PATRONS

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Abell, Margaret S.
Allen, Theodore R.
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Anderson, Raymond E.
Austin, Don B.

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Ball, Donald
Barnes, Charles C.
Barnett, James C.
Batteell, Fred C.
Beatty, Chuck
Bebensee, Bruce
Beid, Chester
Bensend, Dwight W.
Berg, Mel
Berregaard Thomas
Berregaard, Suzie
Bishop, A. B.
Blinks, Stanley E.
Borchers, Harold A.

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Cain, Jim
Campbell, Gordon G.
Campbell, Jack G.
Campbell, Richard B.
Carlson, Dennis
Cesar, Chas
Christensen, John I.
Clark, Randy
Clark, Sharna
Cloughesy, Michael
Cloughesy, Theresa
Colletti, Joe P.
Comstock, Gilbert
Countryman, Dayton
Cox, Royce G.
Crane, Carl K.

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Dannenberg, W. W.
De Vaul, Frank
Derifield, Todd
Doolittle, Richard C.
Dorsett, George L.

Duerr, William A.
Duncan, Bryce
Duncan, Nancy
Duskin, Donald L.

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Ehlers, Lawrence J.
Ellison, Marlon "Par"
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Farris, William
Fellows, Bert
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Fight, Roger
Firch, Gary F.
Fish, John A.
Fitzpatrick, Shawn
Forney, John L.
Fritcher, Earl E.

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Garvey, Gerald M.
Gates, Jack
Glesne, Nels
Gordon, John
Gottschalk, Kurt W.
Graw, Edwin H.
Grimes, Phil D.
Grist, Richard P.

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Hall, Richard B.
Halverson, Howard G.
Hardie, Hugh B.
Hartman, George B.
Hathaway, Michael B.
Haugen, Linda
Heacoay, E. F.
Helscher, Bill
Hennings, Robert A.
Higgins, Robert F.
Holscher, Clark E.
Hopkins, Fred
Hopp, Erith L.
Horton, Lowell E.

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Hubbard, John W.
Hunziker, Roger F.
Husman, Donald L.

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Krieger, Jack R.
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Libby, Kenneth E.
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Lovestead, Howard S.

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McMillan, Fred W.
McNabb, Harold S.
Mehlin, A. F.
Meilen, Richard
Merritt, Roger W.
Meyer, Don
Miligis, Hans Christian
Millard, Ned D.
Muhm, Robert E.
Munger, Robert J.

N

Nelson, Dewitt
Norman, Dean F.
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 revelry 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.
I hope that you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed putting it together. This has been a special issue for me, bringing back many memories of my experiences in the forestry department and providing me with much insight into the rich history of our school.

As many of you know, and the rest of you will discover after turning a few pages, summer camp is at the heart of this magazine. I had the privilege of teaching at ISU's final summer field camp in Cloquet, Minnesota and a part of me is saddened by the ending of a fine Iowa State tradition. However, the fall courses and field trip that began last year assure that the spirit of summer camp will continue for a long time, providing the camaraderie and experiences that many of us look back upon with fondness.

It has been a pleasure for the Forester staff and myself to shuffle through the volumes of past editions to collect accounts of camps gone by to mix with some true gems contributed by many of you. Thank you to all those that sent in your recollections and to those who have supported us through you orders, especially our patrons.

I would also like to thank all of those who helped me put together this issue. I couldn't have done it without their many hours of work and unending patience when I got a little cranky; Rob Rubsam and Monte Pope both deserve loads of credit for doing everything from typing and proofreading to assisting with the final layout and design. Teresa Cloughsy typed many of the original stories and sent them to us on computer disk John Mattila provided both instructions in photography for us wannabe picture takers and shot the photos of the faculty. Angela Fehd provided the art work for the cover. Dick Schultz and Joe Colletti were extra generous in their offers to let us use their computer facilities without which this issue would have been much more tedious. And finally, Steve Jungst gave us the flexibility and trust to let us try some creative publishing techniques.

Thanks again for your support,

Chris Ball, editor
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GRADUATING SENIORS & STUDENTS ................................. 49
The 1985 editorial staff dedicated that issue of the *Ames Forester* to Dr. George Thomson who at that time stepped down from his position as Chairman of the Department of Forestry at Iowa State University. With his retirement three years later, recognition of Dr. Thomson was updated. The time has come to honor George once more as his life cycle ended on November 8, 1993.

No publication could be more appropriate as a vehicle for one further celebration of George’s role at Iowa State. As an undergraduate, George was an art editor of the *Ames Forester*. George was an excellent writer and exercised this talent in more than a dozen significant contributions to the *Ames Forester*. Dr. Thomson was instrumental in establishing the Society of American Foresters’ Students Publication Contest. Since its inception in 1987, the *Ames Forester* has won six awards. George Thomson’s impact on forestry students, the Department of Forestry, Iowa State University and the forestry profession nationally has been exceptional.

George was a scholar. Reading was an important component of his Illinois heritage. He read widely from the classics, sciences, professional material and just for fun. A listing of what George had read over the past 60 years would be illuminating but résumés don’t include such information.

George also wrote extremely well. More than 40 articles ranged from highly technical treatises to material of popular interest. His soundly based views on resource conservation were clearly stated in letters to editors over the years.

George was also a very effective speaker and as such was in great demand. Good sense, useful information and humor were characteristics of his talks. Invitations to deliver the commencement address at ISU in 1985, to serve as Master of Ceremonies at the banquet honoring Dr. W. Robert Parks upon his retirement and to present the C. Eugene Farnsworth Memorial Lecture at the College of Environmental Science and Forestry at Syracuse University are examples which suggest the diversity of his talent in this area.

People in Dr. Thomson’s position have opportunities to join innumerable organizations. George, however, was more than just a member of various professional and scientific societies. He was an active participant, assumed major responsibilities and made significant contributions to each group. Numerous citations have been made in recognition of his dedicated service.

While George’s interests centered quite strongly on teaching, he was persuaded to accept the position of Chairman of the Department of Forestry in 1975. George Thomson ably administered the Department over the succeeding decade despite declining enrollment, budget constraints and changing perceptions of the role of forestry. Under his leadership, significant modifications and improvements in the Department’s program were achieved. Biannual letters to alumni kept them informed as to developments in the Department. Beyond the Forestry Department, George was widely known and highly respected across the Iowa State Campus.

Students, their education, their futures and their well-being were clearly the focus of George Thomson’s life. In the classroom he was demanding of students. His standards were clear, and he expected students to meet his standards, but rigorous classes were leavened with wit and humor. It is interesting that many of the courses George taught were in areas other than those in which he did his graduate work. This meant, of course, that George was continually learning new areas. He was remarkably innovative in teaching and stayed current in the field. George initiated a number of constructive changes in the pattern of the forestry curriculum and in course offerings. Despite obstacles which became increasingly severe, he was consistently concerned
that Forestry Camp be a productive and worthwhile experience for all forestry students. Dr. Thomson was equally concerned with employment opportunities for students and graduates. Summer jobs providing professionally related work experience became scarce as were appropriate entry positions for forestry graduates. George carried his efforts to improve the situation to the upper echelons of public agencies, legislatures and private industry. Given the circumstances that prevailed, his success rate in placing students was remarkably high.

Changes in the composition of the student body were met by very positive responses on the part of Dr. Thomson. A most productive colloquium addressing issues relating to women in the forestry profession was held in 1975. Measures to encourage enrollment and retention of minority students were strengthened. Numbers of students from abroad increased as did efforts to facilitate successful conclusions of their academic programs.

George Thomson’s role in forestry education was recognized at the national level in 1989. He was presented the Carl Alwin Schenck Award for excellence in forestry education by the Society of American Foresters.

George Thomson’s consistent support for this student produced publication, the Ames Forester, and the Larsen Memorial Arts Lottery reflect a strong convergence of his values and his dedication to his students. How appropriate, then, to dedicate this issue of the Ames Forester to George W. Thomson — Preeminent Iowa State forester. We celebrate his life. We are most grateful for the opportunity we have had to share it.

written by Fred Hopkins, Professor Emeritus
Looking Back

Memories of Summer Camp
One of the most interesting and valuable quarters in the Forestry course is the three months summer camp held in some distant forest where the embryo forester may learn what’s suited for the vocation which he expects to follow. It is interesting to trace the growth and development of the Ames summer camps which started in 1914.

The first camp was held on star Island in Cass Lake, which is within the boundaries of the Minnesota National Forest. It was attended by 35 foresters drafted from the entire department. The camp was a splendid success and demonstrated the need of corn-fed foresters from a prairie state, for life in the tall uncut, to try them and see if they were as hard boiled as even the most uncurled devotee of saw and ax could desire. Deeply smothered fires of forgotten scandal of the ’14 camp still burn forth occasionally to delight the ear of ever-interested foresters. Fortunately, Perhaps, the flames are subdued quickly and only a wisp of smoke is left to taunt the scandal hounds.

The next camp was held in 1916. This was the famous seven thousand mile camp which carried the foresters through nearly every state in the West including a 115 mile hike through Glacier National Park. This trip has been the envy of every forester since 1916. It seems that at heart the average forester is a rainbow chaser. He is interested in the new and the strange, and has an innate desire to visit the unfrequented parts of the world.

The 1917 camp began in Northeastern, Iowa, where occur the most extensive timber tracts of the prairie state. A few weeks later the camp was moved to the old stamping ground on Star Island in Cass Lake, Minnesota where, to the satisfaction of the natives, Ames Foresters never permitted so much as a brush fire to occur.

The 1918 camp was truly a cosmopolitan one. It was held on the battle-fields of France, on the high seas, in the forests of France, Scotland, United States and Canada; Aye, even in the “Murphy” fields of old Ireland, for it will be recalled that a regiment of Foresters was on the Tuscania when that boat was torpedoed, and a number of the men were invalid in the Emerald Isle for some months. The real forester could not stand tethered to his college with the maelstrom of the great war urging him to do his bit for his country.
The summer of 1919 found the boys on the Arapahoe National Forest in Colorado. The fact that one Ames Forester chased a mountain goat, caught it, and had his photograph taken holding said goat, is a monumental piece of evidence of agility of the prairie type of forester when put to the test in the rockiest wilds.

In 1920 the Foresters went to Rocky Mountain regions in Montana and Wyoming, visiting the Yellowstone National Park enroute. Many wild tales have been told of bear raids and round-ups of those memorable days.

The summer of 1921 found the foresters fighting mosquitoes in northern Minnesota. This camp was famous for Agony Quartette, esprit de corps, and fish stories.

The lure of the Southland attracted the 1922 men and they trekked down to North Carolina to learn Democratic politics at first hand. They managed to stay sober and out of jail. However, the most hard-boiled members of the camp turned yellow before camp was over. What do I mean, yellow? I mean they contracted yellow jaundice. Yas suh!

The latest summer camp broke out in Colorado where the gang amused themselves counting sheep and running around mountain ranges.

We have seen where the Ames Foresters have been and in a brief way what they did. Let us consider the average camp in more detail. The camp work covers timber cruising, log scaling, mensuration and silviculture. He learns what a traverse is and how to correlate his classwork with his field experience.

In conclusion, the summer camp has proved its value in the classroom and field. It is an institution for the promotion of good fellowship and friendly relation between faculty and student. It is the criterion by which the ability for the future forester is judged.

1924 Ames Forester, p.27

Dear Doc:

You asked what our program was for a day and now that I have been on flunky duty a couple of times and the wood detail a couple of times I can give you a fair Idea of what happens.

Ed, our chef, gets going about 5 a.m. and after he gets the fire started he calls his helpers or the flunkies for that day and things get under way for breakfast. Lunches for noon are also prepared and all sacked up ready for the day’s hike. About 6 a.m. the Polar Bears take their morning plunge to which they are welcome so far as I am concerned. From the noise they make they either enjoy it or else they are trying to make the rest of us believe they like it. Prof. Jeff is a charter member of the organization and is learning to dive. At least I think he is learning to dive because every few minutes you can hear a splash like the Woolworth Building falling into the Hudson River.

At 6:30 the first general alarm sounds and if you get up then you have plenty time to go down to the lake, wash up, clean your teeth and comb your hair before “first call”, that comes at 6:55 but most of the gang waits for that “first call” before they get out of bed and then they can easily qualify for the track team the way they rush to get to the table.

Breakfast is served at 7 or as soon as Ed Yells “Come and get it” and he never yet had to make good his threat to “give it to the dogs”. You remember I never did care to get up for breakfast there at school but up here I will soon be able to challenge the world when it comes to shredded wheat, toast, bacon and coffee and be ready for seconds by the time Ed brings in the second platter of toast. The flunkies have to hustle to get things cleaned up in time to start for the woods at 8, but the rest of us only have to get our note-books or perhaps the instruments we will use in cruising.

From 8 till 5 we are in the woods or on the hike, except for an hour at noon when we stop for lunch that consists of a couple of sandwiches (one of which is bound to be peanut-butter), an apple and some cookies or cake. We study timber growth, logging operations, milling, or railroad construction, or perhaps we will do some timber estimating with some mapping or surveying. It all is diversified enough so that no one thing becomes monotonous; and at 5 we are back in camp for a swim and a rest before supper; or if the supply of wood has become depleted we locate a dead tree, fell it, buck it up into lengths that can be carried, bring it to camp and cut it up into stove lengths and pile it near the cook-tent.

Supper comes at 6 p.m. and boy you may have seen angry mobs in the movies but you never did see such a concerted attack upon a poor defenseless victim as is launched upon Ed’s cooking at six bells! If you think it is impossible for a man to eat sixteen slices of bread with gravy, the only way I can prove it to you is for you to come on up and have supper with us some night when the hike has been long and the gravy is nice and thick!
After supper we build up a cheery blaze and all sit around the camp-fire and either try to outdo Paul Bunyon or listen to stories of his past performances. Some of the fellows walk down to Wells camp which is about a quarter mile down the road and where it is possible to buy smokes, gum, and candy bars. Also there are a number of lumberjacks down there who are always willing to swap yarns or tell of the old days when there was plenty of pine left in this section. We have three boats at our disposal and each night some of the gang can be seen enjoying a little exercise at the oars. Occasionally we have some Foresters’ Anthems accompanied by Prof. Coville on the uke but most of the singing in camp emanates from Tent No. 1 where Lundy swings a mean pick on the mandolin and the sweet sad strains of "The Baptist Sunday School" or the plaintive lilt of "My Wife and Policeman Six Feet" melt into the harmony of the rallying call of the family of loon across the lake.

Nearly all lights are out before ten and mosquito netting is arranged and pleasant dreams are the finishing touch to another active day.

We started a crap game one evening but the total capital represented in the game was only seven cents so you see the session did not last long. Another night we tried to get a game of bridge going but had difficulty in finding four players and at that the fourth man that it was all the same as 500! Needless to state the encounter was of short duration.

We get up early tomorrow to drive over into Wisconsin so me for the blankets. More Later.

Your pal,
"Slim."

Your pal,
"Slim."

1925 Ames Forester, p.66

SOME RATHER NEBULOUS RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE 1925 IOWA STATE FORESTRY
CAMP AT CASS LAKE, MINNOSTA

Student “housing” consisted of World War I army tents which accommodated four students.

We literally made our own beds. We drove 4 stakes into the ground for “legs,” and side and end rails, made from small saplings, were cut to length and tied or nailed to them. Each student had his own idea on how to make a platform to sleep on. I opted for closely-spaced small white birch sprouts, nailed only at the butt ends to one of the side rails. Individually these small sprouts had a lot of flex, but collectively they had about as much give as a half-inch plywood board. A mattress, made from small branches of balsam fir, didn’t do much to raise the comfort-level of my bed. All-in-all it was no Serta, but it beat sleeping on the ground. I should add that our pillows were stuffed with small balsam twigs or sphagnum moss, and that some kind of an insect net over one’s bed was a necessity.

All-in-all it was a busy and enlightening summer and well worth “the price of admission.” But on the negative side it was a bumper season for mosquitoes, no see ‘ems, and biting flies. There were no commercial insect repellents at that time, but drug stores and individuals concocted various kinds of “dope” using combinations of pine tar oil, sweet oil and pennyroyal. None of them were highly effective, and all of them were very messy and stained clothes. To keep bugs off one’s neck, a small face towel was tucked under the back of the cap or hat to provide a shoulder-length drape. But in spite of everything one could do, “a day in the bush” was a day of fighting off insects that wanted some of your blood or a piece of your skin.

General view of camp 1931
Two incidents occurred during the 1925 Forestry Summer Camp that still are quite vivid in my mind. One of them involved spiking the table syrup in the cook’s kitchen with laxative by a person unknown. This “prank” made Ed, the chef, see red and he insisted that Professor Coville convene all of the students in the mess tent, which he did. It was a stormy session, the key point being that this practical joke could have made people sick and ruined Ed’s reputation. Then Ed put the question to the group; “Is anyone here man enough to admit that he put laxative in the table syrup?” Dead silence. He then rephrased the question: “Is any S.O.B. man enough to stand up and say that he put laxative in the table syrup?” Still no taker. Ed then said that if anything like this happened again he would be on his way the next day to his quick-service eating place in Ames, and the forestry camp would be without a cook. But the perpetrator, or perpetrators, of this not so funny trick laid low. Apparently he, or they, felt that an erosion of character was better than a severe reprimand from Professor Coville, or, even worse, being sent home.

Harold F. Scholz

Al Runneberg, Ellsworth Benson, and I set out for California in a Model “T” Ford. The highways (!) were dirt, gravel, and sand all the way, and we had to stop and patch inner tubes every few miles, it seemed. Crossing the Rockies was quite an experience. The Ford kept heating up and we had to stop frequently and stuff snowballs down into the radiator. But we finally made it!

Our camp had lots of very interesting side-trips. We visited a barrel factory at Arcata, Several sawmills, logging camps of the Pacific Lumber Company (I think) where I had the biggest breakfast I ever had - steak and everything, Westwood (not to confuse with UCLA’s Westwood) which was built and owned (except for the U.S. Post office and the American Express!) by the Red River Timber Company. There we had tea with the grand old matriarch of the Walker family who told us how, when a student at the University of Minnesota she went down to Ames to watch the football games between Iowa State and Minnesota. After logging-off Minnesota the family moved to California, founded Westwood, and commenced logging off northern California. In the mill at Westwood I jumped on a log in the log pond and was showing off how to spin a log. Well, to my chagrin and the huge cheers of delight of my fellow foresters the log got to spinning too fast and I was ignominiously dunked! I never tried it again! A few of us took a side-trip down to San Francisco and that evening went to a performance at the Golden Theater. We stood in line at the ticket window, we in our.....and probably our body odors (!) and everyone else in line in their fancy clothes. We must have been a motley sight! But the show was memorable. We saw Gilda Gray, the original “Shimmy girl” in person, (and how she could shimmy!) and I think the other feature was Jackie Coogan.

Fred Battell

At the end of summer camp I hitchhiked up to Northern Idaho, the north end of Priest Lake, where my brother, Sam was in charge of a packing camp on the Kaniksu NF, USFS. After a few days he and I and his big dog, static, set out for Ames on his motorcycle, me in the sidecar with Static on my lap all the way! Wow, what a ride that was!

Fred Battell

AIDS AND FORECASTS FOR 1921 SUMMER CAMP

At least one high power rifle should be kept in readiness in camp at all times, since it will undoubtedly prove more effective against bears than axes and clubs. Beware of the kindly advances of the wily forest guard when he contemplates telephone repair. Species of the genus Conieus Randallus are to be guarded against in particular.

Glee Club practice will probably be held at 5 A.M. instead of 9 P.M., since, no doubt there will be less objection raised from the rest of the forest animals.

We of the 1920 camp cannot command but suggest that rain coats or slickers or ponchos will prove very effective against the frequent “clearing up showers” apt to be encountered.
An attempt will be made to place the 1921 camp in close touch with some reliable aeroplane base so that the interval between mail deliveries can be cut down to one month.

Each man is advised to carry one or two extra hobb-nails in his pocket. They will serve as ballast in riding logs and may come in handy for sinkers when fishing for rock salmon.

Bread rations will probably not run so low since Professor Morbeck is dieting—he is not partaking of fats or starchy foods.

Bogie's recipe for camp stew can be had upon application to his secretary. The big advantage in this formula is that it requires only one sock in place of the customary two.

1921 Ames Forester, p. 52

Each morning we set out with our little surprise packages of lunch, sure to contain the three sandwiches; one peanut butter, one jelly and one a "Duke's" mixture, the product of Bill's trusty and indispensable meat grinder. A motley crew it was as we hiked along, singing and yelling; enough to scare even the most hard-boiled lumberjack. Our days were full of fighting ten pound mosquitoes and "no-see-ums," studies of mensuration, silviculture, timber cruising, surveying, scaling logs and inspection of the logging and lumbering of the vicinity. By far the most time seemed to have been spent in chasing down elusive section corners, in fact it took the entire camp five days to rope and hog-tie one corner, and even then its location was shrouded in mystery. One mythical corner could never be found and I believe there is a standing reward of $1,000 for its discovery.

We finally ran the lines for three sections for our timber estimating and map work, but after it was all finished Peter Myron, the superintendent of the Greenwood Lumber company, wondered where we found stands of timber that would cruise 30 to 40 thousand board feet to the acre when he was only able to get 20 to 22 out of it.

1927 Ames Forester, p. 94

Cajoling the camp directors and borrowing a truck from camp for a 4th of July weekend in Galveston, TX, and having the following scary drama unfold. After an evening's tour of bistros and bars, the naive flatlanders pitched their cots on the beach, knowing nothing of tides. About dawn, when one arm dangling from the cot seemed to encounter water, I rubbed my eyes and was astonished to see my suitcase float by and water had risen to the hubs of the truck. Rousing everyone, we were shocked to discover one empty cot. Fearing the poor fellow had rolled over into the water and drowned, we thrashed around but found nothing. Then cooler heads surmised that the missing forester had probably answered the call of nature before high tide, had wandered off in search of a privy, and got his directions confused as sometimes happens during alcoholic stupor. Sure enough, a call to the local constabulary revealed they were holding a young, contrite fellow in his skivvies who innocently believed he had been relieved of his clothing by some unscrupulous Texas road agents after he dozed off on the shoulder of the nearby coastal highway.

Dick Chance
It is fitting, however, to discard the facetious for a moment and express a serious opinion of the camp. There are five courses to be had at these freshman forestry camps; they are, officially, mensuration, silviculture, wood utilization, national forest administration, and, unofficially, a course in the art of living—the making of friends. The twelve credits earned from the first four courses are insignificant compared with the intangible enrichment of lives by friendships formed during a summer of camping together followed by renewed association in college.

Silviculture was the first course, taught by Skipper Larsen who started each morning’s lecture with “Hmph, Chummy (the dog), go home and sit on a tack.” Later on he would have to wake E. J. Garman from solemn slumber with a solid kick, and make him sit up again (not that Garman was the only one who slept, he just was a marked man).

This summer camp was also unique in that nearly all of us ended serving in the war, and some were actually killed during the conflict. The townspeople got a kick out of our drilling up and down main street in Custer City. The camp was located about eight miles out of town at a recently vacated CCC camp. All of the camp supplies were purchased in Custer City, which boosted the town’s economy no small amount. Those were still depression years. I remember when we were packing to go home, I went into the grocery store to get a box. Boxes were worth something in those days and the store keeper wasn’t about to part with one until I said I was one of the guys that had entertained the town by marching up and down the street.

Excerpts from “Black Hills Bivouac”

...Some were so eager to learn that they missed the first camp meal and when one of them was discovered later in the tool shed, he was standing along the south way and repeating the names of tools in order to memorize them. He had them all in a row and he knew most of them except the ax and the shovel. He always got mixed up with these two, boys (those that wouldn’t go into the bad town of Custer) were getting pretty long hair because they failed to visit the barber. So Chopper John and A. B. Thorpe decided to give each other a hair cut. The only barber tool was an old scissor found in the machine shed. It had been used previously to cut patching for inner tubes and also for bobbing horses’ tails. They sharpened it by rubbing it on the staves of our cots. Thus it was that terms such as “egg head,” “naked noggin,” and “crooked cranium” came into use. Chopper finally got professional and charged a dime a clip. Sometimes you could bribe him with a report, or an extra sandwich.

The main street of Custer was wide. One of the men in our group was an advanced ROTC cadet with the unlikely name of John Pershing Wakefield. We all called him Trapper John and that was 40 years before MASH. When we went to town, Trapper John have us Close Order Drill up and Down the main street. The locals tolerated us. Evidently, summer camps never changed—we always had the one meat, one cheese, and one peanut butter and jelly sandwich. And, I think, and orange.

After the war, my wife and I were in a lookout tower in the Kaniksu Forest of Idaho. We were working out of the Falls Ranger Station at Priest River. Goose Creek Lookout was our home. One day we noticed a big cloud of dust coming up our road and who should appear but the boys from summer camp. We had come full circle.
In the summer of 1942 - Custer, South Dakota, CCC camp in the Black Hills - had the class of Forest (Timber) Cruising which was to be followed in the fall with Surveying and Mapping using the summer's notes. As I remember we had four crew members and I was "elected" to be compass man and note keeper. I was surprised how well we came out on our section boundaries with our inexperience plus jogging around large outcroppings, etc. At the end of camp our instructors insisted that each man had to turn in a set of survey notes. So my notebook circulated to the four to copy. My book never returned to me! Time was short so I had to borrow one of the four and recopy the whole thing.

On my return home (Little Rock, Arkansas) the Draft Board was eager so I immediately joined the Navy Reserve V-12. This allowed many of us to return another year (42-43) before going on active duty. At the fall Mapping Class (42) I asked to search all the books and readily found my old original. One of the crew had simply put his mane on mine. He had not returned to Ames that year. I would not name him even if I could remember - only 50 years ago.

Quincy X. Halbrook

1947 Summer Camp Memory - Idaho

Our class went to the north side of Priest Lake (in northern Idaho) to view logging operations of Diamond Match. They took us across the lake in boats and then accompanied us on a hike of approximately four miles into the woods. They had a flume from this point to Priest Lake that carried their logs for rafting them across the lake to the river. The class bet and encouraged Don Riddle ('50) and myself to ride a log down the flume to the lake. It turned out to be a thrilling ride and took some planning as to how we were going to get out of this dangerous situation. They kept their horses in a barn about a block from the lake.

In '46 the Priest River was the local of a major log drive. Timber on Priest Lake was floated down stream to a Diamond Match Company mill. As the water level of the river dropped, logs were left high and dry until the next high water. Some of my fellow students would man handle logs onto the river's current and perfected their rolling skills as the logs floated down stream past camp. On one particular day, when the faculty wives were gathered on the stream bank, one student (think his name was Parsons) came down stream past camp expertly rolling a log, quacking like a duck and stark naked caused quite a stir.

Ed .......

Excerpts from

"1946 Forestry Summer Camp"

Ninety-six forestry students followed Dr. J. A. Larsen to his old Idaho stamping grounds last summer for the first departmental forestry camp since 1942.

The foresters also became known for their cautious driver. Some of the auto and truck chauffeurs showed nothing but contempt for the hazards of the road, but not Leonard Lotts. Always conservative, his top cruising speed on the highway was 7 miles per hour.

Dick Crowther
1947 Ames Forester, p.92
and threw the straw-horse manure next to the flume. We both jumped and rolled off in this pile. The next day Diamond Match couldn’t believe anyone rode it down and lived but gave word out loud and strong. Carl Hanikanson (’50) years later worked for Diamond and word was still out about the two crazy students that accomplished this feat.

Wayne Miller

Probably the most outstanding story and event of the entire summer was when we were studying a Diamond Match logging operation way up in the mountains. The company had built a flume, probably at least 10 miles long, curving around the sides of the mountain, for floating or transporting logs down the mountain and dumping into Priest Lake. Well, one of our fearless crew, by the name of Donald D. Riddle from Dennison, Iowa, decided rather than walk back down he was going to ride a log down - and he did! Towards the end of the ride he realized he would have to disembark because the logs came off the end of the flume and plunged into Priest Lake. So, at some point he decided he had to do it. He jumped over the side, landed in a huge pile of horse manure and he lived to tell it (and others witnessed it). He presently lives in Lander, Wyoming enjoying retirement from the B.L.M.

Then, too, there were the weekend trips to Diamond Lade for “refreshments” and dancing at some pavilion right on the lake (can’t remember its name). It was very exciting and enjoyable and a marvelous thing to look forward to each weekend. I made friends with a lovely young lady and used to spend weekends with her and her folks in their beautiful log summer place, right there on Diamond Lake. She wanted me to stay there in Washington and go to work for her daddy, but I told her “No” that I simply had to finish college! But Diamond Lake weekends were surely one of the great, great things if Summer ’47. And I still wonder what it would have been like if I’d stayed - one of life’s grand dreams!

I know I will love the Summer Camp of 1947 as long as I live! It was definitely one of he greatest times and experiences of my entire life! And I’m still in contact with several of those great guys.

Bob Jones

Former students will remember one of the cooks, Ethel Rukers, who was assisted by Faye Kelly this year. They were excellent cooks, supplying us with plenty of jelly on our peanut-butter sandwiches.

1950 Ames Forester, p.95
Excitement in camp included the bumblebees in the three-holer toilet, and Jerry Leslie sliding into second base which was a fire ant hill. One of those red devils ran up his leg, under his pants, and out on the end of ‘you-know-what,’ and biting like everything. Jerry whooped and hollered all the way to the tent where he could finally drop his drawers and rescue that poor ant.

There was the swimming hole up in the mountains that we would take off to on Sunday afternoons. Once we backed a truck up to the edge, propped a board (one of the seats) over the spare tire for a diving board, and then watched Gene Onken do a Navy frog dive headfirst into the mud. Fortunately we pulled him out of the black muck and his neck was fine. We had a favorite spring along the way that we would stop at for water, until we found the buzzards there one day because a cow had died right in the middle of the spring! We thought it was good water too.

Can’t forget the time Prof. Kellog taught us the skills of digging soil pits and classifying the layers of soil for a little history of the area. In a dry plain, we dug our pits (forget my partner’s name) and classified the soil and recorded our readings. Then we relived ourselves in the pits only to discover that the Prof was visiting each pit for additional observations and comments. When he reached ours, he immediately commanded “gather around boys, and observe the evidence that the water table is up in this area, “whereupon he

reached to the bottom for a good handful of “mud” and rolled it just like a well-trained farmer trying to decide if it was too wet to plow. Who knows if our laughter and sore sides gave us away.

Everyone remembers the many choices for lunch. They were only limited by the method in which you transported the peanut butter and jelly sandwich and the orange.

We owe a big thanks to the many efforts and shenanigans that the Prof’s endured over the years to keep the camp’s operating, and to keep them moving from place to place for so many years. These were just some of the best times in my life.

Kent McDonald

It seems that Prof. Kellog struck a deal with a “local” for a bear to supply the camp with “wild meat” for variety. The bear came whole from a locker and several of us volunteered to cut and wrap. I think Kellogg meant to keep the true nature of the beast quiet but you know how that goes when more than one person is involved.

The word got out and was in due course verified when someone unearthed the remains of the butchering!

Apparently a goodly number of the stalwart foresters had queasy stomachs as all one had to do was to start the rumor in the chow line that we were having bear that night and the line thinned noticeably. Those of us remaining had no shortage of grub on those nights.

Jack Krieger
Only one real accident happened during the summer besides numerous cuts, bruises and bee stings. When the second course of Utilization went to see E. C. Olson’s logging operations on East River we nearly lost two of our Foresters. Watching a two man felling crew in action, several of the men were standing on a pine log on the side of a steep hill. The log gave way and Albert Taube found himself being chased down the hill by it. Fortunately for him he tripped and fell in a small depression and the log rolled over him leaving him none the worse for his experience. Less fortunate was Fred Moehler, who was standing on the log. He dove for safety when the log started rolling but was hit in the back before he reached safety. Although it was nothing serious, he was mighty stiff in his joints and will carry the scars for many a day.

So off we went, headed for the Great Southwest, destination Apache Creek CCC camp in the Apache National Forest, Land of Enchantment, New Mexico. It was this twenty-three year old’s image of the ultimate trip. After what seemed to be an eternity we arrived. It was a wonderful place for this city boy. Mesas, ponderosa pines, Douglas-fir, lodgepole pine, pinyon-juniper and a carpet of pine needles so thick that a marvelous vapor burst forth with every crunch of my new boots. Psychologists tell me that smell-related events are never forgotten. Well, I have lived in the pine country of Minnesota for the last twenty-five years and yet, every time I smell crushed pine needles I am transmogrified back to Apache Creek.

It didn’t take long for Prof. Hartman to get us started on the basics of latrine and garbage-pit digging. We dug what was clearly a world-class, ten-foot deep, garbage pit. I’m sure an increment boring of Apache Creek trees near the latrine and garbage pit would show some striking growth spurts in the years following our visit. More on the garbage pit later.

Some indelible memories of that summer include: the incredible thirst after a day in the field; the thrill of closing a complete section within a foot or so by using just a staff compass, Abney hand level and chain; experiencing the dramatic difference in forest communities by ascending the San Francisco Mountains; becoming a pretty decent truck driver; mastering the split-shift; dodging logging trucks; nearly dying in the 120 degree heat in an Albuquerque wood-treatment plant; dances at Uncle Bill’s; having Prof. Kellogg as a passenger and watching him entertain us “gents” by opening the myriad gates while I drove through and then dutifully closing the gate in the opposite side and climbing over the gate each time to return to the truck; a campfire program where Doc Thomson persuaded Ed Schlachtenhaufen and me to sing T. Texas Tyler’s “Remember Me”; watching mule skinners skid giant Douglas-fir and ponderosa pine on slopes so steep one could hardly stand.
I believe it was about a month into summer camp that a skunk got work of our magnificent garbage pit. At first the skunk was merely a curiosity, but as the butyl mercaptan accumulated on surfaces with repeated contact it wasn’t long before a distinct pungency adulterated the otherwise piney aroma of our camp.

Doc Thomson had already perfected his skills of persuasion on me (I believe he threatened to make me walk back to Ames if I didn’t sing at the campfire) so his megabyte memory recalled the bow and arrows I had hauled to the “enchanted aromatic land.” With Thomsonian eloquence he said something like, “Borchers, shoot that skunk!”

The pressure William Tell experienced was nothing compared to mine as I stood on the edge of the garbage cavern with “Doc T” and nearly everybody in camp watching as I drew a fine bead on that infamous skunk. I thought a blunt arrow would do the trick. So as my sweaty fingers released the string, I watched amazement as the arrow hit the skunk and it never moved a muscle. I was so proud. I had scrambled down the side of the pit to retrieve my arrow. But as I climbed back out we noted that the skunk was making a very quick recovery. Doc “T” took command again and with military crispness remarked, “Now this time use a real arrow.” Following his orders I let fly with another “perfect” shot. A real arrow hit the precise neuronal effectors to that well known glandular apparatus which fired a posthumous retaliatory blast that mobilized professor and students to shovel soil into that pit like men possessed. The damage had been done. There wasn’t enough earth in New Mexico to block the smell. We filled it in…..covered it to the top, unceremoniously burying the skunk, the real arrow, and the garbage. Naturally we had to dig another pit.

The pined just didn’t quite smell the same after that. I don’t know if it just happened to be good fortune or if Doc “T” made some quick phone calls, but the next day we set off for a week’s trip to Flagstaff and the surrounding Arizona forests.

As it turns out now I can be transmogrified back to Apache Creek be either pine needle crunch or skunk. I would not trade the summer of 1958 for anything.

Harold A. Borchers

The sandwich making materials were unvaried and routine. We met a crew from the University of Illinois one noon and mixed for lunch. One of the Illinois guys said he was tired of the same old “roast beef” and offered to trade with one of the ISU guys. He asked what kind of sandwich - response “Onion,” then “Onion and what?” Response “Just onion.” No trade, but much shaking of heads and separation of student groups. Perhaps our breath was bad?

Lorin Schwartz

It seems that at the 1984 summer camp one day Dr. Schultz had us out in a bog. We were looking at how the material becomes increasingly more decomposed with depth below the surface. I was running the soil probe and Eric Pugh was holding the samples and keeping them in order while Dr. Schultz expounded on the texture of each sample at each depth.
While operating the probe I spit out the Red Man chewing tobacco I was enjoying. The spent tobacco landed right next to the hole from which I was sampling. I picked it up and put it next in line in Eric’s hands with the other samples. The next thing we knew Dr. Schultz was very excited about the sample and was pulling it apart with fingers while commenting on how “fibrous” it was at that depth. Eric and I of course could not contain our laughter at this point; which is precisely the point at which Dr. Schultz turned beet red, ripped the probe from my hands, and proceeded to chase Eric across the bog with it while making what appeared to be a sincere effort to club him. His sincerity with which he made his swings with the probe seemed not to be abated in the least by the fact that Eric was screaming as he ran, “It wasn’t me, it wasn’t me!”

Eric K. Dahle

Another story involved Dean Prestemon. We had been warned that even if we didn’t like a tour to not say anything until we were away from our hosts. For one tour Andy, Karl Krech and I made up t-shirts that said “This Tour Sucks.” During the tour we got Dr. Prestemon’s attention and showed him our t-shirts. There was a look of horror on his face. Shortly after that there was another tour. We saw that he had a t-shirt on. We asked him what his t-shirt said. He said “Section B Sucks.”

Clark Ott

One of the most important things we learn at camp is to enjoy the full benefits of good fellowship. Students and faculty are well known to each other, and thus form the basis for this communal attitude in the affairs of the school. There are, of course, smaller groups within the body of students, but we are all tied together by the common bond of forestry, whether we are interested in the industrial wood technology, wildlife, or government aspects of our field. Thus, we see that the foresters present a large integrated body which has both needs and opinions, and further we see that the mode of expression is through this fellowship that exists at summer camp.

1949 Ames Forester, p.89

After three and one-half rounds of K.P. we realized that the camp was over, so after disintegrating the Fords and then rebuilding them, all the radiators were turned towards home. The camp ground was a desolate place but the memories were strong, so with many a good-bye the old camp was left behind and thus ends the tale of summer camp.

1930 Ames Forester, p.71
FORGING NEW DIRECTIONS...

...THE TRANSITION FROM SUMMER TO FALL
FORESTRY SUMMER CAMP 1993: A TRADITION ENDS

On May 24, 1993 13 students (11 male and 2 female) checked in at the Cloquet Forestry Center to begin the last Forestry Summer Camp of Iowa State University. The Cloquet Forestry Center (near Cloquet, Minnesota) is operated by the University of Minnesota. Robert Stine and his staff maintain beautiful facilities that provide excellent opportunities for our Summer Camp program. We had the use of classroom and library facilities, dorms for the students, mess hall, a cabin for the staff, and recreation facilities (including basketball, softball, volleyball, pool, and table tennis).

Course work kept staff and students busy exploring forestry, as it is understood in concept, and applied in the field. There were no staff families at camp this year. The staff lived together in the same cabin, providing the opportunity to coordinate course work and daily camp activities. Four courses (Forest Biology, Wood Utilization, Mensuration, and Multiple Use Operations) were taught.

The forest biology class was handled by two graduate students, Chris Ball and David Hansen, with a session led by Sande McNabb and Woody Hart. Their enthusiasm for teaching and empathy for students enriched the details of dendrology, tree anatomy and function, micro climate, succession, soils, silviculture, forest pests, wildlife, plant-soil relations, genetics, and much more.

Floyd Manwiller exposed students to knowledge about wood utilization as processes of converting trees to products were probed on many trips, including a stud mill, match factory, hardboard plant, preservation plant, wafer board plant, oriented-strand board plant, and laminated strand lumber plant, as well as, paper mills, sawmills, and dry kilns.

David Countryman enlightened students in the practical work of forest mensuration as they scaled logs, ran a traverse, cruised timber, and completed an inventory. By the end of camp, students were familiar with the tools of the trade, had experienced mapping and cruising procedures, knew the meaning of DBH, knew the length of their pace (roughly), and had learned of rain, mosquitoes, and field work.

In multiple use operations, the camp staff opened minds to some of the issues involved in forestry and a variety of forestry organizations as the class toured the Cloquet Forestry Center, the Laurentian Ranger District of the Superior National Forest, the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources, the land holding of large and small private landowners, the Natural Resources Research Institute, the Environmental Protection Agency Environmental Research Lab, and mining and reclamation projects.

As camp director, it was again gratifying to observe people, who were strangers a few weeks earlier, making plans to continue friendships that may last a lifetime.

Since the first Camp in 1914, there have been many changes in Forestry Summer Camp. The length shortened from 10 weeks, to 8 weeks, to 6 weeks; females joined the professional ranks at camp; and vans replaced the summer camp trucks. However, from beginning to end, the construction of a biltmore stick was an ever present exercise and symbol of camp. The record of Forestry Summer Camps from 1914-1953 can be found in Fifty Years of Professional Forestry Training at ISC: Evolution of the Ames Foresters by Prof. G. B. MacDonald in the 1954 Ames Forester. This record was updated for years 1954-1979 in Lest the Legends Die - Forestry at ISU from 1954-1979 by George W. Thomson in the 1979 Ames Forester. To close the era of Forestry Summer Camps, let me bring the Summer Camp Record up to date. Respective Camp directors in the following listing are indicated by an asterisk(*).

1980 - Lubrecht Forest, Montana: Steven Jungst*, Joe Colletti, Richard Schultz, Laura Schilling (cook)
A TRADITION ENDS:
A STUDENTS STORY

Yeah, we’re going out west, where I belong. Where the girls are pretty and the nights are long...” Ahh yes, summer camp. Forestry summer camp 1993, the camp to end all camps. Seven credits of lip smacking, hoe down, intellectual fun. It was the summer of the great flood, the big brown one, el agua mucho grande, the rains. It was the summer where Dubuque’s dike building would payoff and more southerly cities would suffer for their pettiness. It was the summer that I would spend in Cloquet, Minnesota, getting to know a herd of funky foresters. It was a summer I would not soon forget.

THE JOURNEY

School was out for the summer—for everybody else. But, we campers had a mere week off before we were required to head north. It was either that or go to some new crappy fall camp, with 50 thousand screaming freshmen foresters, who wouldn’t know an increment bore from a ... well you get the point. So we figured, what the hey, let’s go for it, let’s take the plunge, let’s go to summer camp. That and we wanted to graduate on time. So what the heck, we were go in'.

I am mostly speaking for myself here, but I suppose the other campers had similar points of view. Seeing as how I don’t have a car, and the nearest mobile that I had to take my gear to Minnesota was a Greyhound, I decided to try to hitch a ride to the land of sky blue water. The closest driver heading that way was a man by the name of Birch. Hmm, that’s good, I thought. Birch, hey, that’s a tree, isn’t it? You betcha, a tree. What the heck, some guy with the last name of a tree is gonna give me a ride to Forestry Camp.

So we’re drivin’ up there, up to Cloquet. And what’s with that name anyway, Cloquet. For the longest time, I thought it was Klo-kett, kinda like briquette. Klo-kett. Needless to say, my French is poor. OK, Cloquet. So we’re driving up there. The scenery is real pretty. Slowly the landscape melts from field to forest. Beautiful forest. The woods, the big Wood, the darkness, the insane place, Alone. —Oops, I’ll save that for later.

We have come so far, so far from where we really want to be. Think about it. Who wants to spend the summer with a bunch of college geeks? Tree geeks, none the less, myself included. No, not me. I’d rather be back home, sippin’ lemonade, mowin’ the grass, and spittin’ in the river. But what the heck, if I must, I must. And we did.
FAIR WARNING

For the longest time, I had been concerned with the schematics of the whole deal. Are we gonna be sleeping in tents out in the woods with nothing but the heat of our bodies to keep us warm?? Who are the instructors gonna be? And what’s with this Countryman guy? I’d heard stories about him. What are we gonna eat? What happens if we run out of gruel? Are the bugs really that bad? What’s a wood tick? What’s a deer tick? What’s popple? Can you really eat it? And so on...

We heard all of the rumors about everything. The bugs are gonna eat you alive. The instructors are gonna eat you alive. Your roommate is gonna eat you alive. That bug spray is gonna melt your skin and then slugs are gonna eat you alive. This is what ran through my mind day and night from the moment I knew I was going to attend summer camp. After a day or two, it really wasn’t that bad. I found out that I didn’t mind being eaten alive, by anything.

THE WEATHER AND THE BUGS:
CHUMS THROUGH THICK & THIN

“Hell, aint nothin’ wrong with Minnesoter weather, its just cooler and gooder than Iowa weather,” YEAH, WHATEVER BUDDY!! The first week or so, the weather was cooler and gooder. Real gooder. Mmm GOODER. But then it reared it’s ugly head. (African rain dance drum rhythms)—rain-rain-rain-rain, beautiful rain.

The rain became our pal. If it rained real bad, we knew there was a good chance that activities would be canceled for the day. “Well, see its time to do that there traverse, ya see” I don’t think so sir, its pouring down rain. “You all got yer rain gear, let’s go!” Gulp!

Sometimes the rain was our friend, canceling field maneuvers for the day, sending us indoors for the relaxing boredom that the shelters in camp provided, or the tense boredom that a good five hour lecture provided. And when the weather became hot and sticky, the rain was the holy stuff of the heavens, cooling our bodies, and driving the bugs into the dirt!

The bugs were bad. Early on it was just the skeeters. Even when the temperature was cool, the skeeters buzzed on. “You know what the Minnesota state bird is?? The mosquito. Heh, heh, heh!!” Yeah, real funny, buddy, real funny. Its true. They would either hide, waiting for any blood pumping beast to roam by their sucking needles and then attack, or they would just hang there, like Michael Jordon when he used to play basketball. They would just hang there at about BH, right by the big red muscle between the oxygen tanks, and that would be it. It’d be all over. And the sad thing of it all was that nothing could hold them at bay. Not the 100% DEET, nor Birch’s baby-so-soft lotion, nor my ninja netting. Nothing. “These things are not human. You can’t reason with them. They can’t be stopped. They will never die. They will never die!!” The first wave of mosquitoes was to remove the defensive barriers we put up against them. The kamikaze dive bombers. Heartless and cruel, they would slurp the bug spray and clothing off of you, trading their lives so that the other skeeters may live.

Towards the end of our stay in the North woods, something horrible happened. Far off in the distance, one could hear the buzzing, the low frequency hum of an approaching frenzy. “Hey, where did all of the mosquitoes go?” Gulp. And gulp again. And gulp once more for good measure. The skeeters had fled in fear. They knew of the swift, mean fury that approached—HIDE THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!! Yes, that’s right, deer flies! REET REET REET!! Huge black bodies the size of your shoe with psychedelic eyes that tempted you to look into them beckoning you, calling you, mocking you. And they bit. Man, oh, man, the mother of all bites. These suckers would rip the flesh off your body, and return for the marrow—they were just that nasty!

THE FOREST

Whether it be the “popple popple” of the Populus variety, the “pine pine” of the red, white, and jack pine forests, or the “here I come in the darkness” of the balsam fir woods, I loved them all. Every last needle and root sprout.

I think I might have rediscovered the old religion of the Celts. The power in the trees. The spirits of the wood. The wood nymphs and tree fairies. The dark, foreboding call of the forest. From the moment I drove into camp, I became enchanted by the forest.

Roaming the Iowa landscape from Ames to Dubuque every month or so, one becomes accustomed to seeing the flatness. The bland monocultures of calorie-baring grasses. Here, man is larger than the weeds that grow underfoot. We are the masters and only the scattered bull mastiff bur oak and cottonwood are left to indicate otherwise. But in the wood, all is grand. The towering pines stand so sublime. A speck be me in the litter of the trees, disappearing into the shadows and understory. But that’s fine with me, I love it.

In the forest surrounding the camp was a fire tower. The top of the tower peeked just over the tips of the trees, a periscope above the darkness. Every time I was up there, I had the strongest urge to leap into the forest. To dive into the trees and swim through the canopy, to be delivered unto the ground, unscathed, but by the tickle marks of the leaf tips. One evening as the sun began to sink into the horizon, I saw a wave of fog, drifting over the treetops. It passed right through me, I sucked it in. It was the most awesome sight I have ever seen. And I am changed because of it
There's something almost sensual about being in the forest. Just you alone, naked to the dark eyes of the trees, wandering with no real direction. Who knows what lusty adventure lies beyond the shadows? And how did I get here? What curvaceous siren has called me to her domain? The only thing I regret that I didn't do while I was in Minnesota was sprint, naked and screaming like a mad person through an early summer rain storm in the forest. That woulda been cool. But then, of course, the skeeters would have gotten me for sure, but what the heck.

*The wet Wind*
*blows the wood scent through my nose*
*And this sense of life in these trees, it grows.*
*What, I wonder, do these giant beasts scant see?*
*Do they joke and laugh, or do they think I flea?*
*And I wonder at their knowledge and I wonder at their notions*
*Aloft, assail, in these Big Green Oceans.*
*thank you, Dark Woods, for the moments in this dream*
*I will think fondly, And warmly shall I beam.*

To be in the woods is pure poetry. You can't just walk in and feel nothing. The fear, the awe, the joy, the mystery; it sweeps you away.

**THE MILLS**

OK, I'm back.

Ahh, yes, the mills. The bloody machines of tree carnage. The evil grinding things. The mills were about the only proof that there was harvesting going on somewhere in northern Minnesota. The logs just kept coming and coming. Where did they come from? In our many travels, I only saw one small patch of clear-cut that looked as nasty as the media portrays them to be. These loggers are tricky people. Either that or they are as magical as the forest itself. Pulling logs from the belly of the forest, and leaving not a trace of devastation.

The mills were indeed amazing places. Some were so high-tech that they look like scenes from Star Wars. People strapped into hovering pods, with laser sighted saws—just an awesome sight! It was interesting to see the whole process, too. They went from log to finished product in about 15 minutes to half an hour. It's unbelievable the many things that can be made from a tree. They waste nothing.

Cellulose: gift from the gods!!! Seriously, think about it. Wood, cotton, other cool stuff that I don't even know about, all made primarily of cellulose (Dr. Manwiller says other wise, and of course he's right, but for the sake of my oversimplified contemplation, please play along.) I mean, who thought all of this stuff up? Who are the ad wizards that came up with that one?? Forestry is certainly a fascinating field!

**THE CREW**

Throughout the whole thing, we all knew we were in it together. Like it or not, we were stuck together. In the process of being stuck, we got to know each other pretty well. And we got sick of each other pretty quick too, but what the heck. That's something that will be with us forever. You guys are a good bunch of Joes and Josephenas.

I remember; popple, the northern lights (albeit sparingly), lucky lager (chunky style—Yuck!), a raccoon eating from someone's hand every night, a coyote (I swear it wasn't a dog, guys), deer, meeses, little frogs, Black Bear Casino, a black bear crossing the highway, the traverse, Mudman, Ballman, Sandy, Woody, Floyd dog, The Bear, Benny Ha Ha, that crazy cook lady, KKH, a sawmill here and there, Smokenut, Tamarack and Sumac, Flagmandoo, highfalls on the Canadian Border, and some other stuff.

Thinking back, it was pretty awesome. We got a lot of hands on experience and we got to see the northern country. It was a real beautiful time, despite the weather and the bugs and the fact that this was my summer. But I guess it still was my summer. Summer camp was good. A good experience. Its weird to say, but I feel kinda proud being part of ISU Forestry's last summer camp. To the dirty dozen; they saved the best for last! WHOOEEE!!

Brian Brown
The first Fall Forestry Camp was held from September 25 through October 16, 1993 at Topton, North Carolina. Thirty-two forestry students and two instructors “did the first fall camp” and enjoyed the experience. The shift from summer camp to fall camp went smoothly. And, based on student response, it seems to be achieving the goal of integrating many forestry topics such as forest biology/ecology, forest measurements (menso, growth and yield), forest policy and administration, forest economics and decision-making, and harvesting and wood products.

Fall Forestry Camp is a fast-paced educational experience. We build on topics, concepts, and techniques covered earlier in the semester. After Fall Camp we then use the information, data, and knowledge gained from the full immersion in a particular forest environment (biotic, abiotic and social) to support additional learning in the other five sophomore-level integrated courses.

Our departure from Ames early on Saturday morning Sep. 25 (“before time” as one student called it) was wet and, of course, filled with excitement. It was especially exciting for a student who overslept and after being awakened by my telephone call managed to get ready in 10 minutes. We traveled in a three van-one car caravan all the way to North Carolina. We rode all the way to Land Between the Lakes (LBL) in western Kentucky/Tennessee in monsoon rain. This wet travel was typical of our crazy 1993 weather. Fortunately once at camp in western North Carolina we encountered rain only twice during the daytime. Back to our trek to camp. Somewhere in Illinois we discovered that the doors on the two enclosed trailers leaked, big time! We had to unpack, repack, and seal the doors with plastic to prevent further wetting of sleeping bags, food stuff, and personal gear. What a mess! But, it worked out and we got to our overnight location without any further problems.

At LBL we stayed at a beautiful lakeside campground. At 8 a.m. on Sunday, Sep 26th, (yes there are public foresters willing to give tours and do out-reach programs on the weekend) we were hosted by a TVA forester of a tour of the on-going forestry operations and recreation management in LBL. We left LBL around noon and pulled into Topton, NC around 8 p.m. the same night.

The facilities at Topton are part of a business catering to people rafting on the famous Nantahala river. Guided and unguided raft trips are arranged by this firm. Our accommodations were nestled in a typical deep cove at the head of the Nantahala gorge. Twenty-nine men (27 male students) shared a large three bedroom, large screened porch house. The seven women shared “the palatial palace” referred to by the owner of the rafting business as “the apartment.” It was really more like a bunkhouse. Overall the housing facilities were cozy yet functional for our troupe of 34 Iowans. Except for the evening meal which we had prepared by a local restaurant, we prepared our breakfast and lunch meals ourselves. Traditionally at summer camp we would make a sack lunch, so having to do this during the fall camp was not new. What was new (at least based on my knowledge of summer camps in the last 15 years) was having to make breakfast for 34 people in a 10 x 10 ft kitchen and make lunches on a small coffee table. With teamwork and patience it worked rather well.

The weather was typical of western North Carolina during the fall. We had many sunny, warm days with cool to cold nights. We ate our evening meal most of the time out-of-doors on picnic tables. Thus, over the three weeks, a progression of beautiful, brilliant fall colors greeted us every day.

Now to the activities of the educational program itself. Dick Schultz and I worked as an instructional team throughout camp. We were involved with each day’s teaching/tour activities. This helped to provide an integrated viewpoint on all topics. We followed a schedule of subjects and tours, but were flexible when new opportunities and the situation warranted change.

We had many integrated field exercises for the students. They were designed to demonstrate to the students their observational and decision making skills
by requiring them to measure various forest components (species, tree height, age, basal area, and harvesting and wood products). Fall Forestry Camp is a fast-paced educational experience. We build on topics, concepts, and techniques covered earlier in the semester. After Fall Camp we then use the information, data, and knowledge gained from the full immersion in a particular forest environment (biotic, abiotic and social) to support additional learning in the other five sophomore-level integrated courses.

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Other scheduled educational opportunities included visits to seven different wood product facilities (Drexel furniture, Broyhill particleboard mill, Davis Wood Products-molded hardwood plywood, Champion International coated paperboard plant, one small hardwood sawmill, one large chipping mill, and a chipping/sawmill operation). Also, we had a day-long harvesting/silviculture tour with Champion International -Timberlands Division, a visit to the Cradle of Forestry in Brevard, visits to Forest Service Research Stations at Bent Creek and Coweeta (Hydrologic Lab), a Saturday raft trip down the Nantahala river (Schultz’s riparian ecosystem and hydrology adventure), and two other activities with the Cheoah Ranger District personnel dealing with timber harvesting, silviculture, ecosystem management, recreational use, and wilderness management. Because only a few students had ever been in a Wilderness area we had an over-night camping trip into the Joyce Kilmer-Slickrock Wilderness Area. If anyone thinks that the eastern wilderness areas are not rugged, just ask the students or better yet plan a fall visit for wilderness camping in the Joyce Kilmer-Slickrock Wilderness Area! You will encounter a beautiful, rugged forest ecosystem.

The 1993 Fall Forestry Camp was a success. The students were great, the weather was fantastic, and the various forestry hosts were super! We learned a lot about running and teaching a three-week fall camp. The 32 forestry students who attended have provided us with excellent feedback and suggestions as to improvements in the next fall camp. Again, as with the summer camp experience there was a strong sense of camaraderie. We worked hard and had fun learning about all aspects of modern day forestry in an integrated field camp setting. Well it looks as if this Fall Forestry Camp is history . . . with a long road ahead of it.

Joe Colletti
The 1993-1994 school year proved to be a productive, fun, and interesting year for the Forestry Club. The annual welcome picnic was the first activity of the year for the Forestry Club. This traditional get-together provided an opportunity for the upper class students to get to know the freshmen and for all students to become better acquainted with the faculty. The burgers, brats, and hotdogs were enjoyed by everyone, even in the company of hungry mosquitoes. The evening was finished off with several intense volleyball matches. The club also had several video nights throughout the year including videos on the Yellowstone National Park wildfires of 1988 and the issue of reintroduction of wolves to certain parts of the United States, including Yellowstone and Northern Minnesota.

In late October, the club initiated its annual seedling giveaway activities by planting over 3,000 Colorado blue spruce and white spruce seeds in the Forestry greenhouse. Germination was successful and the seedlings were given away at North Grand Mall in Ames on Earth Day and at the Forestry Club open house display on central campus during VEISHEA weekend in April.

Other activities during the year included pizza feeds and the annual Wild Game Banquet. This year’s game banquet was a huge success, with Dennis and Linda Haugen presenting and speaking about the different forest ecosystems of Australia. The Forestry Club also held its annual Christmas tree sales in December, which was also a great success. White and Scotch pine were sold along with balsam fir, which are the traditionally popular species that the Forestry Club sells during Christmas time.

Finally, the Forestry Club helped to establish an independent study class that involves replanting and caring for the Christmas tree plantation to provide for a future supply of the Forestry Club’s own Christmas trees, lessening the need to by Christmas trees from an outside source. This class is overseeing the management of the plantation and making decisions on when to plant, prune, shear, and harvest. The plantation was planted in late April.

Clinton J. Kabele
1993 was another busy year for the Iowa State Chapter of the Forest Products Society. The officers that lead us through the 1993-1994 school year were: President - David Leibold; Vice President - Dave Moore; Treasurer - Chris Birch.

The new officers elected for the 1994-1995 school year are: President - Brian Brown; Vice President - Kevin Sharkness; Treasurer - Mark Mangrich. Chapter advisor is Monlin Kuo.

In the 1993-1994 school year several pizza parties were held to elect new officers and to discuss fund raising ideas. They were also held to welcome new members and to plan future tours.

In April 1993, Iowa State had the privilege of hosting the Midwest Section’s annual spring meeting. The conference was held in Centerville, Iowa. The highlight of this trip was an examination of a road bridge constructed of cottonwood lumber.

In October, we made our annual trek to the Midwest Section’s fall meeting in Madison, Wisconsin. The theme of this year’s meeting was “Fire and Water: Fire Resistance of Wood Construction and Control of Moisture in Wood Buildings.” The first day concluded with an informative tour of the Forest Products laboratory’s Valley View Wood Products Outdoor Exposure Site.

At Valley View, the tour began with several FP: scientists showing us the moisture interactions on cold climate housing. Next, we were given an opportunity to view the performance of several wood different preservative treatment methods. Also, the weathering effects of fire-retardant treated plywood in structural applications.

Finally, we were shown weathering tests of several different wood finishing products. The second day concluded with a tour of the Forest Products Laboratory’s Fire Research facility. The fascinating world of wood combustion was explored. Several different types of testing equipment were examined.

Another fall semester tour took us to Bacon Veneer near Grundy Center. The mill was in the process of peeling a walnut burl log when we arrived. It was interesting to learn that this veneer was destined to be inlaid on the dash boards of Mercedes Benz and Porche automobiles.

A spring semester tour is currently in the planning stages. Our roving band of forest products students is headed to Pella, Iowa to tour the Pella Window Company.

Fund raising has been successful and is continuing. Walnut bookends manufactured by FPS members are selling well. The walnut for these was donated, dried, and machined by FPS student members.

The Iowa State Chapter of the Forest Products Society has been well represented at these meetings and tours. Many of the scientists and industrial leaders we encounter in our travels are past Iowa State graduates. By maintaining the high level of group involvement and our strong team effort, this society will continue to help mold the leaders of tomorrow.

Dave Leibold
Several events highlight the 1993-94 school year for the student chapter here at Iowa State University. Last October, three members, Mark Gossman, John Hae5, and Karl Arbogast, attended the Iowa Chapter fall meeting in southern Iowa. The theme was forestry and rural development. Although I did not attend, I was told that the meeting and the field trip was fun and quite insightful.

For the first time in several years, we had students attend the National SAF Convention. Three members, John Hae5, Rob Rubsam, and Mike Saunders, made the trip to Indianapolis, Indiana, in November. The meeting was quite educational and we all enjoyed meeting with students from around the country at Hooters and the Slippery Noodle Inn in downtown Indianapolis.

This spring has been highlighted by two events—the annual Earth Day tree giveaway at North Grand Mall here in Ames and the “Forestry in a Nutshell” program held annually at Sawyer Elementary. They both ran smoothly and gave younger members of SAF a chance to learn the ropes from us “old timers”.

I want to thank my officers this year for their help—I couldn’t have done it without you. I also want to wish the newly elected officers the best of luck for next year. They are: Chair, Clinton Kabe5; Chair-elect, Rob Rubsam; Secretary, Ben Wehrspann; and Treasurer, Vicki Dodge.

Mike Saunders

**CHRISTMAS TREE SALES**

The Iowa State Forestry Club again held its annual Christmas tree sales for the 1993 season. It took place at the Horticulture Gardens north of the university powerplant. Despite cold temperatures and the lack of snow, club members eagerly helped patrons with the trees they had picked out. A few faculty members also lent a hand. The club purchased Balsam fir, White pine, and Scots pine in heights ranging from five to eight feet. The trees were bought from the Hollow Acres Tree Farm in State Center, Iowa. About fifteen trees were cut out and sold from the 13th street forestry club tree plantation. We had many customers who had bought their trees from us in past years. Others were new, as well as some who happened by, but thought the club still sold trees at the Memorial Union. All in all, the club made some money for the coffer and students got some bonus points for working. The club had a couple trees left over that they wanted to donate to charity, but we couldn’t find anyone to take them. Hopefully, these trees have made good homes for wildlife at the plantation.

John Smith
**Xi Sigma Pi**

Xi Sigma Pi is the oldest and largest forestry honorary society in the United States with 42 active chapters and more than 24,000 members. It promotes and awards high scholastic achievement in the profession of forestry. Membership in the society requires, in addition to high scholastic marks, that the individual display qualities of leadership and good character.

Last fall, the Alpha Gamma chapter inducted four undergraduates into the society during our annual banquet. They were Chris Birch, Brian Flage, John Murow, and Ben Wehrspann. John Pearson, of the Iowa DNR, was featured as the speaker. He gave an excellent presentation on oak savanna research and restoration within the Midwest Region.

The chapter is involved in several activities throughout the year. Members annually judge the Forestry Consortium Awards at the State Science Fair. This recognizes creative junior-high and high school students for science and fair projects that deal with the aspects of agroforestry, farmstead forestry, wood technology, among other subjects.

New initiates are planning to help the Iowa DNR or The Nature Conservancy conduct a prairie burn in northwestern Iowa this spring. Plans are also in the works to assist the Botany Graduate Student Association in restoring a newly-discovered prairie just north of Ames.

In addition to these activities, the chapter takes part in presenting two awards at the annual Wild Game Banquet. The G. B. MacDonald Memorial Senior Leadership Award for Advanced Studies is awarded to a graduating senior who will be attending graduate school. The Keith A. Bauer Memorial Award recognizes the accomplishments of an outstanding sophomore student with a certificate and a collection of books. Keith Bauer was a highly regarded graduate student who died tragically in a car accident in 1965.

The 93/94 officers are Mike Saunders, Forester; Mark Gossman, Associate Forester; Ryan Reichenbacker, Ranger; and Dave Hansen, Secretary/Treasurer. Faculty advisor is Dr. Paul Wray.

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**WILD GAME BANQUET**

On March 26, 1994, at 6:00 p.m. the Iowa State Forestry Department held its annual Wild Game Banquet. On this special evening, students and faculty along with their friends and families, congregate at the Scheman Building, Iowa State Center to recognize students for their hard work and participation in both academics and activities. It is also an opportunity to pleasantly diversify ones palate with such unique dishes as barbecued raccoon and stewed turtle.

The evening, emceed by banquet chair Brian Flage, began with a welcome and blessing. The meal which followed included such treats as deer, pheasant, duck, rabbit, turtle, squirrel, raccoon and turkey.

After the splendid feast, banquet goers moved to Benton Auditorium, also in the Scheman Building to congratulate students receiving awards. Along with the professors, Iowa Society of American Foresters chairman, Robert Petzelka was on hand to make several presentations. The club officers were recognized for their work and new officers were announced. Edith Cone, who has supported the forestry department for some years, was given a set of book ends, made by the products students, by FPS representative Chris Birch.

The featured guest presentation was delivered by Dennis and Linda Haugen, ISU forestry alumni who worked in Australia for several years. They gave an entertaining talk and slide show on the forest ecosystems of Australia.

Overall, there was a good turnout for the event and an enthusiasm shown by those in attendance that will ensure that next year's banquet will be even better.

Mike Saunders
1993-1994 AWARDS

FRESHMAN SCHOLARSHIPS
J. Milton Cone Freshman Scholarship
Forestry Freshman Scholarship

MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS
George and Dorothy Thomson Endowment
J. Milton Cone Memorial Scholarship
Conservation Scholarships

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FORESTERS AWARDS
SAF Summer Camp Award
SAF Fall Sequence Leadership Award
SAF Student Membership Award
SAF Full Membership Award

FOREST PRODUCTS SOCIETY AWARDS
FPS Student Membership Award
FPS Book Award

XI SIGMA PI AWARDS
Keith Bauer Book Award
G. B. McDonald Memorial Senior Leadership Award
Regional Scholarship
Forestry Club Student Involvement Award

DIAMOND HITCH AWARDS
Forestry Club President
Ames Forester Editor
SAF Chair
FPS Chair

Erin Sass
Rebecca Rohwer
Marie Westerhof
Mark Mangrich
Shane Delaney
Robert Rubsam
Jeffrey Cronin
Steven Gaul
Chad Loreth
Ryan Whitaker
Philip Kinney
Ben Wehrspann
Kristin Hiatt
Jeffrey Cronin
David Leibold
Shane Delaney
Garth Horning
Mike Saunders
Brian Flage
Clint Kabele
Chris Ball
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FACULTY & STAFF
About twenty students and I set out one beautiful warm (~65 F) summer morning to float the Blackfoot River. It was to take four to five hours and we would enjoy several rapids including a big one at the Highway 200 Roundup Bar Bridge crossing.

The float started out well, with all rubber rafts making it through the first little rapids just downstream from the put-in point. When we rounded a bend and saw the Roundup Bar rapids all heck broke loose. Although nobody was thrown out of their rafts none of us actually managed to purposefully guide our rafts through the rapids. The river took us through and wow it was some scary, wet ride. About the same time the weather changed. It seemed as though the air temperature had dropped 20-30 degrees just like that.

After the Roundup Bar rapids we raced a more challenging rapids just a mile or so downstream. It was at this rapids that one student, Mike Scanlon, was launched out of the raft that I was in like a cannon ball. Mike hit the river, went completely under (while we were being tossed around in the rapids), and then shot up and out of the river just like he had entered. Mike managed to grab a trailing rope from our raft and tagged behind us, bouncing off of the rocks through the rest of the rapids. We all stopped along the shore shortly after to collect our wit, bail gallons of water, and try to warm up. During this rest, I recall seeing several students with blue lips and goosebumps head to toe. I suggested that we consider ending the trip before we freeze to death. The popular vote was to continue, hoping that the winds would diminish and the rapids would be gentler to us. It only took another river mile or so before everyone was chilled to the bone and we pulled out. I still smile when I think of that adventure on the Blackfoot. It was one wet, wild, fun time at summer camp 1979.

At Forestry Summer Camps there are those who like to fish as a sport and form of relaxation, as did Dr. Bensend and myself at the 1977 camp. The 1977 camp was at the Lubrecht Forest in Montana. The setting along the Blackfoot River was conducive to catching fish, and lots of them. Well, let’s say that Dwight and I were reasonably successful, but some of our fishing partners did not always catch lots of fish. Dwight’s advice for catching more fish was, “You have to be smarter than a fish to catch a fish.”

Dwight and I found a lake where we caught many cutthroat trout. (The lake will remain unnamed for obvious reasons. However, Dwight and I would be glad to show the location to anyone wishing to drive us there.) We were each catching 2 pound cutthroats regularly. Finally, one of us caught a 2.25 pound cutthroat, and then the other of us caught one. Neither of us could beat the 2.25 pound mark.

When camp closed on Friday, we decided to camp at the lake full of cutthroats and to make one last try for a larger trout before we headed home the next morning. Dwight headed around the lake with his flyrod, while I headed the other way with mine. When we met on the other side of the lake, Dwight and a stranger were weighing a 2.5 pound cutthroat. When I asked what fly the fish had hit, Dwight answered, “A #18 blue-grey Midge.”
The next morning was my last chance to catch a trout as large as Dwight’s, so I was up early. In the early light of dawn, I saw something white on the surface of the lake. It seemed to be drifting toward me with the wind. I waded out as far as I could and saw that it was a trout that was bellyup on the surface. I dipped up the trout, took it to shore, and weighted it; 2.75 pounds. Obviously, I had to show Dwight what I had netted, before he left for home!

Once we were home, Bobbi told me that Dwight had not caught the 2.5 pound trout; the stranger had caught it and given it to Dwight. And, Marguerite told Dwight that I had netted the trout, but had not caught it in the traditional sense. Sometimes at camp, things are not as they seem, and only the wives know the truth!

Winter Park, Colorado. 1961. The beginning of a long and genuine love affair. “Flatlander discovers mountains have highs.”

The incident occurred during one of the “jungle rules” volleyball played at the 1966 Montana Summer Camp I attended as a student. A tall, shy student suddenly turned ferocious when he saw the ball poised above the net, close to his side. He rose up and made a perfect stuff shot, except for the fact that Dr. Gordon Gatherum (the biology instructor) was just then rising up under the ball to try to return it. As Dr. Gatherum lay on the ground in pain from the resulting dislocated finger, he calmly looked up and said, “Son, you surely don’t expect to pass my course after this, do you?”

Now that I teach biology at summer camps, I hope I’m able to keep such a wry sense of humor no matter what the adversity. I also try to stay away from tall,
powerful volleyball players on the other side of the net. The final lesson of this story is that instructors do have to be careful with what they say. The young man who had spiked the ball returned dejected to his quarters convinced that he had, indeed, flunked camp with one rash burst of energy. Eventually both the student and Dr. Gatherum's finger got straightened out.
My most memorable experience was when I was a student in 1959 at the Wirt, MN, camp. Mr. McAlister, owner of the Wirt tavern/restaurant/deer camp, owned a mahogany boat with cabin and inboard engine that he kept at a marina on Lake Winnibigoshish. He told Clint Bird, Virgil Huff, Roger Sheppard, Joe Zimmer, and myself that we could use the boat if we would caulk and paint it. The first afternoon out, a beautiful warm, clear one, we went about 10 miles up the lake, where we loafed, swam, and dozed all afternoon. When we were ready to start back, we discovered our battery was dead because we had tried (successfully) to hook up the running lights. Since we had a 3-hp outboard motor with little gas, a fisherman told us to go up the lake a “relatively short” distance to a lodge where we could get help. We got to the lodge about 11:00 pm, borrowed a battery, headed to the marina, and then to camp. When we got to camp, about 2:30 am, Doc. Bensend, in his pajamas, was really relieved to see us.

It seems that Mr. McAlister was in the habit each Spring of letting his boat sink in a shallow basin at the marina until the planks swelled. He then pumped out the water and was ready for the season. The marina owner, not knowing of our previous labors, thought we had taken a very leaky boat straight from dry-dock out onto a 35 mile long lake. When we didn’t return at dusk and he couldn’t see us with his binoculars, he called Mr. McAlister to report that we had gone down. McAlister drove to camp and reported the tragedy to Doc. Bensend. Doc. said they had decided they would
have the CAP fly the lake at dawn looking for survivors. It wasn’t until I was a camp director that I really understood how we students tested those in positions of responsibility.

During the summer camp of 1978 near Missoula, Montana, Andy Mitchell and others went one Saturday night to a pond with a cabin near the camp. They had planned to have a party and took quite a few cases of brew, which they put in the pond for chilling. As the evening progressed and the cases were consumed, someone would go to the pond and get another one. Someone went for what was thought to be the last case, and the person found two cases. When he returned to the group, he informed them that he thought the cases were “breeding”. From then on, PBR was referred to as “breeders”.

**Bernie McMahon**

Research Associate

BS University of Illinois
MS University of Illinois

**Carl Mize**

Associate Professor

BA Brockport State
MS Humboldt State
PhD University of Syracuse

**Harold S. “Sande” McNabb, Jr.**

Professor of Forestry
Professor of Plant Pathology

BS University of Nebraska-Lincoln
MS Yale University
PhD Yale University
After almost 29 years of service to Iowa State University, I begin participation in the university's Phased Retirement program on July 1, 1994. Plans call for a 65% appointment for four years, a 50% appointment for one year, and a full retirement on July 1, 1999. During the next four fiscal years, I will essentially be on duty from September 1 to April 30, and I will typically be on leave from May 1 through August 31 each year. I will continue to be very actively involved in forestry extension activities; I will still assist in teaching For. 202 each fall and will teach For. 488 in 1995.
1962 camp - I was a driver of one of the 2.5 ton open sided trucks. I had never driven anything larger than a car before that time and didn’t have a car of my own. We got a little training on campus but were supposed to get used to the trucks on the way to Winter Park CO. Somehow, two different dates were given for the date that the trucks were to leave from Ames, I showed up late and missed the them. I jumped on a train, got out to Winter Park and received my first lesson in responsibility training from Dr. Thompson. On the first day we did a drive around with the District Forester and ended up on an abandoned railroad grade with only narrow railroad bridges over some deep canyons. Needles to say Dr. Thompson told students riding in the back of my truck that they might best get out and walk across the bridge while I, white-knuckled, drove across.

1968 camp - As a graduate student instructor I was allowed to live in one of the three cabins at the Lubrecht camp in Montana. In that year we also had only the second young lady to go to camp and she stayed in one of the other three cabins. She felt isolated and I, out of the goodness of my heart, asked her to go with me while I scouted for some ecology sites to visit. I got my own car stuck on a narrow road and it took several hours before it was freed. We went back after dark. Needless to say, when I got back Dr. Hopkins, the director, pulled me aside, suggested I think about how it looked for an instructor to come back after dark with this young lady. I was probably 3 years older than she was.

1980 camp - Lubrecht Montana. Unruly students threatened to attack loving instructors who lived in the three cabins far across the meadow from the student box cars. We shrewd instructors got wind of the possible attack laid out fire hoses in strategic locations and repelled the attack. That was the same year that a group of biology students from the “other” Iowa University came through camp for an overnight. To estimate the size of the ground squirrel population in the meadow they set a series of traps. The same crafty set of instructors stole around through the night and tripped the traps to show that school who was in control. They left thinking that there were no little critters in the meadow.
earth (with black flies as big as a basketball, but I wasn’t involved in the bear debacle, although everyone that was involved survived, even the bears). It was a great opportunity to learn the tricks of the trade (I’m still not too good at throwing a chain, but I can throw a decent fit, eh?), and I am a firm believer in the value of summer camp or a similar “camp” experience. Yah, you bet.
GRADUATING SENIORS & STUDENTS
KARL R. ARBOGAST
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
Society of American Foresters, Student Chapter at ISU, ISU Forestry Club, Undergraduate Representative to Faculty, Spring/1992-Spring 1993, Trees Forever/Iowa National Heritage Foundation Munn Woods, Presentation (Area High schools about forestry) Spring/1992, College of Agriculture Student Ambassador, Spring 1993, Forestry in a Nutshell, presentation to Ames High School about forestry, Spring 1992

AWARDS & HONORS
Dean's List Fall 1992 & Spring 1993, Xi Sigma Pi Honorary Academic Fraternity for academic performance in Forest Resource Management

EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE
U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, 1989 to present, Quick Trip, Ames, Iowa (store clerk), 1989 to present, Ogden Allied/ISU Center, February/1992 to Present, City of Cedar Rapids, Department of Forestry (Seasonal laborer), Best Western-Westfield Inn, Corralville, Iowa (Maintenance Crewman), Village Inn Restaurant, Iowa City, Iowa (Dishwasher)

HOBBIES
Hunting, Fishing, Tae Kwan Do & Hapkido

FUTURE PLANS
To obtain a position as a Forest Resource Manager

DAVID ASCHE
FOREST MANAGEMENT
URBAN FORESTRY FOCUS

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
SAF Member

EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE
3 summers- Waterloo Forestry Department, Brayton Seeds Inc., 1 summer- Urban Forester of Story City IA., Pioneer, Wallaby’s, University Maintenance-Royal Cleaning

HOBBIES
Fishing & Hunting

FUTURE PLANS
“Find job, get married, have 2 kids, 4 hunting dogs, and a 4x4 Ford 250”

ANDREW ARENDS
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT
MINOR: ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
Forestry Club secretary, SAF treasurer, Forestry Club seedling chair

PREVIOUS EMPLOYMENT
Worked for apple orchard in eastern Iowa 1992, worked for Drs. Colletti & Schultz as Research Assistant 1993

FUTURE PLANS
To go to graduate school (ISU), work out west for the Forest Service

HOBBIES
Hiking, mountain hiking, down hill skiing
TARRA BALDWIN
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT
MINOR: ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
SAF Secretary 92-93, Forestry Club Co-Chair
Seedlings 91-92

EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE
Naturalist Internship, Butler Co. Conservation Board,
Summer 1992, Camp Hantesa (counselor), Summer, 1992

HOBBIES
Swimming, Dancing, Reading, Outdoor recreation, &
Music

FUTURE PLANS
To educate & make the public aware of good forestry
practices, Education

KATIE BEMENT-BLAU
FOREST PRODUCTS &
RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
Treasurer of Forestry Club, SAF member, FPS
member

AWARDS & HONORS
Dean’s List (2 semesters), nomination for student
employee of the year, SAF student membership award

PREVIOUS EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE
Research Assistant for 2 years under Dr. Schultz

FUTURE PLANS
To work for the forest products industry

HOBBIES
Bicycling, weightlifting, hiking, fishing, softball,
racquetball, badminton
TOM BROWN
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
Game Banquet Chair, VEISHEA Seedling Distribution, Forestry Club Vice President, Xi Sigma Pi Associate Forester

AWARDS & HONORS
Keith Bauer Award, J. Milton Cone Jr. Scholarship, Xi Sigma Pi

EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE
Iowa Department of Natural Resources (George Wyth State Park), US Army Corps of Engineers Park Ranger (Umatilla, Oregon), ISU Department of Forestry Poplar Research

HOBBIES
Hunting, Fishing, & Hiking

FUTURE PLANS
Desire a job with the US Forest Service in the West, and then return to graduate school

MARK GOSSMAN
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT
MINOR: ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

JOHN HAES
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

GREG HEIDEBRINK
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT
KRISTEN HIATT
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT
URBAN FORESTRY EMPHASIS

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
Forestry club seedling co-chairperson, SAF member, Murphy House cabinet

AWARDS & HONORS
SAF Full Membership Award, published an article in the Journal of Forestry for Forestry 102 class assignment

PREVIOUS EMPLOYMENT
Worked for Drs. Schultz & Colletti from summer of 1993 until the end of spring semester 1994

FUTURE PLANS
I'd like to move to Dubuque and get a permanent job there. September 3, 1994 Brett (my fiance) and I will get married and reside in Dubuque, IA.

HOBBIES
Diving, reading, camping
DAVID LEIBOLD
FOREST PRODUCTS

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
FPS President, Xi Sigma Pi member, Phi Theta Kappa member

AWARDS & HONORS
J. Milton Cone Scholarship, George & Dorothy Thomson Transfer Scholarship, Frank Mendell Scholarship, FPS Book Award, Dean’s List all semesters at ISU

PREVIOUS EMPLOYMENT
Intern as a quality control technician at Lewi System Menasha Corp., Construction supervisor with Monk Construction for 10 years

FUTURE PLANS
Received employment with International Paper as a wood procurement officer in Canton, Mississippi

HOBBIES
Cycling, RAGBRAI, gardening, orchard planting & maintenance, hunting, fishing, camping, and golfing

MIKE SAUNDERS
FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT
FISHERIES & WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
Forestry Club Christmas Tree chairperson, SAF Chair, Ames Forester co-editor 1992 editor 1993, Xi Sigma Pi Forester

AWARDS & HONORS
Golden Key National Honor Society, Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society, Gamma Sigma Delta Honor Society of Agriculture, Xi Sigma Pi, Senior Scholastic Award for the top graduating senior in the College of Agriculture, Dean’s List (10 semesters), Full Member University Honors program, Sherry R. Fisher Award, Forestry Club Student Involvement Award, Diamond Hitch Award (3), SAF Student Membership Award, Keith Bauer Book Award, J. Milton Cone Freshman Forestry Scholarship, Third Place finish in SAF National Student Publication Contest for 1992 Ames Forester, Xi Sigma Pi 1994 West Central Regional Scholarship

PREVIOUS EMPLOYMENT
Research Assistant for 2 years with Dr. Schultz, private contractor for 1 summer with the Iowa & Minnesota DNRS (endangered species survey), Anna Beal Trust Intern for The Nature Conservancy, Research Assistant and Dendrology Lab Prep Technician for 1 year with Dr. Don Farrar

HOBBIES
Cross-country skiing, hiking, canoeing, camping, beer drinking, & country dancing

FUTURE PLANS
To work for the Iowa DNR and complete the Endangered Species Survey for the Dakota and Poweshiek Skippers (prairie obligate butterflies). Get a permanent job after that. Eventually go to graduate school for a PhD.
TROY PETERSON

FOREST RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

Nineteen Ninety-Four

SCOTT VAN ESSEN

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES
Member of the SALT company, Cessa House Vice President

AWARDS & HONORS
Dean's list Fall 1991, ASE Certified (Automotive Standards of Excellence), Recognition as a valuable participant in the floods of 1993 by Lake Red Rock

EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE
Army Corps of Engineers, Van Essen Auto Repair, Veenker Golf Course

HOBBIES
Motorcycling/dirt biking, Automotive repair, customizing, drag racing

FUTURE PLANS
Employment in a Forestry related field anywhere in the U.S. or possibly automotive repair
John Smith
Forest Products

Previous Employment
4 years with the Army

Future Plans
I plan to have one!!

Hobbies
Cycling, jumping naked, camping, hiking

Other Graduating Seniors

Chris Birch
Forest Products

Steve Gaul

Dick Hill

Garth Horning
Forest Resource Management

FRESHMAN CLASS
ERIC BAIR
ROB BEANE
MALINDA BRALAND
TRAVIS BRUCH
DONAL DEAN
TORI DIRKS
JEFF GOERNETT
GRETCHEN HOLSTEIN
JESSE IVERSON
BRIAN LEWIS
MICHAEL LICHTER
MATTHEW MCDOWELL
BENJAMIN NAUMAN
PATRICK PAYER
ROB RUBSAM
GREGORY SATTIZAHN
TOM SCHULTZ
PETER SMITH
ELAN WAGNER

SOPHOMORE CLASS
STEVE AUSTIN
CASEY BOURKE
STANLEY BURT
JASON CLAUSEN
JEREMY COCHRAN
MATTHEW CONNOR
JEFFREY CRONIN
SHANE DELANEY
MEGEN Dvorak
AMANDA HEIFNER
BRYAN HENDRICKS
CORY LEVENDUSKY
MONTE POPE
LORAN RAMSEY
JOEL SALTS
JASON SBIRAL
JOEL SKELLEY
SCOTT SULLIVAN
DUSTIN SVEC
JAMES VANHATTEN
AARON WIDNER

JUNIOR CLASS
DAVID ANDERSON
TANYA ANTHOFFER
RYAN CHANLER
ANDY CLARK
ANTHONY CLINE
MATTHEW COSGROVE
DAVID DOUGLAS
JERRETT FERGUSON
BRIAN FLAGE
KEVIN HANSON
MARY HOGAN
CHAD JONES
MARK MANGRICH
JASON MURPHY
JOHN “CHIP” MURROW
JOHN NAHAS
DEBORAH SHANNON
DAVID SMITH
CHAD SPYKSMA
JEFFREY STINSON
CHRIS THIES

SENIOR CLASS
CHRIS ABEL
SARA BARBER
SUSAN BORTS
BRIAN BROWN
SHANE BRUNING
VICTORIA DODGE
MICHAEL FRANZWA
KEVIN HEIN
JOHN HOHENSEE
DANIEL HUBBARD
CLINT KABELE
PHIL KINNEY
CASEY KOHRT
CHAD LORETH
JOEL NIEMEYER
REED RISTVEDT
JASON SABLE
KEVIN SHARKNESS
BENJAMIN WEHRSPANN

LELAND WRIGHT

GRADUATE STUDENTS
ABDU ABDELKADIR
AMY AVANT-KUEHL
CHRIS BALL
ROBERT BARDON
MURIELLE BERCOVICI
KEVIN BLAU
SARKORO BUDIATMOKO
MARK GRAHAM
JIM GUBBELS
SHABANA HAMEED
DAVID HANSEN
DEDI HARYADI
D. ABUGARSHALL KAI
HO-DUCK KANG
ZHIQUN LIU
MAIDIWARD
JOHN MATTILA
GLENN OREN
PAUL OVROM
JOKO PRAMONO
HARRY B. PRASETYO
PRAYITNO
XIAOMING QI
RYAN REICHENBACKER
JIM ROSACKER
MORRIS RULE
FERNANDES SEMBIRING
ADANG SOPANDI
MARCELLA SZYMANSKI
GIRMA TABOR
JOHN TYNDALL
JU WANG