

PURDUE

FORESTRY

'34

CAMP

MENSURATION

DENDROLOGY

SURVEYING

C. E. Bryan

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Dean M. L. Fisher	L. E. Hexamer
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To convey to the reader a general knowledge of the life of a Purdue Forestry student in the eight weeks of camp life on the Clark County State Forest.

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#### We Dedicate

This camp log to the honorable O. M. Davenport in due compensation of the splendid work he did in instructing the students of the camp of '34. As it was his first year with our camp, we think that he should be bestowed with this great honor and esteem.

## FACULTY

Charles G. Geltz - Dendrology - Purdue University  
George M. Spencer - Surveying - Purdue University  
O. M. Davenport - Mensuration - Pennsylvania State University

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"Si" Lawson - Saw Filing - Indianapolis, Indiana  
"Ted" Shaw - Rope Tying - Purdue University

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Mrs. Crouch - Cook - Lawrenceburg, Indiana  
Dave Crouch - Cook's Assistant - Lawrenceburg, Indiana

## STUDENTS

G. E. Brown	"Joe"	Hammond, Indiana
C. E. Bryan	"Clem"	Culver, Indiana
J. R. Burkhart	"Burkie"	Evansville, Indiana
R. L. Burkhart	"Buzzard"	Indianapolis, Indiana
R. D. Burr	"Tarzan"	Cleveland, Ohio
E. P. Chase	"El Paso"	Teaneck, New Jersey
A. C. Conner	"Pot"	LaFayette, Indiana
R. F. Eager	"Bob"	East Chicago, Illinois
L. E. Hexamer	"Moose"	Canton, Ohio
C. S. Howe	"Charlie"	Gatun, Canal Zone
M. G. Johnston	"Mac"	Knightstown, Indiana
J. H. Martin	"Mae"	LaFayette, Indiana
J. E. Phillips	"Papa"	Indianapolis, Indiana
M. A. Ridgway	"Fruit Peddlers"	Amboy, Indiana
W. E. Shrader		Greentown, Indiana
M. J. Sprunger	"Mert"	Monroe, Indiana
K. R. Swinford	"Frank Buck"	Indianapolis, Indiana
W. P. Verduin	"Mama"	Chicago, Illinois

### Party I

G. E. Brown  
C. E. Bryan  
J. H. Martin  
A. C. Conner  
R. L. Burkhart

### Party II

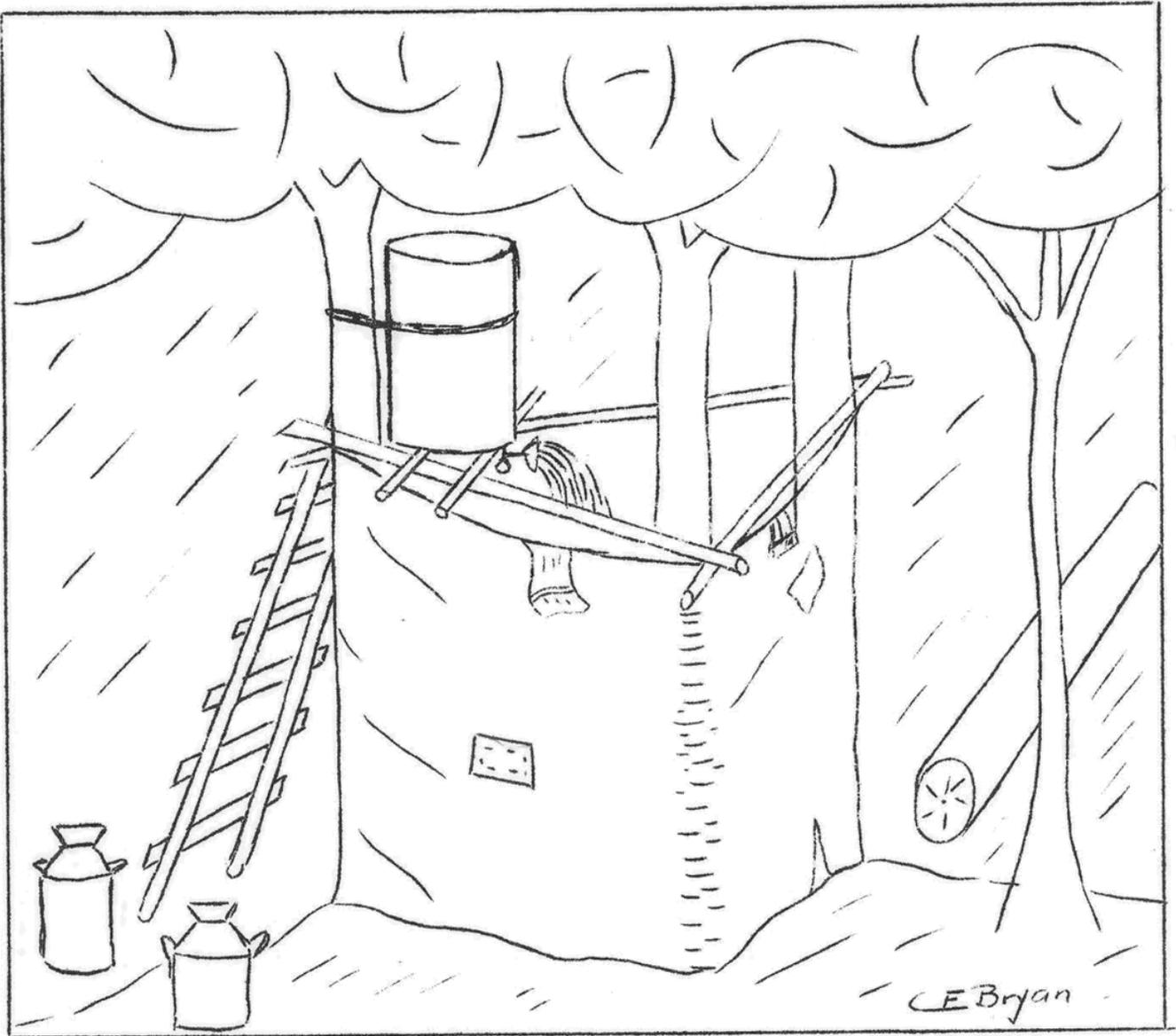
J. R. Burkhart  
C. S. Howe  
E. P. Chase  
W. P. Verduin

### Party III

M. G. Johnston  
J. E. Phillips  
M. C. Sprunger  
M. A. Ridgway  
R. D. Burr

### Party IV

R. F. Eager  
K. R. Swinford  
W. E. Shrader  
L. E. Hexamer



### TO A SHOWER BATH

When you come in hot and dirty,  
And your day of toil is done,  
What can be more enticing,  
Than a shower bath for one,  
'Tis cooling and refreshing,  
And adds new life to you,  
Makes you feel the good old vigor,  
And cleans the body, too.  
So when your day is over,  
And the work has been done,  
Just get into a shower bath,  
And let the water run.

--C. E. Bryan

## CAMP LOGUE

If you can read, sometime and somewhere you have read of great discoverers that have made what we call History. Some of these famed discoverers and explorers were men such as Columbus, Balboa and Magellan, but they are the past. Now, what I want to tell you about is the explorers of today, and the vast areas that have yet to be trodden by mankind.

Purdue University has, for several consecutive summers, sent expeditions in the Wilds of Southern Indiana. These parties have been fully equipped with supplies to last eight weeks - no less. Usually the party consists of about eighteen young men and three mature men of various ages. The parties have succeeded to a certain extent of success in collecting a little knowledge and ideas of the territory they covered, but they never managed very well to get a considerable distance from camp. Usually they kept in a fairly short radius of the main camp.

Last summer, the summer of 1934, the University again decided to send another group of enterprising young students to penetrate the Jungles of Clark County, located in the extreme southern end of Indiana. This group of young men, when enrolled in the University, were known as Forestry students. However, not content with the quota of Freshmen students in Purdue that were eligible to go, they imported another explorer from New Mexico College of A. and M. who proved to be a great handicap - I mean benefit to the exploration party from Purdue.

On the 11th day of June at 12:00 noon all members of the expedition gathered at the outpost of civilization, a small town called Henryville. I suppose it was named Henryville because the fellow that first lived in it was named Henry. The town merely consisted of a few trading stores, a shack where the semi-monthly train stopped, a place of business where you got your hair sheared when it got long enough to tickle your back. The so-called barber used to be an expert sheep shearer. The outpost also boasted of a very good doctor who dressed machete and axe wounds received in the penetration of the jungled area.

Perhaps I might comment a little on the nature and situation of the village. It has a street plan that is very intricate, and the names of the streets were never revealed. As to the manufacturing interests of the village there were none. Apparently the sole occupations were just whatever happened along. Before the arrival of the expedition the town was what you might say a sleeping day very old and feeble, but upon our arrival it became a budding metropolis and continued to thrive during our lengthy stay in that region.

In the afternoon of the day we all arrived, everyone met at the basic camp and preparations were soon under way for fixing up the huts to keep out the sun and rain. A great turmult insued as to the choice of cabins and selection of bodyguards. That is, two men stayed in each hut to act as protection for the other.

After camp had been arranged and the afternoon spent in getting familiarized with the location, a bountiful feast was served in the dining hall, kitchen, warehouse and class room. The meal and the meals that followed in the days to come were served by a woman cook and her son who were natives of the civilized southeastern section of Indiana.

On the Tuesday following our arrival the camp routine began and everyone was kept diligently at work throughout the entire exploration. Although for the first week we had "Bugs" Montgomery, an entomologist from Purdue in our presence, who started us collecting odd specimens of insects. At the rate we collected the first week all of us should easily have had 500 bugs by the time camp was over. But after he left to continue his work in other fields, the collections were somewhat neglected until the final week.

One routine that was never neglected was the "sunrise water party". Every morning the two inhabitants of one hut would get up with the sun and then proceed to awaken the blonde instructor from Penn State, who managed to drive the truck in which we hauled the water. A distance of about two miles had to be traveled to reach the source of the liquid in which we bathed and also moistened our parched throats. The water was pumped from a cistern into milk cans which were lifted by one of the two men while the other did the pumping. Usually the Penn State graduate stood by and fed the ducks or else read the temperature thermometer and commented on the weather. On a whole this was the main gripe, although the lunches we carried with us when we penetrated into the jungle were another cause for comment. Each lunch usually consisted of a few raisins, an orange, perhaps a cup cake and three sandwiches --and what sandwiches! Because of the intense heat, meat sandwiches couldn't be packed in the lunches, so some conglomeration had to be devised with which to make a filler for the sandwiches. Some of these fillers were peanut butter and jam mixed, some were a cheesy mixture, and still others had raisins in it.

There wasn't much idle time for recreational purposes. We were usually kept very busy. There were no movies, or hardly any means for a pastime. Worst of all there were no places where we could go swimming - Yes sir, we were deprived of the great human indulgence of swimming or bathing, if you choose to call it that. Because of this deprivance a shower was constructed for the benefit of those who wanted to rid themselves of dirt that somehow managed to find a location on your person. Furthermore, soap was required in the process of removing the soil. The shower merely consisted of a canvas stretched around the three trees for a screen, and boards laid down for a platform. The source of water was from a 50 gallon barrel suspended in a tree. Water was carried up a ladder to the barrel and had to be replenished about twice each day.

In view of the field work, there was considerable of this because of the fact that the Chief Explorer, Prof. Geltz, believed in getting plenty done in plenty of time. In the event of our field work, several different types of instruments were used and every time an instrument was taken out a charge was made against the persons using the instrument. If the article were returned the charge was stricken from the books and if it weren't the cost was divided equally among the persons using the article. Usually a heavy charge was placed on the instrument so if it weren't returned the instructors could make another payment on their, well perhaps I should say, conveyance. Nevertheless, field work was enjoyed by all, especially when the instructors went back to camp.

To make the story of our summer's expedition more interesting and informational I shall discontinue this article and allow the various incidents, and stories to be told in a more detailed and enthralling manner.

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An old lady in church was seen to bow whenever the name of Satan was mentioned.

One day the minister met her and asked why she did so.  
"Well," she replied, "Politeness costs nothing, and--you never know!"

#### TAKING NO CHANCES

The "cullud" lady gave her name, her address, and her age; and then the clerk of registration asked this question:

"What party are you affiliated with?"

"Does I have to answer dat?"

"That is the law."

"Den you just scratch my name offen de books. Ef I got to tell dat party's name, ah don' vote, das all. Why, he ain't got his divorce yit."

Brown: "Did you hear about Mr. Goofus, the bridge expert, being the father of twins?"

Lester Butler: "Yes, looks like his wife doubled his bid."

Observing young lady standing alone, the young man stepped up to her and said, "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black." "Yes," she replied, "I know I do, but I'd look far worse in white."

## Gone Forever

Three miles back in the forest, west of U. S. Highway 31, is the forestry camp that for the past years has been occupied by Purdue Forestry students. Eight weeks each summer the freshmen forestry students spend living in this camp while getting first-hand knowledge of forest work. The camp with no facilities of the modern home presented many hardships for the students. There is no running water nor electricity. In fact there is not even a pump in camp that would work. All water that is used is transported from the forest supervisor's home. Water has to be used sparingly because it is no pleasure to be out of water.

The cabins are small and have to be occupied by two individuals making the discomforts greater. Also the location is a hot and dirty one, but what can be expected? What is life in the raw; cruising timber; surveying; studying trees; if you don't live like nature planned for? Electricity and running water can't always be a companion of the ambitious forester. Those facilities, in my opinion are for the foresters that can't take it.

Now to enlighten you a little I'll explain what I mean by "Gone Forever". I mean Purdue has a new Forestry camp for its students. One equipped with roomy cabins, electricity, and running water, all the comforts of a modern home. No more will the old camp I just described ever be used. It is merely a reminiscent of the past, a past which displays students that lived without comfort and really enjoyed it. It was what was expected.

No more will Camp Butt (the old camp's name) flourish in all its simple grandeur. No more will those thrilling and

exotic turtle races be held in the famed swillpail avenue. Never again will a sabbath morn be spent in washing the dirty clothes of the past week in an old tin pail, later to be hung to dry on the guy ropes of the tents. No future Purdue student will have to sit beside a kerosene lantern and write letters on a drawing board while mosquitoes and night bugs swarm around and do their infernal damage.

Now in the old camp's place comes the new camp situated on a more adequate site with all the future students to shove the old camp into the past, but not in the minds of the students who occupied it. Treasured in their minds will always be the remembrance of that famous camp with all its discomforts. Now as we make way for the inevitable progress we say -Gone Forever.

Along the tinted forest trail  
The forester plods his weary way.

Night has come - his work is done.

He has had no time for play.

A life of toil and happiness  
Of which a man may well be proud.

All day a watchful eye - a waiting ear.

Until night's shades the hills enshroud,  
And then he leaves his lonely tower  
To home - to bed, a life serene.

But his life 'tis not alone.

A wife - a child, he has foreseen  
The forester, a man clear through,  
He breaks the way for me and you.

--Bryan

## Camps - In General

O. M. Davenport  
Instructor of Forestry

Very few forestry students have gone through a summer camp without their share of "griping" over the hardships and personal discomforts they were forced to endure. Perhaps this is the result of a life spent in an environment where all of the little bumps and obstacles were removed from life's pathway - in other words maybe some are "softies"; or perhaps it is just human nature following its natural course of never being quite satisfied, regardless. Whatever the cause, time invariably softens many of the harsh impressions, and summer camp incidents become treasured memories.

The necessity of enduring a certain amount of personal discomfort and hardship is perhaps one of the most valuable sides of the summer camp training, in that camp life is a community proposition and the wishes and rights of others must be considered. In many instances, personal feelings and desires must be suppressed in deference to a tentmate or the camp as a whole. Giving as well as taking is essential if one is to fit into the scheme of camp life. Only too often, boys have had every wish deferred to - to their own detriment.

Camps may be located at different places, have good or bad equipment, be large or small, but - fundamentally, camp life will always be the same. Even though students at future Purdue Camps may never know the stifling heat that past students have endured at mid-day in the "old green barn" when the sun beat down on that tin roof, and perspiration fairly boozed from every pore of one's body, or may never need to rise with the sun and fill the "sunrise" water detail, or may never know many of the other inconveniences of past camps; we may be well assured that there'll - "allus be somethin' to bother", and that if the student can't live with 'most anybody after the summer's experience, there's been a miscue somewhere.

So - former Camp Butt-ers may be assured that the old traditions, old customs, and old spirit will be present in the new camp even though Nature is already encroaching on the site of old Camp Butt.

OMD

### Ode to Davvy

A blonde headed flash rode out of the East,  
A brilliant chevvy for his trusty steed,  
Across three great states he chased,  
To fill our wanting, lacking need.  
In our camp his fame has grown,  
He's master of all dry humor known,  
You suffer the whole day through  
Whenever he slings a pun at you,  
But "Mae West" Martin is the biggest bait  
For the peroxide blonde from dear Penn State.

C.E. Bryan

## FORESTRY CAMP

After several short trips to the Purdue Forestry Camp I believe I am in a position to say that the camp life on the State Forest contributes in a very definite way toward the development of real Purdue Foresters. I have noted that as the camp is conducted that there is an orderly way for going about all the various projects that are undertaken. It is further to be remarked that there is a genial atmosphere of good comradeship always in evidence and while muscles are hardening by long jaunts through the woods some of the resourceful characteristics of our pioneer fathers are being developed in a way that makes for good sportsmanship. I have counted it a privilege to spend a day or more with the Forestry students in the Summer Camp and shall continue to look forward to the increased development of the physical resources for bringing about better camp conditions for the increased number of Forestry students.

V. C. Freeman (Signed)

## FOR FORESTRY LOG

I always enjoy my trip to the Forestry Camp. Not the least of the thrills is the ride in the truck up to the Fire Tower. On my last trip I saw a good many birds in which I was interested. "Shooting Polaris" is evidently an interesting event, but it has always been cloudy on the nights I was in Camp. The work of the C. C. C. has done much for convenience in getting about the forest. I hope opportunity permits me to go again.

March 16, 1935

M. L. Fisher (Signed)

## The Log of the Cruise

recorded  
by

The Logger

Monday, June 11, 1934.

This morning eighteen embryonic foresters glimpsed the Clark County State Forest for the first time. Some were delighted with the views and had high hopes for the next two months, while others were not so elated at the prospects of their home for the next eight weeks.

Many had difficulty in finding the camp. The C. C. C. boys said, "Just follow the road until you come to the little green barn and you will find the Purdue camp,"; however, there were many roads, but at last a clearing with tent frames came into view and a little farther down the road was the much-talked-about green barn. Our first sight was the rather portly form of "Bugs" Montgomery, of the Purdue Entomology Department, wearing out a perfectly good deck chair. The fellows arrived at different times and by various and sundry means, but by three o'clock all of our tents were pitched and our bed sacks filled with straw.

Camp was organized into four parties. After supper parties 1 and 2 went insect collecting with "Monty". He instructed us in the art of catching bugs by means of a lantern and a sheet.

Tuesday, June 12, 1934.

Up at 6:30 - something new and different, just like getting up in the middle of the night. In the morning we worked on file sawing with Mr. Lawson, of the Atkins Cross-Cut Saw Company, Indianapolis, Indiana. In the afternoon we collected insects under the supervision of "Monty". By the time we had them all pinned and labeled we were ready to "turn in".

Wednesday, June 13, 1934.

Mr. Geltz left camp today because of some unfortunate news. Mr. Spencer walked us over hill and dale to the fire tower and over the area we were to survey. Many of us harbored the suspicion that he was trying to see if we could "take it".

In the afternoon Mr. Davenport introduced us to mensuration and Mr. Lawson gave us lessons in advanced saw filing.

After supper we all piled into the truck and went to Jeffersonville to the dog races. Everyone had a splendid time and some of the fellows even broke down and gave Spencer good (?) five cent cigars.

Thursday, June 14, 1934.

Party 4 started surveying today by working on the north line

of Section 34. Some others worked on mensuration and dendrology. The C. C. C. boys brought a truck load of logs into camp today for us to saw up. We worked very industriously slicing off pieces two inches thick for the rest of the afternoon.

Friday, June 15, 1934.

Party 4 sawed logs and adjusted instruments while the other three parties alternated at dendrology and mensuration work in measuring tree heights with different instruments.

Saturday, June 16, 1934.

We all "policed" up the area and then two parties surveyed while the other two worked on mensuration. At quitting time - 4 o'clock - we all dashed madly back to camp to try out the new shower Mr. Davenport fixed up out of a red barrel, a length of pipe, and a spray nozzle! It worked wonders on us and with a good meal under our belts, we felt like going places. Hexamer, Martin, Burr and Brown went to Louisville; Bryan, Chase and Burkhart invaded Scottsburg and the rest went to the metropolis of Henryville.

Sunday, June 17, 1934.

We get a break today, since breakfast is not served until 7:30. We collected bugs, went on hikes, wrote letters, and generally led a life of leisure today. Some went to Scottsburg and Henryville again.

Monday, June 18, 1934.

Seven days one week done,  
Worked hard but had a lot of fun.  
Seven weeks and camp is o'er.  
We leave here August 4.

Since it was raining when we got up, we worked on knot tying and dendrology all day. After supper a large "bull session" had started that lasted for several hours. Paul Bunyon wouldn't have had a chance!

Tuesday, June 19, 1934.

Parties 3 and 4 had rope splicing and dendrology. Parties 1 and 2 spliced rope in the morning and went to the field to get located for surveying. About three hundred feet was run by both parties.

After supper we played hockey along the famous "Swillpail Avenue" course.

Wednesday, June 20, 1934.

Parties 1 and 2 trudged hither and yon in the wake of a transit line while the other two worked on dendrology and mensuration.

Thursday, June 21, 1934.

More surveying, also bigger and better hills for section 1. Section 2 worked on mensuration and had a dendrology test. At two o'clock it started raining with foresters spread out all over the forest. All of us got "soaked to the gills". Three of the fellows can't take it and are in bed with the constant dread of another dose of pink castor oil hovering over them unless they snap out of it.

Friday, June 22, 1934.

Surveying for section 1 and mensuration for section 2. Everyone tired and worn out so we all "hit the hay" early.

Saturday, June 23, 1934.

We had routine "policing" work this morning and then mensuration for section 1. Section 2 took to the hills again today with their surveying instruments.

Nearly everyone went to Henryville after supper. There was an ice cream social in the Presbyterian Church so we went over. We met a bunch of girls and played some games \_\_\_\_\_.

Sunday, June 24, 1934.

Another day in which to do odd jobs and rest. Some wrote letters, washed clothes, and made double decks out of their bunks. About the only thing of importance was a good dinner.

Monday, June 25, 1934.

The first week here camp was a pleasure to me,  
But after all it isn't what it's cracked to be,  
So now it begins to be a grind,  
And I'm thankful for the days left behind.

Section 2 worked on surveying while parties 1 and 2 had mensuration and dendrology. We made up three parties and ran cruise lines in the afternoon. Mr. Geltz came back last night so we can expect a dendrology test soon.

Tuesday, June 26, 1934.

Section 1 had a dendrology test this morning. In the afternoon we ran a topo strip along a cruise line. It took us half the night to decipher the notes we took.

Section 2 is still on surveying but are about done with their random lines. Party 4 set a new record of 1,800 feet today.

Wednesday, June 27, 1934.

Ding-Dong. There's that damned bell again! Time to get up and at 'em but are we tired!

Section 1 was on timber cruising from 8 o'clock until 5. This was the longest day here yet for most of us in this section, Section 2, figured offsets for "330 stakes" and set a few.

Some of the fellows went into town to get mosquito netting for self defense.

Thursday, June 28, 1934.

Section 2 spent an uneventful day in setting "330 stakes" and blazing the section lines.

The rest of us had a rather pleasant and diversified day. It was very good experience and should prove valuable, too. We then left camp and walked to the fire tower and ate lunch there. After a little rest we ambled over the forest in search of test trees for Mr. Geltz to test our knowledge on. To make the sojourn really interesting, he sprinkled fourteen test trees in with an otherwise pleasant hike. At 1:30 we started climbing to the "Lost World". It is a large area of waste land high above the Salem road. We found a large patch of dewberries and proceeded to get plastered with them inside and out. The view from here was excellent and well worth the toilsome climb. Mr. Geltz pointed out the erosion work the C. C. C. was doing with black locust on this area. We painfully limped cross-country and down roads back to camp just as the surveying parties were getting in.

Friday, June 29, 1934.

Section 2 again blazed line and set stakes on the random line. After the breakfast was over the rest of us were loaded into a truck and taken to the arboretum at Guernseys. We stayed there until noon inspecting trees, with Mr. Geltz giving us a test tree occasionally to take the pleasure out of the trip.

After dinner we went out to finish our cruise line. Party #2 got called on the green carpet for not helping party 1 finish. It seems that Mr. Geltz came along and found them reposing in the fire tower.

Tonight we are perspiring, swearing and pushing a pencil in the study tent. We are calculating offsets for 330 stakes preparatory to surveying in the morning. The midnight oil is really getting burned tonight and a downpour of rain.

Saturday, June 30, 1934.

Section 1 set 330 stakes until 4 o'clock, while the rest worked around camp and did mensuration work.

Dan Crumpacker, Class of '35, and a pal, dropped in on us from Fort Knox, Kentucky today.

Sunday, July 1, 1934.

We worked this morning so we can have a longer vacation for the Fourth. Section 1 blazed line and set "#330 stakes", while section 2 did routine work in mensuration and dendrology near camp. We came in at noon to a delicious dinner and loafed the rest of the afternoon. Mr. Geltz' family came up today.

Monday, July 2, 1934.

Twenty-one days, 3 weeks done,  
And time for our vacation has come,  
To various places we'll wend our ways,  
To spend three happy carefree days.

Section 1 ran differential levels and the others had dendrology till noon. After lunch most of the fellows left camp for home.

Tuesday, July 3, 1934.

Home on the range.

Wednesday, July 4, 1934.

Still on the old stamping grounds.

Thursday, July 5, 1934.

Back again on the old grind setting checkerboard stakes for section 1 while section 2 had the morning off and mensuration in the afternoon.

Friday, July 6, 1934.

Section 2 did timber cruising work while the others set stakes for checkerboard mapping at the new camp site. The camp next year will certainly be luxurious for the woods. A mess hall, cooks quarters, study cabin, and eight student cabins will be constructed in addition to three cabins for the instructors. There will be electric lights, running water, and a lake a few hundred yards from camp. What is the profession of forestry coming to? Probably they will have plush lined seats in the study cabin next.

Saturday, July 7, 1934.

It was raining when we got up this morning so we all stayed in camp and studied our surveying text. We were reading about the various methods of sighting on Polaris.

After dinner section 1 worked on the checkerboard work while the others were turned over to "Davy" for mensuration.

Sunday, July 8, 1934.

A very enjoyable day was spent by all. We led a life of leisure and had an excellent dinner of chicken, sweet potatoes, etc., after we had rested from gorging ourselves, a ball game was started. We had another good meal tonight. There was pineapple ice for all and some left over. We had a "ruff neck" time in general, as the instructors had left on an all night fishing trip.

After supper someone stuffed the bell and wrote choice bits of wit on the instructors tents. Some also went on short hikes, since it was a beautiful evening.

Monday, July 9, 1934.

Camp half gone, Phillip's in the kitchen,  
Camp's a gripe and the boys are "bitchin!",  
Burma Shave.

Mr. Geltz awakened us all personally informing each of us in turn that the bell had a cold and would not ring. After breakfast the burlap stuffing was removed from the bell and we cleaned up the camp thoroughly. Section 2 continued cruising while the others worked on the checkerboard site again.

When section 1 returned at noon Dean Fisher, Dean Freeman, and Professor Prentice were in camp. We were to have taken Polaris observations tonight but it was too cloudy.

Tuesday, July 10, 1934.

New surveying parties were organized again today. Party 3A was immediately dubbed the "precision party". Section 2 had surveying work while section 1 had a dendrology test in the morning and cruising in the afternoon. Section number 2 had Polaris observations tonight.

Wednesday, July 11, 1934.

Section 2 continued with surveying, while the rest of us had a dendrology field trip and test again this morning. In the afternoon "Davy" gave us classroom work in new cruising operations until two o'clock. We then went to the field and cleared trail around the plots we are to work in tomorrow. At three o'clock we hastily left the field to the excited honking of the truck horn. We were brought back to camp and told to dress and be ready to leave camp in fifteen minutes. Everything was shrouded in the utmost secrecy and we were imagining all sort of places where we might be going. Some of us even thought there might be a forest fire somewhere but this theory crashed when we were told to bring our swim suits. We then knew we were headed for Hanover Beach. Party 3A, the "precision party", could not be found so we went off without them. We had an excellent swim and lunch, after which we walked around for a while. Spencer's diving was the topic of conversation on the way home. The trip was certainly appreciated by all.

Thursday, July 12, 1934.

It was raining hard when we arose, so we had a surveying test which was rather easy. In the afternoon Davenport threw a mensuration test that was terrific. Some of us hunted insects after the tests.

Friday, July 13, 1934.

Section 2 spent the day in running a level over it. Section 1 worked in a Jersey Pine grove of test trees measuring D. B. H.'s this morning.

When we came in at noon everything was as usual, but after our rest period we were told to be ready to leave camp in fifteen minutes. We did not know our destination but passed through Louisville at 4 O'clock. We finally ended up at the Bernheim Estate near Shepherdsville. We camped near an old barn for the night. It rained hard and the fellows who were intending to sleep in the open hastily made for the shelter of the barn to curl up on a pile of straw.

Saturday, July 14, 1934.

Section 2 spent the morning cleaning up back at camp and the afternoon in surveying. They still don't know where the other fellows went.

The Kentucky group got the truck stuck while going after water and milk and as a result they had breakfast and dinner combined at 11 o'clock. The afternoon was spent in hiking over the forest and visiting the fire tower and nursery. The bunch was dead tired and the rather lumpy straw felt like a feather bed.

Sunday, July 15, 1934.

Back in the Clark County State Forest everything was as quiet as only Sunday life in the woods can be, but not so for the vacationing boys in Kentucky.

After breakfast we went swimming to a private pool. It was very nice and deeply appreciated by all, as we were rather grimy from the hike of the previous day.

After eating dinner at headquarters, the barn, we left the Estate for points unknown to us. After a long drive we pulled up at the Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville. We then went to "My Old Kentucky Home" at Bardstown and arrived back at camp at 10 o'clock.

We had spent a profitable week-end and had an enjoyable time. The Bernheim Estate covers 13,100 acres and is in care of Tom McKinley a forester friend of Mr. Geltz'. They have it stocked with wild turkey and 120 European stag. An excellent view may be had of the forest from the fire tower.

Monday, July 16, 1934.

Bryan - the Poet - Laureate of Camp was at it again today. No doubt the results of his labor will appear in the Camp Log.

Section 2 is still on surveying and put in a rather hard day running levels. Parties 1 and 2 worked in the sample growth test plot of Jersey Pine in the morning. In the afternoon this work was finished and the staff compasses and equipment got a thorough cleaning. After that Mr. Davenport instructed us in the use of the axe. After supper a ball game flourished until the ball was lost in the timber.

Tuesday, July 17, 1934.

Section 1 switched to surveying again today and ran levels along the section lines. The others worked with an increment borer in the sample plot. Section 1 had Polaris observations after ten o'clock.

Wednesday, July 18, 1934.

Section 1 continued on differential levels while section 2 ran cruise strips along the section lines. Several of the fellows can't take it and are in bed again.

Thursday, July 19, 1934.

Party 1 finished the levels on the south line of section 35 while party 2 ran levels on the checkerboard stakes. Section 2 continued with their cruising.

Friday, July 20, 1934.

Section 1 set checkerboard stakes until 10 o'clock, then came in and plotted coordinates for the map. In the afternoon a sample plot was laid out and tree area estimated by the mean sample tree method.

Section 2 left at noon for Kentucky and arrived at the Bernheim estate at 5 o'clock. After supper Mr. Farmer, game warden of Bullitt County and biggest liar in Kentucky, entertained the boys.

Saturday, July 21, 1934.

Section 1 cleaned up camp and filed saws in the morning. In the afternoon stem analysis work was completed on the sample plots.

The bunch in Kentucky arose at about 5 o'clock and had an excellent early breakfast. Tom McKinely, the managing forester of the estate gave a little talk and an excellent lunch was enjoyed by all on the porch of his office. In the afternoon the fire tower, nursery, and transplant beds were visited. After supper back at the old barn the gang congregated around a camp fire and sang songs. Hexamer managed to cut his foot today while cutting wood - some forester.

Sunday, July 22, 1934.

Back at old Camp Butt all was quiet. Someone bought a paper in town Saturday night and the boys sat around reading until noon, when Mrs. Crouch served an excellent meal. In the afternoon most of the fellows went to a ball game in which Brown was pitching. Bob Swinford's folks came down today only to find that he was with the group in Kentucky.

Section 2 spent the day exactly as had Section 1 the week before. After a swim they visited the Lincoln Memorial and "My Old Kentucky Home". They rolled into camp about 9 o'clock.

Monday, July 23, 1934.

Boy was that moon nice last night! It made a wonderful picture streaming in through the Jersey Pines on to our bunks. To think it is all going to waste as far as we are concerned!

Section 1 worked on their checkerboard map all day while the others had all day cruising.

It was 104° yesterday according to the thermometer at Guernsey's and today was equally hot.

Tuesday, July 24, 1934.

Section 2 was on an all day cruising while the rest did plane table work at the new camp site. Hexamer is laid up with an infected foot as a result of his cutting it while in Kentucky. It was 108° at Guernsey's today.

Wednesday, July 25, 1934.

Section 1 finished their work on the checkerboard map and Howe, Burkhart, and Verduin ran differential levels to correct some errors in the first circuit, while the others were finishing up. Everyone had all the watermelon they could eat tonight.

Thursday, July 26, 1934.

Section 2 ran differential levels on their stakes at the new camp site until the afternoon. They then went to a place on the Ohio River near Mauckport to measure trees in a sample plot. Section 1 worked on cruising.

Friday, July 27, 1934.

Section 2 worked at the new camp on their checkerboard while the others cruised. It started raining at 1 o'clock and the boys on cruise lines had to quit. One party flagged a C. C. C. ambulance and came in with them. The others came straggling in by various methods. Were the notes wet!

Saturday, July 28, 1934.

Section 1 ran cruise line while section 2 ran differential levels on their stakes. Mr. Geltz' folks came up again this afternoon. Camp was deserted tonight - even the cook was gone.

Sunday, July 29, 1934.

We collected bugs, wrote up dendrology forms and caught up on work in general today.

We had an excellent chicken dinner today furnished by Mr. Scholl (Clark County's largest department store, etc.).

Monday, July 30, 1934.

Section 1 is still working on their checkerboard map while the others are cruising.

Dusk has come and day is done,  
Just work is done after a full day's run,  
Our party now is leading the van,  
For today 128 chains we ran!

Tuesday, July 31, 1934.

Work is just about finished for the Purdue Foresters of 1934. Section 1 finished their part of the checkerboard map today, while the others finished the season's cruising. Some of the group took increment borers of the Jersey Pine sample plot and finished that work. Due to our speed in finishing up the work, a trip somewhere is on tap for tomorrow.

Wednesday, August 1, 1934.

We got up early this morning and ate breakfast at 6:15. Everyone was dressed up for a change, even the "Penn State Flash".

We passed through Louisville at 8:30 and spent the morning at the Wood-Mosaic Company just south of there. The trip was very interesting, especially the veneer department. We were treated to a chicken dinner by Mr. McLean, one of the three brothers who own the plant. Each man fell heir to a half chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, delicious salad, hot rolls, beer or iced tea and pie. What a feed for a Scotchman to put on free!

We then went to the Hilbrick and Brodsky Company, who made Louisville slugger bats. The bat factory was very interesting, as was the golf club department. We arrived back in camp at 5:00 carrying our souvenir bats.

Thursday, August 2, 1934.

We cleaned up camp today and took down canvass. Many of the fellows did a good job of "gold bricking".

Friday, August 3, 1934.

We finished packing and "policed" up camp and then - "It's all over boys," said Papa Geltz. By noon most of the fellows had gone their respective ways. So ends a summer of good practical experience. We worked hard, "griped" at times, and thought it impossible at times, but still it was priceless experience. We learned a lot and in general had a lot of pleasure doing it. Whenever this group of fellows meet in the years to come no doubt the topic of conversation will be the happy eight weeks spent at the Purdue Forestry Camp - Camp Butt.

J. R. Burkhart

### Ode to George

A horn blast rents the still forest air  
And you know Spencer's parked out there.  
Out there - God only knows on the road some place,  
But then like a gift from heaven a fog hits  
And the rancid odor your face you begin to trace.  
Among the trees you went your way following  
The odor that makes great men sway  
Until you blindly stumble on a waiting car  
To find Spencer and a La Fendrich Cigar.

C. E. Bryan

### WORK AND THE FORESTER

By George E. Spencer  
Assistant Professor Agricultural Engineering

Establishing the work habit in "Young America" seems to be considered quite a responsible undertaking at present. It is said that we are losing our respect for hard labor, even fostering the belief that we are a little above it. Of course the time to acquire this work habit is early in life, beginning with childhood tasks around home and it is rather unjust to expect college to correct a fault of this kind.

It should be indeed gratifying to the student of Forestry to know that he cannot be listed as one of those "afraid of work", - for that, he cannot be and make any mark in the field of his chosen endeavor. He is fortunate, too, in being apprised of this situation early in his academic training - for no student can complete Summer Camp and still think that the life of a Forester is devoid of hard work.

We are constantly hearing and reading criticisms of our present day higher education and occasionally there is some justification in what is said. A popular weekly publication, which I believe is quite widely read, recently presented such

an article embellished with several pictorial illustrations. One of these pictures remains with me. It was the well-known College Diploma personified, with a broad and friendly smile on its face, carrying the huge basket of roses on one arm and carefully distributing the blossoms with the free hand. Closely following along this freshly strewn path of roses was the College Graduate in spectacles, coonskin coat, and flat-crowned hat. The picture was captioned,--Graduates Think They Ought To Get Good Jobs.

There may have been a time when the diploma was quite generally regarded as a guarantee of comfort and success; yes, even a sure ticket to "Easy Street". As a matter of fact, I am not so sure but that there are still a great many who retain this belief. Witness the great number of students who look forward to commencement exercises as the end of their struggles. Here is where our old friend the law of supply and demand begins to function. The statement has been made that college graduates are now a glut on the market (graduates in Forestry excepted at the present time). And of course the greater the number of graduates, the less valuable is the possession of a diploma. So many young people go to college nowadays; and for so many different reasons - social prestige, fraternities, parental pressure, athletics, some to study and a great many because "it is being done".

The student of Forestry is training himself for a life of service to his fellow man. A service whose reward is greater in the joy of seeing work well done than in monetary returns. He is choosing a profession in which he will be required to devote long hours of hard work - not always under comfortable circumstances, - because he feels that here is his place in the scheme of life. His work is a long-time program.

What he begins will be carried on by those who follow. Let them erect marble and granite monuments to the memory of generals and politicians - the Forester has a far greater memorial, a living, growing monument, in the forests he has protected and developed.

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### Random Lines

Where did "Tarzan" Burr spend his time while not hanging from trees?  
Who was Gil Brown's girl-friend?  
Who cut Bryan out with a certain Alberta in Henryville?  
Where did the yellowjackets sting Phillips?  
Under whose bunk was Virgin found dead?  
Who found a dead yellowjacket in his peanut butter sandwich?  
Where and with whom did Spencer and Davenport step out with one night? (We really wish we knew).  
Did the faculty catch any fish on their trip?  
What foresters couldn't take it?  
Who saved the notes?  
Weren't Hexamer and Montgomery bosom friends?  
What did the boys do when their clutch stuck on the fire tower hill when they had dates?  
Who stacked Davenport's tent and hung his clothes on the flag-pole?  
Who stuffed the bell and what did "Chuckie" Geltz say the next morning?  
Who was known as "the greaser"?  
Who lost a wheel off Chase's car and how did they fix it?  
What did Hexamer bring back from Louisville? And how much did it cost per pint?  
What kind of games do they play on the church lawns at ice cream socials?  
Who cut his foot and did he do it solely for the purpose of "gold bricking"?  
What did the women of Henryville think of the Pride of Amboy and the Greentown Flash?  
Where were Chase and Burkhart when Mr. Geltz started to leave Shepherdsville?  
Did Howe and Johnson ever succeed in "breaking the slot machines"?  
Why was party #3A called the "precious party"?  
Who is the biggest liar in Kentucky?  
Why did Spencer think the forest roads were a race track?  
Who passed Spencer ~~and~~ his daily cigars and where did he get them?  
Why did it insist on getting cloudy when the transits were set up for Polaris observations?  
Why didn't Mr. Geltz collect our tree forms after we worked so hard making them out?  
Who was the originator of the ditty "Ma, I want to be a forester"?  
Why did "Davy" clean up and disappear toward town some nights?

## My Idol

Straight and sturdy does it stand,  
Lengthy arms and proffered hand.  
Hair of beauty to the ground  
Sometimes bright, sometimes brown.  
It's face is lifted to the sky  
And 'tis older than you or I.  
As it stands firmly on the earth  
And casts its shadow o'er the turf  
A physique of beauty and symmetry  
My Idol - a tree.

Clem B.

Tired and weary,  
Sweaty,  
Dirty,  
Lagging step and listless hands;  
His work done  
-- the forester.

Clem B.

## ODE TO "CHUCK"

There sits the colonel so grim and gruff  
Still feeding us the same old stuff.  
Tales of hardship, toil and pain  
From the sunny shores of California  
To the rocky bound coast of Maine.  
But we just sit with it up to our knees  
For it's Geltz we're trying to please.

## "The Dawn of Tomorrow"

by

Chas. G. Geltz  
Director - Purdue Forestry Summer Camp

"Today is, yesterday is gone forever, and tomorrow may never come."

We are gravely concerned with the immediate present. There are several valid reasons for this, among them being the ever increasing amount of interest that is taken in forestry work in Indiana. Two years ago we were at ebb tide, our senior class was small and yet we wondered where we were going to place them. With spring, came the advent of the Roosevelt Administration and the many phased, multiple use program of Conservation, in which forestry was to play a major role.

Legislation was passed through Congress establishing the first Civilian Conservation Corps, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Soil Erosion Service, and the AAA with the PWA and the FERA. The first three have been of major importance to the forestry educators. They have formed the main avenue for our finished product -- the school trained forester. Indications point to a continuous need for such men. In a recent press release, the President has committed himself to a permanent Civilian Conservation Corps. This will mean an entering wedge for the neophyte, or newly trained class of foresters. There also looms on the horizon, a possibility that the Forest Service and its program will receive a new impetus. This will mean places in the subordinate or beginning positions, as well as opportunities of advancement for the recent graduates.

The enrollment in practically all schools shows an increase. Several schools, New York State College of Forestry and Penn State have limited their enrollments on a selective basis. Only those in the upper two-fifths of their high school graduating class may apply for admission. Ohio State, Florida and Texas are starting four year programs. The competition will become keener. The man going out from school will be required to deliver the goods in a manner never before demanded. "Many are called but few are chosen" is an old adage well adapted to the young man entering on a forestry career. It is one thing to get an appointment to a temporary position, and another thing to carve a niche and make yourself so necessary to the organization that you will become a permanent part of it. That is the goal toward which you must strive.

We long ago adopted the motto of a prominent automobile manufacturer, "No yearly models but constant improvement." The work in camp is improved each year and made to meet the demands of the times. As well as the work, constant improvement is being made in the way of physical equipment and facilities and working conditions. To those of former Camps, we invite you to pay us a visit - the new mess hall and study hall are things which would make you feel proud. With these things, and the staff, we are going forward to lay the foundation upon which the superstructure of forestry education may be built at the university. Never was the Outlook brighter.



- NEXT TEST TREE!

NERTZERY

Edited by J. R. Burkhart

Original Stock

We walked on hikes  
And we went in trucks  
But if you "wanna" keep your girl  
Keep her away from "Hux".

You can burn up the forest  
Or cut down the trees,  
but keep me away from  
Those "gosh darn" bees.

I'll marry your daughter  
You bet I will,  
But don't let 'em take me  
To Henryville.

Big broad shoulders and ruby lips  
Sky blue eyes and narrow hips.  
When I say this I've got support  
It's our good old friend "Davvy" Davenport.

If you get sick in camp  
Not according to Hoyle  
Watch out for the bottle  
Of pink Castor Oil.

You birds are good  
And look "purty" smarty  
But you can't compare  
With the previous party.

(A warning to Frosh Foresters).

Don't forget your hiking clothes  
And take your Bromo Seltz  
'Cause boys you're going to summer camp  
To listen to "Chuckie" Geltz.

Now Brownie dear just before you go  
Just sing me one more carol.  
If you don't I'll tell it all to "pa"  
And he'll use the double barrel.

Now baby you must go to sleep  
And do not cry or shout  
'Cause if you won't be good  
I'll turn the buzzard out.

Ma, if when I'm grown  
I wanna milk a cow  
Don't let that bother you  
'Cause I'm a farmer like Charlie Howe.

Tell me is it an animal  
Or is it in the human race?  
If you can't decide on this  
Just call the damn thing Chase.

Who was it crossed the Delaware?  
Who froze at Valley Forge?  
Who surveyed all Henryville?  
I know that guy, it's George.

You get up early  
To get started with the gun  
You have to do a little work  
But it's a "helluva" lot of fun.

He tries to talk like Roscoe Ates  
He don't stand for no bossin'  
'Cause if you wanna learn to sharpen saws  
Pay 'tention to Bill Billy Lawson.

(Bill and Murray)

Don't come in  
We don't want no meddlers.  
Can't you see we're in business  
We're the fruit peddlers.

If you don't like my poetry  
Or think it's purty swell.  
Just tear up this sheet of scrap  
And then you can go to ---well!

--Phillips

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#### TRANSPLANTS

Phillips' Date: "Now what are you stopping for?"

Our Hero: (As car comes to halt) "I think I've  
lost my bearings."

Phillips' Date: "Well, at least you are original.  
Most fellows run out of gas."

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"Does Verduin live here?"

"Sure bring him in."

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Howe: "Do you want to meet some awfully nice people?"  
Dorothy: "Never mind I'd rather be with you."

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"Have you ever heard the one about the traveling salesman?"  
"Shut up! I'm the farmer's daughter."

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Vonnie: "Are you going to be busy tonight?"

Louise: "I should be - I've a date with Hexamer."

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As I stepped up to the lonesome lady on a street corner in Henryville, I inquired, "Are you looking for a particular person?" "I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."

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Brown: "I think I've got a flat tire."

Vonnie: "I think that makes us even."

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Bill Shrader: "You're one in a million."

Alberta: "So are your chances."

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Henryville Female No. 1: (at ice cream social)

"That forester's (Eager) mustache made me laugh."

Native Belle No. 2: "Tickled me, too."

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Ridgway: "How'd you get that sore jaw?"

Shrader: "A girl cracked a smile."

Ridgway: "Well?"

Shrader: "My smile!"

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Brown: "Merdrith, do you believe that the stork brought you?"

Sprunger: "No, I believe it was a lark."

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Ask a forester;

"When do the leaves begin to turn?"

"The night before exams."

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"Chuck": "Are you using a crib Bryan?"

Clem: "No, just a regular bed."

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When better girls are made they won't be half so interesting.

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Whisky, whisky

Dear old whisky.

So amber, pale and clear;

Not as sweet as

A woman's lips

But a darn sight

More sincere.

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Lives there a man with soul so dead that ne'er unto himself  
hath said to hell with camp and gone to bed.

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She was as pure as snow - but she drifted.

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The guy who cuts out the girls' bathing suits ought to be placed  
in charge of the government budget.

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Traffic Cop: "Hey, who do you think you are?"

Driver: "Oh, I'm just one of the taxpayers that pays you your  
salary for bawling me out!"

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Manager: "I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Electrician: "Yeah. It was one of those quick change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."

Teacher: "Where is the capital of the United States?"

Smart Student: "All over the world!"

"Do you wear suspenders?"

"No, why should I support my pants? They never did anything for me."

"I hear our new salesman is an atheist and doesn't believe there is any Hell."

"Put him in the credit department."

A sailor is usually a man who has the same thing on his mind that he has on his chest.

You can't tell how far a couple has gone in a car merely by looking at the speedometer!

Little Algernon (to the old lady who has just arrived, and whom he has never seen before):

"So you're my grandmother, are you?"

Old Lady: "Yes, on your father's side."

Algernon. "Well, you're on the wrong side; I'll tell you that right now."

Criticized for addressing his employer as Mr. 'Arrison, an East-end Londoner remarked: "Well, if a haitch and a hay, two hars, and a hi and a hess, a ho and a hen, don't spell 'Arrison I don't know what does."

Rastus: (at dance) "Mirandy is yo' program full?"

Mirandy: "Lawdy no. It takes mo' dan two sandwiches and a cup of coffee to fill mah program."

"Pardon me, does this train stop at Tenth Street?"  
Yes; watch me and get off one street before I do."  
"Thank you."

The girl friend collects antiques, and recently she acquired a horsehair chair, whereupon she discovered immediately why grandmother always wore six petticoats.

A fellow has to be a contortionist to get by these days. First he has to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. Then he must put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head and have both feet on the ground.

Mrs. O'Brien (concluding argument): "Ivery time I look at you Mrs. 'iggins, I feel I'm doing the Government out o' entertainment tax."

To The Last Forestry Camp  
At The Old Red Barn

by

Burr N. Prentice  
Head and Chief,  
Forestry Department

Off with the old, on with the new. To many of you, little thought will be given to leaving the old stamping ground. Swill Pail Avenue may enter the limbo of the forgotten, Tilia may again become merely the generic name of an admirable group of trees, and you will shed no tears. But to those who have gone before it is with mixed feelings of emotion that we turn to the roomy and relatively palatial quarters of our new camp.

You who were in the last bunch at the old site made one of the best records of any group we have had at the Forest. After all, better quarters only make for better working conditions. Unless those who follow you put forth the sustained effort to excel, new quarters may not improve the standard of the work.

Hats off to you and those before you who made the best of very poor conditions and turned in a good account of yourselves regardless.

You can well say to those more fortunate who are to come, "Show us what you can do!" It's up to those who follow you to justify the greater investment involved in the new quarters.

I once heard a young man describe, before a scientific body, a new development in the field of microtechnique. Following his description he showed slides of work done by himself with the new apparatus. After demonstration, several older men showed, to the younger man's dismay, that better work than that had been done years before with much poorer apparatus.

It seems but a very short time ago when we first went to camp with six men. Our funds were so small that we had to pay for even a floor and shelving on the instalment plan. We had too few men to hire a cook so we did it ourselves. The sink and drain installed later, to the dismay of the entire 33 group, were an unheard of luxury to those of earlier days.

The last transits and pins have been taken from the old instrument tent, the last hypsometers and tapes have been removed from old corner cupboards. The old Wyandotte Lodge placard has looked down upon our perspiring gastronomic efforts for the last time. Yes, even that mass of white hot corrugated metal which served equally poorly at either turning aside the sun's rays or keeping out the frequent rains, is no more so far as we are concerned.

We have often heard it said that, "Time makes ancient good uncouth." Time alone can tell whether those still to join our ranks will have that within them which keeps men "Upward still and onward" in that never-ending effort necessary to those who would "Keep abreast of truth."

## Alumni Section

The delay in getting out the Log was due to (1) waiting for returns from the maximum number of alumni - and (2) the opening of the present summer camp and the many problems arising with the new camp.

1922

Franklin, F. F. - Assistant Forest Pathologist - Bureau of Plant Industry, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Franklin has been with the White Pine Blister Rust work since the beginning of the present program.

1924

Bohleber, C. F. - District Forester, Florida Forest Service, Lakeland, Florida. Carl started with the E. C. W. program in Indiana as foreman. Later he was a technician in the Indianapolis office. Last summer he went to Florida, and has many interesting problems to write about.

1925

Perkins, C. A. - Assistant, Creosoting Division. Southwestern Laboratories, Shreveport, Louisiana. Did not report this year.

1927

Belt, J. R. - Assistant Camp Superintendent and Fire Chief, Camp F-29, Long Lake, Wisconsin. Expects to be made superintendent of Silver Dollar Camp. Has had a great variety of experience. Reports hearing of Pinkey Agnew and Gus Rickel. Also should know that Nicewander is up there also.

Holmes, K. H. - Forester, E. C. W. Camp, Washington, Indiana. Shorty started with a large group on the Clark County Forest. Attended Agricultural Conference at Purdue in January.

Shumaker, K. I. - 504 West Fourth Street, Russellville, Arkansas. "Shu" started with the original Clark County group. Now with U. S. Forest Service doing general forest improvement work.

Cook, K. E. - Chief Forester, Morgan-Monroe State Forest, Martinsville, Indiana. Has done accreditable work. Has visited Purdue on several occasions.

- Miles, J. I. - U. S. Forest Service, Pomona, Camp, Anna, Illinois - Forest Fire Prevention Lecturer. Jimmie has moved about a bit - Clark County - Harrison County State Forests. Then to Rolla, Missouri and now in Illinois.
- Randall, L. R. - E. C. W. Camp, Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Les has moved about - Division of Forestry, Indiana Conservation Department - to E. C. W. work on the Clark County State Forest- then with the U. S. Forest Service on the Cumberland to his present location.
- Swain, C. E. - Forest Technician, % State Forester, State Capitol, Springfield, Illinois. "Ed" originally was with the Indiana Division of Forestry as a district forester. Moved to Illinois over a year ago.
- Young, Thomas W. - Florida Forest Service, Olustee, Florida. Has helped to get a large nursery under way. At present working on a proposed extensive forest resource survey, under Assistant State Forester, C. H. Schaeffer.

1931

- Agnew, Theo. W. - Drury Lane, Three Lakes, Wisconsin. "Pinkey" is also one of the original group of E. C. W. foresters on the Clark County State Forest. Now with the U. S. Forest Service on the Nicolet National Forest.
- Baker, J. C. - Superintendent Camp 51-S, U. S. Forest Service, Jonesboro, Illinois. Baker originally was with the Indiana Division of Forestry at Brownstown, Indiana. He organized protection districts in Brown and Jackson Counties. Doing very nicely at his present location.
- Beadell, H. A. - C. C. C. Foreman - U. S. Forest Service Camp, West Plains, Missouri. "Hank" was also one of the original group on the Clark County. Has traveled and learned much since. Rumor has it that he may come back to Indiana.
- Keefus, John E. - Acquisition Assistant on the Ozark National Forest, Russellville, Arkansas. John has had a varied experience - several years cruising timber in Region Four. Then as a C. C. C. Foreman in Tennessee. Finally passed the J. F. exam and has been on the Ozark for a year and a half.
- Medesy, William A. - District Ranger, U. S. Forest Service, Marlinton, West Virginia - "Bill" worked for Professor DenUyl on his grazing studies one summer - then went to Yale and graduated in time to join the big parade. He has been foreman - project superintendent to his present position.

Miller, Forrest T. - C. C. C. Foreman, Booneville, Indiana. "Frosty" is still as quiet as ever. We never hear from him.

Mitchell, John N. ????? - Some where in California. Meadow Valley captivated "Mitch" and he married a widow. Prof. received an announcement that he was granted an M. S. degree May, 1935.

Smith, M. C. - % State Forester's Office, Chillicothe, Ohio. We have only heard from Smith indirectly. Better drop us a line.

Whitsitt, Robert F. - Forester C. C. C. Camp, Havana, Illinois - Reported doing well. Bob started on the Clark County Forest, went to Indianapolis as Technician, then went West on to Wyoming, then back to Illinois. Bob's brother Joe is in school following his footsteps? !\*

Wortley, Randell G. - Forester - Foreman, C. C. C. Camp, Wartburg, Tennessee. He is doing nicely in his work. He has done quite a bit of instructional work with the boys. Married a Miss Weidemann, the daughter of a lumberman. Later intends to go into the logging and milling game with his father-in-law. Wortley always kicks through with a donation for Forestry Field Day prizes.

1932

Gohl, Richard W. - Present address not known. Permanently incapacitated by blood poisoning.

Hall, Harold F. - C. C. C. Forester, Camp Adams, Stout, Ohio. Did not report.

Holley, Quentin G., C. C. C. Forester, Anna, Illinois. Did not report.

Lear, Wilbur L. - Box 41, Normal Station, Conway, Arkansas. "Shorty" started with the original Clark County group. Then to Boonville, Indiana to Ohio and now in Arkansas. Reported doing nicely for State Forester Gillette.

Lewis, Perle, U. S. Forest Service, Salem, Missouri. Acting as district ranger on new purchase unit. Has been C. C. C. foreman, camp superintendent and now at his present location. Is looking for recent graduates to give them a work out! Perle - your ambition must be running away with you.

Patterson, W. G. - Southern Forest Survey, % C. L. Demnion Director Southern Forest Experiment Station New Orleans. "Pat" took the J. F. at LaFayette, Indiana. Got in on the farewell to

the Seniors, at the home of Professor and Mrs. Burr N. Prentice. "Pat" was the same jovial chap with many interesting tales of his experiences in C. C. C. Camps and on the Forest Service Survey.

Stark, Eric W. - Department Wood Technology, New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse, New York. "Eric" has been one of Dr. Brown's main stays. He has made an enviable record teaching Wood Technology and on his thesis for his doctorate.

Weber, Louis S. - Technical Foreman, E. C. W. Camp, Jonesboro, Illinois. Weber was one of the original group of foresters at Henryville where the E. C. W. program was instituted. As we understand it, he is doing logging and silvicultural work.

Wygant, Noel D. - 415 Chamber Commerce Building, Denver, Colorado. Wygant has really gone "bugs". He has completed his work for his doctorate in entomology at Syracuse. Now it is a life's work. He is to be located at the new Insect Station of the Federal Government.

Lairy, Russell L. 1410 Grandview Avenue, Portsmouth, Ohio. Lairy is listed as the Forester of Camp Shawnee No. 1, Friendship, Ohio. He evidently has two homes. He did not report his being married - but a certain Miss is missing from the Farm Management Department.

1933

Davis, Richard B. - home Ironton, Ohio, Did not report.

Degler, Roy H. - Forester, E. C. W. - Sheep Ranch Camp, Phillips, Wisconsin. Degler reports having started a "Round Robin". He thinks Royer may know where it is? He is getting all around experience. Timber Survey - Planting - Fire and Construction.

Huntzinger, H. J. - E. C. W. Camp Allegheny National Forest, Pigeon, Pennsylvania. "Huntzy" was in LaFayette over a year ago. Reported doing nicely.

Kennedy, Glen E. - Assistant Ranger, Missouri Purchase Unit, U. S. Forest Service, Willow Springs, Missouri. Glen was married to a nice little Miss from Portland, Indiana last Easter. Surely has made good progress - passed the J. F. served probational period and now on the spot.

Nicewander, W. B. - Moquah Unit of the Chequamegon, Washburn, Wisconsin - Assistant Ranger. Nicewander has done very nicely. Started on the Morgan-Monroe Forest - to Assistant Technician in Indianapolis there with the U. S. Forest Service.

Royer, Donald C. - Forester, Morgan Monroe Forest Martinsville, Indiana - Don has called at the department offices several times, and usually accompanied by Cook - '30. He lives the work very much.

Snyder, Herman J. - home LaFayette, Indiana. We understand after several attempts at work in C. C. C. Camps, Herm has gone in for groceries at Muncie.

1934

Baker, L. F. - % R. M. Conarro, Forestry Superintendent, Mississippi Units, Jackson, Mississippi. "Bake" has surely had a varied experience, and covered about every phase of his technical training - seeding and planting - working with new species in the South - silvicultural work - timber surveys - and even management. Go to it "Bake" - we are with you. We forgot to mention he is a J. F.

Brown, L. W. - % R. M. Conarro, Forestry Superintendent, Mississippi Units, Jackson, Mississippi. Brown is with the same organization as "Bake" but located in a C. C. C. Camp as a foreman.

Fuller, W. B. - E. C. W. - State Park Division, Tallahassee, Florida. Fuller was with the Appalachian Forest Experiment Station for six months. Then home ties called him to Florida.

Harden, C. F. - U. S. Forest Service, somewhere in Michigan. "Toughy" did not respond. All reports seem favorable. Better kick in "Toughy".

Marshall, E. D. - Division Forestry, University of California, Berkeley, California. Marshall is doing graduate work. Sends back glowing reports. This summer he is with the Experiment Station.

McQueen, Jack E. - % U. S. Forest Service, Harrisburg, Illinois. Jack reports having passed the J. F. He has been on Acquisition most of the time and had 15 men working for him. Was in a C. C. C. Camp last winter.

Ruby, John L. - U. S. Forest Service, Jonesboro, Illinois. Ruby has been working on a recreational plan for Illinois Purchase Units, and claims it has been approved. Dug up a lot of interesting history in connection with it. Passed the J. F. exam and received probational appointment February 1, 1935.

Richel, Gus - Camp D. F. 102, Newald, Wisconsin. Gus has reported from time to time and always a wealth of new experiences. He likes the great north woods and we wish him well.

Schultz, L. A. - Schultz is with the U. S. Forest Service and we believe that he is stationed somewhere in Wisconsin. We have not heard from Schultz for quite some time.

1935

Anshutz, H. C. - "Tony" left Purdue in June and is reported working in Kentucky. He is believed to be with the Soil Conservation Service. It was rumored "Tony" was headed for the marriage mark and this may account for no word from him since his departure.

Blank, B. B. - Blank is working for the Soil Conservation Service in Indiana. Blank has not reported his activities since leaving school.

Creech, Farrell - Creech is in Hoxeyville, Michigan working for the U. S. Forest Service. He writes that he likes the work very much and finds the Forestry problems of the Region very interesting.

Crumpacker, D. L. - "Crumpy" is working for the State and is now stationed at Washington, Indiana getting on to the work. Here's wishing you well, "Crumpy".

DeWees, J. W. - Joe started out to establish a new Forest Nursery for the State in Wells County. Since then he has been transferred to Clark County State Forest at Henryville, Indiana.

Holwager, J. O. - Holwager is working for the Soil Conservation Service in Indiana. Evidently he is very busy as we have had no report from him.

Keegan, H. L. - "Butch" left Purdue for work with the Indiana State Forestry Department on the Jasper-Pulaski Game Preserve at Medaryville, Indiana. The middle of July "Butch" was transferred to the Wells County State Forest at Bluffton, to establish quarters for deer, pheasants, and quail. He is frequently seen in LaFayette and studies wild life there. ?? ! !??

Kintz, Carl E. - Kintz went to Medaryville in company with "Butch" Keegan. He was then transferred to LaGro, Indiana to one of the E. C. W. Camps and later transferred to Wabash. Kintz has joined the ranks of the "Benedicts".

Lane, P. H. - Lane is located at the Soil Conservation Camp that was established across from the State Soldier's Home north of LaFayette the latter part of July. Lane visited the Forestry Department August 6, 1935 and reports that he is having good success in getting projects outlined for this area. His area covers approximately four counties. Lane was recently married to a Miss Helen Bylsma of LaFayette. Lane passed his J. F. exam.

Leslie, C. R. - Leslie is working for the U. S. Forest Service at Wisconsin. Word has been received that Leslie made a good grade on the J. F. exam and we hope that this will lead to a permanent position. Leslie was married in the spring.

Myers, L. E. - "Porky" is working with the Soil Conservation Service and is Forester at a camp at the Shades which is near Marshall, Indiana.

October 12, 2010

Dear Marlene,

I hope that someone can find some interest in these old photos and the Forestry Newsletter. Uncle Clement died during his last year at Purdue. The story is that he became ill with what they thought was the flu but later turned out to be something much more serious. In going through all the stuff my dad and his parents had saved of Clement's possessions, it appeared that he was quite the poet! One can only imagine the good times they had at camp.

I have sent two envelopes. Hopefully they both arrive safely to you. I am enclosing the same letter in both so that you can look for the other envelope if they get separated. One envelope has the forestry newsletter packet and a copy of his fraternity paper. The other envelope has the photo album of his forestry camp experience. There is also a copy of a photo of him and his final poetry written while he was ill.

If it turns out that you cannot find a place for these items at Purdue, please let me know so I can make arrangements for their return to our family. Otherwise, I hope that there are people there who can enjoy and reflect on the memories that they might provide.

My grandparents grew up in the Leiters Ford area before relocating to Medway, Ohio. My dad, Kennedy Bryan was born in Leiters Ford and also settled in Ohio.

If you do accept these gifts, please mark them as donated by the family of Clement Bryan. His parents were Walter and Almeda Bryan.

Sincerely,

Barbara Bryan Heilers

4797 Pampel Road, Houston, Ohio 45333

937 492-0987

Please call me OR email when  
you receive these —

Thanks,  
Baub

bheilers@houston.k12.oh.us