchet was buried very deeply. We vowed that, together we would climb up and stumble down those rugged mountains, together we would swallow that "food" at the Hill Forest, and sweat under Professor Fontaine's lashing tongue. If any of those man-eating mosquitoes came and carried off one of our crew, we would counter-attack right quick like. Yes, siree, Jimminy, we were ready for any of those incidents of previous camps.

With the station wagon and one bus, plus all the paraphernalia we could pack in them, we left for other spots after several days around Raleigh. But before I write more, allow me to introduce to you our gang as follows:

"Bunny" Hofmann—the food buyer and relief driver, or the little man who was always there, "Beanie" Bland who made the menus and gave us beans. Then we have the immortal "Cookie" Cook, the swell Ray Swanson who was also known as "Swede," as also was Bill Crombie. Johnson, our honor man, was known as "Big Swede." The custodian of our lamps was "Shoot" Thurner, whose faithful service made us forget that we had no electricity, sometimes. We had two groups in camp, the W.H.U. and the Y.M.V.L., the former being led by "Pres." Spruill, the latter by "Big Brother Lebowitz. "Carmichael" Dorsen was the originator of the two leagues. In a class all by himself came Jesse "Killer" Levine. The taxidermists were Pruitt and "Aberdeen" Muller. The chauffeur of the mob was "Doug" Douglas. Then came the man who could tell a tree by its "baarek," "Yank" Leysath. "Jimmy" Hobbs and "Hy" Katz were the infirmary boys. Jimmy with malaria and Hy with his poison ivy gave us some worries. Of course we must not forget "Mickey" Goral, who got up with his wide-awake "little" brother every morning. Bringing up the rear, I give you Frank "Burt" Williams, the gigolo of the camp, and "Polo" Santopolo, who was known

for his spiritual revivals. That completes the camp enrollment as far as I know unless "Yahoodie" crept into the gas tank while we were sleeping.

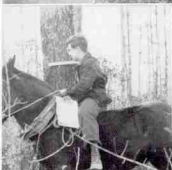
The first few days were spent in and around Raleigh, at which time Professor Slocum reviewed old tree species and introduced us to some new ones. On the first day the bus acted like a stubborn jackass and wouldn't start for all the tea in China. You can imagine what thoughts were going through our minds and words coming out of our mouths. We finally got the bus moving, but that wasn't the end of bus trouble by any means.

On the day we went to Cary, Slocum not only caught us napping on dendrology tests, but he also got some boys to bite into a Jack-in-the-pulpit tuber. If you have fallen for this prank, this should bring smiles, but if you are one of the untried, your curiosity should force you to taste the said tuber. On this same day, Williams demonstrated a true fish story by catching a perch just by muddying up a knee-deep pool. Honest, editor, he did this even though every one including the professors were very dubious of the results. Friday we went to Hill Forest and tramped up and down dusty roads in withering heat. To prove that it was hot, Professor Slocum offered four "A's" to any one who would carry him back to the cabin. It was my idea that Jesse Levine would have given eight "A's" if he could have acted in the capacity of a professor. He just dragged his weary body along stopping to look at unknown specimens with two bleary eyes sunken in a face that portrayed complete exhaustion, but like a man, Jesse lasted and suffered no ill effects. We worked a half day on Saturday tramping through some swamps at Robertson's Pond, and then were told to be ready to leave for Boone Monday morning.

BOONE—the garden spot of North Carolina—interesting were the stories we had heard about this place. On our trip up, two girls followed us several miles to invite the whole camp to a dance. Who could forget the drenchings we got every day and especially that day when we climbed Grandfather Mountain in the midst of an electrical storm. On this day we ate in the rain, were quizzed in the rain, and everything we did was in the rain. Have you ever been on top of a mountain with lightning a close companion? No? Then put it on your "must" list. Dendrology in the mountains was plain unadulterated hell to most of the boys except "Yank," who had his secret bark characteristics. Maybe it was the "Sadie Hawkins" that the boys were dating, or the mountain air—whatever it was, it played havoc.

After the return trip from Boone, which would surpass the scenic railways of the "Yankee" amusement parks for its thrills and chills, we moved into Hill Forest.

A rejuvenated Hill Forest camp it was that we moved into for a 5 weeks' stay. There are two new cabins with hot and cold water along with toilets and a large shower room. We've got a camp now. In this inspiring setting we studied mensuration, silviculture and surveying. The camp had to be inspirational to give us the boost to carry us through



FISHIN'. HUFF. "WILD BILL" HOFMANN. DEPPE TOWER. RANGER HOFMANN. CRUISING. HILL FOREST BRIDGE.



'42 GANG. REPINISHED CABIN. DOC IKE. POSIN'. LAZY DAYS. SOLO.

those five weeks in Hell's Half-Acre. We only had rain twice to cool us off. We cut lines through jungle, leveled up 45° slopes, made mistakes and were cussed out, cruised timber with yellow jackets, stumbled over bootleggers while they were kicking out some fire-water, but to the surprise of all, we loved it—not the fire-water, the camp.

About the yellow jackets and bootleggers, well—it all happened one quiet day while Williams, Katz, Hobbs, Crombie, and I were cruising. Being compassman, I was out in front, and it so happened that one time I set up over a jacket nest, not knowing what a furor would occur. Williams came up to ask me something, when seven jackets crept inside his shirt and found him sweet—like honey. The words I heard uttered would have been sweet only to a muleskinner. Frank went into a zig-zag spring, turned a front flip with a half twist, forward roll, backward roll, with all the agility of a veteran acrobat and ended up by trying to knock himself out by butting trees while yelling yells that would have made Tarzan bow his head in shame. This experience was not enough for this crew, they went on to run headlong into a bootlegging quintet that was really bootlegging. Whew! My knees are still knockin'! It is a spine-tingling experience to think you are being watched by unseen eyes who may have a gun pointed right at you. It is fun now, as I think about it, but it left me weak and trembling at the time.

Redbugs, poison ivy, and malaria are three items that just must be mentioned, because a Southern forester will undoubtedly come across them. While surveying and doing silviculture we all picked up the redbugs and generously shared ourselves with these persistent creatures. No matter what method of cure we used, our pals, the redbugs, were always there. Hy Katz must have slept in a bed of ivy to get the case of poisoning he did, but Jimmy Hobbs, an east coast boy no less, had a case of malaria where cases of malaria are hardly ever heard to occur.

While surveying a portion of the Hill Forest, the class really worked like yeomen, but it was worth it, for we turned in one of the most accurate pieces of summer work to date. (Ed. Note: That's what you think.) For souvenirs of this gruelling work we had calloused hands, sore backs, thorn scratched thighs, and of course, a pair of very tired eyes along with shattered nerves from that solid week of drawing and seeing dots for stadia points. Many of the ensuing nightmares were centered about our surveying. In fact, we were in such poor physical shape that we wondered if we could live through that week of drafting. The boys claimed that they were starved for feminine companionship after courting transits, levels, and bush axes: therefore, to avert a mutiny, we were given permission to throw a little dance at the cabin. It would be useless to tell you about the surveying work because for those who have had it, it would be old stuff and those that are yet to have it would not believe it, therefore why write about it—on with the dance!

All hands worked arduously to get the cabin decorated with pine and holly boughs and the finished job was something to brag about. A victrola with plenty of good records supplied the music and Raleigh,

Durham, and Rougemont supplied most of the dates. Bland and I had some imported stuff from Ohio. The gang traveled approximately 160 miles to get all the dates, but to hear that cabin vibrate with the sound of coquettish voices and to have your nostrils twitch at the essence of sweetness that permeated that masculine hangout was worth everything. One week later, we had a stag chicken dinner with pounds of chicken and plenty of cigars along with twenty-two dinner speeches to top off our wonderful camp at Hill Forest and go forth into the devil's bona fide hangout—The Pocosin.

PARADISE POINT—where the women are plenty and the men are few and you often wonder why they don't go after you. They aren't the best in looks, but some have grand personalities—who cares about looks anyway, ahem!

Down in those forsaken swamps we had dendrology, mensuration, and silviculture. The mosquitoes we had heard so much about didn't bother us much, but the terrific heat along with the yellow flies weakened us, and the quinine, of which we took 5 gr. a day, performed the *coup de grace* every morning at eleven o'clock. At that hour every one including the professors felt like—to tell you the truth we didn't feel, period. But in spite of this heat, our work was accomplished and every evening we took a dip in the warm waters of the New River to relax our muscles and wash the mud from us. Sweat plus dust equal mud, and mud smeared over a body makes a person look like a member of another race, and that was just what we looked like.

On the week-ends, we took off for the beaches and one time we went deep sea fishing and that was fun for some. The fish had a holiday on the chum we gave. Some of the boys who knew better stayed on a desert isle and went native, and the rest of us wished we had. Other week-end excursions were to the beaches a little closer to camp. There we battled the surf and were battered in return. It was also on these beaches that we acquired deep tans only to have the sun bleach us by Wednesday. Don't believe it? Just wait.

An article on summer camp would not be complete without mentioning the party at Jacksons. This is an annual affair and always promises to be fun. Now back to Dot Drew and to mention those two delightful Italian dishes, Scalapino and Italian spaghetti. The manner in which these were prepared would make Benito forget his troubles. With the pleasant memories of these dishes I want to group together the highlights of our camp.

Outstanding in our minds is that "ticket" Hofmann got in Durham, but for certain reasons will remain a class secret. Then come Dorsen's Carmicheal, William's Chimney Rock date and his "Beaufort Burt," and his eight o'clock arrival on a Monday morning and his "goodbye kiss." The specimens mounted by Pruitt and Muller will always remind us of the fun we had getting the specimens. Pruitt's goodbye at Boone, that wild ride from Boone, the two girls in a coupe, and those cloggers given in the rain by Professor Slocum will keep the mountains in our

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## Ecology Trip - 1940

AUSTIN A. PRUITT

We're off! Yep, we were off on the trip of the "associates." A trip on which Dr. Wells was hoping that we would learn to recognize certain plant communities and their reasons for being there; but I think that most of us were hoping that there would be a beautiful blonde waiting for him down at Carolina Beach. A blonde, of course, who had not been too badly burned in the big Carolina Beach fire.

We rumbled coastward out of Raleigh early one Friday morning. The weather was fine and all signs pointed towards a happy and eventful week-end. It wasn't long until the usual "cowpoker" game had everyone craning his neck looking for the female of the bovine species. That is, everyone but Crombie and Reichert, were looking for the elusive cow. They, being more natural perhaps, were looking for the still more elusive female of the *homo sapiens* (human race to the Ag. students). In other words, they were playing the fascinating game of "girl poker." The way those two boys argued about who was, and who wasn't, one would have thought that the international situation depended on its outcome.

Well, we moved along for quite a spell with nothing happening out of the ordinary, other than an occasional cemetery going by on the right and many herds of cattle going by on the left. We finally stopped in at a little station by the roadside to rest, and quite a line of "have to's" was soon built up in the little pool room in the station—to play billiards, of course. We hadn't been there more than ten minutes when we were startled out of our reverie by the most horrible sound I've ever heard. It sounded like a crow trying to call with a square knot tied in his esophagus. Upon running outside to see who had done such an unsportsmanlike trick, we found Dr. Wells, alternately blowing on a little tin whistle and taking in great gulps of air. It served the purpose, however, and it wasn't long before we were rolling along again.

Not long after leaving the station with its inadequate facilities, we stopped at a beech-maple association long enough to take some notes, and get an idea of how Dr. Wells and Dr. Shunk wanted us to connect up the direct and indirect factors affecting this community. Somewhere between the beech-maple association and the shrub-bog associates, which is farther down the coast, the old Ford bus got the colic and blew her fan belt. This caused a delay of about one-half hour at a little wayside town where tobacco juice and squirrel guns are shot with the same deadly accuracy, and which brought me to the conclusion that we were nearing Bill Cook's old stamping grounds. Around twelve o'clock, we stopped at another little crossroad general store on the Cape Fear River for dinner.

After eating dinner, washed down by "Sun-Spots," we hiked into the site of the shrub-bog associates. This plant community is found in the depressions or pocosins supposedly caused by falling meteorites. This



peculiar origin makes this community an interesting study. It was also very interesting to note that it's a three-mile hike into the pocosin, in spite of the fact that Dr. Wells says that it is only one mile. After taking notes on this community, we straggled back to the gas station. Back at the station while resting, we were entertained by "Shoot" Thurner, who had found one of his beloved tractors; the things he did with a tractor down on the levee would have made Paul Bunyan sit up and take notice. Bunny Hofmann had to catch something as usual. It was a green snake this time. He gave him to Murrey Lebowitz, and that was the last seen of the snake. Pore Snake.

From the banks of the Cape Fear, we moved on to Big Savannah where the strange pitcher plants live in abundance. By the way, I dug one up and brought it back with me. (P. S.—It's not doing so well.) It was here that Dr. Wells, back a year or so ago, was nearly put in jail by the sheriff for acting like, according to one of the natives, "a crazy man out in the savannah." To us scientific minded students, he was studying the vegetation, but to the natives, well, he was just plain . . .

By this time, the call of the C. B. girls was getting pretty strong, but Dr. Wells said, "Nope, one more community." This time it was the aquatic associes in Greenfield Lake, just outside of Wilmington. Greenfield Lake is a beautiful spot, and what a place for romance. There were old cypresses, covered with pendant streamers of Spanish moss, soft banks to sit on, and a tremendous yellow harvest moon. But, alas, that was not for the likes of us. Reluctantly, we turned away and returned to Wilmington for dinner. After creating quite a hullabaloo with our outlandish costumes in one of the two cafeterias, we moved into the "Royal Palms Hotel" at Carolina Beach. After getting situated, we gathered in the dining room where we were entertained by colored slides of western vegetation, presented by one of the graduates. When this was over, most of us went to bed, but some, more curious than others, went out to get a view of the remains of the fire.

The next morning, after getting up and examining various parts of my anatomy where Harry Muller's knees had violently connected during the night, I went into the next room to see if Shoot Thurner had really "steamrollered" Al Johnson. The shrieks, groans, snores, etc., that issued from their room during the night were blood-curdling to listen to. Al was a little battered, but standing up under the strain.

After a good breakfast, we started out again on our associes hunt. Sandhill, Dune, and Saltmarsh passed in quick succession. At the Dune associes, the combined weight of the bus and the students was too much for a little bridge crossing a drainage ditch—the bridge was demolished. The crew finally pushed the bus from amid the wreckage and once again, we were on our way.

We also stopped at Fort Fisher to view its remains. A few of the fellows helped its deterioration along by standing too near the bank and causing a tremendous cave-in. A few more like "Polo" and "Shoot," and the whole coast would have caved in. It was here also that both

*—Continued on page forty-six*

## Progress Report On the Hofmann Forest

G. E. JACKSON, '35

Progress was made on the Hofmann Forest during 1940. In January, the N. C. Forestry Foundation sold 20-year serial bonds at 5 per cent interest to raise money for the outright purchase of the Hofmann Forest. The forest fires were few and small and the game plentiful. The WPA coöperated in the development of the fire and cattle programs and at the end of the year, five timber sales had been made and 29,000,000 board feet of timber had been sold.

**FOREST FIRES** The 1940 fire record on the forest is by far the best record that has been made since fire control was started on the area in 1935. Ten forest fires burned only 104.75 acres. During the year 107 forest fires were investigated and 23 of these were handled by the forest officials. Thirteen of these fires were stopped before they reached the forest boundary.

The causes of the ten fires that burned on the forest were listed as follows: brush burning, 4; incendiary, 3; smokers, 2; and loggers, 1. Eight fires burned in the Onslow County section of the forest and two in the Jones County section.

The N. C. Forest Service coöperated financially in fire control work during 1940. The expenses of the Deppe Tower fire crew and the local fire fighters were paid from this fund. The CCC was called for one fire and their prompt action kept this fire from spreading farther into the forest. The coöperation of the U. S. Forest Service, through reports from their Black Swamp Tower near Maysville, was responsible for preventing several fires from reaching the forest boundary.

Three persons were prosecuted for violation of the forest fire laws and two were convicted. Warning letters were sent to two other persons who were burning adjoining pasture land and allowed their fires to get away and burn small areas on the forest.

Reasons for a better fire record during 1940 are listed as follows: co-operation from the N. C. and U. S. Forest Service; patrol work and quick action on the part of the forest personnel; WPA program; hunters' work program; cattle on the forest; logging crews in the forest; law enforcement work and the 5,122 interviews made by the staff in public relations work.

Natural reproduction is coming in on many thousands of acres of the forest that have not been burned since 1935. Our records show that some of this reproduction grew 5.2 feet in height during 1940. These records were taken on areas that were bare in 1935 because of annual burning. If any one doubts the value of fire control, we invite them to look at some of these stands of reproduction.

**GAME** The hunters' work program that was started in 1939 was offered again in 1940. The large number of local hunters who applied for work on this program made it necessary to limit the number taking part in the work to 50. Forty-seven hunters worked the

required amount and received their permits. Their work included re-brushing the 25 miles of trail cut last year, cutting fifteen miles of new trail, building deer stands, rebrushing and posting the boundary. Experimental ditches were cut along one trail to determine the best way to make these trails permanent.

Twenty-three hunting days divided into seven hunting periods were allowed during 1940. Two hundred and twenty-five deer and three bears were reported killed. No record was kept of the small game. Five guides handled parties on the forest during the hunting days. These guides furnished dogs and a helper, and the sportsmen paid them for their services.

The best hunting was found on the areas which have not been burned during the last few years. Cutting trails and building deer stands, in these areas, has improved hunting and changed many of the local hunters' opinion about "burned woods" being best for hunting.

Daily permits were sold at \$1.10 each by ten agents at convenient places near the forest boundary. Eight hundred and eighty-eight permits were sold during the season which was nearly a 20 per cent increase over last year. This was the second year that no game law violations have been reported on the forest. The local game wardens cooperate with the forest personnel in checking the hunters. The best hunt of the year was on opening day when 42 deer were reported killed.

**TIMBER SALES** During the year 1940, 29,000,000 board feet of timber were sold to seven contractors who operated five sawmills and two logging operations on the forest. Their logging equipment consisted of tractors, skidders, mules, oxen and carts. Their principal markets are in New Bern, Kinston, Wilmington, Beaufort and Goldsboro.

All sales are made on either mill run or log scale measurement and payments are made at the end of each week. A deposit is made as the timber is cut to secure the contract.

Other materials being sold from the forests are posts, poles, piling, lightwood and fuelwood. No pulpwood is being removed because of the low prices paid in this section.

**CATTLE** Coöperation from the Animal Husbandry Department at State College and the WPA has made it possible to get a well arranged cattle program under way on the forest during 1940. The herd consisted of 43 cows, 38 calves, and 2 bulls. The calves were sent to Raleigh on November 15, and at that time they averaged 370 pounds each.

The cattle were grazed in the Cypress Creek section of the forest and were checked daily by Lonnie Griffin. The cattle grazed the reeds, shrubs and grasses in the forest, supplemented by rye pasture. Dry feed was used during the winter months.

There are three pastures in the Cypress Creek section. In each pasture there is a pump and trough for watering the cattle, a feed house for storing feed, a salt and mineral box and a shed to keep them



CATTLE. FIRE FIGHTING. LOGGING. DRAINAGE DITCH. ROAD BUILDING.  
GAME.

dry, feed bunks for feeding meal cake, and a catch pen. These developments are located in the center of the reed beds. It has been found that cattle reduce fire hazards in the units and that they will maintain fire breaks along the fences and through the reed beds.

The following improvements have been made in the forest for the cattle program: Seventeen miles of four-strand barbed wire fence, twenty acres of planting pasture, one stock barn with a base of 100 feet by 47 feet, one dipping vat, one loading chute and three pumps and troughs. The WPA cooperated in the construction of these improvements.

The plans are to build more fences, increase the size of the herd to about 100 during 1941, keep the heifers on the forest, and "weed" out the older cows each year.

**DEVELOPMENT** Three WPA projects were operating on the forest during 1940. One of these was for the construction of the stock barn, dipping vat, load chute and corral near Cypress Creek. This project was almost completed at the end of the year.

The other two projects were forestry projects. One worked in the Jones County section and the other in the Onslow County section of the forest. The work done on these two projects is as follows: truck trail 3.2 miles completed; 2 miles incomplete; fire lanes 28.25 miles, 10.25 miles of which were burned; 10 miles of 4-strand barbed wire fence; six grates; improved 2 miles of old truck trails; marked 15.75 miles of boundary and set 47 concrete corners; one-half mile of drainage ditch 5 feet wide and 4 feet deep; and 1 mile of stream improvement.

Other improvements were made possible through the hunters' work program and students' work during summer camp on the forest.

**CLAIMS** Two of the outstanding claims were settled during 1940.  
**AND** One of these was in the area east of the A.C.L. Railroad  
**TRESPASS** and the other along the Frank Mills Road near Richlands. The boundary adjustment near Richlands made it possible to include an old mill pond within the forest boundary. This pond is to be rebuilt and a camp built on a ridge at the edge of the pond.

There were two timber trespasses on the forest last year. The timber removed was estimated and payments were made by the parties removing the timber.

**STUDENT** During February the seniors made a growth study of the  
**ACTIVITIES** Kellum section of the forest, and in the burned area along the Roper Road.

The students in summer camp took measurements in the slash pine spacing plots near the Deppe Tower. In the 4x4 plot they measured 2,494 trees and found 88.9 per cent in good condition with an average height growth of 7.67 feet and a maximum height of 12 feet. Current growth averaged 24.2 inches with a maximum of 48 inches. This plot was established in 1936 with one-year-old seedlings.

A fire damage study was made in the area burned in the plantation on Christmas Day, 1939. The results were, that of the 1,224 trees examined that were less than 4½ feet high, 97.4 per cent were killed

by the fire and 2.6 per cent badly burned. This fire burned at a time when surface water stood on most of the area.

The students established a strip lot perpendicular to a new drainage ditch near Cypress Creek. These trees were measured and numbered. Remeasurements will be made in the future to determine the reaction of pond pine to drainage.

**PERSONNEL** On January 1, 1940, R. W. Slocum, '39, was employed as Assistant Forester on the Hofmann Forest. He proved to be a Jack-of-all-trades and was capable of doing any work that was assigned him, but his love for a cowboy's life led him to ask for leave in November to take a temporary appointment with the U. S. Forest Service in a beef cattle experiment project at the Blackland Experiment Station at Wenona, N. C.

On November 20, 1940, J. A. Whitman, '38, was assigned to the forest to fill the position left vacant by R. W. Slocum.

From July 8 to August 27, W. H. Kenety worked on the Hofmann Forest. His work consisted of scaling logs, working boundary, surveying foot trails, and general supervision.

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## SUMMER CAMP - 1940

*—Continued from page thirty*

*memories for ages. At Hill Forest we will recall the Republican convention, the Fourth of July bombardment, blitzkrieging the ducks, wonderful Sunday dinners, the grits breakfast, Levine's going berserk with a bush-axe, the dance and the stag dinner, pitchers of half and half, Waterloo Bridge and the arguments over its star, Miller's after-dinner speech, the "still," and Slocum exposing the secret, and the record Love for Sale which drove some boys crazy, and before I change to the coast, we can't leave out our dreams during surveying and that blonde that Swanson never caught. On the coast we had the alligators, the lunches, the watermelon feasts. that day when the monkeys got "Yank" and Mike, that day when a WPA worker almost obliterated the whole class by not yelling "Timber," dancing with Dot Drew, our last dendrology specimen.*

I guess that sums up the 1940 camp, and if this resumé was written well it will bring back memories to some and to the uninitiated it may fire their imagination. Most of us in this past camp can't expect to live another ten weeks like we did—it was too good to be true. My only advice to future camps is to forget about cliques and pull together, respect the other man's property, remember your faults are as obnoxious to the other fellow as his are to you, and last but not one of the most important ones, do as you are told when you are told. All of us wish you success in your camp and hope that you still want to be a forester when you finish—we all did.

## FORESTRY GRADUATES

Class	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	Total
Number of Grads	17	14	10	8	11	23	24	30	37	33	29	236
In Forestry	14	13	9	8	9	21	14	23	27	23	15	175
Engineering	1				1		1	1				4
Business					1			2		1		4
Farming						1	3		1			5
Industry							2			2		4
Salesman							1					1
Post Office							1					1
Undertaker	1											1
Invalid			1									1
U. S. Army Officer		1					1	1	3	6	8	20
Unknown							1	1	2	1	1	6
Graduate Work in another field									2			2
Farm Security								1	1			2
Y.M.C.A.									1			1
Forestry Graduate Student											5	5
Deceased	1					1		1				3
Bank										1		1
Food Inspector									1			1

236 Total - 3 dead = 233

176 in Forestry + 8 army returns + 5 graduates = 189

189 = 81 per cent of N. C. State Forestry Graduates are working in the Forestry profession.

233

## Senior Runabout

S. L. WILSON, '41

These forestry seniors surely do get around, and some do not do so bad for themselves either. In the eyes of the underclassmen, the seniors are just a bunch of playboys always going on trips, having swell-elegant times.

The first place to be honored by the grand and glorious seniors was the Duke Forest. We dined fashionably at Rinaldi's super-cafe. The grub was a bit of all right. Immediately after lunch, we proceeded to the Duke campus and of course to the girls' campus first. Now, ain't that just like us? As we were going around the circle, a nice looking co-ed was standing there waiting for a ride, so "Slim" sticks his head out of the door and says, "Hey, Sis! Do you want a ride?" He was promptly answered by a nasty stare and a turning up of the nose. Boy! Did she give him the cold shoulder? It sent us rolling.

Dr. Korstian was our guide and quite a nice fellow too. He told us a few things about forestry we already knew and a great many things that we didn't know. We saw many plots and many good examples of silviculture and management. The boys behaved themselves for almost two hours. Now that is remarkable! I knew it couldn't last much longer, and then it happened. Several of the boys picked Joe Hardee up while two of them exposed his person unmercifully to the elements. Queer bunch! Brown stood over there laughing, and the first I knew he was a victim of circumstances. The boys had quite a struggle with Brown, but they didn't quit until they had succeeded.

The rest of the afternoon was very uneventful, and soon we were on our way back to school, darn it!

Dr. Shaw, our Pathology Prof., got a notion in his head that we should go on a field trip. Naturally, we all agreed. He didn't want to leave until ten o'clock, but those rascals talked him into leaving at eight-thirty so we wouldn't have to attend our eight o'clock class. Same old bunch. They would do anything in the world for you and themselves too.

Friday morning came. We had our lunches all packed, but yours truly was late. And did I miss something? And how! All I know is what was told me. A certain boy from the mountains ("Beetle Brow") and a tall dark handsome lad from "deah ole Hahtford" were involved in an argument. All of a sudden the tall lad says with a snarl on his face, "Step outside." Kapew! and the mountain boy has a bloody nose. Just to show you that we are human, we jumped in and separated them to prevent further injury. Ain't we nice?

We spent the day at Hill Forest helping the Prof. collect specimens of butt-rot and the like. When we began collecting mistletoe, our one and only handsome lady-killer and football player nonchalantly tied a piece of mistletoe to his hat. Then he paraded around with that, but as there were no girls present in them woods, his efforts were in vain.



History repeats itself, and again the boys made him the victim of circumstance. Do you think he minded? No, he likes being in the spotlight.

The second term rolled around and we were hearing rumors of another trip. We were going to spend a week at the Hofmann Forest. Well, that really did excite us. Just think of it, we didn't have to go to school for a week. "It must be heaven not to have to go to school for a week," we said.

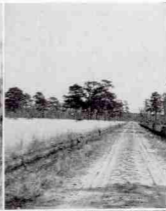
Sure enough, we left the Sunday following the big Forestry Club Dance.

Hangovers and effects of late hours and dates kept the boys pretty quiet all of the way down. About dusk we began to sing and wake up. Have you ever heard of the singing foresters? That's us. We sing every time we take a trip. I just said everything was quiet all the way down but just remembered it wasn't. In general it was. Anyway "Jesse James" Hartman and "Wild Bill" Pritchett had delusions of their being wild westerners. The familiar bang! bang! was heard that you pulled when you were a kid. Queer, aren't they?

We stopped in New Bern and lodged at The Travelers' Inn the whole week. Nice place. No sooner than we get there something happens. Mystery! The phone bell rings. It's a female. She's called Mr. Brown. Now the question was "Who-o-o called 'Minnie'?" We were not long finding out, because we saw him courting her about an hour later. She was fair.

Monday morning we got ready for the big cruise. Our amiable Dr. Hofmann informed us he would pay for our room in return for cruising this area for him. That made us all mighty happy. So we were looking forward to cruising that morning. Everybody was happy and singing. You would have thought spring was here. On the way out "Wigg" alias "Lucky Teeter" attempted to pass a car on a narrow country road. In the middle of the act, the rear of the bus slipped off the road. We thought we were goners, but he made it all right and kept on going.

We got to the jumping off spot and walked a good mile and a half back to the cruise lines. We worked in crews of two. Well, when my partner and I got to our cruise line we couldn't see anything for the bushes. But this didn't daunt us. We took our bearing and proceeded to run our line. I thought that was the toughest thicket I had ever been through during that first ten chains. Then we hit a little open ground for about two chains. My lunch was dropping out of my jacket every two minutes. That provoked me, so I threatened to eat it before lunch time. We hadn't seen anything yet, for worst was yet to come. I have never seen such tremendous thickets. Briars as thick as sand on the beach standing every bit of fifteen feet high and reeds just as bad were ripping our clothes and us too to pieces. I bet we sweated ten gallons before noon. At noon we stopped and ate our lunches. First we would take a bite and then pull a briar out, and cuss all at the same time. It wasn't any place for ladies, the surroundings or the atmosphere. While eating lunch, we heard something tramping around in the brush nearby. We proceeded to see what it was. Jumping Joe! About twenty



SCENES FROM THE HOFMANN FOREST

fect in front of us we saw a doe. Well, you can imagine our surprise, but she was even more surprised and high-tailed it off about a hundred yards. We went back to running our line, and heard her following us for almost a quarter of a mile. She was a mighty pretty little creature. Anyway that proves my partner and I have sex appeal.

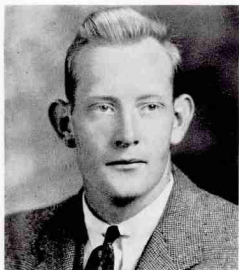
My partner and I finished our line about five o'clock in the afternoon. We were still out in the middle of nowhere in the thick of those "danged" briars. No matter where you turned there were briars, so we had to go straight ahead. After pushing through another quarter of a mile of briars, we finally hit the road. We almost got lost, in fact, we were lost for awhile. Our line was a little over a mile long. Some of the others were longer so we figured we were not the last to get out. Off we went to where the bus was supposed to be, but there wasn't any bus. You can imagine our dismay. We were lost, and they had gone and left us. Another volley of cussing followed. So we started to thumb to the main road. A truck came along and carried us to the station wagon where Doc Miller was waiting for another crew. Well, we cooled off then and some of the other boys told us of their experiences in the woods. Honest to goodness, some of the boys had their pants ripped clear off them. The rest of the night was spent talking about the briars and pulling thorns out of each other. We swore the job was worth \$400, and that we wouldn't go out again. We did though.

The next day we went sightseeing through the Great Rowland Mill and the veneer plant in New Bern. All of us collected specimens of plywood and veneer at the veneer plant. You will get to see it, but I hope you don't have to go through those "danged" briars. The funniest thing happened on the last night. Cromartie was stuck for a dollar taxi fare out to the country on a date. He walked back.

Meals were taken at the Central Cafe. There were quite a few cute waitresses and everyone made a play for all of us. I ain't bragging either. Ask Mike about starting an escort agency. He is a real business man.

Wednesday growth data was taken and Abie Upchurch took pictures of us in action to be published in the paper. You ought to see our new barn. It's a whiz. Ed Jackson gave us a barbecue supper and some gals to eat it with. Swell guy! After supper, the rug cutting started but it didn't last long because every last one of the gals was in the mood. Usually there are only a few that way, but the whole "danged" bunch was "that way." And so the woo was pitched. When the boys took the girls home, you never saw so many bleary eyes. I think it actually touched those boys to see the girls go. Of course, there was the bachelors' line too with Huff, Gill, and Hartman keeping their own little fire.

Thursday we cruised again and then drove home. Some of us were almost left in Kinston. Singing and joke-telling kept up all the way home. A good time was had by all, but remember one thing, don't ever cruise in the White Oak Pocosin without a cast-iron suit and a tractor.



*"He was an excellent pilot."*

U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

J. H. GRIFFIN

James H. Griffin graduated with the Class of '37. After graduation he joined the Army Air Corps. He met his untimely death in the crash of the army plane, which he was piloting, on August 17, 1940. He was always ready and willing to join in any activities, work or play, and was known as "Jim" to his schoolmates and "Lieutenant" to his army associates. The report that his plane had crashed came as a shock to all who knew him and many requests for details concerning the accident have been made. The army report, which "Jim's" father, Mr. T. M. Griffin kindly furnished us, contains the following: "Lt. Griffin with his three companions were returning from a week-end visit with relatives (at Asheville, N. C.). They were flying a Martin B-12 bomber, one motor had gone dead somewhere along the way. Eye witnesses at Ruston, La., said the plane came in over Ruston flying approximately 2,000 feet high, searched for the emergency field, and then turned back on account of a storm ahead. He lost altitude in making the turn and then sent out a flare to find a landing. When about 75 feet from the ground the plane turned on its side and nosed down. All on board were killed."

The PI-NE-TUM Staff and the entire Forestry School express their deep sorrow and extend their heartfelt sympathies to his family and relatives.

## A Typical Day On the Hofmann Forest

By J. ATWOOD WHITMAN, '38

The day of February 12, 1941, was chosen as a typical day on the Hofmann Forest for no other reason than this, the 13th, is a rainy day and a better time to write could not be found. Rainy days are usually spent in the office working on survey notes and maps.

About 8:30 A.M. I went out and drove the pick-up around to the tool shed to unload some fire-fighting equipment and to put in the transit, chain, range pole, and tripod. In the meantime, Dr. J. E. Foster, who spent the night here after coming down from the Animal Husbandry Department of State College to inspect the cattle barn, was having trouble in getting his car started, so Eddie Jackson, the Forest Supervisor, and I pushed him up the highway for a hundred yards or so. That failing to start the car, I got the pick-up and pushed him off, then followed him to the Pollocksville depot where we planned to inspect the new cattle scales. Our plans went awry, as usual, because the depot was not open and Dr. Foster did not have time to wait.

After leaving Dr. Foster, Jackson and I drove to Maysville and then headed up the Collins Road on our way to a sawmill. While riding along with our bodies absorbing the roughness of the road and discussing the beauty of the weather, we were flagged down by a couple darkies seeking burning permits. Jackson gave them a lecture on the importance of keeping their brush burning under control and copies of the "Forest Fire Laws of North Carolina," while I wrote out the permits.

The week before, Dr. Hofmann had informed us of his plans to bring the seniors down for some timber cruising experience, so as we were passing near one of the tracts to be cruised, Jackson thought it a good idea to drive into the woods for about a half mile to show me one of the boundary lines so I could go back the next day and establish the base line and strip stakes for the cruise with the help of a WPA crew. After successfully navigating the mud holes, I finally came to a stop with the front of the pick-up wedged firmly on top of a stump. The next thing in line was to get unwedged. Finally, we got all four wheels on the ground again and walked the rest of the way in.

There was no wind, the sun was warm and bright, so it was with reluctance that we started back to the car after looking around and deciding that maps would have to be examined in the office before definite plans could be made for the cruise.

Upon arriving at the site of the sawmill, we commented on the ease of getting across the river swamp as compared to the time a few weeks before when we cut our way through with machetes—a tenth of a mile of plank road had been built by the contractor at a cost of approximately \$100. We found the mill operating smoothly but the logger was in a continual uproar about the red-heart timber and how broke he was going unless something happened in a hurry to change conditions. To quiet him down some, Jackson and I went into the woods

with him to look at the situation. We found that most of the logs were clear at the butts but the fungus had damaged the upper portions of the trees. We noted that the fungus damage was proportional to age, not size, so Jackson suggested that the logger leave the old trees showing fruiting bodies and cut the younger ones. The increased width of the rings on the stumps showed that since the area had been put under management the trees were putting on faster growth and had less red-heart. About 12:30 Jackson had the logger calmed down sufficiently so we could leave and drive across the Quaker Bridge Road to Gum Branch for lunch.

As we ate lunch in the only store that was open, the woman who ran the place gave us her views on the farm-labor situation. She asserted that farm prices were so low that the men quit farming to work at Holly Ridge, leaving the women to run the stores and to gossip. As there were no people left to buy anything at the stores they spent their time gossiping about the lack of business, how lonesome it was without the men, and about each other.

After lunch we went to the Frank Mill Road on which the WPA have a project and where I met the foreman (Bunn Hofmann's sweet-tempered friend). Our main objective for the day was to run out the road with the transit so it could be accurately located on a map, but by the time we straightened out a curve with stakes lined by eye it was quitting time for the WPA, so that part of the day's work was omitted.

From the project we went to another sawmill and logging site which was well worth seeing. The loblolly pine was, according to the woods foreman, the biggest, tallest, and straightest in this part of the state. It was so big the saw could not cut it, so a larger one was being procured for the mill. Again our plans were foiled by quitting time, so we had the opportunity of seeing the two tractors crash through the woods back to the mill, one dragging a load of logs and the other a lightwood stump.

The most convenient way back to Pollokville from there was via Comfort and Trenton, so we decided to go that way. A short distance past the Comfort fire tower, we met the Jones County Fire Warden and the smokechaser from the tower. The smokechaser's Model "A" Ford had a broken steering gear and he was still trying to drive it. The fire warden summoned us to a fight in another part of the county, but Jackson told him to go to—, that we were not fighting anyone else's fire without Dr. Hofmann's permission. Off we went.

As we neared the herdsman's house near Cypress Creek, we saw him in the yard. We stopped to pass the time of day. During the course of the conversation, the herdsman remarked that he planned to get to the cattle early in the morning as he expected to have a couple of calves (yes, that's what he said).

On our way to Trenton, we took a short-cut on a dirt road from N. C. 41 to N. C. 12, where I pointed out the residence of an individual I caught burning without a permit the week before and whose fire I had

to put out, arriving at Pollokville after dark and late for supper. After we had eaten, we read the mail and then went to the office to study the maps and formulate a plan for the timber cruise. After discussing the situation, we knocked off for the day with the hope that we would not be called out on a fire—at least not before daylight. So ended a typical day on Hofmann Forest.

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### THE ROLLO

—Continued from page eighteen

5. Rifle shooting—Nichols (Freshman).
6. Chinning—Valentino (Sophomore).
7. Tree climbing—Valentino (Sophomore).
8. Rock throwing—Wilson (Senior) and Mahone (Freshman) tied.
9. Spitting for distance—Cole (Sophomore).
10. Tree felling for accuracy—Etheridge and Justus (Sophomores).
11. Log sawing—Chamblee and Wiggins (Seniors).
12. 100 yard dash—Hofmann (Junior).
13. Tug-o'-war—Seniors.
14. Broad jump—Packard (Sophomore).
15. Fire building—Cooke and Pruitt (Juniors).

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### ECOLOGY TRIP - 1940

—Continued from page thirty-two

Bunny Hofmann and "Screwball" Reichert decided that the other needed a bath. Whereupon, they both took a bath in the frigid Atlantic, clothes and all. Reichert's only garment for the rest of the day was a pair of red shorts. Shivering, "Bunny" looked like the proverbial "frigid midget."

Saturday afternoon, we were free to do anything we liked. Some listened to the football game, some slept, but most were out on the beach, swimming and etc., mostly, etc. For example, "Bruvver" Lebowitz and one of the Ag. students tried vainly to catch two girls on a bicycle—I'm sorry to report that the girls were a little too fast for them. I think that "Polo" got the idea that they were pretty fast, too—he stayed out late enough.

That night, even though being handicapped by the lack of amusement area, everyone seemed to do all right. Doc started things off by dancing with some of the younger socialites in a little store down on the beach. He really "gave-out." When the night was over, there was no question who was the jitterbug champion. Doc was the winner by a "Suzy-Q" and a "Breakaway." Some of the fellows, not satisfied with the local talent, took the bus and headed towards Wilmington. I say *headed* towards Wilmington. Rumor has it that they passed right through the fair city and landed at a smaller destination. Where they really did go has been vaguely hinted, but never spoken aloud.

Sunday morning we bade farewell to Carolina Beach and headed home, taking a few notes on the associes along the way. The majority of us were glad to see old State College as a fitting and proper finish to a swell trip.

# Alumni

After graduation, we enter many types of work. Our graduates record on the following pages the variety and interest of their work.





1940

VOLUME 9

We are really going to have our reunion this year. I will send you a notice of the date as soon as we know more about that point. It will probably be during the first week in June, so get your ducks in a row. We hope you will all be able to come for a real get-together.

GEO. K. SLOCUM.

1930

BARNES, W. B. Project leader, Pittman Robertson Project, 5623 Guilford, Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

"I am in charge of the statewide Wildlife Survey, Research and Demonstration Project for Indiana. The work is in coöperation with the Indiana Division of Fish and Game and the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service. The state is divided into six districts with a district leader in each.

"We now have two sons, one 20 months and the other six months old." Congratulations are in order for the Barnes family!

BITTINGER, C. A. Sr. Forester, Pa. F.S. Fayetteville, Pa.

"I am still working as assistant to the District Forester of the Michaux District at Caledonia. I live at the Park, so come see me when you are up.

"Saw Chance and Walters this summer. Chance is still single. Walters is married and has three children. He is running a private nursery and doing landscaping.

"Hope I can come to the reunion but doubt if I can make it."

BROWN, G. K. Staff Assistant U.S.F.S. 1812 No. El Pass, Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Had a swell trip, went to World's Fair after we saw you and got back here November 1. Would like to come to the reunion, but can't make it.

"Margaret and I enjoyed our visit with you folks very much."

This was the first time "John" had been back since he graduated, so he got a chance to see all the new developments at once. Hurry back!

HOWARD, H. E. Assistant Forest Supervisor, U.S.F.S. 901 Centenary Avenue, Cleveland, Tenn.

"Nothing new as far as far as my work is concerned. Still trying to learn all I can about managing forest lands. After being in the flat woods for eight years it's kind of hard to get oriented to mountain forestry.

"Saw G. K. Brown this fall. We both have broadened physically since we saw each other in 1930."

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

"I am at the same place doing the same kind of work as last year. Brown was in to see me in October. I used to be the fat boy of the class, but now John is running close and so are some of the others. See Buhrman and Bittinger right often but that's all. Am all for the reunion and will try my best to be there." See you in June, Tubby.

1931

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

"My job is still the same, trying to persuade other people that woods burning is bad practice.

"I see Henry Posey once in a while at Bristol, Tenn., and have heard from H. Howard several times, and that's all."

Yes, we are going to have a reunion this June. I gave you credit for your second son last year. We are ready for the third announcement this year. Give my regards to Mrs. Artman.

BUHRMAN, W. T. Assistant Forester, U.S.F.S. CCC., 529 Moore St., Huntingdon, Pa.

"Am doing the same work as last year, that is covering forestry work in sixteen state camps, which is enough to keep me busy.

"I get to see Pierce, Bittinger, Hile, Barner, Foreman and Weight rather often."

FOREMAN, H. A. Captain U. S. Army, 1014 Tilghman St., Allentown, Pa.

Hap spent the night of February 1 with me. He was on his way to Fort Benning, Ga., to start active service with the Army. We talked all night on things in general and in particular. He is expecting to be a proud father the first week in February but the Army couldn't spare him for the extra week. We sure did have a fine visit, reminiscing on old times and acquaintances. Could stand more of it myself. Late news flash—it's a boy, born February 14. Congratulations!

GRIFFIN, D. B. State Forester, Charleston, W. Va., 410 Carolina St.

Dan says he is expecting a new addition to his family in the near future. Was it a boy or girl, Dan?

LOUGHEAD, H. J. In charge Flood Control Survey, A.F.E.S., 15 E. Forest Road, Biltmore Forest, Asheville, N. C.

Harvey says he is doing the same as last year, and that's all. I know he is plenty busy.

PHELPS, C. F. State Superintendent of Game Propagation, Game Commission, Richmond, Va.

"Haven't seen any of the fellows lately. Saw C. H. Shafer on a deer buying trip in Pa. Have J. E. Thornton working for me on wildlife.

Why don't someone stop by and see us sometime? The door is open and the phone still rings."

SHAFFER, C. H. Proj. Supt. NP-7, 122 West Penn. St., Bedford, Pa.

"With three women in the house, and my job, my hands are full. Think I will try the diplomatic corps next.

"Saw Phelps the other day and talked with Al Maxwell over the phone. Cartwright and Griffen are still a couple of bums for not using the mails more often."

WARD, W. B. Jr. Forester, U.S.F.S., Newport, Va.

"After ten years I have come to the conclusion that fires and management plans should be included with death and taxes in that trite old maxim.

"Phelps comes by here liberating tame deer and turkeys that follow us around to be fed cheese, peanut butter, and bologna.

"It is heartbreaking to read that your students do not unquestionably accept the melodramatic Slocum anecdotes to which, I, as your roommate, was for two years subjected without respite."

1932

COOPER, W. E. Farm Forester, 810 Jasper St., Aiken, S. C.

"Have been assigned to the Aiken Co. Farm Forestry Project in S. C. This is amongst the long-leaf pines and polo ponies. I will stick to the pine, however.

"Saw Blakeney, Bishop, and others at the meeting in Sumter. See you in June."

GRUMBINE, A. A. Associate Forester, U.S.F.S., 810 Ramble St., Hot Springs, Ark.

"Still preparing timber management plans and selling timber. I am quite enthusiastic about this most recent Ouachita assignment. Have big hopes for the year on timber sales, 300M of them."

MAXWELL, A. H. Assistant Ranger, Sam Houston, N. F., Huntsville, Texas.

"Bull" reports on a new young 'un, James Wilson, born April 18, 1940. He now has two boys—Congratulations!

"The only other N. C. State Forester in 266,000 square miles around here is T. C. Croker. Don't get lonesome, as there are lots of ticks, etc., to keep one company.

"Sold one loblolly for \$28.10 stumpage (see picture). Tree was 42 inches D.B.H., 121 feet high and scaled 2,810 b.f. It has grown under five flags since it sprouted."

SCHAEFFER, G. K. Ranger, U.S.E.F., 1212 Walnut St., Newberry, S. C.

George stopped in to see us January 8 and we had a short visit. He was on his way to take over his new job as Ranger. Congratulations

on the new job. Hope the mosquitoes and malaria don't get him down in the flat country.

WILLIAMS, L., JR. Box 334, Route 1, Monroe, N. C.

"I have been working at home for some time. Have a Federal License to repair firearms and have a shop for such work.

"Do you know of anyone who wants to buy a good Gurley staff compass? I have one to sell.

"Tell the boys hello for me."

1933

BLAKENEY, J. C. Assistant State Forester-Protection, 506 State Office Building, Columbia, S. C.

"No news from here, but am glad to hear of the reunion. I will be there without fail. If I can help out, let me know. Give my regards to all."

CROKER, T. C. District Officer, U.S.F.S., Childress, Texas.

"How about stopping at Childress when the seniors take their trip? We can show them lots of interesting things."

HAFER, A.B. Assistant Forester, TVA, Guntersville, Ala.

"My only change has been from the Forestry Dept. to the Reservoir Property Management Dept. Sold my house in Chattanooga and moved here in September 1940.

"The reunion sounds good to me. For the past three years I have heard more from Prof. Hayes and L.S.U. than my own school. Wouldn't know you existed except for the PI-NE-TUM." (Imagine that!)

RILEY, M. M. Consulting Forester, Box 5507, Raleigh, N. C.

"Right now business is fine, but by the time the PI-NE-TUM comes out, I may be broke or in the Army."

Mat went into business for himself last year and is getting along fine. He stops by to see us right often, so we can keep a check on him.

SETSER, A. L. Forestry Dept. TVA, Box 85, Norris, Tenn.

"I am still with the Forestry Department here at Norris. Still working on plans for Reservoir Properties, i.e., reforestation and timber sales.

"Saw Cooper, Page, Prout and Roberts at the Southern Ag. Workers' meeting in Atlanta. We are all looking forward to the reunion."

Wyman and I had a good visit with the Setser family last spring when we were at Norris.

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

"I aim to see you Nov. 16. Am coming over to Raleigh to a wedding.

"No news from here, but give my regards to every one."

Dick must have run away with the bride—I haven't seen him then or since. Wyman and I had dinner with the Woods last spring at Norris. Big doings!

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

"You know too much about me already."

I have a picture of Bill digging up a sign—I will show you at the reunion.

CORPENING, B. H. Graduate Forester, Lenoir, N. C.

"News from this source is trite and with my number in the hands of the Army I am burning all pictures. Best wishes."

CROW, A. B. Graduate Student, Yale School of Forestry, 205 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn.

"I am on an educational furlough from the U.S.F.S. and am getting that long anticipated year at Yale. After being out of school for six years this studying comes hard. You would be amused at my grades so far. Give my regards to your family and the rest of the faculty."

HUBE, F. H. Junior Forester, U.S.F.S., Clinchport, Va.

"I don't remember whether or not I sent you any dope about getting 'hooked up.' Also, we have a boy, Frederick Herman, Jr., now two and one-half years old. (Congratulations.) Give my best wishes to the gang."

PLASTER, D. C. Junior Forester, S.C.S., Box 531, Elkin, N. C.

"I am still with the S.C.S. and doing the same things. Saw A. G. Shugart a few days ago. He seems to be doing well in the dry cleaning racket. Sure hope a big gang can get there for the reunion."

SMITH, W. R. Assistant Forester, S.F.E.S., New Federal Building, New Orleans, La.

"I am still with the Flood Control Survey. Am now in charge of the revision of the Little Tallahatchia survey at Oxford, Miss.

"My biggest regret is that Uncle keeps me so busy I can't write to my classmates.

"If you want my picture get one from the Civil Service Commission. They have dozens of them. Give my regards to the gang."

Your suggestions haven't rooted yet, Smitty.

COMFORT, C. W. Junior Forester, S.C.S., 301 Main St., Tennille, Ga.

Cliff didn't write me a thing. I saw him, however, at a dance last fall, so we had a good visit. He is still with the S.C.S. and still the same Comfort.

DEARBORN, L. S. Junior Forester, U.S.F.S., Superior, Arizona.

"Would like to see some of the fellows I used to know. Don't know whether I'd know them now or not. Good luck to every one."

What's the idea of sending me mail without a stamp on it, Dearborn?

FINDLAY, J. D. Asst. Commissioner, Game Division, Raleigh, N. C.

"Sure is a long way from down town Raleigh to State College, isn't it?"

You are right about that, John. A long way. Findlay came out to the Forestry Club the other night and gave a color-movie-illustrated lecture on Game. We all enjoyed it a lot. Hurry back!

HODNETT, F. A. Junior Conservationist, S.C.S., Box 1326, Raleigh, N. C.

Fred lives right at our back door, but we don't see nor hear much of him. He is still single—can you imagine that?

HOOD, B. Forester, Timberlands, Inc., 506½ Norwich St., Brunswick, Georgia.

"Haven't seen any of the boys since you all were down here last spring. Let me know if the seniors will be by here next spring.

"Best regards to Dr. Hofmann, Wyman, Graeber, all the lads and lassies, Mrs. S., and all the little S's." O.K., Bill.

JACKSON, G. E. Supervisor, Hofmann Forest, Pollocksville, N. C.

"We would like to have all the boys visit the Hofmann Forest when we have our reunion in June, '41. Have 84,000 acres to show you.

"Bob Slocum spent ten months with me here, but left November 1 to take a cowboy's job at Wenona, N. C.

"Hunting was good this season. Killed 225 deer on the forest."

NEWNHAM, F. Principal Forest Ranger, U.S.F.S., Jemez Springs, New Mexico.

"Have been on timber sales for four and one-half years. When this sale is done, I will probably get a new assignment.

"Bagged my first buck this year after trying for two seasons. He had six points and weighed 170 pounds.

"Best of luck to the boys and faculty."

PAGE, R. H. Extension Forester, Ala. Polytechnic Inst., Auburn, Ala.

"Things are the same as usual since last year. Still single, etc. (Here he is building a house—wonder why?)

"We need more men in this line of work and also more money. Give us some graduates with at least a fundamental knowledge and sympathy for agriculture. The reunion idea sounds good to me."

ROBERTS, E. G. Assoc. Prof. Forestry, State College, Miss.

"We are the proud possessors of a new son, Charles Joseph, born September 7, 1940. (Congratulations!) He don't cry much, but he eats every three hours, so I don't get much sleep. Lack of sleep, old age, and class work have my pockets near the ground."

The kiln is experimental and we have no data for publication as yet. Other material you mentioned may be out in the near future.

SHUGART, M. W., JR. S.C.S. Camp 25, Littleton, N. C.

Shugart didn't tell me a single thing.

SPRATT, J. District Forester, N.C.F.S., Lenoir, N. C.

Says it is too early for any news—wonder what he means. New young ones, eh?

STINGLEY, J. M. District Forester, N.C.F.S., Box 178, New Bern, N. C.

"Just rocking along in the same rut. Have one boy, J. M., Jr., alias 'Buck'." Good going, Jim!

1936

AIKEN, W. C. Junior Conservationist, S.C.S., Prattville, Ala.

"I am the only man in this county now and I am being pushed to the limit in my roadside farming. Still get plenty of cruising and marking. Forestry is one of the pillars of soil conservation in spite of its seemingly secondary part. Give my regards to all."

ANDREWS, L. K. Salesman, American Lumber & Treating Co., 40-15 81st St., Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

Andrews stopped at the Hill Forest last summer while on his honeymoon. The new Mrs. Andrews was the former Miss Betty King of Chicago. We extend congratulations and best wishes to you both.

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

"I was married on June 25, 1940, to Miss Kathleen Heinty." We extend the best of wishes to "Butch" and his bride.

"Saw Page, Roberts, Aiken and several others at a meeting last spring. Sure made me homesick.

"Say hello to everyone for me. I will be seeing them in the PI-NE-TUM."

HILL, W. M. Secretary, Board of U. S. Civil Service Examiners, Thomasville, N. C.

"I'm still single and still dishing out social duns at the Post Office. The draft is going to get me, I know. Here is hoping I see you all in the Army—I mean at the reunion, excuse me."

HUDSON, S. K. Forester, Container Corp., Box 288, Fernandina, Fla.

"You know me, Prof., I don't talk. Hope all your boys felt good after leaving here. We enjoyed them anyway. Hope to see you soon if it doesn't get too 'drafty'."

The folks at Container Corp. really showed the boys and the profs a good time. Good swimming, swell shrimp dinner, and no drinking water to be had.

NEASE, A. D. Farm-Forestry Agent, Box 187, Chipley, Fla.

"I am working on a coöperative unit of the state service, S.C.S., and Extension Service. Haven't much to work with in West Florida, except second growth long-leaf pine and not much of that.



MRS. A. A. GRUMBINE. J. D. FINDLAY, '35. J. C. CAMPBELL, '38 AND  
ROY EAKER, '38. F. H. HUBE, '34. E. W. SMITH, III, '39.  
A. A. GRUMBINE, '32. A. H. MAXWELL, '32. W. L. COLWELL, '38.



"I see some of the boys occasionally. Utley was through here a while back."

Allen and his wife were here last summer for a short visit, so we got to shoot a bull or two.

PARKER, D. M. First Lieutenant, 60th Infantry, Fort Bragg, N. C.

"Was given temporary leave from the Park job at Greensboro to serve in the army for a year. May stay in longer if—"

"Spent a month at the Nature Interpretation School near Richmond and learned a lot.

"Saw several of the boys—Riley and Layton in Greensboro, but that is all. Regards to all."

PETTIT, C. C. Junior Forester, Clayton, N. C.

"Why don't you stop at the Nursery one of these days?"

O.K., Charlie, I will, and maybe I will bring your pictures.

SEWELL, M. D. Junior Engineer, 135 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Penn.

"There is nothing new up this way. I helped them marry Bill Utley to a Yankee this past fall, so I am satisfied he will always have some one with whom to fight the Civil War."

THORNTON, J. E. Field Biologist, Box 458, Route 1, Hampton, Va.

"I finally got that Master's from V.P.I. in June, '40, in Wildlife Conservation. Worked in Alabama with the S.C.S. for awhile and am now with the Comm. of Game and Inland Fisheries, Richmond, Va.

"Saw quite a few of the boys in Alabama. There are a lot of N. C. State Foresters down there. See you at the reunion."

VASS, J. S. Assistant Laboratory Technician, 4411 Tenn. Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"I am still with the Southern Chemical Cotton Co. I enjoyed my visit to Raleigh last summer, but couldn't find any of the Profs.

"Don't see any of the old gang, but the welcome sign is always out at 4411. Best regards to all."

1937

BRIDGES, W. J. Conservation Engineer, So. Kraft Corp., 1706 High-market St., Georgetown, S. C.

"I am still working for Southern Kraft and liking it better every day. So far we have Bailey, Walker, Bell, Wright, and Page down this way. Let's have the reunion in South Carolina."

DAVIS, P. L. Insurance and Real Estate, Waynesville, N. C.

"I am now associated with my father in this new line of work. It has very attractive opportunities and I believe I might someday make a successful business man, I hope. Unless the draft absorbs me I will be permanently located here in Waynesville. Give my regards to all the fellows."

DELPHIN, H. 23 Brighton 4 Terrace, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Worked in New England on the hurricane area until February, 1940. Then took a job with the N. Y. Park Dept. until July. In July I enlisted in the Ensign Reserves. Went on a month's cruise on the U. S. S. *New York*, and now have three months of study on shore. This studying is sure a grind and we have plenty to do. If I had studied this much at State I would have been a whiz. There are several N. C. State boys here with us."

Gerlock's address is in the PI-NE-TUM. Just found him.

GERLOCK, A. J. So. Wood Preserving Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Gerlock was in to see us January 21 for a few minutes. He is still interested in the preserving game and also in timber and pole buying. He is still as big as ever.

HEIN, A. F. Forester, 3242 Decatur Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Al and Mrs. Hein were in Raleigh on December 5. He is Forester with the N. Y. City Park Dept. They were on vacation, so were touring about the South. Hurry back and pay us another visit when you have time to see all our new things.

HENDERSON, B. T. District Forester, Va. Forest Service, Box 960, Richmond, Va.

Brantley reports the birth of a son, Brantley, III, on September 22, 1940. Good going!

"Last year I was Forester for Chesapeake-Camp Corp., and now am with the Virginia Forest Service as District Forester. Best wishes to all."

HENDRIX, J. W. Box 645, Abingdon, Va.

Walt says he wants a PI-NE-TUM, but he didn't tell me what he was doing. He has been doing graduate work at Yale and I think he is with the U.S.F.S. He sends regards to everyone.

MATTHEWS, C. M. Manager, Bald Head Island, Southport, N. C.

"I am still plugging along—been to your office three times and haven't seen you yet. Will try next time I am up. Give my regards to one and all."

MATTHEWS, J. Estimator and Surveyor, N. C. Pulp Co., Plymouth, N. C.

"Still learning a little forestry the hard way. Lots of mosquitoes, jiggers and what have you, but am having the time of my life."

MAYFIELD, F. D. Scaler Ouachita N. F., Mena, Ark. (419 Valley Pines Ave., Murphy, N. C.)

"Started work with the U.S.F.S. in June, '39—went to New Hampshire on salvage and then in May, 1940, was transferred here. Have been working on timber sales on four Ranger Districts here. Ed Ryder is also here with me.

"I am still single and also under 36 so will see some of the boys in camp soon."

WHEELER, W. H. Assistant Forestry Aide, TVA, 2914 Hampton Ave., Charlotte, N. C.

"I suggest a course in propaganda. Very useful in organizing local private woods owners. Might be useful later in government work. See you in the barracks."

1938

BELTON, J. A. State Pure Food Inspector, Draper, N. C.

"I am working for the State Dept. of Agriculture. My duties are the inspection of plants that make food in my district.

"I am glad to hear of the reunion and I will be on hand. Good luck to you."

BRAGAW, H. C. Manager, Orton Plantation, Winnabow, N. C.

"As you know, I am located at Orton and doing just the type of work that God and State College fitted me for. See quite a few of the boys as they pass through here. There are eight of us within one hundred miles so we get together quite often. Best wishes to the PI-NE-TUM."

CAMPBELL, J. S. Inspector, In Care of Mrs. R. C. Campbell, Franklin, Va.

"I was married last July 30 to Miss Anne Taylor. (Congratulations and best wishes.)

"I am now in New Orleans and am still in the commercial inspection game. Sure like the work fine. Am now working on a big order of piling and lumber.

"Just got my orders for active duty in the Army so will soon be going to Camp Shelby, Miss., so don't believe I will get to the reunion. Give my regards to the boys."

CAMPBELL, W. A. Assistant State Nurseryman, S.C.F.S., Sumter, S. C.

"Landed back in nursery work in May, 1940. I like the work fine, but expect I'll get a chance to carry a gun for Uncle Sam before long.

"A bunch of the old gang are around here, G. E. Smith, Lee, Bell, Bailey, and Bridges. How about coming down to pay us a visit?"

COLWELL, W. L. Graduate Student, 2512 Benvenue Ave., Berkeley, California.

"After a year of graduate work at the U. of C., I obtained a job as Blister Rust Checker for the summer. Worked near Mt. Lassen and was then sent to Yosemite N. P. We were making maps for the CCC crews to follow.

"At Yosemite I took a two weeks' park trip on advanced surveys and worked there until October.

"Am taking a full load of courses and expect to get my M.A. degree this spring. Give my regards to the boys."

DILLINGHAM, M. M. Graduate Forester, Barnardsville, N. C.

"Since you last heard from me I have worked six months on the Pisgah N. F., also on the Blue Ridge Parkway and am now doing private work in Jackson Co., N. C.

"I don't see many N. C. State men in this neck of the woods. See Reeves, Huff and 'Maggie' Davis once in awhile.

"Here's to the success of the 1941 PINE-TUM."

EAKER, R. C. County Supervisor, F.S.A., Cherryville, N. C.

"I wish I had taken courses in law, medicine, and social problems while I was in school. My work includes everything from pleading court cases down to telling a farmer how to get rich growing cotton.

"My forestry work helps me greatly in construction, appraisal and reforestation on our Tenant Purchase units. I like my work fine and am getting a valuable lot of experience."

FOSTER, L. W. Forester, W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co., Box 1208, Wilmington, N. C.

"Here is my record since you last heard from me. From Feb. to Nov., 1939, I was Jr. Scaler, R. I. Timber Salvage. Roomed with G. E. Smith. From Nov., '39, to Jan., '40, I was doing surveying with my father. Jan. to Mar., 1940, I was on the Orton Plantation cutting poles and piling. Then in Mar., '40, I got this job. Am in charge of selective cutting for sawtimber, poles and piling in seven counties."

HUBBARD, J. B. Junior Forester, CCC, Chepachet, Rhode Island.

"I am in the middle of my third winter and still can't talk like a Yank.

"At present I am surveying and making type maps from air photos. Much better than plowing around in the snow.

"Saw Dan Gash in Mass. last fall."

Jim reports the birth of a daughter, Mary Isobel. We extend congratulations to you and Mrs. Hubbard.

HUNTER, G. W. Engineer, 525 N. East St., Raleigh, N. C.

"At present I am working on power line construction at Stedman, N. C. Like the work fine."

Geo. was in February 8 to pass the time of day.

MATHEWSON, C. Project Forester, 115 E. Duval St., Lake City, Fla.

"Am getting good experience and learning a lot about management on farmers woodland. Timber seems to be one of the most profitable crops the farmer can raise down here."

Wyman and I had dinner with the Mathewsons last spring in Lake City and we enjoyed our visit a lot.

MOOREFIELD, J. P. First Lieutenant, U. S. Army, Co. F. 5th Infantry, Camp Paraiso, Canal Zone.

Jesse wrote such a long letter I will have to condense it for publication.

"I sailed from N. Y. last March for the Canal Zone and had a wonderful trip. Until you see the Canal you can't imagine what an engineering feat it really was.

"I was in charge of recruit instruction for awhile and then was placed on transit guard. Made about fifty trips through the Canal on ships of foreign countries. My duties were to prevent sabotage to the Canal. Really enjoyed the work and learned a lot by talking to the captains of the various ships.

"Can't send you any pictures as the President won't allow any taken around the Canal.

"Give my regards to all the gang."

RYDER, E. W. Field Assistant, U.S.F.S., 620 2nd St., Hot Springs National Park, Ark.

"Still with the F.S. on the Ouachita N.F. I am now working on timber sales, marking and scaling.

"Have been working with F. D. Mayfield on timber sales under management Asst. Art Grumbine."

Ed stopped in January 20 to pay his respects and we enjoyed his visit very much.

SMITH, G. E. Forest Ranger, S.C.F.S., 310 County Court House, Columbia, S. C.

"Says the Big Rose to the Little Rose, 'H'ya Bud.'" (Imagine!) "N. C. State has five forestry graduates with the S.C.F.S. now, and one two-year man. To your surprise we have an up and coming organization. (Why my surprise?) At present I am on fire education and suppression work and hope to get big results.

"Lost a bit of steak in an operation last July but am almost good as new at present.

"Am looking forward to my PI-NE-TUM."

WARLICK, P. W. Field Assistant, A.F.E.S., Biltmore Forest, Asheville, N. C.

"I am working on forest fire research here at the station."

Paul has been here several times since last year. He seems to be thriving on his line of work.

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

"All of you who have never seen the developments on the Hill Forest should come and really see something. A big change, all for the better.

"Saw Bill Utley and his blushing bride when he was in Raleigh.

"Heard that Jim Huff was going to trade his bird dog and gun for a wife so he could keep out of the Army—is that right, Huff?"

WOODEN, W. W. Second Lieutenant, 39th Infantry, Co. D, Fort Bragg, N. C. (213 Woodburn Rd., Raleigh, N. C.)

"I quit the CCC in August, 1940, and went on active Army duty. Went to the Infantry School at Ft. Benning, Ga., for a course of training and am now at Ft. Bragg.

"Regards to all the Profs. Sure was sorry to hear of Jim Griffin's death in an air crash in Louisiana."

1939

BAILEY, W. Mc. Timber Marker, So. Kraft Corp., Georgetown, S. C.

"I'm still marking timber for S. K. C. Have a good time, rough time, bad time, wet time, dry time, etc., from time to time. That's a heck of a lot of time, ain't it?"

"As I was walking through a funeral hall the other day I heard one casket say to another casket, 'Is that you coffin?'" (This Bailey is a screw-ball, methinks.)

Bill is getting married in June. We all join in extending our sympathy to the bride-to-be.

BEASLEY, W. L. Field Secretary, N. C. Forestry Association, Louisburg, N. C.

"I am enclosing a card for membership. Fill it out and send it back to me with your dollar. (Boy, this does my heart good, says Beasley.)

"I am plenty busy trying to put the forestry idea over to all sorts of people in the state. Have several talking pictures now and so may double our attendance at our meetings. Not ready for bank nite as yet, however. Give my regards to all."

DALE, C. K. Park Warden, Blue Ridge Parkway, Floyd, Va.

"Got an appointment as Park Warden last July on the Rock Knob area. This district has about 4,500 acres, miles of trout stream, three bears, and lots of small game.

"I have a truck, two saddle horses, and my feet to get around with. Where one can't go, the other will.

"I was married March 21, 1940, to Miss Elizabeth Clark of Littleton, N. C."

Congratulations to you both. May you live long and prosper!

FRYE, J., JR. Assistant District Forester, Box 7, Bramwell, W. Va.

"Work is going along fine at present. Expect to be in Raleigh for the finals to see the gang. Forestry work is opening up around here at present and hope it continues."

Frye says he was married to Miss Dorothy Wilson of Athens, Tenn. He didn't give me the date. We all extend greetings and best wishes for the new venture.

HARTLEY, H. J. Dispatcher and Fire Guard, U.S.F.S., 308 Bath St., Clifton Forge, Va.

Harvey wrote me a nice long letter and told me all about his doings for the past year. Here are a few highlights.

"Fall fire season is on so you know the rest.

"I am planning on going to M.I.T. or N.Y.U. to take an Army course in meteorology in the near future.

"My job for this fall is as a Dispatcher in the Ranger's Office and at the same time act as Assistant Ranger. I am staying at an abandoned CCC camp near Covington. Outside of a few woo-pitchers I am not bothered much at night. Regards to all the fellows."

HUGHES, D. P. Colerain, N. C.

"Since July I have been with the Newport News Shipbuilding Co. Still am very interested in securing a forestry job.

"Would like to have the address of the class of '39. Maybe I can find some of them around. (Look in the directory.) Give my regards to the boys."

JOHNSON, R. S. Second Lieutenant, Inf. Res. U. S. Army. Ft. Warren, Cheyenne, Wyo. (Box 28-A, Route 4, Raleigh, N. C.)

"I went into the Army last September. First to Ft. Moultrie, S. C., then through the Panama Canal to Ft. Warren, Wyoming, and next to Ft. Benning, Ga., to the infantry school."

Ralph was here in January and was on his way back to Wyoming. He likes army life a lot and is getting along fine.

JOLLAY, TED Forester, W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co., Council, N. C.

"After a few excursions on the Hofmann Forest, I asked for deliverance from the land of gallberry bushes and greenbriars, but here I am right in the middle of them.

"Lang Foster is only ten miles away across the Cape Fear River. See Bragaw, Fox and J. S. Barker once in awhile. Regards to all."

MARTIN, H. C. Assistant Technician on Timber Survey, 608 Va. Ave., Roanoke, Va.

"In July 1939, I took a temporary job with the U.S.F.S. on the Jefferson N.F. That same fall the job ended and I went to work guarding prisoners for the state.

"In April 1940, I got this job timber cruising and we have about forty thousand acres to cruise.

"Tell the boys that if they ever want to get anywhere in forestry to get that surveying and get it good. I am still trying to learn the part I ignored in Bramer's class."

PAGE, C. L. Assistant District Forester, S.C.F.S., Aiken, S. C.

Page is now at Aiken, S. C., but when he first wrote to me he was working on Marshall Field's Plantation. Had a salvage job on storm damaged timberland.

Page tells me he was married in 1940 to Miss Elizabeth Moseley. Congratulations and best wishes are in order.

SLOCUM, R. W. U.S.F.S., Blackland Experiment Station, Wenona, N. C.

Bob is working on a Southeastern Forest Grazing proposition for the Forest Service at present. He is watching the cows to see what they eat, what they do with it after they eat it, and then how much. Cowboy Slocum he is known as now.

SMITH, E. W., III "Woods Boss," Va. Forest Service, 1224 Magnolia Ave., Norfolk, Va.

"Have been in charge of this timber survey for over a year now, and it is really good experience. Have six months more of this and then go to growth studies. Eventually will work up a management plan.

"Moose' Martin is working here with me, doing check estimating and mapping."

Smitty was in to see me on Homecoming Day, so we had a good visit.

WALKER, E. M. Forester, Box C, Andrews, S. C.

"I am still doing the same things as I was last year at this time. There are a lot of State boys down around here and I see them quite often.

"We are really doing some swell work around these parts. People may cuss the pulp mills but they are doing more for forestry in this section than any other agency."

WESTERFIELD, R. L. Park Supt., Country Club Apts. F-4, Greensboro, N. C. (2218 Creston Rd., Raleigh, N. C.)

Roy was in to see us February 1 and here is what he told me. "I took over a honey of a job that D. Parker left to go into the Army. It's a combination of Forestry and park work embracing the buying and selling of construction materials, maintenance, zoo management, game and recreation.

"Was married recently to Miss Josephine V. Rand of Raleigh, N. C."

We all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Westerfield great happiness for the future.

YEAGER, P. B. Second Lieutenant, Asst. District Quartermaster, CCC, 7 North Second St., Richmond, Va.

"I am still on the Army side of the CCC and I like it very much. May be called to active duty before long.

"Hartley stops here quite often. Is doing private work at present.

"Give my regards to all. I hope to be down there before long."

"Pete" just wrote again and told me that he had just been placed in charge of food supplies for all the CCC camps in Virginia.

1940

ATKINS, J. D. Second Lieutenant, U. S. M. C., Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

"We have been up in the foothills of Pennsylvania, right in the middle of the woods. The only difference from the Hofmann Forest is that we run compass lines at night. Some fun! We also have forest fires to fight after machine gun practice, etc. More like forestry every day.

"Haven't heard from Lyon since he shipped out to Shanghai. I will be assigned to permanent duty in March so there is no telling where I will be after that. Give my regards to the boys and best of luck to the PI-NE-TUM staff."



BRAKE, R. W. Graduate Student, Harvard Forest, Petersham, Mass.

"New England is wonderful country, but I will be back to the South soon if 'Uncle' doesn't get me. Seems as though he has quite a number of our boys already. Will see you at the reunion."

No letter of yours here, Brake—I looked.

CAIN, R. L. Graduate Student, N. Y. State College of Forestry, Syracuse, N. Y. (R. No. 7, Fayetteville, N. C.)

"I am up here studying Ecology and more Forestry, trying to get educated. The set-up is O.K. with one exception, the climate. Expect to be here for two years unless the Army needs a man with red hair."

Bob was in to see us in January. Had a good visit and got a low-down or two.

CHACONAS, GEO. Junior Agriculture Aide, U. S. F. S., Lake City, Fla. (6906 8th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.)

"After spending three months in the big timber country of Idaho on blister rust control, I came back East via the Southwest. Great country!

"Am now going to Lake City, Fla., to try a new job with the F.A."

Geo. was in to see us February 8.

DAVIS, R. E. Graduate Student, Duke University, Durham, N. C. (610 Courtland St., Greensboro, N. C.)

"An excellent school and a wonderful group of faculty and students. Good luck to the PI-NE-TUM and my best regards to all."

DUNN, W. B. Graduate Student, Duke University, Durham, N. C.

Bruce is taking graduate work in utilization and is getting along fine at "Dook." He stops in to see us every once in a while.

GIBBONS, W. E. 286 Elm Ave., Bogota, N. J.

"Have been a 'Forester' at the N. Y. Zoological Park. I cut down two trees once, but have been using a pick and shovel on the landscape mostly. Still hope to get a job with a lumber company."

Bill got his job in January with the Cooper Lumber Co. in South Carolina, but after two weeks the Army got him. He is now Lieut. Gibbons, where I don't know.

HARLEY, B. R. Second Lieutenant Co. L, 28th Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C.

"I landed a job with the Georgia Roadside Beautification Dept. and the Army on the same day. Needless to say I am now in the Army but like it fine and would like to remain in the service if they will have me."

KUHNS, C. D. Woods Supervisor, Hemingway, S. C.

In Care of Mrs. S. D. Snowden.

"I am now marking trees for poles, pulpwood and silvicultural purposes. I also supervise the cutting.

"My work is very interesting and I can put some of my own ideas into practice. Am also catching up on a little studying at night.

"See 'Red' Walker and Bishop every once in awhile. Regards to one and all."

LEE, R. K. Forest Technician, S.C.F.S., Lugoff, S. C.

"Have been doing everything from marking timber to building exhibits at the State Fair. Some of the questions I was asked at the Fair can even beat 'Wimps' quizzes.

"Have learned that a forester is a carpenter, painter, electrician, and so on. Give my regards to everybody."

Lee has since gone on active service with the Army. Don't know where he is.

MATSON, M. A. Carpenter, 734 Old Ocean View Rd., Norfolk, Va.

Pat has been in to see us several times since he graduated. He is growing flowers and doing carpentry work with his father. He is making out fine.

NIGRO, J. F. Graduate Student, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington. (659 E. 88th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

"I am out here doing graduate work in logging and lumbering. Expect to stay the full year unless they toss me out for making poor grades. (Oh, Johnny!) When I finish here I hope to come back east to work."

PERRY, L. L. 428 Hawkins Ave., Sanford, N. C.

"I have been with the Highway Commission since July. Am now with the Construction Dept. on highway construction."

Saw Perry the first of January and he was on his way to Florida to be a Field Assistant with the U.S.F.S. Hope he made it all right.

ROBERTSON, R. J. 54 Flower Ave., Takoma Park, Maryland.

"At the present time, I am working for the Aerial Photography Lab. of the AAA. I expect to come back to school and finish my work next year.

"This spring I am going to grow some loblolly and short-leaf pine and practice a little forestry."

ROBERTS, E. Farm Supervisor, F.S.A., Bakersville, N. C.

"I really had a big time in Montana last summer. Had a variety of experience also. Spent four weeks in a blister rust camp. Then was 'weather man' at a ranger station, and then spent a week on a tower. The last two weeks were spent on repairing trails and telephone lines.

"They really have fires in that country. Had 200 lightning fires in five square miles during one storm.

"Will see you at the reunion."

## Alumni Directory

### CLASS OF 1930

W. B. Barnes	5623 Guilford Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
C. A. Bittinger	Fayetteville, Pa.
G. K. Brown	1812 N. El Pass, Colorado Springs, Colo.
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"A multiple forest is one that keeps on multiplying."

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"Wolf tree—one where wolves urinate on as dogs do telephone poles. It is frequently visited by other animals to find out who has been in that section of the country."

"An increment borer is a small insect which attacks hardwoods. It bores in the tree and lays its eggs and then dies. The eggs hatch out and the young increments live on food produced by the tree until they pupate."

"Increment borer—a borer which after entering the wood encloses himself within to protect itself with constant and favorable temperature and moisture. Example—Termite."

"Fire burns all the humorous off the ground."

"Wood cut in winter does not seasoning too rapidly."

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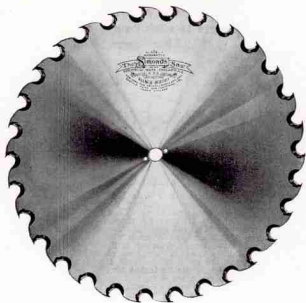
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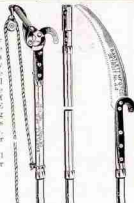
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