including the two-legged vermin that prey on human misery. I've had my share of breathing industrial pollutants. I've lived where no tree could survive. I have lived in fourteen different countries. I've spent months in the steaming jungles of Vietnam. I have had several experiences in many occupations. Sure, I can earn more money, live in luxury in some other career, but what about my mind, I ask myself?

Being a soil scientist affords me the opportunity of great challenges. I must use my resources to perform my assignments. I must recall bits of information taught to me by my major professors in college. I think of all the great minds I have encountered at the universities I've attended. It's very apparent to me that my training in the field, in conjunction with what has been taught to me in college, has proved time after time again to be a definite plus.

The fringe benefits of being a soil scientist are immeasurable. To enter a field or forest is reward in itself. It's like taking a hike, except for the fact that you are carrying an auger and mapboard. Your eyes are constantly scanning the terrain, your mind is recording all you are seeing. After you bore a hole in the soil, you may sit and ponder as to it's correct classification. You move on only to see a pair of twin fawns or maybe that ghost buck sporting a legendary rack. A few more yards and a covey of quail burst from the brush leaving your heart racing.

You gaze at your watch and it's time for lunch. That pond with the willow tree providing all that shade is a perfect site. Here is where I can enjoy the beauty of the land. While eating, who knows, maybe a ten pound bass will come bursting through the bonnets to grab some careless frog. Maybe I can get a glimpse of a twelve-foot alligator in pursuit of a water moccasin.

One can really see the complexity of nature and all it affords through well-trained eyes and mind. You cannot place a price tag on the aesthetic values that provide such a pleasure.

Sure, there are frustrating days and hazards. No one ever said it would be easy. Besides "You can't enjoy the sunshine if it weren't for the clouds." I wouldn't trade my career for any other. I am enjoying myself and feel physically and morally terrific. I'm happy to be a soil scientist.

New Hampshire Soil Scientist Retires

Frank J. Viera retired in January 1980 from his position as Assistant State Soil Scientist in New Hampshire. He and five other retired SCS employees have formed a partnership offering consulting services in several different fields. Frank's position was filled 7 April 1980 by Henry Mount, soil scientist from Champaign, Ill.

This news was taken from the newsletter of the Society of Soil Scientists of Northern New England.