LET'S talk about you. So you're a student forester. Okay; and you figure that maybe you'd like a job with private industry—preferably one related to your training. One night you go down to the Forestry library and gather up a fistful of pamphlets on "Opportunities in Forestry, New Forest Frontiers, Forward We March, etc., etc.," and you begin to wade through the stuff. After a while your mind becomes log-jammed with facts, figures, statements and counter statements. This is about the time that you begin to think of the "Pretzel Bell," a table in the corner and a nice cold bottle of brew. But you are determined to banish the beer thought from your mind so you pitch into those pamphlets harder than ever. A little later you get tired of reading so you start to mentally catalogue and digest the stuff you just went over. You say to yourself, "Let's see, a job with private industry is what I think I'd like." You're the cold blooded analytical type—you passed through the "Be a Forest Ranger, Fish, Hunt, Cabin Furnished" stage during the third week of your freshman year.

You begin to probe. Now, you're a character who is fully aware of the social responsibilities which the forestry profession...
carries with it, but at the same time you realize that there must be bread to eat! You're definitely in the mood to give the mercenary side of our profession a "once over." Naturally, you'd like to get married, make a comfortable living and send your kids to "Campus on the Waters Tech." So you say to yourself, "I'd like to go where the big money is. Maybe I ought to hook up with a big private outfit, and in a few years maybe I'll work myself up to an executive position."

This, of course, is fine; except that it suddenly hits you that few of the executives come up via the forest management route. Some hail from the ranks of logging bosses and mill superintendents, and still others climbed those golden stairs by way of the sales division. Naturally, this thought kinda frightens you because with the forest management background that you have your chances seem to be narrowed down by about 75 percent.

Well, there must be some way to get the hide off this critter. You say to yourself, "I know, I might start at the bottom and work up. Sure, lower my sights. I could begin in the mill or in the woods on a logging job." But at this point you bump up against the realization that you lack the experience for this work. Well, what next? Then you say to yourself, "Darn it, I've got to begin someplace! Maybe I'd better take a job paying the same wages as a laborer for a starter." You figure advancement will come as fast as you can gobble up the training schedule the company lays out for you. There you sit wondering. Shall you go into private forestry, initial pay $45 per week, with confidence in your ability to work up, or shall you take the J. F. or possibly shoot for something else? Well, by this time your head is awhirl so you decide to have that beer after all.

You ponder over this thing and thresh it out in your bean for a couple of weeks. During that time you discover a growing realization creeping up on you—a feeling that there is much more to deciding upon whom you'll work for than salary and promotional opportunities alone. There is the matter of happiness! You have heard of men who time after time spurned the plush and all too often the stomach ulcers—of the executive's chair. The forester is a rare breed. He may choose to remain a ranger all his life—a darn good one too—simply because he loves his job! A layman cannot always appreciate this—a brother forester can. Where are your eyes focussed—on that plush seat or on the woods? At this stage in your life you're not certain of just where you would fit best. You carefully weigh your predicament and finally attribute your confusion to a combination of two factors—first, you are not sure that you know and understand the many facets which make up our profession of Forestry;
and second, you're somewhat in the dark as to how they fit together. This brings you to the point where you can either choose to remain in the dark or begin to dig for the answers. You choose to dig!

Just about this time another complication develops. Love is pressing hard and your poor heart is spouting blood all over the place. But none-the-less you steel yourself to the rocky facts of life and decide to postpone that stroll to the altar with Lucy Bell until one year after graduation. Like most females, naturally Lucy is disappointed and may even be thinking of reestablishing her friendship with other birds like Gerald Middlebury, the Pre-Med for instance, her torch bearer before the night you swept Lucy off her moccasined feet at the Forestry School’s Paul Bunyan Blowout. Well, salty tears or no, your decision is made!

You're a pretty intelligent cuss—you've only got a C plus average—but that's because you have so many outside interests—including Lucy, of course. So what do you do? Well, you commence to make yourself a semi-permanent fixture in the forestry library. You're out to find out what makes the profession tick.
Some of the guys coming in to look at the American Forests magazine kid the heck out of you because you're always in there. But you do have one pal, the librarian, who up until now was leading a lonely life from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. She can now sit at her desk and occasionally gaze across the room to where your solitary figure is pawing through back numbers of the Journal of Forestry, International Woodworker, Timberman, Southern Lumberman, Pulp and Paper Journal, Paper Worker, American Lumberman, etc., etc. After a few weeks of this your determination carries you beyond the periodicals phase and you launch into an exploration of the heavier stuff—bulletins and pamphlets by states, federal and private outfits. You give special attention to publications like the United States Forest Service “Reappraisal Reports” and the American Forestry Association’s “Forestry Congress Report,” etc.

In time a picture begins to shape up in your mind. You find that not all opinions on forestry agree. Labor has one, the federal, state, and private organizations and industries each have their own. In most respects all agree; in some they differ violently.

But as I said before, you are the analytical, curious type—you not only want to know what those opinions are, but you happen to be one of those rare birds who is always poking beneath the surface of things—you want to know why! This partly because you are fed up with swallowing everything tossed your way—you had four years of that while you were lugging a rifle around. You figure that you fought for freedom and truth. You have freedom; now you’re after the facts. Of course, at this moment, you have no idea of how much grief this attitude can bring you.

Public Forestry

Well, a picture of the American forestry situation begins to form, blurred at first but clearer as you hammer away at print and brain. You are studying about the United States Forest Service. You find that the outfit is over 50 years old, that it manages 155 National Forests which stack up to some 180 million acres—the records say 179 million but we won't quibble over that. Anyway, you learn that the Forest Service operates under the principle of “the greatest good to the greatest number in the long run.” “Mmm that’s fine,” you say to yourself, “that outfit must be sincere in serving the people.” You learn how the Forest Service came into being, how it was developed. Names like Roosevelt, Cleveland, Harrison, Pinchot, Schurz, and many others fly through your brain. You brush up against the “Weeks Law” and are amazed to find that most of our National Forests east of the
Mississippi River were hatched from this egg. You learn that the western National Forests straddle the Rockies, Sierras and Cascades. You are all for multiple use of the National Forests. It pleases you to know that under “multiple use” grazing, recreation, timber growing and watershed management are all integrated. In your mind’s eye you can see cattle peacefully grazing belly deep in lush meadows; a fisherman wading in a racing trout stream; you view endless miles of green trees slapping on annual rings, and you see beautiful waterfalls bouncing off of rocks—you visualize reservoirs and power dams with whirling turbines. Everything looks so peaceful, so secure.

But this feeling of contentment does not last long. Something begins to gnaw at his heavenly vision. You become disturbed and wonder what’s wrong. Then that C plus average comes to your rescue—your mind begins to click—and you are aware of the fact that beneath all this serenity a violent struggle is going on. You are tipped off when you read about the scrap boiling out West. One article tells you that the big stockman is out to force the Forest Service to overgraze the public range—that he is resorting to pressures to turn this land over to the stock interests at a fraction of its true value. The same article contends that if this is done the stockman will overgraze this land and that there will be erosion and floods and that valley towns will suffer. It pleads, “Don’t allow the land grab.” The stockman presents his case, maintaining that range reductions are forcing him into bankruptcy. Further reading on this subject reveals a flurry of exchanges between officials representing the public, sportsmen and stockmen. For a while things look confused. Then the atmosphere begins to clear. Small stockmen, sportsmen’s clubs, conservation groups and many private citizens go on record favoring continuance of public management of National Forest grazing lands. The furor calms, a congressional inquiry is scheduled and you take a deep breath and walk out of the library for a smoke.

Just as you light up a fag who should come walking by but Anna Slytalk. It isn’t long before hints are filling the evening air. “She has heard what a grand affair the Paul Bunyan Blow-out was last year. Of course, last year she had an exam and couldn’t think of going; but she just loves to dress in rough outdoor clothes.” Well, this is a hectic stage in your life, with you still in hopes of maintaining some semblance of amicable relations with Lucy Bell—you naturally go into a smiling act, dodging those shots the best you can. It just so happens that you’re standing near the library. The librarian comes to a win-

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dow for a look at what’s up. You spot her and this gives you the
courage for the break you must make. “I’ve got to get back in
and hit the books,” you say, and start to edge toward the door.
The obviously disappointed Anna notes this maneuver, but you
quickly duck into the door as you yell out, “I’ll see you in the
Zoo Lab tomorrow.”

Back in the library you delve deeper into the general forestry
picture. You discover that the United States Forest Service has
many problems. You learn that back in the depression days, at
the request of the states themselves, thousand of acres of devastat-
ed timberlands were added to the National Forests in the East,
South and Midwest. You read how CCC labor was used to de-
velop and rehabilitate these lands—to plant trees, build roads,
set up fire protection systems, make stand improvements, to
develop recreation, etc.—“That’s O. K.”, you say to yourself.
Then you get to the situation today and you become a little
concerned. You find that there are those who now feel that
these lands should be turned back to private ownership. “We
need the timber,” is the cry. Completely overlooked, of course,
is the fact that the Forest Service is making timber available as
rapidly as it becomes merchantable. You further learn that on
some of these lands more than timber is involved. Oil has been
discovered on some of the southern National Forests. As you go
along probing deeper into the problems of National Forest ad-
ministration you feel rather proud of the old outfit because you
realize that all is not gravy for the United States Forest Service.
At about this point you give the clock a quick glance and call it
a day. At 8:30 p. m. the librarian sadly watches you depart—she
has 30 lonesome minutes to go.

A few days later finds you absorbed in the State Forestry
picture. You become aware of something called “state’s rights.”
You gather that State Foresters are very much interested in pro-
moting good forestry in their states; that they are sincere hard
working men, struggling to do a big job with a small budget.
You also discover that in some states there is a large turnover in
forestry personnel. You run your fingers through your ample
crop of hair—you haven’t reached the age at which you comb
it with a towel yet—and begin to feel disturbed about the fact
that in some states changing election results add little permanency
to the State Forester’s job.

But when you consider the terrific handicap under which the
State Forester works you cannot help but feel the deepest respect
for the progress that he has made in the United States. You learn
that State Foresters are sensitive about what is done by other

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forestry agencies—both private and public—in their states. On
the other hand you find that the trend is toward closer coopera-
tion between State Foresters, the United States Forest Service,
and private foresters than ever before. You proudly reach into
the forestry grab bag and come up with the Cooperative Forest
Fire Prevention Campaign—a nationwide annual affair which
is charting new ground. It is proving beyond the least speck of
doubt that the big three—State, Private and the United States
Forest Service—can work together as a team for the national
good! All this makes you feel fine and so you decide to knock
off for the day on this optimistic note.

One evening a few days later you and Lucy Bell are making
with a promenade past the forestry library when some sort of
bug in the head leads her to suggest that you take her in and
show her around. You, being a gentleman, naturally comply and
introduce her to the librarian. After the usual round of “Pleased
to meet you’s, glad to know you’s, etc.” and smiles and counter
smiles, you suddenly get the idea that this might be a good time
to bone up a little more on the nation’s forestry picture, so you
go back in the stacks—things are informal in this library—and
come out with a bundle of “silencers” for Lucy (back numbers of
American Forests magazine). You figure that the pictures and
informal writing will hold her for a while and you’re not far
wrong because in a short time she is no longer whispering ques-
tions at you. This is your chance; so you gather up the stuff that
you’d been plowing through in the last few weeks and start in
where you left off.

Private Forestry

Tonight you’re concentrating on the private forestry picture.
You read all about the so called timber barons, the rubber forties,
railroad grants, broken contracts, false homestead entries, govern-
ment suits, etc. Then you learn about forest devastation, about
the migratory character of the lumber industry—about cut out
and get out—about the burned over stump lands in the East,
Lake States, South and West.

You feel a little sad about ghost towns and deserted villages
but you’re thrilled by tales of rugged characters who fought
with caulks and fists, whose boots trod board walks—about guys
who periodically emerged from the woods to embrace a female
form, put on a good drunk, engage in a savage scrap and blow
their rolls only to return to the woods again, broke, tired, dis-
sipated, perhaps beaten. You immediately deduce that our great
loggers, lumbermen and lumber industry of today came from
this rugged stock, and you become more tolerant in your view of

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the lumber industry's slow change from exploitation to better cutting practices.

You read of the great campaign for conservation spearheaded by the dynamic team of Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt. It was about this time that a lot of European forestry was unloaded on the American scene—the old publications are stacked with a lot of stuff at which you probably smile today—but when you realize how little American forestry the pioneers of our profession had to work with at that time—your smug inner smile turns to admiration at the vision and courage of those men.

You continue and find yourself wrestling with contemporary forestry. You learn that in the private field the big outfits were the first to practice forestry. You figure that in most cases they had no alternative. With heavy plant investments hung on their necks and with timber getting smaller, of poorer quality and harder to get out—they had to do something to stay in business. Encouraged by favorable economic conditions and greatly improved forest fire protection the larger outfits are accepting the principle of forest management in increasing numbers. "Keep Green, Trees for Tomorrow, etc." movements have fanned out of the Northwest and are rapidly gaining ground. You are deeply impressed by frequent reference to the South as a forest manager's paradise—it is here that trees grow like weeds—they tell you. However, just to keep you from getting too enthusiastic you are reminded that forest fire is still a serious, largely unsolved problem in the South.

All this is encouraging until you stumble onto the fact that some 4,200,000 small forest owners, averaging about 57 acres each, produce 60 per cent of all the nation's sawlogs! And you are almost knocked out cold when the figures say that on only 4 per cent of the lands of these gentlemen is good forestry being practiced! You say to yourself, "This is where the big drive for forest management must be made," and you add, "I've got to learn more about managing the small woodlot!"

Well, at this point, Lucy Bell with one anxious peeper on the librarian is whispering a few nonsensicals into your ear. You nod, gather up her American Forests magazines and the heavy stuff that you've been tangling with and lug it all back to the stacks. When you emerge, Lucy is standing at the library door, waiting. With a cheery "Good night" from Lucy and a "Come again" from the librarian plus a repeat performance of smile and counter smile, you and Lucy step out into the campus darkness headed for a "Coke" joint.

A few weeks later you amble over to the forestry building to take in the bimonthly meeting of the Forestry Club. Most of the
guys are there filling pipes, lighting pipes, puffing pipes. In the smoke saturated room your keen nose can single out old standbys like Briggs, Kentucky Club and Revelation; but there are a lot of exotic mixtures turning out odors which the human schnozzle will never be able to weed out. Well, anyway, there is the usual reading of the last meeting's minutes—"Any old business?" No comment from the floor. "Any new business?" And the usual school orators rise to drop a few gleaming remarks—met with the usual apathy from the floor. Finally the business is disposed of

and now comes the "cake"—a thirty minute talk by Professor Stanley (Jungle) Green on how he organized, set up, and operated the ETTE (Elephant Trunk Timber Enterprises, Ltd.) for the Maharajah of the good old province of Socko Socko. He rises and before long, verbs, nouns and adjectives are bouncing off of walls, chairs and tables not to mention the quizzical faces of the foresters. There are references to the green monotony of the jungle broken only by occasional glimpses of red rear-ends of fleeing simians. Elephant power and coolie power get a solid 16 minutes. The psychology of handling natives, etc., etc. The talk ends and in the discussion on tropical forestry that follows you learn that the pay is good but the life is rough. Malaria, sleeping sickness, and elephantiasis to mention a few diseases, keep crowding you along with almost unbearable heat and
humidity. The question is can you take it? If you can’t you end up drinking. You can’t run away because your name appears on a 2 year contract. If you can take it and come out with your health, you’re way ahead of the game. Well, by this time the room is beginning to resemble the smokey haze more appropriately found in a back room pool-hall-poker-players’ hangout. Eyes are beginning to sting. The guy sitting in the rear of the room can barely make out the blurred figure of the speaker as it reaches for a glass of water and then sits down. There is a general movement upward as the guys rise and pour out—along with the smoke—into the open, to stock up on a little fresh air. (“Why didn’t they open the windows?”, you ask. Well now, why spoil a good story?)

It is morning and spring sunshine is pouring into the library windows as you sweat over modern day forestry. You are entranced by frequent references to organized labor. You delve into the subject and find today’s lumberjack is pretty much fed up with moving around. He wants to settle down and grow roots in the community like other workers do. You are both surprised and pleased to learn that while he may be a laboring man, he knows more about forest management and sustained yield than 95 per cent of the so called intelligentsia which gluts the cities. You discover that on the West Coast, in particular, he belongs to a powerful union. His union has its own staff of alert foresters who are working to bring about better forest management practices and permanency to the western lumber industry. The unions are backing national forest regulation—and you mentally note this bill for further study. You read that some men visualize the day in the not too distant future when a lumberjack will cut only that timber which has been marked according to forestry principles. He will call in his union forester to pass on the forestry merits of a proposed logging job.

Reading on, you run across a philosophy extended by another brain master of conservation who argues that public regulation of cutting on private lands can be justified by the old principle that, “A man can do whatever he wishes with his property as long as his actions do not affect anyone else adversely.” This guy goes on to illustrate his point by explaining that a farmer can burn down his uninsured house without being subject to arrest. But a man in the city who owns a home with neighboring houses on either side of him is prevented by law from burning it down; for to do so would endanger the lives and property of his neighbors. “By the same token,” the guy argues, “a man who controls a watershed has no right to destructively cut that water-

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shed to the point where he is creating a flood and erosion threat—which endangers the lives and property of valley residents below him.” Here too, the guy maintains, a law should apply. Well, this stuff is kind of new to you and while on the surface it seems to resemble an attempt to stifle freedom of enterprise, none the less the logic of the argument is so strong that you are inclined to believe that it contains considerable merit and you chalk it down as something to keep an eye on.

By now everybody in the school is on to the fact that you are on a free lance boning spree. Some of the envious figure that you are up to a “Brown Nose” stunt and don’t hesitate to circulate this foul dope. Others taking no part, respect your sincerity. Then there is the sympathetic group. One day you are sounding off in a discussion with this group when you suddenly come up with an idea. “Wouldn’t it be a good stunt for the forestry school to hold an open house blowout at the summer camp for say 30 or 40 lumbermen, loggers, sawmill operators, government forest rangers, etc.” You figure here would be a swell chance to get acquainted with these men and possibly line up a job. When the guys give you the nod on this you put it down for early discussion with Professor Arnold, the Camp Director.

Then the guys get to digging deeper into the question of jobs. They pretty much agree that a large share of the record crop of forestry graduates that will pour out of the schools in the next few years—will have to be absorbed by private industry. Realization of this potential competition worries you some; but you decide to postpone gray hair production until you have to cross that bridge. Besides, its time for the next class so the bull session breaks up.

Cooperatives

That evening finds you in the forestry library probing into Forest Products Cooperatives. You gobble up the dope about forest co-ops in the East—it seems that most of them are centered there,—the famous one being at Cooperstown. You read of still others that are operating in New England. The idea intrigues you, because it seems that if you can get enough timber owners together you can build up an economically feasible sustained yield unit which could yield a good living. But just as you are commencing to generate some real enthusiasm for co-ops you read about some anti-co-op action in Washington, D. C.; about complaints from business men, about government investigations, etc. It seems, that co-ops being non-profit organizations, are non-taxable, and thus hold a business edge over normal business—at least that’s the argument. This confuses you as you can’t quite

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make up your mind about the merits of this problem, so you enter this subject on your schedule for further study and pass on to another.

You are concentrating on what little is written about consulting forestry only to scratch it off your list of immediate possibilities because it soon becomes obvious the basis of a successful consulting business is experience and ample operating capital. Lacking both you slap the books shut and for the first time leave the library feeling rather discouraged.

One day you pick up the “This Week” magazine section of your Sunday paper and in it read an article by the Chief of the United States Forest Service in which he warns that our national woodpile is getting low. He properly credits the states and industry for what they are doing to safeguard and replenish the woodbox. However, he points out that in spite of this effort, we are constantly slipping back. He maintains that satisfactory action can only come from some form of nationwide forest regulation. As you’ve heard the merits of regulation argued before, you poke deeper into the subject. You discover that the Chief of the United States Forest Service advocates a three-point forestry program which consists of (1) nationwide forest regulation—(2) technical assistance to timber owners—and (3) expansion of public forests, particularly in areas where it is urgently necessary to protect public values. The program sounds logical enough to you and in view of the fact that it is destined to come up for increasing public attention as our merchantable woodpile dwindles, you put it on your “must list” for intensive study.

Education

Leaving regulation behind you switch to home ground—Forestry Education. You find that plenty has been said on this topic. There are those who envision unemployment among foresters and call for limitations on enrollments. Others point out that the United States needs 100,000 foresters to do the job that is waiting; but they conveniently omit saying who will hire that 100,000. Still others maintain that only private industry can absorb the tidal wave of forestry graduates which will soon swamp the market, and call upon schools to embark on a vigorous campaign of selling their wares—foresters and forestry—to private industry. All this makes you wonder if there isn’t some injustice in the “open season” that has been declared on forestry schools and professors. Personally, you feel that considering the terrific handicap of working with a shortage of equipment and trained instructors, and putting up with large unwieldy classes,
the professors are doing a darn good job. You are inclined to agree with the guy who came to the conclusion that if improvements are to be made in forestry education, and if professors are to get out into the field they must be given time to do so. Summer vacations are not enough. Teaching loads must be lightened and funds ought to be made available for research, travel, and contacts with professional men in the field. With this glimpse of the "innards" of forestry education, you call it a day.

Public Interests In Conservation

Early in your reading you had begun to sense the fact that foresters are not carrying the "Conservation Ball" alone. They are getting a lot of help. Foresters are furnishing the technical dope while a veritable army of men, women and children, deployed throughout the nation, is doing a wonderful job of advancing conservation. And, what is especially admirable—in practically all cases they are serving without any reward except what personal satisfaction they get out of worthy public service!

You are amazed and pleased at the phenomenal growth of college sponsored Conservation Work Shops at which growing numbers of the nation's school teachers are receiving inspiration and information which they carry back to their classrooms.

Led by Grand Rapids, Michigan, schools are charting new ground. Boys and girls go to live and learn in summer woods camps. They learn nature appreciation and conservation at a most impressionable age—by doing and seeing! You like this earthy approach because you feel that if youth can be sold on good forest practices then we won't have to worry about what it will do on its own land upon reaching adulthood. "This," you say to yourself, "is good business." You figure it's cheaper to sell youth on forestry today than to ignore it until it has become adult, seriously damaged the land, saddling the public with the task of rehabilitation.

When it comes to school forests you find that Michigan, Wisconsin and New York spearhead the country with some 300 school forests each. Probing to find how these school forests came into being, you discover that in most cases the inspiration and leadership came from a school teacher who not only believed in forest conservation, but did something about it! Likewise, the community forest movement, with its customary tie-up with water supplies and recreation is expanding. It is particularly strong in New England.

As you scan the forestry education picture you find that in many cases individuals stand out. You are impressed by how

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much one dynamic man can accomplish. You read of the city forester of Omaha, Nebraska. He took “Bill Scott—Forest Ranger,” recorded radio show of the United States Forest Service, expanded and supplemented it with his own ideas and piped the resulting forest conservation lessons into the schools of Omaha. What good did it do? Well, you learn that last summer a group of selected students from the Midwest gathered at the Minnesota Junior Red Cross Training Center Camp. When they were tested for their knowledge of forestry the student representative from Omaha led all the rest! When you consider that this boy bested students from timbered states—your respect for the work of the Omaha city forester climbs skyward!

And while you’re on the topic of the American Red Cross, you find that in its struggle to alleviate suffering and prevent disasters, the Red Cross has recognized that the key to our well being rests on our people and our natural resources. This mercy organization is intensely interested in forest conservation and is doing a fine educational job with its young membership.

Continuing, you discover that Women’s Clubs are unselfishly giving their time, money and influence to conservation. And most welcome, you find that a highly respected ally has joined the forces of conservation. The American clergy—fully aware of the fact that “only God can make a tree,” is taking an increasingly active part in conveying to its congregation the message of protecting, replenishing and wisely using that tree.

You feel elated about all this help that you and your profession are getting from the many folks who are contributing their part because they sincerely feel that forest conservation is worthwhile and because they want to serve! When you consider the hundreds of American writers, editors and speakers who—out of their own volition—are plugging conservation in the press, radio, magazines and on the screen and lecture platforms, it makes you happy to know that you are an integral part of this array of ardent conservationists. You feel this way in spite of the fact that you fully understand that forestry is a business—that there are profits to be made. Somehow you sense the drama of it all. You feel as if you’re working against time. One mistake on this woodland and another on that and decades of growing time are squandered. You are greatly encouraged to know that so many people are working to help you head off some of those costly mistakes before it is too late. Somehow or other the backing of all these generous sincere people makes you feel that forestry is something more than a profession or a job—it has the earmarks of a cause!

_ Ames Forester_
It's Up To You

Time passes, you've had two exams, the grass has "greened-up," you've seen your first spring robin, caught your first garter snake, and you're extremely pleased to view the coeds as they parade by minus all that winter padding. Oh yes, I almost forgot—you're particularly happy today. You've had your peek beneath the surface of our profession. The lid is back down again. You haven't decided whether you'll go into public service or private employ. However, you are certain of one thing. When you climb on that train that will take you to your job in June, in your hands there will be a couple of suitcases—in your head—a clearer picture of the American forestry situation!