



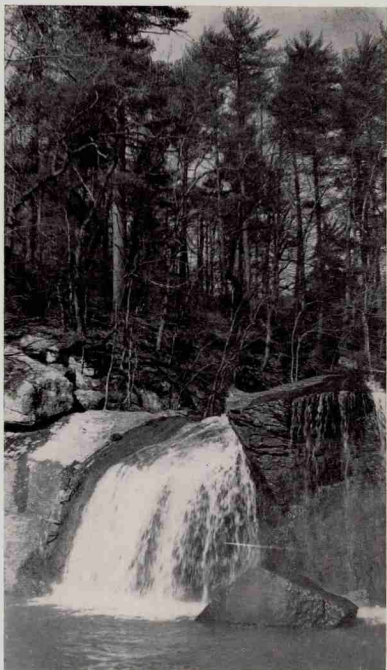
Pinetum

JOURNAL OF
FORESTRY OF THE
N. C. STATE COLLEGE
• 1943 •

**THE 1943 PI-NE-TUM
JOURNAL OF FORESTRY OF
THE FORESTRY SCHOOL**



**N. C. STATE COLLEGE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA**



Contents

Frontispiece	2
Dedication	4
Foreword	6
Seniors	7
Forestry School.....	11
Faculty	12
PI-NE-RUM Staff	13
Xi Sigma Pi.....	14
Forestry Club	15
The Year's Activities.....	15
Wood Goes to War.....	17
Summer Camp	20
1942 Rolleo	23
Plugging for Better Sport.....	24
Four Years in the Sawmill.....	27
Ecology Trip, '42.....	31
Isaac and the B'ars.....	33
Progress in the Hofmann Forest.....	34
Our Alumni.....	43
Alumni Directory.....	59
Advertisements	65



Dedication

WE, THE STAFF of the 1943 PINETUM, and the faculty and members of the School of Forestry wish to dedicate this magazine to those alumni and friends of the Forestry School who are now serving in the U. S. Armed Forces. They are fighting now to preserve the ideals and aspirations for which democracy stands and which State College and all other American Universities symbolizes.

Freedom to speak, write and worship is the life blood of all free men. This dedication is just a small indication of what we feel toward these men.



Foreword

GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man that never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and light and sky and air,
Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease,
The stronger wind the tougher trees,
The further sky the greater length,
The more the storm the more the strength.

By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
In tree or man, good timber grow.
Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both.
And they hold converse with the stars,
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.

—*Anonymous.*



SENIORS

Seniors

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Williamsburg, Va.

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Lambda Chi Alpha; R.O.T.C. 2, 3, Capt. 4; *Technician* 3, Bus. Mgr. 4; Forestry Club, Treas., 3; Dance Chm., 4; Fair Chm., 4; Boot Club.

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Delta Sigma Phi.



JOSEPH L. SHOBER
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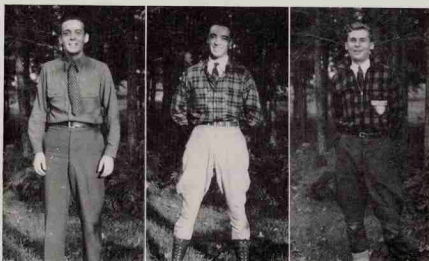
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Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Newman Club, Pres. 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, Lt. 4; Xi Sigma Pi, Assoc. Forester 4; Intramural Sports; Dorm. Boxing, Championship 2; Boot Club.

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EDWARD H. WARD

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Blackstone, Va.

Boot Club; Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4;
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Windsor, N. C.

Forestry Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Officers' Club
3, 4; Boot Club; R.O.T.C. 1, 2, 3, 4;
PI-NE-TUM 4.

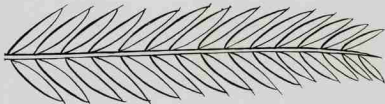
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Club; Forestry Club, Vice Pres. 3, Pres.
4; Forest Service Guard, Summer 1942.



*The Forestry School
and its Activities*



FACULTY



Back row: Lambe, Fontaine, Lutz, Buell, Wells, Slocum.
Front row: Wyman, Hofmann, Miller, Chalfant.

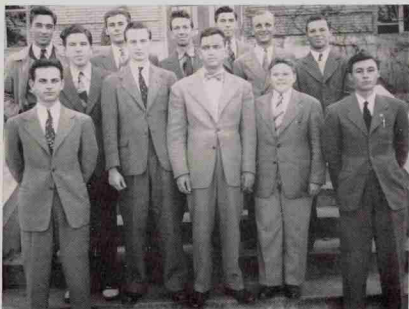
FORESTRY FACULTY

DR. J. V. HOFMANN.....	<i>Director of the Division of Forestry</i>
DR. W. D. MILLER.....	<i>Associate Professor of Forestry</i>
PROFESSOR LENTHALL WYMAN.....	<i>Professor of Forestry</i>
PROF. G. K. SLOCUM.....	<i>Associate Professor of Forestry</i>
PROF. J. W. CHALFANT.....	<i>Associate Professor of Forestry</i>

ALLIED FACULTY

DR. B. W. WELLS.....	<i>Professor of Botany</i>
DR. M. F. BUELL.....	<i>Professor of Botany</i>
PROF. C. M. LAMBE.....	<i>Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering</i>
PROF. JAMES FONTAINE.....	<i>Associate Professor of Civil Engineering</i>
DR. J. F. LUTZ.....	<i>Professor of Agronomy</i>
G. E. JACKSON.....	<i>Supervisor of the Hofmann Forest</i>
J. H. THACKER.....	<i>Supervisor of the Hill Forest</i>

PI-NE-TUM STAFF



Standing, back row: Williams, Wood, Etheridge, Shoub, Kaczynski, Schreyer.
Second row: Green, Packard, Ellis, Holcombe.
Front row: Epstein, Terry.

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H. KACZYNSKI

Faculty Adviser

G. K. SLOCUM

XI SIGMA PI



Back row: Barton, Etheridge, Martin.
Front row: Ogden, Shoub, Schreyer, Hartzog.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| J. N. ETHERIDGE..... | <i>Forester</i> |
| J. L. SHOUB..... | <i>Associate Forester</i> |
| W. H. OGDEN, JR..... | <i>Secretary-Fiscal Agent</i> |
| J. D. MARTIN..... | <i>Ranger</i> |

MEMBERS

DR. J. V. HOFMANN
 PROF. L. WYMAN
 DR. W. D. MILLER
 PROF. G. K. SLOCUM

PROF. J. W. CHALFANT
 CHARLES E. SCHREYER
 WILLIAM BARTON
 CHARLES HARTZOG

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 in leadership, scholarship, and good character among students in forestry.

FORESTRY CLUB



Officers

1942

1943

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R. WOOD.....	<i>Vice President</i>	C. E. SCHREYER
C. E. SCHREYER.....	<i>Secretary</i>	J. GODWIN
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H. PACKARD.....	<i>Publicity Chairman</i>	R. HOLCOMBE
W. J. BARTON.....	<i>Program Chairman</i>	W. J. BARTON

The Year's Activities

By H. L. Epstein '43

"Will the meeting please come to order!" cried President Etheridge, and with the same hesitancy that makes all foresters of State College so well known, the bedlam of voices quieted down within 20 minutes. Well, with such a quick response, our President gasped for breath and the meeting continued. There was at first a little bit of disinterest and inattentiveness because the curtain of uncertainty due to the war, constantly overshadowed the usual enjoyable times we all had at the meetings. This was soon overcome with assurances from different sources and the swell job that our armed forces were doing.

The unanimous feeling of doing our part resulted in the buying of War Bonds with the money the Club had set aside for the Club Cabin. The club year of 1942 brought with it a visit from Dr. Harlow of Syracuse University who presented us with a program of photos and exhibits of woodcraft. His psychology of using female subjects in his exposé really was unique, that is, if you get my idea! Since there is no other way of telling gossip and latest events, little bits of information concerning personalities will be inserted between paragraphs of the regular forestry club meetings.

Flash! Jim Maynard will trod the well-beaten path of nuptials on or about February 26. The girl, Helen Betts; the place, Raleigh, N. C. Good luck! Jimmy.

Bang crash, and all other phonetics that may represent pistols, because the wild and not so wooly west came to our meeting one night not so long ago. It came in the form of a big husky man, toting with him his six guns, eight guns and even his little trusted pea shooter. Yes, one-eyed Slocum, the roughest, toughest, rooting, shooting (ask the Junior Class) wizard of guns and accessories spoke on how to handle a gun or, if you have a professor in need of air-conditioning, use a calibre .22 instead of a .45, we have to conserve lead you know.

Showing us the different types of pistols used both for the Army and during the rise and settling of the west, Prof. Slocum explained the operation and ballistics of each of the weapons. However, during the talk on safety, Prof. Slocum pulled out a .45 pistol, looked down the barrel, spun the cylinder and pulled the trigger. The resulting flash and booming echo sent most of the students scampering for safety behind desks and chairs. The Prof. calmed the boys down by explaining that the gun was loaded with a blank and he did so to show that accidents can happen and by spinning the chamber does not reveal the presence of any shell. The experiment was very instructive and enlightening but how did you explain the powder burns on the ceiling to the janitor, Prof.?

So that Jim Maynard cannot outdo any one, Jim Martin, also of Virginia, will take to himself a wife on February 20, 1943. We also are happy to say that Bruce Lutz, another member of the illustrious class of 1943, took himself a bride last Easter. Looking back, I begin to wonder perhaps there is something to marriage after all.

Speaking of marriage and women, our enterprising program chairman, finding himself without a program, decided that for once, he would give the club members a chance to discuss the topic dearest to their hearts.

Yes, he opened the meeting by calling for an open house debate to decide whether or not women can be trusted.

Messrs. DayVault, Packard and Wood contended after a vigorous description of their woes, that women are like snakes. The less you have to do with them the better off you are. It was also contended that women have finer points which unless you are well experienced

Continued on page thirty-eight

Wood Goes to War

By J. V. Hofmann

Yes, wood prepared for war before the Nazi Wehrmacht rolled over the German borders into the countries where the way had been prepared by the Nazi agent Johann Albrecht von Monroy under the guise of purchasing forest products and forests. The organized control of the world was to be built upon the one accessible and renewable resource—wood. This one product was so widely used in industrial development and supplied in so many ways the human needs that the all inclusive word "Universalrohstoff," meaning raw material for anything, has been applied to wood. To insure the supply of raw material the German Wood Trust now controls and regulates all trade in forest products throughout Europe and all countries dominated by Germany. The control of the forests and forest products is an important factor in keeping the German Army clothed, fed, transported and armed.

The essential ingredients of wood are cellulose and lignin. Although cellulose is found in its purest form in cotton, and both cellulose and lignin occur together in almost all plants, wood is the cheapest and most abundant producer. One acre of trees harvested on the sustained yield basis, will produce several times as much cellulose every year as will an acre of cotton. Cellulose forms the glucose or the kind of raw sugar that makes corn syrup. From this wood sugar is made, which is indistinguishable from the ordinary sugar made from sugar cane or beets. From the glucose in this same process grain alcohol is made. All German schnapps and more than half of the Swedish beverages started life in the woods. The waste liquors of the sulphate-process wood pulp manufactured by European mills is turned into alcohol and the yield has been increased from 15 gallons a ton to as much as 40 gallons. Through this process alone the pulp industry supplies about one hundred million gallons of industrial alcohol of the same type that is made in the U. S. from blackstrap cane molasses. This alcohol is used for making smokeless powder, nitroglycerine and other explosives. It is also used to raise the quality of the gasoline used by the military equipment. Another important military use is the making of artificial rubber. The military machines are driven by the gasoline which is derived directly from wood. The generator is a simple cylindrical unit fastened to the side or rear of the car. The charcoal or wood chips replace a million and one-half tons of gasoline a year for military purposes.

The grease and oils needed for machinery is also derived from the tree stumps. The Swedish supply, it has been estimated, will carry the entire military machine for two years.

The proteins and carbohydrates derived from wood are increasingly important in the food for people in Germany and also for feeding of cattle. Over cooked wood cellulose forms a white powder equal in

nutritive value to oats. These same products are made from wood in the U. S. and in most cases the wood products are used more efficiently and more completely. These products are used not only in the operation of the war machines but the machines themselves are made of wood. Plywood airplanes are a commercial product and are in use in many branches of the armed services. Russia's best fighters have plywood tails and wings. The American planes for transport, gliders, and freight carrying planes are being made of wood. The general assumption is that they are made of plastics which is not completely true. The plastic airplane in reality is made of plywood bonded by synthetic resins of two types: the phenol-formaldehyde and urea-formaldehyde. These glues form a unit with the wood and under heavy pressure they become a mass of plywood which gives the appearance of plastics. The advantage in this construction is that the planes are lighter, the wing surface is smooth and does not ripple, and the material does not "flower" when hit with bullets. Plastics are also produced from wood sawdust. This process is worked out by using 3 pounds of sulphuric acid to 100 pounds of sawdust, cooking $\frac{1}{2}$ hour under pressure of 135 pounds to the square inch, draining off the liquor and washing the residue in water. When it is dry, there will be 62 pounds of acid-hydrolyzed sawdust. This product is hard and strong and can be used for automobile and building hardware, telephone cases and radio cabinets, toilet articles, dishes, electrical appliances, etc. It is even being used for gears, washers, locks, and many other items of hardware.

New chemical treatments increase gum flow of longleaf and slash pine. The great demand for these products has made it imperative that the annual flow of gum be increased and experiments are being conducted to increase turpentine yield.

"Research conducted by the U. S. Forest Service in 1942 shows that by modification of the chipping program, 40 per cent sulphuric acid solution applied to fresh streaks or faces will give as good results on longleaf as on slash pine, increasing the average annual flow of gum by 25 per cent. Furthermore, experiments this past year with a large number of other chemicals show that a 25 per cent solution of caustic soda (lye) will increase yields for both species of pine as much as 75 per cent on a weekly chipping schedule," says the *Agricultural News Letter*, published by DuPont.

"It has been determined that a naval stores producer can make as much or even somewhat more gum by chipping every other week and applying the 40 per cent sulphuric acid as he can from his customary weekly chipping untreated, thereby saving considerably on that important item of manpower," says T. A. Liefeld, silviculturist at the Southern Forest Experiment Station at Lake City, Fla.

Nylon is a new product made from coal tar and is coming into very prominent use, both military and civilian. This same product has been made from wood although the process of developing nylon from

wood is not in the commercial stage at this time. Many other products which have been derived from coal have also been derived from wood. These facts clearly demonstrate the principle which is well known to all chemists that all of the products found in coal are found in wood. This basic principle brings the facts home to foresters and raises the challenge that all of these products must be provided through the growing of timber. The millions of years which have passed to produce the vegetation which eventually formed coal beds can be reduced to a matter of a few years of forest growth by applying the methods of extracting the materials direct from the tree rather than from the coal deposits. An additional important fact is that the trees constitute a renewable resource and consequently not only can be replaced but can be increased as needed. The United States as a nation is fortunate today to have a present stand of timber which will still be able to take care of even greater demands of the peace following. These forests are a part of the heritage that came to the American people and which have been exploited and used with little thought of renewal. The conservation program has never had a more direct obligation placed upon it than at the present time. There is no longer any conjecture as to the needs for forest products in war or in peace and yet as a nation we are reluctant to take up the challenge to produce forest products. Very little actual improvement has been made in the manner of protection until recent years.

It is encouraging to see the impetus given to the production program through private agencies, state and federal governments, with a view that these products will be needed in the future as well as in the present. While the heavy cutting is under way, the operations should be conducted in a manner that will provide for future crops on all of the forest lands. The cutting may be heavier than good forestry would approve but the present needs would justify this excessive cutting. The immediate program following cutting must be given more complete attention if the production program is to be improved. The one factor that is most potent is the fire hazard following the cutting operations. Without intensive fire protection the future production of the forests is seriously retarded and in many cases destroyed. This factor has been recognized by the national government and additional funds have been provided for the protection of those areas in and adjoining armed service camps and locations. Unless the regeneration program of the areas being cut at the present time is given attention now, it will reduce the future production and also greatly add to the post-war expenses in bringing the lands throughout the forest areas of the United States back to useful and profitable production. Along with the forest production, any forest program should provide for game in accordance with the locality and forest conditions. Any kind of game will not only furnish a very fine source of recreation but will also add materially to the food supply of the nation. A game program can be very profitably operated with the forestry program. It should be under

Continued on page thirty-nine

Summer Camp 1942

By Bob Holcombe

For the whole preceding year, summer camp was looked forward to by the entire sophomore class; either with regret or with anticipation, but by the time camp was over every one of us was of the opinion that we had the best time in our lives in those ten short weeks.

Monday morning was registration day and we all assembled in Ricks Hall. We were given a preview of the entire summer course by Professor Slocum, and that same afternoon the fireworks started. We all took a trip around the campus for a review of our dendrology specimens. It seemed that the temperature was around the boiling point, and to add to the misery, the campus appeared to cover a huge amount of ground. We never anticipated what we had in store for us in the following two weeks, or we would never have complained of the heat or lack of water.

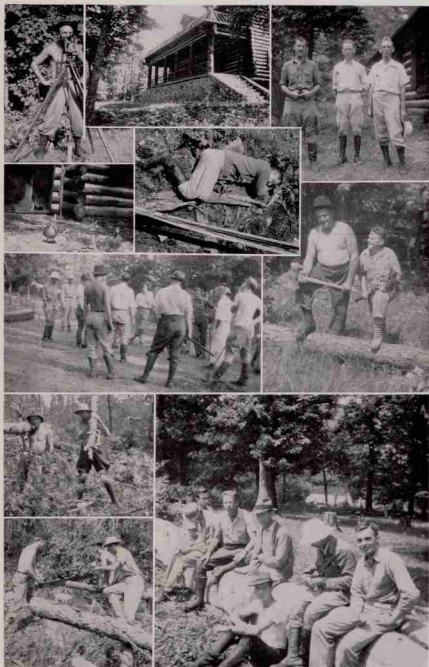
Starting Tuesday, and for the rest of the week, our dendrology was confined to the vicinity of Raleigh and Hill Forest. Our trip to the lead mines started our classification of the various species of trees and shrubs as to red bristly pubescence, white prone pubescence, midrib hairs, etc., etc. (guess?).

On Wednesday of that week we visited Hill Forest, to study its flora, and meet its reptilian fauna. We were all marching single file on the river bank and Charlie Schreyer suddenly let out a yelp. A small copperhead had just crossed the path directly in front of him and poor Charlie almost stepped on it. It took brave Kaczynski to pin the snake down and cut off his head; since the pronged stick "Be Prepared" Hinshaw produced had broken in the tussle. It was funny to see all the fellows hide behind each other when the stick broke and the snake went amuck.

The next day we all had our dose of cabin fever. The day was exceptionally wet and unfit for dendrology trips. Our dispositions, after spending two hours in the cabin with nothing to do but read—well, you can imagine.

We'll never forget the royal reamin' Dr. Miller handed us on a silver platter when he gave us a particular test specimen at Robertson's Pond. "A beautiful specimen of black walnut" said he, and we all popped a vessel. What really griped our souls was the fact that the pond was full of *Taxodium* and Prof. evidently thought the species was too hard to identify. Typical of the genus Slocum!

At the start of the second week, we packed up and were ready and willing to start out for Boone. Some of the boys never knew then the eagerness with which they would look forward to returning to Boone. 'Twas in Boone that the hearts of two of our most powerful boys melted away and were lost completely. Doug House came in the room after his first date with "Squeaky" and exclaimed, "Oh! I'm in love, I'm in love!" and swooned to the floor. He was in a trance the next



day on the dendrology trip. That night he again came in making enough noise to wake the dead, and waving a handkerchief with a few smears of lip-stick on it. (??) Ain't love grand?

Well if that love was grand, then the affair between "Mountain Boy" Barton and a certain "Kat" will take the cake for being the grandest love that ever existed. If Doug was bad, Bill was 10 times worse. We were all inclined to feel that it was his first affair with a female because of the way he acted. Every time a person mentioned love, that certain heart-warming grin lit up Bill's face.

'Twas also in Boone that the talents of the "fearless five" were recognized. These five gentlemen claimed that they were abundant in nerve and muscle, and surpassed all others on the trip. (To hear them brag, you would think they were all supermen.) Hook, Schreyer, Barton, Mahone and Hartsock climbed the face of Grandfathers Mountain; probably because they were too lazy to walk up the path. Coming down the mountain was a drastic move for Hook, because he wrenched his right shoulder, and when the doctor told him he shouldn't use it for two or three months he almost had a hemorrhage. "Booger" learned to use his left arm extremely well.

Another of the highlights at Boone was the visit to the fish hatchery. We all thought Prof. Slocum was somewhat queer, but when he laid on his stomach by the hour and gazed at his beloved brown, speckled, and rainbow trout and heaved great sighs of contentment, that proved it.

Naturally, we were all rather reluctant to leave Boone, the girls, the fish, and the trees, but in Hill Forest camp, we had more and interesting experiences that far surpassed those at Boone.

The second day in camp we had the honor of being shown "the ropes" in the proper use of axes, saws, and bull slinging by Paul Criss and Mr. Ed Meeks, the world's fastest saw team. It was really an inspiration to see those men (and I do mean men) tear through an eighteen inch log, and fell trees with uncanny accuracy. Of course, everything wasn't all work, for many of us learned some prize expressions and also hints on how to stretch the truth. All in all we were truly sorry to see these two swell pals leave after a short week with us.

After that adventure, Prof. Slocum introduced us to the instruments for diameter and height measurement of trees. The first thing we did was estimate the trees by sight, then with the instruments—just to see how far wrong the instruments were. It all came out in the wash, that if accuracy of ocular estimation was a strong basis for marks, few of us would be in school.

The following two days, after introduction of forest measurement instruments, were spent in Raleigh getting our surveying equipment, and becoming reaccustomed to them. . . . Then the work started.

For twelve solid days we ran the traverse and cussed, leveled and fumed, cross sectioned and griped; but don't let anybody kid you,

Continued on page forty

1942 Rolleo

By Morris Green, '43

On Saturday morning, October 17, the students and faculty of the Forestry School left for Hill Forest to attend and to participate in the annual Rolleo. The sun did not shine once during the day, but we all made the best of it.

The Rolleo was started about 10:00 o'clock in the morning because of the many events to be run off. The first event was chinning. All the classes except the Sophomores had their strongest and biggest muscle men participate in this event, but up went skinny, scrawny, and bony "Greenwich Village" Zuckerman to win this event for his class by chinning eighteen times.

In the broadjump Packard was first until the last jump, then the judges made him take the springs out of his boots. This enabled Hartsock to take first place for the Juniors in this event.

There are no future Carl Hubbells in the Forestry School because the target for the rock throwing contest had to be moved just about on top of the throwing line. Jim Martin came through to win this event for the Seniors. In another event for accuracy Senior Bill Ogden won the target shooting contest.

Those "dark-horse" Sophomores felled their tree closest to the stake in the tree felling event. Were Etheridge's and Martin's faces red!

Those Juniors were just too fast for the other classes in the sawing for speed event. The Soph's sent Jim Mannion flying up that rope in the rope climbing event. Old "tree skinner" Etheridge went skidding up that Tulip tree to take the tree climbing event for the Seniors. The bayonet throwing Sophomores won the knife throwing contest with a real live bayonet. Jack Williams, who never threw an axe before, took the axe throwing event for the Seniors.

Our new event of the year was bait casting. Balloons were placed out in the pond and the participants had to break the balloons with the plug. Bill Ellis had Charlie Schreyer on the side with a twenty-two all ready to break the balloons when he would cast. Even Charlie's accuracy with the rifle could not beat Williams' skill with the rod and reel. Jack just walked off with this event for the Seniors.

The surprise of the day was when "Eagle Scout" Barton got lost while participating in the smoke chasing event. This event started at 4:30, but Bill came trudging into camp around 6:00 o'clock. Bill had everything except his nose wet because he had to keep his nose above the water when he crossed the river. The Freshmen won the smoke chasing event and the fire building contest.

The day was very successful for the Seniors because they won the Rolleo. The Sophomores were second and the Juniors third. After all the events were over, we all enjoyed the weiner roast and especially the coffee with sugar, or the sugar with coffee.

Continued on page forty-one

Plugging for Better Sport By William J. Ellis, '44

In all the history of angling from Isaac Walton down to the present time, the man who is capable of placing his lure right where he is reasonably certain that the fish are hiding is the man who catches the most fish. Haphazard casting into open water gets an occasional strike, but only the stray ones. The cagey and experienced fisherman knows that the biggest and gamest of the species must be lured from under a certain rock or lily pad. The only way to do this is to drop his plug, fly, or whatever he is using right at the edge of the cover. And believe me, brother, to do this consistently *he must be a good caster.*

Call it "pretty" or use any other fancy adjective you like, but casting is nothing more than being capable of placing that lure where it will best serve its purpose. That spot may be over a hundred feet away, or it may be only a quarter of that distance; but if you can reach it without getting too close and frightening the old battler, who feels that he is secure, your chances of a strike are greatly increased. Yes, accuracy in casting is important, but distance is also a great asset. A combination of the two is ideal.

Casting should not be considered an end in itself. The tricks of the exhibition caster are of little use except as a diversion to break up the routine of straight casting. Make up your mind at the start, that you are mastering the principles of scientific casting principally to assure yourself more pleasure in fishing. Skill will come, and when it does it will be so natural you will hardly notice it. Probably you'll deny it.

There are a number of good manuals on plug casting . . . and don't let anybody tell you that you can't learn from them. Read every article on casting that comes to your attention, and then look for more. You'll learn plenty, even though they may not agree. The fundamentals have to be adopted to the individual anyhow, and that is up to you.

Now that we fully realize the importance of these fundamentals in practical fishing and not simply as aids to make us "fancy casters," we'll review them in detail. The order in which they are given is not significant of their usefulness, but if the novice will study them in this order, and will make sure that he has mastered each before going ahead with the next, he will derive the most benefit.

THE POSITION OF THE REEL

Watch any good cast—I mean fisherman, and you will notice that he never holds the rod so that the reel is on top, except possibly, when he is making a side cast. He holds the reel in a vertical position with the handle pointing skyward. So much has been written on this little detail that any mention made here may seem superfluous, but the

fact that every book, article, or treatise of any kind mentions it is indicative of its importance.

The reasons given for this position of the reel are many. Some are sound, some are ludicrous. I recently heard an exhibition caster say, during the course of his demonstration, that if the reel were held in any other position it was impossible to prevent a backlash. He then made several casts with the reel on top, and sure enough, he backlashed every time. This, of course, was just an easy way to impress the audience that the reel should not be on top, for a little later he made some beautiful sidecasts with the reel in a horizontal position, and forgot all about backlashing.

The fact that this position of the reel offers a more natural resting place for the thumb without placing any unnecessary strain on the wrist, in my estimation, is sufficient reason for any one. You will appreciate the significance of this when you practice the next fundamental of plugging which is:

THE GRIP

One day a professional caster showed me that in years of handling a bait rod, I hadn't even learned how to hold it. There was one thing I had overlooked completely. I used to wrap my fist around the cork handle of the rod as if I were gripping a baseball bat. The muscles of my wrist were kept so tense that when I'd apply the snap for the forward cast I'd almost break a bone. Unconsciously I was also giving my thumb extra work without getting one hundred per cent efficiency.

In gripping the rod the four fingers of the casting hand should be placed on the underneath side of the handle and *kept close together* with the heel of the hand resting on top . . . the heel, of course, is the marginal part of the palm next to the wrist and below the joint of the little finger; not the fleshy pad at the base of the thumb. Where the rod is equipped with a finger trigger there must be a slight separation between the index and the other three fingers. This, however, is no excuse for spreading them apart. Keep them together and you'll have better control.

With the reel in its proper position, you will now find that the thumb is resting naturally with the tip against the side wall or the inner flange of the spool. The palm of your hand forms a cup just above the handle of the rod and you have the reel under full control with the minimum amount of thumb pressure. All strain and tension is eliminated and the casting arm is relaxed.

You'll be surprised how fast your accuracy will improve after you've mastered the correct grip. It will seem awkward at first, breaking away from that old vise-like grip, but when you're consistently dropping your lure right at the edge of the fish cover over and bringing old wiseguy out from his hiding place, you'll begin to think there is something to this "art of casting."

THUMBING THE REEL

Did you ever spoil a good day's fishing by starting out with a burned thumb? Or, are you one of the Milquetoast clan, who either wears a thumb stall or wraps adhesive tape on the tip of this member to protect it from the tremendous dry friction of the line? I hope you're not one of the latter, because, if you are going to control the line speed, your thumb must be sensitive to the slightest variation in the revolving speed of the spool.

The solution is "correct thumbing." Don't try to use your thumb as a break to stop the spool from revolving. Remember, you're thumbing to prevent a backlash; not to stop the reel as if you were bringing in a fish. The object is to *get it out*, not bring it in. That will come later.

With the position of the reel correct, the proper grip being put to practice, the thumb is in a natural position with the tip resting on the inner surface of the flange on the spool. The weight of this member alone will exert sufficient drag without applying any extra pressure.

To thumb correctly a man must have keen eyes and a quick muscular response. Unless you are already a master of the art, you should begin at once to concentrate on this phase of casting. Forget everything else for the time being and watch the reel as you cast, resist all temptation to take your eyes off the reel and allow it to follow out along the line.

You will observe that during the cast the line throws outward from the spool between the reel and the first guide. Centrifugal force throws it outward. Before a backlash can occur, that outward curving arc of line must get some real slack in it allowing two or three turns to loosen on the reel. Right here is where "correct thumbing" asserts itself.

The good thumber forgets his cast. His eyes are glued on the reel and the line just in front of it. At the slightest exaggeration of the curve of that flow of line where it leaves the reel, his thumb instantly touches the spool. Then, just as instantly retracts. He puts just the right touch on it to slow it down to line speed, but *no more*.

He continues to watch and repeats this operation until the plug, lure, or whatever he is casting begins to react to the forces of gravity and the line no longer pulls hard enough to spin the reel. The taking-off line has so decreased its leverage on the spool that this force alone would hardly turn it over. However, the spool has built up considerable reserve energy or momentum, and unless the thumb pressure is applied at the right instant, the slack in that outward curving arc of line would reverse on the fast spinning reel—result a birds' nest. The angler takes an unwelcome recess.

A thorough understanding of the conditions that necessitate "correct thumbing" will be a great help to the angler who has determined to master it. When once mastered, so that he does it instinctively,

Continued on page thirty-six

Four Years in the Sawmill By H. D. Packard

I. A. *Introduction.* This is the story of our life at State College, our hardships and our successes. It is a story that could be compared to the progress of the tree through the sawmill to the finished product. In the State College mill, sixty-three of us entered as saw timber and eleven of us are emerging as the finished product. Let us now hasten to the scene and see how a typical shipment of logs travels to the mill, through its sharp saws, and finally into the finished product.

B. *Species.* Any all-American boy who loves the great out-of-doors. For purposes of research he can be divided into the Northern and Southern varieties.

NORTHERN SPECIES. The scientific name of this variety is "Yankees dammus." Its distinguishing characteristics are bright shirts, big boots, and strange accent.

SOUTHERN SPECIES. (*Rebelis dammus.*) Its distinguishing characteristics are its slow drawl. Two further varieties are recognized. *Rebeles dammus* var. *virginiana* and *Rebelis dammus* var. *caroliniana*. The former variety is usually found growing in clusters along the edge of swamps or marshes. "Rebelis dammus" grows all over the south from the mountains through the piedmont to the coastal plain. It reacts the same as the northern variety to alcoholic liquors, but its leaves become a brighter red.

II. *Transportation.* The logs were mostly shipped to N. C. State by railroads and buses, but some arrived on Bumpers or via ye olde thumb.

III. *The Log Pond.* After standing in line for several hours, we at last reached our advisers and were given schedules. We found, however, that we could not register until we had cashed our checks and we could not cash our checks until we had registered. At this time, one of the foresters (Packard), wishing to appease a tormenting faculty member, uttered these immortal words: "And then, sir, here is a cigar for you."

We were permitted a few hours of sleep and then we were examined, marked and graded. Heartrot was discovered in some of the specimens, notably Williams who as usual slipped under the wire. What a collection of rotten logs we were—Moon Mullin, Sweeny, Wackerman, Searcy, Justus, in fact, there were thousands of us. We spent freshman week walking to Pullen Hall and staggering out again.

IV. *The Saws begin to cut.* Math, Zoölogy, Botany, English and Gym for Moe Green. Many of us were eliminated as sawdust and slabs as the college was using an inch saw. We used to go to class and look around to see if any of our friends were still left. We spent our afternoons sitting in Zoölogy Lab., looking at things floating in formaldehyde. What they were, nobody could figure out, not even

Prof. Meacham. The spring term of freshman year was a honey—chasing bugs and collecting flowers. The flowers were not so hard to collect as they remained stationary. The insects were a different matter. Try to picture one Lepidoptera popilionidae resting on a flower and five half-crazy foresters stalking it with nets. After chasing it for about five miles it was finally caught. Who can forget Shoub chasing a bee and falling into a swamp face first?

The highlight of the freshman year was the trip to Hofmann Forest, pushing the bus through the mud and dating the "Gals" in Jacksonville.

In the sophomore year, Ye Olde Saws really went to work on us. Dendrology, Plant Physiology, Chemistry and Surveying. What a year! Dendrology was quite the course, trees, thousands of 'em. The course covered everything growing from two inches to two hundred feet high. Plant Physiology really mowed us down. Joe Lewis never knocked any one out as cold and as fast as Plant Physiology. If the Japs could be made to take Plant Physiology, they would be so weak afterward you could blow them over, in fact "Moe" Green liked the course so much he took it over a second time, just to be sure he knew it all! Jimmy Maynard, the reformed sinner of the class, said: "I don't want to be a Junior taking sophomore surveying" but fate had decided that he should return once more to the surveying building for another try. The spring term rolled around and old Dendrology was back again to threaten us.

Summer Camp found the physical wrecks of '43, staggering through the vines and poison ivy of Hill Forest, covered with red bugs. The red bugs seemed to prefer Bob Wood, in fact there were so many on him that he looked like one huge red bug. I think there are more red bugs, poison ivy and bees per acre at the Hill Forest than there are people in New York City. Heart rot developed rapidly in our puny bodies when we reached the invigorating air of Boone. Bunk Terry, Joe Shoub and as usual, Williams, were the worst victims although all of us had slight cases. Boone is indeed undercutting the Utopia everyone dreams about. Think of its women trying to pick you up, beautiful mountains, fishing, sports and censored. The only drawback was the stale cheese sandwiches we ate without any water to wash the mixture down. Prof. Slocum finally rounded us up for the long boyage back to Hill Forest, Oh, unhappy day. Packard kissed his borrowed car goodbye, Terry left his cute little gal, Valentino was hugged by his mountain girl and three more of his ribs were damaged.

Hill Forest was just the same as when we left it and poison ivy still fooled Epstein, even though he tasted it. The Washington Duke tavern was still open. Omar Khayyam really expressed our feelings when he wrote:

"Dreaming when Dawn's Left hand was in the sky
I heard a voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, my little ones, and fill the cup
Before Life's Liquor in its cup be dry'."



Summer camp was drawing to a close and the hot breath of the Draft had already blown Keller from our dwindling ranks.

"Moe" Green's beard became so long that we often mistook him for one of Prof. Slocum's "reamers" covered with Spanish moss.

The final curtain closed on Summer Camp, and we went home to rest our scarred and mutilated bodies, Williams and Shoub decided to travel back to Boone and visit their loyal (?) girl friends.

In the Junior year Mensuration and Statistics worked away on us and whittled down our strength. The Ecology trip was the highlight of the year, Carolina Beach being the main attraction. Dr. Wells showed us the blank ascosics of the blankety, blank conscioation and by the time we had reached the coast, we thought Dr. Wells could change a blade of grass into a pine tree by merely removing his glasses.

It was cold as . . . at Carolina Beach. Bob Wood picked himself out a rather motherly woman and toured the town in style, until a very close friend of hers arrived back in town.

We spent the spring term pulling weeds for Prof. Slocum and eating his vegetables. Terry was the lucky one for he had a seed bed that looked like the Painted Desert.

Summer found Williams, Maynard, Terry, and as usual, Packard, sitting in summer school with Prof. Wyman wielding the whip. Etheridge and Jim Martin went to work at the Duke Forest. Epstein, Green, and Wood went out to the "Wild and Wooly" West. Bob Wood really learned plenty from his western buddies. We humour him when he starts to tell us true (?) stories of his adventures in the tall timber and towns of the West.

Senior year found us wondering if we would ever finish college. The Draft had increased to a gale, and rumors were prevalent all over the campus as to what was going to happen to us in the near future. The professors tried to keep our minds on our work by giving us tests, tests and more tests. Bruce Lutz came back to school married and Maynard is on the verge of that fatal step.

V. The Finished Product. We the class of '43 have just about finished our progress through the Mill and soon we will be pushed out into the World, not as foresters, but as soldiers, sailors and marines. We shall probably sail to the four corners of the earth, from Australia to Iceland, but no matter where we go, we will never forget our four years of college life. We of the senior class will try to follow the farsighted policy of the forester. For in the future, we see the forests and their industries waiting for our return. In parting we want to say goodbye to the students and faculty of the Forestry School, the best friends and teachers any man could ever hope for. But rather than saying good bye, let us say "Till We Meet Again." The class of '43, the finished product, leaves the mill, and another chapter in the story of the Forestry School has been written.

Ecology Trip, '42

By Nevin Dayvault, '44

At 7:30 A.M. on September 2, 1942, nine Forestry Students and about twenty-one Agriculture, Wild Life, and Horticulture students crowded into the Forestry School's bus and station wagon and the annual Plant Ecology Trip got underway.

Our first stop was in a Beech-Maple forest. This type of forest is very rare in the Coastal Plains region of North Carolina. The Beech-Maple forest is the climax type in plant succession.

Next we visited the shrub-bog associates in Pender County. These bogs were formed millions of years ago when the Atlantic Ocean, which once covered this section of the country, receded and left an area which was surrounded by a ridge of sand.

Further on, in Pender County, we studied the Big Savannah, recognized throughout the world as one of the most beautiful natural wild flower gardens.

At Lakeview Pond, on the outskirts of Wilmington, we studied a water lily consociation. The leaves and stems of these plants float on the surface of the water, while the roots are anchored in the mucky soil.

We left Lakeview Pond and traveled on to Carolina Beach, where we had reservations at the Bame Hotel.

After we had satisfied our hunger and thirst, we decided to go out and explore the surrounding sections of the town. We had been told that there were quite a few beautiful girls living there on the beach, but our conquest for the fairer sex was doomed to failure. The only girls we saw were being escorted by the Army or convoyed by the Navy. After prowling around the boardwalk, which was blacked out due to war conditions, we went back to the hotel to get a much needed rest.

Saturday morning we started out again to study the ecology in and around Carolina Beach.

Our first stop was at Sugar Loaf Mountain, which Barton swore was only a sand dune. We could still find evidence of the battle that was fought around Fort Fisher during the Civil War. The only trees that can grow in this type of soil are turkey oak, blue jack oak and longleaf pine. None of these trees ever reaches commercial size on this site. Every few years fire sweeps through the area and destroys all the vegetation.

We climbed wearily into the bus and drove several miles up the beach to a salt marsh. The water in the salt marsh fluctuates with the tide. Only plants which are especially adapted to live in salt water can survive here.

Moving on down into the Fort Fisher area, Dr. Wells explained his pet subject, the Salt Spray Theory. Dr. Wells and Dr. Shunk have put forth the theory that the salt spray, coming in from the ocean,

is responsible for injuring sea oats and other plants which grow on the sand dunes along the beach. This theory has been generally accepted throughout the world. Much to our disappointment, we were not permitted to take pictures of anything along the beach. We had already taken some pictures before we were informed of this, so we have several nice photographs of this area.

After lunch, Dr. Wells kindly consented to give us the afternoon off, so that we might go swimming or do anything we wished.

Schreyer found a "mermaid" while he was exploring the surf. Anyway, he came out with his face all scratched up. I'll let you draw your own conclusions. Later in the afternoon, Schreyer found a real, live mermaid (my roommate surely gets around). She arranged to get several of us dates for the evening. The girls left us early because they all wanted to go to the U.S.O. dance that night.

By the way, the postoffice burned Saturday morning while we were out on our trip. It was rumored that a certain Forestry boy wrote his girl at Boone such a hot letter that the postoffice caught fire from it.

Sunday morning we checked out of the hotel and began our return trip to Raleigh. Our first stop was to study a fresh water marsh. A peculiar characteristic of the plants that grow in this habitat is that they are unable to close their stomata.

We visited beautiful White Lake, where we studied the swamp forest associates. The cypress and tupelo gum, growing in the shallow water, cannot germinate under water. The trees already there received their start when the area was dry and has since been covered by water. These trees have a characteristic swollen base.

We rolled into Raleigh about 4:30 in the afternoon, tired but happy. It was a wonderful trip and everyone enjoyed it very much.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Dr. Wells for his very interesting discussions on all the plants we studied. Our only desire is that we will sometime have the opportunity to put into practical use the tremendous amount of knowledge gained on the trip.

Isaac and the B'ARS

By J. Wayne Chalfant

Being a true experience of the author while engaged in fire prevention work on the Croatan National Forest in 1935.

* * * * *

Before taking up with my story, which, by the way, is a short one, I would like to point out that it is just one sample of the many incidents of similar nature that may occur to other foresters engaged in fire prevention activities. The first principle of fire prevention is to determine who starts the fires and why. Much of the present fire damage and a great portion of the forest fire problem has its root in the mysterious workings of the human mind. Local custom, habit, superstition, false ideas, plain ignorance and a number of other similar factors are a part of the great category of reasons why forest fires get started.

Not all of the so-called incendiary fires are set maliciously. Underlying reasons for the setting of these fires must be ferreted out by the forest officer and a preventive measure applied without the benefit of legal penalties. Common sense talk and reasoning is one of the best tools to success if and when properly used and when used on the persons to whom such action applies. Common sense mixed with friendliness, firmness and sincerity will prevent more fires than all the threats of the law and all the baying of bloodhounds.

* * * * *

Isaac was an old Darkie. In fact he was a very old Darkie. Isaac was not from any place because Isaac had never been away from where he was born down on Cahooque Creek in Craven County.

Some years before the War Between the States and before the Neuse River had ceased to be the main artery of travel up to New Bern, Isaac was a slave boy on a plantation. It seems that after the war he stayed on and in 1935 he was full owner of part of this same plantation, not to speak of also being the great-great-grandfather of a healthy number of shiny black offspring and the wise counselor of a sizable neighborhood of good colored folks. One of Isaac's annual tasks was to make certain that his woods were soundly burned over. Now this was not too bad in itself except that quite a lot of other peoples' land usually got burned too. Because Isaac burned his land, all his sons, and their sons, did the same thing. In fact the entire neighborhood burned because Isaac thought it was all right. Quite a lot of good pine lands were thus put to the flame each year and for a long time nothing much more than a little firewood had been secured from the land.

Now Isaac was not a bad Darkie and neither were his folks. Maybe some of the corn crop went to town in a bottle, or jar if you wish, but generally that was not considered bad either. The only bad things to

Continued on page thirty-nine

Progress in the Hofmann Forest

By G. E. Jackson, '55

Labor shortage made it impossible to remove much lumber and logs from the Hofmann Forest during 1942 and, as a result, the income was very low. Forest fires destroyed young growth on many thousands of acres of forest land. The hunting season was unusually good. The cattle program was expanded, and a large timber sale was made.

GAME

There were 28 open days for hunting in the Hofmann Forest during the 1942 season. These days were divided into 13 hunts including every Friday and Saturday. The take for the season was 372 deer, 2 bear and 2 foxes. This game was killed during 2,159 man days, which gives an average of a deer to about every six hunters.

Daily permits were sold for \$1.10 for legal residents and voters of Jones and Onslow counties, and \$2.10 for all others. No guides were used and all game killed was divided into hunter's shares at the end of the hunt. These "divide-the-game" hunts proved to be very satisfactory.

Game was plentiful in all parts of the forest. The largest number of deer were killed along the Roper Road. However, the Gum Branch and upper White Oak River hunts were unusually good. One person was prosecuted and convicted for violation of the forest game laws. This was the 8th year that hunting has been controlled in the Hofmann Forest and was, by far, the greatest hunting season recorded.

CATTLE

The cattle grazing and experimental program was expanded in 1942. The herd consisted of 97 cows and heifers, 55 calves and 2 bulls. Lewis V. Blake, '40, Animal Husbandry, State College, was stationed on the forest from January until he was drafted by the Army in July.

A four-month grazing experiment was run in the Deppe pastures with cotton seed meal as a supplement. This experiment is to be continued for several years. A part of the herd was kept in the Deppe pastures during the year. Improvements were the construction of one additional pasture and drilling two more wells. The herdsman was E. D. Humphrey, who was replaced by R. C. Adams near the end of the year.

Eight pastures of 48 acres each, with 64 experimental plots, were put into the Cypress Creek section. Four of the pastures were logged and the experiment will get underway in 1943. Other improvements were the construction of a stock scale, corrals and drilling two wells. Lonnie Griffin was herdsman at Cypress Creek until September, when he was replaced by Nash Thomas.

In November all the calves were brought out and weighed. The steers were sent to Raleigh and all the heifers were wintered at the cattle barn at Cypress Creek. This is the first year that any of the calves have been kept on the forest during the winter.

FOREST FIRES

Twenty-nine forest fires threatened the Hofmann Forest during 1942. Only 3 of these burned inside the boundary, but these 3 burned a total of 26,000.1 acres. The causes of these fires were: incendiary, 13; brush burning, 8; railroad, 5; smokers, 1; hunters, 1; and lightning, 1. Twenty-two first burned in Onslow and 7 in Jones County. Four persons were prosecuted for violation of the forest fire laws and two were convicted.

Fire crews were maintained at the Deppe and Comfort towers. Oscar Kellum worked as Association Ranger until he was drafted in July. Lonnie Griffin was appointed Ranger on September 1, and is living at the Ranger Station at the Deppe tower.

The N. C. Forest Service cooperated in the fire control work during the year. Four cents per acre was made available. Several adjoining landowners along White Oak River in Jones County joined the Protective Association. The N. C. Pulp Company purchased several large tracts of adjoining land and better cooperation from all adjoining landowners is expected in the future.

LOGGING

The N. C. Forestry Foundation purchased a saw mill and put it into operation early in 1942. Labor shortage kept down the production. However, several special orders of heart boat lumber were cut and delivered to Morehead City, Wilmington and Kenansville. Other lumber cut was sold locally and at the markets in Kinston and New Bern. R. L. Humphrey worked as woods foreman during the year.

One contractor operated part of the year, but was forced to close down because of labor shortage. A bid from the William-McKeithan Lumber Company of Virginia was accepted on 30,000,000 board feet of timber located on the north and west sides of the forest. The Company is building a plant at Pollokville and will start operation in 1943.

Heart pond pine excels the longleaf pine in specifications for boat lumber. There is a great demand for this material in the shipyards and if the labor problem can be solved, large quantities of this heart lumber will be moved from the forest during 1943.

DEVELOPMENT AND IMPROVEMENTS

The State Highway Commission cooperated in grading two miles of truck trail into the experimental pastures near Cypress Creek. They also dug a ten foot canal along the three-quarters of a mile of road,

Continued on page forty-one

Plugging for Better Sports

Continued from page twenty-six

he'll find a vast difference in the pleasure derived from his fishing. The principles involved are the same whether casting for distance or accuracy; into a fresh water stream or the surf; whether just casting or plugging for a full creel.

THE WRIST ACTION

Plug casting, more than any other kind, is done almost entirely with the wrist. I have seen some of the professional distance pluggers swing the entire outfit around like a hammer-thrower and tie themselves into knots like a contortionist, but the fisherman who would control the flight of his lure keeps his upper arm almost motionless using only the forearm and the wrist, and mostly the latter.

Wrist action is greatly enhanced by gripping the rod properly and allowing the muscles to be relaxed. With the back of the hand pointing upward, the wrist is snapped from a horizontal to a vertical position and instantly back to horizontal on a one-two count. The fingers are brought into play simultaneously with the wrist. Pull up with the index finger and press down with the heel of the hand on the count of one. Press down with the thumb and pull up with the little finger on the count of two.

The novice will have some difficulty keeping his arm still while he develops this wrist motion. Holding a magazine or some similar object against his side with the elbow while casting will be a help, but this practice should be discontinued just as soon as he has learned to get the full action of the rod from the wrist alone. Otherwise he is apt to acquire the habit of pressing the elbow into his side and develop an awkward style that will interfere with his accuracy. The upper arm should hang in a natural vertical position, *completely relaxed*.

THE OVERHEAD CAST

The proper wrist action will bring the rod up to a nearly vertical position with the tip almost directly over the caster's head. This is known as the back-cast or the first movement of the overhead cast. The instant this is completed snap the rod forward using the thumb, little finger, and wrist as described above; at the same time release the pressure of the thumb on the reel allowing the plug to fly forward. The first few attempts will probably result in the plug flying up in the air or hitting the ground right in front of the caster. Practice will soon show him the correct angle to release the thumb pressure, so that the forward flight of the plug will be nearly horizontal to the surface of the water.

Stop the forward movement of the rod when it reaches an angle of about 60 degrees with the ground. Hold the rod in this position until the plug is directly above the spot where you wish to place it.

Then apply enough pressure on the spool with the thumb to cause the plug to drop and at the same time lower the tip of your rod almost to the surface of the water.

OTHER STYLES OF CASTING

Frequently overhanging branches will not permit the overhead cast so we resort to the side-cast. The principles involved are exactly the same, except that the entire forearm is turned to the right so that the spool of the reel is held in a horizontal position instead of vertical. The same wrist action then brings the tip of the rod to the right of the caster. The rod is kept as nearly horizontal as possible. Considerable practice will be needed in timing the pressure release, so that the plug will not fly too far to the right or left of its objective.

The backhand or flip cast as it is often called is convenient when casting from an awkward position. This is executed with a reverse wrist movement and generally a short rod. The plug is released on the upward and forward cast.

Left handed casting in all of the above styles will be found a great convenience when a quick retrieve is necessary. If a level winding reel is used, the time wasted in changing hands is eliminated. The technique is the same as that of right handed casting except, of course, the position of the reel is exactly reversed.

RETRIEVING

The instant the plug touches the surface of the water grasp the handle of the rod with your left hand in readiness for retrieving. The method depends largely on the style of the plug used. With some plugs designed to dive deep under the water I have found it very effective to reel in a few feet, then stop, allowing the plug to return to the surface, and then reel in a few feet more, repeating this several times. In the case of some wobblers that stay near the surface it is often advisable to reel in at a slow steady speed using your own judgment to make it appear as nearly as possible like some form of aquatic life in motion.

If a spoon or spinner is used, or a combination such as the old reliable spoon, fly, and pork-rind, a continuous motion is necessary to attract the fish with lure him to his capture. Another method often used effectively by anglers is to vary the speed by making a few fast turns of the spool and then a few slow turns. However, experience is the best teacher and after trying out several different methods of retrieving you will probably adopt a style all your own, but always remember to start it the instant the lure touches the water.

W-A-A-A-AM! A STRIKE

Except for the sensation experienced by the bride during the wedding ceremony, I can think of no earthly thrill equal to that feeling you get when the fish makes his initial tug at your lure. The tip of your

rod is suddenly jerked in the direction of that suspicious looking rock. Z-z-z-z-ing! The reel sings as the line is stripped off like greased lightning. You "come out of it" with an unexplainable feeling in the vicinity of your spinal column . . . one that you can feel clear down to your toes. Brother, you've got a battle on your hands.

I've seen old-timers take it calmly, and bring him in with the skill obtained from years of experience. I've seen the novice get so excited that he loses, first his head, then the fish. But, expert or novice, calm or excitable, each gets the same thrill and his visible reaction is only indicative of his self control.

There is no rule-of-thumb method for playing a fish. Keep the line taut as possible without pulling it away; don't hurry; and above all, keep your head. Concentrate on yourself and your actions rather than the fish. If he gets away, it's a ten-to-one shot you gave him an opportunity that even a fish couldn't overlook.

It's a matter of endurance, sound judgment, and keeping in command of the situation. As his runs become less frequent, his struggles less active, and you feel that his resistance is about spent—then, and only then, guide him slowly over your waiting net. Brother, you've won!

The Years Activities

Continued from page sixteen

and observant, will overshadow their vices and leave you subjected to their wills and often well planned tactics.

Our honorable President Etheridge brought the meeting to a close with one good and very enlightening story concerning women. It all happened very long ago when Jim was a happy-go-lucky tree skinner (before State College) touring the country in the then modern Model A. Well, to make the story short but to the point, he met a girl, treated her nice, and then—he also contends that women—leave 'em be!

Looking back through the minutes and searching in the back of my mind for business completed, I find that all in all, very instructive speakers were on our programs. Mr. Beasley of the N. C. State Conservation Department, Dr. King, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Spratt of the N. C. Forest Service, Dr. Hartley of the U. S. Forest Service, and many others contributed to our club meetings. Then again, I remembered J. Godwin winning the contest of the Ancient Order of Ananias. It really was fun remembering those things and such episodes as the one-week presidency of "Killer" Killeri before the draft caught him, the spelling bee, wisecracks from Messrs. Slocum, Wyman, and Hofmann and our very hotly contested elections. Perhaps when peace comes again, we all may come back—some as alumni, others as students, and enjoy those memorable meetings again.

Wood Goes to War

Continued from page nineteen

control and regulated in a manner that will furnish the greatest amount of game and recreation, at the same time safeguarding the game for the future.

In the Southern and Southeastern forests there are large quantities of feed produced for livestock which if left intact makes a very serious fire hazard. Rather than have the forest threatened by the increased fire hazard it would be good land management to provide livestock for these forest areas and have an industry growing beef cattle in these areas to build up a very urgently needed supply of beef, and at the same time materially reduce the fire hazard and thereby increase forest production.

This program is very practical and workable. The aim of conservation has always been, and still is, not only to keep needed resources but to build up and improve those we have. By doing this, conservation is laying a very constructive and definite basis for democracy. Democracy will thrive in relation to the comforts and supplies that people have available for their standards of living. So long as the general level is high, people will be thrifty and coöperative in maintaining those standards and will be satisfied with the conditions under which they live. A good living standard for the great masses of people is the soundest and safest basis for democracy. This can be secured and safeguarded through a constructive and well-organized program of conservation of our natural resources and the most important of these resources is the forest. This is true because the forest provides the background for nearly all sources of conservation and recreation.

Isaac and the B'ARS

Continued from page thirty-three

Isaac were Gov'mint men, dem suh'vey'es and b'ars. Isaac explained this way, "Dem suh'vey'es day fin' de stills, den de Gov'mint men dey come and carries off de boys to de Jedge and de Jedge he puts dem off t'Lanta. But dem dar b'ars deys bad, deys real bad, dats why we'uns bu'ns de woods, dats why we does. . . . So's dey won't steal de hawgs. Yas suh, Cap'in, dats why we sets de fire out, dats why we'uns does."

"Isaac, you've lived here a long time. Now tell me, how long have you been burning your woods?"

"A long time. Al'ays. Mah Pappy he bun'ed em and we'uns keeps uh right on. Dem b'ars is real bad. Why dey steal de hawgs, and de chil'ens deys scared in de woods, dey is!"

"Yes Isaac, bears are real bad. Over round the Lakes there's quite a lot of them, but Isaac, tell me. When did you folks see a bear round here of late?"

"Wel-l-l, les see. Ah hardly knows. 'Tis been a long ways back. Mah ole Pappy usta tell me 'bout dem. Dey was real bad den, dey was."

"Did you folks ever catch one around these parts, Isaac?"

"Lawdy. No suh! I'se neva' seed one. I'se neva' seed one round yere. No suh I h'ain't! Dey's real bad do' cause dats why we'uns bun's de woods."

So as with all evils there was a root and that root was found. A little reasoning with Isaac about the ferocity of b'ars, especially concerning ones that did not exist except in his memory, and a little information about the value of pine trees in terms of work, money, fat back and corn bread for the young colored chil'ns growing up, soon brought about a promise to stop "setting out fire" and to carry that message to the other folks.

I know Isaac kept his promise for two years and fires did stop on Cahooque. Probably he has gone on by now but I often wonder if Isaac ever saw a b'ar when the woods "thicked up."

Summer Camp 1942

Continued from page twenty-two

we loved it. Several complaints were made about how diligently (??) some of the boys worked with the bush axe, but we'll have to concede, some were just born bush-axe men.

Cruising timber proved most helpful in developing our estimating powers. By the end of summer camp, we could actually tell the difference between the five inch scrub and a ten inch loblolly! Well—almost, anyway.

Blondy gave us all a scare when he reported that a Forest Service Hypsometer had been lost while cruising. We all had horrible visions of forking out some money to pay for it, but returning to the scene of the crime, old eagle-eye Doc Hinshaw spied the lost article and let out one of his characteristic yelps.

The hardest work of all was cutting, peeling, and stacking pulpwood. We received some compensation though, which made things a little more pleasant. Blondy became an attraction again by sitting on a bush axe. Boy! what a slice he sliced! Gramp Slocum fixed him up and has been ribbing him ever since.

If we didn't learn anything else, we learned how to dig ditches. (This knowledge might prove valuable later on, we thought.) In one of the check plots, we dug up an old tobacco can that had been buried by the class that last dug the trench. The earth had rotted the message so that it wasn't readable; probably for the best anyway, because the class of '38 told Prof. Slocum he would be interested in their opinions about a certain member of the faculty.

Cabin fever really had its effect the last two weeks of camp.

Rain and more rain! When it wasn't raining, we were liberating. I don't know which was worse.

The morning of the fourteenth of August rolled around all too soon, and with regret, we packed our bags, cleaned up the camp and headed for Raleigh, mulling over the antiquated jokes of Hinshaw . . . the dry quips of Prof. Slocum . . . black eyed peas a-la-Barton . . . Holcombe's dunking in the pond . . . Barton's first cigar and beer . . . Mahone's neck-breaking party . . . Boone memories, etc., etc. All closing another chapter of the lives of the Forestry boys of N. C. State.

1942 Rolleo

Continued from page twenty-three

When the Freshmen had their fill, the informal initiation into the Forestry Club started. How informal the initiation was, could not be written here.

With the last of the initiations the 1942 Rolleo came to an end. For many of us this was our last Rolleo as a student, but we hope in years to come we may be the guests of the future Rollecos.

Progress in the Hofmann Forest

Continued from page thirty-five

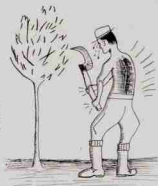
leading west from Deppe Tower, to secure dirt for widening U S 17 across the forest. A lease was granted the Tide Water Power Company for a right-of-way across the forest when it became necessary to move their line because of the widening of U S 17.

During the hunter's work program, 9 miles of truck trail were improved, 11 miles of foot trail were rebrushed, 2 miles of new foot trail cut and 6.5 miles of boundary rebrushed and posted. A tractor with a mowing machine attached was used to keep the growth down along the truck trails.

Spent Your Summer at Hill Forest Camp

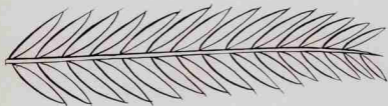
★
Swimming, Hunting (or be
hunted), Fishing, and plenty
to eat. Expert instruction in
Woodsmanship.

★
Apply G. K. Sloop





OUR
ALUMNI



Volume 11 - 1942

Last year we had sixty of our Alumni in the armed forces. So far this year I know definitely of one hundred and twenty-two who are in service. There can be no doubt that the foresters are doing their share in cleaning up this mess.

Many of the boys are in Foreign Service, just where they are we can't say, but they are scattered all over the world. They should have some great tales of the sights they saw when they return.

As usual the letters had to be condensed before printing. I tried to give all the facts about each man. All letters were included whether a "buck" was sent or not.

I wish to add for the benefit of the Censor that all service mail was censored before I got it, and as the letters were written in November and December 1942, the information that might be of benefit to the enemy is stale.

As many of the men in the service are being moved about, I suggest, if you write each other, that you use the address given in the Alumni Directory.

We will keep the pines growing for boxes for the Axis, if you keep them dying.

1930

BARNES, W. B. Project Leader, Div. of Game and Fish, 6149 Primrose Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
That's all he says!

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

"I am still at the same old place. Sure seems out-of-the-way here with gas and tire rationing. The 'Main Street' of the nation is mighty deserted.

"The only fellow I have heard from was Bob Pierce. He sent a Christmas card marked 'Orangeburg, N. Y.' Also hear C. H. Shafer has gone into the insurance business at Allentown. Give my regards to all."

HOWARD, H. E. Asst. Regional Personnel Officer, U.S.F.S., 620 Park Drive, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

"Sure wish I could locate some foresters to fill a few jobs. Do you know any over 45 with children or classified 4-F or something? (No.)

"Recruiting and retaining manpower for essential work is now one of our big activities and it gets continually more difficult.

"Have been able to keep up with all of our alumni in the Southern Region, but am looking forward to the PI-NE-TUM."

1931

ARTMAN, J. O. Subdistrict Supervisor T.V.A., Box 194, Norris, Tenn.

"Don't believe this stuff you see in the newspaper about government agencies hoarding men. At least we are not. Only have a skeleton left.

"Remember Geo. Gerhart? He is now with the T.V.A., and still talks Pennsylvania Dutch with an English accent.

"Now have fire control, erosion control, reforestation and tree crop demonstrations over 16 counties. Sure keeps me busy with only one man to help. Give my regards to all."

BUHEMAN, W. T. Safety Adviser, U. S. Army Civilian Branch, 454 E. Queen St., Chambersburg, Pa.

"Worked for the F. S. until December 31 and then transferred to the War Department. Am now in Baltimore with the Third Service command in charge of the Safety Program covering civilian personnel.

"Saw Geo. Barner and 'Tubby' Pierce at Newburgh, N. Y., and both are doing the same kind of work. 'Speed' Hile is Assistant Ranger on the White Mountain National Forest in Vermont. Also saw 'Willie' Ward at Marienville, Pa. He is now a proud papa. Give my regards to all."

GRIFFIN, D. B. Production Specialist, W.P.B., 3811 Va. Ave., Charleston, W. Va.

"Resigned as State Forester April 1, 1942, after seven years as State Forester.

"My work now consists of liaison between the Government and Industry in the production of many war materials, including lumber and armaments."

LOUGHEAD, H. J. Sr. Technologist, Forest Products Laboratory, 1136 Shorewood Blvd., Madison, Wis.

"Came to the Products Laboratory last December to help out on work being done for the Army and Navy. At first I was Assistant to the Head of the Division of Material Containers and at present am Acting Personnel Officer for the entire Laboratory. We have built up from 150 to over 500 persons and are not at the peak as yet. We sure are keeping plenty busy. Regards to all."

PHILIPS, C. F. Lt. U. S. Army, 7622 Sweetbriar Rd., Richmond, Va.

"The Army decided that I was good material so here I am attached to the Staff of the Army Air Force School of Applied Tactics at Orlando, Fla. Going through what they call 'training' was some tough on an old man like me. Art Grumbine was in the same class with me at Miami. Thornton was called just before I was and is now in Ireland.

"My job in the Game Commission is being held for me until I get back. How about a reunion when this mess is over? Give my regards to the boys."

1932

COOPER, W. E. Asst. State Forester, S.C.F.S., 506 Calhoun State Office Bldg., Columbia, S. C.

"We were mighty glad to have Bill Barker take over as Extension Forester down here.

"Since Blakeney left for the Navy and Bishop for the Army we don't have so many N. C. Staters around. Don Morris, '30, is here with the U.S.F.S. Man! Can he drink beer!"

KERST, J. J. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army Air Force, 1027 River Road, Reading, Pa.

"Am now going to school and from here no one knows where. Wish I could say more, but can't. They work a person to death going to these schools."

MILLER, F. J. Area Forester, N.C.F.S., Box 356, Elizabethtown, N. C.

"Come down and bring your family. We might do some fishing; so bring a hook."

O.K. Frank, when I get some gas we might do that.

SCHAEFFER, G. K. Lieut. (j.g.) U.S.N.R., 1212 Walnut St., Newberry, S. C.

"The Navy decided they could use an old Merchant Mariner so here I am at Harvard University. I was commissioned in August and sent here October 1. Have just completed my indoctrination course and am about to delve into the mysteries, which they tell us, are not to be broadcast, so there you are.

"Still expect to go back to South Carolina and to be a Forest Ranger when this is all over."

WILLIAMS, LUTHER, JR. Teller, American Bank & Trust Co., Box 334, Rt. 1, Monroe, N. C.

"Sure was glad that State put the bee on Carolina. Hope they can continue to do it again in the future.

"Have been corresponding with the Alabama Extension Forester about a timber marketing job. May change my jobs in the near future."

1933

CROKER, T. C. Dist. Forester, S.C.F.S., 817 Greenville St., Aiken, S. C.
"South Carolina seems to be full of N. C. State foresters, both in Government and private work. In my opinion South Carolina is the leading southern state in forestry. See you in Raleigh sometime soon."

HAPER, A. B. Nursery Supt. Nut Tree Nursery, Downingtown, Pa.
"Have been here only a couple of months, but find this work exceedingly interesting. Clients include Lowell Thomas, Cardinal Dougherty, Du Ponts, etc. Will probably be drafted before the year is out." (Were you?)

WOOD, R. A. Subdistrict Supervisor, T.V.A., 2 Vanderbilt Place, Asheville, N. C.

"After 8 years they finally sent me back home. Feels right good! Only distracting thing is that Walt Clark landed here for keeps on the same day. Funny world.

"Don't see many of the gang any more. 'Sassy' Setser is still at Norris and Bill Wheeler is at Wilson Dam.

"We are expecting a girl at our house in February."

(How did you make out?)

1934

BARKER, W. J. Extension Forester of S. C., Folger St., Clemson, S. C.
"I was the first to pay my buck for the 1943 Pi-ne-rum—my last one also."
Bill has left us to take over as Extension Forester for South Carolina. We all wish him luck in his new job, and know he will make a success of it.

CHATFIELD, E. E. Pvt. U. S. Army, Co. D, 128th Tng. Bn., T.D., R.T.C., Camp Hood, Texas.

"Nothing to add except that like the majority of the other boys I am working hard as K.P. as well as other duties in order to make the best soldier possible.

"Am taking my basic in a Tank Destroyer Battalion."

CORPENING, B. H. Dist. Forester, N.C.F.S., New Bern, N. C.

"Expect to be with Uncle Sam right soon."

He is now in the Army of the U. S.

HAIRR, L. B. Asst. Soil Conservationist S.C.S., Box 112, Marion, N. C.
"I was transferred from Mt. Gilead, N. C., to Marion in September 1941 and I am really enjoying the work here with the farmers of McDowell County.
"Have one boy, Leland Moore Hairr, age 16 months."

HERR, F. H. Dairyman, Wise, Va.

"I resigned from the U.S.F.S. in May 1942, to take over the dairy at home. I hated to leave the profession, but the business opportunity was not to be sneezed at.

"Farm life is great and it's one thing I know as well as forestry.

"Give my regards to your family and all the gang."

PLASTER, D. C. Work Unit Conservationist, S.C.S., Lumpkin, Ga.

"We really have an erosion project here. You should bring the seniors down here and let them see what can happen to land that is not protected by some sort of vegetation. Lumbering is also a major industry here.

"Have heard from several of the '34's and would like to hear from some more. Give them my regards."

1935

BOYKIN, W. E. Unit Conservationist, S.C.S., P. O. Box 267, Spartanburg, S. C.
"No special news, am not in the Army yet. Where in the world is H. F. Bishop?" (He is in the Army.) "My two children, 18 chickens, and 2 hogs keep me busy—see you after the War."

COMFORT, C. W. Lieut. (j.g.) U.S.N.R., 100 N. State St., Lexington, N. C.

"At present I am in the Armed Guard School at Boston, Mass., learning to be a gunnery officer aboard an armed supply ship.

"This stuff is very interesting, but sure requires a lot of study. One never knows where one will be when the training is over.

"Give my regards to the faculty."

CZARATOR, F. J. Dist. Forester, Stapleton, Ala.

"I was transferred into Fire Control on June 10. Have three counties to look after. Have built two towers, a depot and rebuilt several wooden towers since then.

"My chief source of pride is my new daughter, she is now four months old as of January 1943." (Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Felix from us.)

DEARBORN, L. S. Nurseryman, U.S.F.S., Indio, Calif.

"As the Chinaman says, we are growing 'lubba.' Am busy as a bee growing guayule here in Indio. I think it will be hot here this summer. Let me send you some trees."

No thanks. Let me send you some.

GARDNER, T. B. Asst. Soil Conservationist, S.C.S., Box 156, Taylorsville, N. C.

"S.O.S." That's all he said.

TOMMY was in to see us at the Homecoming game. Same old Tommy. He has a young daughter that runs him ragged. What am I talking about—so do I. S.O.S.

GRAVES, J. B. Project Forester, Ala. Ext. Service, 2212 No. 15th Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

"Have seen Posey, Wright, and Howard in recent months. They are all doing fine.

"I have just been transferred to this job, so can't tell you much about it.

"Sure am anxious to see a PI-NE-TUM."

JACKSON, G. E. Forest Supervisor, Hofmann Forest, Box 185, Jacksonville, N. C.

"I wish to use a part of this space to express to our Alumni in the Armed Forces my appreciation for what they have done and are going to do, and to say that we on the home front are doing all that we can in the war program.

"Here on the Hofmann Forest we are cutting heart pine for ship construction and repair, raising cattle and deer for meat and sending up big smoke screens each spring."

MILLER, J. W., JR. Asst. Prof. Forestry, University of Fla., Gainesville, Fla.

"At the present I am teaching part time at the University and part time at the Stengel Flying Service for the C.A.A. Am working 12-14 hours six days a week so am kept pretty busy."

ROBERTS, E. G. Acting Prof. of Forestry, Miss. State College, Box 486, State College, Miss.

"I don't know a thing—not a single thing. I could tell you how cute my two-year-old son is, shall I? At least he knows a pecan tree when he sees it. I had one in my back yard, I thought, but this year it produced black walnuts, how come?"

SHUGART, M. W., JR. Asst. Soil Conservationist, S.C.S., Warrenton, N. C.

"Little Shug" tells that they have one new daughter, Dorothy Banks, born April 2, 1942. That's all he says. Congratulations to you both from all of us.

SPRATT, J. R. Forest Inspector, N.C.F.S., R-4 Raleigh Apts., Raleigh, N. C.

"Will see you at a Forestry Club meeting soon."

O.K., Jack, am still looking for you.

WRIGHT, H. R. Naval Stores Inspector, U.S.F.S., 123 East Madison St., Lake City, Fla.

"Am reporting Harry Anthony Wright, born December 31, 1942. (Congratulations!) Now that that is settled I am planning to join the Marines in the near future. Give my regards to all the boys."

1936

CRANDALL, H. M. Inspector, Western Electric Co., 405 N. Collett St., Lima, Ohio.

"They have taken me from the woods and it is hard to substitute zinc plating with wrinkled finish for creosote and rosin in the hair or forget ring counts for age and start counting ampere turns for resistance, or even worse substitute Doyle's Rule for Ohms.

"It's all new and interesting but will be glad to get back to the woods. Am looking forward to the *PI-NE-TUM*."

ADMAN, A. G. Lt. U. S. Army, 22 Abbott Dr., Greenmont Village, Ohio.

"Am a Lieutenant in the Army Air Forces at the Material Center, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. Work all the time. Am Specifications Engineer in production of aeronautical equipment."

HUDSON, S. K. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, 2316 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.

"Went from Armored Force at Ft. Knox to Field Artillery at Fort Sill, to Fort Bragg, N. C., to heaven only knows."

Hudson was in to see me in November after he got his commission, and we had a real good "session."

MASSEY, L. N. Chief Draftsman, Western Div. C.P.&L. Co., 48 Ridgelawn Rd., Asheville, N. C.

"Haven't been using much forestry, but have been doing a lot of drafting and surveying. For all that I wouldn't take anything for those three happy years when you and others cared for my poor weary brain." (He claims he has one now.)

Listen, Massey, I can't condense that letter you wrote. I enjoyed it, and was sorry I missed you when you came in Christmas. Hope to see you next time. Good luck until then.

NEASE, A. D. Farm Forester, Fla. Forest and Park Service, Box 187, Chipley, Fla.

"Don't really know what I am doing myself sometimes. Have been doing forest planning for farms; running a cooperative sawmill which serves the farmers by going to his farm to do the cutting; working with naval stores and am setting up a gum-buying auction market at Chipley; marking timber; writing contracts, and check-scaling sales.

"Our new son, A. D., Jr., was born February 22, 1942, so I am also busy with him." (Congratulations to you both!)

1937

CRAIG, L. Conservation Engineer, International Paper Co., Box 10, Georgetown, S. C.

He sent his buck, but never said a word.

FOX, C. A. Lumber Yard Foreman, N. C. Shipbuilding Co., C-6 Oleander St., Wilmington, N. C.

"No news this time. This seven-day-week business doesn't leave much time for anything else except work, eating, and sleeping."

GERLOCK, A. J. Forester, Sou. Wood Preserving Co., 324 W. John Calvin Ave., College Park, Ga.

"No news at present. Our new son, John Lawrence, was born March 1, 1942, that's all."

Fine going, Mr. and Mrs. A. J.—we extend congratulations!



HEIN, A. F. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, Regt. Hqs. Co. 310th Inf., Camp Butner, N. C.

"Entered the Army last March and this is the third camp that I have been in. Can't seem to get time to get to Raleigh for a visit even though I live right in your neighborhood.

"Saw State play football (?) at Duke last fall. My! My!

"There are numerous State grads here at Butner but no other foresters. There were several at Ft. Benning while I was there. Give my regards to one and all."

HOWERTON, T. M., JR. W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co., Box 136, Orangeburg, S. C.
That's all he says.

MATHEWSON, CLARKE. Project Forester, Fla. Park & Forest Service, Box 728, Lake City, Fla.

"The only thing new with me is the Coöperative Pine Gum Market which I established in Lake City last August. It is the first market of its kind and it was said it couldn't be done. Gum is sold here at auction and we sell four to five thousand dollars worth each week. The market helps the war effort as it eliminates unnecessary hauling thereby saving gas and tires."

Good going, Clarke, keep up the good work.

WHEELER, W. H. Asst. Forester, T.V.A., Box 1301, Wilson Dam, Ala.

"New children? Yes, one boy born July 13, 1942. (Congratulations to you from us.)

"Very interesting work here. Wish I could pay you a visit, but looks like the only way I'll get to travel will be by marrying a rifle."

1938

BRAGAW, H. C. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, A.P.O. 36, 143rd Inf., Camp Edwards, Mass.

"I came up here with Bill Bridges—he got a balloon, but I got to walk. Am now a Ranger—can walk 8 miles an hour for several and then slow to 6. If they don't stop me I will have some real tales to tell when this is over.

"Did you ever think how grand it would be just to grow old?"

CAMPBELL, W. A. Dist. Supervisor, Int. Paper Co., Box 1005, Blountstown, Fla.

"Have about 115,000 acres to look after at present, so have plenty of forestry with all that pine.

"The Army wouldn't have me so I got married June 21, 1942. (Best of everything to you both.)

"Best of luck to the boys in the service."

CHESLOCK, C. J. 523 Wayne Ave., Ellwood City, Pa.

"At present I am with the Mathews Conveyor Co. Am doing and studying more engineering than forestry at present, but hope to get back into forestry before long. In fact that is my definite plan.

"Am looking forward to the PI-NI-RUM so I can get some of my old friends located. Give them my regards."

COLWELL, W. L., JR. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, 23rd Co., 3rd STR, Fort Benning, Ga.

"I was called into the Army, January 23, 1942, while still at the University of California working on my Master's degree. Having met a very lovely girl at 'Cal' I married her January 3, 1942, and we spent our honeymoon at Death Valley. (Congratulations, but watch those invitations.)

"Took a three months refresher course at Benning and saw Bill Bailey, Ralph Johnson and Red Shimer while there. When I finished my course I was assigned there as a Tactical Officer and we are still there.

"May run up to see you sometime as we are not so far away."

EAKER, R. C. Sgt. Maint. Bu. Co. B, 9th Armd. Div., Ft. Riley, Kans.

"The Army called so I came along on April 9, 1942. Was sent to Fort Bragg to be torn down and reassembled and then sent to Camp Wheeler, Ga. Walked 1,000 miles in the Infantry and was then transferred to Fort Riley.

"I am now Acting 1st Sgt. and this job is a baby that has to be handled with care. Hope I can keep up with it."

FOSTER, LANG. Forester, W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co., Hallsboro, N. C.

"Was married to Miss Clarice Jones on May 9, 1942. (Congratulations!) The Army is going to want to see me about April 15 so I don't know what will be what after that.

"Am now running about seven operations getting out materials for Uncle Sam, so am right busy.

"Tell 'Pete' hello for me. I knew him on Timber Salvage." (O.K., Lang—Hello, Pete.)

HUBBARD, J. B. 1st Lt., U. S. Army Hdq. 63rd Sig. Bu., A.P.O. 512, New York, N. Y.

"Have been overseas since April '42, and am ready to see the States again. At present am in North Africa. Plenty of dirt, but no trees. Will forget all my forestry if I don't see a tree soon."

KAREIVA, V. V. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, O370313, A.P.O. 680, New York, N. Y.

"Am writing by kerosene lamp and hoping you get what I write. Am permitted to say that I am located in the Middle East where my forestry training does me no good at all. Wish you were here."

Here are those football scores you wanted: State, 21-Carolina, 14; State, 0-Wake Forest, 0; State, 0-Duke, 47.

MARSHBURN, W. J. Aviation Cadet, U. S. Army, Burgaw, N. C.

"I worked with the Farm Security Administration in Clinton, N. C., until I enlisted in the Air Corps in July 1942. Took my Pre-Flight training at Kelly and am now at Cimarron Field, Oklahoma City. Hope to finish here soon and get into the scrap. Would sure like to know where all my classmates are."

MOOREFIELD, J. P. Capt., U. S. Army Tactics Dept. T. D. School, Camp Hood, Texas.

"I left the Canal Zone in June '42, and was sent to Camp Wheeler, Ga. After a month I was here as an instructor in the Tank Destroyer Center.

"After being a foot soldier for four years this work is new and different and I enjoy it a lot. Am instructing in Tank Ambush at the present time."

NELSON, BOB. Lt. (j.g), Naval Aviator, U.S.S. *Arkansas*, c/o Postmaster, New York.

"Saw 'Jug' and Mrs. Lull. He is joining the Marines November 30 as an officer candidate. Had a letter from Wayne Shelley, '39. He is in flight training at Corpus Christi. Haven't seen any one else. Regards to all."

SHIMER, C. B. Capt., U. S. Army, 894th Tank Destroyer Bu., A.P.O. 302, New York, N. Y.

"Red's" wife writes as follows: "Capt. Shimer has been in England since August 1942. My daughter and I are staying with my mother in Raleigh, N. C. Please send the PT-XE-TUM to him."

SMITH, G. E. Pfc. 414, T. S. Squadron Flight A, Gulfport, Miss.

"After being turned down when I tried to enlist I received 'greetings' from my draft board August 28 and here I am. Was classified as an aviation mechanic student and sent to Miami. There I qualified as a Bomb Sight Specialist, but stuck to A.M. After several more weeks I was made an instructor and have been teaching electrical phases. Me, a timber marking swamp angel teaching electricity? Ridiculous, 'ain't it?"

WATTS, N. B. 1st Lt., U. S. Army Adj. 3rd Bu. 354th Inf., A.P.O. 89, Camp Carson, Colo.

"After I left State, I went to Fort Benning, Ga., then to the 89th Inf. Dir. at Camp Carson. Expect to go back to Benning to school for a short spell before going with a new division.

"Sure miss the folks at State and will be glad to get back there. Haven't seen any of our gang since I left Georgia.

"Give my regards to one and all."

WHITMAN, J. A. 2nd Lt., F.A.S., Fort Sill, Okla.

"This is a heck of a war. Haven't found any one to fight except my wife and she always wins.

"Got caught in the draft September 1941 and got my commission in June 1942. Wish I were a corporal again.

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

1939

ARNOTT, G. W. 1st Lt., U. S. Army A-T Co., 26th Inf., A.P.O. 1, New York City, N. Y.

"I left the U. S. August 2, 1942, and was sent to Scotland. Later went to England, had a look around, and then was sent back to Scotland for amphibious training. Our group was in the Battle of Oran and since then have seen quite a lot of North Africa. No forestry here so I spend my spare time learning French."

BAILEY, W. Mc. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, Forest Engineers, 3114 Griffin Ave., Richmond, Va.

"Can only report one new daughter, born November 1, 1942. Will give you some information later."

It's later now, McCook, but no information came from the No. 1 Squirrel of the Forestry Alumni.

BEASLEY, W. L. O.C.S., Fort Sill, Okla.

"I thought I was through school! It's West Point in 90 days or the story of the Demerits. Am sure getting a commission the hard way and no joke—6:00 in the morning to 12:00 at night, Christmas and Thanksgiving included.

"It sure is fun directing the fire of an entire battery or battalion on targets 5-8 miles away. Incidentally the surveying, mapping and instrument work in Forestry gave me a lot of help out here. May stop in and see you after I finish here."

DALE, C. K. Ensign, U.S.C.G.R., 36 Alden Ave., Portsmouth, Va.

"Saw State beat Miami University—it poured but I never enjoyed getting wet so much. Spent October and November in the nation's playground, but all I did was study sub-chasing.

"I am looking forward to the PI-XE-TUM and hearing about the fellows. Would like to know the whereabouts of Jim Huff and Red Young." (So would I.)

HARTLEY, H. J. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, 308 Bath St., Clifton Forge, Va.

"At present I am Squadron Adjutant with the 1128th T.S.S.—A.R.F.T.T.C., Miami Beach, Fla. The 'Man' got me July 10, but before that I was Tie and Timber Inspector for the C. and O. Railroad. The job is waiting for me when I get out and that is saying a lot.

"My present work consists of keeping trainees on the beam, other than that I can't say. Be seeing you soon, maybe."

HUGHES, D. P. 1st U. S. Army Air Force, A.P.O. 882, Postmaster, N. Y.

"At present I am in India en route to Japan. Have been in foreign service about ten months and over here that is a hell of a long time. I am learning a lot and seeing too much.

"There are four State Grads here but no foresters. Remember how we griped about the heat in summer camp? Well, over here 125 F. is a cool day. Also we have dust storms that are honeys.

"Am anxious to see a PI-NE-TUM and also hope to get back to see you in a year or so."

JOLLAY, TED. Ensign, U.S.N.R., 2865-29th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

"After working up to yeoman 3/c I was sent to Dartmouth for my commission and then back to Washington for more office duty.

"I am an old dry land sailor and have seen the ocean once since I have been in the Navy.

"Haven't seen any of the forestry boys as yet, but have hopes. Give my regards to the boys."

LYON, J. V. Capt., U.S.M.C., War Prisoner Somewhere in Japan.

Mrs. Lyon gave us the following condensed information concerning her son: "Julian sailed for China, July 1, 1940, remaining there until September 30, 1941, when he was transferred to the Philippines. He was stationed at Cavite when Manila fell and was evacuated from there. We got a radiogram from him on December 21, 1941, but have had no word since. The Navy Department says he is probably a prisoner as he was not on the casualty list."

All of us join in wishing J. V. a safe return in the near future, to his home.

SHELLEY, R. W. Aviation Cadet, U.S.N.R., Forksville, Pa.

"Am now in the Navy Air Corps at Corpus Christi, Texas. Went in June 4, 1942, and will have my wings in January if everything goes all right.

"This training makes college look like high school stuff—have never worked so hard in my life. They certainly pour it on.

"Am anxious to hear about all the boys so hurry with the PI-NE-TUM."

SLOCUM, R. W. O.C.S., Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

"I was called into the Army in August 1941. Served a year as sergeant instructor and then in November 1942, they said I had to go to O.C.S., so here I am. If I live through the '90 days of wonder,' will be sent somewhere, but where I don't know.

"Will be glad to get back to easy days in the pocosin with Eddie."

SMITH, E. W., III. Capt., U. S. Army, 8th Q.M. Tng. Regt., Camp Lee, Va.

"You warned us when we went to Boone in 1937, but on June 27, 1942, I married the girl I met there at that time. (Swell! Congratulations!) She is now teaching physics and chemistry in the local high school and keeping me well fed on Southern cooking.

"We expect to ship out around Christmas for desert warfare. I will command a truck company carrying supplies and ammunition, so expect to see some action. Give my regards to all the Profs. and Miss Conley."

WESTERFIELD, R. L. District Forester, N.C.F.S., Sunset Apts. C-5, Rocky Mount, N. C.

"I have been on this new job since September 16. Have my hands full in keeping men in the field for fire control when in competition with war industries. Also have new organization for the Dismal Swamp Area, as we have to keep the smoke hazard at a minimum. Have been in touch with several of the boys, but you probably know where they are anyway. Regards to all."

YEAGER, P. B. 1st Lt., O-377837, Co. B, 35th Inf., A.P.O. 25, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

"I was C.O. at the CCC Camp at St. Stevens Church, Va., until March 15, 1942, when I was called into service. Was assigned duty at Ft. McClelland from March 15 to the middle of May and then sent to Ohau, Hawaii. Am still there and am looking for a PI-NE-TUM."

ATKINS, J. D. Capt., U.S.M.C., Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

"Just to keep up to date on my activities since last year, here goes. In March 1942, I was promoted to First Lieutenant, then in May I was made Captain. On August 26, I was married to Martha Patterson of Washington. (Congratulations and best wishes to you both.) August 28 I was sent to New Orleans to be made an aviator, but found I was too old for that game. Was then sent to Norfolk and am still here. May be afloat before too long, however. Give my regards to one and all."

BRAKE, R. W. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, O-394407 Anti-Tank Co., 5th Inf., A.P.O. 833, New Orleans, La.

"Have been in the same company as Joe Frye since detailed to foreign service.

"We have a battle with malaria once in awhile, but are getting used to it now.

"Have a great time on special details in the jungle; wild animals get quite rude at night sometimes, but I am having the time of my life. Wouldn't trade places with any one I know. Regards to all."

CAIN, R. L. 2nd Lt., Co. M, 3rd Inf., A.P.O. 862, c/o Postmaster, New York.

"The Army called early in March 1942, and I went to Camp Croft, S. C., to get oriented, but before that could happen I was sent here (location censored).

"The weather here is censored, descriptions of the country are also censored, but they do have horses and buggies and people here. Haven't seen any forestry alumni, but there are several State men here.

"Let's hear what is going on back there with you folks."

CHACONAS, G. P. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, Btry. H, 1st C.A., A.P.O. 835, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

"It's plenty hot where I am, with plenty of jungle. Have the thickest growth I have ever seen including Eastern North Carolina. Termites also are big and fierce.

"Haven't seen any of the boys since I left the States. My class must surely be scattered all over the world. Am looking forward to the time when we can get together once again. Am also looking forward to the P-I-N-E-T-R-U-M."

GERBER, T. E. Asst. Forester, TVA, 177 Filbert St., Village 2, Wilson Dam, Ala.

"Am just messing around in the woods, four out of five days and enjoying every minute of it. Often wonder where all of the boys are and how they are doing. Good luck to one and all."

GIBBONS, W. E. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, 286 Elm Ave., Bogota, N. J.

"I got real 'ill' last spring and a little nurse cured me in the nick of time by marrying me on July 25, 1942. 'Twas Miss Mary Nash Boush, Norfolk, Va., but now 'tis Mrs. W. E. (We are glad that you were saved, Bill. Best wishes to you both.)

"Am now at Fort Meade, Md., but do not know how long we will be here. Tell the boys hello for me."

HILTON, JOHN W. 1st Lt., Ferry Command, U. S. Army Air Corps, 1610 Ambleside Drive, Raleigh, N. C.

"This job of mine takes me all over the country, but am never in one place very long. At present I am going to school for a few weeks with the Northeast Airlines in Burlington, Vt.

"I never see any of my old classmates, but hope to meet them in the Army-Navy Club in Tokyo before long.

"Was married August 1, 1942, to Lt. Mary Jane Walker, Army Nurse, Retired; I sure like these Pennsylvania girls now that I have one." (Congratulations, "Timber," best wishes to you both.)

INGRAM, S. O. 1st Lt., U. S. Army Air Corps, 23rd Bomb Squad., c/o Postmaster, 953 San Francisco, Cal.

Sidney's mother writes, "Sid was in the first attack at Pearl Harbor and also in the Midway Battle from which he received a Silver Star for gallantry in action. Sid has been in Hawaii since October 18, 1941. He has recently been moved to an undisclosed destination."

KING, R. M. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, P. O. Box 1003, Concord, N. C.

"Have been stationed at Fort McClellan, Ala., since January 27, 1942, when I left the Park Service.

"We are training men at our Replacement Center and think we have the best outfit in the service.

"Give my best regards to every one. Was real proud of the victory over Carolina which we duly celebrated."

MATSON, M. A., JR. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, 734 Old Ocean View Road, Norfolk, Va.

"Finally got my commission the hard way—from private on up through O.C.S. Am now at Fort Benning in the 10th Armored Division.

"I see some of the boys every now and then and it sure does you good to talk over old times at school.

"Give my best regards to every one and maybe I will be seeing you one of these days."

NIGRO, J. F. Pvt. Btry. B-96th C.A. (A.A.), A.P.O. 960, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

"Was glad to hear from you again. As you see, I can't tell you where I am but I am a long, long way from home. I see Levine every once in awhile, and we exchange Forestry magazines. Maybe if the war ends soon enough I will remember some forestry—maybe. See you later."

NOVITZKIE, A. A. 1st Lt., 9th Air Depot Group, A.P.O. 635, New York.

"Have been in England for some time and at present am busy in charge of Aero repair and salvage work. Am also supposed to be a test pilot.

"This is a great place for foresters—no forests over a couple of acres. You ought to see the girl woodchoppers. They can be right nice, even if they are pretty rough.

"One of the State boys has his bomber named the Wolfpack and has a big wolf painted on the nose of the ship. Be seeing you sometime."

PERKS, LEO. Pvt. M. P. Detachment, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

"Have been a hated M.P. for about a year now. Have been located at Camp Wheeler since September 10, 1941.

"Bill Gibbons, Pat Matson, and Jimmy Bell have all been here and I am the only one of the gang here now.

"Give my best regards to all the boys."

ROBERTS, E. J. Ensign, U.S.N.R.

"Finished my course and was commissioned an Ensign the last of October. After three weeks of anti-aircraft training will report to New Orleans.

"Give my regards to the faculty and let's have a get-together when this war is over."

O.K. Ernie.

ROBERTSON, R. J. Pvt., U. S. Air Corps, 7222 Flower Ave., Takoma Park, Md.

"I was inducted into the army July 2, 1942. Spent a month at Miami Beach, three months at Lowry Field, Colo., and graduated as an aircraft armorer. Am now in Nashville, Tenn., with the 59th Ferrying Squadron.

"Have been cleaning plenty of guns while here but hope to get overseas before long. Say hello to all the boys and staff for me."

RYBURN, W. O., JR. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army Air Force, 322 S. Ellis St., Salisbury, N. C.

"At present I am down in Florida wrestling a B-17 around. Will probably be in combat by spring. Flying is really an all-time job. Tell the boys to practice like hell with a gun, knife, and axe, cause they will need them all before long when we start carving V's in the butts of the Axis.

"Have been fishing several times when I had a spare moment and these Florida bass sure fight like the dickens.

"Give my regards to one and all."

SIMMONS, A. W. Salesman, W. M. Ritter Lumber Co., Tillman, S. C.

"Am on 24-hour notice to be called for U. S. Army Air Corps. Best regards to all the boys."

1941

ABRAMS, PAUL D. Testing Engr. Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, 131 Palm St., Hartford, Conn.

"Have been right fortunate in respect to advancement in the aircraft industry. Now have the privilege of securing any information on the manufacture and theory of aircraft engines. Most of my work delves into meteorology, physics, and engines. Thought I would go nuts after the first few weeks but I see the light now.

"Hope to build a house one of these days and will show you the plans when I get them all fixed."

(The sketch looked mighty nice, Paul.)

CHAMBLEE, G. V. Capt., U. S. Army, Zebulon, N. C.

"Brown is still with me and we are saving a seat for you, G. K. My regards to all—may we all meet in 1945."

GORAL, MICHAEL. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, Somewhere Overseas.

His mother writes, "Sorry, at present we do not know his whereabouts."

HARDEE, J. F. 1st Lt., Coast Artillery, 447 C.A. Bu. A.A., Fort Bliss, Texas.

Joe was in to see us November 21, 1942. Had a very fine visit, but didn't learn any military secrets. Joe was on his way to Fort Belvoir, Va., for some more instruction.

HARRIS, T. G. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, Officers and N.C.O. School, Fort Wheeler, Ga.

"I was married to Miss Ruth Crissman on June 21, 1942, and we are living in Macon, Ga. (Congratulations!)

"I came here from Fort Benning last April. Have been instructing new officers and officer candidates ever since. We have a nice school located in an old CCC Camp and are running as a separate unit from the regular post. Sure have plenty of work but enjoy every bit of it. Give my regards to the boys."

HUFF, R. E. Ensign, U.S.N.R. S.C. 650, c/o Fleet Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

"From Ensign R. E. Huff, Commanding Officer to G. K. Slocum:

1. Here are two dollars.

2. Forgot it last year—too busy.

3. Am now in the Sub Chaser Navy.

4. Was married to June Ida Garner of Western Springs, Ill., since I last saw you.

5. Am busy as hell, good luck."

From G. K. Slocum to Ensign R. E. Huff, C.O.:

1. Congratulations.

2. Don't chase subs like alligators—stay aboard ship.

3. Happy New Year.

JOLLAY, A. L., JR. Ensign, U.S.N.R., Holland, Va.

"I WAS SWORN into the Navy in September '41, but was not called until January '42. Went to Northwestern for my training. Dick Huff and 'Toot' Davis were there at the same time. Haven't seen them since we were assigned duty.

"Give my regards to the staff and all the boys. Hope to get down to see you all soon."

McIVER, JOHN E., JR. 1st Lt., U. S. Army, Darlington, S. C.

"Here I am—a fair forester handling 400 vehicles and a few more men. Am at Camp Barkeley, Texas, and there isn't a tree 30 feet high anywhere near.

"I found out why Texans are such fighters, they fight the elements all their lives so mere people just don't faze them. Maybe I will see you one of these days."

SPIKER, T. F. 1st Lt., U.S.M.C., U.S.S. *Colorado*, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Cal.

"Can't say as to what I am doing or where I am but when you get mail by tanker you are pretty far off the beaten path.

"Give my regards to everybody and keep the Forest School on top."

SURBATT, W. Q. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, 309 Kimes St., Burlington, N. C.

"I was employed by the Federal Land Bank until January 1942, when I was called into the Army. I liked my work a lot, but am glad to be of aid in helping to lick the Axis. Am now training recruits at Camp Robinson, Ark.

"Many officers leave here for overseas so I may be gone before too long.

"Am now the proud papa of a little girl and both my wife and I are right pleased." (Great going, "W. Q." and Mrs.)

TRAYLOR, D. F. Farm Forester, N. C. Extension Service, 255 Wade St., Wadesboro, N. C.

"Am now Farm Forester in District 5, which includes Anson, Union, and Stanly counties."

Don gets in to see us once in awhile, so we can keep a check on him.

WIGGINS, JOHN E. Cartographic Engineer Navy Dept., Sunbury, N. C.

"If my plans work out I may be in the Navy shortly. Ed Gill and Fred Hartman are here with me but Gill leaves in November for training as a Lieutenant (j.g.)

"I am in charge of drafting air navigation charts for the Army and Navy for contact flying. Tell the boys to stick to Forestry. The War is only proving how important it is. Give my regards to every one."

1942

BLAND, W. A. 2nd Lieut., 120th Inf., 30th Div., A.P.O. 30, Camp Blanding, Fla.

"I reported to Camp Croft June 26 and was there until July 8. From there I went to Ft. Benning for instruction in rifle and heavy weapons. From Benning I went back to Croft for several weeks and was then sent to Camp Blanding.

"On August 16, 1942, I married Dorothy Heater and she is now with me here."

We extend congratulations to the Blands and best wishes for a happy future.

COOK, B. L. Ensign, U.S.N.R., 743 Date St., San Diego, Cal.

"Since I left Raleigh I have been rather busy at times, even for me. I reported to Notre Dame August 11, for two weeks to get indoctrinated into the Navy and was then sent to Northwestern University for three months' training. Got my commission November 14 and was sent to San Diego. Am studying gunnery here and expect to be sent after Japs around Christmas.

"I miss the trees and swamps, but sure do enjoy this life. Be sure and get a PI-NE-TUM out to me."

CROMBIE, W. A. Lt., U. S. Army Air Force O-462297, 82nd Bomb. Squadron, 12th Bomb. Group, A.P.O. 1227, New York, N. Y.

The new Mrs. W. A. writes, "Bill and I were married July 5. (Congratulations!) Bill is in Egypt, acting as administrative officer. He is having quite an experience. He has been around the Cape of Africa, seen Jerusalem and Bethlehem and is now in the desert. It sure will be grand when this mess is over and he can come back home again."

HOBBS, J. E. Asst. Extension Forester, N. C., 116 Forest Road, Raleigh, N. C. Jimmy doesn't say a word, but he just took over Bill Barker's place and I know Graeber keeps him pretty busy.

HOEMAN, J. G. Headquarters, A.A.F.-P.F.S., Pilot Student, Officers' Detachment, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala.

"Reported to Hunter Field Tactical Unit as 2nd Lt. in the Air Corps on June 11. Administrative work and flying until December 24 when I reported to Maxwell Field for pilot training. If you need exercise join us here."

"Bunny" was promoted to 1st Lt. on November 1, and is now after his wings. Can't you visualize him with wings?

JOHNSON, A. E. Sgt. Technician, U. S. Army, Cementon, N. Y.

I didn't hear from Al himself, but from Mrs. A. E. Johnson. They were married October 4, 1942. Congratulations! Mrs. A. E. says: "Albert was inducted on June 11 and is now in the transportation corps of the Army. At present I do not know his address, but will let you know when he reaches his destination."

KATZ, H. S. Private, U. S. Army, Div. Hq. Co., A.P.O. 253, Camp Pickett, Va.

"I enlisted in the Army May 21 and was sent to Fort Dix, then to Fort Knox for nine weeks training in the Armored Force. After spending some time in the Mohave Desert I was assigned to the General Staff in Division Headquarters as topographic draftsman in the air section. The whole outfit was shipped to Camp Pickett, so here we are. Was in Raleigh the last of October but as I hadn't seen my girl in a long time, I didn't get up to see 'you all.' Will look you up next time. Regards to all."

LANDON, R. H. 1st Lt., U. S. Army Co. C, 193rd Tk. Bu., A.P.O. 957, Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

"Am still helping to guard the supply lines and still hoping to see some action. We need plenty of WAAC's to share these palm trees with, among other things."

LEYSATH, E. F. Engineering Draftsman, Bryant Chucking Grinder Co., 6 Harvard St., Springfield, Vt.

"After the Army physical I felt like going out and buying a pair of crutches. Still haven't decided whether it was physical or mental they got me on.

"Am going deer hunting if I can get a day off. Sure hope one runs my way. (Did it?)

"Give my regards to all the gang."

MULLER, H. S., JR. 2nd Lt., U. S. Army, 29 Rigdon Rd., Aberdeen, Md.

"I am still a 'louis' in the Signal Corps and am attached to the Air Corps. Am still waiting to take a cruise. Am now on leave, but can't make it to Raleigh.

"Tell the staff to work like hell on the ads, etc., for the PI-NE-RUM. It takes work, I know. Keep 'em flying."

SANTOPOLLO, F. A. Cruiser, W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co., Box 241, Summerville, S. C.

"I have been cruising timber down in the swamps and the briars have me whittled down to a skeleton. (I saw Franki at Christmas and he had only one chin and a baseball tummy.)

"Have run across Sexton and Hood and they are both doing fine. Tell all the boys in my class and otherwise bello and best of luck." (Did I say enough, Frankie?)

TURNER, J. T. 2nd Lt., U.S.M.C., Co. H, 17th R.O.C., Quantico, Va.

"Worked as engineer on the Memphis Air Support Ferry Command Base and was then called into the Marines last summer. Am still single and am not doing any forestry work at present. Tell every one 'hello' for me."

WILLIAMS, F. D. Radio Repairman, U. S. Army, 728 Sycamore St., Rocky Mount, N. C.

"Am coming to Camp Davis, N. C. for O.C.S. in January, so will try to stop in to see you. Am now a radio repairman—can you feature that?"

"Have been in the North since induction. It's not such a bad place, but the women take me too seriously."

NON-GRADUATES

LEDBETTER, F. H. Inspector, Maxton Air Base, Box 331, Maxton, N. C.
That's all he says.

DORSEN, R. 2nd Lt., U.S.M.C., Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, Va.
"After leaving recruiting duty I was sent to Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington. My boss was Capt. Atkins, former editor of the *PI-NE-TUM*. Was then sent to Quantico for O.C.S. and finally got my commission. Would like to see some of the boys before I am sent out."

LEBOWITZ, M. H. Staff Sgt., 469 Bomb. Sqd. Army Air Base, Topeka, Kans.
His mother writes, "Murray has been in the Air Corps since December. He has been seeing the country in a Flying Fortress on which he is Aerial Engineer. He has been to Mississippi, Florida, Utah, Texas, and now Kansas. He thinks that Army life is wonderful."

CAMPBELL, W. S. Pvt. 19th T.S.S. Bar. 578, Army Air Base, Lincoln, Neb.
"Am out here learning to be a mechanic, so I can repair war planes. We have 18 weeks of this and I am getting along fine so far. Have no idea where I will be sent when the work is finished here. Haven't seen any other foresters as yet.
"Give my regards and best wishes to all the boys."

Alumni Directory

CLASS OF 1930

W. B. Barnes	6149 Primrose Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
C. A. Bittinger	McConnellsburg, 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	620 Park 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.
H. G. Posey	Cherokee National Forest, Bristol, Tenn.
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.
J. O. Artman	Box 194, Norris, Tenn.

G. W. Barner	312 W. Walnut St., Lock Haven, Pa.
J. A. Brunn	Unknown
W. T. Buhrman	454 E. Queen St., Chambersburg, Pa.
J. B. Cartwright	Commodore, Pa.
*H. A. Foreman	1014 Tilghman St., Allentown, Pa.
D. B. Griffin	3811 Virginia Ave., Charleston, W. Va.
H. J. Loughhead	1136 Shorewood Blvd., Madison, Wis.
*C. F. Phelps	Game Commission, Richmond, Va.
C. H. Shafer	122 W. Penn St., Bedford, Pa.
G. K. Slocum	N. C. State College, Raleigh, N. C.
W. B. Ward	Marienville, Pa.

CLASS OF 1932

W. E. Cooper	506 Calhoun State Office Building, Columbia, S. C.
*A. A. Grumbine	810 Ramble St., Hot Springs, Ark.
*J. J. Kerst	1027 River Road, Reading, Pa.
A. H. Maxwell	521 Perry Ave., Greensburg, Pa.
F. J. Miller	Box 356, Elizabethtown, N. C.
C. G. Royer	106 Pennsylvania Ave., Watsontown, Pa.
*G. K. Schaeffer	1212 Walnut St., Newberry, S. C.
P. W. Tillman	N. C. Forest Service, Fayetteville, N. C.
W. H. Warriner	U.S.F.S., Gulfport, Miss.
Luther Williams	Box 334, Rt. 1, Monroe, N. C.

CLASS OF 1933

*J. C. Blakeney	Monroe, N. C.
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G. W. Pettigrew	915 Florence St., Aiken, S. C.
*M. M. Riley	119 Montgomery St., Raleigh, N. C.
A. L. Setser	Box 85, Norris, Tenn.
R. A. Wood	2 Vanderbilt Place, Asheville, N. C.

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*B. H. Corpening	Lenoir, N. C.
A. B. Crow	210 Earham St., Crofton Heights, Pittsburgh, Pa.
F. A. Doerrie	850 Fruithurst Drive, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.
L. B. Hairr	Box 112, Marion, N. C.
F. H. Hube	Box 157, Wise, Va.
D. C. Plaster	Lumpkin, Ga.
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F. J. Czabator	Dist. For. Office, Stapelton, Ala.
L. S. Dearborn	Indio, Cal., General Delivery
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T. B. Gardiner	Box 156, Taylorsville, N. C.
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W. W. Hood	Box 265, Summerville, S. C.
G. E. Jackson	Box 815, Jacksonville, N. C.

B. K. Kaler	212 E. College St., Alliance, Ohio
J. W. Miller	University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.
F. N. Newnham	606 Gomez Road, Santa Fe, N. M.
H. W. Oliver	Princeton, N. C.
*R. H. Page, Jr.	Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.
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M. W. Shugart	S.C.S., Warrenton, N. C.
J. R. Spratt	R-4, Raleigh Apts., Raleigh, N. C.
J. M. Stingley	New Bern, N. C.
H. R. Wright	Box 312, Douglas, Ga.

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A. G. Adman	22 Abbot Drive, Greenmont Village, Ohio
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O. T. Ballentine	Wytheville, Va.
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*S. K. Hudson	2316 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.
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C. A. Fox	C-6 Oleander Ct., Wilmington, N. C.
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J. A. Matthews	Vass, N. C.
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F. D. Mayfield	Murphy, N. C.
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H. O. Rouch	United Rayon Mill, Langley, S. C.
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L. P. Spitalnik	Unknown
*W. L. Troxler	Unknown
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W. H. Wheeler	Box 1301, Wilson Dam, Ala.

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W. A. Campbell	Box 1005, Blountstown, Fla.
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P. C. Conner	Unknown
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*R. C. Eaker	Rt. 1, Cherryville, N. C.
*J. W. Farrior	518 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.
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Lang Foster	Hallsboro, N. C.
B. Griffin	Childersburg, Ala.
P. A. Griffiths	N.C.F.S., Raleigh, N. C.
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L. H. Hobbs	Elizabethtown, N. C.
*A. J. Honeycutt, Jr.	0-9, Raleigh Apts., Raleigh, N. C.
J. B. Hubbard	Unknown
James Huff	Box 967, Durham, N. C.
*G. W. Hunter	525 N. East St., Raleigh, N. C.
*V. V. Kareiva	Box 68, Neuse, N. C.
H. W. Lull	Box 333, Tappahannock, Va.
T. J. McManis	Pleasant Garden, N. C.
W. J. Marshburn	Burgaw, N. C.
Clarke Mathewson	Box 728, Lake City, Fla.
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*G. E. Smith	414 T.S. Squad, Flight A, Gulfport Field, Miss.
I. W. Smith	Box 1055, Hendersonville, N. C.
*N. B. Watts	902 W. South St., Raleigh, N. C.
*P. L. Warlick	5 White Oak Road, Biltmore, N. C.
*J. A. Whitman	806 Williamson Drive, Raleigh, N. C.
*W. W. Wooden	Unknown

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*G. W. Arnott	A.T. Co., 26th Inf., A.P.O. 1, New York City
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*H. J. Hartley	308 Bath St., Clifton Forge, Va.
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*Ted Jolley	2865-29th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
*J. V. Lyon	U. S. Marines—Unknown
H. C. Martin	1046-18th St., Portsmouth, Ohio
*C. L. Page	Unknown
*H. W. Plummer, Jr.	Unknown
*Chester Reed	Unknown
*H. R. Rupp	210 S. Market St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.
*R. W. Shelley	Forks ville, Pa.
*R. W. Slocum	c/o G. K. Slocum, Raleigh, N. C.
*E. W. Smith, III	1224 Magnolia Ave., Norfolk, Va.
J. J. Steele	Lenoir, N. C.
*H. P. Stoffregen	Unknown
*E. M. Walker	Unknown
R. L. Westerfield	Sunset Apts., C-5, Rocky Mount, N. C.
C. N. Wright	Highlands, N. C.
*P. B. Yeager	Co. B, 35th Inf., A.P.O. 25, Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.
M. M. Young	Lenoir, N. C.

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*R. L. Cain	R.F.D. 7, Fayetteville, N. C.
*Geo. Chaconas	Batry, H, 1st C.A., A.P.O. 835, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.
*R. E. Davis	610 Courtland St., Greensboro, N. C.
*W. B. Dunn	Kennerdell, Pa.
T. E. Gerber	177 Filbert St. Village 2, Wilson Dam, Ala.
*W. E. Gibbons	286 Elm St., Bogota, N. J.
*B. R. Harley	Chadbourne, N. C.
B. S. Hays	930 Cherry Tree Lane, Signal Mt., Tenn.
*J. W. Hilton	1610 Ambleside Dr., Raleigh, N. C.
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*R. M. King	Box 1003, Concord, N. C.
C. D. Kuhns	157 E. Main St., Kutztown, Pa.
*R. K. Lee	Lugoff, S. C.
P. J. Lozier	407 Washington Ave., Cliffside Park, N. J.
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*John Nigro	659 E. 88th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
*A. A. Novitzkie, Jr.	64-02 Jay Ave., Maspeth, New York
*W. E. Odom, Jr.	723 Fairview Rd., Asheville, N. C.
*Leo Perks	54 Louisa St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
*L. L. Perry	Deceased
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*W. O. Ryburn	322 S. Ellis St., Salisbury, N. C.
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R. S. Swanson	Belmont, N. C.

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*P. M. Cromartie	214 Hillside Ave., Fayetteville, N. C.
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*S. L. Wilson	3709 Columbia Pike, Arlington, Va.

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*J. G. Hofmann	2800 Fairview Rd., Raleigh, N. C.
*G. M. Howe	168 Bellevue St., Elizabeth, N. J.
*A. E. Johnson	Cementon, N. Y.
*H. S. Katz	Box 82, Middletown, N. Y.
E. F. Leysath	6 Harvard St., Springfield, Vt.
*H. S. Muller, Jr.	29 Rigdon Rd., Aberdeen, Md.
A. A. Pruitt	206 Pershing Ave., Carteret, N. J.
F. A. Santopolo	Box 241, Summerville, S. C.
*J. T. Thurner	1799 Netherwood Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
*F. D. Williams	728 Sycamore St., Rocky Mount, N. C.

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Moris Green	756 Pelham Parkway So., Bronx, New York
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O. F. Martin	1239 E. Rock Spring Road, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
J. T. Maynard	Williamsburg, Va.
W. T. Ogden	112 Halifax St., Raleigh, N. C.
H. D. Packard	Paoli, Pa.
E. H. Sayre	Tryon, N. C.
J. L. Shopb	34 Kensington Rd., East Orange, N. J.
H. L. Terry	Box 783, Spencer, N. C.
E. H. Ward	Blackstone, Va.
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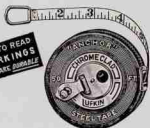
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—EDITOR.

Autographs

