

VOLUME IX

NUMBER 1

# The Monadnock

OF THE  
CLARK UNIVERSITY  
GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

JANUARY, 1935

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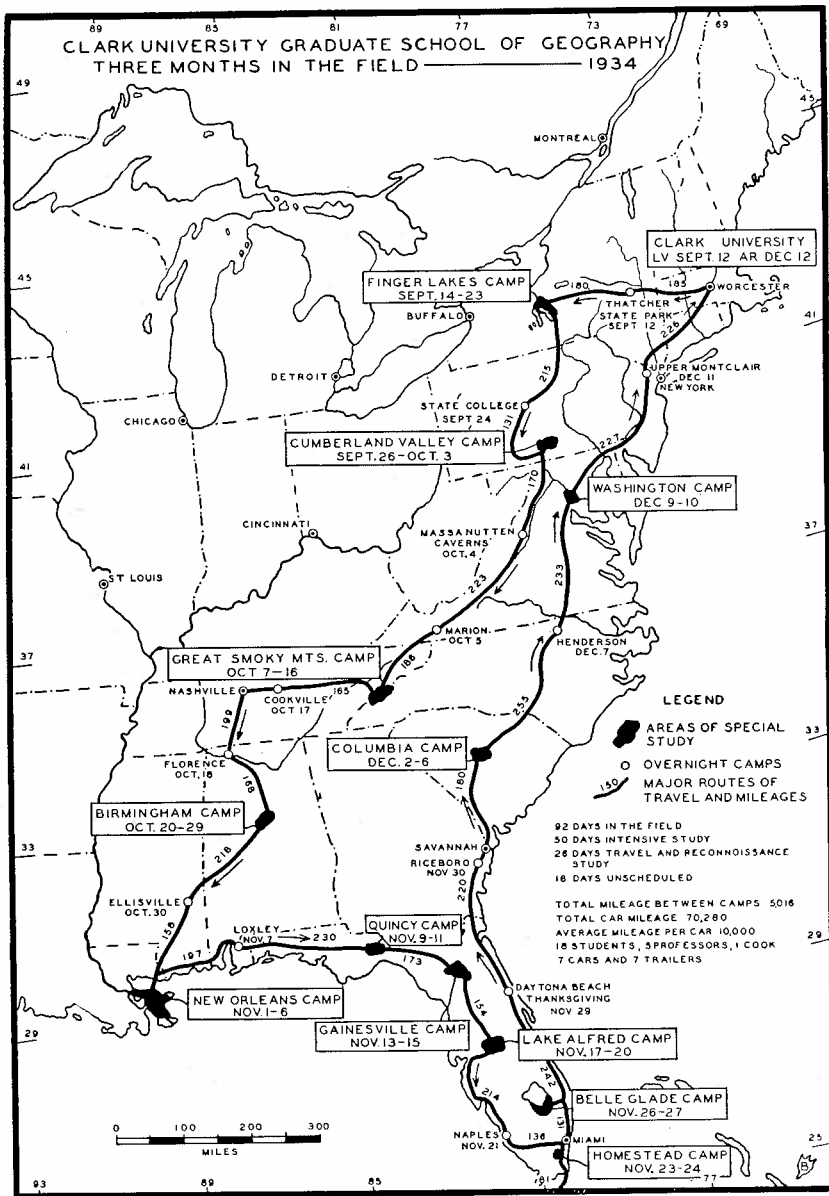
THREE MONTHS IN THE FIELD



THE CARAVAN IN THE EVERGLADES

"The very best kind of education is obtained in doing things one's self under competent direction and with good guidance."

—CHARLES W. ELIOT.



## PIONEERING

Never, to our knowledge, has any educational institution attempted an experiment similar to that just completed by the Graduate School of Geography, Clark University. Since its foundation, our School of Geography has championed field training and original field research as primary essentials in a course of study preparing for professional service of real worth in a science of vital concern to man. The three months' field course just completed, encompassing the eastern United States, materialized President Atwood's vision of several years ago and climaxed two years of planning and preparation by his staff.

Our President and his staff merit the very highest commendation awarded them by fellow geographers for their forward look and the perseverance necessary for its realization. Pioneers indeed they are, and we of Clark are proud that our professors and our Alma Mater have traversed the trail they blazed and opened to us the living phase of our interpretive science—geography.

## A TRIBUTE TO OUR FIELD DIRECTOR

We congratulate our field director upon his successful execution of a tremendous assignment. His untiring perseverance, his jealous care of valuable equipment, his concern for our comfort and welfare, his amazing coolness in real emergencies—all these have won for him the profound respect of every student in the party.

To his generous allowance for amusement and entertainment and his own hearty participation in our fun, we drink a toast in fellowship. Hats off to Dr. Wallace W. Atwood, Jr., Director of our epochal field excursion.

## WE'RE OFF!

Seven little houses stood in a row on the Clark University campus. In the gray dawn of September 12, 1934, a few figures emerged from them with pleasant excitement that the great day had arrived, and a little later Jimmy's was buzzing with talk while we ate our last breakfast in Worcester for three whole months.

Coaches had to be closed that morning, and inexperience made it a slow job. Hilbert Fern, or "Cookie," who filled us with good Swedish cooking for all of the thirteen weeks, was busily packing supplies into the kitchen coach, the girls were getting their initiation in making sandwiches, as the first shift of Kitchen Police, and Celia Atwood was everywhere at once, tending to last details. Faculty and their wives, students and visiting geographers were there to see us off, and there were contributions of various kinds, from delicious cake to good advice. At last, a little after ten-thirty, the caravan drew slowly out, with Dr. Atwood's Lincoln as rear guard, and gradually gained speed as it pushed westward onto the main highway.

We ate lunch by the side of a beautiful esker near Belchertown, and had our first and fundamental lesson in physiography when Dr. Atwood had us identify this physiographic feature by (1) its topography, (2) its structure, and (3) its relation to associated topographic forms. All day we exchanged thrills as the open Fords and their little gray houses ran over hill and down dale, and we did not forget to take notes on evidences of glaciation, changes in vegetation with altitude, and position of towns and mill sites. We crossed the Central Massachusetts Upland, the Connecticut Valley, the Berkshires, Housatonic Valley and Taconic Highland, to emerge into a different world. We left New England's rugged, ice-scarred beauty and found ahead of us

the rich agricultural land and urban development of New York's glaciated sedimentary rocks.

The procession crossed the Hudson at Albany, worming its way through traffic of the rush hour, and coming once more onto country roads, to reach the base of the formidable forest-clad Helderberg Escarpment just at sunset. Cookie's car ran out of gas halfway up the hill, but Dr. Atwood came to the rescue by going back down the winding road to the nearest filling station for more, and the top was reached with no further excitement.

Our first night's camp was in beautiful pine woods where we built a roaring fire and sat around telling stories until supper was ready. Although the meat had been roasted the day before there were difficulties with the pressure cooker, which would not work, and it was after eight-thirty when we sat down to the table. Flashlights supplemented car lights, making it possible to find what was on our plates, and after much good roast beef, potato and sweet corn our spirits were high. From the crest of the escarpment we could look down on the twinkling lights of Albany, Schenectady and other cities of the great Hudson-Mohawk Depression, and felt that we had passed a milestone in our geographic experience as well as a great physiographic boundary.

Next morning we hunted fossils before breakfast, and swept the great lowland with our field glasses, as it lay spread out like a map before us. Haze prevented our seeing into the far distance, but the view was very fine. The cars and trailers were under way again before nine o'clock, and carried us down the escarpment and westward along the southern edge of the Mohawk Valley, through beautiful farm lands and a number of important towns at the head of great north-south valleys, then finally

southward along Lake Cayuga to Aurora.

CAROL Y. MASON.

## IN THE FINGER LAKES COUNTRY

Mid-afternoon, September 14, we drew up on the edge of the green at Camp Aurora, Wells College, on that beautiful terrace overlooking Lake Cayuga. Here, in our ten-day camp began an amalgamation of many diverse temperaments that long before three months was to become one happy group of camaraderie.

Who can forget the roomy clubhouse, and the generous fireplace? Around it we learned of Johnnie and Syria, a buggy place, where everyone has sore eyes. I don't know yet whether it was a course in hospitals or dogs, but they do say Johnnie went to a University in the interims. What joy, when, unknown to each other, the various Atwood professors bought grapes, quantities of them, and how happy the result when huge platters stood about on the table.

President Macmillan and his faculty will long be remembered for their royal hospitality. Did Dean Roy know the key to our hearts when she sent up those delicious rolls made in her own home? The patience of the Indian Museum curator, the enthusiasm of the Wells geology professor, and the kindness of our host, Dr. Macmillan we all appreciated that sunny autumn afternoon when we viewed the restoration of an Indian camping ground. Nor can it be said that their entertainment ended when we went to the movie in their beautiful new college building.

We "did those things we should have done"—very seriously. We mapped until the world stuck out in tiny forty-acre squares of buckwheat, winter wheat, alfalfa, barley, rye and corn. On a flat or slightly rolling country a lime soil reworked, and, in

places, buried, by the glacier, today has its response in grain fields and dairies.

"And we left undone those things we ought not to have done," except Jim Minogue and Jack Pyle. They rather saved the day by losing themselves many miles from home. It was a black night! Does anyone remember Jim's despondent face as he ate his late, cold supper? You might, at least, Jim, have worn the air of a concealed smile, for didn't you get out of K. P.?

One glorious day we went to the city, Seneca Falls, with Dr. Jones, and we mapped and mapped. Later

we gave the maps to Wally and Norm, who had this city study under their special charge. An industrial visit to one of the large rope companies of this country in Auburn, N. Y., The Columbia Rope Company, was a revelation to us.

In physiography we imbibed many new ideas. Do not forget the happy hunting ground of all drumlin seekers, for we left it, but not untouched by our skepticism. In the end we knew that we were just at a beginning of scientific research in the lake country. Thus we experienced the philosophy of the sincere scientist!

ELIZABETH P. LOVE.



ENCAMPED AT AURORA, NEW YORK

## DOWN THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY

Up at five-thirty and on the road soon after eight, the party left Aurora on the morning of September twenty-fourth. The route led southward through Ithaca, where we circled the campus of Cornell University and had our last view of the Finger Lakes, and then on to Pennsylvania. A heavy fog obscured the landscape for some hours but we caught

glimpses of one or two hanging deltas and recognized the moraine south of Cayuga Lake when we went through. Then the sun came out and the afternoon was very hot. We were all on the look-out for cider, and Kirk's car stopped to get a jug, with the result that it lost its honorary position at the end of the line. But it was good cider, anyway.

It was exciting to follow evidences of glaciation, cross a little morainic area with boulders, follow a broad

valley which had V-shaped unglaciated tributaries but a broad flat valley floor which appeared to be outwash, and then to pick up the trail of the ice again where more boulders indicated what may have been an older terminal moraine. Then suddenly we dropped into a typical V-shaped valley so obviously unglaciated that it looked like a picture in a text-book. How much more real and vitally interesting these things all are in the field than in a book every member of the field camp will testify, and this was true of all our geographic observations throughout the trip.

We drove down the Nitanny Valley, an eroded anticline where we could see a remnant of the crest of the arch at one end and the gentle dip slopes on the outer edges of the ridges, visible where rivers had cut notches through them. There was also a splendid view of the irregular eroded edge of the Alleghany Plateau with its knobby hills in direct contrast to the long even ridges of the folded region through which we were traveling. The roads although paved were highly crowned and bumpy, and as we drove up the steep approach to State College the lurching of the trailers ahead was startling, but they stood the test well and we made our stop for the night just as it was getting dark. We camped on the Pennsylvania State College campus in an oak grove which literally rained acorns on our heads, a new experience for some of us and a forceful reminder that we were traveling through a region in which the natural vegetation was in part oak-hickory forest.

During the evening the Geology staff of the College, including Dr. R. E. Murphy and Professor Boline, cordially entertained us at the new Mineral Industries Building, where we saw a beautiful geologic model of the state and many interesting exhibits of minerals and industries. Ex-

treme weariness overcame most of us before the evening was over, as the day had been long and hot, and we were sorry not to be able to take better advantage of the material there for us to see.

The next day was again foggy for most of the morning, but a detour over rough roads took us into some of the little valleys which we could not see from above and was a blessing in disguise as well as being quite exciting. We had a hazy view of the famous pitching anticline, Warrior Ridge (a cigar-shaped mountain) and during the afternoon when the sun came out there were many miles of exhilarating driving up over one great ridge after another, and down through broad cultivated valleys. We reached the State Teachers College at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, soon after three, and made camp. Here we had hot showers, which we appreciated even more later, when we reached camps where there were none.

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, lies in the Cumberland Valley, the northward extension of the Shenandoah Valley. Our work there covered three distinct types of regions and we visited a fourth, making our stay particularly interesting. The camp itself was in the limestone section of the great valley, where prosperous dairy farms were numerous and comfortable "Pennsylvania Dutch" homes with big red "overshot" barns were conspicuous on the country landscape. The bare rock was exposed on many low hills, however, where the land was used only for sheep grazing. The solution topography and lack of rivers were striking features of the area, yet it was a gently rolling country without deep sink holes. We were told, however, that sometimes in plowing a farmer loses a mule when a sink hole suddenly caves in under him. In contrast the parts of the valley underlain by shale were drained by numerous surface streams,

hillsides were gulleys and agriculture appeared less successful. There were many interesting interviews with farmers, including the one who said to Carol: "Can you milk a cow? No? Well, (comfortingly) it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

This densely populated region, well traversed by roads, has on the east of it South Mountain, a part of ancient Appalachia, underlain by igneous and metamorphic rocks, deeply eroded, rugged, heavily forested and sparsely inhabited. Here are living mountain folk who have log cabins and tiny gardens, and whose quaint speech is reminiscent of the Kentucky Mountains. One afternoon we talked to a shrivelled little old lady who looked ninety but said she was only sixty-three. As we left her by the front gate of her log house she gave us a friendly smile, saying "I hope you luck to go home," and we drove off feeling as if we had been many miles into the back woods. But in half a mile we suddenly emerged into rich farm country. So sharp is the boundary of geologic and geographic provinces there.

West of the Cumberland Valley are the great Appalachian folds of the Ridge and Valley country. The whole party rode up North (Blue) Mountain one afternoon, and on its crest, deep in the woods, with a shaft of sunlight illuminating one brilliant red tupelo, Dr. Ekblaw gave us a fine lecture on native vegetation. Then we went on to Mt. Kittatinny, made famous by the use of its name for the great summit peneplain, and there we climbed the fire tower and had a magnificent view of that old erosion surface. As far as eye could reach to the west ridge after ridge rose to the summit level, all apparently bevelled at the same elevation. The depth of the forest too added to the impressiveness of the scene and we all felt, as never before, a sympathy for the pioneer who found there such an effective barrier. Everyone was very

peppy, and "the gang" will not soon forget the battle of acorns, the roller coaster roads, or the hump-backed bridge that nearly threw us out over the back seat. This was also the night of the famous supper of oyster stew.

On Sunday we went to Gettysburg, where we had a glimpse of the Triassic Lowland and the trap ridges which formed important vantage points on the battlefield. Part of the other days were spent in mapping land utilization, the whole group making a study of a section all the way across the great valley. Then teams were given special problems, some physiographic, some studies of geographic units such as the Buchanan and Amberson Valleys. Mr. L. C. Krebs and Mr. Keith Allan of the State Teachers College were very kind in allowing us to use their classroom, in giving us helpful information, and in providing us with entertainment. There were two dances at the college, one of which was given for us, and we were also invited to an evening of interpretive dancing by a New York artist. There is still some correspondence keeping the mails busy as a result of those good times.

The week was full to the brim with work and fun and interest and many of us feel that the Shippensburg camp was one of the best we had.

CAROL Y. MASON.

## THE GREAT SMOKIES

With hints of rain and many low-flying clouds we left Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, for a three-day trip to the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. Visibility was very poor, many of the interesting points of the Shenandoah Valley being shrouded in fog and clouds. By mid-afternoon, however, we arrived at Massanutten Caverns and after unhooking three of the cars from the trailers we drove out onto the new Shenandoah National Park Highway. Here we luckily struck the only hour of clear

weather during two days and had an excellent view of the surrounding country. After dinner we were conducted through the many beautiful chambers of the Massanutten Caverns.

The second day was probably one of the most strenuous of the entire trip. Rain descended like water from a faucet throughout the entire day. Narrow, high-crowned pavement with

we were fortunate in securing the grounds, buildings and facilities of Camp Le Conte, a summer camp for boys. The trailers were lined up on the baseball grounds and the cook-coach was backed up to the rear of the main building in which we had our dining room, library, lecture room and workroom. The fireplace in the library was greatly appreciated on the cold mornings and evenings,



AT THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT LE CONTE

very soft mud shoulders, added considerable strain upon the drivers. About dusk we arrived at Marion, Virginia, where twelve huskies with Kink as coxswain, managed to push the cook-coach to the top of Clubhouse Hill. Beans "a-la-mud" were served in style on the front porch of the clubhouse and we all went rather quickly to sleep, lulled by the falling rain.

On the third afternoon the sun came out, tops of the cars went down, and we went flying up the mountain roads into the Great Smokies. Here

though it was the surrounding mountains that looked best to us during the warm mid-day.

Most of the work in the Great Smokies centered around physiography, exceptionally interesting because very little field work had been done in the region. Dr. Atwood led the work of recognizing and mapping the peneplains and erosion surfaces. Many features which we studied in the Great Valley of Pennsylvania were remembered and correlated with those uncovered in the Great Smokies. Several teams made intensive studies

in isolated structural valleys or Coves, parts of which will be used later by the National Park Service. One team mapped a typical quadrangle so that the Land Utilization might be compared with that in other regions; another studied lumbering, and another, natural vegetation. The last proved particularly interesting because it is in the Southern Appalachians that the flora of the north, south and east and the center of the country meet, with the result that there are more species of plants here than in any other single section of North America.

Dr. Van Valkenburg managed to get us up two different mornings for climatological observations. Seven stations were established the first day, each at a different elevation. Observations were taken every half hour from sunrise until sunset, with excellent results. The second morning observations were interrupted by a valley breeze which wreaked havoc on the temperature inversion. Results obtained from our observations may determine the location of a weather station in the Great Smokies by the United States Weather Bureau.

Many other experiences should be mentioned to stimulate the memories which the twenty-four participants have of the most rustic and beautiful of our camp sites. That short (16 mile) hike over Mt. Le Conte (6,590 ft. A. T.), the view from this or that fire tower or from the top of the mountain as the sun rose through the "Nebel Meer"; the exploration of caves and coves, or a lecture to CCC boys on the subject of Drumlins; interviewing six old maids who had never seen a town of more than 600 and not even that for over three years; the boom of the Treeboomers, Bolo Ave., and those lovely cold showers all added life to the evening conversation around the fireplace.

WALTER E. KIRKENDALL.

## INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL BIRMINGHAM

At Birmingham we were guests of Birmingham Southern College, camping in a wooded section of their campus astride the flint ridge that separates Jones and Opossum Valleys, the two parallel valleys in which the city developed. To its industrial status, Birmingham added the attraction of being the home of Miss Sara Waites (A. M., Clark 1933). She and her family made the nine day, two week-end Birmingham stay the social climax of our trip. Dr. and Mrs. Waites twice entertained members of the party, and Bennett established a sterling reputation as the South's most appreciated non-commercial date bureau secretary. If "Southern's" co-eds found his descriptions unpardonably imaginative, they were too well-mannered for complaint (to us); and from Birmingham to Worcester, Clark boys have scanned incoming mail for Birmingham postmarks. But we stopped at Birmingham for a study of urban and industrial geography!

This vicinity, with its well outlined and effective physical setting and culturally unhampered growth, offered a splendid opportunity for the study of urban geography. Our group chose, upon a presentation of the possibilities by Dr. Jones, to carry to completion an urban geography study with a few days devoted to acquainting ourselves with the industrial conditions of Birmingham rather than undertaking detailed industrial geography projects, many of which would have been hampered by the present business stagnation. To this end each field team of two mapped a cross-section of the urban area, the group thus completing a cultural map of the Birmingham vicinity that included Bessemer, Ensley, Fairfield, and lesser suburbs.

In addition to the cultural map, we prepared a physical map of the area



THE FIELD PARTY AT BIRMINGHAM

Back Row, left to right:

Robert B. Simpson, Grand Forks, N. D.  
 Fred H. Allen, Cloverdale, Ind.  
 J. Norman Carls, Virginia, Ill.  
 Margaret E. Stevens, Burton, Ohio  
 James A. Mingo, Duluth, Minn.  
 Carol Y. Mason, Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Walter E. Kirkendall, Indianapolis, Iowa  
 Lloyd J. Black, Scarsdale, N. Y.  
 Hans J. Boesch, Zurich, Switzerland  
 L. LeMar Stephan, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Elizabeth P. Love, Auburn, Mass.

Front Row, left to right:

Walter W. Ristow, LaCrosse, Wis.  
 Milton J. Prescott, Worcester, Mass.  
 James S. Nelson, Holden, Mass.  
 John F. Pyle, Beaver, Ohio  
 Johnson E. Fairchild, Glen Ridge, N. J.  
 Ruben L. Parson, Battle Lake, Minn.  
 Franklin C. Erickson, Worcester, Mass.  
 Dr. Wallace W. Atwood, Jr.  
 Dr. Clarence F. Jones.

on an equal scale. These two field maps and detailed team reports constitute the student contributions from which will be prepared for publication a paper on the urban geography of Birmingham and vicinity.

While at Birmingham we made group visits and interviews at coal mines, limestone quarries, blast furnaces, open hearth furnaces, a by-products plant, roller mills, metal manufactories, and cement factories. One team made a brief study of the city's sole cotton textile mill for comparison with mills to be studied later near Columbia. Dr. Russell Poor, Professor of Geology at Birmingham Southern lectured to us on the economic geology of Alabama and led a field study of Red Mountain.

Our party continued from Birmingham with the satisfaction of having co-operated in accomplishing a complete urban geography study of the industrial capital of the South and of having acquired a foundation for future study of its industrial bases and problems.

*Note:* Certain Birmingham girls receiving this MONADNOCK may be interested to know that "Suitcase" Simpson has been singing "I'll do anything that you do" ever since someone called to his attention that that was the only part of "I'm Popeye the Sailor Man" that *She DIDN'T* sing; "Blackie" swoons when a pal licks "Thweet Thweet!" and Worcester girls wonder why they're so hopefully asked to pronounce "Guy Lombardo."

J. NORMAN CARLS.

## DELIGHTFUL NEW ORLEANS

We made an early start from Birmingham Tuesday, October 30th and drove to Tuscaloosa where the University of Alabama is located. There the student group inspected the Indian relics in the university museum while Drs. Jones and Atwood visited

with the state geologist and secured some important literature on the geologic structures around Birmingham. Had we gone south from Birmingham through Montgomery to Mobile and then west there would have been a good road all the way to New Orleans. However, the route chosen led to the southwest through Meridian and Hattiesburg in order to give a better idea of the state of Mississippi. Tuesday night was spent on the athletic field of the Ellisville Junior College, a few miles northeast of Hattiesburg.

The road through practically the whole of Mississippi was the worst that we had yet encountered on the trip. It was a loose, gravel road that necessitated a wide spacing of cars to avoid driving in a cloud of dust. In the swamp forests of western Mississippi and eastern Louisiana we had our first sight of the wild, razor-back hogs and of the beautiful Spanish moss. The city was approached over the long Pontchartrain bridge.

The New Orleans camp was located just back of the tennis courts on the campus of Tulane University much to the delight of Jim Nelson who rushed over to inspect their brand of tennis at once. The intention was to start work promptly Thursday morning but it turned out that Nov. 1st was All Saints Day, a Roman Catholic holiday. There was little activity in the city; all the civic bodies through which it was hoped to work were not in their offices and as a result a half-holiday was declared. It is hardly necessary to explain that a half—or whole—holiday meant an opportunity to catch up with some back work and not a time for idle dissipation. In the afternoon an inspection trip was made to the Mississippi River where asphalt mats were being laid to prevent erosion of the levees. These mats which are being made and laid right at the place where they are needed, under the supervision of the

U. S. Engineering Corps, are the best and cheapest that have yet been devised. They are not affected by temperature changes, nor does the water erode under them as in the case of the cement mats. Moreover the filler, sand and loess, is relatively cheap because it is found along the Mississippi, while the asphalt is the only material bearing higher transportation costs.

Friday morning teams were appointed and an area of some sixteen square miles was mapped for land utilization. As much of this area, located on both sides of the river and several miles above the city, was marsh and bayou land, the assignment proved to be a snap. On Saturday morning various projects of study relating to the activities of the port were assigned for individual or team study. Following the assignment Dr. Jones took the entire party to the observation tower on the Hibernian Bank Building from which point an excellent view of the entire city could be obtained. The manner in which the city is surrounded on three sides by the meandering Mississippi and the proximity of Lake Pontchartrain to the east were plainly seen.

After coming from the tower the students were left free to pursue the study of their various projects for the rest of the day. Since this was Saturday and practically all the business offices were closed after noon there was not much chance for work on any particular project and it is safe to assume that much time and gasoline were spent in looking over the city, particularly the French quarter. No names need be mentioned, but practically all the men came back for an early dinner, arrayed themselves in as much splendor as possible, and departed hurriedly in as many of the V-8's as could be extracted from Wally's jealous care. It may be noted that Dr. Wally and Dr. Jones were also absent from camp until a shockingly late hour.

Sunday breakfast was at seven

thirty and by eight o'clock we were started on a 200 mile drive that took us across the river at the foot of Canal Street, through the "Louisiana sugar bowl" to the west and north of the city, and back to the river at Donaldsonville about fifty miles above New Orleans. Lunch was eaten under an immense live oak overgrown with Spanish moss. It was a very enjoyable drive and gave a splendid idea of life in the delta section.

Drs. Atwood and Jones had a treat in store for us Sunday evening. We were all taken to Arnaud's in the French quarter where a real dinner was served. It did one good to see how the gang went for it, even the "Cookie" acted as if he were glad to eat some one's cooking rather than his own for a change. The Vin Rouge was excellent and plentiful. A hearty vote of thanks was voted to the sponsors of the feast. The most of the group stayed in French town after the feast but, surprising to relate, "Kink" came back to camp and was in the hay by 9:00 p. m. This particular Swede must have been worn out!

Monday morning we were out early to see a United Fruit liner, the Sixiola, discharging bananas. The mechanical unloaders, each bringing out eighty bunches per minute and distributing them alongside the waiting refrigerator cars, were very interesting. Dr. Jones had secured passes which allowed us on board the ship. Those who were not familiar with ocean going steamers were shown around by the second steward.

On Monday evening a most interesting and instructive lecture on the geology of the delta region was given by Dr. Steinmeyer, Professor of Geology at Tulane University. He gave particular stress to the work on the river levees and to the geology of the salt dome sections. After being in mountainous country most of the time since leaving the Finger Lakes of New York it was surprising to be

in a country where the highest elevation did not exceed ten feet.

It would not be proper to close this article without reference to the mosquitoes. They were fully as large as katy-dids and as fierce as wildcats. When one came calling and saw the available material he went home and brought his family even to the third or fourth generation. Aside from this "minor point" our stay in New Orleans was most enjoyable. We wish to extend most hearty thanks to the officials of Tulane University for the use of their campus, where we were shown all possible courtesy and consideration. For a perfect vacation, free from academic worries, go to New Orleans on the "other side" of Canal Street.

FRED H. ALLEN.

### QUINCY ENCAMPMENT

Most of us hated to leave New Orleans on the morning of Nov. 7 bound for our first Florida encampment at Quincy. But entranced by the beauty of again traveling the 4.8-mile cement bridge over eastern Lake Pontchartrain northeast of New Orleans and enjoying the sea shore drive in southern Mississippi from Bay St. Louis to Pascagoula, we temporarily forgot the enchantment of that historic city and the pleasurable work and play. In Mobile we observed the docks and ships while we were crossing the Bay over a series of bridges and roads leading through the canebrakes.

At dusk we arrived in Loxley where we camped for the night. The little town afforded no amusement, so Jack Pyle, our humorist, with celerity came to our rescue with the suggestion of catching "snipes" in the tall long-leaf pines. We were especially pleased to acquaint Scotty (Milton Prescott) and Steve (Margaret Stevens) with the methods of hunting. A group accompanied the two into the woods, made sure that they held their cloth sacks appropri-

ately and accurately, then left them in darkness to go "drive in" the "snipes." For some reason or other we lost all interest in searching for "snipes" and immediately walked into camp! Steve was "rescued" by Johnnie Fairchild, but Scotty was determined to catch some of these "slow birds" which he had never seen. Finally he tired and walked into camp. Still serious and intensely interested he inquired why he did not catch any. The group was laughing, and Scotty volunteered to show us how he had held the sack—close to the ground, mouth open! By that time all were roaring and Scotty finally saw that it was a huge joke and he joined in with us most heartily. He thought perhaps that it was a joke because he'd never heard of "such dumb birds."

We stopped at Pensacola the next morning and visited the Navy Air Station at Fort Barrancas. At Quincy we set up camp on the grounds of the University of Florida Experiment Station. Dr. L. O. Gratz, in charge of the Station, extended every courtesy to our group, including plenty of tangerines to eat, and a workroom in the laboratory for our use. As tobacco is the dominant specialized crop in the Quincy area, we made that our chief concern, visiting a tobacco warehouse and two cigar factories, one making cigars by modern machinery and the other by skillful hands of colored laborers. Incidentally, we were supplied with these two types of cigars for several days in advance. We also visited the Floridan Fullers Earth Quarry and Plant and the Thomas-Little Lumber Mill in the first day's unit of observation study. Appropriately, in the tobacco greenhouse at the Experiment Station, we learned very thoroughly the practice of tobacco culture through lectures by Dr. Gratz, Dr. R. R. Kincaid, and Mr. Jesse Reeves. Other teams worked out two interesting studies, namely, citrus pro-



duction and the distilling of turpentine. The Quincy stay (Nov. 8-12) was unusually profitable in that it afforded the study of a specialized agricultural crop, shade tobacco, for comparison with the famed Connecticut Valley tobacco region with which several in the party were already familiar through previous studies in Clark University field schools.

L. LEMAR STEPHAN.

## THE GAINESVILLE CAMP

Leaving Quincy at 7:20 a. m., Monday, November 12, the caravan completed the drive to Gainesville at 12:50 p. m. The only interruption was a twenty-five minute stop for lunch, during which a Jersey bull chased Betty into the "32."

Pine-palmetto flatwoods on the higher sandy soils and cypress on the poorly drained lands dominated the natural vegetation along the route. Many sink holes in various stages of vegetative filling were the outstanding features of relief observed.

Dr. Rollin Atwood met and escorted the group to the camp-site, located on the grounds of WRUF, the University of Florida radio broadcasting station. The party enjoyed and greatly appreciated the various facilities of the station during the stay.

Dr. Jones left at 5:10 p. m. on the day of arrival, and Drs. Ekblaw and Van Valkenburg reached the camp later in the evening.

During the night many of the party suffered from "latitudinal inversion." The members of one cabin claimed that their thermometer registered 27 degrees.

On Tuesday, the first work day of the camp, following comprehensive and most instructive lectures by Drs. Newell and Hume of the University of Florida Experiment Station, the staff assigned problems in Tung oil, Turpentine, Lumbering, Truck gardening, Climate, and Land Use Map-

ping. During the remainder of the day some of the group worked in the field on the special problems, while others obtained materials from the agricultural station library, or studied in the university library.

In the evening Dr. Rollin Atwood conducted a round table discussion at his home concerning his geographic regions of Florida. Dr. Sigmund Dietrich also spoke. Cocoa and sandwiches lent a non-geographic atmosphere.

Preliminary study completed, the party took to the field on Wednesday. Dr. Van Valkenburg with one group made a temperature cross section from Gainesville to St. Augustine. Another group studied the Cypress and Yellow Pine lumbering in the region.

President Tigert and several members of the faculty of the University of Florida were dinner guests at the camp. Later in the evening Dr. Ekblaw lectured on the Eskimo at the Y. M. C. A. smoker.

Completion of field study on special problems occupied the morning of the last day at Gainesville. Accompanied by the manager, Mr. Miller, the entire party visited a large Tung oil plantation. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the routine of closing the sleeping-coaches.

With the various groups studying several subjects intensively, much information should have been gained collectively by the party. The group studies of soils, drainage, and climate combined to make more appreciable the facts brought out by the land use mapping.

For the success of the work completed in the area the party owes much to the various people of the University of Florida and of Gainesville with whom its members came in contact, and greatly appreciates the courtesies extended.

J. A. MINOGUE.

## IN THE CITRUS AREA

Leaving Gainesville the morning of November 16th, headed for the Lake Alfred encampment, we stopped near Ocala long enough to enjoy a few hours at Silver Springs.

Silver Springs, set in a beautiful sub-tropical hammock, amid tall and buttressed cypresses and palmetto trees, is a bird and fish sanctuary. "Doc" Wally gave us a rare treat when he invited us all for a ride in one of the glass bottomed boats. In the motor driven boat we passed from one cavern to another, marvelling at the wonderful and constantly changing prismatic effects created by the sun's rays on the transparent water. The boiling pots, springs bringing up shells and crystals, the fantastic shaped aquatic plants and an abundance of fish life were some of the features. At the Fisherman's Paradise each of us was given a piece of bread, and to our amusement the fish ate out of our hands. Most of us thought we were Isaac Waltons without hook or line and as a result several of us received wet sleeves. The highlight of the boat trip was the football game between fishes, which was suddenly interrupted when the falling ball of dough was intercepted by a huge turtle who swam for a meal.

After the boat ride the party split up into two groups, some desiring to swim while others preferred to take the jungle cruise in search of alligators. The swimmers claim they found perfect swimming conditions under a hot sun and in water with the temperature about 72 degrees, while the cruisers claimed to have seen four (any number is questionable) 'gators sunning themselves along the cypress-lined shores of Oklawaha River.

From Ocala we headed in the direction of Orlando and thence to Lake Alfred. The entire distance from Gainesville to Lake Alfred we tra-

versed a rolling sink hole "infested" country, from a region of specialized and truck farms into the heart of the citrus region. From a vegetative point of view we were traveling through a transition zone tending toward the sub-tropical, with long-leaf pine, Live Oak, cabbage palmetto, saw palmetto and coarse grasses predominating.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the Lake Alfred Citrus Experiment Station and pitched camp under several huge and stately Live Oaks covered with Spanish Moss. In the morning Dr. Fudge, the soil chemist, and Mr. Jefferies took us on a tour of inspection. Here we were introduced to the ordinary citrus fruits and a great number of hybrids as well as tropical fruits. It was the first time any one of us had eaten limequats, tangelos, pink grapefruit and sweet lemons. We were also given a lecture on soils and citrus diseases and the treatment of them.

During the next two days the group was divided into teams for the purpose of studying the citrus industry in Florida. The correlation of relief and drainage, soils and vegetation to the citrus area was excellently exemplified here, and the results obtained by the students were highly gratifying. The remaining time was spent interviewing growers in order to learn about the technology of production and marketing practices.

One section under the leadership of Dr. Van studied the strawberry industry at Plant City, but to the disappointment of Dr. Van and to the enjoyment of the rest of the camp, the plants were not bearing fruit.

On Sunday the "gang" drove over to the Mountain Lake Sanctuary and Singing Tower at Lake Wales. To our dismay visitors are not allowed inside the tower nor were the bells ringing, so we had to content ourselves with the beauty of the tower and its surroundings.

We've heard so many stories about



absent-minded professors which sound rather dubious, but this one was actually witnessed by another member of the staff. Doctor Van was having one of his biennial haircuts in one of his "charming" barber shops. His three-day-old New York *Times* had just arrived, so he was busy catching up on the news of the past few days. While intently reading, the barber asked him if he "wanted it trimmed," and being so absorbed in his reading and not knowing what the barber had just asked him, he answered yes. Suddenly he sensed that everything was not just exactly right, and looking up, he discovered to his surprise and chagrin that the barber had trimmed his left eyebrow. With arms thrust up in the air the usual "Vo! Vo! Vo!" and "hot cha cha" re-echoed, and the operation had to be completed by trimming the right eyebrow to match.

The last afternoon was spent in visiting the Lake Alfred packing plant and in picking oranges from our own grove, which had graciously been turned over to us by the Experimental Station. In the latter operation, old boxes, laundry bags, pillow slips, as well as sweat shirts were pressed into service and let it not be said that any fruit was left on the trees nor that he or she didn't have a fill of juice.

Thus another delightful stay at one of Florida's Experimental Stations came to a close. Our heartiest and best wishes go to Dr. Fudge and Mr. Jefferies, both of whom made our encampment one of the best and richest of the entire trip.

F. C. ERICKSON.

## FROM LAKE ALFRED, FLA., TO COLUMBIA, S. C.

Everyone was up early to leave Lake Alfred on the morning of November 21st, for we were all anticipating a great time bathing in the Gulf of Mexico at Naples Beach. We weren't much interested in the towns

of Sarasota and Fort Myers in our hurry to do something we had planned and thought about all the way from Worcester. We arrived at Naples about four o'clock and at 4:15 everyone was in the Gulf, professors and cook included. After a good swim we ate a hearty dinner, our appetites made enormous by the long ride and strenuous exercise.

Later in the evening, after the moon was up, all of us went down to the beach and had a party. Rube and Cookie took the gas lantern and walked several miles along the beach hunting shells. The rest of us sat along the beach and talked while "refreshments" were served by Kink. (He happened to hit the lucky number, and drew enough to treat us all!) As we were all worn out we retired early with orders to get up at 7:30 the next morning. A half holiday was declared from eight to twelve o'clock for swimming or golfing.

Do you think Allen had to blow his whistle? He did not! We were all up by seven. Dr. Van, Kink, Jimmie Nelson, Blackie, Rube and I played golf. The others spent the morning swimming. Dr. Wally had a hard time getting all of us together so we could start for Homestead at twelve o'clock.

We crossed the Everglades on the Tamiami Trail, driving quite far apart in order to see as much wild life as possible. Although we were impressed by the glade vegetation, we were more interested in the hundreds of birds that we saw; these included egrets, white ibis, blue and white herons, coots, grebes, kingfishers, ducks, buzzards, cranes, hawks, eagles, and gallinules. There were also many turtles and fish, and a few people claimed to have seen alligators. Some of us stopped where some women were fishing and were offered hooks, lines, and bait. Did we catch fish? It seemed as though they could hardly wait for us to throw in the hook. We caught eighteen in a half an hour while waiting for the other cars.

We stayed at the Sub-tropical Experiment Station of the University of Florida near Homestead over the 23rd and 24th of November. Dr. Wolfe was in charge here, and, because of his knowledge of plants of the region, he and Dr. Ek had some great talks. We had a trip out to the southern end of Key Largo for the purpose of studying the vegetation, and were shown around the station in order to observe their experimental work. We were interested to see and taste the egg fruit, fig, pomelo, tangelo, lime, papaya, avocado, guava and coconut that grew on the grounds of the station, and also to see, on and near the Keys, black and red mangrove, mahogany, gumbo limbo, chicle and other tropical plants and trees.

Miami Day was declared on Saturday, November 24th, and everyone was free to do as he chose. Dr. Ek and two of the boys went to Key West, and reported a wonderful time. Drs. Wally and Van, with Carol and Betty, chartered a plane and flew down to Key West. This allowed them time to see Miami later in the day and evening. Ask Betty for particulars. She is always taking notes. Two carloads of fellows went fishing off Key Largo, and great are the tales they can tell—both about fishing, and about orange throwing contests in V-8's, Venetian boatmen, etc. Afternoon found most of us enjoying the surf and sunshine at Miami Beach, creating a big appetite for fish and sea food suppers in Miami's restaurants. I suppose that the evening was spent seeing Miami. Anyway the entire group got back to camp at Homestead before daylight. But what a sleepy crowd it was that closed the trailers that Sunday morning!

The highlight of the trip on the 25th from Homestead to Belle Glade was a swim in the Atlantic at lunch time. For once lunch was not the most important item at noon. At West Palm Beach we turned west into the Everglades. This section had a

scarcity of wild life, while much of the saw grass land appeared highly fertile and suitable for agriculture. Some pig weeds were over twenty feet tall and as thick as Scotty's arm. In the afternoon old Lady Luck seemed to leave us, for the station wagon had three flat tires.

The Everglades Experiment Station near Belle Glade was a little community set off by itself in the mucklands. Only because there was a tennis court on the property were we able to camp there at all, but all the trailers fitted well into the small space solid enough to camp on. Dr. A. Daane was the agronomist in charge, and his staff included Dr. J. R. Neller, biochemist; Dr. G. R. Townsend, plant pathologist; Mr. R. E. Robertson, soil specialist; Mr. F. D. Stevens, sugar cane agronomist; Mr. R. N. Lobdell, entomologist; Mr. R. W. Kidder, specialist in animal husbandry; and Mr. M. S. Clayton, agricultural engineer in charge of drainage experiments. Each of these men gave short lectures the next day on their own particular work and problems at the station, and we were shown part of the projects. Probably the most interesting were the clever negroes who set celery plants so fast that we couldn't see how they did it, and the sugar cane which we were allowed to cut and chew.

Of unusual interest was the trip to Canal Point to see a sugar cane plantation, with the negroes singing while cutting cane in the fields and tractors pulling the loaded cars of cane. In the well-kept plantation village we visited the colored school, and nearly broke up their recess by throwing nickels to the boys and watching them scramble for them. We were invited into the school, and, after the singing of "Down by the Riverside" by the boys and girls, Dr. Ek was asked to talk. He told them about life in Greenland, and I doubt if he ever had a more attentive audience than those little negroes. They expressed their appreciation to him by giving a cheer

in his honor, and concluded the program by singing the Negro National Anthem.

In the proximity of Belle Glade, most of the land near the road was under bean cultivation and we visited a bean packing plant to see the sorting and packing processes. Immediately after being packed into wooden hampers the beans are hustled into refrigerator cars and sent north.

In the evening we met in the greenhouse where Dr. Wally and Dr. Ek both lectured; Dr. Wally explaining the purpose and plan of the trip, and Dr. Ek giving his instructive lecture on Greenland. Members of the staff and their families were present, and all were invited over to Dr. Daane's home for refreshments afterwards. The next evening Dr. Van lectured on Java, all of which caused Dr. Daane to remark, "It isn't often that you are able to hear such lectures in Belle Glade."

The next day, November 28th, was an eventful one. We were to drive from Belle Glade to Daytona Beach, there to make camp for Thanksgiving. We were attempting to make time, in order to leave Dr. Ek as far north as possible and yet connect with the train schedule, when the tow to the faculty coach broke. A particularly rough bridge caused the damage, but, thanks to Kink, only one of the trailers was wrecked. This mishap necessitated a wild dash ahead after Dr. Wally, who when he returned, quickly had the situation in hand, and the party started on its way. He and Rube remained behind to take care of getting the trailer welded, and joined camp late that evening. The rest of us went on to Daytona Beach, where we had a little trouble in finding a suitable camp site, but under Dr. Van's directions we finally settled on the famous beach itself. Because the tide was low when we camped, and a good breeze was blowing, and also because of the public location, it was decided to have

guards throughout the night. Hans was "Captain of the Guards" from eleven to one, Kink and I yawned from one to two, and then roused Norm and Wally, who served from two to three. Fairchild took charge from three till morning, when he was found asleep at his post, alone. Be it known that, in spite, or on account of the guards, the sea did not wash us away, nor did prowlers steal our shoes.

Thanksgiving morning we had lectures by the professors, partly for purposes of instruction concerning shoreline features and Floridian climate, but also to detain us from surf bathing for an hour or so after breakfast. However, as most of us attended the lectures in bathing suits, the profs realised our eagerness and let us go. We spent most of the day until four p. m. on the beach, bathing, playing beachball, and riding surf-boards and bicycles. Our dinner, a turkey banquet at the Seashore Grill, was a big success, and culminated with a talk by Dr. Van about his recent trip to Europe. In the evening the group scattered, but everyone reported a good time.

Early next morning we were off for the north again. We had the unusual experience of riding along the beach from Daytona to Ormond, and, while we made no new speed records, we were able to travel fast on the hard sand. A long stop in St. Augustine, where we availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit historic Fort Marion, delayed our progress so that we were obliged to travel after dark in the attempt to reach the selected camp spot near Savannah. Southern roads may have cows, pigs or cars on them, and Norm found a car suddenly in front of him, with no tail light to warn approaching cars. Before you could say Jack Robinson Norm's car and trailer were landed right side up in the ditch, with Dr. Van standing upright in the front seat, and Bob and Wally in the back regretting their evil deeds. Fortunately

no one was hurt, but the car was badly smashed, and the tow on the trailer, broken. A complete change of plans was necessary, an emergency camp site was selected at Riceboro, Georgia, the nearest town, and part of the group went on to set up camp while others waited to help in getting the car and trailer taken care of.

The next day the caravan rolled on to Columbia, minus one car, one trailer, and Norm and Wally, who stayed with their coach and did a little impromptu field work in Riceboro. Everyone being content to proceed with caution, the trip from Savannah to Columbia was without an exciting event.

JOHN PYLE.

### COLUMBIA: FALL LINE CITY

Although the last to be studied intensively, the Fall Line area around Columbia, South Carolina, provided one of the most satisfactory major studies of the entire tour: namely, the cotton textile industry of the South. This single project occupied the time of half of the students during three of the four days spent in Columbia. Other industrial projects included the history of water-power development, the study of fertilizer manufacture, and the granite and sand industries. One day was devoted to the study of Fall Line physiography.

Officials in thirteen different cotton textile mills were interviewed, and three mill villages mapped during the period. Adequate publicity in the newspapers and whole-hearted cooperation from Chamber of Commerce officials contributed to the friendly interest of mill superintendents, and the interviews yielded a wealth of geographic data on the vital problem of North vs. South in the cotton textile industry. To those students who had visited the textile machine plants at Whitinsville, Hopedale and Worcester in Massachusetts, the seemingly endless looms, "jennies" and carders in

the Columbia district bearing the imprint of firms in these New England towns not only conjured up memories of visits to the source of these machines, but also helped to impress upon them the still potent relationship between textile operations in the North and in the South.

By mapping homes, gardens, pastures and sanitary facilities in three of the textile mill-villages, and by interviewing several of the residents of these villages, new and up-to-date statistics regarding standards of living among the mill-workers were computed. Although model villages were found, the average southern worker enjoys life with many less comforts than his northern co-worker, as our gathered facts will prove. Most interesting and timely, however, were data regarding the effect of NRA in minimizing much-publicized labor differential between North and South.

Physiographic study along this representative portion of the Fall Line was given added interest and importance by the arrival of President Atwood, who directed one day's work with the assistance of Dr. Tabor, Head of the Department of Geology and Geography at the University of South Carolina. Leg muscles unused for weeks were again stretched as students got an opportunity to climb Little Mountain, a monadnock above the Piedmont peneplain northwest of Columbia. The contact between Piedmont Pre-Cambrians and the overlapping sedimentaries was observed in several exposures, and the problem of determining the age of the youngest of these sediments was introduced.

Micro-climatological research in the area was limited to anticipation, for the sudden arrival of a cloud cover during the four and one-half-hour interval between midnight and Reveille on the morning of December 6th, in direct conflict with the careful predictions of Dr. Van Valkenburg and the U. S. Weather Bureau, frus-

trated plans for a pre-sunrise temperature study of the city of Columbia. The objects of the proposed study were (1) the effect of land configuration upon temperature, other conditions being stable, and (2) modifications of this effect produced by urban development, such as continuous blocks of brick buildings.

With the "girl at home" suddenly returning to the minds of the New England contingent (Worcester was less than one week away) and visions of evenings in Washington and New York before the rest of the party, social life reached a low ebb. The party enjoyed a delightful tea at Dr. Tabor's home one evening. A banquet and entertainment as guests of the Columbia Chamber of Commerce, with the Governor of South Carolina as honor guest and General Summerall, former Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, as principal speaker, provided another evening of unusual interest.

ROBERT B. SIMPSON.

### CAPITAL CITY

After a fine breakfast in the college cafeteria we again set sail, our new destination being the nation's capital, Washington, D. C. Our way led us through Chapel Hill, N. C., where we saw the famous University of North Carolina, the birthplace of so many of our country's famous tennis teams. This day saw, too, the inauguration of the policy to stop at noon and get something warm, which was duly appreciated by all. From our noon stop it was just a step to beautiful Duke University and the famous tobacco center, Durham.

Our over-night stop at Henderson was one of the finest of our northward camps. We were availed of an excellent clubhouse in which to eat and enjoy ourselves. And how we appreciated the heat! Here, too, we were given our first taste of snow, there being a slight snowfall during the evening.

Our route from Henderson to Washington entailed passing through Peters-

burg, where Betty left the party, and through historically famous old Richmond, of Civil War days. Many were the monuments we saw, glorifying the valor and strength of our sires. Naturally, since we were passing within a few miles of Mount Vernon, we drove past that honored mansion.

Amid snow flurries the stately domes and towers of Washington received the party in the gathering darkness of a December evening. Abraham Lincoln looked down at us from his seat in his pillared rostrum and greeted us with his benign smile. We were at last in the capital of our country!

The first evening was marked by the hustle and bustle of a late arrival in a new camp, most of us chilled from the day's ride in winter temperatures. However, things were soon arranged and we enjoyed a warming supper, followed in many cases by a short reconnaissance of the night life of our nation's seat of government, and then to bed in *warm* cabins generously offered by the management (Dr. Wallace). That is, most of us enjoyed the heat of the cabins; a few of the more hardy (possibly foolish) ones, including Dr. Wallace and Celia, preferred to remain faithful to the fresh air mansions on wheels.

Sunday in Washington! Wouldn't *you* go sight seeing? Well, *we* did. The Capitol, Washington Monument (in its winter clothes), Embassy Drive (Massachusetts Avenue to the uninitiated), the White House, Lincoln Memorial, Old Ford Theatre, Arlington Cemetery, and the important government buildings were noted in the course of our ramblings on this eventful Sunday.

Due to the snow during the night the next day's scheduled trips (after a trial of our own cars on the first) were mostly done by taxi. We studied the making of topographic maps, took a trip to the Weather Bureau, and visited the Congressional Library to see the fine collection of old maps.

Then came the long-awaited banquet, officially ending the three months of work in the field. Thanks to "Cookie" and a very efficient K. P. service, the dinner went off without a hitch.

The first after dinner speaker was Wally Ristow, who, as President of C. U. G. S., gave the student reaction to the trip. He spoke of the valuable experience gained from the field study, prophesied happy memories for all, and praised Dr. Wallace for the successful completion of the undertaking.

The second speaker, Dr. Atwood, Jr., explained for the benefit of the guests the itinerary of the trip. Dr. Jones gave a short résumé of the urban and industrial studies of the journey, including Seneca Falls, Birmingham, New Orleans, and Columbia.

Dr. Ekblaw, after telling several humorous anecdotes, described the studies in land use mapping, especially those in the New York area, the Cumberland Valley and the Great Smokies. Dr. Van, our climatic ogre, told of his strenuous attempts at inducing our early rising in the Great Smokies, as well as the climatic cross section in Florida, our citrus experiment, and our climatic failure in Columbia.

The toastmaster, President Atwood, discussed briefly the technical difficulties of the experiment, and stressed the desirability of field training in the equipment of every teacher of geography.

A showing of moving pictures of the highlights of the trip, taken by Dr. Atwood, Jr., concluded a very pleasant evening.

Among the well known guests were Dr. and Mrs. O. E. Baker, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Barnes, Dr. Charles Gooze, Dr. George T. Renner, and Dr. Hainesworth, all from the Department of Agriculture; Dr. W. C. Mendenhall and Dr. François Matthes of the U. S. G. S.; Mr. A. B. Cammerer of the National Parks Service; Dr. C. F.

Marbut of the Soil Survey; and Mrs. K. C. Hofstad and Miss Edith Fitton, both former Clark students.

JAMES S. NELSON.

### CROSSING THE DELAWARE!

On the morning of the eleventh of December the snow-bound geographers donned all the clothes they owned and wrapped all the blankets and burlap bags they could find around themselves and proceeded to dig out the trailers. The early morning hours were also enlivened by the tricks of a mathematical genius who presided over the Washington, D. C. (darn cold) tourist cafeteria. The grand finale of his act was to change twenty-one consumed breakfasts into twenty-nine paid meals.

After this bad start the drivers crawled along until Baltimore was reached, and just as they were regaining their speed and confidence, Prescott created a mild sensation in the business district by getting his trailer tangled with a trolley car. Scotty's demands on the Public Service for damage payments were so loud and long that the police decided to charge him with reckless driving. Naturally this evened up the situation so that a compromise was not only necessary but extremely desirable.

Trying to follow Washington's example the party ferried the Delaware, and, once they found themselves on the Jersey flatlands, merrily froze their way into Newark and eventually reached Glen Ridge where a late supper was served at the home of one of the students. An entertainment had been planned at the Montclair Teachers College, but, unfortunately for the boys of the party, the college girls were required to retire at ten-thirty, so they were just too late. The remainder of the evening was spent at the Montclair Y. M. C. A.

JOHNSON FAIRCHILD.

Johnnie's modesty forbade his mention of the banquet we enjoyed at his house—a spread fit for a king, with delightfully warming, red wine. Each extends personal thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild.

## BACK IN OLD NEW ENGLAND

The weather proved fair and slightly warmer on the last day of homeward travel. Once again we entered upon glacial country, and throughout the day the rise and fall of the landscape, stone walls, boulder-strewn pastures, and the curving roads were familiar signs to many of us. We were soon in view of the mountains of the New England Upland as we approached Bear Mountain and looked down upon the Hudson River. But it is a question whether we were all geographically alert. To begin with we had eaten breakfast at a girls' dormitory and four of our number, most anxious to arrive in Worcester on schedule, narrowly escaped being kidnapped. We were not terribly concerned since the kidnapers agreed to trade even, in fact we started off ahead of the game. Dr. Jones, Bob, and Kirk had a goodly number of the fair sex, and negotiations seemed complete when the four culprits arrived and we had to take them along.

If anyone had doubts of getting to Worcester that night, his doubts were more and more substantiated as the day went on. At Paterson we made a slight detour, putting us several scores of miles off the route. About that time Cookie ran out of gas—he still held the record. Ask him about "spinning" his engine. By noon we were at Bear Mountain Bridge overlooking the Hudson. We took route six out of Peekskill and arrived in Brewster before we gave in to hunger. The time was 12:40 and the C. U. G. E. I. caravan was to leave at one. L. P. duty had been aban-

doned—we missed our sandwiches!? Lunch over, we continued on route six through Danbury, Conn., heading for Hartford. By the time we had reached Thomaston, those who were skeptical about arriving in Worcester on schedule began to brighten up. I could see a smile grow into a grin on LeMar's face, and Jim Nelson waked from a sleep to weigh the possibilities of a six o'clock arrival. Up front the kitchen coach was bobbing up and down in a forced effort to make the grade. At Hartford we had some seventy miles to go and without a minute to waste. Seven cars and trailers drew up to a gas station and demanded quick service. How we were "gassed" in ten minutes is a story worth mentioning at least. We were figuring our arrival to the minute now, but several times our doubts came back. At a stop for V-8 roll call Cookie complained that his car refused "to go." Up went the hood while anxious people peered over Dr. Atwood's shoulder. Somebody ran frantically for a screwdriver; the trouble was found, mended, our fears quieted, and we were off again. We stopped again, toward dusk, to light the trailer lights. Then, as if some unknown power was trying to prevent our arrival, something went wrong up front. The generator on the station wagon refused to turn, but thanks to weather conditions, quick thinking, and the fact that a car will run minus the generator, the fan-belt was removed and we drove on once more. Towns flew by like telephone poles and it wasn't long before we saw the lights of Worcester in the distance. With ten minutes to spare we rolled into Webster Square, and by the clock on the Jonas Clark Hall tower it was 5:55 as the last car and trailer completed its five-thousand-mile circuit. A flare of horns announced the successful termination of a field course that made history in the realm of university training.

MILTON C. PRESCOTT.

## PERSONNEL! ON SAFARI

After three months of daily associations with them, we feel fairly well acquainted with the members of the Clark University Field Party and herewith present them to you, former Clark students.

We start off with Carl Franklin Erickson, the veteran Clarkite, Worcester-born and trained, and through his long association with the School of Geography, familiar to many of you alumni. "Kink" returned to Clark after several years of teaching at Dartmouth College and a year of study at the Universitat in Zurich. His experience and good fellowship helped greatly in the success of the trip. He will also be remembered by the gang for his devotion to the "girl he left behind," and as the initiator of the "horizontal" striped sweater fad. During the second semester, "Kink" will take his Ph.D. orals and complete his dissertation under the direction of Dr. Van Valkenburg.

J. Norman Carls can also be included in the rank of the veterans, with three field trips, and two years in residence, to say nothing of several years of undergraduate work under an alumnus, Dr. Buzzard, at Illinois State Normal University. As a driver, Norm did most of his field work behind the wheel, but at Lake Alfred he changed his tactics and took a Huyck in the moonlight. Norm left the party in Washington and returned to South Carolina to complete field work for a Ph.D. thesis under Dr. Jones' supervision.

Another of the third year people is Ruben L. Parson, who received his early training under J. R. Schwendeman at Moorhead (Minn.) State Teachers College. Work preparatory to taking Ph.D. orals in the spring will keep Rube busy the remainder of the year.

After spending several years teaching Geography and Geology at Milwaukee-Downer College, Carol Y.

Mason returned to Clark. Carol proved to be one of the most active photographers during the three months and should have plenty of graphic material for teaching next year. As Secretary-treasurer of the C. U. G. S. she will undertake the difficult task of extracting dues from pockets which have been drained for the many incidentals which one must face on an extensive trip. Further work on her thesis "The Water Supply of New England," under the guidance of Dr. Ekblaw will keep Carol busy at her desk in the workroom the coming weeks and months.

Another student of several years ago is Robert B. Simpson, who received his M.A. degree from Clark during the summer of 1933. Work with the U. S. G. S., mapping lignite deposits of his home state, North Dakota, kept Bob busy the past summer and fall, necessitating joining the group a month late, at the Great Smoky Camp. In anticipation of miles of hiking and field work, Bob purchased a pair of made-to-order boots which arrived several weeks before the end of the trip, in time for their proud owner to present a snappy appearance. His late arrival proved to be no handicap to his social triumphs, and Clara, Bess, Thelma, Sara, and Louise are only a few of his conquests. The Ph.D. is the goal toward which Bob will work during the post-trip months.

For Elizabeth Love, the trip proved to be one round of new experiences. Of course, Betty was not wholly inexperienced after one year at Clark, but then, we never dreamed of meeting her coming out of a Bourbon Street rendezvous in the Vieux Caré of New Orleans. (Never mind what led *us* there!) Betty's greatest disappointment was her failure to meet a rattlesnake in order to test out the resistance of her snakeproof boots. Following the thrills and excitement

of the past three months, life in the workroom will seem drab and commonplace to Betty, but we have confidence that she will return to normal and complete her M.A. thesis study on her home town of Auburn, Massachusetts.

"Three Months in the Field" to Walter Kirkendall meant only a continuation of life in the open, after spending the past summer with President Atwood and Dr. Atwood, Jr., in the Wind River Mountains, where he did field work for a master's thesis in Physiography. Kirk proved himself quite adaptable in his social life with such varied experiences as an affair with a young faculty member at Shippensburg, an acquaintance with a finishing school product on the beach at Daytona, and keeping pace with our own faculty members at New Orleans. No satisfactory explanation has as yet been offered for his nightmare at the Great Smoky Camp which resulted in breaking out the end of the cabin and scaring Cookie half to death.

One of the most persistent mail hogs in the crowd was LeMar Stephan, and it was a sad day if he arrived at a new camp to find no letter for him with a Worcester post mark. His faithfulness to the "one and only" was almost complete, if you forgive a few transgressions such as that at Birmingham. Anyway, a little experience never hurts any one. LeMar came to Clark the second semester last year after receiving his M.A. degree at the University of Wisconsin in 1933. This Kentuckian did his undergraduate work in geography with J. Sullivan "Hoot" Gibson (Ph.D., 1934) at Bowling Green State Teachers College. LeMar just signed a contract to teach in the Western Kentucky State Teachers College, beginning next semester. Fortune smiles on some people. Good luck to you, Professor Stephan.

Margaret Stevens of Ohio was the

only young lady along who had not been at Clark before. Oberlin College is her Alma Mater, from which institution she holds both her bachelor's and master's degrees. During the early days of the trip there was some uncertainty as to who would eventually be the "head man" with Steve, but after the Birmingham camp, even Johnny Fairchild ceased to doubt, and from then on he held the inside track. During the second semester Miss Stevens will face the usual program of class room studies which is the lot of the newcomer at Clark. As assistant editor she has worked with Rube in preparing this Field Trip souvenir MONADNOCK.

Service in the United States Army during the World War adequately prepared Fred Allen for camp life and for his job as camp bugler. Even the failure of the bugle to co-operate in the production of mellow notes did not deter him in his thankless task of awakening the gang in the morning, and for the last two months of the trip he carried on with a tin whistle. The only married man in the crowd, Fred refused to be distracted from his work by the southern beauties. Despite his devotion to his wife, his studies, and his bugling, Fred found time to do more than his share of the work in pitching and breaking camp and in lending a hand to overworked K. P.'s. A B.A. from Muskingum College, and an M.A. from Ohio State are the qualifications Fred brings with him to Clark.

Another Army man and our only foreign student of this year is Hans Boesch, who holds the rank of Lieutenant in the Swiss Army. The Universitat at Zurich prepared Hans for his profession as mining engineer and geologist and as such he has done work with the Swiss National Rule Service. An attempt to masquerade as a bashful lad was nipped in the bud when his ability as a singer was discovered, and from then on he

"yoodled" his way into the hearts of the southern girls. On the trip up the coast of Florida he illustrated the influence of mountain environment when he attempted to wade in the breaking waters of the Atlantic only to be upset in full dress by the treacherous waves.

James A. Minogue is a product of two Clark grads of recent years, George (Hank) Primmer and George S. Corfield of Duluth (Minn.), State Teachers College. With the spirit of the north woods in his blood, Jim studied lumbering as his special project for the three months. We don't know what spirit prompted his evening studies. Jim is working toward his Master's degree after completing his undergraduate work last June.

A real globe-trotter is Johnson Fairchild who has wandered from his Glen Ridge, N. J., home to such distant lands as Alaska, Hawaii, and the Near East. After several years of undergraduate work at Clark, he went last year to the University of Beirut, Syria, to complete the requirements for the B.A. degree. Johnny chose to cast his lot with one of the group rather than to bid in the open market of the various stops for suitable female companionship, and this "bird in the hand" policy proved to be the envy of some of the other fellows on more than one occasion. Although not a stranger to Clark, this will be Johnny's first year at graduate work.

Lloyd Black, born and educated in Canada, at present calls Scarsdale, New York, home. Blackie rose to prominence at Birmingham when he drew the prize beauty at the Waites' party and from then on everything was Tweet, Tweet. The University of Toronto conferred the B.A. degree upon him last June and this will be his first step in graduate work.

Who will ever forget Jack Pyle's laugh following one of his frequent stories? Jack proved the statement

concerning fat people, in being one of the best-natured fellows in the group. Jack also received his training under a former Clark student, Dr. Clyde E. Cooper at Ohio University. After several years' teaching grade and junior high school pupils, Jack has decided to try the more advanced fields in working for his Master's degree.

"Harmonica Harry" would be a fitting nickname for James Nelson who was seldom without his faithful chromatic. Captain of last year's tennis team at Clark and a member of the class of 1934, Jimmy will this year step into the ranks of the graduate students. Last summer he was one of the party with President Atwood in the trip through the Rocky Mountains.

Milton Prescott also was a member of the Rocky Mountain party. Scotty's winning smile, blond curly hair and white mustache, and ability to pronounce "hoss" in the true New England dialect won for him a warm place in the hearts of the girls in Dixie. Clark was the scene of Scotty's undergraduate work, and the transition to the Graduate School of Geography will, therefore, be an easy one for him.



"COOKIE"

Back in Sweden, twenty odd years ago, his parents named him Hilbert Fern, but, to the members of the field party he was and always will be just plain, good-natured "Cookie." If all

the pounds gained by the various people during the past three months were laced together, Kate Smith would blush with shame. After a long day in the field with nothing more filling than the inevitable "Jam" meat sandwiches, Cooky's tasty meals provided the necessary powers of recuperation. Early in the trip when it became necessary to distinguish between K. P.'s who served the meal and those who put up the lunches, Cooky proved equal to the situation and called the later C. P.'s for Sandwich Police, and C. P.'s they remained to the end. Cooking, however, was not his only claim for fame as several of the members who accompanied him on his evening trips will tell you.

We have delayed mention of the faculty to the last, as they are already familiar to most of you former students. Needless to say, they were very necessary and important members of the group. After several months of close field contact with our professors, I am sure all we field trippers will agree that they are not only good teachers, but real fellows.

During the several camps where he was able to be in attendance, President Atwood shared with us his knowledge and experience concerning field methods in physiography, and due to his efforts, penepains seem more real to us. Due to pressure of work running the University and preparing the presidential address for the annual meeting of the A. A. G. at Philadelphia in December, President Atwood was unable to be with the party as much as he and the students would have liked.

Dr. Jones' work with the group was centered principally at the Birmingham, New Orleans, and Columbia camps. At New Orleans, he and Dr. Atwood, Jr., proved themselves capable of keeping one jump ahead of the students in matters other than geography.

Directed studies in land utilization and plant geography in a variety of

regions were the contributions of Dr. Ekblaw to the success of the field trip. His informal evening stories relating his adventures in Greenland and Europe were always enthusiastically received. It was at one of these meetings that he described some Greenland "fire water" as being potent enough to "take the hair off your head," which should put an end to many arguments.

Dr. Van Valkenburg directed climatological studies and assisted in other fields at the several camps at which he was present. The great disappointment of his life came at Columbia, S. C., where, despite favorable forecasts, the weather refused to co-operate and an early morning temperature survey of the city had to be called off.

To Dr. Atwood, Jr., goes the credit for the successful management of the trip with its numerous details and unforeseen problems. His coolness and complete control of the situation at critical times especially won for him the respect of the group. The realization that some recreational days are necessary in the maintenance of a cheerful attitude also was appreciated by the students.

Though her visits were all too brief Mrs. Atwood, Jr., (Celia to the group) was a welcome member of the party and helped in the planning of meals and in the general smooth operation of the camp. We appreciate all you did for us, Celia!

This issue is devoted primarily to the field trip, but we must not overlook those who kept the workroom alive during our long absence. One of the real men behind the scenes is Guy Burnham, to whom falls the task of transferring some of the information gathered onto maps and graphs. Weeks and months after all the student reports are completed, Guy will still have very real reminders that the Clark University Graduate School of Geography spent three months in the field.

Throughout the three-month period two young ladies shared the loneliness of the workroom with Mr. Burnham. Gertrude Grady and Anne Kennedy have been busily engaged in thesis work during this period. Gert is working on the Cattle Industry of Argentina under Dr. Jones' supervision, while Anne is working with Dr. Van on the Fishing Industry of Japan. Both will be active members of the School of Geography during the second semester. Minnie Lemaire hopes to complete her New England Anthropo study before May.

WALTER W. RISTOW.

Although Wally Ristow has the high position of President of the C. U. G. S. his innate modesty is shown in the preceding paragraphs, and to it many of the events of the trip may be at-

## CAMP LIFE

Camp life, for most people, begins early in the morning; and with us it was no exception. Fred Allen, appointed chief "getter-upper," used his trusty bugle to doubtful advantage, until one fine morning in Shippensburg it disappeared. The next imposition was a police whistle. Nevertheless, Fred's faithful fulfillment of his task compels our admiration.

On a typical working day we had breakfast at seven, in order to get out in the field by eight. We did not return to camp until after four-thirty, and dinner was usually at half past five.

In the evening there was always plenty to do. Sometimes we were favored with lectures by visiting professors.

At various times during the trip we were allowed to use the cars for our own designs—occasions looked forward to and appreciated by all. However, these experiences are not for publication.

Sunday was spent about camp, except for occasional sight-seeing trips.

tributed. His modesty caused a Birmingham policeman considerable worry; it relegated him to the office of secretary during Norm's interviews; it forced him to chide Betty for her New Orleans conduct; and, most obvious of all, it necessitated a camouflage of a very red nose by frequent and generous doses of olive oil. However, be it known that his modesty never prevented a pun or a wisecrack, particularly at another's expense, and that Wally more than once "saved the day" by breaking conversational ice in this manner. Nearly half through his second year at Clark, he left the group at Washington and returned to South Carolina to undertake field work in a Coastal Plain county as preparation for his doctor's dissertation.

MARGARET STEVENS.

Each day "Cookie" had four assistants. The two K.P.'s set the tables morning and night and served the meals; while the two L.P.'s made sandwiches to take into the field. On moving days the K.P.'s and L.P.'s washed the dishes for the cook.

Upon arrival at a new camp the first task was to open the coaches. That was a routine at which we became more proficient as the trip advanced. While en route we slept in the coaches closed. Consequently it was a relief to have them open and to have plenty of room to move around.

The afternoon of the last day at each camp was reserved for closing the trailers and cleaning up to assure an early start the next morning. Each person had a special job to perform; and such specialization resulted in great efficiency.

Incredible as it may seem, our camp was subject to fashion fads. The first craze, in Shippensburg, Pa., was for berets; then, at Quincy, black and white convict sweaters. In Belle Glade tropical hats, painted gaudy colors, came into vogue. However,

as we proceeded northward, anything and everything *warm* was in style.

Last, but not least, mention must be made of the "Tree Boomers." These were a very select group in the camp whose purpose was obscure but whose presence was never in doubt!

While the primary purpose of our field trip was intellectual in its highest sense, pleasure was not neglected. Those who frequently "went out nights" did so at their own expense—but did not regret it. We had many good times together, and it would be difficult to find a more congenial group than ours.

LLOYD D. BLACK.

### CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Jack Pyle with a long face?—

Assistant director Kirkendall?—

Romantic, fickle Betty?—

A notebook and pencil without LeMar? really?—

Dr. Van with his hands tied? Oh—  
Vo! Vo!—

Blackie, the undisciplined old crab?—  
Bonebrake (Suitcase) Simpson worrying about the editor's supply of cigarettes?—

Dr. Wally agreeing with Jimmy Nelson?—

Jimmy agreeing with Dr. Atwood, Jr?—

A really good pun from Wally Ris-tow?—

Cookie refusing to eat out?—

A bird unknown to Dr. Ek?—

Carol without a Kodak and a roll?—  
Steve refusing to walk, swim, ride, dance, or hold hands—with Fair-child?—

Norman assigned a seat at table more than two places from the guest of honor?—

Scotty, speeding and disregarding traffic laws in general?—

Fred Allen sounding taps?—

Minogue dating a blonde without a formal introduction?—Cookie, the vice versa?—

A book on Penepains by Hans Boesch?—

A book on logic by Jim Nelson?—

Rube's infinite faith in humanity?—

Johnnie enjoying a date in Birmingham?—

Kink, selfish and inconsiderate—a hater of the fair sex?—

Dr. Jones' (nightly) lectures in New Orleans?—

President Atwood, afraid of attacking a new problem?—

Celia observing a half done K.P. job without a word?—

Kirk and Betty punctual with their Monadnock assignments?—

The editor's due apologies for this?

### TO EVERY ALUMNUS

In the preceding pages your fellow geographers in residence at Clark have attempted a souvenir folder of their field excursion. We know that your interest in it does not equal ours, for to us it will long be a source of pleasure and amusement. But will you kindly accept our efforts as an account of a gigantic venture successfully completed?—and believe that our Alumni Number next spring will compensate our selfishness now?

We beg you to send our alumni editor a short letter about your personal and professional affairs of interest to fellow alumni. Please tell us about yourself!

Do you remember that the Clark University Geographical Society maintains a Student Loan Fund with society dues and donations from alumni? In the past two years we have loaned \$50.00 to each of two highly deserving colleagues, and we have at present \$163.00 in reserve. The editor is neither preacher nor politician, so he begs awkwardly; however, he believes that a trained geographer appreciates a good cause! Our spring (alumni) number will publish a list of contributors.

To you, Alumnus, to your family and friends, and to your institution we extend our sincere wishes for happiness and progress during 1935.

RUBEN L. PARSON, *Editor.*