

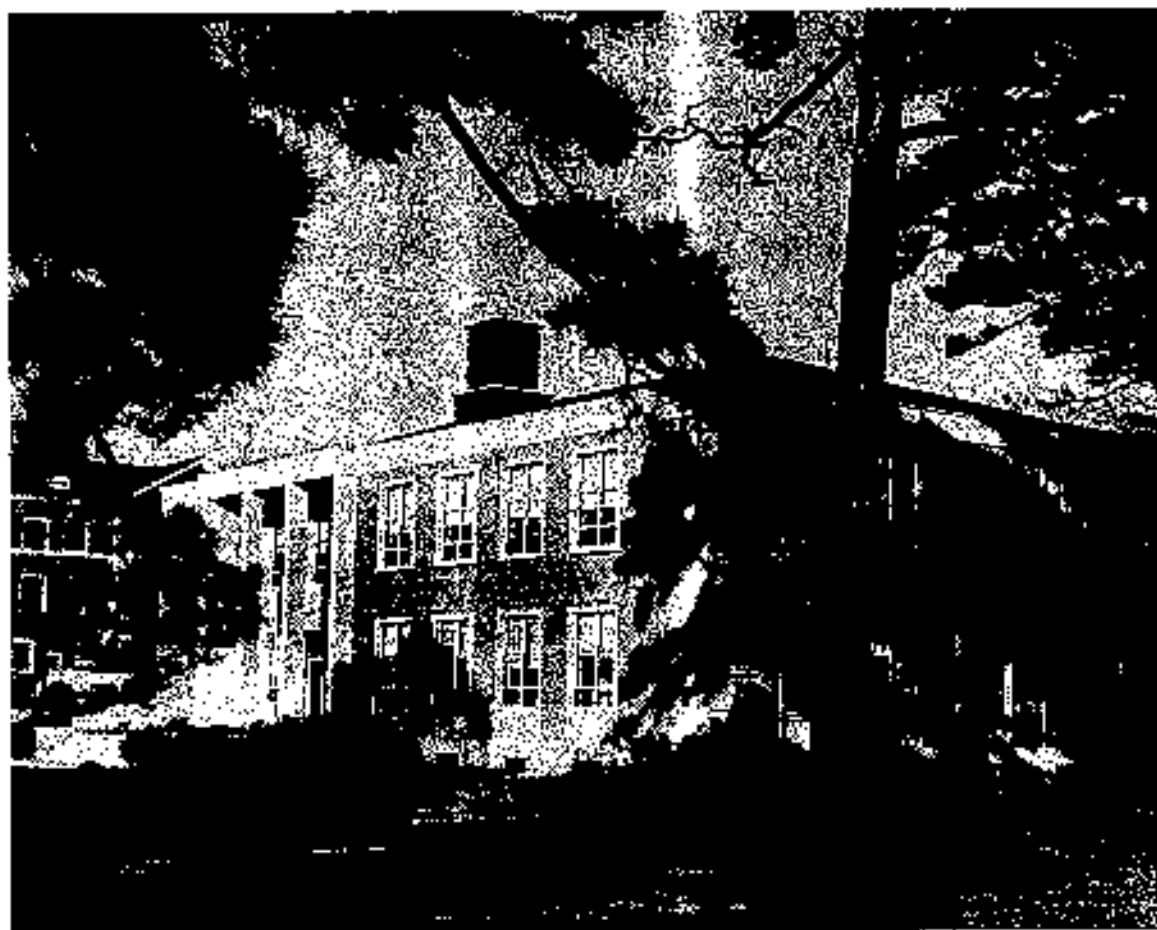
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# AUBURN FORESTER

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## AUBURN TRIES SOMETHING NEW

by Ted Dillon

This year marked the first appearance of an institution that seems destined to become one of the big events in Auburn's year, ranking with the highly successful Religious Emphasis Week. The occasion of which I speak is the newly initiated Auburn Open House. Two days, April the 18th and 19th, were set aside during which time Auburnites entertained guests from all over the state.

The primary objective behind the Open House was to acquaint the people of Alabama with the educational facilities available at Auburn. Particular attention was paid to the large number of high school students attending, as it was primarily for their benefit that the program was arranged.

In order to carry out the objectives of the Open House, a variety of activities were planned. During the two days set aside, exhibits of facilities and equipment were provided by each department; tours of Auburn's campus buildings and outlying lands were arranged; a parade was staged; and, at night, skits and musical performances provided entertainment for all. Auburn students, realizing the value of such a program, worked hard getting it ready and were not, I am sure, disappointed with the results.

From a forestry point of view, I believe the program was entirely successful. During the two days a good many people saw our plantations as well as our building and all that it contains. Dr. Richards and his enormous class in Utilization put on a good show in the back, I understand, and I know that Prof. Johnson had the photogrammetry equipment in good shape. Credit is also due to Ned Gant for his work in getting the show cases filled and to Bill Watson for his work on the float, and, of course credit is due to every student at Auburn who did his part in making our first Open House a success.

A start is always slow but a good thing has a way of growing. I am sure that each year's Open House will be a little bit bigger and better than last.

## IT'S A BOY!!

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Posey announced the arrival of a son, James Henry, on March 20th; he weighed 8 pounds and 10 ounces. Congratulations, to the Poseys.

## A CHALLENGE TO THE ALUMNI

One year has passed since the Forestry Department at A.P.I. became accredited. This means that, if you are not already a member of the Society of American Foresters, you are now eligible to become a junior member.

Alabama, Georgia, and Florida are the three states which form the southeastern section of the society. In the past the schools in Georgia and Florida have had a higher percentage of their alumni in the society than A.P.I., but now there is no reason for a poor showing on our part. More important than this, however, is the fact that every forester owes it to himself to become a member of the organization which represents his chosen profession. The many benefits you will receive will make your small expenditure well worth while.

In order to obtain an application form you may write either:

1. K. R. Swinford, School of Forestry, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida.
2. The forestry school in Alabama or Georgia.

After you have filled in your application form mail it to K. R. Swinford at the above address.

## ANNUAL CONVOCATION HELD

"Forest and Human Resources of Japan" was the topic of the public convocation held March 31 in Duncan Hall. Mr. Floyd M. Coasitt, Forester, U.S. Forest Service, Atlanta, Georgia, who has just recently returned from Japan was the speaker. Mr. Coasitt had been assigned to Army GIIC, SCAP, Tokyo, as an expert to assist the Natural Resources section and the Japanese people in adjusting to a peacetime footing.

Mr. Coasitt used a large number of color slides to illustrate his lecture which was basically on forestry. However, he pointed out many interesting things about Japanese agriculture, customs and economy.

The convocation was sponsored by the Forestry Department in cooperation with the Forestry Club and the Silvanus Honorary Society.

## BACHELORS BEWARE

She came to me at the close of day, when the lamps were being lit and a feeling lay over the world. With cool fingers she caressed my forehead, gently she took from me the volume of simple hearted verses which I had been reading. Softly, her warm lips close to my ear, she whispered: "I'll wash and you dry."

FORESTRY CLUB  
ELECTS OFFICERS

The following officers were elected by the Forestry Club for the spring quarter: Lewis Walker, President; Harry Dunn, Vice-President; Walter Zingelmann, Secretary; Ned Gant, Treasurer; and Carl Struck, Reporter.

## ALUMNI PLACEMENT

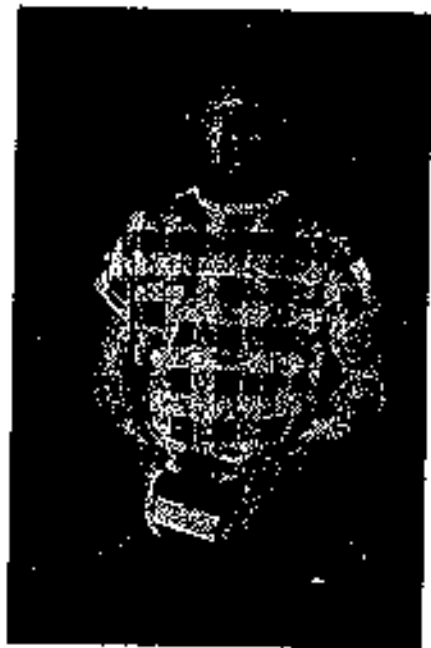
by Guy Smith

The question running through the minds of many forestry students here at Auburn goes something like this: "Just what are my opportunities and where will I work after graduation?" Let us see what a survey of 124 A.P.I. forestry graduates can do toward answering this question.

One thing is very apparent from this survey—Auburn graduates like to stay close to home. Out of a total of 124 graduates, there are 70 employed here in Alabama. The majority of these are in private industry of some type with the remainder being scattered throughout the various state and federal forestry agencies such as the Alabama Department of Conservation and the U.S. Forest Service. Only eight are in non-forestry employment.

The remaining fifty or so A.P.I. forestry graduates are employed in private, state, and federal forestry agencies in thirteen other states and the District of Columbia. Approximately nineteen are in some form of the armed services. Most graduates west of the Mississippi are in federal service (mostly U.S. Forest Service) while those further east are in various private and state forestry agencies. The greatest percentage of A.P.I. foresters in the southeast and Texas are found in private industry, but a few are in teaching, graduate work, and state conservation departments.

Although the armed forces will claim a great many graduates in the future, the employment outlook for department graduates is exceptionally bright. There is an average of four forestry jobs for each A.P.I. forestry graduate with salaries ranging from mediocre to excellent. Maybe the struggle will be rewarding in the end.



The "CHAMP"

## FORESTRY—PART OF A BALANCED AGRICULTURAL PROGRAM

by Vernon Yow, A.P.I., '49

(This is the second in a series of articles written for the Auburn Forester by various alumni.)

There are still some landowners who might question the soundness of giving forestry a definite place in a balanced agricultural program. Perhaps some foresters don't actually realize the full economic importance of trees as a farm crop. To justify assigning forestry a definite role it must be judged on the basis of its importance in bettering the conditions of the individual farmer. Another factor for consideration is whether forestry aids in strengthening and stabilizing the economic situation of the rural community. It is an established fact that each farm acre must be used to the best advantage if maximum returns are to be enjoyed and the fertility of the soil preserved.

People—resources—income—these three considerations are integral parts of one single problem. This problem is the struggle to effect a balance between the requirements of an increasing world population and the resources that are necessary to supply these needs. Success in this endeavor will result in a satisfied people; anything less than success may well result in discontentment and economic chaos.

Now to return to forestry and its place in the economic agricultural picture. Is timber recognized as a farm crop? Professional agriculturalists and foresters are vitally interested in the resource of both land and timber, and have long considered the wooded areas a vital part of any farm. This cognizance must be extended down the ranks to the individual farmer. Is it vital that he, as an individual, realize the value of his forest land and that he develop timber as a farm crop?

Certainly, there is nothing new about timber as a crop; there are few southern farms on which it is not now growing. It is doubtful if any farm product is any more universal in the eastern half of the United States. The innovation would be if farmers generally would undertake to consciously GROW it, instead of merely LETTING IT grow itself. It is not inferred that all farmers are unaware of the value of their forest. The trend for better forest management is on the increase. This fact is supported by the 1952 report issued by the Forest Service Survey. The credit for this lies in the realm of education. Through the efforts of foresters and other agricultural workers, the value of an individual tree and of trees as a crop is slowly, but surely, being recognized. The point of full recognition and whole-hearted acceptance, however, is still beyond the sight of the most enthusiastic individual. At this point it is only possible to say that progress is being made.



Vernon Yow, Associate Professor of Forestry, Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College, Tifton, Georgia

A particular geographical location in the southeast may well be considered as a specific case. Let us look at the forests of southwest Georgia. The Forest Survey Release No. 37, February, 1952, gives pertinent information on the forest situation in this particular section of the Southeast. Let's consider briefly some actual facts and figures.

There are 5.6 million acres in the 22 counties of southwest Georgia. Forests occupy 54 percent, while active agriculture utilizes only 37 percent of this total area. This 54 percent in forests compares with 86 percent for the State as a whole.

Of the 54 percent of forest land in the southwestern part of the State, 88 percent is in private ownership, with farmers owning 85 percent of this private acreage. This area, in general, is high quality agricultural land. It is not plausible to suggest that farmers, owning 85 percent of the total private forest land—land that is desirable for row-crop agriculture, should not realize the value of their forests! The average size of the farm woodlands is about 60 acres. It would be unjust to assume that the farmer is not going to include this acreage in his overall agricultural program. Another important point is the naval stores program (worth \$27 million in 1950). These same 22 counties make up slightly more than one-third of the naval stores belt in Georgia. With the knowledge that Georgia supplies three-

fourths of the nation's supply of naval stores products, this would mean that the farmers owning 85 percent of the forest land are producing about twenty-five percent of the naval stores of the United States. There should be no doubt as to the role of this crop in the economic life of the individual farm owner.

According to a statement from the Georgia Forestry Commission, timber was Georgia's greatest crop harvested in 1950. Georgia's forest, according to the survey, yielded products with a total processed value of more than \$594 million. The total raw value at the mill was \$167,021,734. Farmers of the State received in excess of \$150 million of this amount. Sawlogs were still leading in the value of raw materials. A comparison between crop values reveals that Georgia's timber was more valuable than both cotton and tobacco combined!

Although the same set of figures would not apply, there is no known reason to believe that Georgia holds a monopoly on farm woodland values; the trend for other southeastern states must be comparable. Economically speaking, is forestry a part of a balanced agricultural program? Yes.

The statistics given present a rather encouraging and glorified picture. A look should be made now to see if proper forest practices supports the figures. Unfortunately, the gospel of good forest management practices has not been heeded to any substantial degree. This is borne out by the Survey.

A comparison of the growing volume of all trees 5.0 inches d.b.h. and larger in 1934 and 1951 is most interesting: pine increased during the 16-year period by 6 percent for primary growing stock and 209 percent for secondary growing stock (cull trees). The primary growing stock of hardwoods increased during the same period by 70 percent! This can mean only one thing. Harvest cuttings are favoring low grade hardwoods and cull grade pine. This must be remedied through continued education and use of carefully planned programs. These programs should emphasize the use of forest practices shown to be valuable and sound through research and tested farmer experience. It is true that the forest crop will grow without help, after a fashion, if given half a chance. So will wire grass and gallberry. But the way for the farmer to enjoy long term profits is not through chance crops or chance methods. In even a short period of time abusive utilization makes the woodlands less and less productive.

That farm woodlands serve as an enormous potential for the betterment to the farmer, community, State, and Nation is definitely established. Foresters, agricultural workers, extension workers, colleges, and other competent agencies must unite in their efforts to spread a knowledge of sound farm woodland practices among the farmers. When this goal has been achieved, it will properly place forestry in a balanced agricultural program.

## WOODCHOPPER'S BALL?

by Ted Dillon

"Forestry Club? Never heard of the outfit. Woodchopper's Ball? Sounds like a defamatory. I don't know what you're talking about."

That's the way it has been going all week. Every time I set my foot outside the door some creep who calls himself the "Auburn Knight" (Sir Galtonhead, or something like that) comes galloping up waving a bill for \$250.00 in my face and babbling some gibberish about having seen me at (or maybe on) something called the Woodchopper's Ball. I just tell him to go hunt for the Holy Grail, I don't know from nothing. Whoever those bums from the forestry club are, they must have sure pulled a lemon, for half the city of Auburn is out looking for them. Whatever sent them underground, however, I'm sure couldn't have compared with the fiasco that took place at the hands of the Cronartium Club (local forestry organization) on the night of their annual orgy. Led off by head canker, Luigi Walker, and several slightly woozy plumel, the night of March 22nd was destined to become one to be remembered by all concerned. I will endeavor to present an eye-witness account if I can force my shattered mind to recall some of the gnarly details.

To begin with it was a lousy night. It had no sooner gotten dark than it began to rain like pouring beer out of a boot. Heaven only knows why I left the sanctuary of Madame Jones' house; I must have been bitter because I let my roomie roll me for the price of a ticket. The rain made it kind of rough in some ways, but it simplified transportation for those who are usually on foot. All you have to do is lay down in the gutter and the first thing you know you're there. I pulled myself out of an open sewer near the pig farm just in time to grab a bite to eat and hoof it back to the Activities building for the opening festivities.

Upon entering the building, I was completely amazed by the decorations. The same old stuff! Pine trees arranged in a semi-circle around the floor; and a crumier bunch of trees I've never seen not a one over four feet tall and on every limb a cronartium canker. They were like vegetative powder puffs, you couldn't get close to one without being smothered in spores. It has been nearly a month now and I still get orange dust when I blow my nose. To top it off, propped up in the middle of the whole scrubby works, was a disgustingly crude portrait of some clown called Paul Buryan (the Great White Father of forestry I understand) followed by, of all things, a blue ox, pink elephants, green monkeys; o.k., but a blue ox? I don't believe even the narcotics ward at Lexington has anyone who claims to have seen one of those. The least they could have done was to sober the guy up before letting him paint that.



Some old grads. Left to right: Harvard Lucas, Norman Kent, Hoyt Grissom, Roy Gamble, Denton Cook, and Herman Ball.



It had fine texture and real quality, though.

To the right of the entrance I noticed a spot that is always popular at the campus affairs—the refreshment stand. Behind the bar was good old Al (rot gut) Pyle. I don't believe I've ever seen anyone look better except maybe dead. Al made Bogart in the "African Queen" look like Tyrone Power on oscar night. Bidding fair

to nudge Al out of first place was a mouldering porcupine flanked on either side by a partially decomposed deer skull. I walked over, grabbed a cup of the stuff he was handing out, and quaffed it down. The cup was no sponcer empty than I had filled it up again. That stuff would have gagged a maggot, I noticed Al was having a

hard time getting it into tin cups before the barrel dissolved.

About the time I was getting used to having no stomach lining, a hideous racket burst forth from the rear of the building completely drowning out the piteous moans and assorted death rattles of Al's victims. I realized that it was only the band striking up. Led by a stout-hearted drummer, they were giving a bang (gang, that is) up imitation of the Congo Kid and his nine, natural natives letting loose with a little tribal jive. Things really began to get Hot Looking around I spotted several astewed alumni. I knew they were alumni because they're the only ones who can afford to let anyone see the label. The rest of the poons were obviously suffering from the effects of Al's concoction. It had hardly had time to COOL off, I recognized one person in particular, Bill Black. He wasn't just happy, he was bellowing. I knew it was Bill Black because I'd heard him bellow about this time last year. He wandered over, collapsed in my arms and had a nice long talk (he talked, I listened). I dropped him on a breako block just in time to hear intermission announced. This, of course, was the highlight of the evening. I don't know why for it was strictly anti-climax to me. The beard-judging was a complete fix; some stupid look-log, red-haired albino won the prize. (picture on page two). I thought the snappy looking French-Canadian should have gotten it myself. To ruin the program beyond all hope of redemption, two yokels gargled mountain music into the wrong side of the microphone for half an hour. I thought the local aboriginals were bad! These geeks made the nine natives sound like the New York Philharmonic.

By this time I had endured all I could take. While the orgy was getting back into full swing I sneaked out the door and headed home. I'm a coward and I admit it but every man has his breaking point and I was about to come apart at the seams.

Well, that's how I saw it, folks; I know you won't believe it and I sometimes wonder if it happened myself. The strange thing is, that in spite of it all, we had fun.

## ALUMNI NEWS

by D. J. Smith

Hear! Hear! What's new with the alumni of the Forestry Department? Well, first thing, we saw lots of old grads at the Woodchopper's Ball, but Ted Dillon will tell you about that. Almost everyone we saw had some news to report, so if that group was a random sample we know our files are not up to date. We have applied two standard deviations, but to no avail.

In digging through the files on forestry alumni, we get used to seeing foresters in strange places, but Hoyt Grissam has *Liquidambar styraciflua* beat. He is working as a cartographic photogrammetric aid, which may not be

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# JOKES

A western sheriff confiscated a bunch of slot machines on the basis that it is unlawful to use steel traps for catching dumb animals.

Anxious father: What's the matter with my daughter? She's a fine girl.  
Suitor: She's a fine girl all right, but there's enough of her for two girls.  
Anxious father: What do you want for a wife, a skinny tooth pick?  
Suitor: Well, no, not a toothpick, but I don't want a whole lumber yard either.

Doctor: If you're suffering from the grippe, why are you undressing?  
Lady: Why, doctor, how else can I show you where I was gripped?

Definition of a successful love affair: No hits, no runs, no heirs.

A dark room is where a girl with a negative personality is developed.

Bandage covered Bill Watson lay in the hospital bed and spoke dazedly to his visiting pal (Carl Struck):  
"Wh-What happened?"  
"You absorbed too much last night, and then made a bet you could fly out the window and around the block."  
"Why didn't you stop me?" screamed the patient.  
"Stop you hell! I had \$25 on you."

so strange, but we can't pronounce it. But enough of this idle chatter, and back to the working men.

Those men whose addresses had changed, although they were still with the same company were:

Paul Allen, Poplarville, Miss.; Herman Ball, 210 Summerville Court, Mobile, Ala.; Nathan Byrd, PB2D19 Potomac Station, Alexandria, Va.; Gene Castleberry, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Denton Cook, Columbia, Ala.; R. E. Fress, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Roy Gamble, Centerville, Ala.; Milford Holcomb, 551 Blud S. E., Atlanta, Ga.; A. C. Levi, Lucedale, Miss.; John Merriman, Box 587, Nacogdoches, Texas; King Nye, Union Springs, Ala.; H. L. Phillips, Jr., Box 323, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; R. L. (Doc) Pipkin, Box 599, Fairfield, Ala.; James H. Smith, Mobile, Ala.; R. C. Wakefield, Heflin, Ala.

Those men who have changed jobs recently are:

Hoyt Grissam, U. S. Dept. of Interior, Washington, D.C.; James R. Hinson, American Treating Company, Tallahassee, Fla.; Bill Macke, T.C.L. Birmingham, Ala.; T. J. McDaniel, Lewis Wood Preserving Co., Camellia, Ga.; James F. Stockman, Champion Fiber Co., Texas Division; George Wood,

Jimmy Smith: I hear the Profs. are trying to stop drinking.  
Don Stallworth: That so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make students stop, too.

Hillbilly: So you want to marry my daughter. What do you make?  
Harry Dunn: Nothing, I never touch the stuff.

How many children in your family?  
Seven boys and seven girls--15 all together.  
But that's only 14--who's the 15th?  
The stork--he likes to live close to his work.

She was built like the First National Bank--everything deposited in the right places.

Oh, as the little doughnut said to the big layer cake: "If I had your dough I wouldn't be hanging around this hole."

Ned Gant: "I'm a precise man. Our engagement is going to last exactly one year. I'm going to call on you every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 8 o'clock until ten. And we'll spend those hours making love."  
Eleanor Chisohn: "This is Thursday--good night!"

Gulf States Paper Corp., Tuscaloosa, Ala.

The newest addition to Uncle Sam's military forces is Whit N. Stuckey.

Of our most recent graduates, D. Arnold Caylor has been called to the Air Forces, and Reot G. Tanner is with Buckeye Cellulose Co., and living at 514 West Green St., Perry, Fla.

## PERSONALS:

Married: Aaron Jordan, Bay Minette, Ala.

Born: Mr. and Mrs. Burt D. Carlson announced the birth of a daughter, Martha Ann, February 6, 1952, at the Syracusa Hospital, weight, 6 pounds, 6 ounces.

We have gotten the word on three old friends who hope to be back at A.P.I. with us soon. They are: Peter Apt, Bolcher Lumber Co., Centerville, Ala., next winter; Jimmy Graves, Graves Lumber Co., Waverly, Ala., this summer; Dick Majors, U. S. Navy, who hopes to be back for Summer Camp this year.

Any time you or anyone you know has some news to report, drop us a card care of the Forestry Department, and we will put your name in print. See you next fall in a bigger and better Auburn Forester.