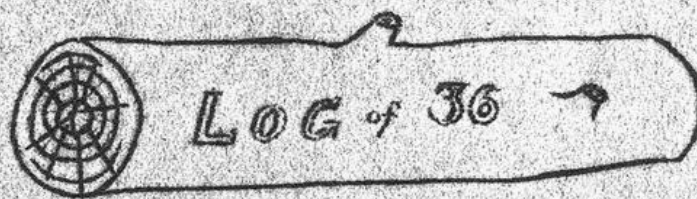


# PURDUE FORESTRY CAMP



THE  
PURDUE UNIVERSITY CAMP LOG  
1936

by  
Members of the Class of '39

D. F. Bline	-----	Editor
W. B. Allen	-----	Assistant Editor
G. C. Romeiser	-----	Assistant Editor
H. J. Sieber	-----	Joke Editor
D. N. Light	-----	Joke Editor
W. H. Dix	-----	Business Manager
Wm. Chomyak	-----	Art Editor

## DEDICATION

To Clem E. Bryan, senior forester  
and editor of the Camp Log of 1934,  
whose cruise ended February 21, 1937.  
In him we found those traits which  
make foresters, friends and men. Need  
we say more?

## F O R E W O R D

We offer this log:

To the faculty as a record of the success (or failure) of their efforts to give us a wide range of experience in a short period of time.

To the alumni as evidence that we have carried on, always respecting the cherished traditions of the Forestry School.

To the freshmen as an instrument to acquaint them with the path which lies before them, and to remove all false impressions which they have acquired thus far.

To ourselves -- hoping that it will be a true and lasting record of joys, tasks, and friendships such as we may never again experience.

- Editor -



Division A

Section 1.

Party 1.

Blinc, Milltown  
Romeiser, Union City  
Chomyak, Manville, N.J.  
Allen, N.B. Elwood

Party 3.

Sieber, Morristown, N.J.  
Light, Lafayette  
Shaw, Schenectady, N.Y.  
Bowen, Indianapolis

Section 2.

Party 5.

Seifert, W. Lafayette  
Wininger, Loogootee  
Atkinson, Chicago, Ill.  
Fassnacht, South Bend

Party 7.

Palmer, Kokomo  
Eads, Connersville  
Caple, Peru  
Grall, Loraine, Ohio

Party 2.

Schnell, Indianapolis  
Eber, Belleville, Ill.  
Derra, Vincennes  
Arihood, Lafayette

Party 4.

Williamson, Morocco  
Burgmann, Indianapolis  
Dix, Sullivan  
Crosbie, Vincennes

Party 6.

Brown, H.M. Lakewood, N.J.  
Deluise, New York, N.Y.  
Spencer, Indianapolis  
Kemmer, Lafayette

Party 8.

Reeves, Edwardsport  
Phillips, Terre Haute  
Clark, Frankfort  
Daffern, Salem

Division B

Section 3.

Party 9.

Allen, W.B., Hobart  
Tureski, Southampton, N.Y.  
Granger, Hartford City  
Moore, Knightstown

Party 11.

Prage, Lanesville  
Goris, New York, N.Y.  
Shackley, Newfoundland, N.J.  
Cummins, Connersville

Party 10.

Bormann, La Porte  
Markey, E. Chicago  
Bloom, New York, N.Y.  
Van Meter, Anderson

Party 12.

Carol, Gary  
Schreiner, Indianapolis  
Torriello, Struthers, Ohio  
Etnyre, Oregon, Ill.

Section 4.

Party 13.

Ginn, Ft. Wayne  
Teter, Knoblesville,  
Zuck, Howe  
Warrenburg, Lafayette

Party 14.

Leiendecker, Indianapolis  
Godsey, Bloomington  
Schlaes, E. Chicago  
Harvey, Washington, D.C.

Party 15.

Smith, La Porte  
Brown, J.J., Lafayette  
Roberson, W. Lafayette.  
Kukulski, Hebron

For a Friend

Rough is the bark of that old pine  
Arising by this door of mine,  
Rough as the wintry winds that blow,  
Rough as the winds that made it so.  
    Scarred by the storm, browned by the years,  
    A rough old fellow he appears,  
    Yet loved his every inch of length  
    Because he has the look of strength.

Oh, I know other trees that are  
Fair as a vision, free of scar,  
For, sheltered by the rougher tree  
They do not know what winds can be.  
    And I know men as smooth of speech  
    As any poplar, any beech.  
    They are the friends on friendship thrust  
    I do not doubt, yet dare not trust.

For friend of mine, or for a tree,  
Some rough old fellow give to me,  
One who knows something of the storm,  
Whose look is rough but heart is warm.  
    Give me a pinetree to defend,  
    Give me a sinner for a friend,  
    A rough old fellow, scarred and burl'd,  
    Who understands this rough old world.

The Lumberman Poet



## THE 1936 FORESTRY CAMP

By J. W. Hubler

Professor Spencer and the other members of the staff caused me to anticipate the 1936 camp from what they told me of previous ones. Consequently, I expected the members of the camp to accomplish a lot and to have an enjoyable summer at the same time.

My hopes were more than realized. The work went so smoothly that the eight weeks were gone before I realized the fact. I would have preferred to stay in camp until school began. My reasons for feeling as I did are as follows:

First: The camp was turning out a lot of work. It is a joy to both students and instructors for the work to progress and for us to be able to see the results of our efforts. There is something in each ambitious man which makes him feel proud when he completes a difficult task. This same "something" makes him work against adverse conditions and do more than his share if it is necessary in order to complete a task. This spirit was very much in evidence among the students at the 1936 Camp.

Second: The most difficult thing for man to understand is man himself. The camp certainly provides an opportunity for making friends and observing personalities. The staff can become better acquainted with one another and with the students. The students, of course, become very well acquainted because of the fact that they all have the common affliction of being cursed with problems and exercises in an endless array. The students also have the opportunity of cultivating the friendships of the staff. There are no reasons why students and staff should not be friends. There is no fixed gulf between instructor and student. As long as each is sincere in his relationships and conscientious in his work, they can enjoy friendship without either being at a disadvantage. The students of the 1936 Camp certainly were friendly and not affected by the restraint which sometimes is present when in the presence of an instructor.

Third: It is a consolation to watch the development of students when they are called upon to assume responsibility. I noticed that the field parties were conscious of the fact that there are times for both work and play. After the noon luncheon they would often begin the work of the afternoon before one o'clock in order to make a better than average showing for the day. The staff is greatly encouraged by this attitude, and because of it, I was loath to leave camp.

Fourth: Last, but not least, of the items that made the summer pass so quickly were the hikes through the forest. Deans Freeman and Fisher have written of regaining their health in previous camps. I heartily add my voice to theirs in praise. Of course, the effect of the hikes was helped immensely by the cold showers, the good meals, the talks in front of the tents in the evenings, and the sound sleep to the accompaniment of Professor Spencer's nightmares intermixed with the calls of the whip-poor-wills.

I can truthfully say that the summer was the most enjoyable that I ever spent. The students of the 1936 Camp certainly have set a high standard for the 1937 Camp to attain.



YOU'LL KNOW THEM WHEN YOU HEAR --

INSTRUCTORS

Geltz --"It's my fire now."  
Spencer --"I'd flunk my grandmother."  
Hubler --"Now when I was out surveying ---".  
Lavenport --"Wa-a-a-l Na-o-o-w"  
Montgomery --"I'll pay 50¢ for a red, white, and blue Odonata."  
Richardson --"Set 'em up again ----."  
Pogers --"Take it fast or take it slow, 'cause when it's  
(the cook) gone there'll be no mō'."  
Craig --"Test specimen, No. 1, boys."  
Prentice --"Put a clean shirt on, youse guys."  
Phillips --"O. K., boys, latrine detail."  
Major Lawson --"Now, boys, spread your legs apart and ---".

STUDENTS

R.B. Allen --"I need something fro my poison irene!"  
W.B. Allen --"Hold that pose; don't move." Click.  
Arihood: --"Ain't I got a cute haircut." ? ? ?  
Atkinson --"If I only had Miriam here."  
Eline --"I think I'll stay in camp tonight, fellows."  
Bloom --"Where's those d--n crosshairs? ? ?"  
Bowen --"These crosshairs look like a screen door."  
Bormann --"Jeesum crackers!"  
J.J. Brown --"I left my hilla billa in Scottsburg."  
H.M. Brown --"Listen, Del, this is the way to do it."  
Carrol --"I'm chief of this party, boys."  
Caple --"Hi ya, 'A'."  
Clark --"I have jothing more to say."  
Chomyak --"I'll whup you."  
Crosbie --"I'm God's gift to the women."  
Cummins --"Now, if Hubler were only here."  
Daffern --"Gee, gosh, did I misspell that word? ? ?"  
DeLuise --"Make mine ice cream, boys."  
Derra --"How about the next dance, Millie?"  
Dix --"I can beat Chomyak."  
Eads --"I'm the goony goon goo."  
Etnyre --"I'm the best sanitary engineer in the country."  
Fasnacht --"Don't call me fuzzy!"  
Ginn --"Boy, have I got a team."  
Godsey --"Geewhiz, gosh, darn!"  
Goris --"Gred Astaire? Oh yeah, he can dance."  
Grall --"I got lots of time to catch up."  
Granger --"What will the Townsends do without me?"  
Harvey --"Wanna buy a duck?"  
Kemmer --"I'll beat Etnyre's time."  
Kukulski --"This one's a super, super, Boys."  
Light --"Pffiffittt nnnnnnnn."  
Markey --"My fraternity brother won't let me down."  
Moore --"Can I help it if my feet get in the way?"



Palmer	--"I can't get this dammmmmstuff."
Prague	--"I'm just a G. L. A., everywhere I go."
Romeiser	--"Just call me Romeo, not "baby face"."
Sieber	--"I've got to doctor my poison ivy."
Shaw	--"Hey, let's bum to Scottsburg."
Shlaes	--"Don't youse guys call me Shales."
Seifert	--"I got the best corncob in this camp."
Schreiner	--"Drop that club."
Spencer	--"There he was, out cold."
Smith	--"Let's walk to the fire tower."
Shackley	--"I'm the best sandblaster in camp!"
Schnell	--"I think I'd better stay with Blinc."
Teter	-- (Censored!)
Toriello	--"I'll gladly drive the truck, Mr. Spencer."
Tureski	--"'Tis a braw and bonny moonlit nicht tonight, McBloom."
Warrenburg	--"If I had my Packard here, I'd get some girls."
Weber	--"Don't you think I make a nice boy scout."
Williamson	--"What's the thumb screws for, Mr. Spencer?"
Winger	--"Now, down in Martin County --"
VanMeter	--"Just call me two beer, boys."
Zuck	--"Me and Alvino Ray----."
Leidecker	--"And she said it was only a mile."
Phillips	--"Let's have another onion sandwich, boys."
Burgmann	--"Oh, smell!"
Robertson	--"Awwwwww Nuttttts!"
Reeves	--"Come on, now! Don't pull a Carol or Sieber on us."

Author's Note

This is the best I can do. What else could a guy do with names like those above?

Signed,

Emmett L. Markey



"THE UNGODLY FOUR"



## CAMP DIARY

- Wednesday, June 3 --- Entomology final in the C. E. Bldg. this morning. Schnell, Reeves, Bline, Sieber, Carol, Eads, and Granger were given jobs as waiters at camp.
- Thurs. Fair -- Loaded trucks for Camp this morning. Left Lafayette at 1:00 P.M. Stopped at Lebanon and Franklin on the way. Got to Camp at 7:30. Slept in the mess hall. Prof. Geltz sawed enough logs to last about half the period. Craig finally solved the problem by sleeping with his head under the pillow--the rest of us just suffered. Mr. Richardson put in his first appearance.
- Fri. Fair -- All went to Henryville for breakfast. Mopped the mess hall and Study Hall. Ate dinner at CCC Camp. Cleaned up the tent row.
- Sat. Fair -- Spent most of the day putting up tents and putting cots and mattresses in them. Had "hot dogs and Sauer-kraut" for breakfast at the CCC Camp. This Zowie that they drink is some stuff. Everyone except Bline went to the dog races at Jeffersonville. Roger and Mrs. Willis came in tonite.
- Sun. Fair -- More work in the tent row. Most of the fellows came in before noon. Dinner was the first meal at camp.
- Mon. June 8. -- Fair and warmer. The whole gang took a hike over the forest from the fire tower to the boundary to get the "lay of the land." Prage lost twelve pounds today. The faculty have divided the camp into two sections. Everyone went swimming in Francke Lake.
- Tues. -- Warm. Section A started out Surveying today. Section B had some Dendrology. Had a lecture on Polaris tonite.
- Weds. -- Warmer. Same work as yesterday. Went swimming this afternoon. Henryville was taken over by the camp this evening. Caple, Sieber and Granger seem to have made the most headway with the other sex, though Bloom, Shackley and Romeiser were "in there pitching". Shlaes and Rex Allen came in today.
- Thurs. -- Warm. Section A got an introduction to Dendrology today while Section B surveyed. "Davvy" walked us about ten miles this morning just to see how long a step we took -- can you beat that? Just to keep in practice, we walked about the same distance this afternoon hunting insects.
- Fri. -- Warmer. More Dendrology, more Mensuration, more Surveying, more bug hunting, more everything. Schlamm Lake bug hunt tonite. Total results - one moth and 20,000 mosquito bites.
- Sat. -- Hot. Did a three sided traverse with hand compass this morning. Craig -- "Bline, where in h--- did you go to? I never did



find you." "Bugs" Montgomery showed us how this afternoon. Off at 4:00 P.M. today. Most everyone went swimming.

Sun. -- Hot. Zzzzzzzz. That's the extra hour of sleep we got this morning. What did everyone do today? Your guess is as good as mine. They all showed up for meals. Bell, bell, who's got the bell! Ans. The truck drivers.

Mon. June 15 -- Fair today. Section A back on Surveying this week and Section B on Dend. and Mensuration. Hail to a random line! Had another lecture on Polaris and how to calculate meridian tonite. This was the day of the famous ride of parties 1, 2, and 3 in the cattle truck.

Tues. -- Hot. Same work as yesterday. No news.

Weds. -- Hot. Got off a little early today and went swimming. Henryville is deluged again tonite with foresters.

Thurs. -- Hot. Sections changed jobs again. Section A began work on Biltmore sticks. Major Azztyred gave us an introduction to saw filing. Had first Dendrology test. Protection lecture tonite.

Fri. -- Cooler. Section B still cursing random lines. Section A finished Biltmores and tried them out. More saw filing. Another Dendrology test.

Sat. -- Hot. Same work as yesterday. No Dendrology test today. Went swimming. Most of the fellows went to bed early -- the lilies.

Sun. -- Fair. Everyone did excellent jobs at loafing. Smith and Bormann began their weekly hikes to the fire tower. Such energy. Tch! Tch!

Mon. -- June 22 - Fair. Learning how to pull a crosscut took up most of the morning. More Dendrology with test. Looks like Brown and Brown have permanent jobs as table washers. Wonder if Hubler knows why?

Tues. -- Hot and Fair. Had introduction to mensuration instruments. The Major showed us how to fell a tree. Protection lecture tonite.

Weds. -- Hotter. Work with dendrometer. Trip to the arboretum in Dendrology. Weber - "Oh, I see! If it has a dove's nest in it, it's a blue spruce."

Thurs. -- Hotter. Section A back on Surveying again. First four parties started checkerboarding Schlamm Lake. An orchid to Miss Helen Geltz. Said she, "You work them all day and lecture to them at night and turn out the lights at ten. When do you expect them to study?"

Fri. -- Hotter than before. Same work as yesterday. The peanut butter sandwiches were so thick that ----.



Sat. -- Still Hot. Jaked out elevations today and finished up field work. Quit at 3:00 P.M. and went swimming. Henryville crowded again. The Townsend gals are going strong.

Sun. -- Hot. Same as other Sundays. Played the CCC Camp a game of ball. We won 7 to 5. Chicken dinner. Mmmmmmm!

Mon. -- Hot and cloudy. Worked indoors on checkerboard map. Section A started out shooting Polaris tonite. Got back after midnight.

Tues. June 30. -- RAIN!!! Worked on checkerboard map. Cleaned up around camp. Had part of the afternoon off for a change.

Wed. -- More rain, and so we were plagued with Surveying, Mensuration and Dendrology tests. Most of the gang went swimming.

Thurs. -- Hot. Section A back on Surveying; B on Dendro and Mensuration. Schnell and Bline were seen having a "bull session" with the faculty. Looks as if they're laying a pipe line. This is the memorable night on which "Davvy" hung. Fie on you, Section B!

Fri. -- Fair. Looks like Etnyre is the one responsible for the hanging. Two guys claim to have seen him do it. Can they explain how they happened to be on hand. Vacation started at noon.

Sat. -- Hot. Regular morning clean-up. Brown and Brown seem to have a permanent job washing tables. Ask them why? Mr. Geltz left for Fort Oglethorpe. Prof. Prentice takes over the job for a while now.

Sun. -- Hot. Everyone left in camp went swimming all day. OH SCHNELL! "BLONDY WANTS TO PLAY!"

Mon. July 6. -- Hot, fair, rain, and hail. Vacation ended at noon. All the fellows are back. Dendro hike this afternoon. The Gashouse-Gulcher feud flared out in earnest when the Gashousers challenged the Gulchers to a baseball game. "Gulchers, be ye men or mice?"

Tues. -- Fair. Section B on surveying yet. More Mensuration and Dendro for Section A. Bline claims a new record by missing seven trees in a row.

Weds. -- Fair. Same as yesterday. Crosbie surprised everyone by not going to sleep at each test specimen.

Thurs. -- Fair. Did first strip cruising today. Rex Allen has a bad case of "Poison Irene". Looks very serious to us. No reply to baseball challenge yet. Guess the Gulchers are mice.

Fri. -- Hot. More of same work as yesterday. No Dendro test.

Sat. -- Rain. First practice in topo work this morning. General review in Dendrology. Allen's "poison irene" still going strong.



Sun. -- Hot. All quiet in camp today. Section B went to side camp.

Mon. July 13. -- Nothing new developed today.

Tues. -- Hot. Section A on Surveying again this week.

Weds. -- Very hot. Did some plane table work today. Party 3 is blowing off about a 1600 foot shot they took.

Thurs. -- Fair. More random lines today. The rush for insects has begun.

Fri. -- Hot. Same old stuff today.

Sat. -- Rain. Same work as yesterday. Section B got in from side camp. The beard contest was won by Godsey with Tureski, Kukulski, and Ginn making good showings.

Sun. -- Fair. Section A left for side camp after supper. "Davy" delivered the custom built lecture on purpose and type of work at side camp.

Mon. July 20 -- Hot. All those who survived the frost last nite ran topo lines today. If they all survive the onion sandwiches they'll do the same tomorrow.

Tues. -- Fair. More topo today. Added difficulties - pancakes for breakfast. Who were the dopes who walked 3 miles along Brownstown road to camp rather than to walk one-half mile through woods.

Wed. -- Fair. Some of the parties are toping, part are cruising today. Schnell, Sieber, Light, and Weber pulled the new classic boner. They walked to within 100 yard of camp, climbed up the ridge, and walked a mile before they came out on Brownstown Road on the other side of camp.

Thurs. -- Fair. Same work as yesterday. Seifert set an all time record by eating 11 pancakes. (Editors note: This sounds fishy to me.)

Fri. -- Hot. Did some growth study today. Light and Sieber nearly met their Waterloo today for not having supper ready on time. Chomyak and Dix got their notes worked up just in time to eat breakfast this morning.

Sat. -- Rain. Bline and Romeiser looked funny cooking breakfast in a downpour but not as funny as Grall sleeping in the rain. "Grall, did you get your canteen full that time?" Broke camp at noon and went back to camp, --- singing. Sieber won the beard contest and Romeiser, "Peachfuzz", won the booby prize.

Sun. -- Fair. A moment of relaxation, Hot dog!

Mon. July 27 -- Fair. All out doing topo work on Section 36.

Tues. -- Hot. Finished up the topo work today. Party one worked in camp for Mr. Hubler.

Weds. -- Fair. The whole camp took in Wood Mosaic, Hillerich-Bradsby and Churchill Downs in Louisville today. A super, super rush on bug collecting is going on tonite.

Thurs. -- Fair. Camp went to Spring Mill State Park today. An enjoyable trip was had by all who didn't get lost - I hope. Final day to turn in bug collection so bugs were selling at a premium. Most of the fellows started packing.

Fri. -- Fair. Most everyone gone by 2:00 P.M. Goodby fellows.

### EPILOGUE

Sat. -- Fair. Who were the guys that spent the night in the great outdoors when their expected transportation failed to show up yesterday!



SIEBER AND THE TOWNSEND GIRL



## FORESTRY TRAINING - PAST AND PRESENT

Some years ago when the government began to acquire forested land and when a need was manifested for technically trained men to administer and protect it, the trend in forestry education was definitely fixed towards this end, namely, the training of men for government and state service. For a number of years the majority of forestry school graduates were absorbed in this work. Soon, however, the saturation point was reached and foresters began looking to other sources for employment.

Schools that gave a course in forestry recognized this and the curricula offered in many cases was broadened to include associated fields.

The viewpoint of many students, however, still followed the old trend and in most cases still does. Granted that the recent Emergency Conservation Program gave a tremendous impetus to federal and state forestry activities, and that forestry graduates were at a premium only a few years ago, there is still the saturation point to be considered. In the present case, it is even now reached - just as it was after the first orgy of forest acquisition and improvement. With the increased enrollment in ever-increasing numbers of forestry schools the prospect of federal or state employment begins to fade.

This all brings us back to the question - is such employment the only hope for foresters. The answer is a plain, "No," and probably shatters the dreams of some prospective foresters who have had visions of a job that entailed a life on horseback amidst far reaching vistas of forested land - dashing madly down a trail to the rescue of a beautiful maiden surrounded by flaming forests. In the first place, this only happens in magazine stories and in the second place the present day forest ranger or official probably spends most of his time filling out reports and playing politics. Even if the attraction still holds, there remains the fact that only a small percentage of forestry school graduates will find such openings unless another forestry boom occurs.

The question then resolves itself into the student training himself for some other field. This in many cases will be a phase of some industry where wood is a raw material. It may mean a job in a factory, a lumber yard, or a wood preserving plant. Various other trends may be pointed out, but the point is that future forestry school graduates must wake up to the fact that by wisely selecting courses, even to the extent of putting in an extra year to do so, they may broaden their training sufficiently that not one but several fields are open to them. The opening wedges may not be particularly inviting nor remunerative so far as salary goes. It is, however, an opportunity to show ability and character. The fact that a man has a college training means nothing if he cannot produce. The good men go to the top. College training should be a help in pulling up from the ranks. The goal may not coincide with that in the dreams of your freshman year but ---- did not some magazine story or some equally unauthentic influence formulate those dreams?





## FORESTER'S PARADISE

By Edwin W. Luck

Very few Purdueites are aware that Purdue University supports and maintains a thoroughly enjoyable and efficient summer school in southern Indiana. This school is simply a division of the regular summer school on the campus but is specialized and modified for freshman Forestry students only. The Purdue Forestry Camp is located in the Clark County State Forest at Henryville, Indiana, and is so designated that every student has a chance to apply the theory and do the things he has studied during the winter months.

The camp is governed by the Forestry Department's staff of instructors with Professor C. G. Geltz in charge. I attended this camp last summer, and I now find it a pleasant memory. Let me tell you all about it.

We students arrived in camp a few days after final exams to set up the tents. Tent frames had already been built on a gentle slope about two miles in from the edge of the forest. The tents were soon up, and two men were assigned to each. Then each unit was provided with two iron cots, two chairs, and two comfortable but rather noisy straw mattresses. Trunks were unpacked, beds were made, and strangely enough, everyone was really hungry.

The camp boasts a permanent mess-hall containing the largest stone fire-place in the state, and it was here that we satisfied our evergrowing appetites twice daily. Noon lunch, generally eaten in the field, was prepared by the lunch detail before breakfast each day. In spite of the noon lunch, however, untold quantities of food were consumed each evening at dinner time. Professor Geltz had, at times, thought that he was feeding the entire Russian army instead of sixty Purdue students.

Immediately after breakfast an hour is spent in policing camp. I, it so happened, had the pleasure of wheeling barrow after barrow of dirt for the mud-holes in the road leading up to the tents. At eight o'clock, we donned leather boots and reported for the day's work. Surveying parties were formed immediately, and the men, with the needed instruments, were loaded into trucks for speedy transportation to the scene of work.



A typical day in camp goes something like this: At six o'clock in the morning everyone is roused by a booming call from the first tent on "Faculty Row". "Roll out!" yells Professor Geltz. Five minutes later Jim Craig sticks his head into our tent to croak, "Sunrise in the swamp. Roll out you mugs or I'll drown you in your beds." So we roll out, wash in ice cold water, and run for the mess-hall and a hearty breakfast.

Immediately after breakfast an hour is spent in policing camp. I, it so happened, had the pleasure of wheeling barrow after barrow of dirt for the mud-holes in the road leading up to the tents. At eight o'clock, we donned leather boots and reported for the day's work. Surveying parties were formed immediately, and the men, with the needed instruments, were loaded into trucks for speedy transportation to the scene of work.

A morning's work goes fast in the woods, and by noon we nearly always manage to be on the top of a ridge where we can enjoy the cool breeze while we eat lunch. What a beautiful day! How good our lunch tastes even if the water in the canteen is luke-warm and ants crawl up and down our backs as we sit propped against a fallen log. One of the boys peels an orange with an eight inch hunting knife, and nearly loses a finger while watching a squirrel nibble the remains of our lunch.

Work is soon resumed, and by five o'clock we are thoroughly tired, and are waiting by the road-side for the truck which whisks us into camp. Then for a shower. Oh! boy! The shower house is just new, and the water flows ice-cold, and clear (?) What a treat after a hot, dusty day in the woods! Then goes the dinner bell and we all dig in with gigantic appetites.

The evening is then our own to do with as we please. However, we were allowed to leave camp on Wednesdays and Saturdays only. On these evenings the little town of Henryville fairly swarmed with students from camp buying those luxuries which only a soda fountain can supply. Nevertheless, nearly all were ready by nine o'clock to return to camp for some much-needed sleep.

In this manner I spent the most pleasant eight weeks I can remember. Interesting things, too numerous to mention here, happened every day and every week. I lived vigorously, and the experience I received can be compared with none.

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\*-\*-\*-\*\*

Prage: Davvy's lectures make a new man out of me.

Susie: You mean you get something out of them you dont get anywhere else?

Prage: Sure, -- an hour's sleep.

- - - -

Richardson: What's a naturalist?

Schreiner: He's a guy that always throws sevens.

- - - -

College is the four years between high school and a CCC Camp.



## THE GREAT SACRIFICE

by P. A. Derra

You have heard of the ride of Paul Revere, the wild escape and flight of Putnam, and the dash for gold by the forty-niners; but have you ever heard of the ride, a most inglorious ride, of parties one, two and three of the P. F. C.?

I will first give you a little background. The sun during May and June had been beating incessantly upon the soil of the Clark County Forest. There was no rain during these months; consequently the yellow clay had formed yellow dust inches deep.

Parties one, two and three had been working hard all day by the Frownstown road. They had cursed less that day and had constrained many of the malicious remarks usually made about the instructors. They were just a tired, hungry group of boys at the end of the day, looking forward to a good supper and a good night's sleep. What did they do to deserve the sort of ride they received?

When the sun began to sink behind the trees in the west, the parties with Mr. Hubler boarded the cattle truck. Miss Geltz was riding with Jimmy Phillips, so Mr. Hubler had to ride in the back of the truck with the rest of the fellows. The cattle truck had slats on the side and a solid top and front; therefore no air could pass through and dust was sucked in from the rear. As Jimmy increased speed the dust poured in the back of the truck. Some of the fellows tied handkerchiefs around their heads to keep the dust out of their hair, but this did not keep dust from the eyes, nose, and mouth. The boys began grumbling. A good thing Professor Geltz was not present, or he would have heard what we thought of his transportation system. When they saw that the dusty atmosphere was inevitable, the boys began joking about the amount of dust. Gosh, my mouth feels gritty thinking about it.

The funniest sight was "Jughaid" Arihood. His short hair, eyebrows, and skin were coated with dust. If Mr. Hyde could have seen "Jughaid" laugh, he would have been overwhelmed with envy.

When Jimmy parked the truck in front of the mess hall, we prepared ourselves to receive a lot of laughs, and we were not disappointed. Jimmy Phillips took one look at us and almost swallowed his pipe. The two boys who laughed the most heartily were "Peach-fuzz" Romeiser and "Donald Duck" Bline. They were members of party one, but they were detailed in camp for the day. If the showers had been working we should not have minded the dust. Imagine taking a bath in a wash pan!

Parties one, two and three had sacrificed themselves for the rest of the camp. The next day several of the boards in the solid front were removed, permitting the passage of air. The truck was now suitable to ride in over dusty roads.



## CAMP BASEBALL

Though the sport program at camp was very much outweighed by the field work, short recreational periods were squeezed in whenever it was possible. Swimming, as in any type of boy's camp, was by far the most popular recreation. Of course, if one should consider the Wednesday and Saturday night activity in Scottsburg, Henryville, and the surrounding country, a sport, then swimming would not have a chance. But aside from the Wednesday and Saturday night programs, swimming and baseball constituted the camp's sport program. Since swimming was the same as one would get at any lake, except that we were furnished with dirtier water, baseball will be the topic of discussion during the rest of this article.

Several weeks had passed before anyone even thought of playing baseball. The instructors had very little pity for us when it came to working; consequently, everyone was ready to "hit the hay" early. After these first few weeks had passed, the boys had more energy in the evenings; so it was decided to form a baseball team to play the C.C.C.'s team, made up of our next-door neighbors. Mr. Richardson, the dendrology instructor, was chosen as the manager. A meeting was called for anyone wishing to play, and so many boys turned out that we decided to have two camp teams. Two captains were chosen. The job of putting the two baseball clubs together was left to them. The choosing of sides was accomplished by putting all the candidates' names in a hat and going through the "one for me and one for you" process. The two captains decided to play the two teams against each other just to get practice; but whenever we played the C.C.C.'s team, the two teams would combine to form one good team.

Since the Forestry Department had taken us to camp for the purpose of working, no provisions had been made for our "all star" ball clubs to practice. Not that we needed to practice. We did, however, obtain permission to use the C.C.C.'s athletic field, (which was approximately one-eighth of a mile from our camp,) whenever they were not using it themselves. This field was so deep with dust that when a game was in process the clouds of dust would make a Kansas dust storm bow its head in shame. The dust was so deep that anyone falling down ran the risk of being buried alive. The infielders had by far the hardest jobs to perform. They not only had to play their positions well, but they also had to be expert diggers; because if a hard hit ball landed in front of them, it was just a question of digging down to the ball before the base runner advanced too many bases. (This fact helps to explain why swimming was so popular.) However, the dust did not prove to be so great a setback to our playing as the instructors. One of the instructors must have known the habits of young men pretty well, because he made a silly rule pertaining to our office notebooks. The rule stated that we had to have our field notes copied into our office notebooks before we could do anything else. I believe that we can excuse the instructor who made this rule, because he surely did not realize that he would hinder our ball teams so much. Or did he? Another thing that hindered us was our insect collection. We were required to have a certain number of insects by the end of camp. After we had spent our valuable time in the evenings chasing butterflies and moths, when we should have been practicing baseball, the instructors would not accept them, because they were not forest insects. It was all very exasperating.



Since we had so many handicaps to overcome, we were able to play only four regulation games. Two of the games were played between the two camp teams, and the other two were played against the C.C.C.'s team. The two camp teams won a game apiece in the dust-covered arena. Our combined teams managed to slip away from the instructors one evening long enough to defeat the C.C.C.'s team in the first game that we played them. We were not so fortunate the second time. The surveying instructors cornered half of the team and made them go and "shoot" Polaris. This evening was doubly disgusting. The first disappointment came when the C.C.C.'s team literally dug a trench in the dust running around the bases, while our boys were digging holes around the diamond looking for the ball. The second disappointment came when the fellows who were "shooting" Polaris seemed to have missed, because on a clear night one can still see Polaris glittering down at us. The instructor might have at least let us play ball so that we could have had one victory for the evening.

After a great struggle against such handicaps as women every Wednesday and Saturday nights and the instructors every day, our camp baseball ended.

\* \* \* \* \*  
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ODE TO A CORNER STONE

J. W. Hubler

Thou art the object of students of the random  
 Running hither and yon with the greatest of abandon.  
 Yelling and playing like little children in the street  
 As they measure toward you with weary (?) feet,  
 Hoping that some day they will meet  
 You with a ninety degree angle and a distance which is "sweet",  
 If it should happen to be less than one hundred feet.  
 Then they figure and gas with one another  
 To find how far you are resting from your brother.  
 One day this takes, but if they were wise  
 The computations could be made in a wink of the eyes. (Sez you!)  
 Then tittering, laughing and growling, they go forth to offset  
 Don't work too fast boys, or you'll get over het.  
 Measuring and plumbing carefully from one stake to another  
 On the straight (?) line from you to your brother.  
 And the profile levels! Aint this country tough?  
 The language they use is often a bit rough.  
 When all is through, I'm still in a fix  
 Maybe the boys have pulled one of their tricks  
 Perhaps you are 100 feet off in one distance or another --  
 I can be sure donly by measuring from you to brother.



## DENDROLOGY AND LIFE

By Jim Craig

"This will be the next test specimen."

How often you heard those words last summer in the woods of old Clark County. And watch the result:-

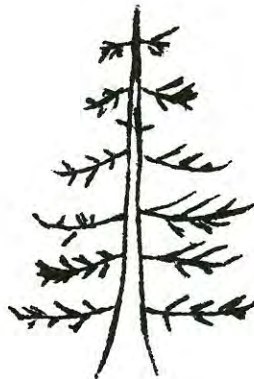
The boys move quickly into positions around the tree. All carefully examine individually the botanical characters exhibited. Each notes the habitat. Then, as each boy formulates his decision as to the identity of the specimen, he steps back to record it upon the test slip. These slips are taken up by the instructor who then announces the correct identification and points out special distinguishing characteristics. Thus on to the next tree.

Thus the pleasant days rolled by. Many of you soon realized that Dendrology was infinitely more than just a tedious accumulation of scientific names and technical terms. You peered deeper into its implications and you discovered that you had learned a new skill to add zest to life. A host of new friends, the trees, had come to greet you from every side.

Still further, you learned that you had acquired keener powers of observation and deduction that would serve well in every phase of life. As you travel on down life's trail, you will find that many of your problems may be solved by thoughtful application of the training received in Summer Camp Dendrology.



BEFORE



AFTER

A TEST SPECIMEN

J.C.

## THE MISSING TURN

By R. L. Schnell

Gather 'round me children  
While I tell to you a tale  
Of blood and hate and murder  
That will turn your faces pale.

'Twas down near Henryville,  
Amid Clark County Hills  
Where these things happened.  
They still give me the chills.

We had to shoot Polaris,  
(I don't know what he'd done)  
And it certainly is a wonder  
That we didn't shoot the sun.

We had to measure D.B.H.  
And heights of trees as well,  
Dendrology and Surveying,  
Oh boy, it sure was \_\_\_\_\_ swell.

Then one dark and sultry night  
When not a star was out,  
If you had listened closely,  
You might have heard a shout.

For on that night the boys hung Davvy.  
'Twas a brave but wicked plot,  
And 'round his neck someone had tied  
An excellent hangman's knot.

Upon his chest there hung a sign  
With message bold and true;  
For printed there in letters black,  
Were these words, "Knots to you."

Next morn mid shouts and clanging bell  
When Mr. Davvy did arise  
And stretched before his cabin---  
He could scarce believe his eyes.

He casually strolled over  
To see just how he'd died,  
And then, I guess, from what he saw  
He very nearly cried.

"I thought I taught those boys," he said,  
"How to tie that hangman's knot,  
But this one's only got twelve turns,  
It's really not so hot."



## CAMP PRODUCTS

by Geo. E. Spencer

Each year the call comes for -- "something for the Camp Log." What happens? Summer Camp as an institution is eulogized. The rigors of outdoor life, the quantities of good food eaten, the development of group spirit, the opportunities for educational advancement, and countless other things are reviewed and stressed. This is as it should be for all of these things are true.

And what does the instructor have to show for his eight weeks' work? A lot of marks, called grades, to the credit or discredit of the various students. But that is not all. The writer, because of the excellent co-operation he has had from the Director and members of the staff, has been able to compile considerable topographic material. A good portion of this material, in the form of blue-printed maps, is now on display in the room used for surveying instruction at the University.

These maps are of two types, section maps (one square mile) drawn to a scale of one inch equal three chains with a contour interval of ten feet, -- and smaller areas wherein much greater detail is shown. By means of an N.Y.A. project these section maps are now being reduced to a scale of eight inches to the mile with a contour interval of fifty feet and assembled into a single large map. This, of course, provides the necessary data for constructing a relief map of that part of the Clark County State Forest which has been mapped. It is hoped that this work will shortly be started as a senior thesis project.

The more detailed maps are of various selected areas, -- including some of the artificial lakes made in the forest with C.C.C. labor. A group of these detailed maps are soon to be connected and mounted so as to show the new Summer Camp site. This map assembly will require a space some eight by ten feet in size and will show topographic details to a scale of one inch equals forty feet with a contour interval of two feet. The area represented extends from the upper end of Schlamm Lake southward through the Purdue Summer Camp and includes a portion of the C.C.C. Camp site.

Then, too, there is an ever increasing file of results on Latitude, Azimuth, and Magnetic Declination determination from the Polaris observations. Each additional camp strengthens these data. Come in and see 'em some time.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \*  
\*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,  
"To h--- with camp,"- - - and gone to bed.  
--Swiped

- - - - -  
Cummins: Say, Warrenburg, where's that crazy cat of yours?  
Warrenburg: What made you think I have a crazy cat?  
Cummins: Well, Palmer said you had a silly puss.



## GROUP TRIPS TAKEN WHILE AT CAMP

By J. M. Williamson

As a reward for our splendid accomplishments at camp, our group was given a two day trip which was very educational as well as recreational. They were just a little too close together,--too much play after too much work. Had they been taken at intervals during camp, we would have gotten much more out of them.

The first day was spent in touring Louisville and vicinity, where we visited various plants. In the morning we visited the Wood Mosaic Plant and Lumber Company, an up-to-date lumber mill. Here we saw the various operations in the process of turning out lumber and associated goods.

One operation, the sawing of huge logs on a band saw was very interesting. One man by the use of "dog" controlled the handling and sawing of those immense logs.

Other interesting sights at this plant were: watching the manufacture of wood veneer and ready finished oak flooring, a visit to the room where lumber was aged making it appear as if it had been used hundreds of years ago, seasoning of wood and the manufacture of bi-products. And last, but not least, we had a splendid chicken dinner at the plant's cafe.

From the lumber company, we journeyed to the Hillerich-Bradsby Company, home of Louisville Slugger Bats, where we saw every step in the manufacture of baseball bats from the wooden blanks to the finished product. Strange as it seems, the wood used for the making of the bats must be seasoned for several years before it can be shaped in the automatic lathe. After being shaped in the lathe, the timber is sanded, then varnished, and finally the trade mark burned on.

We were very glad to get miniature "Louisville Sluggers" when we left the plant to visit the Grand Slam Golf Club factory next door. Here, as in the ball bat plant, we saw the step by step procedure in making golf clubs.

Late in the afternoon, the group visited Churchill Downs, where each student imagined himself witnessing a derby from a \$75 seat. The huge stands and stables were very impressive in their old Southern style, as were the beautiful flower gardens throughout the extensive grounds. On the way home we left part of the camp faculty in Louisville to check up on the town.

Early the next morning, the group motored to Spring Mill State Park via Salem. We were escorted thru the restored village by a park guide. Visits to the sawmill and grist mill were of especial interest. Here we saw how our ancestors hewed their logs and ground their meal. Water was the only source of power. A museum in the mill containing relics of the early settlement was very interesting. We also visited the distillery, now dry, the apothecary; and the homes of the villagers along the stream.

After lunch in the village, we visited the virgin hardwood tract in the park,--a very impressive sight. Donaldson Cave and the Cave of the Winds were also inspected. While the faculty wondered where they were, some of the boys took boat trips thru the underground rivers inhabited by blind fish.

Late in the afternoon when the fellows were all rounded up, we journeyed back to camp, worn completely out by our recreational trips.



## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PURDUE FORESTRY CAMP OF 1936

By Raymond Richardson

As I write this, after an interval of almost a year, certain remembrances of the Summer Camp of 1936 seem to be more vivid than others. It might be interesting to jot down some of my recollections of people and things as I remember them, without rhyme or reason.

I had been in Camp only a few days before I had brought to me very forcibly the unpleasant fact that my physical condition was not all it should have been. I had always imagined Indiana as a state with very level topography and very few hills. The faculty had amused themselves telling me of the steep, long hills I would be forced to climb, but I, in my superior wisdom, knew there were no such hills in Indiana. About the first official item in Camp activities was a so-called orientation trip, which started out, innocently enough, in a truck which climbed fire tower hill in low gear. Slight tremors of doubt began to assail me concerning the nature of the topography in that particular part of Indiana. After climbing the fire tower on top of the hill and getting a good bird's eye view of the surrounding forest we started ambling down a long, steep grade following the long-legged and tireless Davvy. Reaching the bottom of this grade, Davvy led the way cross-country up a section line, and here the trouble started for me. The first hill we encountered was short, but practically up and down. Pulling my rather portly self manfully up this incline by the use of many hand-holds on projecting roots, etc., I gasped my way to the top expecting to lie down and rest for at least a half hour, but no, we were still moving, first down a slight grade and then up another terrific hill. Halfway up this second hill my tortured flesh refused to progress further and together with a couple of other heavy weights (names supplied on request) we finally got into motion again and sneaked back into camp late for lunch. I had learned about the topography of southern Indiana. I survived it, but it cost fifteen pounds of my best fat to do so. As a physical conditioner, the aforementioned hills succeeded where no amount of persuasion could have put me in motion. It seemed to me that most of the camp activities were cunningly designed to keep me trotting up and down them a good share of the summer.

The subject of Dendrology was another severe blow to all my previous concepts of the number of species of trees and shrubs that should decently exist in one small locality. My previous experience had been in the hardwood forests of the north where Mother Nature kindly limits the number of species to the tough ones that can stand a little cold weather. It is a big help in studying Dendrology, too. Before we were thru classifying our various species last summer, I was sure that I was in someone's botanical garden. I was a busy fellow - and though I was on the other side of the fence - an instructor instead of a student -- there was plenty for me to learn and remember. However, due to the good offices of Jim Craig, et al, I managed to stay on top of the situation for the duration of the period, or so I fondly imagined. This sounds like a confession.

I wonder who - of those who have survived the rigors of Camp life - can ever forget the dulcet tones of Director Geltz awakening them 'gently' from a more or less peaceful slumber at an hour that should humanely be construed as part of the night. How I used to love to



PUNY PUNS

Sammy: "Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

Laverne: "Your face is clean but I don't know about your Imagination."

Richardson: Spell "straight."

Shackley: s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t.

Rich: Correct. Now what does it mean?

Shack: Without ginger ale.

Tevvy: Is it a fact that we have superior education advantages to what our fathers had?

Kuck: That's right. Why my old man never saw a tavern or a show girl till he was thirty.

Roger: What fo' dat doctah come outa the house?

Mrs. R: Ah dunno' but ah's gotta inkling.

Beggar: Have you got enough money for a cup of coffee?

Forestry Grad: Oh, I'll manage somehow, thank you.

Student: I've got a perfect news story.

Editor: How come? Man bit dog?

Student: No, a bull threw a professor.

Minister: Do you take this woman for butter or for wurst?

Groom: Aw, liver alone. I never sausage nerve.

Crosbie: I thought I met you in Vincennes --- didn't you go around with cuban heels.

Girl: Yes, but I don't remember you.

Stranger: How far can I go into this forest?

Strangler: Only half-way.

Stranger: Why only half-way?

Strangler: Because after that you're coming out.

Tevvy: Say, Dave, I think I've been kidnaped.

Dave: How come?

Tevvy: Well, when I went into my tent a little while ago I looked into my cot and I was gone.

McBloom: Will you not have a cigarette on this moonlichte nichte?

McShackley: Thank ye, no. I never smoke wi' gloves on. I canna' stand th' smell of burning leather.

Phillips: Why didn't you shave this morning?

Goris: I thought I did, but there were twelve of us using the mirror this morning and I must have shaved some other guy.

Bloom: This dance floor is certainly slippery.

Ole Faithful: It isn't the dance floor: I just had my shoes shined.

Dean: Do you owe any back house rent?

DeLuise: We aint got a back house. We have modern plumbing.



Grall: Somebody stole my alarm clock.  
Tureski: Aha! Time marches on.

"Thursday and Sunday Mornings"

I do not want to sit and think  
I hate to play while others reap  
To move is appalling; to work is more galling,  
My only desire is for sleep.  
-----Anon.

Prof. Geltz: Seifert, do you have a philosophy?  
Seifert: No, I had mine cut out.

Schnell: What makes you think that Ted Shaw is ready to harvest?  
Romeiser: 'Cause he's getting thin in the top.

Problem

Excuse me one moment professor, I'm VanMeter in your psychology class ----- . Professor, I'm in a great need of your help; it's like this: I have two rabbits and its got me all mixed up, that is, not the rabbits but their names. First, I named them Take It and Leave It, but that wasn't so good, so I changed their names to Once and Twice; so when people would say, "Come here, little rabbit." I'd say, "You have to call him Twice and the other one Once." But now I can call them both once because I realized that in naming them Once and Twice, I had named them both twice, once before. I realized that I could name one Once Before and the other Twice Before because I've already named them once before and twice. Now neither comes when I call Twice and both when I call Once and ----- Oh Professor, Hey!

The Killer: What do you mean when you compare what Williamson says with the degrees of B.S., M.S., and Ph.D.?

The Strangler: Well, B.S. is what you think it is; M.S. is more of what you think it is; and Ph.D. is piling it higher and deeper.

Pome

Shackley was a forester,  
But now he's all at sea.  
What Shackley thought was sycamore,  
Geltz said was hickory.  
---Zuck

A RETALIATION

(With apologies to the Bard of Avon)

Signiors, Hoosiers, many a time and oft at camp you have rated us  
About our meager background and our heathenish manner of speech,  
Still, we have borne it with a witty retort (?)  
For never say die is the badge of all our tribe.

You call us Central Park Foresters, Coney Island beachcombers, and  
Knights of 42nd street,  
And all because we have forsaken the hot sidewalks for the cool  
green forests.

Well then, it still appears your point of view has not changed.  
Go to, then; you still come to us and you still say,  
Central Park Foresters, go back to your home on the isle that the  
poor Indians were paid 24 dollars for,  
Back to your home where the trees are made of concrete and steel,  
And the skies are thick with dust and carbon monoxide all day,  
You, who still live in shacks of wood and mud,  
You, who have your Tilly, with its ever present Sears Roebuck,  
outside.

You, who still use your meager forests for swine and bovine to  
forage on;

The joys of modern footwear are unknown to you, living in your  
primeval bliss.

Etiquette to you is unknown, you are all "Cabbage Men",

And in view of all these things you have said of us,  
Shall we bend low and in a bondsman's key  
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this?

Fair sirs, you called us Central Park Foresters on Wednesday last,  
You spurned us on such a day; another time  
You called us Bronx Hill Billies and for these courtesies  
We shall acknowledge your Hoosier superiority?????

Jack "Daniel" Bloom C.P.F.  
A. C. DeLuise C.P.F.  
Martin Goris C.P.F.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
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Light: Did you say your brother works for the government?  
Mex. : Si, senior  
Light: Is it a good job?  
Mex. : Si, si, senior.  
Light: Well, what kind of a job is it?  
Mex. : C. C. C., senior.

Serviss: What causes petrified forests?

Leidencker: I've heard that the wind makes the trees rock.

There is little danger of forest fires where the only sap  
present is in the trees.



## THE FORESTER'S FROLIC

By Charlie Moore

There's a place for us foresters  
Down south in the state,  
Where tales of woe are whoppers  
And in strife we seem to rate  
Far above other's estimations.  
Calculations, run, and bluff.  
To pass the examinations,  
We had to know our stuff.

Life was peaceful and serene?  
Yes, until "Chuck" began to holler,  
"Ro-l-l-l out! Ro-l-l-l out!!  
Today Hbler, you must foller,"  
Or "Mr. Philips needs a feller  
On a detail after wood."  
"Ro-l-l-l out," he'd puff 'n beller.  
It meant--Jump, 'n some could.

If a moment we should lay  
In the morning sun a baskin'.  
He'd be there to say ?  
And o' course we'd to the askin' ?  
Remember fellas when you're workin'  
Always do your part 'n more.  
If a boss should see you shirkin',  
There's no welcome fore the door.

'Taint fair to say 'twas lonesome,  
Weary, happy, or sad  
With a feller like the Major.  
Full of the Ole Nick - be gad.  
He was full and more with laffs,  
Atkins files, saws, 'n such.  
And to speak of other brands  
Sure landed some in dutch.

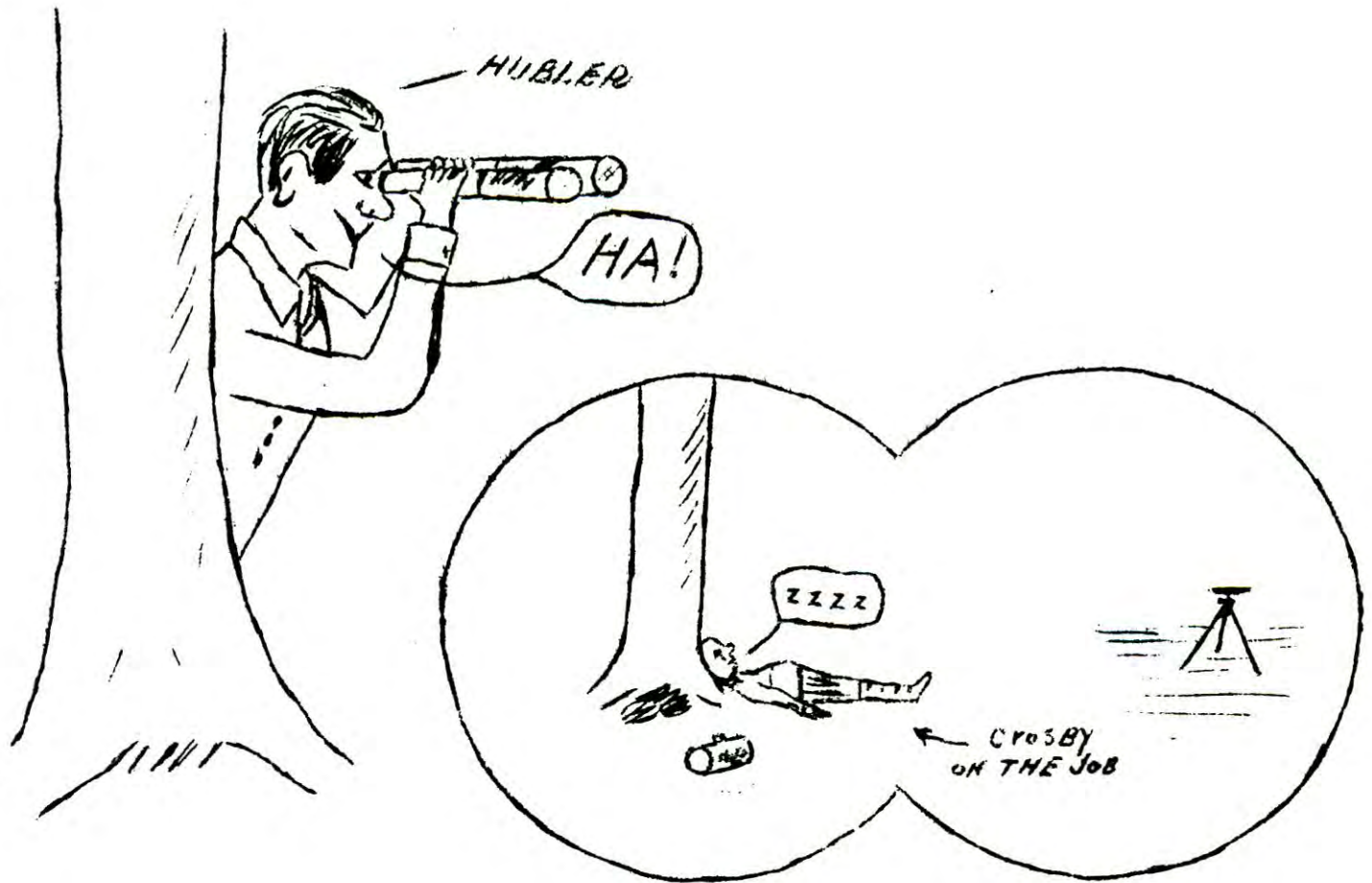
I hope that some day  
A time'll come a larkin',  
When we'll hear Hbler say,  
"Boys, I don't mind your parkin'."  
Then's the time to shout 'n rest  
With your lunch upon your knee.  
Cause we boys did our best  
To gain this liberty.

The experience of camp behind us,  
Just the memories remain,  
Of a fond two months of learnin',  
That it was our luck to gain.  
With a longin', Oh! so strong,  
Among the trees I'd like to tramp,  
'Round about the buildin's,  
At the good Ole Summer Camp.

hear the melodious call quivering on the breeze. To make it all perfectly superb, Professor Lawson, the great impressario, during his visit to Camp vied strenuously with the Director in his early morning sing - to everybody's delight!

After looking this over - it begins to look like an alarmist's view of a lot of hard work - and not much fun. Quite the contrary is true - about the fun. After all, the primary purpose of the Camp is to learn a lot of practical forestry in a short space of time, and my impression was that this end was accomplished. The fun was incidental, but we had it.

This seems like a good opportunity to thank the gang from last summer - faculty, cooks, and student body - for the swell cooperation they extended to me, a stranger, during last summer. The 1936 Camp will stay with me as a pleasant memory - and I trust that all future camps will prove as successful and that the men going in will like it as well as I did.



AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE



## PLUMB LINES

Dix and Sieber always had to raise the globe of their lantern to see whether it was burning.

Peculiar things can happen at camp. Among them is the incident of the truckless truck drivers.

Ethnyre said that his "personality girl" was as good as the day was long. That's why he did his courting at night.

We wonder why Light called the cheese sandwiches "Binder-twine" sandwiches.

Some of the fellows didn't get enough exercise at camp so they went to Louisville to participate in some of the activities at the "Y".

Never tell secrets around chairs because chairs are tale bearers.

To the freshmen while at camp: "Money may not grow on trees but it usually comes from some sap."

Some people throw their junk in the alley but Ethnyre and Shaw bought an auto license for theirs.

Party 3 was the luxury party; they took lime juleps with them in their water keg. It has been rumored that Bowen couldn't see the cross-hairs after one shot of it. Burgmann pronounced it good stuff however.

Sieber and Light had a system -- two red ones and then a white one to see if another red one was needed.

Get Rex Allen to tell you about the technical differences between a right and left handed file. He is recognized as an authority on the subject.

And then anyone will be glad to tell you about the very bad case of "poison irene" Rex caught and how he worried about it.

The invoice that Light and Sieber took at side-camp was a masterpiece and should be preserved for posterity. Among other things it included:

36 cubic inches of matches.  
4 bindings of cheese.  
16 inches of ----- bologna sausage  
etc. etc. etc.

Can you imagine how "Jughaid" would look with a shiekish pomp-adour? We couldn't.

Harvey must have been a fish -- one step removed.

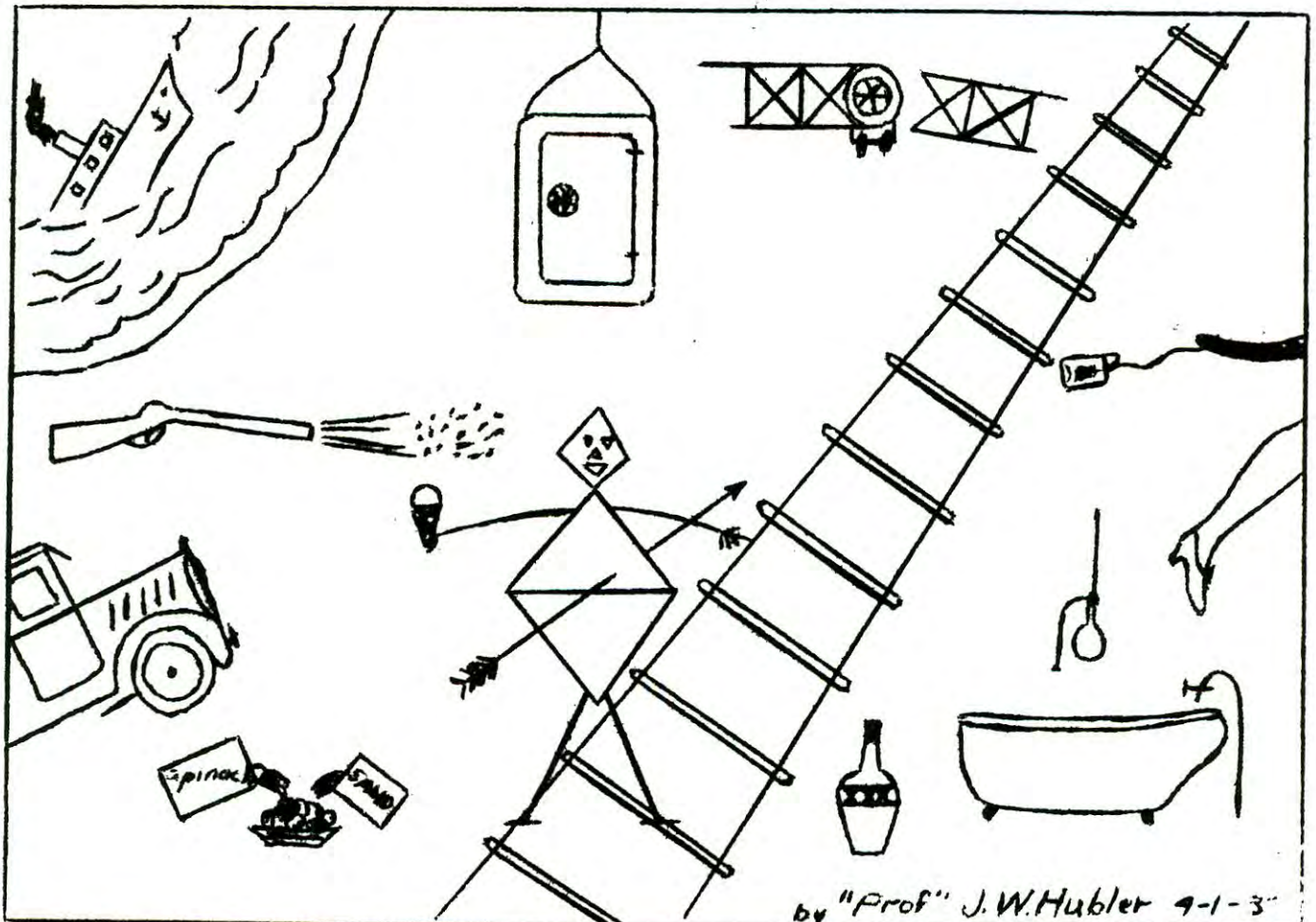
Williamson wins honors for showing the greatest amount of brass. He even had Mrs. Prentice mend his clothing for him.



# D I S A S T E R

(Composed April Fool's Day)

At first we see our hero in the middle of a railroad track, standing alone. The hero is composed of two triangles making him have a large waistline which is Disaster itself. His head is likewise composed of two triangles coming to a point, and having a point head is Disaster too. From the facial expression, it can be seen that the hero looks as intelligent as most people really are. He is pierced by an arrow which shows that he is an easy mark. He is likewise eating an ice cream cone which shows how prepared for Disaster any of us are. A heavy load hangs over his head and is liable to fall any minute. In the upper right corner of the picture we see an airplane with one wing falling off symbolizing Disaster by air. On the right hand side of the picture we see a tin can tied to a dog's tail. This is the greatest Disaster that could possibly happen to a dog. Humans sometimes symbolically have tin cans tied to them also. The ship is sinking at sea and the hero is also being subjected to a bunch of shot from a shot-gun. In the lower part of the picture we see a bottle of whiskey which is bad for any man. Also we see someone mixing spinach and sand together which is what actually happens in many cases. Lastly, an automobile is rushing at the hero. The man who drew the picture finally went crazy because he couldn't show dandruff, pyorrhea, and fallen arches. The leg in the picture is self explanatory.





Section B at Side Camp  
By W. B. Allen

Division A was detailed to pitch side camp on Saturday, but it fell so far short of completing the job that division B had to work on Sunday so that the camp would be ready for occupation by evening of the same day. I remember the raking we had to do around the tents, the broiling sun, the shirtless backs, and especially the sweat bees which roused by our raking lit on our bare arms and shoulders to sting us. The salty sweat that trickled down our foreheads into our eyes and the tormenting bees soon drove us to the shade of trees nearby.

The instruction we received at side camp was mainly in timber cruising and topographic surveying. We were divided into parties of two and given the necessary equipment and a line to run for either cruising or mapping. Most of the work we had to do was over ground very hilly and difficult to traverse. Because we had to follow the line our compass pointed out, we were led into many different difficulties; we found our compass at times pointing right through the middle of a dense growth of briars, grape vines, or other thick undergrowth. Climbing hills was the most trying thing we had to do as this was one thing that seemed never to end. When we came to a hill, we could not follow the line of easiest ascent; it was necessary that we keep on line and sometimes this meant struggling up almost vertical slopes or overhanging banks of streams. Some fellows wore hobnails on the soles of their boots to aid them in climbing hills, but the fellows who didn't, paid for their indifference dearly by many falls on the steep slopes. These falls sometimes led through a patch of poison ivy or over points of partially buried rocks.

One day Goris was detailed to help Stan and me. Stan and I were near the top of a very steep slope watching Goris as he slipped, struggled, and caught hold of anything within reach to aid him in climbing. Stan was enjoying himself immensely at the expense of Goris; his laughing finally became so uncontrolled that it jarred him loose from his seat on the ground and he went sliding down the slope with his legs out in front, his right hand holding a water keg and his left hand clutching a clipboard. About twenty feet he slid, before his heels managed to stop his wild, rough, and tortuous ride; then it was Goris's turn to laugh and luckily for him he had his arm around a tree.



The day's work did not end at five o'clock. After supper there were dishes to wash, equipment and instruments to clean, copying of field notes into the office books, making tally sheets for cruising reports, and plotting contour lines on the master map. To complete this work many of us stayed up late and worked by the gasoline lanterns. The hundreds of insects, the contours that wouldn't match, the tally sheets that wouldn't balance, the aching muscles, and the drooping eyelids made us all wish for the comforts of bed and sleep.

If there is any one thing about side camp that we will always remember, it is Davvy's disk wheels which he called nancakes. They were so large that they hid the plates, and so thick that they could be cut into two pieces and served as tow cakes. Enormous must have been the stomachs of the fellows who could eat more than one of these cakes for breakfast. (Do you remember the hardtack that Stan made out of Bisquick?)

Perhaps the most disagreeable part of side camp was the flies. They were so numerous that when anything was put out where they could get to it, they immediately covered it up and could have, if they wished, carried off the bread from the bread plate, slice by slice.

We were continually looking forward to the time when we would be on our way back to main camp, to food that wasn't contaminated by hordes of flies, to a bath, to a shave, to an evening off from work, to tents with floors, and to electric lights. At main camp we looked forward to the comforts of life at home. And now we look back to the happy days that we spent in the Purdue Forestry Camp.



A SCENE AT LOUISVILLE



CROSS QUESTIONS & SILLY ANSWERS

Question -- When, if ever, does Polaris represent true North?

Answer ---- When in the upper culmination between 8:15 P.M. and 8:30 P.M., one can locate Polaris almost directly about; also. Polaris is the second star from the end of the Big Dipper and the star or Nebula known as Andromina in Casseopias Chair the line of these two points determines true North.

Question -- In what constellation do we find Polaris?

Answer ---- The constallation we find the star pollaris when we are taken shots at night, and the star is rotating around the moon.

Question -- What are the limitations for the use of checker-board in mapping?

Answer ---- In the use of checkerboard in surveying is very profound. By its use one can set stakes at 100 ft. intervals on all sides of an obstacle and compute the area within the 100 ft. squeres. By finding -----

Question -- How do you prepare a transit for carrying it from one set-up to another point of set-up in rough country?

Answer ---- ----- Do not loosen your legs too much or you may lose a nut -----.

Question -- What is the third object in the adjustment of the Dumpy Level?

Answer ---- To make the vertical cross-hair parallel to some object, such as a telegraph pole.

Question -- How do trees reproduce?

Answer ---- By cutting, layering and suckling.

Question -- What is a jackladder?

Answer ---- A small ladder which a forester carries around to climb when pruning trees.

Question -- What is a Jacob Staff?

Answer ---- A "Jake Staff" is used to kill fool hens.



Question -- Give the two main methods of transplanting seedlings.

Answer ---- By dribbling and furrowing.

D.B.H. on redwood trees is measured about 20' from the ground. (Must be D.B.H. on Paul Bunyan.)

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### THE MAJOR

Old Major Lawson--a mighty man was he  
With legs and arms that hung so free.

He held his classes on a slope  
Where everyone came to get the dope.

A strict instructor he was, mind you,  
He always said, "Work with one foot behind you."

When he saw Section A coming, he always sang  
Because he knew it included the "Gas-house Gang."

"Williamson," said the Major, "let up a bit  
Or the next time you strike, there'll be no tooth to hit."

You should have seen the Major smile  
When he caught Rex Allen with a left handed file.

The memory of his first felled log  
Stood out in his mind like a house in a fog.

"Look out there, Major, the tree will fall in the lake!"  
"Pooh!" said the Major, "I can fell a tree and drive a stake."

Every night when the lights were out  
You could hear the Major shout.

And the night Joe Louis hit the mat  
The Major tore up his new straw hat.

-- A. E. Arinhood.



Section A at Side Camp  
By G. C. Romeiser

On Sunday afternoon we loaded our supplies and headed for side camp. The next morning brought much shivering and many futile attempts at washing. Later we were started on topo lines in some of the roughest country this side of now famous Martin County (Martin County is not only famous for its rough and tough terrain, its fifteen-foot blackberry bushes, but above all its native son, R. W. Wininger). Some parties finished up the lines the first day; those who did caught h--- for not closing in properly. It's very doubtful if any of those fellows know how yet.

Another morning brought Davvy's attempt at pancake making. All of us had heard of the famous cakes but we were due for a bitter disappointment. Either somebody was still asleep when the batter was mixed or the supposedly high quality of the pancakes was exaggerated.

For the first few days there was always plenty of wood chopped, and everybody was glad to chop it. After several days the enthusiasm began to ebb. This was because of the disappearance of easy splitting logs and the prevalence of tough, knotty logs. By the end of the week wood cutting was considered a distinct gripe.

Some of those who were assigned to cook for the day considered it a privilege, while others were greatly disappointed and would have preferred field work.

Who will forget the pouring rain on Saturday that caused steam to roll from the oven, and the constant sputtering of the grease in the skillet as the cooks attempted to complete the breakfast menu. That steady downpour of rain brought many pathetic scenes; everyone skating around on the slippery wet clay; the constantly increasing pool of water in the two main tents; and Grall sleeping peacefully while the deluge of rain soaked both him and his bedding. When all of the wet, mud-covered side-campers climbed on the truck headed for main camp, they sang songs as only real foresters can sing them.

Now we shall consider the fond recollections of side camp; may they always linger in the memory of every member of the 1936 forestry camp. The first, and no doubt most important, feature of side-camp was the wonderful food. In spite of the inexperienced cooks, the food was the most abundant and ap-



petizing of the eight weeks at camp. In the last statement many members of camp will, no doubt, voice their disapproval and cite the noon day lunch as being far from abundant and appetizing. Perhaps onion, cheese, peanut butter or egg sandwiches were not what everybody wanted, but the other meals made up for what we didn't get out of lunch.

The most welcome feature was the no shaving rule which all of us accented very heartily. To some no shaving for a week meant quite a lot while others who "chose the right ancestors" wouldn't have had to shave anyway.

Although all of us were glad to break camp, we will always remember the many and varied experiences of section A at side camp.





## THE GULCHERS' FATE

By R. Shaw

For two long months the eternal peace of the Purdue Forestry Camp was broken by the occasional uprising of the feud between the cussed Gas-house gang and the stubborn but brave band of Gulchers.

The Gulchers continually fought against the greatest odds; their men were scantily clothed, undernourished, and sick of heart, to say nothing of the deserters and traitors. (All the loyal Gulchers bow their heads in shame to think that such could happen!). It must be said that for a time the Gas-house gang were up a tree or two when their foes had control of the retreat barracks. But they were soon to be disappointed - the Gas-house gang came out with a slogan, "A corn cob for every man."

The greatest test of courage for the brave little band was yet to come. The sacred signs marking the respected properties were nailed to the trees. A fight was inevitable as one of the signs had to come down. It was at this point that the Gulchers met their tragic defeat. They were out-numbered but not out fought. We need say no more.

There was a here, an unknown Gulcher, whose deeds will live long after the Gas-house victory has died. To him a final tribute is paid in this revised edition of John Whittier's poem, "Barbara Fritchie".

### A TRIBUTE

Up from the forest and we forlorn  
Clear in the cool early July morn,

The clustered tents near Henry' stand  
Grim-walled in the hills of Indiana land.

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the broken Gulcher horde.

On that pleasant morn' of mid-summer  
When the Killer marched thru the mountain lumber,

Over the mountains, winding down  
Horse and foot near Henry' town.

One sign with its silver stars,  
One sign with crimson bars,

On the tree in the morning wind, the sun  
of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose our mighty hero then,  
Bowed with his half score and ten:

Bravest of all near Henry' town  
He took up the sign the men hauled down,



High in the tree-top the sign he set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the Gas-house tread,  
Strangler and Killer marching ahead.

From under his hat up and down  
He glanced; the old sign met his frown.

"Halt!" -- the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!" -- out blazed the fiery rifle-blast.

It shivered the maples, oaks, and slash,  
It rent the sign with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the splintering blast,  
Our hero snatched the broken staff.

He leaned far out on the bending bough  
And shook it forth with a royal vow.

"Shoot if you must this young black head,  
But spare the Gulchers' sign," he said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame  
Over the face of the leader came,

But up from the ranks showered the shot,  
And blasted our hero down from the top.

Now, over the brave dead Gulcher's grave,  
A sign of freedom and union stays.

And ever the stars above look down,  
On that old sign near Henry' town.



## Reminiscences

by

Chas. G. Geltz - Director  
Purdue Forestry Camp

The Purdue Forestry Camp of 1936 was the largest camp ever to be held on the Clark County State Forest. They were the first to arrive and find a camp all in readiness for them. There were sixty in the group and it seemed like a young army when they began to arrive on Sunday afternoon.

Blaine, Schnell, Reeves, Eads, Carol, Sieber, and Cranger were in the van guard which went to set up the camp. They were the ones to learn what it means to establish camp. The others arrived with their parents, registered and were escorted to their tents by the staff - Messrs. Davenport, Craig, Hubler, or Phillips; meanwhile Professor Spencer acted the director of traffic and fed the cars into the student area, smoked his big black cigar, and was in his glory - gazing upon a new crop to initiate into the art of setting up transits, levels, plane tables and what have you, on 60-80' slopes.

All went well and the boys took the food like ducks to water. Roger Willis the cook was a new item - all dolled up as the Chef de'Hote. He did very well until the boys went to side camp. When they came back they had so mastered the culinary arts that they wanted to take over Roger's job and merely let him be the pantry boy.

All went along nicely until the next to the last week. We took account of our schedule. The check up with Spencer and Hubler showed the boys' average output was below par. If we were to get any trips worked in we had to speed up the boys. Strange things happened - and the much argued mile per day on topog. became a reality. The work was all cleared up. Then we were to have a day or two to frolic and see the wood-using industries and some scenery of southern Indiana.

The trip to Louisville - the Wood Mosaic and the fine saw mill - the veneer mill - the flooring mill, and the display of replicas of practically every type of mastic floor ever built. Then the chicken dinner - and boy, were you ever ready for it. The farewell and departure at the Wood Mosaic Plant. After a trip over the western parkway and seeing good old southern homes, thence to Churchill Downs. The boys were in places which are open only to the horse betting fraternity on Derby day. It will be a good reminder as you see the news reel flashes of each succeeding Derby. It will make a good story to tell your grandchildren when they climb upon your lap. Then to the Hillerich Bradsby - Louisville Slugger Plant. Did you ever see so many baseball bats? Were there any names of baseball fame which were not recorded on their model bats? And the details of making bats by hand - and the comparison and speed with which the machine grinds them out. And will you ever again see such dexterity as that of the chap who tapes the bats.



The following day was spent at Spring Mill Park. The large stand of nearly virgin timber - the last remnants of the old monarchs of the Indiana forests. The great privilege of seeing an old water power mill such as used to saw out the timbers of such historic homes as the Lanier Home at Madison and others. Did you ever think you would see a village such as the pioneers established, the old mill race, the grist and sawmill, the apothecary shop, the hatters shop, the cobblers haven, the stillers domain, and Ye Old Tavern where the way farer and customer stopped until their grain was ground? And amid such glory and roamings, the staff had to spoil it all by applying the goose stop - or was the director merely enragged because the lunch was not what might have been desired for such an occasion. Of course we will never know, and hope it never happens again. Anyway we all got back safely to camp.

The final clean up of equipment; the last minute clearance of records and all assigned tasks. Then for the grand finale, and Goris was selected to pass on the greetings and felicitations of the class to Roger and Mrs. Willis. Then the exodus was in order and all tried to prove that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points - Camp and Home.

This class now has dwindled to thirty three. The two Allens - Rex and W. B. are gone. Rex to entomology and W. B. to Michigan. Arihood is back home on the farm. Atkinson is with Bob Becker at the Chicago Tribune. Bloom is with Allen, and DeLuise has gone to join them. H.M. Brown has gone to his home in New Jersey because of poor health. Burgmann switched to Civil and is now somewhere in the wide world. Carol is in the drafting room of a steel company at Gary. Crosbie - wonder if he is still talking but guess that was due to being a minister's son. Daffern is married and has a child and works for Public Service Co. at New Albany. Eads, Fassnacht, Goris, Grall, Granger, Harvey, Palmer, Phillips, Prage, Smith, Van Meter, Warrenburg and Winninger are merely names now as I look back. I would be glad to renew the acquaintances. Bormann had written and is in the plumbing business and well satisfied. Prage, I understand is back home on the farm. Bill Seifert has just recently left school and gone on a long journey. Teter is back in school trying to become a refrigeration sales engineer. Weber is up at Minnesota. And thus it goes; but when you get back to old Purdue, look us up and renew your acquaintance. To those of you still with us - remember, your name and address on a post card will keep our records up to date.

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"Chuck": Which hazel is that?  
Romeo : Which hazel !  
"Chuck": Right.