AMES
FORESTER
IOWA STATE 1979

Diamond Jubilee
1904-1979
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Editors’ Note

This year the 1979 Ames Forester staff is proud to present its Diamond Jubilee issue. The forestry profession has gone through many changes during the last 75 years and we hope to show you the part that ISU foresters have played in bringing about this change.

The enthusiasm shown on the part of the contributing authors and especially the alumni has been very inspiring to us. Such dedication is rare and we are extremely grateful for their continued moral and financial support. We consider ourselves lucky to have such fine alumni.

Forestry Club is still as active as ever and we have tried to bring to you many of the Club’s activities.

In addition to our regular features, several articles from previous Ames Foresters have been reprinted to paint a picture. Notice, if you will, the things that have changed, but just as important are the things that remain constant. A forester’s love, care, concern . . .

We wish to thank the many people responsible for making this year’s Diamond Jubilee issue a success: the contributing authors; the alumni and advertisers; students and faculty; the staff, and ISU foresters of the past 75 years.

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A forester stands at a gate between two worlds. Pass through this gate in one direction and you come into the intricate world of human technology; pass through the opposite way and you enter the perfection of God's natural world.

The forester is the gatekeeper. More than any other man he determines the effect of one world upon the other. Whether the hunger of technology for raw materials will exhaust the earth, or the earth provide a sustained flow of resources for the well-being of mankind, is to a great extent the responsibility of the forester.

Trees and their forest communities are a fulcrum upon which the entire natural world of renewable resources is balanced. He who manages the forest manages the key to an undiminished yield of the earth's living abundance. The harvest of timber must be adequate for every industrial need, yet this harvest must not jeopardize a maximum forest growth. Neither must the harvest depreciate the role of the forests in building and maintaining a fertile soil, in the management of rainfall, or in providing an essential habitat for wildlife and a no less essential sanctuary for men. Thus to obtain the wood resources which are demanded by the present and, at the same time, assure an adequate future supply of not only wood, but those other resources which our timberlands sustain, is the forester's challenge.

To succeed, he must bring to his critical challenge not only complex technical skills and a vast knowledge of his profession but those human qualities of vision, diplomacy and broad judgment without which no man can accomplish an important work.

How well he mediates, then, between these two worlds of technology and forestry, to what degree he can correlate industrial appetite with sound woodland management will determine the health of the living earth for not only this generation, but for as far as the mind's eye can see. And by this means, ultimately, the forester will determine in large measure the welfare of our civilization.
Lest the Legends Die—
Forestry at ISU from 1954 to 1979

George W. Thomson
Chairman, Department of Forestry

The pride and integrity of a tribe depends on a continual renewal of awareness of its historic foundation. Thus it becomes the duty of some ancient shaman to chant the old tales for the wide-eyed wonder of the young lest the legends die. G. B. MacDonald fulfilled this function for all Iowa State foresters in 1954 when the Golden Anniversary of the Forestry Department was celebrated. No one could possibly be better prepared to chronicle past events for Iowa foresters than “Prof Mac” and no one need repeat the materials he left for us in the 1954 Ames Forester.

With only an initial excursion into the first fifty years I will bend to the task of continuing the odyssey of Iowa State forestry from 1954 to this Jubilee Year of 1979.

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE BEGINNING

Excluding Dr. Schenck’s revolutionary but short-lived forestry school on the Biltmore Estate, the pioneering but soon extinguished College of Forestry at Cornell University and the Yale Forest School with its primary concentration on graduate study, we must wonder at the 1903 and 1904 biennium that contained the formal beginnings of forestry education at the University of Michigan, Michigan State, Minnesota, Maine and Iowa State. While extremely difficult to select the exact time when each of the present-day universities started teaching foresters (does one use conception or delivery as the time at which aging begins?), the following bench marks for Iowa State may help to establish our place among the pioneering forestry schools.

The Idea of Forestry

For those who have forgotten, or never knew, it seems appropriate to restate that our college was founded on March 22, 1858. The original 648 acres was bought for $5,379 in 1859 and admission was granted in 1868 to seventy men and women (making ours the first land grant college to be co-educational from the beginning).

The relative scarcity of timber in Iowa and the Great Plains is conceded to have been a factor in delaying settlement west of the Mississippi. Therefore, it should not surprise us that Section 1621 of the Code of Iowa for the Ninth General Assembly (1880), quoted in that year’s catalog for the State Agricultural College and Model Farm, stated, “State law requires that—the following branches shall be taught: Natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, horticulture, fruit growing, forestry, animal and vegetable anatomy, ——.”

In the same 1880 catalog under the heading of “College Grounds” is the statement, “These (properties) occupy the high land of the southwest part of the farm and include a large lawn, shrubbery plantations and young forestry plantations.” That tree establishment was considered important and the problem of forestation, vexing, can be supported further on page 47 of the 1880-1885 catalog. “During the second term the general principles of Forestry will be taken up. Fuller’s treatise will be used as a textbook so far as it is applicable to prairie conditions.”

To give history its due it must be pointed out that in a later catalog for 1897-1898 this statement appears, “In 1882 the General Assembly noted in Section I, —--that Section 1621 of the Code is hereby repealed and the following is entered in lieu thereof: There shall be adopted and taught in the State Agricultural College a broad, liberal and practical course of study in which the leading branches of learning shall relate to agriculture and the mechanic arts and which shall embrace, ——.” While forestry was excluded in this listing so were the other special courses originally identified.

Study of the early catalogs and Reports to the Governor emphasizes the close tie between horticulture and forestry as twin essentials to farm husbandry. “In the sophomore year (1880—81 Ninth Biennial Report to the Governor) forestry is first considered separately, the forest and ornamental trees are taken up, identified and their relative growth, uses, and propagation discussed. This is followed by lessons on climatic modification, identification, management and propagation of shrubs, perennials, bulbs, flowers, etc.”

By the same evidence we can visualize that forests were already high-graded in 1880 and although the
college farm manager might believe in the importance of woodlands, he had a hard time showing how to make them pay. Observe. "So much of the valuable timber has been removed from woodlands that if they were charged with their just proportion of expenses there would be no balance to their credit, I therefore recommend that the woodland account be incorporated with the general farm account."

This same farm manager in the next sentence made the typical recommendation (and we can be sure that he put it into effect) that has steadily hastened the retreat of Iowa's forest land from the initial 19% of state area to its present 2%: "To add to the available pasture, about 90 acres of woodland (the original farm had 290 acres of woodland) has been thinned and underbrushed, and the work should be continued as rapidly as practicable."

Hold Daddy's hand, it'll be over soon—summer camp 1952.

The Founders

The support of the turn-of-the-century botanist-horticulturists gave impetus to separation of forestry from horticulture in that early period when Gifford Pinchot, Theodore Roosevelt and "Tama Jim" Wilson were striding across the horizon of agriculture and conservation. Foresters from Iowa State owe much to Professors A. T. Erwin, S. A. Beach, and B. S. Pickett who were department heads of the two curricula of Horticulture and Forestry from 1904 to 1946. While each of these administrators was a horticulturist, each helped the new profession of Forestry stand essentially alone from that day on. On September 7, 1904 the "new course in Forestry proposed by President Storms was approved" and Hugh P. Baker of Yale, with one-half of his salary paid by the Bureau of Forestry so that he might investigate "forestal conditions" in Iowa, took over the direction of the new curriculum of Forestry.

After a long gestation, Forestry at Iowa State College was born.

As the development of the curriculum, the Department of Forestry faculty and departmental activities has been well told in the 1954 Ames Forester by Gilmour Byers MacDonald, who saw it all from 1910 to his death on October 13, 1960. It seems necessary to reemphasize only a few points that may be unclear.

Physical Plant

The physical location of forestry instruction has been typically mobile. From 1880-1892 Forestry was taught in North Hall directly south of the present Home Economics building. In 1892 "Old" Botany Hall, then named Agriculture Hall, was built for $37,000 from Anamosa limestone and local brick, and housed forestry classes until the Horticultural Laboratory (just torn down in this year of 1978) was built in 1903. By 1909 Curtiss Hall was completed and was the home of Forestry as a department from 1910 to 1967. On June 1, 1967 Forestry has established itself on the second floor and the south side of the basement of Bessey Hall. Greenhouse facilities one block east and south in the extraordinarily fine units were first shared with the Ames Branch of the USFS North Central Experiment Station. The greenhouses were then turned over completely to Forestry when the research unit was closed down in 1972.

Course Work

Relatively little has been recorded of the rapid development of a forestry curriculum and the courses available once Professor Baker came to the campus.

The earliest forestry work was a general agriculture course called "Farm Forestry" which was a mixture of conventional horticulture, and tree planting and pruning and erosion control. In 1902 A. E. Erwin, as Acting Head of Horticulture, increased the course to three semester credits. Hugh Baker increased the forestry courses to four in 1905, and by 1910 there were eight forestry courses offered plus a Horticulture-Forestry seminar with Farm Forestry required of all agriculture students. Because of Baker's half-time assignment to investigate the forest resources, it is interesting to see listed four formal areas of forest research: Tree Planting, Natural Timber Growth, Erosion and Reclamation, and Artificial Preservation of Timber. By 1910-1911 the prerequisite for Forest Utilization was "one season's work in a lumber camp." The emphasis on Science with Practice "for foresters was in the tradition established at the time of chartering the 'Model Farm'."

With the arrival of G. B. MacDonald from Nebraska by way of the Forest Service, the number of courses increased rapidly and were, for the first time, identified as "Forestry" rather than Horticulture-Forestry. In the 1911-1912 catalog there were 19 forestry courses, including one called Forest Research, as contrasted to 16 in horticulture. It was in the 1911 catalog that this statement appeared: "During the last dozen years forestry has advanced in this country from an almost unknown science to a profession of wide usefulness. ---the Department has a collection of 600 lantern slides---also foreign woods from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition."
In this same catalog it was directed that applied lumbering would be studied in a lumbering region during winter vacation. At this time, also, a thesis was required of each student.

The 1913–1914 catalog showed two faculty members, MacDonald and G. C. Morbeck, listed nineteen courses and mentioned Summer Forestry Camp for the first time. Camp was described as three months long and that it would come regularly after the Freshman year, although special permission could be obtained to attend after the Sophomore year. It was assumed that a Forester, with Camp, would complete his degree work in three and one-half years. Camp would include Silviculture, six semester credits; Lumbering, five; Mensuration, five; Utilization, two. The first Camp was planned for 1914 on Star Island at Cass Lake, Minnesota on the then-named Minnesota National Forest.

In the 1914–1915 catalog were listed 38 courses. A ten-week Camp was identified. Instructor Traux was added to make a three-member faculty, and the first mention was made of a Forestry Club and the Ames Forester. Utilization, but not Lumbering, was eliminated from Camp course work and total Camp credits was reduced to ten.

G. B. MacDonald’s article in the 1954 Ames Forester describes the Camp requirement and lists the curricular and faculty changes from 1904 to 1954. It is well worth rereading. Of passing interest it can be noted that Municipal Forestry was listed in the 1916-1917 catalog and escalating to an Area of Specialization that applied lumbering would be studied in a lumbering region during winter vacation. At this time, also, a thesis was required of each student. Camp was described as three months long and that it would come regularly after the Freshman year, although special permission could be obtained to attend after the Sophomore year. It was assumed that a Forester, with Camp, would complete his degree work in three and one-half years. Camp would include Silviculture, six semester credits; Lumbering, five; Mensuration, five; Utilization, two.

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THE LAST 25 YEARS: 1954-1979

Forestry Camp

This summer of 1979 will see Iowa State’s sixty-third forestry camp come and go. Once started in 1914 only the war years of WW II have interrupted the steady stream of camps. In the last fifteen years, many forestry schools have abandoned their camp programs. The reasons for doing so have varied from “cost of maintaining the facility” to “reluctance of faculty members to be away from their research activities.” While we at Iowa State periodically evaluate the camp program we have never seriously considered abandoning this part of our curriculum. Costs have certainly increased out of proportion to the income potential of our graduates yet the chance to obtain an early focus on one’s profession and to have a sense of participating in professional forestry while still in college seems to make the camp requirement the least criticized part of the degree program.

Having personally spent so much of my own career with the camp program, I find that I date all events in relation to such-and-such a camp. The fact that we continue to “rove” to different locations each year is helpful in getting a mental fix on one’s profession and to have a sense of participating in professional forestry while still in college seems to make the camp requirement the least criticized part of the degree program.

Having personally spent so much of my own career with the camp program, I find that I date all events in relation to such-and-such a camp. The fact that we continue to “rove” to different locations each year is helpful in getting a mental fix on a given event in relation to a camp. It may be of interest to continue the listing of camp locations and faculty if for no other reason that it will save me from counting back to my own Camp at Jemez Springs, N.M. in 1940 and working forward. The respective camp directors are indicated by an asterisk (*).

1954—Tent camp on Mullison Park, Brushy Creek Ranger District of Medicine Bow N.F. G. W. Thomson, L. F. Kellogg, Dean Einspahr (½), Gordon Gatherum (½), G. B. Hareman (2 weeks).


1975—University of Minnesota Camp at Cloquet, Minnesota. Wendell Beardsley,* Steven Jungst, Ole Helgerson, Dean Prestemon (½). Cook: Local.


An intensive search for camp sites has been recently initiated to uncover possible locations for the future. Eastern Oklahoma will probably prove to be the camp location in 1980 and 1981.

Faculty

Since 1960 the mobility of forestry faculty members has increased. A tendency toward shorter residency at a given university has been due to increased opportunities in university teaching, extension, research and administration brought about by expansion of university programs. This expansion has been in response to population growth, increase in financial support for forestry programs and a need for the younger faculty members to obtain recognition and promotion by moving.

It seems appropriate to document our faculty changes in the last twenty-five years to continue the roster recorded by G. B. MacDonald in 1954.


In the intervening years the following faculty members have come and gone.

1957 James Yoho (Resigned)
1957–1959 I. Irving Holland
1959 R. B. Campbell (Resigned)

Oh, I wish I was an Oscar Mayer weiner—Paul Bunyan days.
In 1954 the Forest Products option was formally established so that forestry students might select a sub-curriculum in their Junior year to allow for more focused study on the utilization side of forestry. While never the choice of a large number of students, the guidance and encouragement of Dwight Bensend gave dozens of Iowa State foresters a direct entrance to private industry in plant management, research and development, and technical sales. Initially encouraged by George Hartman, whose professional interest lay with wood preservation, it was the efforts of Bensend aided by Robert Ethington, J. D. Wellons, and Extension Forester Prestemon that created so many excellent people in the wood products area. This effort, plus almost unending service to the Forest Products Research Society, earned for Dwight Bensend the prestigious Gottschalk Award in 1977.

There is little doubt that the energetic leadership of Carol Stoltenberg and the passage in 1962 of the Cooperative Forestry Research Act, making McIntire-Stennis funds available, brought a new era of research emphasis to the Forestry Department. This emphasis in turn stimulated the development of an enlarged graduate program particularly at the doctoral level. In 1965, in addition to the existing graduate offering of a Master of Science degree, the Forestry Department was authorized to offer 1) the Master of Forestry degree for the emphasis of professional, as opposed to research, goals and 2) the Doctor of Philosophy degree with a single major in Forestry that could be offered solely within the department. Increased flexibility of offerings and increased support for research assistantships caused an immediate increase in graduate student enrollment. The Master of Forestry was subsequently dropped in 1973 when the non-thesis option for Master of Science students became available.

It was in 1967 that change in the undergraduate curriculum was brought about by the identification of several rather flexible minors within either Forest Management of the Forest Products options. While these minors were really little more than groups of selected electives, it allowed, and forced, each student to identify his or her own objectives and this did much to improve the attitude of the student and the ultimate level of competence.

In 1967 Bessey Hall, named for the Iowa State and Nebraska botanist of the late 19th century, was completed in time for Acting Department Head
Thomson to turn the department over to H. H. Webster on June 1.

Toward the end of the environmental concern decade of the 60's, it was common for colleges, and each of which were woefully unqualified, to introduce courses for an entire curricula in Recreation. The College of Agriculture wished to attract students in this area so the Department of Forestry, assisted and encumbered by a large and diverse committee, was placed in charge of the curriculum of Outdoor Recreation. We were extremely fortunate to obtain an influential, supportive, and infinitely charming professional of vast experience in forest recreation and conservation, DeWitt (Swede) Nelson, I.S.U. '23, who took retirement as Director of Natural Resources of California to join us. Despite the variability of the student body, the vagueness of the definition of Outdoor Recreation as a career and an unusual number of courses tacked onto the curriculum, this would have been a successful alternative for conservation-minded student except that it was just at this time that employment in most government agencies was frozen. With Professor Nelson's retirement, the lack of formal employment channels, and a gradual lessening of student interest, in 1976 the curriculum of Outdoor Recreation was reduced to one of three options (now called Areas of Specialization) within Forestry.

After the resignation of Dr. Webster on June 1, 1975, Dr. George Thomson was appointed as his replacement. Rather than the extended appointment of Department Head, Dr. Thomson elected to assume the appointment as Department Chairman with a five-year tenure.

Early in 1976 Dwight Bensend's and H. H. Webster's dedication to minority groups bore fruit when Dean Mayberry of Tuskegee Institute came to the campus to sign a memorandum of agreement for Iowa State to complete the forestry education of selected black foresters from Tuskegee. Frederick Hopkins assumed responsibility of contact person with Tuskegee after Dwight retired in 1978. Seven young people so far have entered I.S.U. from Tuskegee.

A steadily increasing enrollment of young women in Outdoor Recreation then in Forestry (the proportion of females is now 28%) has been both startling and gratifying. Admitting to uncertainty as to curriculum development and career planning for the female forester, a symposium for women and men forestry students was held in October 1977. Young women foresters, already employed in the profession, were brought in to lead the discussions. The seminar carried the title "Women and Men Working Together—An Attempt at Understanding." Women have been remarkably successful in gaining entrance to the profession although it is too early to determine their longevity within their organizations.

The greatest of changes in the last 25 years faces us now as the university abandons some 60 years of the quarter system to take up the increasingly common semester system. The transition, while difficult and not universally popular, will be made in the fall of 1981.

**EPILOGUE AND PROLOGUE**

No shaman worthy of the name could resist forecasting the future once the old stories had been told and it does seem appropriate to consider the probable directions that our department will follow in the last quarter of its century.

Dr. George Thomson doing his famous juggling act at a picnic.

A few of the present forestry schools, possibly a half dozen, will become increasingly sophisticated and will be thought of as major centers of pioneering technology. Iowa State Forestry Department, because of its geographic location and the competition from predominantly agricultural interests, may not be one of these.

Nonetheless, this department can expect no lessening of its contribution to forestry in the nation and the world for the simple reason that its students have an unaffected work ethic that leads to a desire to produce. The excellence of the university in its biological, physical, quantitative, and managerial sciences of plant physiology, agronomy, biochemistry, statistics, computer science economics, industrial engineering, and administration will continue to make for top notch and sought-after forest scientists and managers. Couple the technical forestry education with these scientific support courses and a continually improving base of communication and humanities and it is difficult to imagine better preparation for a professional forester. Surely the diminishing forest base in Iowa and a national emphasis on commodity products forestry is a drawback but in a world where resources are becoming increasingly scarce the Iowa forester will be both sensitive and at home.

It is increasingly likely that more and more emphasis will be placed on continuing education and reeducation for foresters faced with expanding and complex technologies. The youth, vigor, and rigorous education of our faculty seems ideally suited to meet this growing demand.

With a reputation for excellence personified in almost 2,000 alumni at work in the profession it is impossible to imagine either failure or lessening of repute. The next 25 years will carry us into the 21st century in a continual pursuit of excellence.

William Clifford, an English mathematician of a century ago, may have said it best, "You cannot fail to see that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but human progress itself." We have every intention of continuing the progress so grandly envisioned seventy-five years ago.

AMES FORESTER

11
Rainbows and Sunsets vs. Forestry

W. C. Hassel

(Editors’ Note: Reprinted from the 1913 Ames Forester)

You have perhaps read motorcycle advertisements. In each one there is usually a picture of a well dressed young man spinning lightly along the country roads. You imagine yourself in his place. You hear the lowing of the kine, the gurgling of the brooks, catch the fragrant odor of the new mown hay, or if it be in the spring time, of the blossoming trees, as you flit by the farm houses, from town to town, from county to county, from state to state, from—distance is limited only by the fervency of the adwriter and your own imagination. If you are of a sporting turn of mind, you throw into the picture a race or two with limited trains, in which you tauntingly wave your hand in the engine’s face, put on full speed and leave him to lumber along alone.

To the man who has bought a motorcycle we say "Cheer up" other bubble are bursting daily. We know it was hard to dress like the man in the advertisement, and then to come home with your suit all grease and dust. We know the lowing of the kine and the gurgling of the brooks were drowned out by the hum of your motor. We know that you struck long stretches of sandy road and led your machine through, bucking engine compression until you learned better. We know that the only race you had with a train was the one you had to get out of the way of a freight when your engine died on the crossing. But still we say, "Cheer up, you have company on your ethereal spin." "Who?" He is the rainbow chaser in forester’s "togs" who is studying forestry only because he likes birds and animals and flowers and scenery, because he likes to go camping and fishing and hunting and horse-back riding. When he hits his first stretch of sandy road in practical work he is going to break down more dreams, is going to fall harder and feel sorer, than you ever did after a motorcycle trip.

Naturally it is a fine thing for a forester to care for nature, to see forestry from an aesthetic viewpoint, in fact most every forester is a nature lover. But any man who enters college with the idea that civil engineers have to work in the hot sun on a railroad right-of-way, and electrical engineers have to work in offices, and chemists have to stay in laboratories, and farmers have to plow and milk and feed stock, while a forester rides through cool, shady forests, across purling streams, enjoying the odor of pine needles and the freshness of the mountain air, and only because of this idea takes up the forester’s life—Well, that man had better try his motor on a few sandy stretches instead of on macadamized roads, before investing.

Because you had the time of your life the last time you camped out and ate your own cooking, don’t imagine that a year’s work in the forest is 365 days of picnics. There is a huge satisfaction in cooking one’s own meals for two weeks and going home to friends to tell them all about your ability as a cook, but when you have eaten your own cooking for a few months because there is no alternative, the thought of a well cooked meal, served on a table, is not at all repulsive. There are men in the woods this minute who eat but two meals a day, just to avoid eating the third.

It’s fine when camping in the mountains to start out in the bracing morning air, carrying one’s lunch, to follow some mountain stream to its head, to explore some remote canyon, to walk for miles until you are tired, and then return to camp to rest next day or go fishing. It is somewhat different if you are an embryo forester, and have been called upon to run survey lines over the mountains. You get up at five-thirty, cook breakfast, tie your lunch to your belt, and start out to run more survey lines—lines that don’t go around mountains, but over them, that don’t follow streams, but cross them. You climb the mountains, waste the streams, and comeback to camp to cook supper and wash the dishes. The next day you don’t lie around camping or go fishing, you run more lines.

You probably enjoy snow shoeing. It is great sport if you don’t have to do it. When you have a hundred miles to go and it is one of several hundred that you have gone, the trail appears steeper and the sunset less rosy. Two years ago, on the Wyoming National Forest the supervisor, a forest assistant, a ranger and an old prospector started out on a tour of inspection in the north part of the forest. A deep soft snow fell while they were out, and to make traveling easier they constructed a raft and started down a swift, still unfrozen river. The raft struck a rock and was overturned. Luckily the four men reached the banks, but their outfit was lost, they had no food and no matches. They tramped for miles to a deserted ranger-cabin where the...
found some wormy rice. They ate this raw for a couple of days, until a crust froze on the snow, then footed it to the nearest occupied cabin.

Very often the solitude of the woods and the occasional lack of companionship are not strongly inviting to the man from the busy city, while another is at home in the depths of the forest. Incidents daily occur which add flavor to the routine work of the forester. He loves nature as few other professional men do, he finds pleasure in company with the trees and wildlife of the forest. His aesthetic nature grown more appreciative, yet he has not forgotten that his is the life of work and good hard work.

You are probably still riding your motorcycle. You have learned to ride it through sand by this time. You do not hear so distinctly the gurgling of the brooks, and the lowing of the kine on account of the hum of the motor, but you like to hear the hum of the motor now, if you know that it's sparking rightly. To the man who intends to make forestry a life work simply because he likes birds and flowers and sunsets, "Don't." But if you feel that you can learn to enjoy the hum of the professional forester's motor, and will find enjoyment in hanging on like grim death on the sandy stretches, then "Go ahead."

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ARCH EASE
(Editors' Note: Reprinted from the 1921 Ames Forester)

America is truly a new world. Four hundred years ago the Indian ruled the length and breadth of the land. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the frozen plains of the northland to the tropical seas, he roamed unmolested, his actions restricted only by stronger tribes with which he came in contact. The great region which he possessed contained the most varied, the most valuable and the most magnificent forests to be found in the world. The extent of the vast virgin forests in area and in volume of merchantable timber can only be approximated. The timbered portion of our country is thought to have comprised 850 million acres, and the stand upwards of 5,000 billion feet, board measure.

A century later people immigrated from the old world and the settlement of the country became an accomplished fact. Farms were carved out of the forest and villages sprang up along the coast through which the trade of the new colonies passed. The earliest exports were naturally those most easily obtainable and most readily converted into articles of commerce. Wood in various forms was shipped from America to all parts of the then civilized world. Since that day forest products have flowed ceaselessly into the great trade steam to supply those countries less fortunately situated in regard to wood supplies. These exports have never reached a high figure in value but because of their bulk they comprised a large per cent of the tonnage carried.

During the next hundred years local timber families were experienced at many points along the coast, and many restrictions were imposed upon the cutting of timber by the colonists themselves and by the mother country. Transportation was as yet undeveloped and forests lying back some distance from the coast or from drivable or navigable streams were just as inaccessible to them as if they were located on the western frontier. Timbers of certain kinds and dimensions were reserved for specified purposes and heavy penalties were inflicted for trespassing.

Lumbering nevertheless flourished. The first sawmill of which we have authentic record was established in Maine in 1631. In the years immediately succeeding, scores of mills were erected in New York and New England. These early mills consisted of one or more upright saws operated by wind or water power. The output of the individual plant was indeed small yet the large number of mills in a locality soon exhausted the local timber supply. Governors reported "mills with 12 saws" and stated that in a short time all of the timber in the province would be gone if lumbering continued at its present pace.

The attitude of the colonists generally regarding the timber supply was one of apprehension due entirely, of course, to the fact that wood, a heavy, bulky product, plentiful but mostly inaccessible, could not readily be transported great distances to points where it was to be used. Yet standing timber in itself had no value. The measure of the value of improvements made by the early settlers was the amount of labor involved in working up the raw materials used in their construction, plus the cost of metal employed. Colonists, moving from one place to another, burned their buildings to get the hand wrought imported nails that they might use them again in the construction of their new homes.

Lumbering was only of local interest, except for the export trade enjoyed by those mills located upon navigable water. Its importance in a locality was measured almost solely by existing water transportation. Certain regions as central New York and Maine were highly favored in this regard and were the early centers of the lumber industry.

The destruction of our forests had its beginning about 100 years ago. It is safe to say that during colonial times and in the first years of our national existence the growth of timber equaled if not actually exceeded the amount destroyed in clearing farms and in lumbering operations. Indeed it is quite certain that as late as 1820 and possibly as late as 1830 the original stand of timber was still practically virgin. The great forests of the Pacific slope, the Rocky mountains, the South, the Lake States, and the Appalachians were intact. The east coast, New England and the Interior hardwood forests were the only ones being exploited or destroyed in those days to make way for farms.

The introduction of steam as motive power had a profound effect on our national life. It revolutionized transportation and industry. The forests of the country were the first of our natural resources to feel the effect of the new condition. As late as 1815 mills operating in New York were almost precisely identical to those first erected in Maine 200 years earlier. Practically the only change made during the two centuries was in the number of saws operating under one roof. It is recorded that as many as a dozen upright saws were often operated at one time in the lumber mills of the eighteenth century.

The first driven sawmills were erected about 1820. Steam locomotives came into use about 10 years later. This combination proved disastrous to early stands of magnificent timber and even now threatens the very existence of our present forests. Steam sawmills were more powerful and operated more rapidly than the earlier types, and could cut out a region in a much shorter time. The extension of railroads opened up new distant markets for the products of the forest. Then, too, railroads crossing the Appalachians and penetrating the timber areas of the Ohio, the Upper Mississippi and Great Lakes Regions opened up an almost limitless expanse of virgin forest land to a then

THE 1979
Changethward Its Timber Resources

comparatively small population. Realizing the vast extent of the forests, and relying upon a sure transportation the fear of even local timber famines vanished from the minds of the people, and all apprehension in regard to future timber supplies was dissipated.

The new epoch was one of expansion and the middle western states during this period developed rapidly. Forest conservation was lost sight of, and for 60 years the great wilderness yielded to the axe and the saw an immense volume of forest material, most of which was destroyed by fire to make way for farming operations. Not until 1870 were the thoughts of the people again turned toward the conserving of the nation's timber resources.

Pioneering in any line is wasteful of natural resources, though ultimately the time and effort expended usually brings many-fold returns. Pioneering in the development of America was no exception to this rule. The question, were the early settlers justified in destroying a great resource, the forests over a large part of the United States, may be answered unqualifiedly, yes. "A forest unused is of no value to mankind" is well said. The pioneers used the forest to the fullest extent. It provided them with practically all of their needs—fuel, shelter, some clothing and sustenance and the areas upon which virgin timber stood a few years before now yielded abundant harvests of food crops.

The forests of America have played a larger part in the development of the country than any other one resource. It is true that in the future our forests will be less conspicuous than they have been in past generations, but they will continue to have an important part in the advancement of our civilization. Railroads have penetrated every nook and corner of our country. The first rails were laid upon wooden cross ties. In almost a hundred years of constant improvement in railway construction and methods, no substitute has been found for the wooden railway tie.

Towns and cities dotting the countryside are constructed chiefly of wood, and many regions prospered because of the vast quantities of surplus forest products they shipped to other regions where needed.

The acquisition of great tracts of forest lands and their subsequent conversion into farms or desolate wastes was made possible because of the generosity of a federal government, and the ways and means of getting them were numerous and varied. Great tracts of land were given to states to be sold at low prices to those who would improve them and make them productive. States were also granted great quantities of land to be sold, the proceeds from which were to be used for educational purposes. Large quantities of land were donated to railroads and other organizations to aid in defraying the expense of constructing transportation systems in unsettled regions. The Pre-emption Law enacted in 1841, and the Homestead law passed in 1862 were the two acts of congress most commonly employed by individuals to obtain title to government land in the earlier days.

The first law applying specifically to timber to be enacted was the Timber and Stone Act of June 3, 1878. At this time was also passed the Free Timber Act allowing the free use of government timber for specified purposes. The first mentioned law permitted the purchase of government timberland at a price not less than $2.50 per acre. The Lieu Selection Law of 1897 enabled enterprising owners of private land within government reserves to exchange it for timber land outside the reserves of much greater value. These and other laws enable private interests to acquire the bulk of the country's commercially valuable forests in a reasonably short time.

As late as 1875, three-fourths of the timber then standing in the United States was still in the possession of the federal government. The timber it now owns comprises less than 20% of the total present stand. The 30 year period ending in 1905 was the golden era in the acquisition of federal timber lands. First the Lake States forest succumbed to the timber speculator, followed quickly during the eighties by the great southern forests of pine, cypress and hardwoods. The Pacific Coast forests were next invaded, and by 1905 practically all the available, commercially valuable timber in this region was in private hands.

The wholesale acquisition of public timber lands was greatly slowed up by the rising wave of forest conservation sentiment which began to crystallize about 30 years ago. The pendulum which had for 50 years been swinging towards forest destruction now began to move slowly in the direction of forest perpetuation. The first great triumph for the conservation forces was the passage of the "Forest Reserve Act", of March 3, 1891, by which means upwards of 160 million acres of land, mostly timbered, has been saved to the public. The same year the "Pre-emption Law" was repealed, having outlived its usefulness, incidentally depriving the timber speculator of one means of acquiring forested land. The "Lieu Land Law" was repealed in 1905 thus cutting off another means of acquiring public timber. Secretary of the Interior Garfield put teeth in the "Timber and Stone Act" of June 3, 1878 and for a decade and a half this law has been decidedly out of fashion among timber speculators. The new Homestead law enacted in 1912 is not at all suited to the public timber land, since it requires that one-eighth of the
entry must be under cultivation before proof can be made.

Only one of the factors mentioned above really resulted in the saving of any considerable amount of timber to the American public. The “Forest Reserve Act” was passed at a time when there was yet great quantities of excellent virgin timber standing on the public domain. The creation of the numerous forest reserves during the early years of the law was a great achievement. In later years, the areas reserved were less valuable from a commercial viewpoint because of the fact that much of the most accessible timber had previously passed into private hands. The obnoxious land laws under which great areas of timber lands passed from federal ownership, were repealed, amended or modified at dates so late that it made practically no difference in actual results, since the available, commercially valuable public timber had almost entirely been entered by private parties previous to the operation of the new or modified laws. This is amply evidenced by the fact that for a long time the forests on the public domain have comprised less than 2% of the total stand of government owned timber.

The public is realizing more and more that forest conditions in America are not what they formerly were. In the early days vast forests occupied valuable agricultural land. The timber on these areas has long since been removed, and where trees once stood are now great fields of ripening grain. The forest frontier has been pushed back and back, until timber occupies areas largely unsuited to agriculture. The enlightened American public is beginning to realize the utter foolishness of forest destruction on lands which cannot be put to a higher use than the growing of trees. Opinion has so far crystallized, that legislation has been proposed in congress, having for its primary object the prevention of forest devastation on all land chiefly valuable for the production of timber crops. The enactment of such legislation will be a fitting climax to a hard fought battle to preserve and extend our remaining timber lands to the end, that the people of America shall have a continuous supply of wood sufficient at all times to meet our national requirements.

The next time you are alone in the hills, arouse an echo by boldly shouting, “God.” Watch the result! You will have an unforgettable sensation.

A forester is a man who helps the Creator, the nation and the state; unfortunatley on the side of the last two named agencies there is no reciprocation; and the forester is left to the grace of the Almighty, which isn’t so bad after all.

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American mythology has no epic hero whose deeds and achievements can in any way compare with the exploits of the great Paul Bunyan, the patron saint of the foresters. His fame rests secure in the tales of the thousands of leather-throated lumberjacks who worked under the great Paul during the bonanza days of the great forests.

Paul was a dyed-in-the-wool American, born in the northern part of Maine late in the seventeenth century. His father was a pioneer, having been the man who built the Mayflower and took passage on the gallant ship when it brought its precious cargo of discontents and horse thieves to the free shores of America. By nature, the elder Bunyan was much opposed to the type of men who wore boiled shirts and posed for Arrow collar advertisements. He swore that no son of his should ever develop into a social pussy willow and besmirch the escutcheon of a family who boasted of the longest prison record of any family in Merrie England. Consequently he built a bough bed for his infant and placed Paul to bed in the northeast forty each night. As Paul was an imaginative child, he used to vision terrible ogres and blood-curdling Indians in the darkness of the forest and in his sleep he would roll and toss as he dreamed of fighting off packs of howling wolves. Despite his restless slumber Paul grew at a prodigious rate in the invigorating air of the balsam forest. At four weeks of age he had grown a full beard and each evening he destroyed twenty acres of balsam and white pine in his fretful slumber. The conservationist became alarmed at the rapid destruction of the virgin forest and ordered the elder Bunyan to find some other place for his lusty infant to slumber. Consequently a floating cradle was built and anchored in the bay of Fundy. This move failed to bring relief from trouble. The timber was no longer destroyed, but the lives of the people along the coast were jeopardized by the seventy-five foot tides caused by Paul's rocking about in his cradle. Furthermore, the sea was so rough that all coastwise shipping was held up and the British fleet was summoned to come up and drive Paul from his cradle. They came up seven strong and fired seven broadsides at long range. Paul naturally was frightened and he leaped from his cradle and swam ashore. His leap caused such a tremendous wave that the seven frigates were sunk. This was indeed a misfortune, but British history tells us the damage was settled by commandeering the cradle, which contained enough lumber for seven more frigates.

Like many others of our famous men, little is known of Paul's youth. It is not until he became of age that we hear of him again. On his twenty-first birthday the elder Bunyan called Paul to his side and presented him with a cerulean blue ox, which was affectionately named Babe. Paul then told his father that he was about to set out in the world to seek his fortune. The old man gave Paul his blessing and the youth set out heavy-hearted with his blue ox Babe tucked under his arm.

It might be well to digress from our narrative for a moment and tell more about the blue ox. He was by no means an ordinary ox. He was born on the 29th of February, which may account for his leaping far in advance of his fellow bovines. At any rate, his size was tremendous. One time when Paul wanted to buy a special harness for his pet he had to call on one of his old sailor friends to figure out his girth. This was accomplished by using the same reckonings as are used in great circle sailing. Babe's feet were also of heroic proportions. Each time he was shod it was necessary to open up a new iron mine. Another unique feature that was common only to Babe was the annual shedding of his horns. Now that we have a clear-cut impression of Paul and Babe we will be able to appreciate more fully how Paul accomplished some of his almost unbelievable tasks. One of the most noteworthy accomplishments that we own to this great man was the building of the sourdough road from Alaska to Mexico. During the winter of the blue snow, Paul was logging Totem poles in Alaska. Affairs were getting desperate. Every day six feet of snow fell and at last Paul threw up his hands in despair. For the first time in his life he was forced to give up to
the elements. He called into council Sourdough Pete and asked him if he could make a road of biscuit dough from Alaska to Mexico. Pete replied that he was not afraid to tackle anything but his mother-in-law and the next morning the great Hegira of Paul’s camp began. Each day Pete prepared his dough and each day another parallel of latitude lay behind them. Finally Mexico was reached and today you can still see the monument of Paul’s sagacity and Pete’s culinary skill. This great highway is often termed the Rocky Mountains, but I am sure that anyone who has ever tasted a six day old sour dough biscuit will agree that the consistency and texture of that biscuit is the same as the material from which the Rocky Mountains are made.

There is another incident connected with Paul’s work in Mexico that winter that is of world-wide interest. During the latter part of March, Paul’s crew became dissatisfied. They had fallen under the romantic influence of old Spain and they wanted shirts which would rival in brilliancy and design the shirts of the peons with whom they were associated. Consequently, Paul sent Brimstone Bill, Babe’s chauffer, to the aurora borealis to get some especially fancy colors. Bill set out with the Babe and two great kegs for the paint. Everything went along well. Bill received a great quantity of striped and plain colored paints and was nearing the completion of his homeward journey when Babe became frightened at a contour cat that happened to caper across his path. With a tremendous bellow he began to paw the ground and weave from side to side. Brimstone tried in vain to stop his charge. Gentle persuasion failing, he truculently addressed the ox with all the passion and eloquence of the author of the "Mule Skinner’s Dictionary"—a book that is noted for its forceful adjectives. Babe would not be quieted and when his fright had run its course a great gorge, blazoned with a myriad of fascinating colors, yawned, where previously there had been a dreary waste of sand and cactus. Today people from many lands make pilgrimages to that spot and it is known throughout the world as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Paul and his blue ox are responsible for many of our great scenic wonders here in America and it is with regret that I am not allowed the space to relate how he built the Mississippi River and heated the geysers of the Yellowstone. These will without doubt be published in some future edition of the Forester, together with character sketches of different members of Paul’s crew and other information concerning Paul’s camps and logging operations.
"The fundamental idea of forestry is in the perpetuation of the forests by use. Forest protection is not an end in itself; it is a means to increase and sustain the resources of the country and the industries which depend on them."

President Theodore Roosevelt, announcing a program that set aside 132 million acres of public land as forest reserves, 1901

Some years ago, during the first administration of President Roosevelt, I had the pleasure of a short stay in Washington. I was the guest of James Wilson, who was then Secretary of Agriculture.

The Secretary spoke to me and said, "Do you want to meet President Roosevelt?"

I said, "Yes. Nothing would please me more."

The Secretary then made arrangements for me to go to one of his smaller receptions, when only a comparatively few persons were present. It was not a very long contact. Roosevelt met his guests with a broad smile. He struck me as being rather cold and austere and not sympathetic. He met his guests by saying, "I am delighted to see you."

To me he said, "You are from Iowa, where Secretary Wilson and Major Lacey come from." A few other questions were put to me—my answers—and that was the end of the contact, except for several addresses I heard him make on conservation and related topics.

It gave me a feeling of satisfaction that I had met a man of such dynamic personality. Many persons thought that he was not sympathetic. He was, however, in reality, sympathetic and democratic, and had a big heart and a big soul. He never stood on ceremonies. He hated sham. He wanted to fill public places with men who were above suspicion, who looked after the public interests with the same fidelity as their own. He wanted the highest personal service from a public servant.

In his addresses he was the most outstanding and dynamic of all of our presidents. He brought his message home to the common people. We never have had a man in the office of president who has displayed the same dynamic force.

As governor of New York, Colonel of the Rough Riders in Cuba, and as Civil Service Commissioner of New York, and later as President of the United States, he exerted a fine influence for good government and conservation.

I am taking up the life of this man because of his interest in forestry and conservation, subjects which have an important place in the development of our country, and in which, as a young man at Ames, I became deeply interested.

The following view of Roosevelt by William Kennedy, an Englishman, as given in "The Many-Sided Roosevelt," by George William Douglas (William Kennedy was then in New York) is interesting:

"But I say, Senator, that is a very remarkable man, you know. A very remarkable man. And you say he is Governor of New York. That is very surprising, you know. I really can't say that I ever before met exactly such a man. And he seems to be a fighter. I rather like that in him. And you say he is a writer of high repute, too? Well, by Jove, he is the queerest combination I have ever met."

Because of his virile character, he had the respect of the great men of England, Germany and France.

One evening during the outbreak of the World War, I was waiting for a train in the Union Depot in Cincinnati, Ohio. I fell into conversation with a German-American who lived in that city. Our conversation drifted to the topic of the great men of our country. The German asked me to name the greatest men of our country. I named, of course, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson. He answered by saying that an eminent German in a recent trip to this country had been asked that question, and he had placed Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Jackson before Washington. I asked him why, and he said, "Roosevelt was a man of action."

The success of Roosevelt in the movements in which he became interested was due to his dynamic force. He was a successful sportsman because it required action. He was a good rancher because he brought action into the game. He was a good assistant to the county sheriff in South Dakota because he brought his best talents into his work.

He was a great president because there was no sham. He wanted an honest administration. If he wanted something done in the way of reform,
he found a way to do it. There were no provisions in our Constitution or our land laws to protect our public domain. He reversed the previous policy of looking after the public domain. The Forest Service found that valuable coal lands were in danger of passing into private hands, and when Gifford Pinchot called his attention to this matter, he withdrew from entry some 68,000,000 acres of coal land. He established the policy that whatever is not expressly forbidden by the Constitution or law could be used by the executive. It saved a great deal of our public domain.

It is not often that the chief executive of a nation has to his credit many fine literary and historical contributions, but Roosevelt has many. Let me mention: "The Life of Oliver Cromwell," "The Winning of the West" (1889) (in which he has given us a splendid account of the development of our country—his fine style is shown in his autobiography (1913, page 647). In it he gives many intimate views of ranch life, hunting and cowboy experiences), "History as Literature," and "Through the Brazilian Wilderness." The book, "Through the Brazilian Wilderness," is most fascinating. The many sidedness of Roosevelt may be seen from the fine account of animals, the topography and other points given by Roosevelt which stamp him as one of the unique explorers.

Theodore Roosevelt, in the fascinating story, "Hunting the Grizzly," and other sketches (an account of the big game of the United States), gives his own experience in hunting the buffalo (p. 7–34) and recounts the untold herds which were found in this country. General W. H. Walker of Virginia told him that on the Upper Arkansas River, great masses of these buffalo could be seen. "It took several days for these herds to pass. To the very verge of the horizon the brown masses of buffalo bands showed through the dust clouds, coming on with a thunderous roar like that of surf. Camp was a mile away, and the stampede luckily passed to one side of it. Watching his chance, he finally dodged back to the tent, and all that afternoon watched the immense masses of buffalo, as band after band tore to the brink of the bluff on one side, raced down, then rushed through the water up the bluff on the other side, again off over the plain churning the sandy, shallow stream into a ceaseless tumult." This great roar from the herd continued through the night. An apparently endless stream of animals.

He tells us that when we became a nation in 1776, the buffalo was the first large animal to vanish. It was pushed farther and farther westward. It was Roosevelt's pleasure to have shot a buffalo in 1889 in Idaho, just south of the Montana boundary line. It pleased him greatly. All of this great hunting ground was known to him. In the fall of 1889 he spent much time hunting on the headwaters of the Salmon and Snake Rivers. Even 12 years later when I was in this Idaho country, especially between the boundary between the Bitterroot Valley and the headwaters of the above stream in the Clear-water country, there was much fine game.

Roosevelt's accounts of hunting are especially interesting. The book, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," is full of interesting stories concerning the wild game of the West, particularly when he was there on a ranch. For instance, there is a splendid account of water fowl, discussing the stalking of wild geese; and there is an account of the beaver, snow-goose, ducks, mallards, curlews and prong-horn antelopes. The latter is a product of the prairie. There are also accounts of the white-tailed deer, or the deer of the river bottom, and the black-tailed deer; and that splendid account of the lordly buffalo, the destruction of which he considers a tragedy.

The account of the elk is also interesting, especially the hardships he endured in trying to find this splendid animal of the Rocky Mountain. The grizzly bear story of Old Ephraim is very interesting.

The collection made by Theodore Roosevelt's party on the African trip was highly lauded by Congressman Mann, and the Director of the Smithsonian Institution. This interesting expedition was begun in 1909 and ended in 1910.

While Governor of the State of New York, he became interested in the subject of conservation. In his annual message of January, 1909, he said on conservation:

"Hardy out-of-doors sports like hunting are in themselves of no small value to the national character and should be encouraged in every way."

"A primeval forest is a great sponge which absorbs and distills rain water, and when it is destroyed, the result is apt to be an alternative of flood and drought.

"We need to have our system of forestry gradually developed and conducted along scientific principles, but until lumbering is thus conducted on strictly scientific principles, no less than upon the principle of the strictest honesty toward the state, we cannot afford to suffer it at all in the state forests. Unrestrained greed means the ruin of the great woods and a drying up of the sources of the river."

The subject of forestry is intimately connected with conservation. Mr. Roosevelt had the constant advice of Gifford Pinchot, who has done so much for forestry in this country.

The history of the forestry movement in his administration is this: when Roosevelt became President of the United States, the forestry service was a small growing organization under the direction of Gifford Pinchot. Roosevelt says, "... occupied mainly with laying the foundation of American forestry
by scientific study of the forests, and with the promotion of forests on private lands. It contained all the trained foresters in the Government service, but had charge of no public timberland whatsoever. The Government forest reserves of that day were in the care of a Division in the General Land Office, under the management of clerks wholly without the knowledge of forestry, few if any of whom had ever seen a foot of timberlands for which they were responsible. Thus the reserves were neither well protected nor well used. There were no foresters among the men who had charge of the national forests and on government forests in charge of the government foresters."

He maintained that the conservation movement must be linked up with forestry. He therefore appointed the Inland Waterways Commission on March 14, 1907 and in the letter to the commission spoke of the great value of streams to the national welfare.

He was asked to summon a conference of governors to consider the natural resources of this country. He did so. This commission was to make an inventory of all of the natural resources of the country and well did it do its work.

The germ of the idea of this conference was expressed by President Roosevelt in an address before the Society of American Foresters (of which he was an associate member). He said: "Your attention must be directed to the preservation of the forests, not as an end in itself, but as a means of preserving the prosperity of the Nation... In the arid region of the West agriculture depends first of all upon the available water supply. In such a region forest protection alone can maintain the stream flow necessary for irrigation and can prevent the great and destructive floods so ruinous to communities farther down the streams... The relation between forests and the whole mineral industry is an extremely intimate one. The very existence of lumbering... depends upon the success of our work as a nation in putting practical forestry into effective operation. As it is with mining and lumbering, so it is in only a less degree with transportation, manufacturers and commerce in general. The relation of all these industries to forestry is of the most intimate and dependent kind.

The President at this conference, made this statement: "Disregarding for the moment the question of moral purpose, it is safe to say that the prosperity of our people depends directly on the energy and intelligence with which our natural resources are used. It is equally clear that these resources are the final basis of national power and perpetuity. Finally, it is ominously evident that these resources are in the course of rapid exhaustion."

Theodore Roosevelt became so impressed with the subject of conservation and its importance, not only to the United States but the world at large, that he called an international conference on conservation; because, he said, it was not a local but an international problem.

He delegated his friend Gifford Pinchot to present the petition to the different nations of the world, and in response to this petition, the conference met on February 19, 1909.

The report of the National Conservation Commission was the first inventory of our resources and is a most interesting document. The report was needed because it brought squarely before the public information on needed legislation. The Commission recommended that the government should retain title to all minerals, including coal oil; that it should lease for fixed sums such lands when deemed best.

In his special message to the Senate and the House of Representatives, January 22, 1909, in which he submitted a report on the National Conservation Commission, he makes this statement in urging conservation work because of enormous loss to the country: "The function of our Government is to insure to all its citizens, now and hereafter, their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If we of this generation destroy the resources from which our children would otherwise derive their livelihood, we reduce the capacity of our land to support a population, and so either degrade the standard of living or deprive the coming generations of their right to life on this continent."

"All this is simply good common sense. The underlying principle of conservation has been described as the application of common sense to common problems for the common good. If the description is correct, then conservation is the great fundamental basis for national efficiency."

A matter that interested Theodore Roosevelt greatly was rural life. He was firmly convinced that we must, as a nation, plant our feet firmly on mother earth, and that, as a nation, we will never make much progress unless we give agriculturists every opportunity for education and the best homes and privileges.

In order to have a thorough study made, he appointed a Country Life Commission in August, 1908. This commission consisted of the ablest men that he could find in the country. Dr. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University, Henry Wallace of Wallace's Farmer of Des Moines, and President Kenyon R. Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Also he got advice from Sir Horace Plunkett of Ireland, and subsequently Garfield and Pinchot helped this commission to work out a rural life problem.

The service of President Roosevelt to Forestry and Conservation was larger than that of any other President of the United States. The Conservation and Forestry interests of this country will always owe him a debt of gratitude.

AMES FORESTER
Ambajemackomus, Chesuncook, Umbazooksis—are some of the tongue twisters we struggled with before we really got on the down grade of the alluring Allegash. These are Maine lakes, bewitching and otherwise; enticing to canoers.

Twelve of us came up in a truck from Medomac Lake near Rockland with our beds and a ton of the choicest grub. As we whisked through old Bangor the bells were calling to morning worship; at Foxcroft we stopped for pork chops, coffee and pie; at Greenville we refreshed with ice cream and sent souvenir post cards. On that glorious Sunday afternoon we skirted the inimitable Moosehead Lake, almost in the shadow of great Katahdin, darted through spruce and birch for the Ripogenus Dam which bars the south end of Chesuncook Lake. At our approach, deer, fox and grouse, sauntering along the lonely forest highway, were startled from their day dreaming and scurried into the thicket with as much surprise as our own. This trip comes as a fitting climax to boys, many of whom have spent several seasons at Medomac Camp for Boys at Washington, Maine.

Six canoes waited at the dam where we cooked a hasty supper and crawled in under the dense spruces which lined the somewhat rocky
shore. Monday before sun-up we had already disposed of hot cakes, eggs, bacon and coffee and eagerly began apportioning bedding and provisions among the canoes.

Hitherto I had enjoyed every minute of the trip, but no sooner were we swinging backward and forward in rhythmic strokes of the paddles over the placid lake than my mind began its disturbing questions: "What cared the white waters of the upper Allegash River for our safety? How would these boys just out of high school forestall a spell with loss of food, damage to canoe and risk of personal safety? What dexterity could I show who had hardly handled one of these wizards of the streams for twenty years? Or what would it help me that I had paddled them over the quiet moonlit lakes with fair companions? Would we be able to match our wits and strength with the rough and tumbling rapids of Chase's Carry?"

Well—at any rate we were off—and such a morning! Our genial and licensed guide, Jack, leading north over the long lake in even powerful strokes, two and two in each canoe, bow and stern, myself bringing up the rear; the phonograph in the boat interrupted only by a swipe at a fly and number in regular sequence in fashion.

We neared the camp ground at the mouth of the Upper Penobscot near the north end of the lake. Did I say camp ground? A brushy uneven sandy beach without shelter or fireplace; not even a spring. And before starting supper someone had to canoe back to the village for water. As darkness came each snuggled under the tent fly eager and ready for sleep. We were fresh at the paddles and had come twenty miles against the wind.

This was no place to loaf and fish so we set out early next day in high spirits, but struck floating pulp wood at ten o'clock. Luckily the small company steamer came up; loaded grub and bedding on board and canoes in three huge batteaux and pulled us through the pulp wood to the head of the lake. Here we opened some cans, sliced some bread, found drinking water and had lunch. Then onward on a narrow gauge steel road, our entire outfit was loaded on a trailer jerked over the track by a puffing, snorting Ford motor with steel rims. This contraption was most mercilessly photographed with and without load from every angle, changing engineer in rapid succession.

The steel track bore through cut-over spruce land toward Umbazooksis Lake and Mud Lake at the very divide between Penobscot and St. John Rivers. However, as the country was rather level the hills having long since been worn down and transported to the sea, you would not know it was a divide.

Mud Lake is very appropriately named. It is perhaps two square miles in area and barely deep enough for a loaded canoe. It took on a dark brown color under the low hanging clouds. There is about as much mud as water. Here Tennyson's vividly descriptive lines came to mind "Oily bubbled up the meek." We reached this wonder of creation by team and wagon over the most original road in the United States: deep ruts filled with water pleasantly varied by unseed rocks with a few stumps and swamps thrown in. The bedding and grub rode in the wagon box; the canoes inverted and lashed on the cross-trees above; and we on foot skipping and jumping from rock to rock and bush to bush, landing where it might not be quite so deep. The result was that we might as well have swam or taken a canoe. At the end, near Mud Lake, some of the gang greeted us with shouts of laughter.

Then, the storm broke in torrents and we huddled together singing about every song under creation while water ran freely from our noses and finger tips. At last the second load arrived and wet as rats we churned the muddy surface in frantic effort to get into Chamberlain Lake and a good camp ground.

Alas, all these grounds were occupied and it was not before 9 p.m. that we huddled around the fire at Chamberlain Dam and had a mighty good supper of canned weinies, sweet spuds, peaches and coffee.

The next day we could not go on without trying the fishing in the upper Allegash, so Jack took two canoes and three eager anglers away in the morning while the rest loafed, told stories and dried out their clothes.

It was on this fishing trip that Jack took his marvelous dip, racing to keep his balance on a rebellious floating spruce stem. A foot missed connection and he disappeared from view for a moment but came up on the other side of the tree still holding the fishing rod in the right hand, a small mess of fish in the left, and his pipe between his teeth. After two days we set out into Churchill Lake but a Northwester whipped the water into such fury that we landed on a small island overgrown with splendid white birch. It was here that the boys fashioned many articles out of birch bark and wrote some very original and startling verses on them.
The boys got a tremendous kick out of everything and nothing escaped them. Everything and everybody was most profusely photographed—deer, gulls, ducks, squirrels and mice. Three cooks took complete charge of the menus and meal preparation and dishwashing. Their appetites were prodigious and their culinary skill fraught with many new creations and not a few mysteries, but no fatalities.

I am tempted to say something about these upper lakes. The water is brown, heavily charged with vegetation. The surrounding timbered country seldom rises perceptibly above the general low level while the shores are fringed with unsightly masses of dead trees which have been killed by the water held in reserve for driving and spruce milling operations. It is only after coming into the Allegash River itself that the country takes on character and beauty, with steeper slopes, a more broken sky line and an intriguing river full of rocks, rapids and surprises. From this point onward there are better camp grounds provided with tables under open shelter, some sort of fireplaces as well as drinking water; not to forget the ubiquitous fire warnings in English and French. A little way down the stream we came to a ranger cabin from which led a trail 300 feet up a steep slope to Allegash lookout. It was the only trail we saw on our entire trip. The foresters travel by water and use a small motor attached to the canoe, poling over the shallows. If the fire calls them into the forest, there will be no trail whatsoever, but plenty of underbrush and second growth spruce and balsam. Practically all of this land has been logged over once for pulp wood and restocking is very thick and very noticeably obstructive.

At the east end of Churchill Lake we reached the mighty dam where starts the unruly waters of the Allegash. Here the fun would commence. As we approached this part the gang became more and more hilarious, as if seeking some means for whetting their courage. What the end would be, we didn’t know, but at whatever cost we would acquit ourselves like men. It was here also that each member of the party sent his sweetheart a message on birch bark. We had swallowed a hastily prepared lunch and got into action again. I was the last to re-embark and watched the mad current grip the canoes one by one as they swung into midstream, the helmsman standing erect in the stern maneuvering with the pole, casting eager and anxious eyes forward to the next vicious rock. To avoid striking a boulder he would throw all his strength on the pole to check speed or to prevent being hung crosswise on the upstream side of it. That is the worst predicament possible, as the upstream gunwhale of the skiff will duck and ship water with unbelievable rapidity unless someone jumps out to hold it up. Should the helmsman get his pole wedged between a hidden boulder and the canoes on the down stream side, he has to choose between letting go or being whipped into the rapids. The five helmsmen ahead of me might be doing either one of these things, but on the whole they managed quite well. After all, the canoe itself seems possessed of a wonderful intuition especially when it comes into the rapids. It comes into its true and native element, life and action, and it dissents as much as any one being tossed on a rock. The more elevated boulders have more side current, which in many cases acts as a buffer or actually pushes the canoe away from the rock. It is mainly these insidious, treacherous, submerged scoundrels, just high enough to rip the bottom, that cause the most trouble. And for the man in the bow, he must use his paddle now and then to avoid scraping. There is one thing he must not do and that is to steer. This is left to the man in the stern. If he decides to follow down another riffle than the one headed for, he throws his pole and weight against the canoe and swings the stern laterally into the proper current, before allowing it to proceed.

To say that this was exciting is putting it mildly. That afternoon we poled 10 miles of rough and white Chase's Carry. It gave us plenty of gymnastics; left us limp and a trifle wet, but we saved the grub and bedding with only a little wetting. That is more than many previous parties can boast.

The second day after going down the carry we camped where the Allegash tumbles through a magnificent gorge and beats itself into foam over a 75-foot precipice. Here the Genii of the falls have churned deep kettle holes in the solid propelry, cauldrons so huge that it might cook a steer. One wonders what they sang or what they mumbled through their gray beards while doing all this. Alas, these busy gnomes have been driven into exile by Paul Bunyon and his infernal logs. They could not stand getting bumped on the head by those impertinent blocks of wood, and could not fathom from whence they came. We carried canoes and baggage past the cataract, reloaded below and departed on our way just as the rays of the early sun threw the halo of its rainbow over the beautiful misty white avalanche; gliding down the stream with the rumbling of the waters more and more faintly humming in our ears.

From this point onward the river becomes truly picturesque; alternating with rapids, huge rocks, gentle riffles, deep silent pools; the scene varying and framed in hills, woodlands and arching trees. As we approach St. John River, the Allegash cuts deeper and deeper into mother earth. Here it loses itself in a vast outspreading mass of geological specimens at the bottom of a wide and deep valley such as the St. John alone could produce.

At last the smiling French village of St. Francis, diffused with sunshine, beckoned from afar. The gilded cross on the lovely white church steeple reflected lucidly in the glassy surface. It was here that we rested three days to finish our provisions and to enjoy visits to the quaint old village until our motor truck came and took us all safely to Camp Medomac at Washington.

"We are all travelers in the wilderness of this world and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend."

Robert Louis Stevenson
Some things change little with time in the United States. One example of this is unemployment which resurfaces as a problem every so often. Unemployment was at its worst during the great depression with a 25 per cent figure for young people between the ages of 15 and 24. Unemployment in 1979 is relatively low at six per cent but continues its history as an important political issue.

The need for important conservation work has also maintained constant problem status. This is partially due to the lack of prudent forestry practices in the early years of the United States. Forest destruction has led to a tremendous backlog of reforestation and stand improvement work while compounding the existing problem of soil erosion.

In 1933, President Franklin Roosevelt recognized the dual national needs to relieve unemployment among young people and to perform conservation work. The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) was developed according to these needs.

The CCC was an organization with a quasi-military type of regimentation and some Army training. The enrollees were subjected to a tight schedule including physical training every morning. Enrollment was strictly voluntary although every volunteer was not selected for the program. The enrollees had to take an oath of obedience to their supervisors. The Corps was attractive enough that 2.5 million Americans participated in the program to do natural resource conservation work.

The CCC was very popular—so popular that it avoided most criticism. Congressmen used the CCC as an aid to political advancement by securing one or more CCC camps to their districts. The CCC was overwhelmingly approved by the press, including bitter enemies of Roosevelt and the New Dealism. The greatest Corps support was found in the communities where camps were established and the localities from which the enrollees came.

The presence of a nearby CCC camp stimulated local business. Supply purchases for the men and camp construction opportunities helped local economies. CCC economic benefits extended beyond the camp localities to the families of

The CCC—Still Alive & Well
by David Becker
the enrollees. The money made a vital difference in many families whose money situation was tight during the depression years. One mother told Mrs. Roosevelt that "we are so dependent on the money John sends home that I don't know what we are going to do without it."  

Benefits other than economic benefits were highly recognized. Many people consider these to be the most important benefits. Judge Broude of Chicago estimated that the 50 per cent crime reduction in that city had been largely influenced by the CCC program because it took boys off of the streets and gave them values. The New York Commissioner of Correction issued a similar statement. The men of CCC camps improved physically as a result of good food, regular hours, and hard work. The educational program taught useful job skills. Horizons were broadened for most of them. People of different home and racial environments were blended. Most enrollees gained a real understanding of the United States and its people. The CCC rekindled hope for the future and faith in the American system.

A tremendous amount of work was accomplished by the Corps during its 1933-1942 existence. The CCC had the nickname of "Roosevelt's Tree Army" because of the terrific number of trees they planted. By June 1936, nearly 570 million young trees had been planted on National Forest lands alone. The variety of CCC went far beyond tree planting, however. They performed forest protection functions such as fighting and preventing forest fires. During the lifespan of the CCC, the acreage lost by fire in the United States reached its lowest point ever. The CCC also performed the less dramatic chores of disease and insect protection in the forests. They checked and brought a measure of control to white pine blister rust. CCC enrollees, under the watchful eyes of Forest Service technicians, engaged in a successful campaign against bark beetles by cutting down infected trees. The Corps also dealt with wildlife conservation, soil conservation, irrigation, and flood control.

The "Corn State" of Iowa was very active in the CCC program. Iowa was allotted 16 camps of which 14 were forestry camps and two were park camps. Iowa had approximately 3,200 young men enlisted in the program and a supervisory staff of 150 men. CCC projects in Iowa included soil conservation, scenic preservation, wildlife conservation, establishment of recreation areas, forest stand improvement, and development of artificial lakes. A CCC crew dug out the diversion channel for Lake Laverne on the ISU campus. Thus Iowa, as other states, is greatly indebted to the CCC for its assistance in attaining greater beauty and prosperity during the hard times of the depression.

The Civilian Conservation Corps lost its fight for permanence and folded in 1942. One of the factors leading to this was the worsening American situation in Europe. Why don't we have a CCC in the United States in 1979? We have the same basic problems that Roosevelt had—unemployment and a backlog of conservation work. The job outlook for youths has deteriorated in recent years. The United States Forest Service reported in 1971 that it alone had $900,000,000 of reforestation and stand improvement work that needed to be done.

We do have a CCC in 1979 with the Youth Conservation Corps (YCC). It is now progressing with permanent status since Nixon's 1970 pilot program was successful. It is entirely more complex and under more public scrutiny than the CCC ever was and this will hopefully make it a better organization. The YCC program employs youths through the summer months only as opposed to the year round CCC operation. The Iowa YCC will employ 500 youths at 24 camps for the 1979 summer. The YCC is similar to the CCC since it was patterned from the CCC.

We, as foresters, can be very proud that the CCC tradition is being carried on by the YCC. The YCC is helping provide for the future wood and recreation requirements of America. YCC forestry makes a strong contribution towards the physical and mental development of American generations. YCC forestry projects the image of a forester as he truly is—a conservationist.

Literature Cited

Western larch (*Larix occidentalis*) plays an important role on Champion's western Montana timberlands, providing large volumes of sawlogs and veneer to the largest plywood plant in the northwest (located in Bonner, Montana). In addition, western larch fits uniquely into Champion's policy of converting old-growth, stagnant stands of timber into young and vigorous stands, thus insuring a permanent productive source of goods and benefits.

We manage larch on habitat types where we can take full advantage of its ability of rapid juvenile growth and response. In our area of western Montana, good western larch habitat types range from the wetter, Douglas-fir sites to grand fir and subalpine fir climax types. On these habitat types, western larch is considered a major seral species which is important to us as land managers. Larch is a prolific seeder and regenerates best on bare mineral soil where it can take maximum advantage of all sunlight and moisture availability. Larch is able to withstand fairly high temperatures in the summer and endure cold in the winter with a minimum of stress. In our area larch appears mainly on cooler north facing aspects, in valley bottoms, benches and rolling topography.

In establishing new larch stands, we rely heavily on natural regeneration. This method provides a healthy, most cost effective seedling compared to planting or direct seeding. In natural regeneration, we eliminate several problems associated with the artificial means of reforestation, i.e.; shock caused by transplanting, root damage, soil compaction from using planting tools or off-site planting which may cause initial growth loss or mortality in later years. Economics also plays an important role in natural regeneration. It is more economical to take immediate advantage of the scarification obtained through logging and brush clearing, obtain
natural seed fall on the site and regenerate the block within two potential seed crop periods. This eliminates the cost of cone collecting and processing, nursery establishment, outplanting and potential loss of newly planted seedlings.

There are three silvicultural methods we use to accomplish our goal of naturally regenerating larch: clearcut, seedtree and shelterwood.

Clear Cut. In recent years clearcutting has had a negative connotation, however, used correctly this method of harvesting can be very effective in reestablishing larch stands. There are many variables to consider before choosing to clearcut an area. The original stand should be looked at for its composition and condition of overstory and understory. The unit may be clearcut if the existing stand is in decadent condition or perhaps heavily diseased, or infected with insects. The location of the block should be on a cool, moist, northerly exposure not directly adjacent to a major stream. The habitat type is checked and if it lends to the regeneration of western larch as the primary seral species, the process continues.

If soils are highly prone to compaction or erosion, we may do one of two things, use a skyline logging method to reduce mechanical impact on the site or defer logging until late summer or winter when the ground is dry and frozen. If soils are thin and fragile, consideration is given toward skyline skidding as opposed to crawler tractors which are used on deeper, well drained soils. If we are limited to tractor skidding on the steep ground, the clearcut method eliminates the possibility of damage or pushed over leave trees. This happens much of the time, especially if the original stand has a heavy volume or large number of cut stems per acre.

Brush disposal is another consideration given to an area. On flatter ground or noncompactable soils, the most acceptable means of brush disposal is to pile and burn, however, on ground with slopes over 35 to 40%, piling becomes increasingly hazardous or impossible. Since brush disposal is a major part of our seedbed preparation, it is crucial to do a good job. On steep ground our best alternative, at the present, is broadcast burning. It has been noted by Schmidt, Roe and Shearer in *Ecology and Silviculture of Western Larch Forests* (1976) that burning generally creates the most desirable seedbed for larch. In a clearcut block, there is little worry about losing seedtrees during prescribed burning activities. Fire breaks are put in where necessary, then the block is burned in the fall. After site preparation is completed, we allow two potential seed crops to fall before determining the success of the prescription.

Seedtree. The seedtree system is our most widely used method of larch regeneration. It enables us to work with larger cutting units and still obtain a good seedbed preparation. Seedtrees left provide some site protection and uniform seed dispersal for the larger cutting units.

Logging operations on Champion land.

Generally, the same thought process is developed in selecting a seedtree area as in selecting a clearcut. The major difference being the condition of the original stand and size of the area. If the old growth stand has an average of seven to ten larch per acre which are in good to excellent condition, and wind firm, and the unit lies on moderately steep to flat ground the seedtree method will be used as opposed to a clearcut. Larch seedtrees work best on northerly exposures in habitats similar to those in clearcut areas. Soils again are critical, but less emphasis is given to soil erosion because we try to locate seedtree blocks on more moderate ground where erodibility is not quite as severe a hazard. The same equipment is used to harvest our seedtrees as with clearcutting. If the unit layout is such that we can line skid the area, we do so. It provides less site impact than using crawler tractors.

Slash disposal and site preparation can be more of a problem in the seedtree system. If the slope is 35% or less and the soils are reasonably noncompactable, we will pile and burn the slash. The steeper ground has to be broadcast burned. Fire damage to leave trees is a problem;
recently we have hired crews to cut up and pull slash concentrations away from seedtrees. After site preparation has been completed, we again wait for two potential seed crops before determining the success of the seedtree harvest.

**Shelterwood.** Our third way to obtain natural larch regeneration is the shelterwood. There is a fine distinction between our western larch seedtree cuts and what may be called a second or third state shelterwood. We like to leave more seedtrees on the area than the standard three to five trees per acre; however, the seven to ten trees per acre we leave would not always constitute a shelterwood.

Although not desirable for western larch regeneration, we do occasionally use a shelterwood to help reforest larch along with associated species. At the present, we are logging in a winter unit which has a past history of frost pockets which may retard regeneration. The overstory was in good condition and because the understory was poor to nonexistent we decided a regeneration cut was the best way to manage the stand. The aspect was good, habitats ranged from Douglas-fir to true fir climaxes, the site was flat and soil was no problem due to frozen conditions. The one major drawback was frost pockets in the area. We didn't want to open the site as drastically as a seedtree cut would, so the decision was made to shelterwood the area. After logging the stand will consist of western larch mixed with some Douglas-fir regeneration.

**Artificial Regeneration.** At the present, artificial methods of larch regeneration are used in two situations. The first is planting. If after two years the natural seeding fails, we will plant the area, or if a site is exceedingly productive, i.e., 100 cubic foot growth/acre/year or more for a site index of 68 or more (50 year base) for all species, we will plant immediately after harvest. This gives us full advantage of the high productivity of the site.

Currently, planting in our area is much more costly, and runs a greater risk of failure than natural regeneration. In addition, larch is a difficult species to grow in the greenhouse because of light cycles, temperature and growth timetables. Despite these problems, we presently grow some 565,000 seedlings per year and plant them in areas that for reasons such as seed crop failures, excessive plant competition, etc., have not regenerated. In the future, we hope to expand our capability with increasing use of superior seedlings and gradual elimination of the technical growing problems.

Direct seeding is the second alternative to natural regeneration failures. In most cases this method is least desirable. It is costly, wasteful of seed and, at best, only marginally successful.

Despite the disadvantages, direct seeding can still be a useful tool in regeneration of company land. On our district in 1977, we direct seeded approximately 250 acres, and twice that in 1978. Aerial seeding by helicopter can be useful in areas where site scarification would be otherwise lost to vegetative competition before it can be planted, where seed crops are marginal, direct seeding can be used to supplement the natural seed. Finally, as our seed banks grow old and the viability of the seed starts to deteriorate, we will replace it with newly collected seed. If there are areas suited for direct seeding and the old seed is climatized to the site, we will use it rather than disposing of it entirely.

It is stated in our silvicultural guidelines: "The responsibility of each forester with respect to silviculture is to analyze the biologic and economic factors bearing on each stand under his care and then to devise and conduct the treatments most appropriate to the objectives of management. It is imperative that he define these management objectives prior to prescription of the stand treatment."

Through these silvicultural practices, we are attempting to produce more productive forests, and to do so in less time.

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Our Exciting Future
by Dr. William A. Duerr

How may one explain such trends? To do so is presumably simple. The explanation lies in the principle of pulverization. During the era in question, the nation experienced economic growth. Technological development raised labor productivity. That is, the payment to labor—the value of labor—was pushed up. The result was to encourage still more technological development designed to conserve costly labor. With capital intensification as the goal, those industrial processes were favored that could be highly mechanized—notably the flow processes such as pulp and paper manufacture, at the expense of the batch processes such as making firewood. Furthermore, the output of the technological laggards, such as firewood and lumber, became relatively more and more expensive because of all the labor that went into them, and thus their consumption was discouraged. And still further, consumers were discouraged by unsatisfactory qualities of the unpulverized commodities. For example, fuelwood was awkward and dirty to use in the home, compared to natural gas. Lumber construction required handling several pieces of material for every one piece required by plywood construction.

Those trends in American forestry were our whole social evolution in microcosm. We were fortifying a national culture that had long been proudly cornucopian. We were repledging our allegiance to automation, labor conservation, capital-intensive resource management, unquestioned science, inviolate professions, replace-don't-repair, and no-deposit-no-return (more recently, dispose-of-properly).

Of course, our national cultural tenets never went totally unchallenged. There were always a few neo-Malthusians lurking about, writing scary books. From time to time, someone who was supposed to be in the know questioned the power of our technology to overcome looming scarcities of basic materials; the 1952 report of the President's Materials Policy Commission was noteworthy.

But then something happened. Today, rather suddenly by the calendar of cultural evolution, Americans widely suppose that life is changing more fundamentally than ever before—or even that it has changed. To be sure, many believe that today's change is just a temporary thing, a trick of mineral and land owners who have monopoly power and are using it while they can to feed their greedy purses. And yet people look around, and what do they see?

They see a series of increasingly unusual events, commencing somewhere around the end of War II: uprisings by youth and by racial minorities against traditional authority—of government, family, university professors; rebellion by women against injustice; a widely joined renunciation of faith in scientists, the professions, government agencies, and other groups accustomed to dealing with the public on a Papa-knows-best basis; protests against deterioration of
the environment and of the supposed quality of life; concern for pinched supplies of materials, believed by many to be a major cause of monetary inflation and even of unemployment; an especially grave concern for energy supplies, made graver by the 1970s rise in the man-hours of labor required to buy a unit of energy (the first such rise in modern times) and by the 1976-78 wintertime distress. What happened? Are the old attitudes and technology and culture suddenly obsolete? Or have we just been shocked into wondering? In any case, what is implied for the future?

For forestry, what is implied? Every one of the general events of recent years bears on forestry, raises questions about forestry. These are exciting questions.

The Forestry Profession

1. What can a profession do to learn about its public standing and take remedial measures? Do foresters know how people define good professional conduct, and are they amending their teaching and action programs and public image accordingly?

2. Are the forestry schools responding to the wants of the forestry profession in a world where doubts are rampant? Are the schools giving their graduates an education for the new future, not simply a customary course of training? How can they educate their graduates to cope with change? How can flexibility to cope with change be introduced into forestry, with its traditional demand for the long view and the long-term commitment?

3. But are the forestry schools threatening to graduate too many officers and not enough troops? Are we turning out more professionals than will be wanted in a world constrained by resource scarcities—and putting too little emphasis on the education of technicians at subprofessional schools?

Pulverization vs. Aggregation

4. Can we expect capital-intensive pulp and paper manufacture to give ground to labor-intensive sawmilling, thus "repealing" the pulverization law? What new forest products can be devised that are conservative both of their wood raw material and of energy? Is modern-day lumber promising to be such a product?

5. If there is to be a reversal of pulverization and even of the replacement of wood by plastics, and if forests are to provide an energy source, how will wood-using industry be structured in order to achieve economically the high degree of raw-material utilization that will be called for? What will this structure mean for forest resource management?

6. Must we abandon the dream of intensive (i.e., energy-intensive) timber management before it is widely realized and devise new silvicultural, logging, and transportation systems that conserve scarce resources and substitute otherwise unemployed labor?

Materials vs. Amenities

7. In the face of national concern for the scarcity of both materials and environmental amenities, how are satisfactory trade-offs to be found? Similarly, where technological and population growth has saddled society with many a private firm's costs, how can we find the right degree of social control and the right means for exerting it?

8. In a materials- and energy-intensive era, it was appropriate to heed consumers' "demand" as one would heed a child's Christmas list addressed to Santa Claus. The forester's job was to meet the demand. In a new era, may it not be appropriate for consumers to reciprocate conspicuously by meeting supply? How may consumer tastes and procedures be educated accordingly?

9. Considering the need for technological renovation in forestry and, it may well be, for analogous renovation in farming, what changes in rural-land values are in prospect? How will these bear upon the business-industrial, residential, and amenity uses of land?

Social Sciences in Forestry

10. What is happening to the field traditionally termed the economics of forestry? Clearly, its boundaries change to suit the real questions addressed to practitioners. In places, the boundaries have become less distinguishable than ever from those of adjacent applied social sciences. As the economics profession withdraws from the real into mathematically tidy make-believe, one wonders if the forestry profession may not be well advised to redefine its interests in social science and rename them, too, to fit tomorrow's real questions.
And That’s The Way It Was . . .

by Darilyn Maas

Iowa State University, and the Forestry Department in particular, have seen many changes take place during the last 75 years. Students, instructors and curriculums all change along with the world for which we are being prepared.

Even though change occurs, and in fact is inevitable, it is not always something that carries a negative connotation. Throughout the last 75 years the Forestry Department has gone from better to best. Instructors and students have come and gone, and in their passing, each has added something to the Department to make it what it is today.

To get a better idea of some specific changes that have occurred, alumni have sent us some special memories and reminiscences of their years as a forestry student at Iowa State.

In the early years of Iowa State College, forestry students were among those called to defend our country. Paul Dunn, ‘23, remembers “registering at ISU in the fall of 1919 following two years with the U.S. Army in World War I with service on the Mexican border and in France.”

Victory Kreimeyer, ‘43, recalls “skipping morning classes and drinking coffee with friends in the Memorial Union, December 7, 1941, listening to FDR and wondering how soon we would all be drafted” and “hunting for and finding my name on the orders calling 400 ISC Air Force reservists to duty at Jefferson Barracks, February, 1943.”

One facet of life at Iowa State that doesn’t seem to have changed is the constant dislike of walking across campus, especially when the elements are not cooperating. Victor Kreimeyer reminisces about “hiking across the intramural fields, referred to as ‘Little Siberia’ at 5:30 a.m. every Monday morning to sing with the ‘Woodland Warblers,’ a forestry quartet that was on State Forester Guy Ramsey’s weekly WOI radio program.”

Gary Firch, ’64, has a special memory regarding “Little Siberia” as it was still called in the sixties. He says, “. . . I made the trek many times across the cinder path to Marston Hall, then to Beardshear Hall, and on across what was then termed ‘Little Siberia’ to Curtiss Hall. ‘Little Siberia’ was an apt description as I found out one winter quarter when Dr. Bensend’s Wood Technology lab was held at 8:00 a.m., Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday. In the sub-zero temperatures the sidewalk between Beardshear and Curtiss appeared to grow in distance and then there seemed to be an excessive number of steps to climb before I could finally reach the welcome radiators of the foyer.

“In contrast, this same walk in the spring and fall was perhaps the finest on campus. The maples, larches and large grassy spaces led appropriately to a large, sweeping American elm paying homage at the ‘feet’ of Curtiss Hall. Or perhaps the hall was in abeyance to the grandeur of the elm.” He also remembers, “once after studying until around midnight for a test in Professor Leonard Kellogg’s forest protection class, I stepped out into a spring downpour. Having an aversion to umbrellas, I reached maximum saturation long before I reached home. Another time I spent the night typing a paper for English 414 and left Curtiss about 7:00 a.m. It was foggy and damp, which was appropriate considering my frame of mind and low physical ebb. This particular walk to Beardshear, past the Hub, to Marston, and on across the cinder path to home was one of my longer ones.

“However, I usually enjoyed these walks. They served as a kind of ‘cooling off’ period when one could relax and enjoy the stillness of the night; the night air with its assorted messages; newly mowed grass, crushed leaves, the freshness after a rain, signatures of spring flowers, etc. Although in the midst of many, one was very much alone.”

One of the main highlights and a “true test” to the forester at Iowa State was summer camp. Beginning as three months traveling around the country, summer camp tested the forestry student in the real forester’s skills. Now camp is only six weeks in length but still serves as a “challenge” for the future forester.

Harold Scholz, ’29, says, “Surely one of my most memorable interludes as a student at Iowa State University was the six weeks I spend in Freshman Forestry Camp during the summer of 1925 at Cass Lake, Minnesota. Summer camps in those days provided the two basic needs for...
Professors Horning and Jeffers at 1934 summer camp.

Survival, namely food and shelter.

"Two students shared an Army surplus tent. Mine was a combination of poles for a frame and 'supple' branches to sleep on. The fact that these were nailed to the frame on only one end supposedly gave them enough flex to be comfortable. But, in fact, they had about the same elasticity as a platform of planks.

"Weather permitting, our days were spent on the Chippewa National Forest doing cruising, surveying and other related activities. The mosquito population that summer was horrendous, and at that time there were no effective insect repellents on the market. So we made our own from oils of citronella and pennyroyal mixed with pine tar derivatives. A small hand towel secured with one's hat or cap 'protected' the back of the neck.

"And what did this experience of a lifetime cost each one of us besides our time? My recollection is that we paid less than $100 to enjoy this premier 'outing.'"

John Hubbard, '34, attended summer camp at Paulina Lake on the Deschutes National Forest southeast of Bend, Oregon. "Because of the elevation, water froze in the bucket in the tent every night. No rain fell all summer. The dust was a foot thick on the woods roads and we had some fire fighting experience.

"Prof. D. S. Jeffers, who impressed us with his good physical condition, initiated us into foot travel by leading us over and under dead lodgepole windfalls around Paulina Lake. He also led a Sunday morning church service under the trees.

"In Skipper Larsen's thinning exercise our crew debated on cutting or leaving one certain tree. After finally deciding to cut the tree, the spot looked pretty bare so we planted it in the same location. When Prof. Larsen examined our work he suggested that one more tree should have been cut, so we pulled it out.''

Don Meyer, '64, has this to say of his year at summer camp. "I've known the wrath of Dr. Thomson after I 'missed' several days of summer camp at Winter Park . . ."

Today the faculty in the department is one of its major assets. This seems to be another fact that has not changed over the years.

Harold Scholz says, "The same close relationship existed between students and faculty. G. B. MacDonald, Head of the Department, was 'Prof Mac' to everyone from freshmen to graduate students. Likewise for other members of the teaching staff: D. S. Jeffers was 'Prof Jeff'; Perkins Coville was 'Perk' Coville, and J. A. Larsen was 'Skipper Larsen.'"

John Hubbard recalls, "Skipper Larsen grading a silviculture exam by dropping the exam papers down the rotunda in Ag Hall—the paper that landed furthest from the center got the best grade. This speeded up the grading process."

Tightening spokes in Paulina Lake at 1934 summer camp.
"Thus, although this structure tends to be the focal point of my memories of undergraduate years, it is only because of my fellow students and teachers: they, who gave the old building life. Another building; in another place; in another time; would recall fond memories if it were graced by such as George Thomson, Dwight Bensend, Fred Hopkins, Gordon Gatherum, Carl Stoltzenberg, Leonard Kellogg, Bill Bentley and Ken Ware."

Speaking of Curtiss Hall (location of the Department before Bessey was built in 1967), alumni also have special memories of the building on campus where most of their time was spent.

Don Meyer recalls, "The facilities were none too plush in Curtiss Hall, but that did not diminish our camaraderie as we prepared to respond to tests in forest protection on the latest technology of logging locomotives or how to keep the chickens out of the woodlots."

Before Curtiss Hall was used as a location for the Department, old Botany Hall, otherwise known as Ag Hall, was the headquarters.

Vic Kreimeyer remembers "standing around the second floor rotunda in Ag Hall between classes hoping to catch sight of a well-turned ankle—remember the male to female ratio then was 6 to 1!"

Forestry Club was as active years ago as it is today. As a matter of fact, it would almost seem appropriate to say more active. Harold Scholz describes the annual Foresters' Hoedown. "The annual Foresters' Hoedown . . . was more nearly a well-organized riot than an evening of dancing. Forestry students dressed in field clothes, carried side arms loaded with blank cartridges (which were fired at will), sheathed hunting knives, etc. 'Dates' wore appropriate garb. The first year or two I was in school, this annual 'bash' was held in downtown Ames in the basement of a church—the name Saint Cecelia comes to my mind. However, by 1929, this event had become somewhat more conventional and it was moved back to the campus. By then enough participants in past years had suffered powder burns and temporary loss of hearing to ban firearms as a part of the evening's apparel."

Vic Kreimeyer remembers "Forestry Club picnics in the North Woods and being entertained by classmate George Thomson's juggling exhibition, stapling paper napkins to chicken netting on the Forestry Club float for Veishea and tending bar and spiking the cider at a Forestry Club Hoedown."

The Forestry curriculum has gone through its own set of changes through the years to keep up with modern technology. Harold Scholz says, "It would surprise me if you still do not have a course in Wood Technology (the 'Spit and Whittle' laboratory of the 1920's). On the other hand, I am virtually certain that you do not have to master tying the Diamond-Hitch on an ersatz horse as we did in order to get a passing grade in one of Prof Jeff's courses. Having been a Forest Supervisor in the west prior to coming to Iowa State, Professor Jeffers felt that every Forestry student should know how to load and secure a pack on a horse or mule." Vic Kreimeyer recalls "taking time out during Civil Engineering Lab in the North Woods hunting golf balls, going to the Ledges State Park with Prof. Aikman's Ecology class, and sitting in Forest Management class and dreaming about working in the big timber in Oregon."

It was very enjoyable to learn of some of the extra-curricular activities and "pranks" displayed by the forestry students of yesteryear. Vic Kreimeyer remembers "watching the Ag Engineering building burn and having foresters tell the firemen they should set a back-fire in the Physics building to keep the fire from spreading to the rest of the campus."

He also recalls "dropping down to the restaurant for a cup of coffee midway through night studies to listen to Bing Crosby singing 'Blues in the Night' and the Ink Spots harmonize 'If I didn't Care' on the juke box." As an extra-curricular activity he remembers "slipping off to Nevada to a tavern where beer was two-bits and boiled eggs were free."

Have you ever skipped a class and later that day seen the professor of the class you skipped? Vic also remembers when he was "hiking the cinder trail from our apartment downtown with my wife of two months and meeting Prof. Mac the morning I had cut his 8 o'clock. He smiled knowingly; always the gentleman!"

Gary Firch says, "In the fall of 1960 it was my good fortune to be sitting near the north goal line at Clyde Williams Field when fullback Tom Watkins burst up the middle on a fourth down and goal. After the players were unpiled I could see Watkins' upper body and the ball, on the goal line. This resulted in Iowa
State's first victory over Oklahoma in quite some time, and was such an occasion that classes were cancelled for the following Monday morning." Gary also has a special memory of a particular final week. "On November 22, 1963, I was faced with my last exam of the week, Forest Economics 470, taught by Dr. Fred Hopkins. Shortly after dinner I was in my third floor room doing some last minute studying when some fellows watching TV yelled up that the President had been shot. Several hours later, a subdued group of forestry seniors took this examination; one which was more than just another event in our academic lives; it marked the time of an undefinable change in the American scene."

Jim Porterfield, '74, saw many changes take place even during the time he was attending Iowa State. "The 70's as I viewed them at ISU were full of change. . . new buildings included a dorm, a meat lab, a seed lab, veterinary complex, design building, stadium, three buildings in the ISU Center, and an addition to the women's gym, among other things. Even the old landmark smokestack at the physical plant from which many of us were taught to measure heights on aerial photos was torn down and replaced by a new stack.

"Changes that weren't as noticeable, but equally as important occurred within. Coed dormitories appeared at ISU, that's right—even at good ol' Iowa Straight—women and men living on the same dormitory floor (women on one end and men on the other end of the same floor). The number of women in forestry also grew tremendously from two in 1971, to a substantial portion of the department by 1978. What's that, do I detect a few groans of horror—or was it a sigh of cupidity from the long-time alums."

Jim continues, "Fortunately, there's also a certain quality about a midwestern education that makes an ISU student usually welcome in most any part of the country. Dr. Thomson I'm sure will appreciate the comments of Ellis Peters, a long-time rancher, farmer, lumberman, forester in Mazama, Washington. Mr. Peters related the following story to me in a taped interview during one of the summers I worked in the Methow Valley. (He's talking about forestry students who'd come out for the summer to work on the Okanogan National Forest to get some practical experience.)"

"An' I had five one year, and two they was from Iowa and Minnesota and back in there and they was the only two out of the five that was worth shootin'. I 'member one time I took 'em up to what used to be the sheep bridge—well they was on Early Winters (Creek) before it split up there. An' they was out here for actual experience was what they was here for. An' I took 'em up there and each one had a compass and supposing they knew where home was—and took 'em up there and split 'em up. One or two of 'em went across the sheep bridge and went over there along the Klipchuck side."

An' along that evening they all showed up except this one character—an' he went the wrong way—even with his compass! He went to Four Mile creek—that's right in where Klipchuck is—an' you know, we never found that cuss til the next day. An' he was absolutely scared to death an' lost!"

At this point Ellis's wife chimed in: "Well they didn't know how to do anything, Ellis said. They was just as dumb as posts!"

Ellis continued: "The main deal was we was puttin' in telephone line from where you're livin'—clear up across Lost Crick. An' I couldn't hardly blame 'em, but somebody had to do it . . . they had these creosoted poles they had to carry and put in the holes. An' he said, 'I didn't study for a damn deal like that! I studied for Range Management!' And he said, 'That's the kinda job I studied for an' I'm goin' ta get it!'"

"An' do you know, that fall he got a job over here in Montana . . . I think it was for $5,000/year . . . that was good money at that time, ya know. He said, 'See, I told you I'd get a good job!'—An' he did!"

"But they was two of those kids—they was farm boys from back in there (Iowa & Minnesota)—Boy, they'd just work up a storm!"

The last three-quarters of a century have been special years in the lives of Iowa State foresters. Many memories lie in those years of the past but continue to live in the hearts of those who hold them dear.

Vic Kreimeyer says, "As you can tell, most of the times remembered were good times. There were the other kind, too. But then college is supposed to prepare us for 'life,' is it not?"

So, the good times will be remembered because of the fun, friends, and special memories they hold; the tough times because of the courage and maturity that developed our professional character so highly regarded in the world today. Because of the prestige bestowed on those who have graduated from our Forestry Department we are all able to feel the same as Don Meyer who says, "I will continue to cherish those years in Ames and say with pride 'Yes, I went to Iowa State.'"
Dr. Joe Colletti joined the Forestry staff last June. He received his B.S. in Forestry from Humboldt State University, Arcata, California in 1972. He attained his M.S. and Ph.D. in Forestry from the University of Wisconsin, Madison in 1974 and 1978 respectively.

Dr. Colletti has worked with the USFS on the Plumas National Forest, California on TSI and dwarf mistletoe control crews. He has also been a research assistant and instructor at the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Colletti is primarily interested in modeling, simulation and analyses of forestry-related events or activities.

He will be teaching Quantitative Methods in Forestry (For 452), Forest Regulation and Operations (For 397), Resource Allocation in Recreation (For 470).

Dr. Colletti has a wife, Gretchen, and enjoys cross-country skiing, football and softball.

Dr. Floyd Manwiller

In December, 1978, after 13 years away, Dr. Floyd G. Manwiller returned to Iowa State to fill the position vacated by Dr. Bensend. Dr. Manwiller received his B.S. here in 1961 in Forest Management, and his Ph.D. in 1966 in Wood Science/Plant Cytology.

For the last 13 years he has been working with the Forest Service at the Southern Forest Experiment Station at Pineville, Louisiana.

Dr. Manwiller teaches Wood Technology (For 380), Wood Liquid Relations (For 386), Wood Chemistry (For 481), Wood Composite Products (For 485), Wood Products Seminar (For 489), Advanced Topics in Wood Science (For 587), and Formation of Wood (For 688). He is also engaged in research.

Dr. Manwiller enjoys hunting, fishing, working with wood and refinishing furniture. He has a wife, Mary, and two sons, Scott and Brian. Dr. Manwiller comments: "We love Louisiana and the south and it has been very hard to leave some very good friends but we also like university life and I am really enjoying the combination of teaching and research and working with students."

"You have created a new profession of the highest importance, of the highest usefulness to the state, and you are in honor bound to yourselves and the people to make that profession stand as high as any other profession, however intimately connected with our highest and finest development as a nation. You are encouraged in pioneer work in a calling whose opportunities for public service are very great. Treat that calling seriously; remember how much it means to the county as a whole.

The profession you have adopted is one which touches the republic in almost every side—political, social, industrial, commercial; to rise to its level you will need a wide acquaintance with the general life of the nation and a viewpoint both broad and high."

President Theodore Roosevelt speaking to the newly formed Society of American Foresters
The Faculty

Dr. George Thomson—Department Head

Dr. Steve Jungst

Dr. Ted Born

Dr. Dean Prestemon

Dr. Dave Countryman
Dr. Fred Hopkins

Dr. Harold "Sande" McNabb

Dr. Paul Wray

Tom Hillson
Research Technician

Richard Faltonson
Greenhouse Manager
Dr. Carl Mize

Dr. Stan Hinz
Statistics

Graduate Students


Secretaries

Rose Turner, Deb Krogmeier, Joyce Wray, Jeannie Johnson
The Class of 1979

"If you plan for one year—plant rice
If you plan for ten years—plant trees
If you plan for a hundred years—
train men."

RON BOCKHAUS
Cedar Falls, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT /Business
Ron attended summer camp in 1976 in Cloquet, Minn. During his summers Ron has worked at a church camp and on construction. He was a member of the ISU football team. Ron is active in church and belongs to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes where he has held two leadership positions.

CRAIG BOLDMAN
DeWitt, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT / Industrial Engineering
Craig attended summer camp in 1975 at Cloquet, Minn. He spent last summer working for Owens-Illinois Forest Products Division in Tomahawk, Wisconsin. Craig is a member of Forestry Club and Xi Sigma Pi. He served as co-chairman of the Game Banquet in 1976. Craig was involved with the Club's hockey team and the ISU Hockey Club. He enjoys cars, sports, and hunting. Craig is planning on continuing his education by studying for his Master's Degree in Forest Engineering.

BILL BOSSLET
Elk Grove, Illinois
FOREST MANAGEMENT / Forest Biology, Genetics
Bill worked last summer as a silviculture crew chief on the Quinault Ranger District for the USFS. Bill was chairman of Fall Foresters Day 1978, co-chairman of Seedling Sales 1979 and advertising co-editor for the 1979 Ames Forester. Bill is a member of Xi Sigma Pi and the Society of American Foresters. He was on the ISU Men's Gymnastics team and a three time recipient of an Athletic-Scholarship Award. Bill enjoys the outdoors, sports, embroidery, pottery, and woodworking. Bill attended summer camp in 1976 at Cloquet, Minn.

SHARON ABRAHAMSON
Cedar Falls, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT / Communication-Education / Interpretation
Sharon attended summer camp at Greenough, Mont. in 1977. Last summer she worked for the USFS in the Arapaho Roosevelt National Forest in Colorado as an Environmental Awareness Coordinator for the YCC. She was co-editor of the 1978 Ames Forester, advertising co-editor for the 1979 Ames Forester, and co-chairman of the 1979 Veishea Committee.
EARL BRADLEY
Greenville, Mississippi
FOREST MANAGEMENT/Recreation
Earl has had a wide variety of jobs working on projects such as fire control, tour guide at Blanchard Springs Cavern, timber inventory and planning, and last summer he worked as a salesman for Mote & Grunder Kirby Co. Earl is a member of the board of the Ames Jay-Cees. He also plays football with the graduate staff and he enjoys basketball, hunting, and fishing. Earl is married and has one son.

BRIAN A. COSGROVE
Lawton, Oklahoma
FOREST MANAGEMENT/Soils
Brian attended the 1977 summer camp in Greenough, Montana. He has worked for the Forest Service on TSI and Stage I Exam crews, and as a YCC crewleader in Idaho and Missouri, respectively. Brian is a charter member of the Robert F. Louden Honor Society, a member of Forestry Club, and the Redlegs Roadrunner Club. He enjoys running in races and marathons, hunting and other active sports and reading. After graduation plans for Brian include attending naval flight school.

DENNIS A. HAUGEN
New Hampton, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT/Entomology
Dennis spent last summer on a Weyerhaeuser Summer Intern Program in Hot Springs, Ark. He worked in the Weyerhaeuser Research Center in forest entomology working primarily with the Nantucket Pine Tip Moth. He was a member of Forestry Club, Xi Sigma Pi, and Phi Eta Sigma. He has received several scholarships and is in the ISU Honors program. Dennis enjoys winter camping, collecting insects and canoeing. He attended summer camp in 1977 at Cloquet, Minn. Mike attended summer camp at Cloquet, Minn. in 1976. Mike has been a carpenter at ISU since January 1977. He is a member of Xi Sigma Pi and the Forest Products Research Society. Upon graduation Mike would like to go into marketing and sales in the forest products industry. He enjoys woodworking, camping, hiking and biking.

BRIAN A. COSGROVE
Lawton, Oklahoma
FOREST MANAGEMENT/Soils
Brian attended the 1977 summer camp in Greenough, Montana. He has worked for the Forest Service on TSI and Stage I Exam crews, and as a YCC crewleader in Idaho and Missouri, respectively. Brian is a charter member of the Robert F. Louden Honor Society, a member of Forestry Club, and the Redlegs Roadrunner Club. He enjoys running in races and marathons, hunting and other active sports and reading. After graduation plans for Brian include attending naval flight school.

DANIEL J. HERTEL
Des Moines, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT/Forest Business
Dan has spent the last four summers working for the City of Des Moines’ Forestry Division. He attended summer camp in 1977 in Greenough, Montana. Dan is a member of Xi Sigma Pi, Campus Chest Central Committee and the Greek Programming Central Committee at ISU. He is also a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity. Dan’s future plans are to attend Oregon State University in the M.B.A. program next fall.

MICHAEL J. DAWSON
Marshalltown, Iowa
FOREST PRODUCTS/Business
Cheryl attended summer camp in Greenough, Mont. She also worked for the USFS at the Big Fork Ranger Station in Big Fork, Mont. after summer camp. Cheryl is a member of Forestry Club and Xi Sigma Pi. She worked on the 1978 Ames Forester, and served as co-editor of the 1979 Ames Forester. After graduation Cheryl hopes to find employment in urban forestry in the mid-west.
SUSAN I. HOUSEMAN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT / Business

Sue attended summer camp in Cloquet, Minn. in 1976. Last summer she worked on a black walnut mycorrhizae survey for the Forestry Department. She also worked as a greenhouse and forest pathology lab technician. Sue was an active member of Forestry Club, serving as treasurer in 1976, seedling sales chairman for the last 2 years and Ames Forester activities and business editors. She enjoys intramurals, reading, plants, and traveling. Sue was married to Bob Houseman last summer.

LAURA KNEPP
Iowa City, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT / Soils

Laura has held the positions of Forestry Club secretary, publicity chairman, and 1978 Ames Forester co-editor. She is a member of the Society of American Foresters, Xi Sigma Pi and the American Forestry Association. Last summer found Laura on the Routt National Forest, Yampa District, Yampa, Colorado, working as a Forest Technician. She went to the 1977 summer camp in Greenough, Mont. and enjoys photography, sports, sewing, reading and horseback riding. Laura would like to find a resource management position after graduation.

GOD'S VOICE

In the roar of the pounding surf,
In the lapping of waves upon the shore,
In the whine of wind in the swaying pines,
God speaks.
We listen and hear Him not;
We hear the roar of the surf,
The quiet lapping of the waves,
The wild whine of the wind,
But God's voice we hear not.
Only the wild things of the woods
Hear His voice.
But out of our love of nature
Finally comes clear understanding.
In the calm beauty of the waterfowl,
In the gracefulness of the bounding deer.
In the silver gleam of the leaping bass
We see God.
We listen again to the roar of the surf,
The lapping of the waves, the whine of the wind,
God speaks.
We hear His voice—and understand.
—Walter S. Chansler

ROY SCHWENKE
Massena, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT / Business Management

Roy spent last summer working for the USFS in Worland, Wyoming. Roy attended summer camp in Cloquet, Minn. in 1976. He has been involved with Forestry Club and is a member of the Society of American Foresters. Roy has participated in water polo, ping pong, and softball. He enjoys sports, traveling and reading. After graduation he would like a full time position with the USFS.

CURT L. KRAMBEER
Cresco, Iowa
FOREST MANAGEMENT / Multiple Use Management

Curt was an active member of Forestry Club, serving as president his senior year and treasurer his junior year. He also is a member of Xi Sigma Pi. Curt enjoys canoeing, hunting, fishing, camping, and playing intramural softball. The last two summers Curt worked as a YCC crew boss on a residential camp on the Eglin Air Force Base in northwest Florida. He has hopes to work with the USFS after graduation. Curt attended summer camp in 1976 at Cloquet, Minn.
Forestry Club Members
1978-1979

FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES: (1st row) unknown, Anita Montag, Shelly Hutzell, Jan Kramer. (2nd row) Herman Vande Vaarst, Bill Hildebrandt, Mark Rediger, Al Wimmer, Mike Scanlon.

JUNIORS: (1st row) Connie Reints, Sue Mellerup, Kori Santman, Rich Straight. (2nd row) Phil Blakely, Gary Stephan, Reinee Eshelman, Julie Thompson, Clark Ott, Barry Graden.


EXECUTIVE COUNCIL: (1st row) Curt Krambeer, President; Carole Gillespie, Ag Council. (2nd row) Kori Santman, Vice-President; Rich Straight, Treasurer; Connie Reints, Historian; Laura Knepp, Secretary; Reinee Eshelmann, Jr Ag. Rep.

Not pictured: Rachael Anderson, Shelli Aneweer, Craig Boldman, Mark Breese, Elaine Caldbeck, Jay Force, Randy Goerndt, Steve Hagman, Jo Ellen Haimberger, Dave Hitchens, George Ivory, Steve Keyes, Jim Kline, Randy Kleitsch, Mike Martin, Phil Opperman, Kelley Peters, John Potter, Bill Rashid, Mark Sandvik, Steve Schumacher, Roy Schwenke, Gary Swenson, Margaret Straub, Lisa Theobald, Herman Vande Vaarst, Dan Walter, Al Weber.

THE 1979
Athletes

I have been involved in athletics ever since grade school. Although I have participated in several sports such as wrestling and track, football has always been my main sport. I've played a number of positions including fullback, tailback, and defensive end along with offensive guard which I played my junior year of high school. As a senior in high school I earned All-conference honors as a defensive end and All-county honors as an offensive guard. I was asked to "walk on" at Iowa State my freshman year as a defensive end. I decided to give college football a try and by the end of my freshman year I was awarded a scholarship along with a change from defensive end to offensive center. Since then I have had the pleasure of being involved in two bowl appearances by Iowa State and three consecutive 8-3 seasons in the powerful Big 8 Conference.

I feel my involvement in college athletics along with majoring in Forestry has given me a well-rounded education here at Iowa State.

Ron Bockhaus

There is a sense of freedom and power I feel when I run. All parts of the body are working together in unison and the driving force is . . . gasoline. Oh no!!! The power is my own strength.

I had never competed in cross-country before I came to Iowa State. My only running experience had been in high school track, but my love of the sport was sincere, so I decided to give ISU cross-country my best effort. I seemed to fit into the program well, for I have been a member of three National Collegiate Cross-Country Championship teams. I have also competed in indoor and outdoor track running the 2 and 3 mile. Competition has taken me to many states such as: Colorado, Texas, California, New York and Georgia.

Classes emphasize brain training, but training the body is also important. The strength of one reinforces the other. I feel that participation in intercollegiate athletics is an important part of my education. Through athletics and classes together, I meet new friends, practice self-discipline, face many challenges, and learn about myself and others.

Connie Reints

My involvement in gymnastics dates back nine years to 1971. While in high school, I was All-Conference, All-State, and twice All-American. In addition, I was Team Captain my senior year.

It was time to move on to college, and the choice of where to go was never really a hard one. A nationally ranked gymnastics team and a nationally-ranked forestry department at Iowa State offered a challenge I couldn't turn down.

While in gymnastics, I was named MVP twice, presented the HyVee Watch award for consistency one season, and chosen by my teammates to be Team Captain my senior year. Our team was champion in no less than 11 invitational meets, while compiling a dual meet record of 45-2. I was a place winner numerous times in the Big-8 conferences championships. My fifth year was spent assisting both the men's and women's varsity squads, while finishing up my degree in forest management.

For me, the mix of athletics and forestry has provided a busy yet fruitful college career. The demanding disciplines of both have taught me many valuable lessons. The wonderful friends I've made and places both have given me an icing on the cake.

Bill Bosslet
The President's Report

The Forestry Club has completed another successful year with many students devoting their time and effort to the various club activities. Through the leadership and hard work of the committee chairmen and the club members, the club has maintained the level of accomplishments that has existed in the past. Working with these club members has been a distinct pleasure for me and to them I extend my gratitude.

I also wish to express appreciation to the faculty, both from myself and from the club. They have been quite tolerant of our antics during the past year and have not been too hard on us for sneaking into class a little late or for napping in order to catch up on the sleep we missed due to the important committee work at the local bars on those previous evenings. Special thanks are due Dr. Jungst and Dr. Mize for their serving as club advisors for the past year. They have each been a great help to the club.

As I reflect over the past year of the Forestry Club, I am struck by the number of memories that I have. Club activities have been numerous and my memories include places such as St. Louis, Michigan, Holst Tract, and the second floor of Bessey Hall. I hesitate to list the club's achievements and events for fear of making this report too lengthy but a brief outline of the year's activities should be in order.

The Game Banquet of last spring was nothing short of magnificent. The game was plentiful and varied and over 200 people were in attendance. Other spring activities included Seedling Sales and the Veishea Display, softball competition, and a canoe trip down the Boone River. The club also had three teams participate in the Spring Fling competition sponsored by the Agriculture Council.

During Fall quarter, the club was busy with Freshman Welcome, a student-faculty picnic at Brookside Park, the annual Fall Foresters' Day, the Midwest Conclave, the SAF Convention in St. Louis, and some intramural athletics. (I can't remember how we found time to complete our class assignments.) Occurring at various times during the year were firesides with faculty members, interview sessions with potential faculty members, and regular club meetings. Also occurring throughout the year were the post-meeting meetings that were held in various local pubs (provided there were no forestry exams the next morning!).

Winter quarter activities included a fun time Christmas caroling, an enjoyable student-faculty Christmas Party, a profitable Christmas Tree Sales, and a ski party with plenty of snow.

Although the places and events are fun to recall, it is the memories I have of the people that I worked with that I will cherish the most. The Forestry Club has given me a chance to grow and the friendships that I have will be treasured throughout my life. As I look back upon my year as president, I see that it was the people around me that made the year so rewarding.

It is my hope that each member of the club shares the feelings which I have expressed and that the past year has been as fulfilling to them as it has been to me. I hope also that we as a club have done the best possible job that we could for ourselves, our faculty and alumni, and our profession; we will not pass this way again.

To everyone associated with forestry at Iowa State: may God bless.
Summer Jobs
A Rare Specie
Susan Houseman

My choice of summer job was based on wanting to remain in Ames. It is a bit ironic that I worked in 25 states instead!

The first job was indeed in Ames. I worked at the Iowa State Forestry research greenhouse. It was a busy June. Myself and 2-4 technicians put in alder, white pine, ash and poplar plantations at the ISU owned Rhodes farm. It took proper planning and much TLC to nurse young and succulent seedlings through the sunny, dry weather. At the Hinds farm I mowed, coppiced and fertilized the poplar clonal orchard in hopes of obtaining hardwood cuttings during the following winter. Meanwhile, the daily work of watering and fertilizing and caring for the stock inside the greenhouse made each day a full one.

The second job was where all the travel came in. During July, Kirsten Held and I, another forestry undergraduate, did field collections for the Forest Pathology department under Dr. McNabb. The Forest Service had granted money for a three year study of black walnut mycorrhizae. The first step in the study involved collecting root, soil and vegetation samples from throughout the natural range of walnut. Armed with a state vehicle packed to the roof with equipment and supplies, we headed east. We hit every state from Iowa south to Texas, east to Georgia, north to New Hampshire, back through Illinois and all those in between. We burned up 8,700 miles over mountains, farmland, coastal plain, piedmont, and ... yes, Georgia clay is a mess when it rains. There were high points like the quiet New England countryside. There were low points like admitting my "barn burner" case of poison ivy to a Virginia hospital. (It made me forget the chiggers!) It was incredible to imagine during the 12-16 hour days that our one month of work would provide enough raw material for two years worth of data crunching.

Back in Ames for a sweltering August I headed for the pathology lab. My last month was spent in another potpourri of work. One day would be a survey of hybrid elms in parks and street tree areas. Another day would be planting or harvesting trees in sterile microsites to study spore populations. Yet another day would be spent spraying pesticides for Septoria control at the 4-H Camp test plots. On foul weather days lab work prevailed. I wrote up a procedural guide, which my partner, Kirsten, edited for the walnut mycorrhizae sampling technique. I learned to clear and stain root samples to be examined for mycorrhizae. I counted 4000 + spores. (fun, huh?)

What one gains from forestry summer job experience is best known to one's self and only expressed with great difficulty. Suffice to say that the balance of pleasance and not so, is a fine one, but notice by reflection that the tallest tales come from rough times. Bartender! Celastrus scandens for everyone!
Camp staff life will keep you on your toes. If you aren't leading a program then you're telling history and legends around a campfire or leading folk and square dancing for a camp's evening activity. That's the way it was last summer being employed as a nature staff person at the 4-H Camping Center near Madrid, Iowa.

The 4-H camp consists of five separate villages, each accommodating 32 to 120 campers. Each village consists of a main lodge, outdoor chapel, campfire circle, cookout area and cabins. The villages are located on a flat upland area which has enough vegetative cover to isolate each village from the other. Also located on this upland area are basketball/volleyball courts, an outdoor arena called the Pinecone, a swimming pool, and a confidence course and rapelling tower for the adventure program. Linden, the main administrative office, is located in the center of this open area. Located directly west of Linden is Cedar, the staff's summer home.

The rest of the 1125 acres are mostly forested river valley, naturally vegetated bottomland, and some crop land. Some of the forested area has been developed into trail systems which are used by the campers in their free time or are used by the nature staff to supplement their program.

At the camp the permanent summer staff provides supervision and leadership for a variety of programs. Last summer there were fifteen employed as permanent staff. There were pool staff (4), adventure staff (3), maintenance crew (3), nature staff (2), assistant cook (1), secretary (1), and girl friday (1).

Being employed on the camp staff meant, for one thing, setting a good example for the campers which came through each week. We were to be enthusiastic, bold and knowledgeable leaders—always alert and friendly. That within itself was a task some days, especially on some of those 100 degree days.

There were also times when your group would have a few mischievous characters. Once Kathleen Heaney and I were leading our group of juniors (9-11) on a nature scavenger hunt. One of the first things we did was tell the campers about a few objects in nature; among them being poison ivy. We would then let them go out into a designated area for their nature scavenger hunt. This particular day a little girl came up to Kathleen not more than five minutes after the activity had begun and asked, "Nature person, is this poison ivy?" Sure enough it was. Kathleen told the little girl to put it down, to stay away from the area she had found it, to wash with a harsh soap when she got back to camp and to go to the nurse if her skin broke out. The little girl nodded obediently and ran off to be with her friends. But not more than two minutes later she came back with a friend who was carrying a sprig of poison ivy. Kathleen went through the same little talk only this time she stayed with our darling-angel until the activity was completed.

Then there were the times when everyone in your group seemed to be involved and interested in your program. It was those groups which made you feel on top of the world. One time in particular sticks in my mind. Gary Ehrecke, adventure staff, and I were telling history and legends to a group of juniors from Boone County. Gary told about the Indians that once lived on the surrounding lands while I played my harmonica. Once Gary's stories were told, I told the Jesse James/Molly Moore story and the Bonnie and Clyde story. When we had finished, the campers began telling us some stories and had me play my harmonica once again.

Another time Marilyn Heitoff, assistant cook, Kathleen Heaney, nature staff, and I were telling history and legends around a campfire. The fire crackled and threw "a few pieces of coals" onto Marilyn's coat, which was right in the middle of her story. Kathleen and I began beating on her coat so it wouldn't go up in flames. Marilyn, with wide eyes and an enthusiastic voice, kept telling her story as if nothing had gone wrong.

History and legends was just one of the night-time programs the camp staff offered. The others included folk and square dancing, night swims, a staff show and a cross lighting for their church service. Each village had their choice of one program per night. When all five villages were full we were kept busy. Usually the staff would divide up and a few would take one program activity and a few another activity. It was a rare occasion to have a night off. Actually the only time we really had off was from 3:00 Saturday afternoon to 3:00 Sunday afternoon.

A typical day consisted of being ready for a staff meeting at 8:00. The staff meeting was usually a time to get organized for the following day. Beginning at 8:30, two hour and a
half programs were given. We had an hour off for our lunch break and then we had two more hours and a half programs.

In our nature programs we had a balance of awareness activities, general knowledge activities and group discussions. Last year the backbone of our nature program came from Project Learning Tree, a collection of awareness activities put out by the Western Regional Environmental Education Council and the American Forest Institute. We also used some of the more successful activities from previous years. We also made up a few of our own.

One of the activities we designed we called animal relays. It was an activity focusing on the junior age level, and proved to be a successful rainy day activity. It has the campers work together to invent different animal walks that could be made into relays. I would usually start the group out with "the inch worm." To do the inch worm they would bend over, place their hands flat on the ground directly in front of their feet. At the sound of the whistle they would walk out with their hands, stop and then walk up with their feet until they were in their beginning position. When walking with their feet they had to try to keep their legs straight.

Not all of the animal relays were a race. On occasion I would have the campers do the praying mantis where the winner was the one who could do it the ugliest. Animal relays were successful in providing group interaction and being an outlet for creativity and the extra energy the juniors always seem to have.

We had a variety of activities to use for the nature program. The activity used depended upon the location of the program and the age level of the group. Most of the campers were juniors. We had some intermediates (12-14) and a few senior groups (15-18).

The day seemed to go by rapidly, but by 5:00 the staff was ready for a break and everyone would head for Cedar, our summer home.

Living in Cedar was an experience in itself. Cedar is a two story summer cottage which could handle 20 people. There is a large living room/dining room, a small kitchen, two bathrooms, and a laundry room.

Finding forest fungi is fun.
Co-oping With The Corps
by David Becker

When I received a phone call last May 5th informing me that I had been selected for a Co-op position with the Rock Island District Corps of Engineers I had mixed emotions. Don't get me wrong though! I hadn't found a summer job yet or satisfied my Ag. 104 requirement, so I was happy. But the thing is...I had never really thought of myself as working for the Corps of Engineers.

I had the bad attitude towards the Corps that many Iowa State students have. Part of this was due to the Ledges State Park-Saylorville Reservoir squabble in which some of ISU students' most hallowed grounds at the Ledges were traded to the Corps. Corps projects with publicized bad environmental impacts also gave me negative feelings towards them.

The Corps of Engineers is the United States Army Corps of Engineers in the Department of Defense. If you're like me, the Department of Defense means war, soldiers, and death—things not too closely related to recreation. Also, I couldn't really see the Department of Defense putting recreation in a high priority situation.

I started working on June 12th at Coralville Reservoir near Iowa City. My official title was park ranger-trainee and I had plenty to learn about the Corps and my job.

Coralville Reservoir is located on the Iowa River and has a conservation pool area of 4900 acres. As all of the earlier Corps reservoirs, it was designed for flood control purposes only. The lake was not managed with recreation as one of its primary benefits until 10 years after its 1953 completion. That is how the Corps of Engineers got into the recreation business. They had flood control reservoirs that had great potential as outdoor recreation resources—so they started taking advantage of them. From then on, new Corps reservoirs were planned with recreation as one of the important benefits. Saylorville Reservoir is an example of this.

My job as park ranger-trainee lacked structure since I was the first Co-op student of the Rock Island District. I had a free rein as far as learning about park operations was concerned and I took advantage of it.

I spent a lot of time on patrol, which is one of the big jobs a park ranger must perform through the peak recreation months of April through September. Law enforcement is a large part of this patrol. The ranger must enforce park laws and issue citations to get the message across sometimes. I didn't get into recreation so I could write tickets, but it's part of the job. I also spent a lot of time doing public relations work—in talking with the public, giving out directions and information, and maintaining a good Corps image. This is one of the really fun aspects of being a ranger. You get a lot of pats on the back and you talk to people that have a very similar fondness of the outdoors that you have.

Ranger patrol also includes a number of weird duties that have a very spontaneous quality. How many of you have had to free a "helpless" skunk from a garbage can—twice in one summer? If there are many of you, we'll form a club. I also had to assist "helpless" girls whose keys were locked inside of their cars. This was more fun than freeing skunks.

I spent a couple of weeks working with the maintenance crew during my six month work period. The maintenance crew at Coralville is a little different in that much of the work such as mowing, garbage pickup, and pumping and cleaning of outhouses is contracted out. It was a comforting feeling to know that they couldn't threaten me with cleaning the out-houses. The work that I did was mostly construction, as we spent a lot of time putting up a $15,000 pavilion. I worked with three University of Iowa football players who were all too well aware of the ISU-Iowa football score of the previous year—but I lived through it.

I worked with the rangers again during the slower recreation months of October and November. We designed and constructed a pad and road system for a campground that was suffering from several problems, including overuse. This was a great opportunity because this type of campground layout is usually done by park planners, not park rangers. We also did a lot of tree planting and transplanting.

During my six months at Coralville, I also spent a lot of time with the park manager and assistant manager talking over all sorts of management problems.

In the beginning of this article, I talked about the negative feelings I had about the Corps when I started working for them. I still have some of these same feelings, but now I am able to look at the other side of the coin to the positive things that the Corps does.

The Corps of Engineers is at least partially responsible for a great deal of happiness that Americans feel in terms of outdoor recreation. This is evident by examining records that show that Corps projects get more use than either the National Forests or National Parks. Also, since Corps reservoirs are increasing in number each year, they are doing a good job of satisfying the growing outdoor recreation demand.

People aren't really aware of the excellent flood control and other benefits of Corps reservoirs. Iowa City has been spared millions of dollars of flood damage, thanks to Coralville reservoir. The positive points of Corps projects get overlooked because they aren't really newsworthy. The media prefers to stay with the news that builds up ratings and makes money—bad news.

An important lesson that I learned was that, as a potential future Corps employee, I will be able to do my job best if I concentrate on the positive things I can do and the great service that the Corps performs.
"Man overboard! Throw out the pole!"

"Hyperthermia . . . ," chattered a white-faced sixteen-year old.

No, my summer wasn't spent sailing around the world or rafting down a river. It was spent on the Roosevelt National Forest in Colorado working as Environmental Coordinator (EA) for the Youth Conservation Corp.

So, what were we doing in the water? Well, our main project for the summer consisted in building a trail around Long Lake which is located in the Indian Peaks area south of Rocky Mountain National Park. The far end of the trail needed some bridges and puncheons, so in order to get ten tons of lumber around the lake, we build rafts and floated across.

The summer was full of adventures, but with forty 15-18 year-olds, you couldn't expect anything less. Our home during the week was located on Caribou Ranch about a half a mile south of the main ranch and recording studio for stars like Chicago and Elton John. We traveled from there in five 8-man crews to the various work sites.

As EA coordinator I integrated environmental education with the work projects. Activities ranged from identifying the vegetation, taking increment core samples and water samples, to a trip to Rocky Mountain National Park and the Museum of Natural History in Denver. I also assisted the Work Project Coordinator in planning work projects and ordering supplies, as well as directing the projects in the field.

Our work projects included everything from piling wildlife slash, digging water bars, building and painting outhouses and timber stand improvement, to building french drains, bridges, and puncheons at Long Lake and a buck and pole fence and corral during a spike camp north of Estes Park.

Evening activities were directed by the Recreation and Living Specialist. Ghost towns, square dances, movies, discos, volleyball, football, and even a Gong Show kept us busy. Of course, if there was nothing else to do, there was always general camp maintenance to attend to: cleaning the johns, K.P., emptying garbage—you wouldn't believe the junk (and smell) that accumulated—and not to be forgotten, the fantastic water fights that occurred while washing the vehicles.

Even after a terrifying ambulance ride down Boulder Canyon with an injured enrollee, cleaning up after 40 kids with a flu epidemic, and barely surviving the stampede to the chow line, I would never trade anything for my Rocky Mountain summer.

**Rocky Mountain Summer**

Sharon Abrahamson

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AMES FORESTER
Co-op With The Forest Service

Elaine Caldbeck

I left Iowa early last March for Ironton, Ohio, and six months as a Co-op Forester on Wayne National Forest in the Ohio River Valley. Southern Ohio has a topography similar to northeastern Iowa and has a forest of oak, hickory, tulip-poplar and smokestacks. The land is beautiful, though much of it is abused. The air along the river is often brown and smells of "money."

On my first day, I was fingerprinted and filled out the thousand forms required for government employment. The Compartment Exam (timber inventory) Forester was short-handed so I was assigned to him first. He was new and was inexperienced in training new recruits like myself. I was thoroughly confused after training. One technician on the Forest was particularly adept at compartment exam (also called compex) and I contrived to spend a couple of days working with him to learn some more about it.

Traditionally, compartment exam is done by two or more people working individually in different units within the forest. While I was training I tagged along with someone else then had to go out on my own. There were problems with my going alone: a) I still wasn't very good with the compass and I kept ending up in the wrong place, b) I wasn't very good at estimating my pacing up and down steep hills and again I'd end up in the wrong place, c) I was scared of the snakes, hillbillies and stills my coworkers kept warning me about, d) I was scared of ending up in the wrong place. I lasted three days alone. Then they let me take a YACC (Young Adult Conservation Corps) enrollee with me. He didn't know what was going on either, but when I got lost, he'd sit down and be a "landmark" while I wandered around and tried to find out where we were. I never became very skilled at compartment exam, but I wish I had. I love long walks in the woods alone, but this business of being in the right place.

Through compex and everything else I did, the District Ranger (my boss) was very supportive and never lost sight of me as a person. Whenever anything or anyone different came on the Forest, he had someone "get Elaine" because "she might be interested in this." I spent a week with the survey crew, a day with the forest hydrologist, visited tree planting operations, and went on tours given to visitors on the district. The attitude of the Ranger made the Co-op good.

In mid-May we finished compex and the focus of attention shifted to our recreation area, Lake Vesuvius. Hence, my next job assignment was helping to ready the recreation area for summer. The manager of the recreation area gave me job assignments according to his three basic policies: 1) start at the bottom 2) include hard physical labor, 3) give the Co-op student lots of variety. In the month I worked for him I painted an office, collected garbage, poured concrete, mowed camp sites, replaced tent and table pads, worked with the YACC, scrubbed pit toilets, set sign posts, painted signs, loaded firewood, scrubbed floors, rode with the law enforcement officer, shoveled gravel and hiked nature trails with the naturalist.

After that hectic month I moved on to another job assignment. The Youth Conservation Corps was scheduled to begin June 19, and on June 8, Ohio State informed us they were unable to send us the four YCCs they had offered. Once again I was assigned to fill in where we were short-handed, as a YCC worker leader I got first line supervisory experience and learned a lot. The eight weeks of YCC were among the worst and best weeks of my life. Sometimes I felt like I was doing well; I was afraid (when I started) of doing badly. I did badly often, I learned and I grew, but it was torture. One of my supervisors tried to "prepare" me by describing mistakes I could make. The other supervisor responded to all requests for advice with "You're doing fine, go ahead" (and then four weeks later told me I was doing poorly). I'm still confused about how to be a supervisor. I thought that a supervisor knew the work, started it, helped do it, and kept the job running. My fellow workers led left that more in the hands of the kids and they had more fun. Hmmm?

Suddenly the six months were almost over. I spent the last two weeks (after YCC) helping on the recreation area again. My last week the forest supervisor came to inspect a timber sale which he thought was poorly done. I was included in the day-long inspection tour of the sale and the two hour conclave he held afterward. The decisions made were as follows: The US Forest Service is not in business to make money. It is in business to use public forest land wisely to provide for timber, recreation, wildlife, watershed and grazing needs of the present and future, and to do this in the best possible way, spending extra time and money (if needed) to protect and maintain the usefulness of the land. I found this attitude refreshing. It made me proud to be a Forest Service employee.

Then it was time to pack my car and head for home and ISU. . . a bittersweet time for me. I was happy to be going home, sad to be leaving and glad to be leaving. I was very glad that I had come and worked for the Forest Service. And I will always be glad I took those six months off from school to learn about the "real world" and "dirt forestry." The feelings I got from the experience can be summed up in the words of this folksong:

"How can you ask if I'm happy going my way?
You might as well ask a child at play.
There's no need to discuss or understand me,
I won't ask of myself to become someone else
I'll just be me . . .

If I had wings, no one would ask me,
Should I fly?"

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Standing in a bicentennial forest plantation is an eerie feeling. I was walking through a 200-year-old oak forest in Germany and asked if it was a virgin stand. My guide laughed and replied, "No, this is a second or third rotation oak plantation." The term "planned forest" took on a whole new meaning for me!

During the summer of 1978 I studied forest genetics and tree breeding in Europe. I was based at the International Agriculture Center, Wageningen, The Netherlands, studying elm and poplar breeding with Ir. Hans Heybroek, but excursions took me to Germany, Scotland, and France. Add to that weekend trips to Denmark, Switzerland, and other parts of Germany and France, and you have a very busy summer.

The overall impression of Europe is one of contrast: the very old with the very new. Several places I visited ultra-modern laboratories housed in 200 to 300 year-old buildings, or drove off a modern interstate onto a winding, narrow cobblestone road through a village that hadn't changed in 100 years. My wife and I were visiting Lucerne, Switzerland, the weekend it celebrated its octacentennial.

I think the most fun was visiting foresters from other countries. I could never decide whether to be amazed at how different things were, or amazed at how similar the people were. Foresters seem to be the same all over. They will cheerfully take off half a day to show you their forests, even if it is pouring rain. They will gladly wade knee-deep in an alder bog to help dig root nodules or drive around all afternoon looking at poplar stands.

Even many of the trees looked familiar, some because they were imported from North America, others because they have very close relatives over here. On these excursions it was brought home to me very quickly the importance of good old dendrology, much as I disliked the course. Most people knew enough English to communicate about food, shelter, or clothing but specialized subjects like plant identification were impossible. Often I knew the common name of a similar looking North American species in English and they knew the common name of the new plant in Dutch, German, or French, but unless both of us knew the Latin name, communication ground to a halt.

Holland, or more correctly, The Netherlands, was also a fantastic place for anyone interested in plants or landscaping. The country has about the same percent forest cover as Iowa but the feel of the place is much more "woody." Nearly every field is surrounded by a shelterbelt, thus even highly agricultural areas similar to Story County (but even flatter) look wooded. This visual variety in the landscape leads to a much more pleasant view, at least to a forester.

The size of The Netherlands is also intriguing. Early one morning Ir. Heybroek said we were going up into the northern part of the country to look at some elm plantations. I started worrying about what to pack, how much cash to take, how cold it would get and whether we would be back by the weekend. When Ir. Heybroek came back I started asking questions, he laughed and said, "Don't worry, we'll be back by lunchtime!"

All in all it was an entirely fantastic summer and I strongly urge all foresters to try and get some experience outside the U.S. It changes both the way you look at your own country and makes you appreciate it more. Above all, it makes you realize that there are dozens of ways to organize a political system, a social system, a religious organization, or a research program, and most of them work pretty well.
These are the collected thoughts of a forester in a summer job. In trying to put into words the experiences of a summer, some things have clouded while others have become crystal clear with time. The following is a random assortment of experiences that might show a portion of a forester's education.

I spent the summer of 1978 involved as the Forestry Intern of the Story County Conservation Board, Colo., Iowa. Although Story County does not have endless tracts of virgin forest, forestry is alive and doing well in the midst of cornfield deserts. The Intern was to maintain recreational plantings of trees and shrubs in the parks of the county and to provide planning and expertise in forest management on undeveloped land.

The position started as a part-time job in April. Let me add a note here about the hatred Landscape Architects have for foresters. The LA in the office left one month before I started but he had enough time before he left to order about 5000 bare-root seedlings one foot tall. He also ordered species that only a nursery owner could love. I spent many agonizing weekends, not to mention the skin on my hands and the knees of my jeans, planting trees in "natural" positions. I imagine the LA giggling to himself at his new job. It has been rumored the age of miracles is over: not true. We found a tree planting rumored the age of miracles is over: not true. We found a tree planting

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The summer continued with various work in the planting beds, in picnic areas, and on reports. I ran a mid-season mortality check on all new plantings. It was at this time that I noticed that trees were disappearing completely. Instead of a dead stick or a spike with leaves being present, nothing was left in an area that should have been a baby forest. I then discovered the affliction which can be well described in one word; lawn-mower. Although the trees were flagged, marked with stakes, or had the grass scalped back from around them, they were being eaten by the motorized rabbit. My subsequent talk with the men responsible apparently made quite an impression, for several weeks later I noticed a healthy stand of newly planted trees with a tree in the middle, browned and dying. Upon investigation, the tree had been cut with the mower, but it had been taped up in place.

The Youth Conservation Corps came in mid-summer. I worked about four weeks with all the kids. The sheer number of people involved instills nightmares to any organizer but allows fast movement through simple operations, thus bottlenecking in technical or complex points of the work. I always seemed to be involved with the bottleneck and spent my time shuffling from point to point while the kids moved in leaps and bounds in their work. I had a lot of TSI and trail work projects ready for them but the norm was more work projects than workers and time.

Let me touch on a point that weighed heavily on my mind all summer; office politics. At no point in my textbooks did they mention the pains involved. The problem centered around the power role-structure of the organization with, I may add, the Forestry Intern's position in the middle. Added to this, forestry attitudes of a professionally trained forester differ in style and kind from attitudes developed in a recreational-arboriculture background and this leads to "discussions." I was very fortunate being exposed to this situation because of what I learned from it. Along with various biological-aesthetic factors, I learned to keep clear of other peoples power struggles, and to provide, at all times, the best professional information possible, regardless of the attitudes of other employees.

My summer was great with chainsaw, tree spade, and technical work adding to my knowledge of practical forestry. The documentation through reports and investigation helped me use the textbooks onto paper. So, the saga of Joe Forester had ended for the summer. Back at school I felt more at home with forestry.

**Big Rabbits and Politics**

Kim Coder
After a boring spring quarter cooped up in classes, last summer I was especially anxious to get outside and start to work for a change. Not only was I anxious to work outside, but I was also going to get a chance to work in an ideal habitat in north central Wyoming. Not only that, but we got to stay at the Ranger Station in a cabin, which had one of the best views around right outside the door.

The Ranger Station was on the Tensleep Ranger District, which is part of Bighorn National Forest, and is about 20 miles east of Tensleep, Wyoming (population a little over 200) the nearest town. The next nearest town was Worland, which was 50 miles away but a little bigger (6000–8000), where we did our shopping. Fortunately there was a summer lodge nearby with a pool table, pop machines, bar, etc. and whose people were very friendly.

Arriving the 5th of June in the Bighorn Mountains, the first thing I saw was a lot of snow. Many of the roads as low as 8700 feet in elevation were still impassable and above 9500 feet the ground was completely covered. With this picture greeting my eyes I began to question my sanity in leaving Iowa which was having spring for this winter wonderland, but I had committed myself. Later I had no regrets.

My summer job concerned working with recreation. I was in charge of nine campgrounds, three picnic grounds, and numerous roadside turnoffs and memorials. My principle duties consisted of collecting and sending in campground fees, law enforcement activities, water sampling, maintenance and repair of facilities, signing and arranging of bulletin boards, taking campground surveys, and contract (garbage) inspection. Also as we had several small fires on the district I was sent on one, and a couple of other times I dispatched fires (relieved the lookout one whole day during a fire).

Some highlights were snow in the middle of July, a week in Casper for Law Enforcement training, accidentally running into some friends from home, and a trip to Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks.

The thing that really impressed me with the Forest Service this last summer was the high degree of competence (generally) of the permanent personnel (District Ranger was an ISU graduate), in comparison with the personnel of the Forest Service where I worked the year before.

In all I feel that this has been a very rewarding experience for me and I would highly recommend this area and district, and this type of summer job, if one is interested in obtaining a summer job that carries a lot of responsibility, is very challenging, rewarding and exciting.
During the summers of 1977 and 1978, I worked for the U.S. Forest Service on the Eglin Air Force Reservation in northwest Florida. I was a crew leader for the Youth Conservation Corps (YCC) camp which the Forest Service maintained on the reservation during the summer months. These two summers were my first real exposure to the art of supervision and I admit that I had a lot to learn. Each summer as I prepared for my journey southward, I was treated to a barrage of kidding. “Don't you think it would be better to go to Florida in the winter?” “Will you spend December in the Arctic?” “Are you going to bring an alligator home with you?” Naturally, I ignored these snide remarks and headed away from the mountains where all my classmates seemed to be going.

Arriving in Florida, I was treated to the reality that the climate was indeed warm. I had an easier time adapting to the temperature than I did to the idea that I would be responsible for someone other than myself. Being a carefree student and knowing how to keep myself out of trouble were not complete qualifications for a supervisory position. I came to realize that being responsible for a crew required good foresight and planning. I had to consciously consider items that were easy to overlook. To remember the tools and the lunches was easy but did everyone have their own canteen and gloves and is the first-aid kit along? And naturally by the time we reached the work site, someone would ask, “Who forgot the toilet paper?”

The camp accomplished many tasks during the two summers and many individuals learned from the work experience. The tasks included building a 20' x 40' fertilizer shed, thinning a slash pine stand for fence posts, cutting hardwood shrubs in young longleaf stands, building a platform and stairs on a beach sand dune, and various other projects.

Perhaps the most rewarding part of the camp for me was watching the individuals in my crew grow during the summer. The crew members were exposed to tools and hard work, responsibility, community living, and the intricacies of the natural environment. I found a great deal of happiness knowing my crews left at the end of each camp with more maturity and knowledge than when they had arrived.
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Weyerhaeuser
Summer Camp—1978
by
Mark Henderson

It was back to the mountains of Montana for last summer’s forestry camp session. Needless to say, the location was much approved by the students who attended.

The site was the same as the 1977 camp which lies in the heart of the Potomac Valley, roughly 30 miles northeast of Missoula.

The drive to and from Missoula was very memorable. The road follows the raging Blackfoot River as it snakes down the valley floor. The bordering mountain range had snow on its peaks for the majority of our stay at camp.

The view from atop nearby Union Peak was overwhelming. One couldn’t help but envy the person that manned the lookout station located there. Mountain ranges in Idaho, 40 miles away, could be easily seen from the top. It seemed like you could see all the way to the Pacific Ocean.

The weather was favorable during our stay at camp. Both the temperature and the humidity were lower than those commonly found in an Iowa summer. The rain held to a minimum which made for more pleasant field trips.

The hours of daylight seemed to hang on and on. It did not get completely dark until almost 11:00 p.m. The long days may be one of the reasons why the natives call Montana “The Big Sky Country.” You were constantly reminded of this motto as it was found on practically every mud flap on the road.

In the midst of all this beauty stood our purpose: to complete nine credits of forestry, including Forest Ecology, Wood Utilization, Forest Measurements and Multiple Use Operations.

Wood Utilization was the class taught by Dr. Prestemon. The course was composed more of field trips than of lectures. We visited industrial plants that manufactured particleboard, paper, plywood, sashes and doors, lumber and logs for house construction.

Another motto developed during camp was “Wood is processed for fun.” Dr. Prestemon was the founder of these fine words of wisdom.

Yea, it must be a real good time to process wood. A nearby Champion International plant processes 100 truckloads and 50 to 60 railcars of logs a day. It is the largest plywood mill in North America. The sorting yard alone has an area of 10 acres and is covered by 18 inches of concrete.

Another favorite course at camp was Measurements. We definitely got our money’s worth out of this class. It was taught by Dr. Mize. He was responsible for the biggest project undertaken during camp.

Crews of five students were formed. These crews spent a week in the field running a boundary traverse, taking elevation measurements and laying out several sample plots over a 25 acre area. A path was soon worn around this area.

The data collected were then transferred to a four by five foot map. Every possible flat surface available at camp was occupied by one of these maps. The hours spent dividing these beauties really started piling up.

Dr. Mize said he had to leave camp early because of his wife’s pregnancy. But we students knew better. He was really fearful for his life.

Dr. Hall’s class veered away from the technical aspects of forestry. The course was Forest Ecology and it involved a leaf collection, studying silviculture techniques, forest pests, and other topics. Dr. Hall may disagree but I think we all became pretty good at identifying plants and different cutting practices.

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wanted to travel in the back of the truck on field trips. This way they could have all-out brawls. Section A would follow behind the truck in vans picking up any debris or bodies tossed out during the fights. If the two groups visited a field location at different times, it would be obvious to Section A when Section B visited a site first. Section B always had a war with bear grass and every stalk would be flattened.

There were a number of means of entertainment during camp. There were regular after-dinner softball and volleyball games. Volleyball games were unique because the court was a dirt pit. Dust clouds could be a real problem during intense games. These games became negated in the later weeks of camp as the homework became more demanding.

Every Saturday the camp practically emptied as there would be a mass migration to Missoula. The Saturday night hot spot was the Trading Post Saloon. Most would start the night off with dollar pitchers of Lucky beer. There was always a lot of pool playing and dancing, too.

One of the few weekends there was not a Missoula migration was the 4th of July. This was a four day weekend for the camp. Almost everyone took the chance to get out and see the surrounding area. The Bob Marshall Wilderness areas was the most visited spot by summer camp students. Overnight hiking trips were the main attraction of the Bob Marshall. The weather, unfortunately, did not cooperate with the hikers. A few students went to Glacier National Park for the weekend. Others drove up to the Rockies of Canada. The longest trip taken was to the coast of Washington. Again, the weather was not exactly suited for swimming. But then how many times do Iowans get to swim in the Pacific?

There were a few interesting nicknames that developed during camp. Some of them have even stuck. Do “the Smacker Brothers,” “Phil B.,” “Funnysmell” or “Jimbob” sound familiar?

The relaxed atmosphere of the camp was evidenced by all the animals wandering carelessly around the grounds. There was the dog, Dixie, that liked to bunk-up with anyone that would let her in. There were also four horses that had the run of the camp. A couple of the horses had bad dispositions and would actually growl at you if you violated their territory. The most adorable animal member of the camp was an orphan white-tail fawn. It was a late-comer to the camp but adjusted well to it’s new family.

During the last week of camp five puppies were admitted to the camp. A friend of mine had a female Doberman and a male German Shephard. The couple decided (against the wishes of their owner) to raise a family. Well, the new family was going to be destroyed and Dari Maas’ tears persuaded the camp to take in the pups. All five pups made the trip back to Iowa.

One of the duties of everyone at camp was to serve a week on KP. To give the cook, Mrs. Schilling, a break from a hectic week, the KP crew prepared Sunday night dinner. One crew was practically remembered for serving cold beans for one of these Sunday night meals.

Mrs. Schilling was not only the head cook but also the favorite target of towel snapping. She should be congratulated for being such a good sport and a good shot on return volleys.

Dr. Hopkins, the head of the camp, also deserves a congratulations. The overall success of the camp was great. Everything ran smoothly from field trips to KP duty.

It’s a summer camp that will be remembered by all, I’m sure.

Summer camp was a bowl of puppies!
Where's the steering wheel?  Who's on first?

Dr. Hopkins will never find you here.  The instructor's kids entertained us with a circus.


AMES FORESTER
Picture the scene: an early evening in mid-March, a banquet room with a warm atmosphere, capacity crowd feasting on the finest cuisine, and the entertainment of a very talented man whose stories and memories of the past draw roars of laughter.

In your mind maybe you pictured Bob Hope entertaining a contented crowd of voyagers aboard the SS Nordic Prince as it traverses its way amid the Caribbean Islands. On the other hand maybe you had pictured George Carlin with guests at the Copa Cabanna, or quite possibly you envisioned the well-known Dwight Bensend as he tantalizes a crowd of 200 foresters during one of the famous Forestry Club Game Banquets. If it is the latter vision that you had, then congratulations for being right on cue!

There are three reasons why this year's banquet proved extra special. First, the two designers of the feast, Clark Tiecke and Brian Heuer, worked hard and long to insure the finest food and entertainment this side of the Mississippi would be on tap. Second, after many years of the Club dipping into the red for this event, we managed to shine brightly in the black this year. Third, and yes, most important, this was our final farewell to a man we all love and deeply respect, Dr. Dwight W. Bensend. If ever a person could reach down into the hearts of all in attendance and bring forth the feelings of joy, compassion, responsibility, concern and love for the forestry profession he did that night with his gifted presentation.

Preceeding Dr. Bensend's presentation was the recognition of those forestry students who were chosen to receive the Forestry Department's various honorary awards. They were: Dennis Haugen and Curt Krambeer, recipients of the J. Milton Cone Scholarship; Koral Santman, recipient of both the Hoo-Hoo Award and the Keith A. Bauer Award; George H. Mortensen, recipient of the Charles Strom Award; and Mike Cloughesey, recipient of the Society of American Foresters Senior Award.

To top off the evening Susan Klietsch recited a special poem selected to convey to Dr. Bensend how much he is appreciated and will be missed by the student body. He was then presented with the Forestry Club's farewell gift; a stretched and tanned deer hide latched to a frame made from eastern red cedar with the Forestry Club emblem burned into the center and encompassed by the signatures of all of us he had touched so deeply.

To say the least, it was an evening full of fun, laughter and many nostalgic emotions.

Let's eat!
Spring Canoe Trip

After managing to get through a windy, rainy night, eight adventurous souls set out, north of Ames, on the Boone River for a day of canoeing.

The early morning hours proved to be chilly and at times windy enough to deter even the most avid canoeist.

Slightly worn and hungry, the crew stopped at Riverview Park in Webster City for a short lunch and then proceeded downstream.

The first major accident of the day occurred when Nita Rauch, Bob Houseman, and Bozo, Bob’s dog, capsized while negotiating Zuber’s Dam. After a galant rescue and one wet dog, all were found to be river worthy again.

Anyone who has canoed on a sunny spring day can comprehend the carefree and relaxing conditions which naturally accompany a flowing river.

The worn out, sun burned party camped just down stream of Tunnel Mill Bridge. All of the canoeists were fatigued but memories of deer, owls, skunks and companionship were well worth the effort of a day of canoeing.
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Spring Fling — April 30, 1978

Andy Mitchell, Mary Derby, Curt Krambeer, Koral Santman, Nita Rauch, Terry Davis

Richard Turpen, Gary Stephan, Brian Heuer, Dale Leeper, Pete Boedeker, John Jennett

Thank heavens I'm not a frog . . . I'd never make it.

Come on you guys, pull!
The Forestry Club took time out last spring to set up a display and participate in the 1978 Veishea festival. With a lot of time and hard work devoted to the project, the club members put together a display which received many compliments. Entitled "A Hike through the Forestry Department," the display attempted to show how ISU students and faculty are involved in forest management, utilization, and recreation.

The highlight of the display for a second year was "Wally the Talking Walnut Tree." Wally told visitors about the forestry department at ISU by showing slides of the faculty, students, and some of the research projects. Wally also treated his audiences to a viewing of his internal parts by showing off his cambium, phloem, xylem, and pith.

A miniature, working sawmill obtained from the Iowa Conservation Commission was another highlight of the display. Thanks to the efforts of John Jennett, display viewers were given the opportunity to observe the sights and sounds of a sawmill operation.

Several slide shows were incorporated in the display with the major one being a four-screen map of the United States. The map was used to show some of the various logging methods that exist across the country. Special thanks go out to the individuals who loaned slides to the club so that this logging presentation could be put together. The other slide presentations included The Forestry Club activities, Forestry Summer Camp, and the Holst Tract State Forest.

A featured guest and participant of the display was Smokey the Bear. Smokey was able to attend for a second year in a row and took part in the Veishea parade where he delighted young and old fans alike.
Forestry Club's Adoption Center opened its annual drive on central campus during Veishea. Nearly 700 foundlings were placed with suitable families for very nominal fees. Chairman Susan Kleitsch said of the event, "We have estimated survival rates of our baby trees at better than 90% due to the TLC of entire families." And how is it that the project was so profitable? ($500).

Kleitsch: "We sell the future. Buyers leave with the promise of wind protection, shade and beauty in the little seedling they hold."

The Club's seedling sale will not reforest all of Iowa, but it will put spruces, pines, larches, olives, catalpas and redbuds in the hands of those with the foresight to improve their immediate environments.

Seedling Sale

Will somebody please take us home?

Forestry Club's annual Baby Tree Sale again strikes central campus.
On Friday, September 15, 1978, forestry students old and new gathered together to reminisce about summer camp, tell stories from their summer jobs, get to know incoming freshmen, and simply have a good time. The weather was excellent and the evening's activities began with games of volleyball and football.

At the mention of food, the sports activities were abruptly halted. Hot dogs and potato chips were served and drinks consisted of pop and beer. As the sun slid below the horizon, a slide projector was brought out to show slides of various club activities. The combination of good weather, plenty of food and drink, and great company made the evening a pleasant success. A special thanks goes to Bob and Sue Houseman whose house and yard were invaded for the occasion.

Curt Krambeer

Whoso walk in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave'rock and bird,
Before the money-loving herd—
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions, power and grace.

Emerson
—“Spiritual Essays on Nature"
There is little doubt in the minds of those forestry students who attended the 1978 Society of American Foresters Convention that it is easy to skip a few classes, galavant a few miles down the Mississippi River, and take part in various sessions, discussions, and after-hour social activities that make up a national convention. Of course these same students also know very well that it is hard making up those few classes, especially when "a few classes" actually means one week out of nine.

Such were the costs of our small excursion into Missouri, but they were minimal in comparison to the compensation that was offered. A total of fifteen ISU students made good the opportunity to meet many people, learn some new ideas, renew previous acquaintances, rub shoulders with professionals, and bring back memories of a week well spent. Sunday, October 22, was the day on which we embarked on our journey. We converged on St. Louis from two sources: the majority of us from Ames and a group of four from the Midwest Conclave in Michigan.

Autumn colors made traveling quite pleasurable and when we arrived at our hotel, it didn't take us long to get settled. We soon located the site of the evening get-acquainted party. The party offered a good time and gave us a chance to meet students from six or seven different forestry schools.

During the next three days, we attended sessions, listened to various lectures, heard discussions on a wide variety of topics, and observed numerous company demonstrations. The four individuals who had attended Conclave were given the treat of renewing friendships they had made only 500 miles earlier in Michigan.

The group was able to get away from the convention for a little while to visit the Gateway Arch as well as a few eating establishments and a couple of the evenings were naturally devoted to socializing and visiting a few of the drinking establishments. The highlight of the trip for most of the group was the riverboat cruise on the Mississippi River. The three-hour dinner-and-dance cruise was one more reason our convention excursion was well worth the money and time that we spent.
Some folks say, "Old traditions never die, they just fade away." But one tradition that hasn’t faded away is Fall Forester’s Day, an annual competition in which forestry students, faculty and other folks participate in events similar to those of the old-time foresters and loggers.

These events include buck sawing, speed chopping, tobacco spit, tree felling, tree identification, match split, egg toss, and many more. Prizes are awarded for first and second place in each event, and whoever wins the most events is chosen as "Super Forester."

Fall Forester’s Day, which is held at Holst Tract State Forest, gives everyone a chance to show off their talents, and get a taste of traditional forestry. It is also a good way to get back into the woods for a day and relax in the easy-going atmosphere.

This year was the first sunny day the foresters have had for this competition for a couple of seasons. The events got under way about 11:00 a.m. and proceeded smoothly until the smell of barbecued beef simmering on the campfire drew everyone away from the events. The hungry crowd lined up and piled their plates with hot beef sandwiches, beans, potato salad, chips and jello. A keg of beer helped wash the goodies down and the foresters gathered once again to finish the last few events.

As dusk approached, the weary participants grouped by the glowing embers of the campfire to relax and reminisce about the day before they picked up their prizes (or hurt pride) and headed for home.

Michelle J. Hutzell
**Placings**

**One-man buck**
1. John Jennett  
2. Mike Scanlon

**Two-man buck**
1. Mike Scanlon and John Jennett  
2. Steve Kurtz and Curt Krambeer

**Tobacco spit**
1. Mark Gedstad  
2. Dennis Dwyer  
3. Dave Peck

**Dendrology**
1. Shelly Hutzell  
2. Steve Kurtz

**Log rolling**
1. John Jennett and Mike Scanlon  
2. Bill Bosslet and Mark Gedstad

**Bolt throw**
1. Andy Mitchell  
2. Mike Scanlon

**Traverse**
1. Nita Rauch  
2. Carole Gillespie

**Wood technology**
1. John Jennett  
2. Curt Krambeer

**Speed chop**
1. Andy Mitchell and Dennis Dwyer  
2. Mark Gedstad and Dave Graham

**Dizzy Izzy**
1. Andy Mitchell  
2. Curt Krambeer

**Tree felling**
1. Curt Krambeer  
2. Carl Mize

**Match split**
1. Teresa Pool  
2. Carole Gillespie

**Water boil**
1. Dennis Dwyer and Sharon Abrahamson  
2. Mark Gedstad and Dave Graham

**Egg toss**
1. Carole Gillespie and Mike Scanlon  
2. Sharon Abrahamson and John Jennett

**Overall**
1. John Jennett  
2. Mike Scanlon

---

Should I stick it in his hair, Pa?

Alex, looking for a handout.

Bet ya can't eat just one!

Just call me Paul ... Bunyan that is.
The annual Midwestern Foresters' Conclave began for the ISU team early on October 20 with a long drive to Hickory Corners, Michigan. The 1978 Conclave was sponsored by Michigan State University Forestry Club.

The ISU team once again evaded the last place prize, the "bear skin" by 3 points by the special event team; Curt Krambeer, John Jennett, Rich Straight, Mike Scanlon, and Sharon Abrahamson, placing the team eighth out of eleven.

Of course, the traditional adjustment hour left many people unadjusted for the long haul home through the countryside of Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa.

A number of acquaintances and memories will be remembered long after those few days of aches, fun and travel.

Go, John, go!
Christmas Caroling

Singing foresters? Ah, yes. Again this Christmas season, a caravan of cars full of carollers serenaded each faculty member’s home and family with some of the most favorite of Christmas carols.

The faculty and their families were invited to come carolling with the Club members. This year Dr. Hall and his family and our visiting professor, Dr. Gunia, from Poland joined us in spreading joyful tidings to the rest of the forestry faculty.

A student-faculty Christmas party was held following carolling at Dr. Fred Hopkins’ home. Christmas cookies, rum-flavored fudge, caramel corn, toffee, Russian teacakes, and various other Christmas goodies along with Russian tea, coffee, and Wassail Punch were served.

Christmas carols and various other “forester” songs were sung and enjoyed in the Hopkins’ living room by faculty and students alike.

An added touch for this year’s carolling was the presence of Santa Claus. He participated in carolling at all the faculty homes and then gave presents to all the faculty members.

Gifts such as a comb for Dr. Thomson (who needs one to keep all that hair in place); a plastic goldfish for Dr. Hopkins (those of you attending the Game Banquet of 1978 will know the story behind this one); and shoestrings for Dr. Hall (who needs them for all the jogging he’s been doing) were presented.

Christmas is a time for warmth and sharing between all mankind. These feelings were felt by all who participated in Christmas carolling this year.

Nita Rauch
Social Committee Chairman

Christmas Tree Sales

This year’s Christmas Tree Sales were a great success. We sold more trees this year than any other. These large sales were caused by two factors, there were radio announcements on all the major local stations with posters all over campus, and Mother Nature dropped heavy snow the day before sales began, to get everyone in the Christmas spirit. The snow did get everyone into the Christmas spirit, but it made getting the trees to Ames very difficult.

When we finally did get the trees to Ames, they sold like “hotcakes.” The Forestry Club would like to thank all those who helped with the sales, and especially those who bought our trees, for it is through their support that the Forestry Club grows, thank you!

Gary Stephan

Xi Sigma Pi


After the initiation ceremony, a smorgasbord supper was held at The Fjord in Huxley, Iowa. Dr. Roger Landers, Professor of Botany, presented a program at the conclusion of the meal.

‘‘When we try to pick out anything by itself we find it hitched to everything in the universe.’’

John Muir

The public welfare cannot be served by walking blindly in the old ruts. Times change, and the public needs change with them. The man who would serve the public to the level of its needs must look ahead.

Gifford Pinchot
Ski Party

The odds were against us the entire week. The weather was bitterly cold with 20-30 mph winds. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday brought rain, freezing rain and ice. On Friday, January 19th, the date of our annual Ski Party, travelers' advisories were out for the entire state with highways 100% ice-covered from Ames to Fort Dodge. Phone lines were down. Cancelling the party seemed a near reality since communications with the ski lodge near Humbolt could not be completed.

Even with all the above factors fighting against us, the general consensus was "GO FOR IT!" So at 4:45 p.m., two vehicles started their journey, advising the others who were following to start early and be careful. Out on the open highway, the conditions were beyond belief. The ice had broken up and the roads were clear, dry and in excellent driving condition.

Forty Forestry Club members and guests arrived at Winter World and everyone was ready to hit the slopes. Although the temperatures were warm, making the snow sticky the afternoon, skiing that evening was excellent. There weren't many people sitting around the circular fireplace till after 11 p.m. They just couldn't pass up the great temperatures and fun found out on those slopes. Two or three large innertubes also saw the slopes with those not wanting to risk their lives on two wooden slabs.

For those needing a break and something to fill their stomachs, bequed pork sandwiches and chicken were the main dishes with hot cocoa, pop and beer to drink. Small amounts of popcorn were also found around the fireplace.

The drawing for the door prizes was held at 11:30 p.m. The winners were as follows:

1st prize—SVEA backpack stove—Dr. Hall
2nd prize—Silva Ranger compass—Andy Mitchell
3rd prize—buck knife—Carol Gillespie
4th prize—double-blade axe—Mike Laughton

Everyone was glad they hadn't let the weather prevent them from coming. All had a great time and a few knotheads were also "committed" and related at the next club meeting.

A special thanks goes to Susan Houseman and Gary Stephan who helped in the cooking and serving of the refreshments. I couldn't have done it without them.

Nita Rauch
Social Committee Chairman
Why Is A Forester?

By C. A. Rindy, For. '27

(Editors' Note: reprinted from 1926 Ames Forester)

There on high, through the April sky go a band of north bound geese. How straight and true they travel through to the north, the lakes and peace. As they fade from view in the boundless blue, I feel myself give way To a pulsing surge, a pulling urge, to follow the geese away.

So I've tied my pack, I'm going back to the shore of a crystal lake. From the city's moil, from the city's toil, from the filth that cities make. With one true friend that will not bend to the puppet powers that be Away to the wood where the world is good, just one true friend and me.

We'll do our share in the open air of our work for the human race. In the north or west, they all are best with forests every place. We'll make our home 'neath an azure dome, at the foot of a giant pine, Where all we see is offered free, the world is his and mine.

You'll know what I mean if you've ever seen the close of a summer day, Watched crimson and jade turn to gold and fade behind the trees and away; Seen a snow-capped spire in a cloud of fire reflected in a clear lagoon; Seen the birch's white bark in the gathering dark, or a pine against the moon.

Watched the stars come out and all about, the night's deep shadows fall; While the campfire's light shuts out the night behind a black impassable wall. With the day's work done, the cruise strip run, or another location line. With topog and type all checked just right, it's the woodsmen's friendship time.

Oh, again to gaze at a dancing blaze, to watch the red coals gleam and glow, While away up high the great trees sigh as the south winds softly blow. Then to go rest, where rest is best, while the round moon slowly climbs, To be lulled away to another day by the whisperings of the pines.

Forestry is something more than the technical work of conservation or reforestation—it is inspiration and education.
Remember When . . .

I was at Iowa State when it was called a "cow college" when "Prof Mac" looked after the Forestry School and helped people like me keep out of trouble and get out of trouble.

Because of my previous experiences in a broad minded Des Moines high school and two years and five months in Uncle Sam's World War I Navy, it was hard for me to comply with some of the rules at Iowa State. Prof. Mac kept the stinking onery Governing Board from booting me out of school. Swede Nelson and I were fellow students and good friends.

Jack B. Hogan

It was in June 1949, when I arrived at Priest River, Idaho to set up a summer camp for some one hundred students. The old CCC Camp had been badly treated by the previous winter's heavy snows; the cook shack had caved in and some buildings had been completely removed by the Forest Service. The plumbing had been removed the year before and stored ten miles away at the Ranger Station. I had an advanced work crew but it still looked hopeless. There was, however, no choice; the camp had to be restored for use.

I remember the efforts of many students and staff, particularly Dave Herrick, Henry Haslul and George Thomson. I was digging out a broken water pipe when I looked up and saw a huge young man looking down at me. It was Ted Bauer and he asked if he could help. "Gladly" I replied and he took over. I have never seen a man so effectively use 250 pounds of weight. That man hooked up our plumbing. No rusty fitting could stop him. From what I hear, Ted is just as effective in his professional life as he was assembling that old plumbing.

Dwight W. Bensend

. . . Prof. C. M. Geneax drove his Packard auto about the campus?

I note on page 806 of 1978 Journal of Forestry he was one of several honored for 50 years of continuous membership in the SAF. I have not seen him since leaving the campus so long ago—

Vern Cutler

. . . 5,000 sheep came through the '54 forestry camp in the Medicine Bow National Forest in Wyoming? And how Tenis Larsen, the cook's husband defended the cook tent with nothing but a large spoon? . . . or how a teacher could be so nice and gentlemanly in the classroom or on field trips and could be such a vicious spiker in a volleyball game? Maybe becoming chairman of the department has changed all that.

Lee G. Andreas

1948 Forestry Camp, Priest River, Idaho. Remember when Prof Mac nearly fell down, tripping on the empty beer cans on the barracks floor when he came into the barracks early in the morning, unexpectedly! He was not too happy, as I recall.

William Rozeboom

I look back on college during the “Great Depression" with longing—longing for those reasonable costs $1.75-$2.00 per week for my room and $3.75-$4.50 per week for board. The longing is offset somewhat by many hours spent at the college library at $0.35 per hour to pay for it. They were good years and the education received is still being used.

Norman R. Miller

Summer Camp 1931, Paulina Lake, Deschutes National Forest, Bend, Oregon. The students, all male, were working crews of five or six and given plots of lodgepole pine for improvement cutting. After completion of projects, visits were made by all the crews to all the improved plots.

On entering one plot, everyone was awestruck by the picture perfect area. After receiving the praises of the almost speechless camp staff, the members of the crew, including Johnnie Hubbard and Stan Hurd, pulled six perfect trees that had been cut down, respaced, and planted.

Hugo W. Richards

Riding to summer camp (from Ames to Priest River, Idaho) in the back of an open truck full of gear. Fee price for the fare was $9.00. Sleeping one night in a city park in Nebraska (Lincoln I think) and one night in the Missoula, Montana jail because it was raining and seemed the best place to be dry.

. . . dress for Forester Hoedowns included sidearm and live ammunitions resulting in repairs to the County Club roof?

Bill Brandau

I wonder if Gary Phillips remembers climbing out of Oak Creek Canyon (summer camp '37) instead of attending a lecture on recreation—and if those remember climbing San Francisco Peaks one August day starting up in shirt sleeves and at the top after three hour and 45 minutes experience, running into a blizzard that drove us down as fast.

On the way home at Green View we threw a rod in the '24 Dodge—didn't have the $25 for a repair job, we bought a rod in the junk yard, pulled into a vacant lot, dropped the pan and did our own repairs and limped on home. Bill Brandau, Vern Cutler, Bob Gay, Harley Unbatsch, Cliff Inwen, and self went there. It was a good summer.

Laurens C. Collins
to those who were in the 1924 summer camp near Fraser, Colorado. Were you a member of the Polar Bear Club that went "skinny dipping" before breakfast? Do you remember the "talking to" we got from Prof. Jeffers for the midnight dip given to a "temporary" member of the camp?

C. Svendby

still think a great deal of the guys in the class of 1950 and still maintain contact with several of them. Also I still remember that great bunch of guys and that grand summer camp in northern Idaho in 1946. What friends and what fun!

Robert E. Jones

the "Blinking Light" at the railroad tracks was the only watering hole in Ames? No chairs or tables, sat on beer boxes. The faculty was amazed and pleased that the Class of '49 graduated. Walking 13 miles from 1947 summer camp to Priest River for a beer. Riding back on the church truck on Sundays to get some sleep. The outstanding teaching ability of George Hartman, Allen Goodspeed, and Dwight Bensend.

Thadd Harrington

Summer camp of '71. James Dean asking a member of Canadian Forestry Division, who was lecturing on improved growing techniques, if trees would take over the world. Dr. Bensend's stories on the long trips to Quebec. Jim Gillford swimming up the rapids of the Rogue River to rescue a volleyball. Watching the head chairman sinking up to his waist in the black spruce swamp. Blood Pudding.

Carl W. Ramm

I remember when a group of Alpha Zeta pledges (1938?) bedded down a team of horses in the lobby of Engine Hall overnight, then hung their banner outside the front door. Three of us Foresters went in that morning to steal the banner back, but couldn't because it was locked up in a safe. The two fellows with me didn't even belong to AZ, they were just Foresters who didn't like Engineers. Has this changed any?

John R. Wilson

One interesting memory concerns how some of the forestry students lived during the mid-twenties. During World War I the Army built a temporary wooden building (I always thought it was a latrine, but recently one of my brothers says it was not!) just south of the stadium—the west side; the east side was not yet constructed—on Sheldon (then called North Lincoln Way). After the war this was moved to the forestry plantation north of the Armory and east of the college cemetery. By some kind of finagling the college housing regulations (if any) were ignored and several of the forestry students were allowed to live in this building. I don't remember all who lived there but I'm pretty sure Joe Stoeckeler and Wilson "Bev" Beveridge did. And I think Lloyd Wambold and maybe Jerry Griswold and Nick Nichols did, too. I was just a kid and I went over there one night with my oldest brother, Sam, and his dog "Static" who, for all intents and purposes, was also an Ames Forester. Well, you never saw such a mess in your life! Dirty dishes all over the place, beds unmade and bedclothes strewn around, clothes lying all around, mud on the floor, etc. A real boar's nest. I don't know how much studying was done there but it was a perfect hangout for foresters' bull sessions.

The summer camp near Meadow Valley, California, was a good one. Hot and dry. We had to park the several Model T Fords in the creek which ran through the camp to keep the wheels soaked so the spokes wouldn't fall out. The creek was shallow, so the cars had to be moved forward a foot or so each day to equalize the soaking. This became a daily ritual, and Bod Suder broke his arm cranking his Ford in order to move it on about the last day of camp.

Art Holding ran out of money and didn't know how he was going to get home after camp. So on the last night he organized a friendly blackjack game. He went home on the train and at least one of us hitchhiked! Art had been on the 1928 U.S. Olympic wrestling team—135 pound class—and was reputed to be the strongest man for his weight in the world. Unbeknownst to Art, some of our guys wrote a letter to the University of California foresters summer camp, which was just a few miles away, challenging their best wrestler to a bout with our best wrestler. No response. So we challenged their two best wrestlers to our one. Still no response. Finally we challenged their whole damn camp but we never did get a reply. Someone must have talked!

Skipper Larson's family, consisting of Mrs. Larson, teen-aged daughter Margaret, and toddler Einar spent the summer with us, Mrs. Larson acting as camp cook for us. One day out in the field I nearly stepped on a timber rattler, whereupon I killed it and brought it back to camp, intending to make a belt out of its skin. Seeing little Einar wandering away from the Larson tent I deposited the dead snake at the base of a sugar pine tree, put a rock in Einar's hand, and showed him how to toss it at the dead snake. Then I ran up to the Larson tent and yelled to Mrs. Larson that little Einar was out there killing a rattlesnake. It was a dirty trick but very funny to see her come running out yelling bloody murder and grabbing up little Einar.

The annual Foresters' Hoedowns were great in those days—late twenties and early thirties. We usually held them in Champ's Hall above Champlin's Drug Store, at the corner of Welch and Lincoln Way. Those were prohibition days, but even 3.2 beer was frowned upon, not only by the college fathers but especially by some of the forestry faculty. Some of us felt that a hoedown wouldn't be a hoedown without beer, so I was delegated to go to Des Moines and get a couple of kegs of 3.2. I did this for two or three years, and also served as bartender. Although some of our more conservative professors looked at all this with ill-concealed distaste, luckily I was never reprimanded for it.

For about thirty years I nursed a silent grudge against George Pecaro. I had loaned him my cowboy boots, gauntlets, spurs, ten-gallon hat, and orange-colored angora chaps to wear to the hoedown. I could never find them after that and thought he had graduated and
absconded with them. Years and years later, here in the Twin Cities, I opened a carton and there they all were! So when George was made President of the Flintkote Company I wrote and congratulated him and apologized for holding him under suspicion all these years. He graciously accepted my apology, thanked me again for the use of the cowboy outfit, and seemed to recall bringing them over to the house and leaving them with my mother the day after the hoedown.

Do you still stage the annual Foresters' Campfire? We usually held our in the North Woods on the bank of Squaw Creek not far from the college dump. After the first song Skipper Larson would always apologize for his singing, saying that in his youth his voice had been cultivated but then someone had come along with a harrow and ruined it.

Fred C. Battell

Editors’ Note: Mr. Battell sent us such a super letter full of his memories we found it hard to eliminate some of them. Thank you!

Class of ’64—remember THE PERILS OF PAULINE?

Gerald Nilles

Remember when April McDonald, Linda Wrage, and Pat Rutz tried spitting tobacco at a Fall Forester’s Day—and hit the paper!

Remember when Darwin Kock rode his Honda out into the timber at summer camp at the New York State Ranger School. (They were so strict with their own students they didn’t even allow them to have a radio in their room.) We were allowed to have radios, and even cars. But, for Darwin to ride his Honda back in the timber, that was too much.

Ron Eberle

Remember when, at the 1941 Forestry Summer Camp in the old CCC side camp on Roosevelt National Forest near Alamogordo, New Mexico, the range bull enlivened the Friday night campfire program by grazing too near the rear of the “4-holer” and caved in under it? Foresters turned soil specialists long enough to dig a sloped ramp and prodded grateful Mr. Bull up and out with a broom handle.

Ken Obye

I remember the 1967 Summer Camp near Missoula, Montana. A few special arrangements were made for our only female forester. Female foresters are common now but they were rare only 12 years ago. The situation seemed strange at first but by the end of the summer she was just “one of the guys.”

Doug Valley

. . . Franklin, North Carolina was nearly washed off the map during the water fight of the ISU Forestry Camp of 1964???

Melvin Spies

I remember when there was just one girl in Forestry and we didn’t know why she was there.

Charles C. Tice

1966 Summer Camp—Remember When . . .

Hibbard beat up on a local tough at a nearby bar. But why was Bob wearing the sunglasses the next day? . . . Jerry Hoke did a masterful job of parking his VW between two lodgepole pines. Seems he only had about two inches to spare for each bumper . . . Dawn Lysne had a mad crush on Dwight Bensend’s daughter. Or was it the other way around?

Jim Furniss

EXALTATION

(Editors Note: reprinted from 1933 Ames Forester)

In the green depths of a majestic wood
I heard God speak. A murmur stirred the glade,
Some night-bird’s wing just touched me as I stood,
Pure eyes of heaven looked down. I knelt and prayed.

And in the stillness of the breaking morn
I talked with God. In such high altitude
Of soul I felt an ecstasy new-born,
Humility, with sovereign power, endued.

Lo! I have walked with God. A little child
Smiled on me, and a little hand clasped mine.
My soul is raised, triumphant, undefiled,
Heaven’s gate is opened by a love divine.

—Harriet Kendall
I have greatly enjoyed my first year of retirement, but have been very busy with the construction of a new home on our 200 acre timber farm and some consulting work. I do miss the Forestry Department and students and look forward to visits back on campus.

Dwight W. Bensend

20's

Thanks to I.S.C. Forestry School and my working experiences in the woods I was able to pass the 1926 Junior Forester examination. This was a surprise to the professors, instructors, students and others. As a result of passing the Civil Service exam I received an appointment in the USFS where I worked for 38 years.

Jack B. Hogan

I am a 1926 graduate and retired in 1965 to the beautiful small town of Fairhope, Alabama on Mobile Bay, known for the azaleas, dogwoods and wisteria in late February and March. Am fully occupied with woodworking, fishing, traveling and gardening when I can't get out of it.

C. Svendby

There are only two retired Ames Foresters in the Cleveland area, Russel Chipman and I. We both belong to the Federal Retirees Association. He is secretary and treasurer of our chapter and I am Vice President. Over half of our retirees worked for the Post Office, most of the others are Forest Service retirees.

Raymond McKinley

I attended the 1928—50th year class reunion in Ames in June. Orville Sonner was the only other 1928 Forestry graduate in attendance but we enjoyed the opportunity to get together and discuss what had happened in the 50 years since we had last seen each other.

Don Ball

30's

As a one year student at "Ames" (MSF-1931), I came to appreciate the professional competence and friendly atmosphere on the campus. I had especially high regard for "Prof. Mac.", Prof. Larson and Prof. Aitken. I enjoyed about 13 years in National Forest Administration, followed by 23 years in Forest Economics Research at the Lake States and North Central Forest Experiment Station. Since retirement 10 years ago, Mrs. Chase and I have been house boaters—one trip taking us down the Mississippi River, around Florida, up the east coast and back by the Great Lakes. Since then we have been helping with the work of the Far Eastern Gospel Crusade in Japan.

Clarence D. Chase

Had our usual busy year. Most of a month in Africa in the spring. Johannesburg, Durban, Capetown, Victoria Falls, Kenya, Sudan, Egypt. In the fall saw part of the west by train. Taos, Chicago, Seattle, Victoria, B.C., San Francisco, Denver. A novel and interesting way to see America. Golf, Boy Scouts and Savings and Loan director keeps me busy. Even did a bit part in Little Theater.

Kurt Ziebart

IN MEMORIUM

Harold S. Coons, class of 1932, Ogden, Utah, October 21, 1978.

Retired five years—enjoy it. Volunteer guide National Air and Space Museum Smithsonian—Washington, D.C. See Everett Clocker and Ron Rotty occasionally. Also hear from Nels Murdoch.

Jules Renaud

"Retired" after 36 years of Federal Service—but not inactive. I have a tree surgery business and teach swimming and ice skating. My advice to retirees—keep busy and enjoy life by doing—not sitting.

Norman R. Miller
40's
Assistant Director, Research, at Southern Station, USFS, New Orleans, LA, for past 8 years. Good job and good living. Two kids graduated from LSU in 1978, three more to go.

Thadd Harrington

Healthwise doing quite well now and am back to work. Still very active in Amateur Radio as K5BLV.

Howard N. Schmidt

'50's
Management Analyst with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, Madison, Wisconsin.

T. W. Blomquist

After 13 years of Philippine living, my family and I are returning to the U.S. During our stay in Los Banos, I taught in the Physical Education Department of the University of the Philippines, served as a consultant for the Philippine Council for Agricultural and Resource Research, judged international dog shows in several countries and wrote professionally for U.S. magazines. Our seven children range in age from a 19-year-old junior at Brown University to a three-month-old infant. We are anticipating a certain amount of cultural shock as we become re-educated to international affairs viewed from the U.S. perspective.

Virginia M. Barker

District Ranger, Chelan Ranger District, Wenatchee National Forest.

Robert E. Hetzer

Forest Supervisor on the San Bernadino National Forest.

Robert R. Tyrrel

60's
In October, 1978, I moved from the District Ranger of Glacier View Ranger District, Flathead National Forest, to the Intermountain Forest and Range Experiment Station, Northern Forest Fire Lab, at Missoula, Montana. My position at the Lab is that of National Forest Coordinator and Assistant Program Manager. We are presently involved in a Research, Development, and Application Program to integrate fire into Land Management Planning. Spent a short time in Ames in November and was very much impressed in the changes since my last visit about 1966.

Ronald C. Prichard

Terry Sexton ('71) and I graduated from the Forest Engineering Institute (FEI-11) at Oregon State University in June. This is a course sponsored by OSU and USFS to update and train individuals in advance logging systems. Carl Stoltenberg signed my second diploma. Promoted to supervisory forester on the Jefferson Ranger District, Deerlodge National Forest in September. I have fire and timber. Hired a young ISU graduate in November—Mike Harris ('77).

John Linch

70's
Presently, I am the Management Assistant in Silviculture on the Quinault Ranger District, Olympic National Forest. The forest is quite productive here as we have a large annual program, including: selling some 93MMBF/year; reforesting about 1,700 acres/year; precommercial thinning on some 1,600 acres/year; and examining/prescribing treatments for more than 10,000 acres this year. We may soon begin a fertilization program.

David M. Braley

After 4 years of New Mexico sunshine, we decided to try a little old-fashioned Dakota weather, and took a Forest Service transfer to the outer reaches of the Custer National Forest in late October, 1978. Never bargain on the second coldest winter on record, though! The job here at Camp Crook (some people call it "remote," but it's only 70 miles to anything resembling a small city) is broadening. I'm applying my timber skills and learning fast about seismic permits for oil and gas exploration, uranium drilling procedures, permits for special land uses and more. It's fun. Barb doesn't have much opportunity to apply her Journalism degree here, but does manage to find enough to do with our two girls: Mary is three and Nancy is one. Their ages tell it all. Our address is Box 137, Camp Crook, South Dakota, 57724. Look on the map next to Montana and just south of North Dakota. Camp Crook is the dot in a vast black space.

Todd Philip

Forest Management '73; Master of Business Administration (University of Oregon) '75; Present Employment: Corporate Planning and Financial Analyst, Kirby Forest Industries, Inc., Houston, Texas.

Francis F. Ed

I graduated finally. Am working at Michigan State University, Biometry, Assistant Professor.

Carl W. Rame

The only Alumni News I've got to offer is about myself—haven't met any Iowa Staters out here. I've worked the last three summers for the Targhee National Forest at Island Park, Idaho. Last spring I put together a program for the HP—97 which analyses cruise data. I'm currently involved with entering this on a computer suggestion at the regional office. During my winters I've gone skiing!

Kendall J. Boe