The Knothole, December 6, 1977

SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry Student Body

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NEW SUNY CHANCELLOR

Dr. Clifton Wharton, Jr. was formally appointed Chancellor of SUNY, effective January 25, 1978, by the University's Board of Trustees.

Dr. Wharton comes to the State University system following seven years as Michigan State's president and assignments with the Agricultural Development Council and the American International Assoc. for Economic and Social Development. The appointment of the foreign policy and economic developments specialist to the State University of New York chancellorship followed a 10-month search during which the credentials of 250 educators were examined.

One of the most recent honors accorded the SUNY chancellor-designate was his selection as the 1977 recipient of the Joseph C. Wilson Award for achievement and promise in international affairs.


CHRISTMAS TREES

This year brighten up your room with a real Christmas tree. The Forestry Fraternity, KFD, is once again selling trees at $1.00 a foot and boughs at $1.00 a bundle. Stop by the frat house this weekend and buy a Christmas tree. Holiday spirit free with every purchase! (KFD is located at 200 Walnut Place).

ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES STUDENTS SAY THANKS

A committee of the Landscape Architecture Faculty has met with the Environmental Studies Students in response to their request for revisions in course requirements that will allow them to develop areas of specialization that relate to the purposes of the school.

The E.S. students were very pleased to find that the faculty committee is both reasonable and responsive to their ideas. Another meeting is planned for this week to explore what adjustments can be made for spring.
Letter to the Editor:

I am writing in reference to student attempts to petition the removal of APM 492, Forest Biometrics, from the RM curriculum. For those who are unfamiliar with this situation, I will attempt to explain. Forest Biometrics is a required course for the RM curriculum. At present there are two petitions in circulation, one is to delete this course from the required list of courses and the other petition is hoping to restructure the course. Let me say, for what it is worth, that I am in favor of this proposal. This course is structured so that 55% of the class grade is taken from the final, which covers approximately 45% of the course material. Along with a few other students, I also feel there are items used in mensuration and statistics that could be taught to benefit the students in later years. Returning to the first petition, I don't feel the course should be dropped just because it doesn't meet students interests at this point in time. Referring to the petitions in general, one underlying premise was brought out. There was tremendous disenchantment shown by this year's students about last year's poor showing of final grades of APM 492. Is this the criteria for which the basis of deleting a course is given? Are poor grades the criteria for suppressing a course? I should say not! Why is it that everytime one hears that a stand is taken against a course, the underlying and principal reason is ALWAYS grades? Another terrific example of this was seen in the spring of 1976 with FBO 360, Forest Pathology. Doctor Manion in his infinite mercy put our butts in a sling with his cheating game. Anyone who was around to witness Dr. Manion's own patented catastrophe, also witnessed some crazy antics exhibited by students.

During this period there was tremendous emotional stress shown by students who were worried about what grade they would receive. We seem to be at the same point here in APM 492, with students constantly worried about their grade. All I can say is...suffer because you are stuck with this one. My understanding was that college is where one acquires a learning experience; does this have any correlation to a particular grade we get in a course? I submit it doesn't. Students (grade seekers), I will leave you with one last piece of advice, something worth worrying about: don't expect that the final will be as easy as the midterm, because you will be kidding yourself. You will take yourself right back into a seat in next fall's APM 492 class, and Dr. Cunia will once again have you as his guest. Take it from someone who knows!

David W. Norton

American Water Resources Association
Meeting December 8, at 7:30 p.m. in 214 Marion. Spring Conference will be discussed. All members are urged to attend. Be there!

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To the Editor:

It finally came to me the other night. After three and a half years and about $14,000 I have come to a startling realization...I feel as though I have learned almost nothing during my college years. Now, coming from someone with a pretty high cum, several academic honors, and a secured place in a professional school this must sound pretty absurd. I mean, maybe you are thinking that I'm suffering from senior-psychosis or something. But I'm not, I've had all my shots. I'm really serious..I feel as though I've learned relatively little while here in college. The other night as I sat memorizing tree characteristics which I would forget the next day, insect terminology which I would disregard in a matter of weeks, and insecticide formulas which I'd be lucky to remember through the night, it all came to head...mine. For the first time, I asked myself some very valid questions... "What am I gaining from my 'educational experience' at college?, and more importantly, "What is the real goal of education?"

The way I see it, 95% of my college education has consisted of two things; memorizing and regurgitating. The trouble is, once something is regurgitated it's usually gone. The memory of the taste left in your mouth may linger (and you can come back with that dreamy-eyed nostalgic statement, "Ah, yes, I once knew that.") but the substance has gone down the drain. It seems to me that the goal of education should be to not only teach facts but to stimulate the mind, to bring forth one's curiosity, ideas, and concepts and to put them to constructive use. But curiosity and ideas are stymied rather than stimulated in our present system. Sitting in lectures for hours on end listening to professors (who often are about as interesting as watching a dead cow sunbathe) is not my idea of stimulating. The tests are yet another stick of wood in the fire. In the years I've been at college. I think maybe one-twentieth of the tests I've taken stimulated some real thought. Mostly I was concerned with trying to cough up trivial smatterings of information which meant practically nothing to me except a means to a grade. I'm tired of multiple-guess and true-false questions with their ambiguity and

nonsensical nature. How about a course that teaches me to think and a test which allows me to do it!? Is that too much to ask? Apparently so.

I won't say that college has been a total loss, however. Some of the extracurricular experiences I've had and strong friendships I've formed have helped me mature. But as far as my academic education, I feel about as ill-prepared now as when I first came to college...and you know something?... that stinks!

-Steve Kinne

I can feel the weight falling down upon me.
The tests, the projects...papers
The questions,
harmless,
but each a barb adding


to the other: "What will you do after graduation?"

What indeed? As if I knew...

-WWC.

Are You Dying?

In a far more terrible sense, an individual becomes dead when he ceases to think and begins to drift with the stream. Like a sheep, he is willing to be led this way or that, influenced and controlled by people and forces around him...

Too many are attracted by the life of ease, beside the dead and stagnant pools along the way; and we turn aside for a prolonged rest. Look around! Life is movement, vibrant aliveness. You can tear away the layers of protective covering from the inner creative spark which lies deep within you. You can realize your relationship to the creative spirit moving through all that is!

-Herman Bro

Begin a New Life
BALLEY AGREES TO END
SALES OF KANGAROO-HIDE SHOES

Bally, Inc., a major New York importer and seller of shoes, has agreed to remove shoes made of kangaroo hides from the New York State market after the Office of the Attorney General proceeded against them on the grounds that kangaroos are an endangered species. The shoes, manufactured by Creazioni Madeo, of Vigevano, Italy, and Panalpina, of Milan, Italy, retailed at about $85 a pair.

Under the New York State's Environmental Conservation Law, no person or company may import, transport, possess, sell, or offer for sale in New York State articles made from the skins or hides of endangered species. Some of the animals protected by this law are kangaroos, tigers, leopards, jaguars, polar bears, wolves, cheetahs, vicunas, alligators and crocodiles. Although it is illegal to destroy these animals in most of the countries poachers have found it lucrative to disregard the law. The law prohibiting sale of goods made from endangered animals' skins and hides was passed in order to make poaching less profitable.

When contacted by the Attorney General's Bureau of Environmental Protection, Bally's president claimed that he was unaware that he was breaking the law. The company agreed to pay a fine of $3,000 and to remove shoes valued at $35,000 from all New York State markets.

from enviroNEWS

Firefly
A little light is going by
Is going up to see the sky.
A little light with wings.
I never could have thought of it
To have a little bug all lit,
And made to go on wings.

-Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Hippopotamus sweating blood.
It does look very much like blood,
but it's not. The hippopotamus exudes
an oily reddish fluid from various large
pores in its thick skin. Apparently the
fluid is a kind of skin-conditioner which
the hippo needs to prevent dried and
cracking skin when he is out of water.
That this secretion becomes more copious
and redder than usual when the hippo is
excited or wounded has obviously further
perpetuated the notion that it must be
blood.

RATS AND RAPTORS VIE FOR CITY RESIDENCE

The city of Satellite Beach, FL, has been plagued by rat problems and decided to use natural means to eliminate them. Having acquired two red-tailed hawks and a barn owl, the city turned them loose to feed on rats. City Manager Richard Shinn indicated that the raptors (birds of prey) are doing an effective job. Several kills have been confirmed with many reports from reliable citizens saying they had seen the birds at work. The owl hunts at night while the two hawks hunt during daylight hours. However, Shinn said the rat problem is so bad the city needs the aid of more birds and will be receiving "a dozen or so" more hawks and owls from the Florida Wildlife Service.
Let me tell you about the worst job I ever had in my life. Worst job I ever had in my life was working for the Santa Fe Railroad south of Las Vegas, Nevada. Way out in what the Navajoes call the boonies, out in the desert. The job was gandy dancin'. Now gandy dancin' used to be in the old days, gandy dancin' was when the Irish were building the railroad. 'Course the first trans-continental railroad was built by Irish laborers and they used these long handled shovels called Irish banjoes made by the Gandy shovel company of Chicago. Now the Irish laborer would take the wide end of the shovel when he could find it and he would jam it under a rail or a tie and he would climb out on the long handle and do a little jig step out there and that would lever the tie or rail up and you push gravel in underneath and tamp it down and that levels the road bed, that's what Gandy dancin' is. Leveling the road bed so's that the damn train doesn't fall off as it goes by which is just a big drag for everybody. Now they don't do gandy dancin' the normal way anymore nowadays, but they used to run three cars out on the line. They run a box car out there, just a box car, you sleep in it, they got bunks in there 18 inches apart. Then you got a tool car with your tamping irons, your tongs, and your double jack hammer and all the tools you need to do the job. Then you got a cook car, there's no restaurants anyplace around here so you got a cook car. Pots n' pans and a coal or wood burning stove and a long table down the center to eat at. The only thing they don't hire is a cook that's cause they're cheap. Saves 'em money. Rule is, that in that crew they sposed to pick among their members who's gonna cook. Now they don't try to do it sensibly like draw lots or try to find out who the best cook is, what they do is they wait and find out who bitches and whines and moans the most about the cookin' and they say, "All right wise guy, you think you can do better, you get to be the cook." Well, that was me see. Old alligator mouth. New man on the crew and that was the worst food I ever had, I mean it was dog-bottom pie, pheasant sweat, otter water comes out of an otter. Terrible, terrible stuff. Some people thought it was a delicacy but I thought it was garp. So I complained and they said, "All right wise guy, you get to be cook." That made me mad cause I didn't want to cook, but I knew that if anyone complained about my cookin' they were gonna have to cook. Armed with that knowledge I sallied forth over the muddy river, I was walking around among the cheat grass and bunch grass and I looked down and there was just a hell of a big moose turd, biggest damn moose turd, that was a real steamer. I looked down at that meadow wafer and I said to myself, "Self, I'm gonna bake up a moose turd pie, cause if anyone complains about my cookin', they're gonna have to cook." So I tipped that pasture pastry up on end and started rollin' it towards the cook car...pha-bloomp,pha-bloomp,pha-bloomp... I got my shit together so to speak, I got down there and leaned it up against the side and I climbed up into the cook car and baked up a hell of a big pie shell. And I baked that moose turd in it as slick as you please and I crimped the edges with my thumbs and laid strips of dough across it and garnished it with a sprig of parsley and paprika. It was beautiful, poetry on a plate, and I served it for dessert, waiting for the first hint of a complaint. Well, this giant dude come in, about five foot forty, I mean he was big, threwed himself down like a fool on the stool. Picked up his fork and took a big bite of that moose turd pie. Well, he threw down his fork and he let out a beller, and he yelled, "MY GOD, IT'S MOOSE TURD PIE... it's good though."
General Forestry students, especially those majoring in the Biological Sciences, will see many taxonomic keys in their four (or more) years at this College. There are keys to wood, fungi, plants, trees, vertebrates, insects, and other invertebrates. The 1949 yearbook of the University of Toronto forestry students- The Annual Ring contains a key, which to my knowledge has not been used here... yet.

-Fred Robinson '63

Key To Homo sapiens---Professional

1a. Has crease in trousers, wears a recent haircut, spends considerable time with family..............................Doctor, lawyer, dentist, architect, etc.

1b. Trousers contain crease only when new, rarely if ever match coat; frequently unrecognized by own children (Who's that man, Mommy?); behaves strangely in centers of large population, and inclined to pause at trees. (not to be confused with Canis familiaris)..............................Forester

2a. Slow, deliberate gait; lack of enthusiasm to partake in political discussions; experiences difficulty in expressing positive decisions due to opinions of immediate superior...............................Government Forester

3a. Possesses microscopic vision and permanent squint in one eye.
   4a. May be observed peering under rocks, or attempting to wrap a white sheet around the crown of a lofty pine........Entomologist
   4b. When not compiling voluminous reports can be often seen applying a stethoscope to an underdeveloped tree...........Pathologist

3b. Does not possess microscopic vision; less inclined to behave strangely in urban centers.
   5a. Has wall-eyed stereoscopic stare and permanent crease between the eyes..............................Aerial Photograph Interpreter
   5b. Travels in a jeep, well-supplied with expense sheet forms and numerous propaganda booklets...........Zone Forester

2b. Immediate reaction to any proposal, suggestion or query is usually "HOW MUCH?".................................Industrial Forester

6a. Will cut down anything as long as it floats and has not been burned..............................Pulpwood Forester

7a. Generally found in inaccessible places during the growing (tree) season..............................Cruiser

7b. Travels by 8 cylinder automobiles, possibly 6 in extreme cases. Office profusely hung with woods operations pictures as an aid to keeping in touch with developments.............................Woods Manager

6b. Shows no interest in trees of small diameter classes, generally carries a Big Sandy Cube Rule in hip pocket......................Sawlog Forester

-Reprinted from the December 18, 1963 Knothole.

B-BALL

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<th>Date</th>
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Home games are played at the Women's Building (WB) or Manley Field House (Man).

F E N

The Forest Engineer's Club is sponsoring a talk and slide presentation by Dr. Samuel P. Clemence of the Civil Engineering Dept. at S.U. He will speak on the subject of "Stripmine Reclamation by Induced Landslide" A world traveler, Dr. Clemence is an excellent speaker with an amusing anecdote on most any topic. The talk will begin at 7:30 pm. on Thurs. Dec. 8th in Room 319 Marshall.
SENIORS!

Unhappy with your senior portrait? Missed getting your photo taken?

Varden photographers will return to take photographs of people who were not satisfied with their senior portraits. Also, if you missed having a portrait taken, this is your last chance.

SIGN UP NOW!

Basement of Marshall Hall (outside wifkin, on Bulletin Board)

Pictures will be taken on Wednesday, December 14, 1977, from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. in Moon Conference Room.

If demand is great enough, pictures may be taken on Thursday, December 15, 1977.