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Who Said Foresters Aren't Creative?

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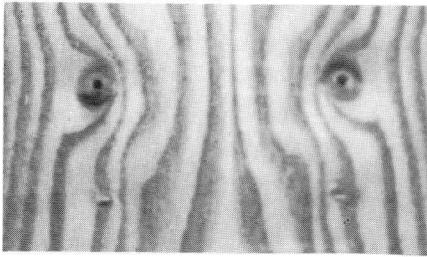
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Who Said Foresters Aren't Creative?

Each club meeting, the Knothead Award is bestowed upon a forester who has demonstrated that to err is human.



Carl Ramm April 19, '79

- 1) freezing his foot bad enough to need plastic surgery
- 2) dropping his briefcase and busting a toe on the other foot
- 3) falling asleep before taking his date dancing and not waking up till 2:00 in the morning.

Dear Club Members:

Evidently you still haven't learned that if you can't say something nice about someone, don't say anything at all. I can't exactly say it's nice to know the legend is continuing on; it *is* true that a prophet is never recognized in his home town.

As the missive was from the Forestry Club, it was not difficult to guess who would suggest such an immense honor be bestowed on this truly unworthy individual. The fetid stench of the Catfish Charley-coated hands of Doctors Jungst and Countryman is easily detected. Senility strikes different people at different ages, but it is sad to see two with such promise sinking at such an early age. Of course, the amount of time it takes Dr. Jungst's blood to reach his brain—small though that brain may be and minimal its requirements—and the overdoses of pipe tobacco that Dr. Countryman indulges in must certainly have had some contributing effect.

Please inform the honorable (and if you believe that. . .) Jungst and Countryman that when they come up north for their fishing expedition, that after driving them through the night to reach a 'hot' fishing spot, they will be dropped in a quiet residential section of Detroit. Their reward will be certain when they need to ring doorbells at 2:00 a.m. to ask directions.

I am reminded of the story told about Dr. Jungst and Dr. Countryman, about a time in their not too distant but abysmal past. It seems they were recovering from a strenuous night of research, taking their ease and recovering their strength in the alley in back of the old Peanut Tree. They were being kept company by an alcoholic skunk with dysentery; why the skunk was there or where he went afterwards if he did in fact leave is not really major to the story—only a pfc.. Anyway, Dr. Promnitz happened along (it was a crowded alley that night) in search of souls to redeem, and happened to chance upon the trio. With sadness in his eyes, Dr. Promnitz leaned over and said, "You are known by the company you keep"; the skunk got up and left.

Enough of these pleasantries, please give my worst (which is pretty bad) to everyone associated with the award. Nita, in particular, could use some help. The letter had only 23 misspellings, unless there exists some game called 'solitaire', and the crayon was nice and neat; especially for Nita.

I would not want this letter to fall into the wrong hands, so please read it, eat the letter, and then destroy yourselves.

Without all due respect and salubrious salutations,
Carl W. Ramm
 Assistant Professor



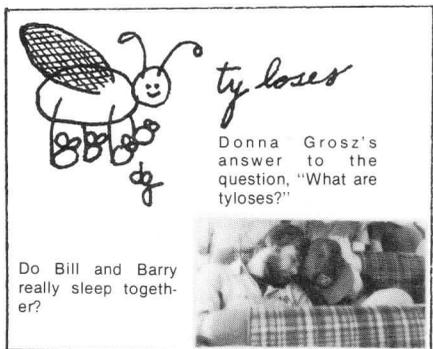
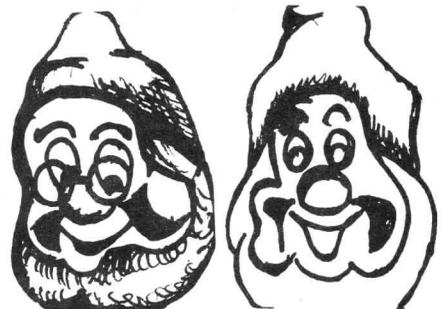
Snow White and the Twelve Dwarves

Once upon a midnight eve,
 Our evil thoughts began to weave.
 The night was silent, all others gone,
 Our tests were in, our answers
 wrong.
 Vengeance we sought on that fateful
 night,
 Oh dopey us! We saw the light.
 Since our mental achievements were
 so small,
 From dwarfs we must have learned it
 all.
 And so to give credit where credit's
 due,
 We thought we'd rename each of
 you.
 Have no offense from us so rotten,
 By tomorrow we hope all's forgotten.
 And so at last this verse is through,
 Oh dopey us! Oh dopey you!

The Dwarves' Revenge

(Not to be Confused with
 Montezuma's Revenge)

Once upon a VEISHEA day
 Snow White and twelve have this to
 say
 To Those who on that fateful night
 Put pen to pad and showed their
 spite
 Vengeance sought; we think in fun
 But as for blame, we're not the one.
 Mental midgets, (dwarfs you say),
 Would just expound from day to day
 And never notice anyway
 That you are missing, sleeping, or
 content
 To read the Daily—so repent
 And if your mind has not expanded
 The blame to you should then be
 handed
 And so also our verse is through
 From Snow White's Bunch to dopey
 you.



Donna Grosz's answer to the question, "What are tyloses?"