

JOURNAL OF FORESTRY
OF THE
NORTH CAROLINA STATE COLLEGE
. . 1942 . .

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PI-NE-TUM

1942

JOURNAL
OF
FORESTRY

N. C.
STATE
COLLEGE



RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



LONG LEAF PINE
Eastern North Carolina

Courtesy
DR. L. A. WHITFORD

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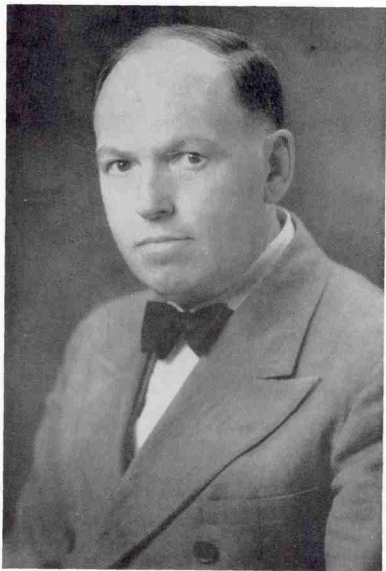
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Dedication

TO PROFESSOR LENTHALL WYMAN, a great and unselfish contributor to the field of Forestry, a sincere and equitable teacher, and a helping hand and balance wheel in our activities, the Staff sincerely dedicates this 1942 PI-NE-TUM.

We wish this dedication to be but a small note of our feelings toward Professor Wyman.



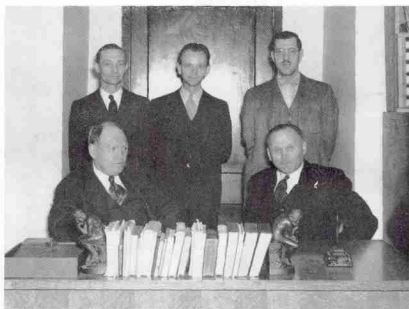
PROFESSOR LENTHALL WYMAN

Foreword

May this 1942 PI-NE-TUM help us recall mainly the many lighter incidents that have made our four years at State College such a pleasant stay.

Let it be known, however, that there are four years of work and study behind the joys depicted here. May we all meet again in our Profession and utilize this learning.

The Forestry Faculty



Seated: Wyman, Hofmann. *Standing:* Chalfant, Miller, Slocum.

Dr. J. V. Hofmann, Professor of Forestry and Head of the Department; Dr. W. D. Miller, Associate Professor of Forestry; Professor Lenthall Wyman, Professor of Forestry; Professor G. K. Slocum, Associate Professor of Forestry; Professor J. W. Chalfant, Assistant Professor of Forestry.

Our Forestry Faculty represented in departments other than the immediate Forestry Department are:

Dr. B. W. Wells, Professor of Botany; Dr. I. V. Shunk, Associate Professor of Botany; Dr. M. F. Buell, Assistant Professor of Botany; Dr. D. B. Anderson, Professor of Botany; Dr. L. A. Whitford, Assistant Professor of Botany; Dr. Luther Shaw, Professor of Plant Pathology; Dr. J. F. Lutz, Associate Professor of Soils; Dr. T. B. Mitchell, Professor of Zoölogy; Professor C. M. Heck, Professor of Physics; Professor C. M. Lambe, Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering; Professor James Fontaine, Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering; G. E. Jackson, Supervisor of School Forests.

Miss Mabel Conley

Miss Conley is the office force of the Forestry Department and an indispensable aid to every forestry student.

We appreciate Miss Conley's friendly greetings, her efficiency, and her ever-present helpfulness.



Seniors





Bland

Cook

Crombie



WILLIAM ARCHIBALD BLAND

"Archie"

Boydton, Virginia

Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity;
Interfraternity Council 3; Xi
Sigma Pi 3, 4; Forestry Club
1, 2, 3, 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3,
Captain 4.

BILL L. COOK

"Bill"

San Diego, California

Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity;
Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; PI-NE-
TUM.

Douglass

Gawkowski

WILLIAM A. CROMBIE

"Bill"

Delair, New Jersey

Xi Sigma Pi 3, Associate For-
ester 4; Mu Beta Psi 2, 3, 4;
Forestry Club 1, Sergeant-at-
Arms 2, Secretary 3, Vice Pres-
ident 4; PI-NE-TUM 2, 3, Editor
4; Publications Board 4; Red-
coat and Concert Bands 1, 2, 3;
R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, First Lieu-
tenant 4.

ROSS SWARENS DOUGLASS

"Doug"

Hendersonville, N. C.

Xi Sigma Pi 3, 4; R.O.T.C.
1, 2, 3, First Lieutenant 4.

PAUL GAWKOWSKI

"Paul"

New York, New York

Alpha Kappa Pi Fraternity
Forestry Club; PI-NE-TUM 2
Glee Club.

JAMES E. HORBS

"Jimmy"

Edenton, N. C.

Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity; Blue Key; Alpha Zeta 3, 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Technician* 1, 2, 3; Business Manager 4; Publications Board 4; Student Council 4; Student Welfare Committee; Student Legislature; listed in *Collegiate Who's Who*; R.O.T.C. 1, 2.

JULIAN GEORGE HOFMANN

"Bunny"

Raleigh, N. C.

Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity; Interfraternity Council 3, 4; Forestry Club 1, 2, Program Chairman 3 and 4; *Pi-NE-tar* 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 2; Freshman Basketball Manager 3, Varsity Manager 4; Ag Fair 1, 2, 3, Secretary-Treasurer 4; Newman Club 3, 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, Lieutenant 4.

GEORGE M. HOWE

"George"

Elizabeth, New Jersey

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

Hobbs

Hofmann

ALBERT EDWIN JOHNSON

"Abe"

Cementon, New York

Xi Sigma Pi 3, Ranger 4; Phi Eta Sigma; Phi Kappa Phi, Vice President; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, Secretary 4; *Pi-NE-tum* 3, 4; *Technician* 3; R.O.T.C. 1, 2.

HYMAN SEYMOUR KATZ

"Hy"

Middletown, New York

Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2.



Howe

Johnson

Katz





Leysath

Muller

Pruitt



Santopolo

Thurner

Williams

ELWIN F. LEYSATH
"Yank"

Springfield, Vermont

Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity;
Xi Sigma Pi 4; Forestry Club
1, 2, 3, 4; PI-NE-TUM; *Technician*
4; Glee Club 1; R.O.T.C.
1, 2.

FRANK ANTHONY SANTOPOLO
"Polo"

Mount Vernon, New York

Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity;
Sigma Pi Alpha 4; Forestry
Club 1, Sergeant-at-Arms 2,
Secretary, Vice President 3,
President 4; PI-NE-TUM 1, 2, 3,
Associate Editor 4; *Slabs and
Edgings* 1, 2, 3; Newman Club
2, 3, President 4; Student
Legislature 2; Wrestling Team.

HARRY S. MULLER, JR.
"Harry"

Aberdeen, Maryland

Xi Sigma Pi 3, Secretary-Fiscal
Agent 4; Forestry Club 1, 2,
3, 4; PI-NE-TUM 3, Business
Manager 4; Publications Board
4; Ag Fair 3, Chairman
Forestry Exhibit 4; R.O.T.C.
1, 2, 3, First Lieutenant 4.

JOHN T. THURNER
"Shoot"

Memphis, Tennessee

Xi Sigma Pi 3, 4; Sigma Pi
Alpha 4; Forestry Club 2,
Dance Chairman 3 and 4; PI-
NE-TUM 3, 4; *Slabs and Edgings*
3, Editor 4; *Technician* 3, As-
sociate Editor 4; Newman Club
3, Sergeant-at-Arms 4; Foot-
ball 2; Transfer from Guilford
College.

AUSTIN AGNEW PRUITT
"Pruitt"

Carteret, New Jersey

Xi Sigma Pi 3, Forester
Alpha Zeta 2, 3, 4; Phi Kapp
Phi; Pine Burr Society; Int
honorary Fraternity Counc
Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, Roll
Chairman 4; PI-NE-TUM 2, 3,
Ag Fair 2, 3, Assistant Cha
rman 4; Tennis Team 1, 2, 3,
R.O.T.C. 1, 2.

FRANK DRAUGHN WILLIAM
"Frank"

Rocky Mount, N. C.

Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternit
Xi Sigma Pi 4; Alpha Zeta
4; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

We're In the Army Now

These men have been part of our class for the greater part of our four years at State College. They have been called to the armed forces, however, so that they are not able to finish with us.

It is our sincere hope that, when their present jobs are done, these men will return to finish school and enter their profession of Forestry.

MATTHEW R. KILLERI
"Killer"
29 Wilford Street
Pittston, Pennsylvania

PAUL F. REICHERT
"Reich"
35 Lexington Ave.
East Lansdowne, Pa.

MURRAY H. LEBOWITZ
"Murph"
2160 84th Street
Brooklyn, New York

S. GLENN SPRUIELL
"Glenn"
Leeds, Alabama

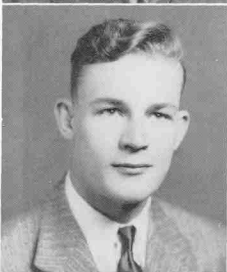
Killeri



Lebowitz

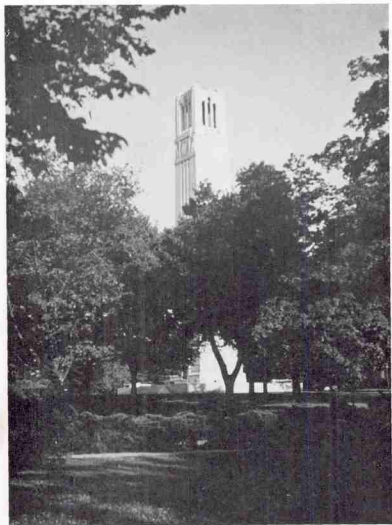


Reichert



Spruiell





NORTH CAROLINA STATE COLLEGE MEMORIAL TOWER

Organizations



Features

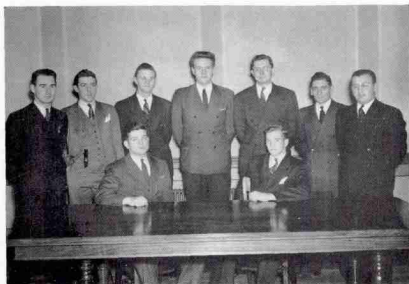
AND OTHER EXTRA-
CURRICULAR

Activities



PI-NE-TUM

Journal of Forestry at North Carolina State College



Standing: Pruitt, Sullivan, Leysath, Thurner, Johnson, Mulhall, Santopolo.
Seated: Crombie, Muller.

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F. A. SANTOPOLO

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XI SIGMA PI

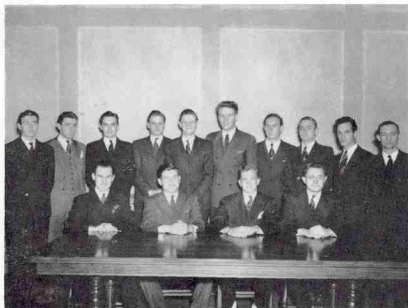
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W. A. CROMBIE.....	<i>Associate Forester</i>
H. S. MULLER.....	<i>Secretary-Fiscal Agent</i>
A. E. JOHNSON.....	<i>Ranger</i>

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PROF. G. K. SLOCUM	E. F. LEYSATH	J. T. THURNER
PROF. J. W. CHALFANT	J. D. MARTIN	J. P. VALENTINO
W. A. BLAND		F. D. WILLIAMS

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

The purpose of Xi Sigma Pi is to encourage and recognize ability
Continued on page forty-nine



Standing: Ogden, Sullivan, Campbell, Williams, Leysath, Thurner, Martin, Douglass, Bland, Chalfant.
Seated: Pruitt, Crombie, Muller, Johnson.

FORESTRY CLUB

AUSTIN A. PRUITT, '42



Fall Term

F. A. SANTOPOLO.....	<i>President</i>	M. R. KILLER
W. A. CROMBIE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	J. N. ETHERIDGE
A. E. JOHNSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>	C. E. SCHREYER
J. T. MAYNARD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	J. T. MAYNARD
J. H. MULHALL.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	H. KACYSKI
J. T. THURNER.....	<i>Dance Chairman</i>	J. T. THURNER
J. G. HOFMANN.....	<i>Program Chairman</i>	H. L. EPSTEIN
H. L. EPSTEIN.....	<i>Public Relations Director</i>	R. D. MAHONE

Winter Term

F. A. SANTOPOLO.....	<i>President</i>	M. R. KILLER
W. A. CROMBIE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	J. N. ETHERIDGE
A. E. JOHNSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>	C. E. SCHREYER
J. T. MAYNARD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	J. T. MAYNARD
J. H. MULHALL.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	H. KACYSKI
J. T. THURNER.....	<i>Dance Chairman</i>	J. T. THURNER
J. G. HOFMANN.....	<i>Program Chairman</i>	H. L. EPSTEIN
H. L. EPSTEIN.....	<i>Public Relations Director</i>	R. D. MAHONE

"The first meeting of the new 1941-42 school year was called to order by President Santopolo. The minutes were read and approved." (Quoted from "Abe" Johnson, Secretary.)

That first paragraph was pretty dry, wasn't it? Well, imagine how much drier I'm going to be after reading exactly eight and one-half pages of such stuff; and what pitiful shape I'm going to be in after trying to make it nice and juicy for you interested (Umm, some conceit) readers.

The start of a bright new school year brought to the forestry school a bright new professor. He was introduced at the first club meeting as Professor Chalfant; but being immediately liked by every-

body and because he doesn't look much like a professor, he became known in student circles as just "Pete." Bill Crombie started a new tradition of "keeping the boys happy over there" and at the same time a tradition of "keeping the reigning secretary unhappy over here" by suggesting that the secretary write letters to the forestry boys in the service. Knowing "Abe" Johnson's ability with the quill and ink, and having ample evidence of it right here before my eyes, I can only say "pore soldiers."

Came the meeting of September 30, and bad news. Dr. Hofmann announced that because of the National Emergency, the building of our log cabin would have to be postponed. It was a real disappointment because *everybody had worked so-o-o hard to get that cabin*. Oh yeah. Various and sundry things and particulars were announced about the approaching Rolleo by Pruitt (that's me—I'm always trying to get in the limelight). And I believe that it was during this one hour of the aforesaid September 30, that everybody—yea everybody, singly and by his own initiative got up on his trembling hind legs and proudly proclaimed to an awed audience his monicker, his stamping grounds, and his degree of education.

And it came to pass that another week faded into the background. But during those seven days great things had happened. After three years of second places, the present senior class attained their golden dream and took first place at the Annual Forestry Rolleo. The club initiates had also attained a dream, but it wasn't golden: rather, it was a nightmare. Am I right, freshmen? It was also during this period that that white elephant, the *Slabs and Edgings*, stroked by the silky hand of "Shoot" Thurner, reared its ugly head. As per usual, there was much talk and waving of hands over this subject, then the white elephant must have turned and plodded back into the jungle recesses of "Shoot's" brain, because no more was ever heard of it. Maybe we had better send Frank Buck after it before Thurner takes it off with him to the Naval Reserve, or to the Marines, or to a rubber plantation, or to a draft-exempt defense job.

For a while everything went smoothly and effortlessly; but one meeting night, to the astonishment of about thirty-five perfectly happy and lazy forestry students, one "Tarzan" Zuckerman from Greenwich Village got up from where he had been resting on his powerful athletic haunches and suggested that we become as carefree youngsters again. In other words, form basketball teams and compete against each other by running up and down a hard maple floor tossing an inflated pigskin at a hole in a hoop. It might be good practice, *in a sense*, but even that *sense* didn't seem to stimulate the boys to carry out this radical movement. Right after this sweat-permeated suggestion, Jimmy Hobbs regaled us with tales of his and Frank Williams' summer trip to the Far West.

Up until this time "Pete," our new prof., had kept pretty quiet—

Continued on page forty-seven



FORESTRY CLUB INITIATE; YOU NAME IT; . . . AND THIS THING TOO; "PASQUALE" REICHERT; LOVE BIRDS; "TRIKO-TRIKO"; SLOCUM'S SHIRLEY; CHARTER; SLOCUM AND NEWEST FAMILY ADDITION.



Four Years Before the Tower

F. A. SANTOPOLO, '42

Dear Editor:

In these nights of hibernation, inebriation, and *contra bonos mores*, my sluggish thoughts have sometimes slowed down just a wee bit more in order to engulf the good times I've had in my college days. 'Tis funny though, a great many of these escapades were with my forestry classmates; and because they might want to have them condensed in a chronological order, I decided to write my thoughts down and send them to you for the PI-NK-RUM.

Remember, our class was born September, 1938. The place was in the Frank Thompson Gym, under the rafters, in the hands of Dr. Miller with hundreds of people looking on—reminds me of those taxi births you read about in the N. Y. *Daily News*. When you think about the things that have happened since that day to this, you lose your breath and grab for another aspirin. Just think: four years of lectures, quizzes, dances, girls and gongovers. No wonder our parents let fall, "My, how you've changed!" whenever we go home. Some of us are sorry for things we did do, and the others are sorry they didn't do them; but let's get back to our memories.

Back in our Rat days the class numbered roughly sixty-seven, but now it would be giving a military secret away if I mentioned the present number; for the Army has the rest. It was at the Rolleo that we first got organized and began doing things. We almost beat the Seniors, but I still think the records were tampered with in spite of the supervision—in that '39 crowd there were some smooth customers. They sure gave us H—in the initiation, which explains why the classes following us have had such a "nice" time.

Then came the freshman trip. How well do you remember that? Do you recall Leysath, and his hickish New Englander appearance as he scrambled through the swamps as agile as a cat until he flopped into the mucky waters? We wouldn't let him in the bus with his droopy, dripping drawers on. What else could he do but take them off? But it certainly was temptation to see those pants hanging, and the urge was too strong for someone else; so Yank walked into his room with a blanket wrapped around the lower portion of his physical makeup.

And who can forget Gordon, the Esquire Forester, who was dressed in such exquisite attire that he feared walking in the woods 'lest a spot of mud on his *shined* boots mar his appearance? We can't discharge

from memory Charter and Hurm hunting for "quail," or Barbour and Santopolo trying to stink each other out. I firmly believe that the New Bern and Pollocksville girls still have their hearts go pitter-patter when they think of Lumpkin, Holtzer, and Cagle with their fiery, amorous technique. It was on this trip that Pruitt came out of the wallflower stage to become the Jitterbug. We got through the remainder of the year without much trouble and went to our respective homes to wait for our second year to start.

Sophomores we became when September appeared, and cocky we were too—just ripe for the awful letdown that comes when a cocky Soph hits Dendrology, Plant Phys., Chemistry, and Surveying with their identification quizzes, keys, D.P.D.'s, turgor pressure, oxidation and reduction, vertical angles, horizontal angles, Public Land Survey, and stadia notes. Then to top it off, we hit Wood Tech, in which we were instructed to identify the specimens by smelling and tasting them, when all the time they had come from somebody's b—; well, you know Slocum can pull some mean ones. But I really laugh at the Bull Cane story, for the victim's expression must be the nuts to behold.

We finally got to Summer Camp which was to hold so many surprises in store for us. Twenty of us started, and by the benevolent graces of God twenty of us finished; but we wouldn't have bet on it several times. There was the return trip from Boone, without brakes, and hairpin turns all the way. Douglass should be thanked for having the foresight to be born in the mountains. Then the silently felled tree which almost killed us all, "profs" included. When it fell towards the trail we were walking on—well, it makes me shake merely to think about it.

At Hill Forest, nothing was lacking. Bernard, with the double and single entendre poems, was such an excellent cook that even Professor Fontaine praised him. And Slocum won't ever forget or forgive us for getting that fake ticket in Durham, which gave him the gripes supreme—it's been two years and he still has a trace of them. That case of *Ruppert* we smuggled in didn't help, either.

The Coast with its heat, mugginess, mosquitoes, yellow flies, stem analysis, malaria, and quinine; not to mention Levine feeding chum to the fishes, Williams' Burt, Dot Drew and her superb Italian dinners, beer, the trips to the beaches, the lovable Jacksonville girls, Lebowitz's daredevil trick of jumping from bus to moving car, and the afternoon dips. These few reminders aren't all, but will help to recall other incidents which have slipped my mind.

With only three weeks at home we started our Junior year. Gone was some of the sophomore swaggerness, but not the mischievousness which was to crop up during the Ecology trip. How could a trip be dull with the very energetic Dr. Wells in charge? We had heard about the good botanist "jitterbugging," but seeing was believing. To black-out our doubts he pulled up in a car filled with five female lovelies,

Continued on page forty-eight

ROLLEO

BILL L. COOK, '42



October 4, 1941, the day that the Seniors had awaited for three years, the day that the Juniors and Sophomores had been pointing to, the day about which the Freshmen were wondering (wondering what was going to happen to them, mostly)—yes, October 4, the day of the Rolleo finally rolled around.

As per usual, the upperclassmen were excused from all of their Saturday classes and the Freshmen were excused at eleven. That's O.K. Freshmen, you'll grow up some day.

Other than the students and forestry profs attending, we were honored indeed by several guests. Among these guests were Mr. C. A. Upchurch, Jr. ("Abie," to all of you fellows) of the College News Bureau; Professor Brown, our surveying prof in summer camp; Bob Cain who is one of our '40 alumni, and a present classmate, both representing the Duke School of Forestry; Richard and Jim Huff, alumni of '41 and '38 respectively; and Professor Slocum's Dad and uncle. You all remember Abie, don't you fellows? He's the man with the camera, had us pose as he snapped dainty little pictures of our tobacco-spitting, knife-throwing, tree-felling, and so on. We certainly do appreciate the interest Mr. Upchurch showed in our Rolleo and the publicity we shall get from his pictures.

After we all had partaken of our noonday nourishment, brought along in bags, the Rolleo got under way with each contestant displaying as much vim and vigor as Paul Bunyon. Horeshoe-pitching, axe-throwing, knife-throwing, rifle-shooting, chinning, and height-and-diameter estimation were the first events tackled. All of these events were held about the vicinity of the cabin. At slinging the shoes, Sophomores Davidson and Dayvault were invincible, while the Juniors slid in second. Bunny Hofmann and Yank Leysath, the Senior old-reliables at axe-throwing and knife-throwing respectively, scalped all oncomers in true Indian fashion as the Juniors copped a second with the axe and the Freshmen and Sophomores tied for second with the knife. Mahone plugged the bull's-eye enough to bag a first for the Sophomores in the rifle-shooting department, but the Juniors placed a neat second. (All Seniors are still wondering who jacked the sights on the rifle they used.) Bunny Hofmann, in true form again, won a first for the Seniors in the height-and-diameter-estimation contest; while, surprisingly enough, the Freshmen took second. Still more

Student Bunyans Tangle at



By C. A. UPCHURCH, JR.

Perhaps in memory of their legendary patron, the mighty Paul Bunyan, woodsmen everywhere delight in pitting their brawn and cunning against each other in hardy, man-sized contests typical of their work.

Every true son of the forest knows about Paul Bunyan, hero of the Northwest, who could shear off 40 acres of two-foot white pine with a single blow of his great axe, and about his blue ox Babe, which could leap over the Rocky Mountains with a standing broad-jump.

Now, such feats haven't been duplicated in modern times; but at rollees staged by lumberjacks the spectators can see some pretty impressive examples of manpower and woodcraft. In the big timber centers of the Northwest and East, the rollee is a regular thing.

With Variations.

Such an event, with some variations, is staged annually by forestry students of N. C. State College. For one thing, the students don't compete in burling, which is fast foot-work atop a wildly twisting log in water. And maybe the trees they operate on aren't as large as the giants of the north woods. But they have just as good a time as anybody at any rollee.

These guys aren't as tough as they look. They were competing in the marksmanship events at the State College forestry students' rollee and when the photographer lined them up, he dared them to smile. Front, from left: Ed Sullivan of Douglaston, N. Y., Robert A. Holcombe of Teaneck, N. J., and James N. Etheridge of Williamsburg, Pa. Standing: Julian Hofmann of Raleigh; W. L. Wharton, Jr., of Winston-Salem, H. L. Epstein of Far Rockaway, N. Y., E. F. Lepsath of Springfield, VI., and Harry Muller of Aberdeen, Md.



Hatchet-throwing, along with knife-losing, is another form of competition at the forestry student rollee in Hill Forest. As you can see, everybody gives plenty of right-of-way to the contestant. All sports are closely supervised by members of the forestry faculty, including its head, Dr. J. V. Hofman.

State College's forestry students' forestry division's 1,500-acre demonstration forest 18 miles north of Durham on the Roxboro road. From freshmen into the Forestry

a full afternoon of contesting. seniors emerged with the largest total of points, with the sophomore second and the juniors third. Freshmen didn't stand much chance against the more experienced, less competitors.

There were contests in log-saw, tree-felling, fire-building, knot-throwing, hatchet-throwing, cutting a limb, various athletic activities, and other woods sports. There was even a spitting contest, for taste and accuracy, between standing tobacco chewers in the classes, and marksmen of other events tried their skill in rifle and pistol shooting.

Accompanying photographs give a fair idea of how the forestry students washbuckled through the rollee, enjoying every minute of their stay in the woods. At Hill Forest, named for George V. Hill of Durham, they have a clubhouse and living quarters, hot and cold showers and a living room with a huge stone place.

Plenty of Stories.

When the competitions are over and darkness settles quietly in the forest, the students gather around the fireplace for a session of tall tales mixed with the roasting of wieners and marshmallows. Everybody has a better time than professors who, like the boys, have a keen zest for this camera of the work. After the feasting



WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1941.

M

PRICE: DAILY FIVE CENTS

Rolleo

Initiation furnishes enough tales to last until the next rolleo. Austin Pruitt of Carteret, N. J., is chairman of this year's rolleo. His committee, representing the various classes, were Frank Williams of Rocky Mount, senior; James Etheridge of Williamsburg, Va., junior; H. Kaczynski of Trenton, N. J., sophomore; and Bert Cohen of New York City, freshman. Buses belong to the division of forestry, which is headed by Dr. J. V. Hofmann.



is climbing the bar dog-hitch style, with Jack Williams Windsor showing how it's done at a State College rolleo. The limb is about 12 feet from the ground, and first you've got to climb the tree. Those hooks might be heavy, but every student must wear 'em.

started the several scores of trees to Hill Forest. During the Summer, sophomore students spend eight weeks in the forest. It was named for Watts Hill in appreciation of his generosity in donating part of the land to the division of forestry and helping to finance addi-



tional acreage. His first donation was 378 acres a decade ago from his Quail Roost Farm, where he has developed his famous Goerney herd.

A going business, Hill Forest is a self-liquidating project. Pulpwood is the principal product, sold to a pulp and paper company. Some of the stands of scrub pine run as high as 40 cords to the acre. In addition to getting practical experience in the forest, every forestry student has the opportunity, through his field work, to contribute to the forest's development during his four years in college.

Hill Forest, like the other forests owned by the division of forestry, was procured for the college without a cent of cost to the taxpayers. And its upkeep doesn't cost anybody a cent. Timber sales finance the project and the college boys help to keep it going.

The largest tract owned by the division of forestry is Hofmann Forest, the 85,000-acre demonstration forest in Jones and Onslow counties. This forest also was procured for use of forestry students as a self-liquidating project. The forestry division also has the 1,550-acre MacLean Forest in Hyde County, acquired through the late State Senator A. D. MacLean; and the 76-acre Pool Woods near Raleigh.

The North Carolina Forestry Foundation, a non-profit corporation, is holding company for the forests, which are reserved for the sole use of State College's forestry students. Mr. Hill is president of the Foundation and Dr. Hofmann is secretary-treasurer. Members of the board of



Tree-felling for accuracy. In picture just above, James N. Etheridge of Williamsburg, Va., prepares an undercut, which determines the way the tree shall fall when sawed. At top, Etheridge and J. D. Martin (bareheaded) of Roanoke, Va., swing away with the crosscut saw. In this contest, a peg is placed in the ground 30 feet from the tree, and the idea is to see which team can lay down its tree nearest the peg. These boys missed the peg by four inches. The winners drove the peg into the ground.

directors are Col. J. W. Harrelson, dean; Dr. Clarence Poe, editor of State College's dean of administration; The Progressive Farmer; and R. H. Merritt of Raleigh.

was the surprise when the Seniors had to take a second place in chinning, as Red Valentino chinned up a big first for the Juniors.

At this stage of the game we all strolled down to the bridge where the events of spitting for distance, spitting for accuracy, and rock-throwing for distance took place. Sophomore Whorton squirted a wad so far that any mountaineer would shrink with shame at his own ability to handle the "chaw." McKinnie grabbed a first place for the Freshmen in the spitting for accuracy contest. As a result of this decision, a long, heated argument followed as to whether or not the Seniors really won. When one of the Seniors (Ed. note: "I wonder who that could be.") took side with the Freshmen, the remaining Seniors just gave up, as their more delicate natures were hurt. Mahone chunked the rock far enough to chalk up a first for those Sophomores. The mighty Seniors ran a close second in all three of these events.

The tree-felling-for-accuracy and the log-sawing-for-speed contests were to be held in the large timber a good distance from the cabin; so we jammed and packed ourselves into the two buses and cruised over to the designated spot. Trees were selected and stakes were set. There was no question as to who took first, as Barton and Mahone of the Sophomores dropped their tree squarely on the stake. The Juniors got a second by missing their stake the tremendous distance of six inches. Speedy Juniors Martin and Shoub sawed off a first place by cutting through a ten inch pine in 21 seconds. The Seniors placed next in 25 seconds. (Maybe we should have had two timekeepers.) It was throughout these two events that Duke was killing Tennessee; so some of the boys suddenly took a liking to Hinshaw—(and his portable radio).

So we restacked ourselves in the buses and motored back to the cabin to complete the final four events. As the events were being run off, the good Professor (Slocum) assumed the role of chief chef, and with his aides proceeded to prepare supper. The Sophs again called on that guy Mahone for the hundred-yard dash, and again that same guy won. Of course the Seniors came in second. (Too bad we didn't start off with football so that we could've put that guy Mahone out.) The tug-of-war developed into the most gruelling, grinding event, with the Ten Big Seniors pulling everyone across the line for a first place. The Frosh Ten tugged a hard-fought-for second. Here's that persistent Mahone guy back again, this time broad-jumping the Sophs into a first as the Freshmen take a second. The last event of the day, fire-building-for-speed, was won by the Senior team of Williams and Pruitt. With this last contest over, the Seniors were found to be the winners by four points in spite of the fact that three of these Mighty Men had "foamily" broken training the night before. 'Seems there was a little story of these three boys stumbling into the Good Prof's front yard with a bit of their serenading that night. All through the

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Summer Camp

EDWARD T. SULLIVAN, '43



To go into the details of registration day would only lessen the pleasant memories we all have of summer camp; so I will merely say that it was the first day of summer camp.

For the first week we confined our activities to dendrology field trips in the vicinity of Raleigh. The Yankee boys ran into a little bit of heaven out near Swift Creek when Professor Slocum slipped us a specimen of *Tsuga canadensis* on a test.

The last day of the week we went to the Hill Forest for one day of dendrology and it was here that some of the class learned that milky juice is not an absolute characteristic for the Moraceae family. After very close examination of a test specimen, several of the boys came to the conclusion that since a milky juice was exuded when the stem and leaves of the specimen were crushed, it must belong to the Moraceae family. It seems that poison ivy also has a milky juice.

Besides being introduced to tree specimens this week, we were also introduced to those little creatures known as red bugs. Job only had one dung heap to sit on. He should have had a dose of red bugs.

Saturday afternoon "Prof" told us to be ready to leave for Boone at eight o'clock Monday morning. We were.

Monday morning when everybody got his baggage stored, Mulhall talked to the bus a little bit and got her started. The bus did all right until it hit some of the steeper grades in the western part of the state. Then she began to get heated up. It was hard for the old girl to get started after stopping while the mountain goats were chased off the road.

The station wagon chased the bus all the way to Boone and found out that it had been vice versa practically all the way. It seems that the bus got off the road somewhere between here and there.

We were assigned to our rooms in one of the dormitories at Appalachian State Teachers College, where we were to stay for our week in Boone. The cold water in the dormitories is tapped directly from Ginsberg's Glacier, at the foot of Mount Knopf, purely for sanitary reasons, I heard. The most virulent disease germs succumb immediately



BOONE COUNTRY; TERRY; HILL FOREST SWIMMIN' HOLE; STEM ANALYSIS;
DITTO; CHARCOAL KILN.



THE ONLY "GAL" IN CAMP; CRUISING—WET METHOD; "MOE"; ERICSON AND "KILLER"; "TELL 'EM, SLOCUM"; FORESTER FROM BROOKLYN; FONTAINE'S DELIGHT.

to the chilling effects of this water. Powder baths were the vogue until the hot water started flowing.

Showered, shaved and otherwise recovered from the effects of the two hundred mile trip, the boys headed down the hill to explore the night life of Boone which lay just across the valley.

The remarkable thing about Boone and A.S.T.C. is the abundance of congenial girls wandering about with nothing on their minds except men. Needless to say everybody had dates the first night.

The next morning we ate in the school cafeteria and the boys had a chance to see what their dates looked like in the dawn's early light. None of us were disappointed in the least.

After breakfast we started on our dendrology field trip, and it wasn't long before we realized why Professor Slocum goes into training several months before summer camp starts. It says in the geology text that the Appalachians are worn down considerably. I personally don't believe it.

Maybe it was the overabundance of beautiful girls and maybe it was the mountain species, but for the rest of the week Professor Slocum and Dr. Miller clogged us on specimens with no trouble whatsoever.

Jack Williams suffered the only casualty during the week. The red bugs stopped biting on him long enough to give the love bug a break. Valentino claimed he suffered a sprained back, but how could a little girl sprain Red's back with the little tap on the back she gave him.

We left Boone for Raleigh on Saturday morning, happy because we were getting back in the country where we knew the trees, and sad because we had to leave so many girls alone up in that beautiful country.

We had Saturday night and all of Sunday in Raleigh to recuperate from any ill effects that might have been suffered on the trip back to town; however, from the reports circulating when the bus left for the Hill Forest Monday morning, some of the boys didn't have any recuperating to do; or if they did they put it off until Monday.

Putting the camp in shape and cutting firewood occupied us for the first day or so. When we started to work on the firewood some of us were, shall we say, novices in the manly art of swinging an axe. Needless to say, those of us who needed improvement got it. Loading the firewood on the truck, we again appreciated the importance of forestry. Out of the shade of the trees was like a preview of the dark places reached only by Charon's ferry.

Wednesday night came along and some of the boys stayed in camp with the professor to get some frog's legs while the rest of us headed for Durham. Most of us went to an air-cooled movie just for the luxury of feeling cool without standing under a shower. After the movie, well, the tavern was just across the street. The bus left on time, and as a result Killeri and Ericson had to run like h— for two blocks to make it. It seems as though there were two girls. . . .

Saturday morning the bus went to Raleigh for the surveying instruments, as we were to start surveying Monday.

Monday and we spent the day recalling all that we had forgotten about a transit and a level.

Tuesday morning and Professor Fontaine assigned us our instruments, rods, notes, or bush axes as the case happened to be.

Tuesday at mid-morning it had started.

These were the two weeks that all the boys made extensive additions to their vocabularies of cuss words. These were the weeks that we woke up in the middle of the night screaming. These were the two weeks that it rained every day. It wouldn't start to rain before we got out in the field, no, the rain held off until we were in the middle of our work, and had to keep on going. A forester must truly belong to a race apart to go through that kind of hell and be able to look back on it with a desire to do it all over again.

When we were through stirring up yellow jacket nests in cutting out stadia lines we got out our drawing instruments and started putting on paper the work we had done in the field. We drafted our maps in Raleigh, and since we were indoors the rain stopped and the temperature went up. Before we got through with our contours we were begging the Powers that Be to put us back to stirring up yellow jackets with a bush axe. The maps were finished on Saturday morning and Saturday night there were spots before our eyes that didn't get there from drawing contours.

Four inch scrub, four inch scrub, four inch scrub, and so on into the night. Timber cruising—and we run into another patch of young scrub pine. The tallyman goes crazy trying to fit dots into a box that wasn't meant to hold half as many dots as he already has in it. The head chainman gets his eyes scratched out and the estimators have a h— of a good time because all they have to do is to count the trees. The tallyman works his "mad" off jerking the head chainman over backwards every time the head chainman gets to the end of the chain. Then after a while the tallyman takes over the job of head chainman, and the one who has been jerking gets jerked.

One crew ran across an old still and spent a half-hour looking for anything that might have been left behind.

All this time the bus had been going into Durham every Wednesday night and every Saturday night. I don't know whether it was the air-cooled theatre or the amber brew served in pitchers just across the street from the cinema, but the boys all seemed to look forward to the trip to town, even to the extent of walking three miles for a tractor to pull the bus out of a ditch.

Because the Marines had taken over our quarters on the coast, we weren't able to plan on more than a few days in the eastern part of the state; but most of us had started taking quinine when Professor Slocum

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Ecology Trip - 1941

EDWARD T. SULLIVAN, '43

Eight o'clock, so blow like h—, "Doc," or nobody will know that the thing you have in your mouth is a whistle. If you didn't get a box of crackerjacks with that asthmatic excuse for a postman's calling card you ought to see your congressman.

Maybe it was the whistle or maybe Valentino realized that the ecology trip wouldn't wait for a head of red hair, but everybody finally got aboard the buses and the station wagon and we got started.

The first stop was at a beech consociation which, in unscientific terms, is a mess of beech trees. Here we were introduced to sheets of papers that were to prove the most bothersome part of the whole trip. The professors were wise enough to collect them between stops so that we couldn't throw them away when we got out of the woods.

In Goldsboro we stopped to transfer two of the farmers from the bus to the station wagon. It seems that they couldn't stand the wind from a broken window in the bus.

We got as far as the Little Cape Fear River and stopped for lunch. We crossed the river after lunch and headed upstream on foot until we came to Angola Bay. Here Packard made a *sitzmark* under a Pond Pine tree while Dr. Shunk lectured to us on the characteristics of this particular community. It is claimed by some (Professor Fontaine being the chief backer of the theory) that for the length of time he has spent in North Carolina, Packard has put more dents in the state than any other one person.

After we had been exposed to the factors and their interrelationships which control this particular community, we headed back for the buses. On the way back Valentino and the author found a fork in the road, and since there were no professors around to say "no," took the wrong fork. This path took us to the river, and being city slickers we didn't realize that a river road might be, in a curving sort of a way, considerably longer than the other road. This winding river road got us back to the bridge some time after the rest of the party, with the result that we had to go on our parched way without the benefit of a coke.

SAND DUNE; SPANISH MOSS; WHITE LAKE; CAROLINA BEACH; "DOC IKEY" LECTURES.



The greatest wild flower garden in the Eastern United States was our next stop. This was the Big Savannah outside of Burgaw. Right now the latest idea is to make an airport out of the savannah. There was an airplane in a shack on the edge of the savannah, but Dr. Wells was in such a hurry to get on to the next community that we didn't have time to take it up.

Passing through Wilmington we saw the first sign of the opposite sex for many a mile. As usual they were greeted with cries of glee, interspersed with a few wolflike howls, by the forestry boys. Nothing was heard from the Ag boys, but from their dilated nostrils and the trickles of saliva on their chins, one could well imagine what was going on in the darker recesses of their minds.

We came to Greenfield Park, one of the most beautiful spots on the trip, and stopped for another lecture. While Dr. Shunk delivered his discourse we watched a blonde cruise up and down the road. Dr. Wells' class was too far from the road to get in on this little side-light to ecology. Well, Dr. Wells told us more than once that ecology takes in everything.

Before we left on the trip Dr. Wells told us that we would be able to get a good meal in Wilmington for thirty-five cents. We ate fairly well on eighty-five cents. Prices have gone up because of the war no doubt.

Could it be? Why h— yes it is; there's the Atlantic Ocean, with Carolina Beach, wine, women, song, and jitterbugging. The boys split up in pairs and headed for their rooms in the hotel to change for the dates that were to come later—that is, everybody except two of the boys who knew the ropes, or so they thought. They headed for the boardwalk to pick out the choicer morsels of fluff that frequented that promenade. Ten minutes later they had their dates, and headed back for the hotel to change. Twenty minutes later they learned, much to their regret, that with Fort Davis such a short distance away, no girl can be expected to be faithful. What I would like to know is who takes care of all the girls the soldiers leave behind them.

After chasing girls up and down the boardwalk for a while we came to the conclusion that the girls were bait sent out by the dance hall proprietor to get us to spend our money in his Hall of Jive. Since the girls wouldn't come out of the dance-hall we finally had to go in and try to get them out. We didn't. That is, we didn't get any young girls, though Valentino did meet a friend of his grandmother's.

After the dance, some of the boys headed for the beach to fight the sand fleas over a place to lie down. The rest of the fellows went back to the hotel to get some sleep. When we got to our room, we found that there was an acute shortage of blankets. Packard saved the night when he produced a cane and went fishing through a transom for some covers. The things Pennsylvanians teach their children; tsk, tsk, but good.

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Senior Trip - 1941 Style

FRED J. HARTMAN, '41

Dear Bill:

So you want to know what a Senior 'Trip is like? Well, here's the best account I can give; but, inasmuch as the article will be checked and censored by the Powers that Be, the following report can be only partially complete.

On the morning of April 29, 1941, the station wagon, with "Superman" McIver at the helm, and the antiquated "chevvy" bus, with Big Wiggins as master, departed from Raleigh at 10:30 A.M. The station wagon was manned by Co-pilots Landon and Levine and had Gill and Abrams completing the passenger list. The remainder of the mob (including the Big Boss, Professor Wyman) was uncomfortably transported for 4,600 miles in the bus.

The first day passed uneventfully, and at 5:30 P.M., we arrived at the South Carolina State Park Cabins at Burnt Gin near Sumter.

At 6 A.M., the next morning we arose, proceeded to Sumter for breakfast, and then to three operations of the Korn Industries: first a portable mill, then a semipermanent mill operated in conjunction with an overhead skidder and donkey engine, and finally, a skidding operation deep in a rich hardwood swamp.

Returning from the latter operation, we crossed a plank bridge where Huff and Brown decided to jump in the river—fully clothed. They did, and spent a damp trip home—sans clothes. "Confucious" Goral commented thus: "A fool makes a dare, a bigger fool takes one."

That night, Huff and I went frogging and returned victorious over the fishing team of Brown and Griffith. Ten huge frogs surrendered their legs to the tasty breakfast obligingly cooked at a Sumter Café. About here on our trip, Mr. Big decided that he'd had enough jolting and moved to the station wagon at Abrams' expense.

On May 1, we started early again and after a wrong-roaded trip, began the day by visiting the South Carolina State Nursery. Mr. Staley and Mr. Campbell were our guides; and they were excellent ones and gracious hosts.

A hurried but very interesting trip through Mr. Korn's furniture plant and hardwood mill finished this morning, and a likewise hurried trip through the Brooklyn Cooperage Plant completed the afternoon's program.

Returning from there, Wiggins ran nonchalantly through a fire hose stream and completely doused everyone on the port side of the "Ramblin' Wreck." Wiggins sadly needed some driving instructions, but never got them and we rode on—perilously.

The morn of May 2 saw us off for Savannah. En route we visited a pre-war plantation home, and the idyllic pine plantations known throughout South Carolina as White's Plantation. Mr. Mathis, the

very curly-haired "forester" in charge, led us over long trails to see his pet fire lines, and to see the pine trees "the rats has de-barked." After his lengthy guide trip, Mr. Mathis treated the bunch to *coca-colas* and firmly established himself in the good graces of "We Foresters."

At Savannah it seems there had been a slight miscalculation about rooms (can't put my finger on the guilty party) and over half the crew was obliged to "sleep out" on Savannah's charming golf course. The station wagon boys chose their bed early but in vain, for about 12:30 or 1:00 or 1:30, etc., the bus rolled onto the golf course bearing Traylor, Picket, Wilson, and Surratt all mumbling something about *Cuba-libres*.

May 3 was Saturday and after an "all-you-can-eat-for-a-quarter" breakfast, the crew visited the Herty Research Laboratory, watched a well-planned demonstration, and drove on to Brunswick for the first mail. Jolly, Harris, Cromartie and yours truly hit the jackpot at the postoffice.

Sunday was spent quietly visiting St. Simon's Island (at 15c per head) and waiting for the day to end.

Next time anyone sees M'Iver, Jolly or Harris, ask them to give you a report on St. Simon's "400" and the "19th Hole."

On May 5, we visited the Hercules Powder Company's Naval stores distillery and wood extraction plant in the morning, spent a very uneventful afternoon inspecting the Brunswick Naval Stores docks and a near-defunct factorage house. While on the docks and dock houses, everyone picked up a tremendous case of fleas and spent the rest of the day scratching, searching and cussing. That part of the trip—inspecting Naval stores—might better have been spent studying how to make papyrus or some other nice, up to date industry. That evening saw a softball game with a pick-up team of local yokels. We beat 'em and came home in good flea-bitten spirits.

Oh yes, it was in Brunswick that "Killer" Levine purchased his \$2 playboy hat, and ruined his trip career by having the nerve to wear it.

After another day of riding over endless miles of *rough roads*, we dropped into Florida's State Camp O'leno. Picket, en route, became the infamous originator of "Don't tell me your troubles—I've got plenty of my own."

May 7, 1941 was a red letter day for the reason: at exactly 7 A.M. the bus, loaded with Mr. Big, Wiggins, Carey and yours truly, left camp, as scheduled, for Lake City. The remainder of the crew was left standing cheerlessly on the road. Not long after our arrival in Lake City, the left-boys came in on a rented pick-up and showed all signs of being *Peeved*. Even after a gracious day at the Naval Stores experiment station, where a really nice program had been arranged for us, the unhappy event of the morning was not forgotten. Many un-



Tomfoolery



Power



The 41 Gang



Swanton, S.C.



Pete



Fargo, Ho.



Swanton, S.C.



Bamboo - Savannah, Ga.



*Walden Springs,
Fla.*



Wilson Cypress Co.



Palatka, Fla.



*Ocala National
Forest*



Marine Studios, Fla.



Cleveland, Tenn.



Walden Springs



Tellico Ranger Station, Tenn.

complimentary remarks were passed, as the incident was gone but not forgotten.

After a couple more days of Naval stores inspection, we left O'leno and proceeded to Palatka where we saw the Wilson Cypress Company and were much impressed by the vastness of the mill and its very complete utilization. That afternoon was spent driving into St. Augustine for dinner, on to Marine Gardens, a short swim and then to Daytona Beach for the night.

Now this is the section of the trip that doubtless will be censored, but I'll see if I can leave you with the proper impression.

The week-end was technically our own and we voted to go to Miami. Thereby hangs a tale. We arose early the next morning and pushed southward. Mile after mile of beating monotony was our lot for the entire week-end. Straight southward we drove, with endless stretches of pine flatwoods and low jungles passing in review. The dilapidated bus added to the torture of monotony by a ceaseless-springless pounding. By the time we arrived in Miami, everyone was sick, both mentally and physically. After a lengthy business talk with several competing hotel proprietors, we arranged for nice rooms in a beach-side hotel at 50c cents per. Incidentally, Levine was in his glory at Miami.

At the peep of dawn next morning we arose for another merciless day of riding—this time across the Everglades and up the west coast of Florida to Lakeland.

There a delightful thing happened. The bus broke down for an entire day and everyone had a chance to recuperate from the week-end excursion. That night we drove 90 miles into Ocala. Silver Springs, Ocala National Forest and Juniper Springs completed the next day's excursion.

At Juniper Springs, Slim Abrams dived gracelessly into the crystal water as the caretaker screamed "Hey you—it'll cost you 20 'cent' to swim here." Slim clambered out after swimming across the pool, asked the man what he said, and walked grinningly away.

That night saw us back at Camp O'leno for the beginning of three more days there.

May 14, we left O'leno at 7 A.M. to run out of gas en route to Lake City, and after that, we visited a pulpwood cutting at Stark and then drove on to see the Army's new but very desolate Camp Blanding. An excelsior plant and the tung oil industry rounded out another day.

The next day we were escorted about the Osceola National Forest where Pete Cromartie got himself "hung" halfway up a forest fire look-out pole.

About this time, everyone had grown tired of café cooking, day after day of riding, make shift beds and in some cases, the other's company. Griping was in style, and after a very noisy session, Jesse Levine challenged Jolly to settle differences "back at camp." The incident, however, was dropped and no battle held.

On May 16, we broke camp at O'leno and drove to Fargo, Georgia to see Bill Ottmier's wonderful fire control setup, and then back to Tallahassee for a trip through Florida's State Forest offices.

Next day, Mr. Coulter spent considerable time showing us an unending series of sample plots.

On Monday, May 19, we pushed onward towards Atlanta. After everyone had received a large quantity of mail there, a Negro directed us to a "nice place to stay"—The New Wilmont Hotel. The New Wilmont was a new experience for most of us. Spiker got caught peeping and was promptly and violently cussed out. Our rooms there cost 50 cents per head and included nothing! The majority of boys got but little sleep due to the various explorations and experiences afforded by the "swank" New Wilmont.

Atlanta offered us the Southern Wood Preservation plant for inspection. That very hospitable company served us free "cokes" after a very thorough inspection trip.

From there we pushed northward through Tellulah Gorge to Clayton.

A rough, dusty road led us to a National Forest timber sale near Clayton the next day. On the way to the sale, the road turned sharply to the left across a mountain stream ford. Someone yelled, "Hey Wiggins, turn left!" Whereupon Wig announced, "Left? There's nothin' but a damn river there!"

It was also this trip on which the good Professor Wyman ripped his drawers. When asked for an explanation, he quietly told us that Levine got too close.

That night we drove on to Cleveland over a floury, dusty road and from there to a CCC Camp where everyone shared his bed with a covey of bedbugs.

And 'twas here that the grind of the trip made it necessary for Brown and M'Iver to settle a few difficulties fistically. The match, though secretly started, finished as a well-matched draw before a large, *enthusiastic* crowd.

The next day, we started the day with a large CCC breakfast and filtered back through the dusty roads of Tennessee for a day on Cherokee National Forest with Mr. Gains as our guide. We carried CCC lunches and walked a long, waterless mile to eat at a mountain stream. The afternoon brought a perilous ride down a narrow log road and another *long* ride to another CCC Camp. Low spirits were very, very prevalent. The trip was three weeks old by this time, and the thoughts of home, good beds, good food and sweethearts, were uppermost in everyone's minds. We had had enough, but a week remained and it was spent thus:

On May 23, we were again parasites on Cherokee National Forest and visited the famous Tellico Plains wild bear breeding experiment.

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Progress Report on the Hofmann Forest

G. E. JACKSON, '35

The Hofmann Forest had its problems during 1941. There were destructive forest fires; the hunting was not so good as in the past; a labor shortage caused most of the contractors to close down; the WPA projects were terminated and the labor transferred to defense projects. However, through Dr. Hofmann's untiring efforts, progress was made during the year. The forest started its own logging operations, new markets were found for pulpwood, poles and piling, the cattle program was expanded, and at the end of the year the forest had met all of its financial obligations.

FOREST FIRES

The 1941 forest fire record on the Hofmann Forest shows that 347 fires in the vicinity of the forest were investigated by the forest personnel; action was taken on 31 fires, 11 of which spread into the Hofmann Forest and burned a total of 34,673 acres. The causes of the 31 fires were listed as follows: incendiary 13, brush burning 10, smokers 3, lumbering 2, lightning 1, railroad 1. Of these, 23 occurred in Onslow County and 8 in Jones County. Three persons were prosecuted for violation of the forest fire laws and one was convicted. A warning letter was sent to one person that let a brush fire get away from him and thus threatened the forest.

It was estimated that the forest had a deficiency of 15 inches in the annual rainfall during 1941. It was so dry during the early part of the year that no fire lanes were burned and when the fires started rolling, in April and May, the fire breaks did not prove adequate to hold them.

On the morning of May 5, 1941, a forest fire was set on adjoining land near Gum Branch. The towerman at Deppe spotted the smoke at 8:30 A.M. and two crews were sent to the fire which was out of control when they arrived because of the high wind. It crowned and spread into the forest and headed for White Oak River seven and one-half miles away. Crews were sent in on the hunters' trails near White Oak River to start a backfire. At midafternoon the headfire came in on a three mile front and the backfire held. Mop-up work was started on the east side of the fire and crews were organized to start backfiring the Quaker Bridge Road on the west side. This backfiring started early on the morning of May 6, at 11:30 A.M. For a while it looked as though the first line of defense would hold, but there was a sudden shift of wind to the east and a wall of flame started rolling on the west side of the fire. Sweeping down and across the Quaker Bridge Road ahead of the backfire, before the crews could be organized again, the fire



THE '41 GANG AT HOYMAN'S FOREST; FOREST FIRE; BENNIE LEE PARKER, FRIEND OF FORESTRY; NEW CATTLE BARN; CRUISING; SCENE FROM DEPPE TOWER; ROAD IMPROVEMENT; DRAINAGE DITCH; "DOC" AND FIVE-YEAR-OLD LOBLOLLY.

had crossed the only break in the area on the west side of the road. The main head of the fire was going in the direction of N. C. Highway No. 41 between Comfort and Trenton. It was burning on this road on May 8, having covered a distance of 18 miles in three and one-half days. The fire was finally under control on May 11, but mop-up work and patrol did not end until the rain on June 9. About 40,000 acres had been burned, 31,000 of which were on the Hofmann Forest. This, briefly, is why the 1941 fire record was anything but good.

The N. C. Forest Service cooperated in fire control work during 1941. Crews were kept at both the Deppe and Comfort Towers and were paid from the cooperative funds. A ranger station was built at the Deppe Tower, consisting of a residence, garage, tool house and crew house. A new fire truck was purchased and during the fall a Ranger was given a temporary appointment.

CATTLE

During 1941, the Bureau of Animal Industry and the U. S. Forest Service began cooperating in experiments to determine the best methods to coordinate forestry and cattle production in Eastern North Carolina. Similar experiments have been under way on the Hofmann Forest for the past three years. Practically every forestry and grazing problem in Eastern North Carolina may be found within the boundaries of the Hofmann Forest.

The herd in 1941, consisted of 68 cows and heifers, 30 calves and 2 bulls. One cow and two calves died during the year, the cause being plant poisoning. On November 17, the calves were weighed and sent to Raleigh, at which time they averaged 300 pounds each. The largest of these nine-months-old calves weighed 415 pounds.

The herd was divided during the year, one group being left in the Cypress Creek pastures under the supervision of Lonnie Griffin. The other group was moved to the Deppe section where three 1,000-acre pastures have been completed. J. D. Kellum was the caretaker of this herd.

Ten experimental plots were constructed in the pastures, consisting of the following forage types: reeds, hardwoods, briers, brush and grasses in cut-over areas, pine plantation, natural longleaf pine reproduction, meadow grasses and shrubs. Plots were placed along the fire lanes to study the effect of grazing on fire lane maintenance.

In the Cypress Creek area 4,000 juniper posts were cut for additional fencing on the forest and one and one-half miles of new road were brushed out. Improvements in the Deppe pastures consisted of the construction of corrals, loading chute and feed house, installing stock scales and a well with pump.

Records were taken to determine what the cattle grazed at different seasons. A collection of shrubs and grasses grazed was made and analyzed to determine the grazing value.

The 1942 plans call for continuing the experimental work, employ-

ing a full time technical man, enlarging the herd, conducting a feeding and grazing experiment in the Deppe pastures with cotton seed meal as a supplement, and the construction of 8 experimental grazing plots in logged and unlogged areas in the Cypress Creek pastures.

TIMBER SALES

During 1941, six of the seven contractors on the forest had to close their operations because of a labor shortage in this section. The nearby defense projects, the WPA and the Army, took most of the local labor.

The only contractor that continued his operations ran two sawmills most of the year. He used railroads and skidders for logging and did a good job of logging in some of the large stands of swamp timber.

In July, the N. C. Forestry Foundation started its own logging and pulpwood operation. The following equipment was put on the forest: two tractors, one skidder, one log truck, and three pulpwood trucks. R. L. Humphrey was employed as woods foreman and he used all local labor. The logs and lumber from this operation were sold at the local markets in Maysville, Jacksonville, New Bern, and Morehead City. The pulpwood was loaded on the Atlantic Coastline Railroad and was shipped to the N. C. Pulp Co., at Plymouth, N. C.

There is a large amount of pulpwood that should be cut on the Hofmann Forest, but, because of the low prices paid in this section, it was not found practical to work pulpwood except in local areas near the railroad. Most of the pulpwood cut was in the area burned by the 1941 forest fires.

Poles and piling were cut on the forest during the year and shipped to the market in Wilmington. Other materials sold were fuelwood, lightwood and posts.

The plans are to keep the present operations going during 1942. There are bids in on several tracts of timber, and since there is a great demand for lumber in the National Defense Program, additional sales are expected to be made during the year.

GAME

The 1941 hunting season in the Hofmann Forest consisted of 15 days divided into six hunting periods, during which time 84 deer and 13 bear were reported killed. There were fewer than one-third as many hunters last season as in 1940, when 225 deer were killed.

Daily permits were sold for \$2.10 each by 10 agents located at convenient points near the forest boundary. Sportsmen from all parts of the state took part in the 1941 hunts, but many did not return because of the hot, dry weather, burned woods and defense program.

Forty local hunters worked out their season hunting permits during the year. Their work included cutting three miles of new foot trails, improving all old foot and truck trails, brushing out one mile of right-

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Profiles

W. A. CROMBIE, '42

About Lenthall Wyman

To go into Professor Wyman's background in any detail would be getting into the book department; so this account will hit upon only the extreme highlights. Briefly, he is a Harvard man, A.B. and M.F.; spent several rough, Far-Western years in the saddle as a Ranger for the Forest Service; was for a time Assistant State Forester of Texas; held position of Assistant Professor of Forestry, Texas A. and M. College; and spent thirteen years with the Southern Forest Experiment Station in Florida as a research technician in the naval stores industry. The Professor's findings in naval stores amount to three major publications and an almost-unending list of shorter articles. He came to State College in 1934, as Professor of Forestry. His discourses are on Forest Finance, Logging, Forest Products, Naval Stores, Lumbering, Seasoning, Utilization, and Appraisal.



Professor Wyman's extensive and practical experience is certainly brought out in the classroom. His ability to turn lengthy and drab text material into interesting conversation is remarkable and well-appreciated.

While lecturing, the Professor invariably fills the blackboard with notes and figures, and just as invariably smears his coat cuffs and back with white chalk. Almost in the same movement it is not uncommon for him to get his coat or his pants "hung" on one of the tools which fill the side wall.

He is often spoken of as "the toughest prof I've had," but on just as many occasions as "the best prof I've had." He is sober, utterly frank and to the point, and exacting though practical. Wyman will answer any question he is able, no matter how pointed it may be; and his answer will be ever so frank and without frills or professional "hodge-podging." The wise student at quiz time will do well to return exactness. The Professor is known to deduct five points for misspelled words or for faulty grammar. He also is known to say "... it don't matter what. . . ."

As a rule Professor Wyman is understanding, has a subtle, clever sense of humor, and almost always a joke or little witticism up his sleeve. But then again, there are times when these qualities don't show up—probably explained by circumstances. (It is known that he is definitely not receptive to having his fur rubbed the wrong way.) When extreme gravity is his ruling sign, as, for instance, when the sun fails to shine for days on end—look out!

After sampling all types of "profs" for four years, the Class of '42 can justly say they are proud to have studied under Lenthall Wyman.

The Good Will Ambassador

One might think, from the more-than-worthy profile, that "Polo" is included in these ranks for reasons of a physical nature alone. Incidentally, if the cartoon were continued to the toes, an equally interesting bit of masculinity would be observed.

But there's more to him than that. Good Will Ambassador and Master of Ceremonies Supreme, Frank Anthony Santopolo, or "Polo," as he is well known, is one of those big-hearted, natural-born leaders—a Godsend to a crew so motley as ours.

Frank comes from Mount "Voinon" and does not spare that definite, but more or less mellowed New York accent. His favorite pastimes seem to be women, spaghetti, "Guinea wedges," "Conga-ing," and just bulling.

He always has his hand in something, from organizing a Saturday night binge to running the Forestry Club. He's an indispensable part of the ΠΙ-ΧΕ-ΤΥΜ too, having contributed for every of these four years. This year you will note that Frank has written, as he would say in Mount Vernon style, "Fo'h Yea's Befo'h the Towe'h."

Frank's coöperative spirit has been a great aid to the class for these four years. It was partly through his attitude that Summer Camp of 1940 was such a success. We'll recall the banquets "Polo" planned and at which he presided, his stirring up sentiment for a gift to some good host or to the "Profs," and his unending tomfoolery entertainment. Then too, there were times when "Polo's" diplomacy ironed out various little agitations.

Regardless of the outcome of Frank's undertakings, he has always shown a keen desire to do the right thing and to build bigger things for the Class of '42. We know he'll always be a big shot.

Pete

Seniority rules in this department and this guy a newcomer.

Meet J. Wayne Chalfant, or "Pete," as he is already known to the students. He is the new Assistant Professor of Forestry and, no doubt, a very valuable addition to the Forestry Faculty.

Born in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, in 1905, Professor Chalfant started his forestry career in 1927, while attending Penn State. At that time he served as Student Assistant on the Massanutten District in the Shenandoah National Forest. During his college years he also served as temporary Junior Scientific Aide in Aroostook County, Maine.

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In Memoriam

ELMER R. ("Slim") CHANCE, '30
Died March 30, 1941

It is with deep regret that we announce to the alumni the accidental death of E. R. Chance, '30. The details of the accident are here reported by C. A. Bittinger, '30.

"As I got the story from some of the other Sun employees, Slim and five or six others were eating lunch in a temporary shack on the plant grounds in Toledo. At about 12:08 a storage tank containing waste gas from the refining process blew up, and the gas caught fire. No one knows just how, but it is believed to have ignited from one of the welds made just before lunch. The gas burned with terrific heat and hung low to the ground, surrounding the shack where the men were eating. They ran through the fire, rolling on the ground as soon as they got out to extinguish their burning clothing. An ambulance took them to a hospital and Elmer refused to get on a stretcher, but sat on the seat beside the driver and then walked into the hospital unaided. This was on Thursday, March 27. He was badly burned from the knees up, except for his head which was partly protected by his helmet. Elmer is survived by his wife, Kathryn, his parents, one sister and, I believe, two brothers."

C. A. BITTINGER, '30.

Forestry Club

Continued from page nineteen

probably sizing us up to see how much bull we could or would swallow. Then one meeting night he gave us a very interesting, and enlightening talk on his work in the New England hurricane area. He also found time to slip in a few sidelights which showed us that it looked like Prof. Slocum finally had a worthy opponent in the art of male cattle throwing (bull is such a rude word).

Through the middle of November we were entertained by Mr. Armstrong on Wildlife Conservation, and on extension forestry by Extension Forester Gracher in that order. Mr. Gracher has some mighty nice looking girls planted in among his pine stands according to the pictures he showed us. Imagine cruising through a mixed stand of pines and pretty girls. I can't. It was also rumored that Dr. Harlow might be had as a speaker sometime in February.

Professor Hicks talked to us on the world situation. In the discussion that followed, tongue-twisting words such as totalitarianism, democracy, and Christianity were used with such fluency by as rough, uncivilized foresters that I think the whole faculty fairly beamed. "Ain't we smart, fellers?"

Well, we had our fall term dance about this time. Everybody, yep everybody enjoyed it. That is, everybody who went enjoyed it. By the way, did I see you there? No, I don't believe I did. I'm not talking to the six fellows who did go, but I am talking to you 85 per cent who signed up and didn't show up. That's what makes the world go around, you know: full coöperation.

In the last meeting of the fall term it was decided to have Dr. Harlow to speak to the club in the winter term. New officers were also elected with results as follows: President, Killeri; Vice President, Etheridge; Secretary, Schreyer; Sergeant-at-arms, Kacynski; Program Chairman, Epstein; Public Relations Director, Mahone.

In the winter term we found ourselves without a president because Killeri had been drafted; so Vice President Etheridge took "aholt" of the reins. We also found that a few seniors were still kicking over the traces as a result of the fall elections. Mr. R. C. Hall of the United States Forest Service was our first important speaker of the winter term. He talked on a vital question now facing forestry—"Forest Taxation."

Flash—it happens once in a lifetime, sometimes—our own Ross S. Douglass is the first of the class of '42 to give in to the wiles and ways of the women (the wonderful things). Who would have "thunked" it?

Well, fellows that's about all; the minutes have given out and so have I. THE FORESTRY CLUB—MAY IT GROW LIKE THE TALL PINE TREE.

"The meeting was adjourned." (Quoted from C. E. Schreyer, Secretary).

Four Years Before the Tower

Continued from page twenty-two

and asked one to be his partner in some fancy stepping. He gives credit to cabbage, his energy food. Much to my surprise, one of Wells' lovelies was an old flame of mine, and off to the sand dunes we "walked." I can't remember more because I'm not a squealer, so there! But I do remember Crombie walking in the middle of a beautiful dream and asking me. . . ." (Censored!)

But that wasn't all—while Reichert and Hofmann wrestled in the Atlantic with all their clothes on, the twenty foot bank we were standing on to overlook the ocean sank, with all hands on deck, to the bottom. Wilmington's water supply had been polluted with salt water and we all had to drink beer, and boy, were we mad! Hick! Beg pardon!

We all got back to school safely, only to struggle with Slocum and his mensuration again. A spring planting camp was organized for the spring vacation; so back to Hill Forest for more work, but this time we were fed and paid. All this was of course before the older boys received their draft classification—since then, no one has been the same. We ended our Junior year by throwing our second chicken fry at the Hill Forest. Then the Military boys went to camp for training and wound up by capturing Anderson, S. C.; two boys went West, two more went farther South, and the rest no one knows. But the majority returned for the last year.

Though we were all glad to see the fellows who were back, we couldn't help but feel the absence of three swell fellows: namely, Dorsen, Spruiell, and Reichert, who were called to the colors. Little did we know then how many more of us were going to be touched by war's filthy hand.

"Doe" Hofmann started us right by shooting the management to us, and war was forgotten for a while. Hope Valley Forest was dumped into our laps, and we had great things to look forward to; but then came Pearl Harbor—December 7—the day before final exams. What a time! "How in the heck can we take exams with this on our minds?" was on everyone's tongues. But we took the finals in spite of the convoys going past Ricks Hall every half hour.

Graduation wasn't even in our thoughts; neither was the Senior trip, because who knew what would happen? Lebowitz and Killeri were called. Then cards came in from Spruiell in Hawaii, Reichert in Missouri, and Dorsen on Parris Island. Then Douglass got married and all our attention was diverted to timing Douglass and seeing how late he came for his eight o'clocks.

Back to Hope Valley, our little forest. Orders were to cruise the land, make growth studies, remember the way it looks, and make a management plan. Out came Hufnagles, XYZ's, French's and finally: *clear cut and burn*. We put them all together and what did we get?—nothing.

Our senior year has been one grand mess. Instead of going to the coast, we went to Chapel Hill, that's where the Hope Valley is located. The senior trip is to be three weeks instead of five as we had hoped.

We are looking forward to that trip, because, though it is to be short, we are determined it will be sweet—so help us! After that, the Army will want us no matter if we have other plans.

But as we depart, we will all have desires and ambitions. Douglass wants to get a chance to build his house and rear a family; Johnson wants his Sylvia; Bland wants his Dot; Williams wants nothing to do with women and go West; Thurner wants a big paying job so he can play with his "cats"; Hofmann wants a Ph.D. in management; Crombie wants a sawmill of his own; Muller wants an Air Corps commission; Pruitt wants to manage a national forest; Cook wants a "position" in California; Katz wants to be an economist; Gawkowski wants to be a lumber salesman; Howe wants to keep out of the Army, and I want to land in the hot countries, the tropics of this hemisphere. Many, of course, won't do these things, but the least that can be done is to pray.

Uh! Uh!—The bell is ringing and the boys are yelling that the draft board is requesting my presence within a month; at least that is what the little white card the postman brought me said. Gee, I never got "A's" in school, but this is one time I did.

It was nice living with you boys for the past four years—imagine, not even one fist fight. We had five of the swellest guys for forestry "profs"; we had a great gang, and some swell times. Let's use our axes on the Axis in order to finish the job and get back to our profession, FORESTRY.

As ever forever,
POLO.

P. S.—Here's a toast for luck and success to '42. Bottoms up!

Xi Sigma Pi

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in leadership, scholarship, and good character among students in forestry. An average of eighty 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.

This year, having been two years organizing and building up its membership, Xi Sigma Pi as its first service to the Forestry School instigated the *Paul Bunyan Scholarship Trophy*. This trophy is a large silver axe mounted on a panel, and will be awarded each year to the senior having the highest scholastic average in his class. This year the trophy was awarded to Albert E. Johnson of Cementon, New York.

Summer Camp

Continued from page thirty-one

informed us that we wouldn't be going to the coast at all. This time it was the army who wanted half the Hill Forest for a camp. So we cruised the area that was needed for the camp.

About this time the strain began to tell on the boys again. Wednesday night the habitués of the tavern were lucky enough to run into somebody who was congenial enough to set them up.

That night the boys serenaded the professors' cabin and for the next few days we were reamed royally. We should have worked out our exuberance in the swimming pool, then we wouldn't have had to figure out what evolutionary freak the "Prof" was slipping us on those last few hours of dendrology.

The morning of the sixteenth of August rolled around in no time at all. And after we had cleaned up the camp we packed up and headed up the hill for Raleigh. We made one last stop at the mail box to make sure nobody would lose one of those letters from Boone; and from then on in it was "home cooked food with no beans, no more red bugs," and "H— yes, I'm sure she's been true to me! Cripes, I've only been away five months."

A few highlights that only the boys that experienced them can appreciate. . . . The grades coming out of the mountains and the darn fool truck driver who didn't know which half of the road was his. Killeri and his spiritual uplifting as the result of the revival meeting. Valentino splurging with a nickel in the juke box and a request to the waiter for four glasses of water. Killeri and Ericson and their trips to Raleigh for their weekly game of "Chinese Checkers." What caused Williams' frequent trips to Boone? Etheridge and Wild Bill. Valentino's long drawers and Howe's shirt. Epstein's trip up the river. Packard, Valentino, Etheridge, and Sullivan cruising timber with a quart of tomato wine under their belts: #8 inch Douglas Fir! Baked beans, lima beans, kidney beans, string beans, etc.

Ecology Trip

Continued from page thirty-three

The next morning we had to meet a few more communities, and then were through for the day. We found out why bushes along the shore front appear to be deformed by the wind. According to the theory put forth by Drs. Wells and Shunk the disfiguration is not caused by wind at all, but by salt spray carried by the wind.

We couldn't go all the way down the dune road to Fort Fisher, because the army had it blocked off. What the heck, we couldn't get to the coast in summer camp because of the Marines' new base. National Defense boys, it couldn't be helped.

Needless to say we were glad to be through with the ecology and to be able to get down to the real purpose of the trip. Carolina Beach must be a wonderful place in the summer time when the beach is littered with females and the ratio is about three girls to one boy. Then and only then could one afford to be a little choosy. This fall, unfortunately, most of the girls seemed to be either under sixteen or over thirty. I don't know whether the mothers hear that the ecology trip is going to hit town and evacuate their daughters, or whether there just aren't any women down there at this time of the year; but of one thing I'm certain, I ain't having to remember any.

Some of the boys went in swimming and then started a game of ball on the beach. Some of the boys, weary from the previous night's festivities (bingo and barn dancing) went to bed. Some of the boys, preparing for the coming festivities (Bingo, barn-dancing and some other nonsense) were wise enough to go to bed, too.

Saturday night and—the army comes to town. Another barn dance. Seen at the barn dance—Jim Martin, a mountain boy from way back sitting in the corner waiting for the figures to stop so that he could do some smooth stepping to the soothing strains of the juke box. Valentino being so nice to the wrestler whose girl he (Valentino) had dated last night. We won't mention the name of the boy who had a date broken because the gal's husband was in town for the night. Jim Etheridge giving vent to that howl of his every time he danced with a pretty girl. Williams wondering whether to start a fight with the soldier that wouldn't be cut on. "Moe" Green trying to beat the Bingo games. He didn't. And so on into the night.

The next morning Valentino held up the start again, only that time Dr. Wells didn't wait. The station wagon was supposed to meet the buses on the other side of Wilmington. The buses don't have much speed.

On the trip back to Raleigh we stopped at White Lake, another very beautiful spot, and then headed home, with only a brief stop for lunch.

Raleigh is a very nice town.

Senior Trip

Continued from page thirty-nine

That night Traylor and Wiggins held an amusin' but confusin' discussion on who won the Joe Louis fight.

May 24 took us into Knoxville for dinner, movies, haircuts, and in general, a return to civilization.

The following Monday we spent the day on TVA land and on May 27, we pushed on to Asheville and then to Canton to see Champion Fiber Company's *big* pulp mill. We were duly impressed by the great stink and noise there, but enjoyed our visit never the less. That night, the ground at Bent Creek experiment station was our bed.

The next day we strained at anchor all day as we were shown generously over the Bent Creek experiment station. At 3 p.m., we left for Raleigh and the official program was over.

Our trip was one that will never be forgotten. We saw sawmills, pulp mills, furniture plants, excelsior plants, forest experiments, national forests, pulpwood cuttings, logging operations and a complete *story of naval stores*. We ate in everything from fine hotels to Greasy Spoon Hashhouses and we slept on everything from Simmons mattresses to Georgia marble. Our trip cost us very little for what we saw, and educationally it was a complete success. The weekly reports on our visits, required by Professor Wyman, kept a continued story of forestry-in-the-field in our minds. The unforgettables of the trip are many, the most important of which are: Wimpy's promptness, Wiggins' driving, Tennessee's dusty roads, the bumpy jaunt to Miami, Picket's *Cuba-libres*, the Prof's ripped drawers, and Don Traylor's enthusiastic stories about Rich Square.

The men who spent their time and energies to make our trip a success deserve the biggest bouquet for their fine receptions and complete inspection trips.

Now, that's as complete a report on our trip as I dare write. It was more monotonous than the picture above and too, it was more wonderful. For the only complete idea of a senior inspection trip, I heartily recommend that you wait and see for yourself.

FRED J. HARTMAN.

Progress Report on the Hofmann Forest

Continued from page forty-three

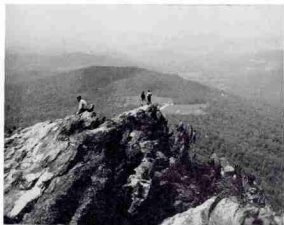
of-way for a new road, building deer stands and posting the boundary. Many local hunters with season work permits did not hunt but a day or two on account of jobs in the defense program.

Much game was lost when the fires swept through the forest during April and May, but before the end of the hunting season, deer and bear were coming back into the burned area. Since such a small amount of game was taken from the forest during the season, there should be plenty of game on hand when the 1942 season opens.

DEVELOPMENT

The WPA projects were all closed early in 1941, and the labor transferred to the defense projects. One project was completed, which included the construction of a stock barn loading chute, dipping vat and corral near Cypress Creek. Three 1,000-acre pastures were completed in the Deppe section. Loblolly pine seedlings were planted on 40 acres that had been burned in the Deppe plantations.

The State Highway Commission cooperated in the construction of two miles of road and two bridges on the Frank Mill Road near



JUST SOME PICTURES

Cowhorn Creek. It also filled up the old canal and dug another one through the forest along U S Highway No. 17. Many experimental plots along the canal were destroyed when the highway was widened. One mile of log road was built along an old tram road near Kellum. This work included brushing out the roadway, cleaning out the side ditches and putting in side drains. Camps for the men on the N. C. Forestry Foundation logging crew were located on this road. A well was drilled at the camp site.

STUDENT ACTIVITY

In March, 1941, the senior class cruised about 3,000 acres of land adjoining the Forest, in the White Oak River section. An option to purchase the land was granted the Foundation.

The freshman class visited the forest in February for a general educational trip. They were shown points of interest in and around the forest.

CLAIMS AND TRESPASS

Six outstanding claims remain to be settled along the forest boundary. Some work has been done on all of these claims during the year but no definite agreement has been reached.

There were three timber trespasses near the forest boundary in 1941. In each case the timber removed was measured. One case was settled, but the other two occurred near the end of the year and are not settled to date.

Four permits were secured for a right-of-way across adjoining land. One of these was for the construction of a road in the Cypress Creek section and another for a road near Cowhorn Creek.

PERSONNEL

J. A. "Ike" Whitman was employed as an assistant on the Hofmann Forest, from January 1, to July 1, 1941. His main hobbies could be listed as follows: walking up drift smoke; re-running trial lines; building barbed wire fence; writing editorials and playing bridge. His present address is Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

On July 1, 1941, R. W. Slocum returned to the forest and spent 43 days here before "Uncle Sam put the snatch on him." He is stationed at Fort Bragg.

Lewis V. Blake, '40, Animal Husbandry, State College, was stationed on the forest in January, 1942. His work will be with the beef cattle grazing experimental work.

Oscar Kellum, a native of Jacksonville, N. C., received a temporary appointment by the N. C. Forest Service as Association Ranger in October, 1941. His duties will be fire control.

Lonnie Griffin, Comfort, N. C., worked the entire year as cattle feeder and fire and game warden in the Cypress Creek section of the forest.

Rolleo

Continued from page twenty-six

Rolleo the Prof's level stare certainly showed no appreciation of two o'clock serenading.

Look out, Juniors! These Sophs (and Mahone) were plenty hot. If you don't stay on your toes, they may take it from you next year.

Supper time! So we all started eating Chef Slocum's apples and hot dogs and marshmallows and guzzled his coffee. Incidentally, the Prof seems to inherit this job at all Rolleos and we couldn't ask for a better heir. Can you imagine a Rolleo without the Good Professor? For us it wouldn't be a Rolleo.

After supper, Jack Williams and his motley crew known as the Initiation Committee started to work on the prospective members, mostly freshmen. These neophytes were put through many supreme tests, varying from a branding to a neat little hike of about twenty miles. It was all in fun, but a good test of a good forester. There were no complaints, not even from the boys who went out cold; so, congratulations, New Members, and remember that your chance will come next year.

Well, the events were over. And since no one was attacked by a case of "Wigginitus" or any other serious mishap (and, possibly, since the Seniors won), it was considered, by many who really know, to be the best executed Rolleo ever held at Hill Forest. And they've been holding them there every year since 1932. Austin Pruitt was the man in charge of this Rolleo; so let's give him a good, loud clap, fellows, for making it what it was.

As the initiation ended, so did the 1941 Rolleo. May future Rolleos enjoy the happiness that was once ours.

Profiles

Continued from page forty-five

After graduation in 1931, Professor Chalfant spent over two years in various forestry activities in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

In 1934, he entered the Forest Service as a Junior Forest Technician. Over a period of five years he held various titles, from Acquisition Party Chief to Staff Assistant in Fire Control and Publicity. His stamping grounds were the Wambaw Purchase Unit and the Long Cane Purchase Unit, both in South Carolina; the Croatan National Forest, North Carolina; and the Francis Marion National Forest in South Carolina. While on the Croatan, Professor Chalfant finished the examination and appraisal of the unit; however, considering his entire time with the Forest Service, his work has had much to do with fire control and fire studies.

Probably his biggest job came about in 1939, at which time he went to work on the New England hurricane problem. Here he held the position of District Supervisor, and was placed in charge of fire hazard reduction in southern Rhode Island and correlation of fire control activities for the entire state. Later he was placed in charge of the timber salvage program for the entire state.

In September 1940, he entered the Yale Graduate School and received his Master's degree the following spring. His thesis was written on various phases of fire control. He also undertook special work in forest economics and forest coöperatives.

September 1941, and Professor Chalfant started teaching Principles of Farm Forestry and Forest Protection and Improvements at State College. Basing judgment on his experiences with fire in the Coastal Plain and in Rhode Island, his special work at Yale, and that vast store of publications and other data he has about his office we can expect plenty from this man in the line of new and interesting facts.

"Pete" has already been accepted in the realms of "We Foresters." He is an Eagle Scout, is a great lover of good coffee (has been seen carrying a gallon jug of it with him for an afternoon in the field), and has proved to be a serious rival of another Forestry Professor (also from Pennsylvania) at throwing the stuff.

Our Alumni



HEY RAL Have you
sent your buck in
To G.K. yet?



Volume 10 - 1941

We have been busy on the school report to the S.A.F. for the grading of forest schools. Your response to the questionnaire was pretty good, but there are still about fifty alumni that have not been located. The letters were not returned; so they must have been received.

The following statements from the Alumni have been greatly condensed. I had to do it to conserve space; so don't feel bad if your whole letter is not printed. You will also find over sixty of the Alumni now in some branch of the Service. This is a mighty fine showing for such a small group.

The faculty join me in wishing you all the best of everything for the coming year and then some!

G. K. SLOCUM.

1930

BITTINGER, C. A. Dist. Forester, Pa. Dept. of Forests and Waters.

"I was promoted to this position last April. I have no assistant and this is a large district, so it keeps me plenty busy. Only have one CCC camp left in this district, will probably lose it one of these days.

"There is no further news, no children or otherwise."

BROWN, G. K. Asst. Forester, U.S.F.S.

"Greetings and best wishes to you all." (Talkative cuss, isn't he?)

GRAEBER, R. W. Extension Forester of N. C.

Graeber is still teaching forestry to farmers around the state.

HOWARD, H. E. Jr. Adm. Officer, U.S.F.S.

"Am getting farther away from the trees, but this personnel work is very interesting. I'm also able to keep up with the State boys working for the U.S.F.S. in Region 8. Give my regards to all the boys."

PIERCE, R. L. Sr. Agr. Aide, Camp Forester, CCC Camp.

"Have been here five years now. They will have to tear the camp down to get rid of me, i.e., if the Army doesn't get me. We have only 14 camps left in Pa. now. Not much news around here. Will have to wait for the PI-XE-RUM to find out about the other boys."

WEIGHT, F. F. U.S. Civil Service Rep.

"Took a J. F. exam in 1939 and was taken from the roster and made a Civil Service Rating Examiner. Some different than forestry, but I like the work very much even if we do have to work nights.

"Family status still the same, one wife, one boy now in first grade at school. We send our regards to the gang."

1931

ARTMAN, J. O. Asst. Dist. Forester, TVA.

Jim didn't write me a letter this time. Heard he had impetigo or something. How's it coming?

BARNER, G. W. Asst. Forester, U.S.F.S.

"Don't have much to report except the very important addition to our family in the form of little Pamela, age 6 months. Give my regards to all."

BUHRMAN, W. T. General Inspector, CCC.

"Am now working out of the Harrisburg CCC office. I cover all the remaining camps in the state. We now have 14. I am safety and training assistant as well as inspector of all projects. No further changes since last year."

WARD, W. B. Asst. Ranger, U.S.F.S.

"Was transferred up here last Aug. 1, on a permanent appointment, after all these years. Why don't you break down and write me a letter?" O.K., I will. "The black dog is gone and we now have a cocker. Also one daughter, age 6."

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1932

COOPER, W. E. Asst. Extension Forester of South Carolina.

"Just recently came here to work with M. Bruner, your old roommate at Mont Alto.

"So far I still have just one young 'un, one wife, and one dog."

Bill was at our reunion last June and has been in several times since. He wants another reunion.

GRUMBINE, A. A. Associate Forester, U.S.F.S.

"E. Ryder and F. D. Mayfield are here with me, working on timber management. The Ouachita cut 47 million feet last year. Will cut about 21 million this year.

"Saw Zeke Harding and his wife at a S.A.F. meeting and saw Herb Howard in Atlanta last October.

"Give our regards to the gang."

MAXWELL, A. H.

"I left the Forest Service Jan. 1, and am now learning the furniture business from the ground up with the Maxwell Furniture Co.

"I miss the forestry work very much, but may be back in it if going gets any tougher on small business. Best wishes to you, the faculty, and the boys."

SCHLAEPFER, G. K. District Forest Ranger, U.S.F.S.

"Come down and get gray with me! Big fire season ahead, the CCC are going, my chief dispatcher is leaving, our trained men are going to the Army and I'm going nuts. If you hear a big noise to the South, it will be me cussing." My, My, Geo, watch your temper! I remember when you kicked the cat!

1933

BLAKENEY, J. C. Asst. State Forester of South Carolina.

"No news from this corner. The Army hasn't caught me yet, but it is hoping. Our work is progressing very nicely at present, but can't forecast the future. Sorry that I couldn't get to the reunion, but the fires kept me close home. Will look you up if and when I get to Raleigh."

CHOKER, T. C. Dist. Forester, U.S.F.S.

"Still on same job doing the same things. No further news to offer. How about a reunion before the boys get scattered all over the world?"

Too late, Tom, they are scattered already.

HAFER, A. B. Asst. Forester, TVA.

"Things are going about as usual except a boom in timber sales. Our new administrator is H. A. Smith, formerly State Forester of S. C. and he is making things boom around here. Regards to all."

PETTIGREW, G. W. Act. Farm Forester, S.C.F.S.

"I was assigned to the Aiken Co. Farm Forestry Project and since Cooper left, have been taking care of the Farm Forester's activities. Expect to take care of a new assignment Jan. 10 on the Harbison Institutes land. Cooper and I had a big time working out new formulae and theories for cutting."

WOOD, R. A. Assoc. Dist. Forester, TVA.

Dick didn't write me anything, but he, Dot, and Dickie have been here several times. Dick was also at the "reunion" last June. Some reunion we had. The six of us really had a bull session, eh what?

1934

BARKER, W. J. Asst. Extension Forester of N. C.

Bill was a proud papa several months ago. Boy, you ought to see "Fuzzy" prance!

CHATFIELD, E. E. Salesman, Hercules Powder Co.

"My new address is the only news."

CORPENING, B. H. District Forester, N.C.F.S.

A man uncaught by woman.

DOERBIE, F. A. Chemist in Charge, American Cyanamid & Chem. Corp.

"I am almost out of forestry, but manage to plant a few thousand trees every year. Am very much interested in this work and it also pays very well. Don't know where any of the boys are at present."

HUBE, F. H. Boss Dairyman.

"I resigned from the U.S.F.S. and took over the job as dairyman at home. It was too good to turn down. Give my regards to the whole bunch."

PROUT, C. T. Assoc. Conservationist, S.C.S.

"Nothing new to report right now, but we are 'expecting' sometime in March. That will make two young 'uns." (Great going, "Boltz" and Mrs. "Boltz.")

"How about getting some of our Alumni to write an article or two for the PI-NE-TEX? Would like it better if you could. It's good now, but I want some articles—not too technical, however." (O.K. Prout, we will see what can be done.)

PLASTER, D. C. Jr. Forester, S.C.S.

Can't tell what you are doing because you never answered the second letter after the first one you sent in got lost. My, My!

SMITH, W. R. Associate Forester, S.F.E.S.

"Have been working on a flood control survey of the Little Tallahatchee River, finished that and am now going to do the same for the Homochitto River in S. Miss.

"How about buying Defense Bonds with the money the Alumni send in?"

Your idea was too late this year; will send back your other dollar.

1935

BISHOP, H. F. Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army.

Bishop was Asst. State Forester in S. C. in charge of timber management before going into the Army.

COMFORT, C. W. Asst. Soil Conservationist, S.C.S.

That's all he said this time!

CRABATOR, F. J. District Forester, Ala. Division of Forestry.

"We have a lovely new nursery that was started in March 1939. We have produced about 10 million trees in the last three years. We can grow 20 million a year. Isn't that a bunch of trees?"

GARDINER, T. B. Asst. Soil Conservationist, S.C.S.

"No pictures, same data; one wife, one child, one car, Stone Mt. 50c piece, 25c Defense Stamp and Classified 3A. Give Wyman my regards and maybe I will see you some day."

JACKSON, G. E. Forest Supervisor, N. C. Forestry Foundation.

"I missed you and the boys last summer when the Marines ran you out of your east coast camp. Hope you have better luck this year.

"Saw 15 of the old grads at the S.A.F. meeting in Jacksonville—some meeting!

"Have sold some Pond Pine logs for \$40 per M. How's that?"

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

"Sorry about being late, but I thought I sent in the dope once."

How about some news—married, family, etc., etc.

SHUGART, M. W. Asst. Soil Conservationist, S.C.S.

"I am now working in Warren Co. Have been married for three years and am getting along fine. Give my regards to the boys."

WRIGHT, H. R. Field Inspector, U.S.F.S.

"Now have one son, Harry Anthony, born Dec. 31, 1941.

"Am still working on Naval Stores Conservation, but may join the Naval Reserve if they will take me. Regards to all."

1936

AIKEN, W. C. Asst. Conservationist, S.C.S.

"Am doing forestry and hot air farming at present. Am supposed to be an expert so try to live up to that.

"Have no children as yet, but will have one, two, three, four or five as the case may be, to report in May.

"Better stop this and get back to work."

ANDREWS, L. K. Salesman, American Lumber and Treating Co.

"We are expecting a son most any minute now! If you wouldn't send me second notices, I could wait to give you some real information." (Hope you get your boy, L. K., maybe two of them.)

BALENTINE, O. T. Landscape Technician, U. S. Public Roads Adm.

"I have been working with the Public Roads Adm. since May 1938. Am working on the Blue Ridge Parkway.

"Haven't seen any of the boys for about four years; so hurry with the PI-NE-TUM so I can read about where they are and what they are doing."

DIXON, D. C. Private, U. S. Army.

Don has been working with the Goodyear Tire Co., in Charlotte, N. C., but now is on his way to the Army. He was in the other day, and we had a good visit. He is married, but the Army wants him anyway. Tough luck.

HILL, W. M. P. O. Clerk.

"When the PI-NE-TUM goes to press I will be in the Army. Hope mensuration and technology can help me to slap a Jap. Will see you when it's over, over there."

HUDSON, S. K. Private, U. S. Army.

Seaman was in to see us Friday, Feb. 13. He is a motorcyclist with the armored force. Before induction he was timber buyer for Container Corporation at Fernandina, Fla. Hudson makes a good looking soldier and boy, is he full of vinegar!

NEASE, A. D. Farm Forester, Fla. Forest and Park Service.

Another talkative rascal. What goes on down there anyhow?

ORST, P. M. Salesman, Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

"Am anxiously waiting for a PI-NE-TUM to find out where all my friends are. You know we started this PI-NE-TUM; so I am pulling for it. I spent four of my best years at State. Good luck to you all."

PETTIT, C., JR., Sr. Conservation Aide, CCC.

Charlie is still at the State Nursery growing little pine trees. He stops in to see us ever so often, so we can see he is still alive.

WELSH, L. H. Adm. Asst. War Dept., Boston, Mass.

"Got a leave of absence from my job with the A. W. Williams Inspection Co., and will be here for the duration. I'm working plenty hard, but getting heavier and more bald all the time. Give my regards to the boys."

1937

BRIDGERS, W. J. Conservation Engineer, International Paper Co.

Willie finally done it! Got married on Jan. 10, 1942. Can you imagine? And before Heltzel at that!

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DAVIS, W. G. Co. Supervisor, Farm Security Adm.

"Am still with the F.S.A. and like the work fine. Hope to be transferred to forestry work with them soon. My wife and I surely enjoyed the reunion. Tell the boys what a good time we had and give them hell for not showing up."

O.K. I will. "Race Horse" came with his new bride. Ain't that something?

FOX, C. A. Foreman Lumber Yard, N. C. Shipbuilding Co.

"Saw Wheeler when I was on my honeymoon, but outside of Bragaw, haven't seen any of the boys. (Old Foxy finally tied the knot—we extend congratulations to you both.)

"We are right busy in the lumber yard as they are using plenty of material in their boats."

GASH, W. D. Private in U. S. Army.

"Have been in the Army for the past year. We are now stationed here, but don't know for how long.

"Before going into the Army I was working for the New England Forest Emergency Project."

Gash was in to see me last fall during maneuvers. Had a real good visit.

GERLOCK, A. J. Forester, Sou. Wood Preserving Co.

Says he is married, has one child and is a Second Lt., but has not as yet been called. That's all, folks.

HEIN, A. F. Forester, N. Y. Zoological Park.

"The Hein family is still as you saw it last year, happily married and without having found out that the math stumper I plus I equals I is a truth.

"Spitalnik is now a proud papa and a successful candy salesman.

"Give my regards to one and all."

TROXLER, L. W. Asst. County Agent, Stanly County.

"Glad to hear from you even if it was mimeographed. I was in to see you folks several times last summer but nobody was at home.

"Have my 1st Lt.'s commission now so will probably be called any time. Still like my work fine."

(Bob was "selected" last Aug. He is at Fort Bragg now.)

WHEELER, W. H., JR. Jr. Forester, TVA.

"I'm working with R. A. Vagenberger, a contemporary of yours. We are making forest fire movies with voice, etc.

"Saw Lull at Christmas; he is doing well with the S.C.S.

"No family as yet, but expecting one in June if not caught by priorities. Be sweet!"

1938

BELTON, J. A. State Food Inspector.

"Am expecting to be drafted most any day now. Here comes another 'buck' private.

"Am looking forward to the PI-XE-TUM and lots of news of the gang."

CAMPBELL, W. A. Timber Cruiser, International Paper Co.

"Having a nice time in my present position. See a lot of the fellows now and then—Bragaw, Bridges, Bailey, Walker, Peterson, Jackson, Hobbs and Foster. Will be up to see you one of these days."

DILLINGHAM, M. M. Forester.

"Am working with W. J. Parks of Asheville and J. A. Sisk of New Port, Tenn. Have been getting along fine, but as I am classified 1-A, I am taking an air corps exam Jan. 26. I have hopes."

FARRIOR, J. W. Plant Breeder, T. W. Wood & Sons.

"Have been plant breeder in charge of hybrid corn research here since I got my Master's in Agronomy last spring. I still ha forestry at heart. The boys call me the woodiest plant breeder in the firm. May do some work on hybrid pines in my spare time."

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J. W. FARRIOR, '38; J. LEVINE, '41 AND J. NIGRO, '40; FRED AND MRS. HARTMAN, '41.
W. O. RYBURN, '40; W. C. PICKET, '41; AL MAXWELL, '32 AND KIDS.
R. W. SHELLEY, '39; R. L. NICHOLSON, '37; MRS. R. L. NICHOLSON.

FOSTER, W. L. Forester, W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co.

"Greetings! I am still down here in the flat country and still with the best corporation in the world. Give my regards to all."

HUBBARD, J. B. First Lt. Adjutant, U. S. Army.

"Have been here since last summer. Was in N. C. during the fall maneuvers. Have a U.N.C. grad as an orderly. Funny world, what?"

"Give my regards to one and all."

MATHEWSON, C. Farm Forester, Fla. Forest and Park Service.

"We have been plenty busy since turpentine jumped to 70c a gallon and rosin \$4.35 per hundred. All the farmers want to start gum farming. Also have to supervise planting and thinning work. Hope the Seniors come down here this year, as we have lots to show them."

NELSON, R. M. Ensign, Naval Aviator.

"I joined the Navy after getting my M.F. from Yale and working on Dutch Elm Control for awhile. I am educational officer for our division and now know some of your troubles. Give my regards to your wife, the faculty, the boys and anyone else you see."

SMITH, G. E. District Forester, S.C.F.S.

That's all he says!

WATTS, N. B. Asst. Y.M.C.A. Secretary.

"Will send you a dollar Feb. 1."

1939

ARNOTT, G. W. First Lt., U. S. Army.

"Am still working for Uncle Sam. Things look very interesting and we may 'go for a record' any day now.

"Became engaged to Miss Margaret Renegar of Elkin, N. C., at Christmas. Don't know when we can find time to get married."

Congratulations to you both from us all!

BARKER, J. S. Timber Inspector, A.C.I. Ry.

"Have 10,000 reports to make this week, so can't say much. Spent some time in Fla. timber cruising and have been busy inspecting ties and timber. Good luck to all."

BEASLEY, W. L. Assoc. State Forester of N. C.

"From all appearances at the S.A.F. meeting in Jacksonville, our school is well represented in the Southeast. We had a fine banquet and bull session with 15 men present. We gave Dr. Hofmann a bunch of new ideas on running a forestry school.

"I am only one jump ahead of the Army, but it is their turn to jump first, so here I go to get my gun."

HARRIS, C. D. Radioman 3d Class, U. S. Navy.

"Have been on active duty since Jan. 1, 1941. Can't brush up on Forestry much right now, but hope to continue when the war is over. See you back in the woods."

HARTLEY, H. J. Jr. Engr. Aide.

"I am now conducting a Traffic Survey on the George Washington and Jefferson National Forests.

"The Army hasn't caught up with me yet, but have taken my physical exams and they will let me know. Pete Yeager is the only one of the gang that I have seen."

HUGHES, D. P. 2d Lt., U. S. Army Air Corps.

"At present my outfit is towing targets for anti-aircraft guns, etc. Expect to see some fighting before long.

"Have a daughter to report, Mary Beth, age 6 months."

It's late, but we extend congratulations. (Didn't even know you were married in fact.)

JOLLAY, TED. Seaman 1st Class, U. S. Navy.

"I fooled 'em, joined the Navy! Began active duty July, 1941. Was hauled out of the woods and put in an office building. Here's to the day we meet in the woods again."

MARTIN, H. C. Chairman, N. & W. Ry.

"Finally quit the Service after cruising 45,000 acres on the last job. Have title as chairman, but am doing level and transit work most of the time now.

"The 'Yankees' give me hell, with their -8° weather and their tall tales." (Can't print the story, might start another insurrection.) "Still like it fine, however.

"Give my regards to the boys."

PAGE, C. L. Dist. Forester, North Carolina Forest Service.

"Would like to know where all my classmates are at present." (They are in the Army now.) "Have only seen Beasley and Steele in a long time now.

"Regards to all."

PETERSON, C. H. Compassman Sou. Kraft Corp.

That's all, folks.

SHELLEY, R. W. Senior Forester, Pa. Dept. Forests and Waters.

"Am still with the Dept. as senior Forester in charge of utilization operations in the Rothrock State Forest.

"Am about to feel a draft in the U. S. Army. Hope to get into the Air Corps before being drafted, however."

Wayne was in to see us last month.

SMITH, E. W., III. 2d Lt., U. S. Army.

"Up to Oct., 1941, I was employed by the U. S. and Va. Forest Service on timber cruising, growth and mortality studies. Also did a little fire fighting on the side.

"You can see where I am now!"

WALKER, E. M. Pvt. U. S. Army Engineers.

Red came by to see us just before the bugle blew. We have heard from him since he was inducted and he seems to like (?) the Army no end.

WRIGHT, C. N. Estimator, International Paper Co.

"Was relieved from duty in the Air Corps due to a torn muscle in my knee. Am now back down in South Carolina marking and cruising for Southern Kraft. Give my regards to all the folks."

1940

ATKINS, J. D. Second Lieut., U. S. Marines.

"Since war was declared we surely have been busy. I am Post Exchange Officer and as such have a few extra hours a day to put in.

"Wonder if the present war will bring women into forestry? Can't you just see them tramping around the swamps of Onslow County?"

BELL, JAMES L. Aviation Cadet, U. S. Army Air Corps.

"Was inducted last June and went into the Air Corps in December. Like the work fine, but they surely keep you on your toes. Was at Maxwell Field for four weeks and will be here for seven more if I can make it. H. Plummer is in the class ahead of me.

"Give my regards to the faculty and any of the boys you see."

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

"At present I am in hibernation with my thesis. Have it about finished now and will get my M.F. in June. I am ready for Uncle Sam when he wants me. Will probably see you in January, as I hope to be in N. C. Give my regards to the others."

Didn't see him in January. Wonder where he went.

CATN, R. L. Forest Asst., Duke Forest.

"Have finished my Master's work at Syracuse and worked until Jan. 1, toward a Ph.D. Expect to go into the Army, however, real soon, maybe sooner. I dropped out of school to await the day. Meanwhile I am working on the Duke Forest. Am real anxious to hear from the members of the Class of '40."

DUNN, W. B. Flying Cadet, U. S. Army Air Corps.

"Have received my appointment as Flying Cadet and will probably be heading South again soon. At present I am connected with a Bn. Survey Party. Like the work fine but am more interested in flying."

GERBER, T. E. Forestry Aide, TVA.

"I am working on TVA lands surrounding the reservoirs. My boss and I are in sole charge of 4 reservoirs that range from Kentucky to Alabama. We take care of everything, timber sales, cruising, marking, scaling, etc. Also draw up planting plans for 1,800 acres each year.

"I really enjoy working here and the TVA is a swell organization to work for. Regards to the gang."

GIBBONS, W. E. 2d Lt., U. S. Army.

"I am now Adjutant of the 6th Training Bn. All types of training go on here. Am kept right busy with payrolls, records, complaints, etc. Bell, Perks and Matson have all been here for training.

"Expect to be made a 1st Lt. soon and when I am, look out! There is the cutest nurse here you ever saw. I won't be a bachelor for long—if and when!"

HAYS, B. S. Dist. Ranger, Tenn. Forestry Division.

"So far I like my job swell. Have 10 towers and 12 tower districts, ten in my main district and 500 miles of telephone line to keep in working order. Fire season starts March 15 and I am now praying for a rainy spring."

KARLMAN, M. M. Production Mgr., Ironbound Box Co.

"The only news of any importance that I can give you is that I got married on Dec. 20, 1941 to Miss Selma Sherman." (Congratulations on your new venture!)

"Got a letter from Lozier; he is now married and is a fire warden at Camp Dix."

KUHNS, C. D. Machinist, Kutztown Foundry.

"Am now 'pop' to a seven pound baby girl. She was born Jan. 11, 1942. Both wife and baby are doing fine.

"I like my present work fine for it requires very skilled and accurate workmanship. Keeps you on your toes."

MATSON, M. A. Pvt., U. S. Army.

"I worked mainly as a carpenter and a florist before being called into the Army. I now have a rating as a machine gunner and don't know when or where I will be sent from here. Regards to all."

NEEDHAM, F. J. Utility Forester, Cincinnati Gas and Electric Co.

"So far I have escaped the Army, but who knows? May meet you there sometime soon."

Frank and his wife were in to see us this winter, so we had a chance to "catch up."

NIGRO, JOHN. Pvt., U. S. Army.

Johnny was at University of Washington doing graduate work in logging and lumbering. He was just about finished when he went in the Army. Is now working for a commission. How did it come out, Johnny?

NOVITZKIE, A. A. 2d Lt., U. S. Army Air Corps.

"I am now assigned to Transport Squadron. Will be flying freight, etc., I suppose."

"Was sent here from Langley Field just before Christmas. Great hunting around here. As many deer here as N. C. has chiggers. Even the kids go out and get their bucks. Regards to the gang."

ROBERTS, J. E. Farm Supervisor, F.S.A.

"Have just been promoted to county supervisor, but the Army will probably promote me to a gun soon. Have been helping the farmers in selective cutting and tree planting. It is very interesting work. Regards to all."

ROBERTSON, R. J. Filing Clerk, U.S.D.A.

Robertson was in Feb. 17 to pay us a visit. He came to get his transcript for the Air Corps. He is good I-A material, so he plans to join up before the draft catches him. We wish him luck and plenty of it.

RYBURN, W. O. Aviation Cadet, U. S. Army Air Corps.

"Was working as construction foreman at Fort Bragg, but decided to grow wings.

"Hope the Forestry School continues to grow and the PI-NE-TUM with it. Give my regards to the whole bunch."

SIMMONS, A. W. Lumber Salesman, W. M. Ritter Lumber Co.

That's all he says!

1941

ABRAMS, P. D. Aircraft Inspector, Pratt & Whitney.

That's all he says!

CAREY, R. E. 2d Lt., U. S. Marines.

"Spent two months maneuvering with the Army Armored Division and then was appointed to the Marines. Spent four months at the Basic School in Phila., and am now at Quantico awaiting sea duty. Give my regards to all."

CROMARTIE, P. McK. 2d Lt., U. S. Army.

"Went into the service June 29, 1941, so haven't practiced much forestry. Have been to Fort Benning for course work in communications. On November 28, I married Miss Harriett E. Salley of Fayetteville, N. C., and tell the slow guys they don't know what they are missing!" Congratulations to you both from us all.

HARRIS, T. G. Conservation Forester.

"The Army is knocking at my door" (it got him), "but in the meantime I am doing a little bit of everything.

"Huff was over to see me one day and he actually had a girl with him, can you imagine?

"Will see you when I come up if I can get away from Meredith for a few minutes." (He couldn't.)

HARTMAN, F. J. Timber Estimator, N. C. Pulp Co.

"Can still heartily recommend married life to all foresters, even if you can't get home but so often. (That's not what he said, but it looks better in print.)

"Am getting plenty of experience timber cruising and fire fighting, and am getting bushels of things to eat. (Again I can't print what he said it was to eat.)

"I am still a civilian."

LANDON, R. H. 2d Lt., U. S. Army.

"Have been over here since Jan. 7. These isles are all the Chamber of Commerce claims and then some. Say hello to the gang and tell them we can take anything the Japs dish out, and return it with interest."

LEVINE, JESSE. Pvt., U. S. Army.

"Am now studying to run a 'director,' which is an instrument used to aim anti-aircraft guns and it's some instrument! Expected to be sent to officers'

school after six months training, but have been assigned to tropical duty so will be leaving here soon.

"Give my best regards to every one."

McVIE, J. E. 2d Lt., U. S. Army.

"Am now taking a course in mechanics. They sure put you through the mill here. And to think I used to stew about hard work in school. There are several of our forestry boys down here, and a whole mess of other State men.

"Tell the boys 'Howdy' for me. Hope the Army don't get you."

PICKER, W. C. U. S. Engineers' Corps.

"They turned the heat on us over here, so I can't write much. It would be censored anyway. Tell every one 'Hello for me.'"

Bill has been in Honolulu since before Dec. 7, so he has seen some doings that he will tell us about later when it's all over.

SPIKER, T. F. 2d Lt., U. S. Marine Corps.

"Finally graduated from Officers' School on Jan. 31, and am on my way to San Diego. Don't know where I will go from there.

"Was an umpire during the maneuvers and had a big time. Give my regards to the gang."

WIGGINS, J. E. Timber Cruiser, N. C. Pulp Co.

"Big Wig" was in to see us the other day. He is still "Big Wig."

Alumni Directory

CLASS OF 1930

W. B. Barnes	6149 Primrose Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
C. A. Bittinger	McConnelsburg, Pa.
G. K. Brown	1812 N. El Pass, Colorado Springs, Colo.
T. C. Evans	A.F.E.S., Asheville, N. C.
R. W. Graeber	State College, Raleigh, N. C.
N. R. Harding	Panama City, Fla.
S. G. Hile	Waterville, Pa.
H. E. Howard	805 Brookridge Dr., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
J. N. Leader	Unknown
D. J. Morris	159 Main St., Blairsville, Pa.
R. L. Pierce	S-51, Pine Grove Furnace, Pa.
J. W. Walters	Point Pleasant, Pa.
F. F. Weight	112 Moore St., Hillside Heights, New Hyde Park, L. I., N. Y.
C. B. Zizelman	115 W. Broad St., Tamaqua, Pa.

CLASS OF 1931

N. B. Alter	Cass, Ark.
H. E. Altman	Northome, Minn.
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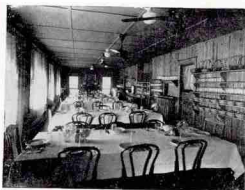
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