Wildlife-Fisheries Societies Meet in Syracuse

Professional biologists and the interested public will have an opportunity soon to examine one significant aspect of the relationship between the social and natural sciences. The occasion will be the midwinter meeting of the New York Chapters of The Wildlife Society and the American Fisheries Society, to be held January 31-February 2, at the Hotel Syracuse in Syracuse.

Theme of the meeting will be Fish and Wildlife in Regional Planning: The Adirondacks and Beyond. The Friday session, January 31, will be of particular interest to the public as it will feature detailed discussions of the matter by several authoritative speakers. These topics and speakers will include:

- "The Adirondack Park and Its Land Use Plans" with Dr. Larry VanDruft, Coordinator, and students from the Department of Natural Resources, Cornell University; Department of Forest Zoology, SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry and SUNY Agriculture and Technical College at Cobleskill.
- "What We Have Learned from Experience," Richard Persico, Executive Director, Adirondack Park Agency.
- "The Adirondack Model: Wave of the Future or Political Bombshell?" will be the subject of a luncheon address by State Senator H. Douglas Barclay.

Further information on the joint meeting may be obtained from Martin Pfeiffer, Department of Environmental Conservation, Ray Brook, N.Y. 12977.

SUMMER CAMP - VARIETY

As summer approaches Juniors and possibly some Sophomores majoring in biology begin considering their summer camp requirement. To graduate, biology majors must complete six credit hours at Pack Forest, eight credit hours at Cranberry Lake Biological Station, or a minimum of six credit hours at another biological field station. Since Pack Forest and Cranberry Lake are run in conjunction with the College of ES&F, it is easy to get administrative, faculty, and/or student opinion of the camps. This cannot be said about other biological camps throughout the country.

The Zoology Club, in an attempt to aide those deciding which biological camp to attend, would like to present a slide presentation of biological camps other than Cranberry and Warrensburg. Success of this program depends on Seniors or Graduate students who attended other camps and are willing to make approximately a 10 min. slide-talk presentation of their experience. If a few people attended the same camp, they should compile their slides and opinions into one presentation. To those with stage Continued on p. 2
ANNUAL PLANT CUTTINGS SESSIONS

What do these students have in common?
Kahn, Larry
Dabruzzij, r
Eaton,
Mahan, Dan
Strecker
Schaufler, Don
Marner
Ogdon
Anlian, Steven
Nuzzo, J.
DelBosco
Stanosz, Glen
Hahn, R.
Olin, K.
Stash, Steve
Brothers, Cheryl
Johnston
Karoly, J.
Bruno, Richie
Kunkle, Katie
Corrigan, Pat
Kist Werner
Albert, B.
LaPlante, Jeannine
Rhodes, Alan
Sieracki, Paul
Brendle, Anna
Terracina, Fred
Elwell, Roger
Jeal
Vosburgh
Barrang
Licata
Malinowski
Lucci, K.
Piltenenger, Russ
Geraci
Mercier, T.
Pezzella, T.
Walton, Frank
Brooks
Whiteford, Stephen
Chin, Sung
Bongarten, Bruce
Catherson, T.
Hartnett, Tim
Christianson, Gail
Nye, P.
Stayton, Mike
Canfield, C.
Abbott, J.
Smith, Lowell
Gaylord, Margaret
Culkoski, J.
Whelan, Ray
Casciere
Strauss, K.
Johnson, L.
Carlstrom, Tom
Wilcox, Carol
Van Roder
Kelly, F.
Green, Gary
Ray, Paul
Ripley, Neil

They are all owners of small trees - growing in the Dendro greenhouse on the fifth floor of Illick - that they grew from cuttings last January, or at one of the earlier tree propagating clinics sponsored by the Botany Club. The trees are being cared for by Larry Whelpton, our greenhouse technician, and are ready to be planted out, come spring.

For some reason, the Botany Club was not re-activated this past semester (perhaps some students reading this may want to take that initiative) but I would still like to hold the training session for any of my fall semester Dendrology students or others who may be interested. The formal instruction only takes an hour, after which you can later continue growing trees as your individual ambition (and our greenhouse space!) may dictate.

I am tentatively scheduling the clinic for late afternoons for the last four days of January, with three meetings (3-4 P.M., 4-5 P.M., and 5-6 P.M.) Monday thru Thursday. Each student attends just one of these twelve 1-hour sessions, after which they are on their own. The sign-up sheet is posted on my office door, 333 Illick.

Incidentally in response to some inquiries, we will have the winter mountain climb in March with the brief annual meeting of the "TOP OF ALGONQUIN CLUB!"

E. H. Ketchledge

CAMP.

fright, it is possible to tape your presentation. Please help those who could benefit from your experience. Anyone interested in giving a presentation, donating their slides or just adding their evaluation of the summer camp attended contact Dianne Hague or Katie Kunkle (both at 475-2611) or via student mail.
To the Editor:

In reply to Mike Knudson's KH 12/13/73 request for paintings to enliven the "Black Hole of Marshall" (the snack bar area) I suggest the L.A. Department be contacted for donated student work. I know, and have rescued some oil and watercolor paintings that were deemed "Reserve Quality" in past years, but storage becomes a problem and then some artwork must?? be thrown out. Professor Earle would be an ideal beginning point for this art quest.

Ron Frodelius

To the Editor:

Over the past few months I've received several copies of the Knothole, along with the latest issue of Free Speak. I can't help but marvel at how much some students of ES&F dig in their heels when they see Free Speak come out. Many students come to ES&F, and find, beyond their wildest dreams -- oblivion. Nothing happens and nothing is expected to happen. Not even the prospect of a one-sided student election last spring seemed to excite anybody. When something out of the ordinary happens though, then the students of ES&F get upset and begin to moan and groan.

In my present status as a legal assistant, I have ample opportunity to gauge the reaction of active-duty marines to the world situation, and to alternative sources of news. In comparing this group of people to the students of ES&F, I can only come to the conclusion that these GI's are very much more enlightened than the majority of ES&F students. How can it be that some people (many of whom never finished H.S.) happen to be more aware of their situation than people with some sort of college experience. Perhaps these people in the service are somewhat more mature, whereas the people at ES&F are still experimenting with the idea of growing up.

The ES&F is supposedly training its students to go out into the "world" to take leadership positions in different forestry and other related curriculums, and to take a leading role in society. I find that goal impossible to imagine, at least at the present. If some of these students get so bent out of shape just seeing Free Speak come out, imagine how open-minded they'll be out in the "world." The fact is, they'll probably be as narrow-minded as the society that allowed over 56,000 people to die in Vietnam. They'll be as oblivious to the world's problems as was the last generation.

All that Free Speak considers itself, is an alternative news source, and a vehicle for bringing about some sort of meaningful social change. It presents articles on various subjects that they feel should be presented, with the hope that some of this knowledge may rub off on someone else on campus. They hope that at the very least, that people on campus may pick up the paper and find out what other people are thinking. At least the people in the Free Speak Writing Conglomerate are concerned with thinking. That doesn't seem to be the case with most of their critics.

Terry Lengel
LA - '73
L.L. Bean, Freeport, Me., an ardent hunter and fisherman, used to suffer from cold wet feet when hunting in the autumn woods. Like everyone else he wore all-leather boots. One fall, he had an idea that he thought might do away with all this discomfort. He cut the tops off an old pair of leather boots and had new rubbers sewed to them. He put on two pairs of wool socks, slipped his feet into the new hybrids and went hunting. Wonderful! his feet stayed dry and warm, and traction was greatly improved as well. When some of his friends saw the new contraptions, they were inclined to laugh, but were soon asking how to get this footwear for themselves. And so was born the world-famous "Maine Hunting Shoe." For wet, cold woods, and in the snow, this is the shoe to wear.

Mr. Bean came from a long line of canny Scots (the original name was MacBeane), and since the rubber feet wore out before the leather uppers, he soon began to offer to replace the feet for those users who returned their old hunting shoes. This cost considerably less than the price of new shoes. About 1917, I bought a pair of Maine hunting shoes, and wore them every fall and spring for 30 years. During this time, I had them re-footed three times, and somewhere along the way the excellent new patented V-shaped heel was cut and sewed into the leather uppers. Finally, I wrote to Mr. Bean that at last the leather was getting a "leetle mite" porous, and that if I could buy another pair of his new shoes I'd never need another as long as I lived! And so I believe it will be.

W.M.H. '25'

The train was pretty crowded going home for Christmas last month. The Syracuse station was jammed with the ticket line longer than ever before. About five minutes before the train arrived, everybody went out to line up along the tracks. We knew there would be few seats empty in the cars. And we were right; the conductors started shouting "standing room only" as soon as the train stopped. But we rushed on anyway and were immediately confronted by people already standing since Rochester. But there was one place left to set. This was in the Men's Room. It was just a plain rest room, not like the others I have ridden in on the New York-Albany run. There were already two people sitting in there and they said it would be all right if I joined them. I found out they both worked for the Penn Central; one was an engineer and the other was a freightman. They talked about the train situation, gardening, and retirement. Somewhere along the line they gave me two recipes for soup. We got into Albany one half hour late but I didn't mind; it was good to be home again. Anyway, here are the two soup recipes I learned while travelling along the Mohawk River.

Trainmen's Soup
Bake soupbones with marrow in oven at 250°F. This brings out the flavor. Then throw that along with potatoes, carrots, celery and anything else that's hanging around into a pot of water and cook it for awhile.

Potato Soup
Salt Pork
potatoes
onions
Cook it for however long you want.

JACK AND THE TOAD TALK

One Sunday afternoon, Jack, the scientist's son, was out for a walk in the woods, since that was the only day he didn't have classes, and he was playing biologist that day, walking around asking questions and looking at everything he could find that he thought was worth looking at. And Jack always looked at at least one hundred of everything he ever looked at because his father had told him all about the dangers of insufficient data, so Jack spent a lot of time in the woods looking over the same things over and over again, in fact he missed a lot of other neat things because of it, but he wanted to be a good scientist and he was.

And after Jack had looked at 67 Aspen leaves trembling in the breeze he came upon the only tree he had ever missed in a dendrological quiz. It was a big tree and very tall,
you couldn't see the leaves if it had any but it didn't have any and so Jack thought it was dead and therefore an American elm. But it really wasn't dead and it wasn't an American elm. It was a cut leaf Bavarian Oak that the old school dendrologist had brought over with him from Europe and had planted to trick his students on the quizzes. Jack would have recognized it too, if it had had its leaves, because it had been mentioned at the end of the last lecture before Thanksgiving break, and Jack, of course, was there. In fact he was the only one there, but the tree had been defoliated by the nasty gypsy moths and the leaves were all digested by the time of the quiz.

Jack cried so hard after he missed that tree (even though everybody else missed it too) that he got sick and the professor excused him from the rest of the quiz. And Jack went home and studied day and night for a whole week without sleeping or eating or watching television and threatened to kill himself if he didn't get a hundred on the makeup quiz, and he took the makeup quiz and it was an easy quiz because the prof didn't want the death of a student on his conscience even if it was a suicide. So Jack got a hundred on the quiz and he got a hundred on all the quizzes and he got a hundred average and everyone thought Jack was probably a genius and Jack did too and he got an A++ in the course.

And the cut leaf Bavarian Oak didn't matter at all on that day. But it did matter on this day because while Jack was looking at the tree an uncommonly tall toad hopped out from behind it. He faced Jack and just sort of stared at him.

Jack, with the trained eye of a scientist's son knew right off that this was no common toad. He had never seen a toad 6'4" tall and he said right out loud, "Holy cow, this is the biggest toad I've ever seen."

Hearing this, the toad gave a groan and rolled back his eyes. He knew he was the tallest toad in the woods because he had eaten all the other 6'4" toads 4 years ago. Jack's scientific curiosity was going wild but Jack was really getting worried because he knew he could never find 99 other 6'4" toads in the woods and he was afraid he was wasting his time looking at just this one.

Well, Jack was so confused he didn't know what to do and he was just about to go back to the aspen leaves when the toad spoke in a deep toad-like voice, "Yer a scientist's son."

This was all Jack could take. Even though they never actually said it in lecture, Jack knew that toads don't talk, and Jack was scared to death. But he was also too afraid not to answer and so he did and he said yes because he was. But, being a scientist's son and having learned above all to keep a questioning mind, he managed to ask a question and he said, "How (gulp) how did you know Dr. (er) I mean Mr. Toad?"

Well, the toad was quite flattered that Jack's reflex response had almost called him a doctor and he smiled for a second because he had always wanted to be a doctor but no college would even accept a toad (not even a literate one). Then he turned quite stern and said, "(ahem) (aragh) (hrumph) (hrumph) Because you act like one, of course."

After this, Jack gained a little strength. The toad did not seem to be an overly truculent fellow, just perhaps a little abrupt, so he asked another question. He asked, "How, Mr. Toad Sir, did you learn to talk?"

And the toad was further flattered at being called Sir and he puffed out his chest as huge as he could and let out an awful "Hruuumph!" and said, "I taught myself everything, everything."

And Jack was appalled. He had never dreamed he would ever meet a 6'4" self made toad in the woods and he took out his wire bound notebook and pencil which he always carried with him wherever he went and began asking questions.

"Mr. Toad, Sir," he began, "where did you come from? How old are you? What do you eat? How many spots do you have on your back? It looks like there may be over a hundred. That would be wonderful. Are you a tree toad?"

And Jack went on and on asking about here and now and then and Toad never got a chance to talk again.

And he got bored.

And after 50 minutes of questions and writing with no time for answers the toad Continued on p.6
The SS&F Calendar of Events is a service of The Knothole intended to list all faculty and College related events for the week in one place. If your organization is having a meeting, speaker, movies, special event or whatever that you want publicized, contact the Knothole by student mail.

*Thursday, January 24*

3:30 pm, Thomas M. Lillesand will conduct a seminar about "Remote Sensing: What It Is & What It Isn't." 211 Walters

*January 28-January 31*
3-4 pm, Training sessions for tree cuttings. Sign up for one session on the door of 333 illick. Dr. Ketchledge.

JACK... flipped out his tongue and said in his toady voice, "Whaddya think a' this?" and he ate the student scientist!

Paul Steve

ESF B'BALL

Wanted--
-Experienced photographer willing to travel to away games with ESF basketball team. Pictures will be submitted to City newspapers, D.O. and ESF public affairs office following each game. Contact Mr. J. Thorp rm 427 Baker Hall.

-Writer to compose short articles for D.O. and Knothole following ESF basketball games and compile stats for City newspapers. See Mr. J. Thorp, rm 427 Baker Hall

Crossword Puzzle

**ACROSS**
1. Golf pro Sam
6. Frequently
11. Trinket
12. Golf pro Miller
14. Old Testament (ab.)
15. Cause of harm
17. ___ la Douce
18. Difficulty
19. ___-by (two words)
20. Strip of leather
23. Office of Economic Development (ab.)
24. African antelope
26. South American sloth
27. Siener and graceful (var.)
28. South American sloth
29. Crème de la crème
30. Slander
31. Golf pro Lee
32. Part of the human skull
33. Catch (coll.)
34. Olympic sport
35. Relax (two words)
36. A certain small beetle
37. Market places
38. A challenge
39. Crime de la crime
40. Process of grooming oneself
41. Golf pro Lee
42. For example (ab.)
43. Actor George
44. Light producing devices
45. Golf pro Arthur
46. Kind of cat
47. Liquefy
48. Permitted by law
49. Thick black liquid
50. Nest in Normandy
51. Synthetic product used in making plastics
52. I love (Lat.)
53. Discharge
55. French article
56. Golf pro Arnie
57. Kind of railway (coll.)
58. Concerning
59. Golf pro Gary
60. Yale University (ab.)
61. Long scarf
62. Swagger

**DOWN**
1. Roman god of agriculture
2. Greek letter
3. Wave
4. Intercourse
5. Slight hollows
6. Medical specialty (coll.)
7. Note of scale
8. Prefix meaning three
9. River in Spain
10. A certain lion
11. Golf pro Ellis
13. A medium of communication