62 Hartman Fellows Go South

Larry L. Streeby
Iowa State University

Follow this and additional works at: https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester

Part of the Forest Sciences Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol50/iss1/10

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ames Forester by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact digirep@iastate.edu.
Last year's Ames Forester carried the first announcement of the G. B. HARTMAN TRAVEL AWARD. Mike Hathaway, John Shepard, and myself were fortunate enough to be chosen as the first three "Hartman Fellows." This past fall, in mid-October, the three of us and Dr. Thomson embarked on a ten-day, 2700-mile trip through the South, which I am sure we will always remember.

Sure, there were doubts at first. I am nearly always doubtful about the value of anything that starts before five o'clock on a Saturday morning, and when that morning happens to be rainy as this was, I really begin to wonder. But the day wore on, and as we drove in the rain trying to put as many miles as possible between us and our native corn country, the banter in the car ranged from the football game we were missing to the value of education and the ethical standards of our chosen profession; and we began to realize that we were starting out on a very valuable experience. We began to get an inkling of the dedication of our faculty in attempting the difficult task of molding mature professional men out of the seventeen and eighteen-year-olds which converge upon the department each September.

As we rolled through soggy Iowa and Illinois and neared Indiana, the corn grew scarce, and the trees taller and taller. Being slightly partial to hardwoods, I jumped at the opportunity to convert Mike, a conifer man, to my side of the fence while we toured Turkey Run State Park in Indiana, a site famous for its seldom-seen virgin stands of mixed hardwoods. Although I didn't succeed completely, the four of us left with a deeper appreciation of the broad-leaved species.

After a short night in Bedford, Indiana, we hustled onward to Louisville, Kentucky, where we
You’re right this time Doc. It is longleaf pine!"

"You’re right this time Doc. It is longleaf pine!"

"You’re right this time Doc. It is longleaf pine!"

were the breakfast guests of Ray Renaud (’54) and Gene Reynolds (’49), representatives of Wood Mosaic Co. John Shepard, our representative from the Products option, and a man of certain fame for his healthy appetite, found himself caught between two of his first loves — delicious hotcakes and ham, and a beautiful wood product such as the hardwood flooring and paneling produced by this company. Poor John never could decide which was better, but all of us left believing the tales of good southern cooking and with dreams of a future house with mosaic flooring.

We traveled south and eastward from Louisville through the charming country of whitewash fences, green rolling hills, and sleek racehorses of Calumet Farms and Lexington, Kentucky, on our way to Norris, Tennessee. There we met with Earl Olson (’33) to tour the TVA Forestry Building and one of the power plants which have done so much for the citizens of this area. We were quite impressed with this little town built among the picturesque trees within sight of the lake which made its existence possible, and we thought that if there ever was a perfect place in which to retire and enjoy the beauty of nature and the productivity of man at the same time, this was it. We topped the evening off with coffee and cake at the home of Earl and his wife, a true "southern belle."

The following morning the sun broke through for the first time as we left Gatlinburg and revealed the Great Smokies before us clad in striking autumn colors among the green of the pines. For midwesterners who thought all scenery started and ended with the Rockies, Cascades, and the Sierra Nevada, this was quite a revelation. Doc Thomson had his hands full trying to navigate the steep, winding roads, and trying to repeal our pleading to stop for scenery photos every hundred feet. Since we outnumbered him, Doc lost, and we had to stop in the foothills of the Smokies in Franklin, North Carolina, to replenish our film supply. Then we took time out from our tight schedule and took a side trip to see the site of the 1957 summer camp and to visit with Mr. Purdom to see how he makes his fine custom furniture and to see his collection of old steam engines. Regretfully, we then left the Smokies and headed for the focal point of our trip, the annual SAF meeting, this held in the Dinkler Plaza Hotel in downtown Atlanta.

There we met Dr. Stoltenberg, who was to remain with us for the remainder of our trip. We soon forgot the Smokies in the excitement, hustle, and bustle of the meeting. We met many key men in the profession of forestry in the short time we had before the alumni banquet held in Stouffer’s Top of the Mart overlooking the city lights of a modern downtown Atlanta, characterizing the rapid economic growth of the entire South. We were astounded by the success of the ISU alums we met at this festive occasion, and for perhaps the first time felt the intense pride shared by the men who come from Iowa State. I am sure that few, if any schools can claim the kind of record that Iowa State Alumni have made in carving this record, which can only benefit us, and I am sure I speak for the entire student body at ISU in saying that we will do our utmost to uphold this tradition. We know that the faculty has done as much as is humanly possible in preparing us for this difficult task, and I am confident that this preparation will be well-used.

The next morning found us sound asleep until mid-morning — a welcome rest from the furious pace we had set until then. That day and the following one were spent attending meetings of our choice, meeting many more dignitaries, and touring the city...
of Atlanta. When Wednesday noon arrived, we were ready to leave the crowded atmosphere and take to the road once more.

The five of us left Atlanta and headed for Macon, Georgia, the home of the new Macon Fire Lab. We arrived in mid-afternoon and were shown around by Mr. George Bryant, director of the lab. Complete with wind tunnel and all the latest equipment, the Macon Fire Lab is an impressive research center to visit.

That night John and I dug out our long since forgotten books and tried to study for a test that all of us had to take, but it was no use and we decided to take it without studying. (Passed it, by golly!) Mike backed out at the last minute since he felt he hadn’t prepared enough; and anyway hadn’t we vowed to forget the books shortly after leaving Ames?

The following day found us traveling through the heart of the southern pine country on our way to visit the Walton Forest in Cordele, Georgia. In some ways, this country reminded us of Iowa except that the fields were planted with pines rather than corn. There were other differences, such as the temperature and the bright red soils, but field upon field of pines of all sizes impressed us with the fact that the South, with its favorable climate and growing conditions, will supply an important part of our future timber supply. This growth potential, along with the rapid economic and industrial growth in which wood has played an integral part, is reflected by the enthusiasm of the southern people and particularly the southern foresters. The Walton Forest, a large private holding, displays fine stands of slash pine which were planted in the 20’s. Some of these are already being harvested, first for naval stores and then for pulpwood. We found the process of harvesting naval stores fascinating, since we hadn’t been exposed to this, except by textbooks.

This marked the furthest point from home, and after a good night’s sleep, we started the long trek back, but our trip was far from being over. After touring some University of Alabama forest holdings with Mr. Wood and Carl Dalton, Area II Forester for the Southern Pulpwood Conservation Ass’n., we returned to the lodge for the evening. The seven of us enjoyed a wonderful meal of southern fried catfish, and all the trimmings. Again Shepard demonstrated his remarkable ability to eat, and the rest of us stuffed ourselves trying to emulate this ability. Then followed an extremely interesting bull session with Mr. Wood, a true southern gentleman, and Mr. Dalton, who impressed us with his energy and enthusiasm for forestry in general and southern forestry in particular. Among the multitude of topics covered, one of the most interesting was the background of Mr. Dalton. Born and raised deep in the isolated mountain area of North Carolina, he left these surroundings to receive an education, and is now one of the most successful and well known young men in southern forestry. With some regret, we left these two gentlemen, whom we felt we had come to know quite well, the following morning.

Many a mile rolled under our wheels the following day, despite a late afternoon stop to visit Shiloh National Military Park in northeastern Mississippi, the scene of the famous Civil War battle. Dr. Stoltenberg, Mike, John, and I finally managed to persuade Dr. Thomson, the historian of the group, to leave, although we, too, were reluctant as we didn’t have time to see much of it as we would have liked. That night Mike remembered the test he had to take, and started studying for it. Being the cautious type, he just couldn’t drive himself into taking it without studying. But the grueling trip began to take its toll and he had to go to bed after less than an hour of studying.

When we left for Ames the next morning, conscientious Mike began studying once more, but soon gave it up as a bad cause and finally just took the test. Later we arrived in Ames, sad to have this experience end, and yet glad to be back, but mostly feeling fortunate and thankful to have been chosen for this wonderful award.

Next fall will once again find three lucky seniors and two staff members on the Hartman Trip, this time to the Northeast and the SAF meeting in Boston.

Mike, John, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank Dr. Stoltenberg, Dr. Thomson, the rest of the staff, and most of all, the alumni for making this most enjoyable and worthwhile trip possible. We only regret that it was not possible for all the seniors to go, since we feel that all of them could have gained much from the areas we visited and perhaps even more, from getting to know part of the faculty, their problems, and their dedication to forestry and us. We thank you all!