Seminars of 1933-34

Ames Forestry Club
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ELEVEN o'clock Friday morning—seminar.

But this particular seminar was just a bit different from other Friday mornings at eleven o'clock.

It was the first seminar of the fall quarter; preps had become sophomores, the second year men juniors, and the juniors had cast aside their frivolity to assume the dignity of men who wear the caps and gowns.

There were many conspicuous absences that day at seminar. Kowski was gone; there would be no tales of packers and mules. The "I" sweaters with the gray stripes were not there; Hess and Gibson had hung up their cardinal tights for the last time.

In front of the room were the preps, wondering what this seminar business was all about: some small fellows, some burly ones, too.

Greetings, Erasers, and Songs

"Hi, pal, how's things?" as a senior brushed past to grab the outstretched hand of his classmate. "What you been doing all summer?" Good natured cracks and erasers flew back and forth across the room as old acquaintanceships were renewed.

Some of those tanned faces were sad as thoughts of that swell summer floated through the minds of their owners. Jobs were left behind; life in the open where the seats are logs with no back rests that twist the spine and with no arm rests to write on during exams was hard to leave. And, too, there was that blonde.

"Boy, you should have been at summer camp. Did we have a keen time out at Wenatchee! The water in the lake was colder than h—— the first part of the summer and the mosquitoes bigger than cows. Old Hans over there rode his motor cycle out, and did he ever take a beating! I'll bet we lost him 15 times."

Prof Larsen walked to his usual seat by the window; the battle, preps versus sophomores, suddenly ceased, most of the ammunition having been shot out the window anyway. A few minutes later Profs Horning and Demeritt strode in, and seminar officially got under way.

"Down under the hill, there is a little still—"

Not sweet, but loud; the old gang was together again. Smiles lit those faces which a minute before had been gazing forlornly toward the West. The Ames forester spirit at its height and at its best was here.
"Oh, the Foresters, the Foresters, with dirt behind their ears—"

The school year of 1933-34 took off to a flying start.

**Jobs**

Fall quarter moved onward; more Friday mornings passed.

In time word of the alums drifted back to the second floor of Ag Hall; Emergency Conservation Work had absorbed most of the class of '33 and the alums of the past three classes who had been doing nothing since their graduation.

Before many weeks passed Gil Stradt told about the control of fire and the preservation of the California watershed; Everett Jensen recounted his experiences mapping in Washington and California. Marsh Thayer, working the past summer in Yellowstone, with gestures and diagrams extracted and hatched fish eggs.

![Their thoughts turned back to forest scenes.](image)

Fergy slept, Brownfield munched a candy bar, and Jerry Schroeder was among those absent.

Someone in the Visual Instruction Department got himself slightly mixed and sent Prof Horning the same films on succeeding Fridays, but that was all right; the fellows who had slept the first time woke up to see the show and the foresters who had seen it the first time took their 40 winks.

Al Lantzky and Leonard Wiehn are still looking forward to a big event in seminar. Someone told them Prof Horning had arranged to have Tom Mix and Greta Garbo on the same program.

The sophomores took Chem 502; some passed and others just gave up. The juniors struggled with silviculture and journalism,
and the seniors moaned about ecology.

**Campfire**

Lyle Chisholm, president of the Forestry Club, announced the campfire; Jack Newville sold Foresters; Johnny Hubbard reminded the boys that Christmas was not far away and that they should buy cards of wood early.

Then the campfire rolled around and the usual baseball game with seniors against all comers with Doc Sass acting as umpire preceded the feast of buns and dogs, washed down by typical foresters' coffee, strong enough to stand by itself.

After the dogs had gone the way of all dogs, the program around the fire led by Doc Sass and Prof Demeritt developed into a general session with these two august instructors carrying the conversation into channels some good and some not so good.

**On the Gridiron**

The football season progressed, and reports of forester athletes floated into room 208 every Friday morning. Jack Beyer, both literally and figuratively, held down the middle of the Cyclone line as varsity center. He did Herculean duty against Iowa, though suffering from an ankle which threatened to give out at any moment. Howard Harlan, who practiced rolling down mountains all summer, returned to the gridiron and rolled up scores against other Big Six schools. His outstanding work of the year was against Oklahoma, when sports writers conceded him to be the outstanding Cyclone on the field.

Lyle Chisholm was a member of the Iowa State two-mile team for the third year, and Howard Thompson won his numeral in prep football. He hopes to compete next fall with Coach Veenker's varsity team.

Those who looked closely from their seats in State Field could identify Kenny Compton, Leslie Rabik and "Pink" O'Neil as forester members of the band as it marched up and down the grid during the halves of the games.

**Hoedown**

When winter quarter rolled around, many foresters took jobs with the C.W.A. mapping Iowa's forest and waste land. Seminars were marked by more absences; sophomores and juniors were hardest hit by the loss from their ranks.

The gang carried on, however, and the first event of note to be discussed in seminar by "Prexy" Chisholm was the Hoedown. Plans were laid to make this year's dance the best in history. and on Jan. 27 the event was staged. Boots with hobs were barred and beer, too, slightly repressing the foresters' instinct for noise, but nevertheless the evening produced the best Hoedown ever. Ray Phillips danced all night, and Jack Rhody
sang "Frankie and Johnnie."

**Athletics**

With the advent of the winter season wrestling really came into its own, and as usual, the foresters dominated the team. Marshall (Iron Man) Thayer filled the shoes of Bob Hess to the complete satisfaction of everyone. Employing much of the whirlwind style of Hess, Thayer won most of his matches in the 175-pound class. Gail Thomas also made the team, having wrestled much of the season as the Iowa State representative in the 145-pound division.

Keith Cranston and Clyde Hoover wrestled in several meets, but were not quite sufficiently developed to win letters. Wyman Maulsby made a strong bid for the 155-pound assignment, and Ed VandenOever grappled all season in the 135-pound class. Amos Smelser, George Wilhelm and Ray Phillips were other candidates who looked good throughout the season.

The first year men turned out in numbers for the team and made a splendid showing. Francis Buck and Wilson Cheney were the best freshman grunt and groan artists.

The foresters even had their own senior manager on the team: "Luther" Hatch.

But wrestling was not the only sport which attracted foresters as its devotees. John Bosshart was a member of the varsity basketball squad. Jules Renaud and Lyle Chisholm are the track stars.

Swede Carlson is working out for the varsity baseball team and ranks as the leading pitcher on Coach Menze's nine. Jim Perry is out for the catching position on the team. Al Lantzky has made several trips with the poloists.

Of the freshmen, Bill Follen, Bill Nessel and Hugo Werner are out for the track team, Max Gutshall and Walter Smith play first year polo and Clarence Kinkor is one of Coach Daubert's prep swimmers.

**Forestry Club**

Foresters organized a club basketball team which played like teams from other departments. They won most of their games. Donald Cox acted as player-manager of the team. If present plans of the Intramural Office materialize, the competition will become a permanent feature of the Forestry Club.

At the end of the winter quarter the Forestry Club elected Jack Newville to replace Lyle Chisholm as president. Don Hodges was elected vice-president and Ray Phillips was chosen secretary-treasurer of the organization. Stanley Hurd was to have been president of the Club, but he didn't return to school in the fall. Chisholm took over the gavel in his absence, and Art Lehmann filled the post of secretary-treasurer.
Another Forestry Club activity of the past year to attract much attention and interest from foresters was the Rifle Club. Pete Tustison acted as coach and president of the organization, Everett Jensen treasurer, and Hans Milius secretary.

Practice was held every Wednesday evening, using the R. O. T. C. rifles and range.

Prof. Demeritt startled the assemblage at seminar one day by announcing that he would take all comers in a rifle match, and what’s more, he made good his threat. But the team kept right on practicing in an effort to cover their embarrassment by beating some of the other forestry schools throughout the country.

The team, Pete Tustison, Jack Newville, Luther Hatch, Bob Hutchinson, Richard Campbell and Gail Thomas, participated in four matches, but the foresters had hard luck in telegraphic matches and lost them all. Universities of Montana, Washington, Maine, and California counted victories over the Club team.

**Outside Activities**

Tom Hurt participated in several varsity debates and is a member of the Iowa State Players. He is also a member of Phi Sigma, honorary debating fraternity.

Otho Johnson and Wayne Lewison were forester members of the Glee Club, going to Chicago with the club tour this spring. Kenny Compton accompanied the Glee Club this spring to give a series of flute solos during the concerts.

Verle Johnson, Paul Muller and Tom McLintock represented foresters on publications, taking part in the activities of the Iowa State Student, the Bomb, and Green Gander. Johnson, McLintock, and Muller were all on the Student, Johnson on the Green Gander, and McLintock on the Bomb staff.
John Stapleton was the sophomore class treasurer for the past year.

Paul Libby, Ray Phillips and Nelson Schlemmer were members of the College Cossacks, dare-devil riders supreme. During the Military Circus and Veishea they hold exhibitions.

Alpha Phi Omega, honorary scouting fraternity, boasts for its members, John Hubbard, president of the organization, Paul Nissen, and Fred Battell.

Throughout the winter Prof Horning encouraged all foresters to enter the Pack Prize Essay contest and follow the example of Russ Getty, Amos Smelser, Stanley Hurd, and Hans Milius, who won prizes last year. A good number of entries were recorded in this year's contest, but the results are not known until Honor's Day.

Summer Jobs Again

Toward the end of winter quarter thoughts of all foresters again turned to the woods. Jobs and summer camp filled the discussion of one day's seminar.

Prof Larsen opened the summer plans by announcing that several jobs would be available in the nursery for the coming summer. Then Prof Horning countered and raised him one by announcing that foresters interested in some practical experience would this year be permitted to join the C.C.C. for the three months of summer vacation. About 30 applications were received for the jobs; undergraduate foresters will this summer become a part of the recovery program.

Juniors and seniors were dismissed, and those interested in summer camp listened to an explanation of the 1934 camp.

It was an attractive picture, that one painted by Prof Horning as he verbally laid plans for the summer: "The largest tract of virgin timber in the United States... near the sea... as far away as we could be and still stay in this country... across the strait from Vancouver Island." Those were his words as he described the summer in the Olympic Peninsula on Lake Crescent.

Eyes brightened, hearts beat faster with thoughts of the summer in the woods. To leave behind classes and books, live under the firs: That would be perfect. Freshmen ceased to be those fellows who sat in the front of the room: They were foresters now—Ames Foresters.

Next year they will be returning not as the new men of last fall, knowing no one, but as the foresters who have friends in the seminar room. They too will greet their buddies and sing, "Down under the hill—."