

The Purdue Log

Supplement Book

1932

The Department of Forestry and Natural Resources
Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana

1999

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Introduction

Nineteen ninety-nine marks the 85th anniversary of the formal beginning of instruction in forestry at Purdue University, and the Department of Forestry and Natural Resources has initiated a project aimed at preserving its history. For the past 40 years, much of the history of the department has been recorded in the pages of *The Purdue Log*, an annual student publication. However, many items of historical interest have not been available to a large audience through the pages of this yearbook, either because they predate the first issue of *The Log*, or because they have simply never been published. This supplement book is designed to gather these items under one cover for the first time.

The Log was not the first yearbook published by the department. The students of the forestry summer camp, begun in 1929 at the Clark State Forest near Henryville, Indiana, published a hand-typed and mimeographed "Camp Log" for a number of years. This Log recounted the exploits of the students over the course of the eight or ten weeks they spent at camp, more often than not in a humorous vein. In 1989, Franklin E. "Bumpy" Rhoades, a forestry graduate of 1935, sent the Department of Forestry and Natural Resources a copy of the Camp Logs of 1932 and 1936. They are included here along with a letter from Mr. Rhoades.

The students who returned from World War II had their own ambitions for the publication of a yearbook, and *Oak Leaves* was the result. Published in 1947, it depicts the Department of Forestry as it was in the immediate post-war era, including the first summer camp since 1941.

"The Purdue Log Mark," published in 1958 by the pledge class of Xi Sigma Pi, the forestry fraternity, is another forerunner to – and possibly an inspiration for – *The*

Purdue Log. The department's then new head, William C. Bramble, was instrumental in the establishment of *The Log*, and the first issue followed in 1959. Two documents pertaining to the beginnings of *The Log* follow "The Log Mark."

The Purdue Log has been published almost continuously for 40 years and has won numerous awards in the Society of American Foresters student publication competition. These awards include third place in 1982; second place in 1979, 1996, and 1997; and first place in 1993, 1994, 1995, and 1998. Of the 39 issues published to date*, six have had supplements: 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1989, and 1999. These supplements, including an unpublished supplement from 1989 are included here. A general index to *The Log* follows these supplements, and finally, a list of the faculty advisors and student editors appears in a short appendix.

Terence E. Hanley

June 1999

* There were two yearbooks for the 1969-70 school year, covering the spring and fall semesters separately, while none was published in 1987, 1988, or 1992.

Ms: Sara Bass
Office of Student Services
FPA Resources Department.
Purdue University
West Lafayette, Indiana 47907

Dear Ms: Bass

Since I am not sure if you have or havent recieved my letter (about 3 weeks ago) offering a 1932 copy of the Forestry Summer Camp "LOG" and the "BUTT" Family I once again offering this to you for possible use in some way in the "DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY".

Enclosed is a copy of the Cover of the 1932 "LOG" and the page showing the list of the "BUTT" family.

Is it possible that the 1932 "LOG" was a forerunner of the current "LOG" ? Since my first letter to you I have also come across a copy of the Indiana Forestry Laws - Bulletin # 7 if you care to have it.

I have enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply.

Should you not want these offered items I will dispose of them else where, however you and the FPA have the first choice, with no strings attached should you find that you have a use for them.

Yours Truly

Franklin E. "Bumpy" Rhoades

Franklin E. Rhoades
110 West 3rd. Street
Nobart, Indiana 46342

FF- 135

*I told him
YES - he will send
this stuff etc...*

1932



ENTOMOLOGY



DENDROLOGY



MENSURATION



SURVEYING

- J.W.D.

FORESTRY SUMMER CAMP

LOG

CLARK COUNTY STATE FOREST
HENRYVILLE, INDIANA

EDITORIAL STAFF

D. L. Crumpacker -----Editor-in-chief
Farrell Creech -----Assistant Editor
J. W. DeWees -----Staff Artist
P. H. Lane -----Sec.and Treasurer

Contributors

Dean Fisher M.L.	D. B. Porter
Dean Freeman V.C.	C. E. Kintz
Professor B. N. Prentice	O. A. Simpson
Professor C. G. Geltz	P. H. Lane
Mr. G. O. Spencer	F. Creech
Mr. Henry Dorr, Jr.	
Mr. B. E. Montgomery	

The staff wishes to express its gratitude to those who so cheerfully gave material to this publication, thereby making it possible for us to have with us a true and constant reminder of the summer in camp we spent under the auspices of the Forestry School in 1932.

To "Mother" Case

In the past, camp logs have been dedicated to the instructors and leaders. It is altogether fitting and proper for us not to forget their help.

However, little has been said about the one who started us out in the morning and awaited us at night, always interested in what the day had brought, and in our luck in the field. Therefore, it is with a feeling of deepest appreciation and gratitude that we, the family of Purdue Forestry Camp of 1932, dedicate this number to Mrs. Georgia L. Case, "Our Camp Mother".

The wonderful meals she prepared for us and her sympathy and care for those who were ill, has won her a place in the hearts of the camp which cannot be usurped no matter how far we may "follow the line" as we go out into life.



Section I

Party I
Blank
Eckert
Holwager
McQuisten

Party II
Anshutz
Creech
Kintz
Simpson

Party III
Crumpacker
Porter
Volin

Section II

Party IV
DeWees
Edwards
Rhoades
Ullman

Party V
Kamm
Kittle
Lane
Thurgood

Party VI
Patrick
Plumb
Raymond

The Day's Work

First Call-----6:15 a.m.
First Call to Breakfast-----6:30 a.m.
Breakfast-----6:45 a.m.
Water Call-----7:15 a.m.
First Call to Work-----7:45 a.m.
Recall-----11:50 a.m.
Dinner-----12:00 noon

First Call to Work-----12:55 p.m.
Assembly-----1:00 p.m.
Recall (in the field)-----5:00 p.m.
First Call to Supper-----5:50 p.m.
Supper-----6:00 p.m.

The evenings are your own - except for studying dendrological conditions and countless scientific names, calculating and compiling mensuration data, working lats, deps, and offsets, or shooting Polaris - even on nights that are supposed to be "off".

Complete and Authorative List of "The Butt Family."

1. Papa - Professor Geltz, (Director of Camp and Dendrology)
West Lafayette, Indiana.
2. Mother - Mrs. Case (Cook) West Lafayette, Indiana.
3. Uncle Cigar - Mr. Spencer (Surveying) West Lafayette, Ind.
4. Uncle Hank - Mr. Dorr (Mensuration) Chicago, Illinois
5. Aunt Stationary - Mrs. Dorr, Chicago, Illinois.

Charter Members

6. Bugle - Blank, Michigan City, Indiana
7. Pudgy - Volin, Pittsfield, Mass.
8. Beautiful - Patrick, Bainbridge, Indiana
9. Bulgy - Plumb, West Lafayette, Indiana
10. Bumpy - Rhoades, Hobart, Indiana
11. Double - Anshutz, New Albany, Indiana
12. Dead - Thurgood, Indianapolis, Indiana
13. Droopy - Holwager, Madison, Indiana
14. Pinky - Kittle, Worthington, Indiana
15. Punk - Eckert, Jasper, Indiana
16. Lead - Ullman, Lafayette, Indiana
17. Lard - Porter, Remington, Indiana
18. Red - Edwards, Remington, Indiana
19. Satchel - McQuisten, Lafayette, Indiana
20. Shiny - Simpson, Fort Wayne, Indiana
21. Sore - Kamm, Fort Wayne, Indiana
22. Soft - Lane, Columbus, Ohio
23. Spindle - Creech, Danville, Indiana
24. Stinky - Crumpacker, South Bend, Indiana
25. Tight - DeWees, Zanesville, Ohio
26. Whistle - Kintz, South Bend, Indiana
27. Rosy - Raymond, West Lafayette, Indiana

Honorary Members

28. Uncle "Precious", Professor Prentice, West Lafayette, Ind.
29. Uncle Baldy - Mr. Shaw,
30. Uncle "Cue Ball" - Dean Fisher
31. Uncle "Balloon" - Jim Carlisle
32. Uncle "Enormous" - Dean Freeman,
33. Uncle "Brilliant" - President Elliott,

JUST CAMP
by
Geo. E. Spencer
Instructor, Forest Engineering

The Latin word "campus", meaning field, is the origin of our word CAMP,- and the dictionary explains that a camp is a temporary lodge,- a group of tents or other shelters, as for soldiers or hunters, etc. The variety of present-day camps is almost boundless. There are boys camps, girls camps, club camps, fishing camps, scout camps, tourist camps, and so on,- ad infinitum. Somewhere in this great array is the camp, at least for some of us,- THE PURDUE FORESTRY CAMP.

What a variety of definitions we would get for this particular camp! Each individual reacts in his own way to the experience. To those who have gone before, a pleasant memory remains of things accomplished and friendships formed;- to those who are to come, even more is in waiting and the life will be what you make it.

Occasionally a student will find that he is utterly unfitted for the practical application of his chosen field before he has wasted an entire four years getting the much desired sheepskin. Camp presents a testing ground for the student to make just such a personal investigation. He finds out if he can "take it." Success in a chosen field means more than just "getting by with it." It means doing the work well, being an inspiration to those with whom one comes in contact, sensing what is to be done and having a way to do it, and greatest of all, getting a real satisfaction in doing the job in workmanlike fashion. The student in technical work 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.

There is a time for work and when that is past there must be diversions, and in camp and the surrounding country, the possibilities are legion. King's Lake will no doubt lose a great deal of its attractive glamour in these days of the "new deal". Perhaps Jasper may suffer in a like manner. But usually the natural passing of an old landmark makes way for newer and bigger things.

Camps may come and camps may go, but we can always be sure that the greenbrier will be tough and thorny, the sun as hot as ever, the ridges steep and the equipment heavy. Polaris in its usual place, and all the other natural resources in their proper abundance. Now,- lest

we forget an old and familiar friend to one and all-----

"Here's to the chigger,
The Bug that's no bigger,
Than the point of an undersized pin.

But the welt that he raises,
Sure itches like blazes,
And that's where the rub comes in."

The fire fighting crew just off a 20-hour shift
was taken to a restaurant to eat. The waitress inquired
of the first one who happened to be as big and tough as
they make them, "What will you have, sir?"

"Beef."

"And how do you want it?"

Impatiently he replied, "Just drive in a steer and
I'll bite off what I want."

FAITH IN YOURSELF

Stanley Foss Bartlett

When you're blue and discouraged and sore at the world,
Despairing its lust and its greed,
It isn't a hand-out from somebody else
But faith in yourself that you need.

When the man that you think is no better than you
Is prosperous without a creed,
It isn't a graft nor a pull nor a lift
But faith in yourself that you need.

When you're tempted to think that it isn't worthwhile
To struggle for right till you bleed,
You will find this the answer to all of your prayers,
It's faith in yourself that you need.

History of Main Events of Camp as Recorded by F. C. Creech

Sunday, June 12. McQuisten gave the natives of Henryville their first break when he arrived in the morning. Later Blank, Crumpacker, and Volin roared in with Cynthia laboring along minus a muffler. The boys slept in the mess hall where the "Putt" family got started with the appropriate christening of "Bugle". Blank got his first admiring glance at his "Timbers" at the ball game in the afternoon.

Monday, June 13. The rest of the boys arrived in the morning, (except Thurgood, who really wasn't expected). The early birds got the "privilege" of putting up the tents. DeWees tried to make a tent out of a fly, but didn't succeed. An "A & P" was organized by Anshutz and Porter. The rain started.

Tuesday, June 14. Mr. Montgomery took the crew out after bugs supposedly for the collection. Then he proceeded to take all the bugs collected for his own use. We went to the Hill House and the Fire Tower to set light traps, but had no luck. More rain fell, off and on all day.

Wednesday, June 15. Monty departs amid cheers (Bronx) from all foresters and bugs. Mr. Spencer took the gang for a "little walk". The merits and demerits of the fire tower hill are brought to our attention. And how! In the evening the boys were taken to Henryville and given formal introductions to the leading lights of that great metropolis. Still raining.

Thursday, June 16. More rain and consequently the classes were held indoors. The boys spent their spare time in expressing their disappointment in the lack of Garbo's and Harlow's in Henryville. We wonder what they expected to find in the little one-hoss town.

Friday, June 17. Camp was divided into six parties and the first three started running section lines while the others were laboring under dendrology and mensuration. Ambitious Party II said that they didn't eat until 1:30, but they probably didn't have a watch.

Saturday, June 18. We worked all morning and then were off for the week-end. Cynthia got her baptism to "timber cruising" that night. Scottsburg and Henryville were visited with only mediocre results. A few of the boys met Henryville's beer baron.

WHY A FORESTRY SUMMER CAMP?

by

Professor Burr N. Prentice
Head of Department of Forestry

A few old tents, an old red mess hall, 5,000 acres of timber, greenbrier and poison ivy, plenty of steep grades and plenty of dust to go with it, eight hours of hard work per day with a scanty canteen, and nothing to do at night except to copy those notes or review all those Latinus queericus names that have been shot at one all day. These are some of the "attractions" of summer camp.

Strange, though, how soon one forgets the disagreeable things and remembers only the more pleasurable moments. And after it is all over we begin to realize that there was much of value in the experience.

"To him who in the love of nature
Holds communion with her visible forms
She speaks a various language."

I expect that many of us feel that her language is very nearly profane during our first days at camp. One would certainly draw that conclusion if he were to listen to the rookies talking back to her during their early attempts to buck the brush on the line.

"And she glides within his darker musings
With a mild and healing sympathy
That steals away their sharpness
'Ere he is aware."

It is apparent that Bryant had never visited the Clark County State Forest, at least, if he did, it was long before he attained to any kind of mature judgment, and surely he had completely forgotten the experience before he arrived at the above poetic frame of mind

After all, this is just what camp is for. We have to learn that nature has another side than the one the poet sees, that she can be tricky and mean and capricious, and we must tame the shrew if we are to get along with her on any kind of reasonable terms. It is in the taming process that we find ourselves, that is, we either like it or we find we are in the wrong place. Many cannot see any pleasure or fascination in the process, and therefore, they right about before it is too late.

But to the fellow who can take it and like it, who in spite of the heat and dust and the hard work, and the lack of conveniences, still gets a kick out of the experience; camp resolves itself into something close to satisfaction, the satisfaction which comes to one from doing a hard job the very best one knows how, and thereby preparing himself for the greater opportunities in store.

Creech's (Pcp) Dairy

- Sunday, June 19. A superficial amount of chicken and ice cream for dinner. Tourists make their first appearance in the woods during our stay. The boys felt like the monks in Columbia Park - so many stares. The first expedition to Scottsburg was organized with Simp and Dusty carrying off the women.
- Monday, June 20. Another week starts with rain, but we finally got to work in the afternoon. Heated debates got started on the relative merits of the various parties.
- Tuesday, June 21. The lines go on. Party II reverts to ancestral habits and took to the trees. Blank was signed as transit carrier for Party I. The camp truck started taking a beating during its water trip.
- Wednesday, June 22. The dendrology class got taken to the nursery, presumably to learn how one is run, but as it turned out, it was to do some weeding. Mr. Dorr and most of the group were either partially or totally disabled with sunburn. I guess they couldn't take it. Mr. Spencer took one of the bridges in high and Sunshine asked for the privilege of eating supper while standing. Prof. Geltz's family came down for a short visit.
- Thursday, June 23. All the field parties were determined to set a record and Party II did the best with 1465 feet. A knife throwing board was erected and Volin proved to be the most consistent thrower. Party I came in at 3:30 and had nerve enough to claim that their watch was fast.
- Friday, June 24. The parties were changed. The water special had a slight accident on a curve. (Not Uncle Hank this time) A chain parted ways today. Edwards got the blame, but he didn't have an axe, so we wonder?
- Saturday, June 25. All of the dendros students were presented with K. P. duty. All Gaul was divided into three parts. Party IV went one better. They made four chains out of one. We worked all day in order to get some extra time off the 4th of July. The gang was not in favor of it, but the faculty was, so we worked. Still more rain.
- Sunday, June 26. Kintz and Eckert went to Louisville. It was rumored that ????? Poor Cynthia couldn't stand the gaff of timber cruising and had a nervous breakdown. She went well while she lasted though.
- Monday, June 27. Just to be different, the weather man gave us rain. A new member was added to the oak family - Quercus Porterii- i.e. Sassafras verifolium. The surveying parties were drowned afield. They got a little off time out of it though.





Blank - The Cruiser - On Off Hours
He Studies Timbers

Tuesday, June 28. Bernie showed his great lack of knowledge of snake anatomy. Tsh, Tsh. He promised to take a graduate course in snakes in order to avoid any more such embarrassing situations. McQuisten looked all over the fire tower hill from 8:00 to 10:00 p.m. for an offset he forgot to note. Such lack of integrity in one of our members is appalling.

Wednesday, June 29. The rest of the camp was introduced to the woods in the nursery. Why did Poppa have to come along when a certain three were so peacefully basking in the sun?

Thursday, June 30. Bugle looked at a dead tulip tree and said, "Oak, I know by the leaves". On closer examination, he found that it was dead and didn't have any leaves. He said it must have been two other trees he was talking about. Uncle Hank recommended a show in Scottsburg that turned out to be "Careless Lady". He said he thought it was "Carnival Boat", but we have our own opinions.

Friday, July 1. Bernie's sunburn resulting from nursery work, was in a very tender stage, but after "Timbers" offered her sympathies it was O. K. Cynthia suffered another severe relapse when the hind portion was literally torn to pieces. Then Profs. threw tests just as we were beginning to like the place.

Saturday, July 2. The gang scattered all over the country for over the Fourth. Bugle and Crumpy got K. P. duty for happening to go swimming a bit too early.

Sunday 3 & Monday 4. No information available.

Tuesday, July 5. Back in camp with a new sensation about us - Rain. The surveying parties got soaked. The "tilia" was christened "Marengo Cave".

Wednesday, July 6. The ancient and honorable order of "Butts" was organized. Bungle and Pudgy were made charter members. Poppa, Uncle Hank and Aunt Stationary joined on this memorable day.

Thursday, July 7. Pete, the poor boy, blushed all day when questioned concerning his date with 220 Fanny of Scottsburg.

Friday, July 8. Party III made an all-time record for line running with the completion of over 2000 feet. And a Simpson was along too.

Saturday, July 9. Half a day off in the afternoon. In the morning, Plume and Dusty officiated in the capacity of chief K. P. artists.

The Gathering of the Butts

Black and red, and towy head,
On foot, on train, on car they tread
To a camp in the woods some miles away,
In a barn and tents they prepared to stay.

Six arrived in a buggy with gas and oil,
With a persistent desire to always "boil",
All with due respect to the "one hoss shay"
Their chariots excelled it, I truly must say.

Dendrology, Surveying, Mensuration and all,
They mastered in a way that would startle old Sol.
After a mingled eight weeks of work and play,
They were ready to start on the homeward way.

This ditty now finished, except to be bound,
Is to say that two arrived home safe and sound.

Spring has again returned, thus the poetic outburst, and again students are preparing to wend their way to the Purdue Forestry Summer Camp, rechristened "Camp Butt," To them, may we say, "May your memories be as numerous and pleasant as those we frequently recall, and live over."

Best wishes from "Uncle Hank and Aunt Stationary Butt."

Health Regained in Lost World
by
Dean Freeman of Agriculture School

I attribute my speedy recovery from a rather unfortunate accident last Spring to a trip through the Lost World with some Forestry Summer Camp friends. Nothing is more invigorating than a swift climb towards the heights of Clark County where the view stretches away into the distance and the joy of living seems complete. I deem it a privilege to have had the opportunity to see our foresters at work as they were both day and night, running strip surveys during the day and observing Polaris at night.

Sunday, July 10. A signboard announcing the existence and location of "Camp Butt", was erected. Stinky and Shiny built and erected the thing and Rosey did the lettering. Poppa planned to keep it for the admiration and reverence of the coming generations.

Monday, July 11. Plume and Thurgood originated double-decked beds in camp. The lumber for the new fire tower should have been put under special guard.

Tuesday, July 12. So we came here to learn to dig ditches! We had to dig a 100 foot drain and a 6x6x8 pit for three measley dishpans of water a day. We had two swims that day, so it wasn't as bad as it might have been. EXTRA ----- Hank got a blister and it was on his hand too!

Wednesday, July 13. Volin made a rash promise to duck the whole camp. Uncle Cigar started a cookie duster. Miki did have one until the razor slipped. Fuzzie and Double slept in wet beds - Hindenburg's revenge. Mr. Francke started giving the boys varied numbers and kinds of insects for their collections.

Thursday, July 14. The Lost World was explored by Section II. The blackberries took a terrible beating and so did the boys. It was 102 in the shade and we weren't in the shade. Prof. and Mrs. Prentice and their son paid a visit to our charming abode.

Friday, July 15. Prof. Geltz's family arrived for a short stay. Crumpy was promptly christened "Thunderbolt". Was his face red? Bugle and Stinky lagged behind one of Hank's strolls and got promised K. P. duty. Did they cry?

Saturday, July 16. Part of the gang timber cruised, others surveyed, while the two culprits were on K. P. work. 'Twasn't so bad with the enlightening conversation of Helen and Jane flowing freely to brighten up the dismal labor. The "Penthouse Trio" and 30 visitors in the tower and some of them weren't so bad either.

Sunday, July 17. Cynthia is brought out of her coma. The cruising must go on!

Monday, July 18. Uncle Cigar is slowly but surely being driven insane by the dumbness of his prodigies. Plumb bobs left in camp, paint spilled, and everything.

Tuesday, July 19. We had a big song session with Uncle Baldy doing the honors and most of the singing.

Comments of Camp
by
Mr. Montgomery, Entomology Department

I hesitate to write an article for the Forestry Camp Log this year, as an entomologist can reasonably be expected to write only of bugs, and I am sure that the intention is to have the article about the students. Of course, I might take the viewpoint that an engineering student seemed to have recently. He asked what I taught, and as I thought that entomology might be beyond his vocabulary, I answered "Bugs." After looking somewhat puzzled for a moment, he made the following comment, "Well, I have heard students called a lot of names, but I never heard them called that before!"

In contrast to former years when the entomology instructor "dropped in" for a day or so sometime during the term, I was on the grounds at the beginning in 1932, as early as anyone, except the three students who came in on Sunday and enjoyed an extra night in camp with the whip-poor-wills and other denizens of the Clark County jungles. The opening of camp was an interesting sight to me - I enjoyed watching the fellows make up those soft, smooth mattresses.

However, as there were plenty of insects in the forest and none in camp - at least while I was there - no more pleasant time could be expected by a bug-hunter. Altho the light trapping and the trip to the fire tower by night were not especially productive of specimens, the two days of introduction to field entomology seemed to inspire the best collections that have ever been brought back from camp.

Memories of the 1932 camp return as I am thinking of going to another forestry camp, but they will return again, both to me and the juniors in Entomology 7 next fall when we study those specimens from Henryville.

* * * * *

My visit to the Purdue Forestry Summer Camp was particularly enjoyable both for relaxation and invigoration. The ride up to the fire tower hill was thrilling, especially the night when the light for Polaris observations was put up. The camp and its surroundings impressed me as being ideal in every respect. Here, the boys experience life as it would be if they were out of school and working in their chosen field. All the boys were happy and seemed to enjoy the work.

Next summer I hope to be able to visit the camp again and have a little more time to roam around and see the forest.

M. L. Fisher, Dean of Men.

Wednesday, July 20. The fine art and craft of brushing and cleaning line was taken up. Double took a crew to New Albany, Louisville and the Ohio River to see the moonlight.

Thursday, July 21. All the lizzies in camp were out of gas. The fish in the 4x3 pool under the bridge were crowded out by Porter & Co.'s laundry. The no-see-ums are making themselves very obnoxious. Their take-off is poor, their efficiency and mechanical advantage are practically nil, but the bites still itch like the hives.

Friday, July 22. Mr. Shaw arrived to show us how to tie knots. He was soon named Uncle Baldy. That story about the army wasn't even passable. Tsh, tsh. Mrs. Case said that he swiped the cake pans to lick even before the cake was done. Party II went swimming in the afternoon. Poppa made an unnecessary remark about the "hard afternoon."

Saturday, July 23. More knots, including the diamond hitch - through courtesy of Poppa. Prof. Aitkenhead and friends stopped in for a short while. Kittle, Kintz, Simp and Baby Blue-Eyed Lane go to Louisville. No, they didn't go to a burlesque. It wasn't open.

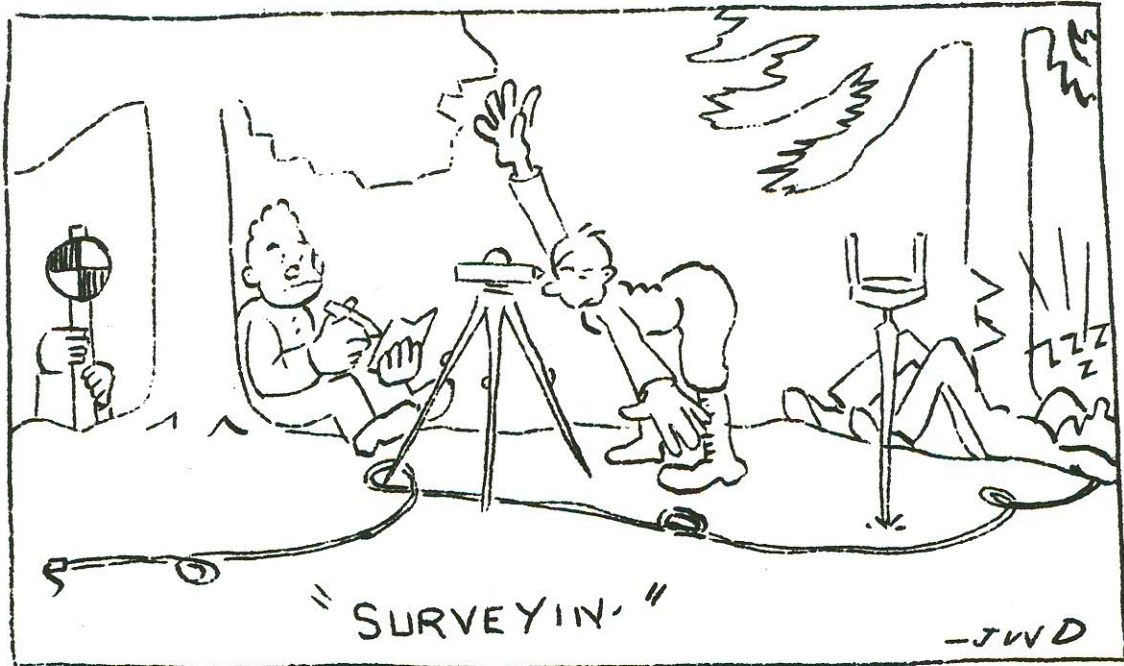
Sunday, July 24. Uncle Baldy finds that the camp can surround five gallons of ice cream in less than no time, much to his amazement. Chicken again and plenty of it.

Monday, July 25. Uncle Cigar promised all who rode in his car to Spring Mill, free beer. Bidding was high.

Tuesday, July 26. Spring Mill State Park, French Lick and Pluto himself in person. Truck went astray, enough said. Thurgood and Plume were left behind in West Baden and rescued in the nick of time. We did have the free (near) beer.

Wednesday, July 27. Mr. J. J. Carlisle, David White, instrument man, visited camp. Bugle now has timber cruising down to fine art. The poor boy has been taken for a great loss and we are all afraid he is serious.

Thursday, July 28. President Elliot, Deans Fisher and Freeman, and Prof. Prentice paid us a call. The rain greeted them. The boys started taking advantage of poor old Polaris



Fly Specks

"Ten little flies
 All in a line;
 One got a swat!
 Then there were ____

Nine little flies,
 Grimly sedate;
 Licking their chops;
 Swat! Then there were ____

Eight little flies
 Raising some more;
 Swat, swat! Swat, swat!
 Then there were ____

Four little flies
 Colored green-blue;
 Swat, swat! (Ain't it easy?)
 Then there were ____

Two little flies
 Dodge the civilian-
 Early next day
 There were a million!"

BACKSIGHTS

Do You Remember - Way -back - When?

1. The first view of Henryville and its inhabitants?
2. Putting up camp and meeting the instructors?
3. Monty and his bugs?
4. The first walk around the forest and up the hill?
5. Our first taste of Gumpert's?
6. The whip-poor-wills the first few nights?
7. Those good old noonday lunches with little water?
8. The construction of Uncle Cigar's covered wagon?
9. Simpson hunting arrowheads and Creech the insects?
10. Greenbriar! Good old #*¢@& greenbriar!!!?
11. The fire tower at night; the "lines" handed out to the unsuspecting tourists?
12. Blank's love for Gumpert's and timber cruising?
13. Black oak "four", red oak "six", and Pinus virginiana "twelve"?
14. Volin's tight knotholes?
15. Porter's oak?
16. Mensuration in general and counting rings in particular?
17. The "Lost World" and picking blackberries?
18. The golf club plant in the bat factory?
19. The weaklings taking sick in camp?
20. The Boy's developing their physique digging ditches?
21. Mr. Spencer and his shredded wheat?
22. The "Snake"?
23. Sleeping in the fire tower to get away from no-see-ums?
24. Churchill Downs and the rest of Louisville?
25. Shooting Polaris and the midnight lunch?
26. Volin's methodical way of sticking the ice pick in the board?
27. Good old Mr. Francke and his tales of old?
28. Filling and trying to sleep on straw ticks?
29. The rain, the rain, and the rain !!!?
30. The dear swamp white oak chips?
31. Measuring the pine plantation with Mr. Freeman?
32. The good water fights around camp?
33. Kintz and the poison ivy?
34. Simpson and his collection of pictures of his "loved ones"?
35. The swimming hole after a hard day's work?
36. The fire line that we built?
37. The different seating schedules?
38. That worn out phrase, "How about a little sweetener?"
39. The building and erection of the sign -"Camp Butt?"
40. Weeding in the nursery?
41. Wild Bill and his "wreck of the Hesperous"?
42. Uncle Baldy, his knots and ??? stories?
43. The times on good behavior when visitors were in camp?
44. The 5¢ busses to Henryville and the swimming hole?
45. The wild rides to the well with Uncle Hank at the wheel?
46. Setting checkerboard stakes at Guernsey's and the swell swim in the afternoon on the company's time?

47. The trip to Spring Mill and French Lick?
48. Drinking pure unadulterated "Pluto" water fresh from the ground?
49. Ordinary timber cruising and Blank's preferred?
50. Playing cards in the fire tower whenever a cloud showed up?
51. The "Broadway of America" on a brushed line?
52. Pote and his tales of 220 Fanny?
53. The tests, darn the things?
54. Pop's expert advice to Pote?
55. The races for the longest line in one day?
56. That wise-crack of Uncle Cigar's in Louisville?
57. The - Oh so potent - beer in Henryville?
58. Pop slides home in the rain -- Safe !!?
59. Bernie's delight - the cheapest pleasure in the world?
60. That "purple glaucour bloom", and "Red pubescence?"
61. Dear old Cynthia, vintage of '22, and her ups and downs?
62. K. P. duty for those enjoying themselves too much at camp?
63. The "guess a number" and "draw a paper" gags?
64. Rhoades and his letter writing from 5 to 7?
65. Shaving and washing in that cold water?
66. The young buzzards and the bells that were to be put on them?
67. Bernie's exclamation after he got in bed after a night out?
68. The camp fires with Baldy leading the singing and Eckert with his uke making the music?
69. Those darn little pesky no-see-ums?
70. Volin and his "word of honor?"
71. Shooting Polaris, especially on a night supposedly off?
72. Pop disturbing our slumbers when the bell didn't work?
73. The Guernsey's farewell party?
74. Uncle Hank tossing Walt for a loss?
75. Breaking camp and the good-bys?
76. Volin and his "Sweetest girl in the world."

* * * * *

Mrs. Case serving the last of the blackberry jam:
 "This is the last of the "Lost World."

The Cowboy seriously and reverently:
 "Thank God."

* * * * *

The prize boners of Camp

Neither of the Buckeyes knew their state tree when confronted with it by Prof. Geltz on a dendrology tour.

Fetchin' Back the Fun

After a drink of three point two,
I remember the days and so do you,
And also the nights with our lantern lamp,
That we spent down at the Forestry camp.

What a splendid party was number two,
They covered more ground than any crew.
They surveyed the land of the Guernsey plantation,
Then went off to the pool for a nice recreation.

Spencer was clearing the way one day,
He said "watch the chain or you'll have to pay."
He worked mighty hard for the woods was dense,
Then he cut the chain at his own expense.

Hank started out for a water ride,
The Dean of Men hung on the side.
With a yell, "Hey wait" Hank he stopped,
And the Dean of Men flew off and plopped.

The camp was infested with ivy and jiggers.
The remedies tried were beyond all figures.
We tried everything. We sulfured and salted,
But the march of the jiggers just couldn't be halted.

We never had time for cards or for checkers,
We were too busy building our high double deckers.
And our bug collections were hung from a string,
'Cause the ants would eat all, leaving only the wings.

On Wednesday night we'd all troop to town,
To search for the bright lights which we never found.
About half past eight, to Francke's we'd go,
And listen to tales of long, long ago.

And now everything is coming at once,
There's Shaw, and Polaris, and that noon-day lunch.
The nursery, the lost world, the water, the bell,
They all have a meaning, a story to tell.

We were honored one day by a group of men,
The University President and the Deans drove in.
They drank some water and rode on the truck,
And very soon left, a wishing us luck.

Those were the days - I'd go back again,
If I had the dough and the same group of men.
With Geltz, and Spencer, and Dorr and Mrs. Case,
We had a wonderful time in that lonely old place.

Carl E. Kintz



The Confession of a Hardened Criminal

Now that camp is over, the grades recorded, I might as well break down, make a complete confession of the major crimes committed, and then have a clearer conscience.

Do you remember a night when most of the beds in camp were short-sheeted? 'Twas my partner in crime and myself that accomplished that job and made the habitual inebriates very uncomfortable when they tried to sleep, because they didn't have enough sense left to know what was wrong.

On a certain day a certain party had an extra lunch and consequently enjoyed a marvelous feast. I got the extra lunch because all of the group were supposed to have had their lunches when that one was left over.

One Sunday morning, Poppa went down to the tents in person to awaken us from our peaceful slumbers, because the bell failed to perform its regular duty. My afore mentioned partner and myself were responsible for the outrageous crime and the "Cowboy" got the blame.

Last but not least was the case of the range pole. One day while it was being used for a javelin, it proved it couldn't take it, when upon alighting suddenly upon the ground, the tip and the shaft parted ways. 'Twas very embarrassing to say the least. I had to spend an entire Sunday afternoon mending said article enough so it would pass Uncle Cigar's examination. Then, this fall the thing fell apart under the strain imposed upon it by Uncle George himself, and was his face red when he found out that something had been put over on him?

* * * * *

When Mr. Shaw was interviewed on several occasions by the staff, he professed not to have enough time to give a lengthy statement regarding his visits to Summer Camp. All that he could think of was:

"There was a fine show of activity when Dean Fisher and his party were there. At eleven o'clock, all in the camp were industriously working, an occurrence which had no precedence."

'Tis a very short comment, but it shows what he thinks of our working ability when the authorities were not around. Just for that, he was given mention of those unmentionable stories, which he told while instructing us in "Knot-Tieing."

Friday, July 29. A Prophet makes his appearance in camp. Some of his cartoons are put on the bulletin board. They are very appropriate but not very flattering to those concerned.

Saturday, July 30. Strip surveying beings in earnest - 'tis topographic mapping to those who doubt our sincerity. Mr. Spencer's wife and friends arrive for an overnight stay.

Sunday, July 30. Mrs. Case gives a farewell dinner. Chicken and ice cream in great quantities. Bell refused to ring to awaken us from our profound slumbers. Investigation found it to be clogged with burlap. Uncle Cigar's guests left. A busy afternoon is spent by someone fixing a range pole.

Monday, August 1. Topo work in the rain. Party I takes a nap and refuses to budge when urged to do so by Uncle Hank. We thought that they could take it, but maybe not.

Tuesday, August 2. Poppa slides home and how. That's what he gets for giving finals. Poor Pat. He was absent minded enough to investigate a hornets nest.

Wednesday, August 3. The camp paid a visit to Louisville. We went through the factory of the Wood Mosiac and Venere Co. where the McClean brothers gave us a fine chicken dinner. In the afternoon we explored the Hillerich and Bradsby factory, the home of the famed "Louisville Slugger" baseball bats. Here golf clubs are also manufactured. We learned that the wooden clubs are made of persimmon, a fact that most golfers probably do not know. Churchill Downs and Shawnee Park were the last stops on our tour. Due to an interview with Polaris, some of the boys had their last night out somewhat interfered with.

Thursday, August 4. The last day of work. The sun observers had the best time of any. Cynthia is suffering from exposure, because some girl souvenir hunters took most of the uphstery the night before. Mr. Francke visited camp all day. A photographer from Louisville took some photos of the gang in various poses, both of work and relaxation. The Guernsey's gave an excellent farewell dinner for the camp. We had all the ice cream, cake and watermelon that could be taken care of.

Friday, August 5. Camp was disbanded and packed away for another year. There was much skirmishing for water buckets and lanterns. The three flivvers looked like prairie schooners. Plumb tied a diamond hitch on Pete's can. It was all over - glad in some ways, sorry in others.



The Perfect Retreat

If you are tired, and all of life seems wrong,
If friends prove false, or tasks are hard to bear,
When all is black, and days drag on so long
That hope seems useless, and you cease to care
For what may come with tomorrow's dawn,
Turn to the forests and their solitude,
Cathedrals dim, where in the days long gone
Men lifted up their voice in gratitude
To Him who gave the night, the sun, the rain;
So too, may you beneath its arches green,
Forget ill luck, the petty strife and pain,
And walk through beauties hitherto unseen
By human eye; and may you learn to know
And cherish as your friends these monarchs old,
Steadfast through summer storm or winter snow,
And learn to know the peace their aisles enfold,
Eternal, changeless, as the stars on high,
In their calm grandure. May no man from them part
Whose thoughts do not forever backward fly,
And may the forests ever claim his heart.

F. C. Creech

An Ode to Spindy with Apologies to Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league and onward.
Down the road to 31
Came "Aunt Spindy,
Swinging up her walking stick,
"Oooo eeehooo" she said.
Crashing through the bushes
Came Aunt Spindy.

Pinus to the right of her
Quercus to the left of her.
Fagus in front of her.
Aunt Spindy faltered
The serpent reared its ugly head
Screaming for help she fled
Straight to Hank's stalwart arms,
Came Aunt Spindy.

Flashed all the silver bare
For we were hungry there
Poised with graceful air,
With us ate Aunt Spindy.
With something in her Sunday throat
Out of the shack she seemed to float
"Seed" Hank uttered, while we grin
Sorry for Aunt Spindy.

Then the Fourth of July,
Cynthia stalled high and dry
"I'll pull you in". "Can I go too"
Lisped Aunt Spindy.
The celebration was held that night
The truck gears clashed in great delight
Hanging on and smiling bright
Was Aunt Spindy.

Laboring with saw and axe,
The sweat poured from our aching backs,
Near the fire tower hill, who would expect
To see Aunt Spindy.
Creech looked away as in a trance,
In that direction too, did glance
Doing a Hula-hula dance
Was Aunt Spindy.

When can her glory fade?
Oh, the great hit she made
All the camp wondered,
Now memory fondly rushes
Back to those crashing brushes
Back to Aunt Spindy.

Prelude to Prophecy with Apologies to Eugene Field

The transit box is covered with dust;
The tripod, though warped, still stands;
The old chaining pins are covered with rust;
The range pole has lost its bands.
Time was when the transit was new
And the tripod was polished and fair
And that was the time when the '32 camp
Cleaned them and put them there.

In the mess hall, in the woods, each stands
("Camp Butt", in its same old place)
Awaiting the touch of those rough hands
The scowl of a tired face
And they wonder, while waiting these long years
through,
In the dust that fills the air,
What's become of the camp of '32,
Since they cleaned them and put them there.

Prelude "In 1945"

Edwards is now traveling with the "101" ranch and is featured in a cowboy act. He informs us that after he has made his fortune in the show business, he plans to retire on his ranch in the west and devote his time to the establishment of a Children's Home for those poor, homeless, little red-headed negroes that roam the streets of Louisville.

Raymond, the old man of the mountain, is a consulting forester for the Shyster and Flywheel Co. of Punkinville, Patagonia.

Dusty Rhoades is operating a Matrimonial Bureau - he gained most of his experience writing letters in summer camp.

O. A. Simpson has developed a formula for compost that eliminates the silvical characteristics of twenty species of pine - incidentally, in most cases it also eliminates the pine.

D. B. Porter is employed by the Indiana State Highway Department and has become well known for his ability to lay pipe line.

Anshutz has at last done right by our Nell and is happily situated with his family in New Albany.

B.B. Blank is cruising timber down south - he writes that to break the monotony he strip surveys the cypress knees now and then; he likes virgin timber best of all.

Volin has married the "Sweetest Girl in the World" and has made a name for himself in Pittsfield, Mass.

Gigilo McQuisten is now teaching Physical Education at Vassar.

D. L. Crumpacker is manufacturing a new type of Machete which cuts nothing but brush.

Johnny Holwager is captain on a Mississippi River Boat - Louisville Letty is his chief-cook and bottle washer.

Baby Face Patrick, at the age of 40 still retains that glossy, red pubescence on those beautiful chubby cheeks - he now poses for ad's for Palmolive Soap.

Pete Ullman is keeping a stiff upper lip and 'nuff said. He never protrudes on parked cars anymore.

P. H. Lane is carrying on research work to determine the reaction of the interfascicular cambium on the xerophytic condition of the hypodermis, in comparison with the amount of white pubescence on two year old *Pinus octafoliana*.

Fritzi Kamm is the proprietor of a well known Beer Garden in Fort Wayne.

DeWees is now a news correspondent and cartoonist for the "Police Gazzette."

Carl Kintz is Porter's right hand man on the highway work.

Eckert is a featured ukelele player and crooner over station W.L.S.

Kittle is a beer baron in Jasper, Indiana.

Creech is combing Abysinna with a fine tooth comb for a rare species of Anoplura (*Prthirus crotchii*)

Plumb is now chief bouncer in a Harlem Nite Club - when he moved to New York he forfeited his title as "Play Boy of Lafayette" to Pete Ullman.

Thurgood still chews Mail Pouch and still bums a "little sweetener" now and then. It is our sincere wish that he will not be late to his own funeral.

DAWN OF TOMORROW

by

Charles G. Geltz
Director, Forestry Summer Camp

"Today is, yesterday is gone forever, and tomorrow may never come. Procrastination is the thief of time. That which is to be done should be done today and never put off until tomorrow."

Anonymous

The above is a bit of homely philosophy that I have picked up some where in my rambles and has remained with me. It is the spirit which we of the camp management endeavor to get across to the boys. It will serve them in good stead, and like the advice given to Pete, but for the benefit of all, we hope shall strengthen their moral courage and make them men of their own convictions.

The forestry profession, at the outset was imbued with a great "esprit de corps" by such men as Dr. B. E. Fernow and Professor Filibert Roth. This spirit of the service was later expanded and built into the very fabric of which the early foresters were made. This spirit was fostered and promoted by the dauntless and fearless Honorable Gifford Pinchot who reorganized the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Interior and made it the Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture. The title of the land set aside as national forests under Presidents Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt also passed to the Forest Service instead of being vested with the General Land Office. This was a big step forward. Then followed the creation of the forest ranger, forest assistant and forest examiner positions under civil service regulations.

At an early date there were few schools teaching forestry. In 1898 Dr. B. E. Fernow had opened the school at Cornell and turned out a few men - Dr. Raphael Zon, now director of the Lake States Forest Experiment Station; Professor Walter Mulford, Head, Division of Forestry, University of California; Professor R. C. Bryant, now Professor Logging, Yale University Forest School; and the late Clifford Pettis, Superintendent of Lands and Waters of New York State. This school was closed in 1903 because the legislature failed to make any appropriation. The present Cornell School was re-opened in 1910. In 1898, Dr. Carl A. Schenck, forester to the Vanderbilt estate at Biltmore, N.C. opened a one-year course for college graduates. In 1900 the Yale Forest School was organized as a graduate school with Henry S. Graves as Director. In 1901, authority was granted to establish a department at Michigan State. In 1903 the University of Michigan organized a forestry department with Filibert Roth as chairman of the department. Then followed schools in Pennsylvania State College, Universities of Maine, Harvard, Nebraska, Georgia, Washington, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington State Colleges between 1905 and 1910. Syracuse, New Hampshire, Colorado, Iowa, Montana and California schools came into existence from 1910 to 1914. These schools turned out the men that went into the service in what are now termed the early days. In the words of the eminent and noted Dr. Schenck they had come to learn that

"the life of a forester is one of many hardships and tribulations," and it is not training to polish a swivel chair in a nicely furnished office with Persian rugs and mahogany or solid walnut furniture. It was during this time that many of the embryonic foresters received their baptism of the real rigors of life, and the perplexing problems of the forester a field, a foot, or horse-back. The young foresters who entered the Forest Service and went West had the finished polish of the school roughened a bit under the guidance and tutelage of such men as "Skip" Knouff, "Uncle Sam" Schwartz, "Jim" Girard, and Walter Perry who received their training and experience in the School of Hard-Knocks and the University of Experience.

After the World War, forestry was given another impetus or new life. Dean H. S. Graves of the Yale Forest School and Chief of U.S. Forest Service, had been a colonel of the 20th (Forestry) Engineers, W. B. Greeley and T. S. Woolsey were lieutenant colonels and a great many Forest Service men held lesser commissions and served in France. They came back filled with enthusiasm and spread a new gospel. This led to the passage of the Clarke-McNary Act in 1924, which provided for cooperative work with the various states. Forestry departments sprang up over night. There was great opportunity ahead and forest school graduates were in great demand. More forestry schools came into existence, and it was during this period that the Connecticut, Louisiana, Utah State, Purdue, North Carolina departments of forestry, and the Duke University School of Forestry came into existence.

"Memory (Of Memoire, memorie, from L. Memorie, fr. memor, mindful). The act, capacity, or function of mentally reproducing and recognizing previous experience," according to Webster. Memory is a wonderful thing, at least, for those that possess it in any large measure. It serves us well for reminiscing, but seems to fail us for examinations, quizzes, keeping appointments, or doing those things which should be urgently done. Memory has given us such things as the early recorded events of history, for they were first passed on and handed down from generation to generation. It has given us a good many of the various national folk songs and folklore. Even our own patron-saint, Paul Bunyon, lived long in the memory of the early Lumber-jacks of the North Woods, as well as the songs and ditties of "The Shanty Boy" such as recalled and related by our good friend Dr. Spindler.

Forestry has again received another great impetus. This time again at the hand of our President, Franklin D. Roosevelt. His conception of the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the actual operation of the same under wise and judicious planning of foresters has an opportunity to stand as an everlasting monument to this great and noble cause of conservation of our natural resources, especially the forest. I sincerely hope that it will go forward and that you shall be given an opportunity to put into practice the things which you have been taught. And some night, when your memory serves you well and the dying embers of the camp fire glow, you shall again live over eight full weeks, your baptism to Forestry - The Camp of '32.

The Scrap Heap

Uncle Hank: "What is a sound defect of a log?"
Volin: "A tight knothole."

Do You Remember

1. The time Uncle George chopped a chain in two?
2. The time Crumpy and Simp swiped the pie?
3. The 12 inch maple that shaded a dogwood?
4. Death valley?
5. The countless horse flies that Plumb caught?
6. The effect of a shady spot in the nursery?
7. Creech and the pee-nee's nest?
8. Monty and the fire tower hill?
9. The night before the Fourth of July vacation?
10. Sleeping in the rain?
11. The war hoops on the lake?
12. The 12 inch oak that unfortunately was exactly on line?
13. "When you feel like you can sing?"
14. Porter and the bread and sugar?
15. The lizards in camp?
16. The leech that Plumb caught the second day in camp?
17. The person who went to look up a stake at midnight?
18. Crumpy's great paint pot catastrophe?
19. "Oh, there you are?"
20. "Yoo hoo Bernie?"
21. The "Lost World?"
22. The dear old kerosene lanterns to study by?
23. Plumb in the rain?
24. The dance on the table at the picnic grounds?
25. And all the rest of the things that made life worth living.

Anshutz never did tear down the A. & P. mosquito netting as he promised to do from the beginning of camp.

All was quiet the first week except Blank's infernal yelling about how they were going to know when we were full.

Tell your grandchildren about the view of the Ohio from Anshutz' back porch.

EXODUS

