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Dedication

Ames Forestry Club

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DEDICATION

Some time back in the dim days of peace, you decided to be a forester. Probably you don't even remember the exact reason—few of us do. Maybe you saw sunrise on a snow capped mountain. Maybe it was moonlight on the desert, or the smell of wood smoke in the autumn or the taste of maple sugar in the spring that first put the love of the woods in your blood. Or was it the white anger that surged up when you saw the waste and destruction of the woodlands that made you seize forestry as a weapon to stop the crime? It doesn't really matter; you became a forester—and were proud of it.

But now those things you know are gone—or locked up tight in some dark corner of your memory. You haven't much time for reverie any more, except when the hours drag by on the night watch or the loneliness of far places presses too near. The forests were your past. Hell is your present. You can only work and fight and pray for your future.

To you, the foresters of the world, who sweat and bleed and die that justice and freedom may come a little sooner, we dedicate, with pride and humility, the AMES FORESTER of 1943. May it bring you back to the forest.