

GOPHER PEAVEY



1943

The Gopher Peavey

1943



GREEN HALL
Home of Minnesota Forestry

Annual Publication
of the Forestry Club,
University of Minnesota

FOREWORD

We worked, fought, argued, and we loafed, laughed, and learned. Our Peavey is out, and we are glad. Our main desire, however, is to have you like it and have the gang in the service receive a little pleasure from it.

1943 Gopher Peavey Staff



DEDICATION

It would certainly be a fitting thing at any time to dedicate a state university publication to the Governor of the state. However, we are not dedicating this issue to you only as the Governor of Minnesota. We are dedicating it to you more particularly as an officer in the U. S. Naval Reserve and as the most worthy representative of that great company of our students and alumni who have laid down important positions in life to enroll in our armed forces. Lieutenant Commander Stassen, we salute you! And through you all those other Minnesota men who have dedicated themselves to the defense of their country!

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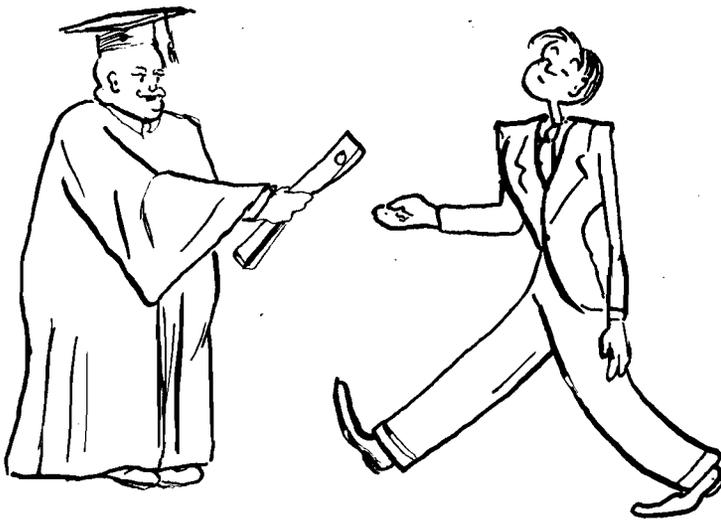
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Our Forestry School

Faculty

Seniors



Underclassmen



Our

Faculty



R. M. BROWN

HENRY SCHMITZ
Chief of Division

J. H. ALLISON

T. SCHANTZ-HANSEN

L. W. REES

E. G. CHENEY

DR. SCHMITZ
Head of the Division

Those who have had Dr. Schmitz for Dendrology know that his favorite expression is, "You get it? Simple, isn't it?" By believing that anything is simple if you understand it he has become one of the top men in his profession. The freshmen have the good fortune of having his sound advice to follow when doubts arise and, believe me, they appreciate it. He has the admiration and respect of the University as well as the men in his profession.

MR. BROWN

Procedures and methods are dependable ways of accomplishing Mensuration projects. As dependable, in fact, as Mr. Brown, the man recommending them. He is ever stressing the practical point of view and has given students many pointers concerning the summer jobs he sends them out to tackle.

PROF. ALLISON

"Pop" is the congenial, ever-smiling Prof. who spreads his wisdom to students in such courses as Grazing, Protection, Economics and others. Pop spends some of his spare time supervising his promising timber stands that are located north of the Cities. Pop is full of many human interest stories that add considerably to his lecture material.

T. SCHANTZ-HANSEN

The majority of forestry students don't know Dr. Schantz-Hansen until they arrive at Cloquet in their senior year. Nevertheless, he is always there, behind the scenes, quietly and efficiently directing the important work of the Cloquet Experiment Station and cooperating with the other faculty members.

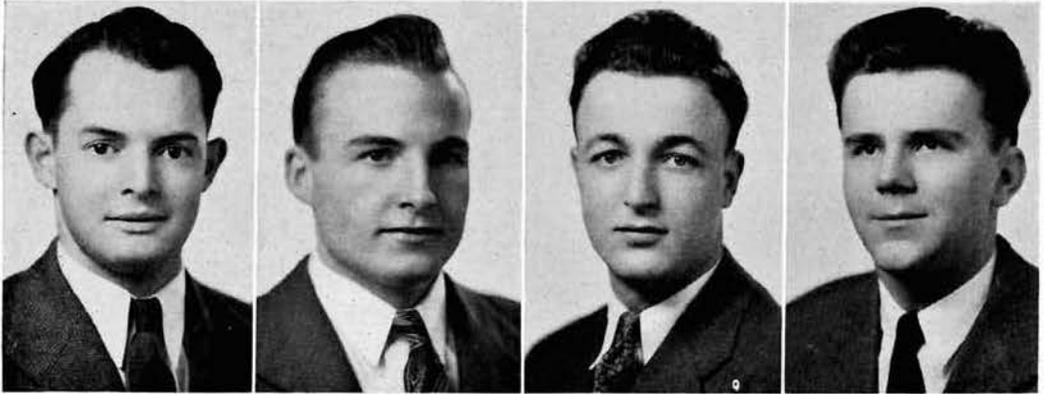
DR. REES

The freshmen become acquainted with Dr. Rees during the Spring Dendrology field trips which he takes charge of. As they become upper classmen they appreciate his ever-ready assistance, advice, and cheerfulness more and more. He is a wood technologist and the members of his classes will tell you he is one of the best.

PROF. CHENEY

Wherever forestry is discussed around the University the talk eventually gets around to Mr. Cheney. He is so well-known and well-liked that he is just an indispensable part of the forestry atmosphere. He is as young in attitude and views as the "U" grad., and his humor is enjoyed by all. He was Uncle of Paul this year, an appropriate honor as those that know him in woods as well as in the office all agree.

Class of 1943



ORVILLE ALLEN HANNA

"Al"

River Falls, Wisconsin

General Forestry

Xi Sigma Pi; Alpha Zeta; Alpha Gamma Rho; Forestry Club; Summer Work: Lookout fireman, Ochoco National Forest '42; Social Co-ordinating Committee; Foresters' Day dance committee chairman; intramural touchball; co-business manager *Gopher Peavey* '43.

GORDON MAXSON

"Max"

Columbia Heights, Minnesota

General Forestry

Forestry Club; Xi Sigma Pi; Alpha Zeta; Linnæan Club; Summer Work: Student Fire Camp "Flying Squadron" '41, timber cruising for Indian Service '42; intramural touchball, baseball '41, '42; treasurer, Forestry Club, *Peavey* and Foresters' Day '43; intramural boxing championship '41.

ROBERT FRED NELSON

"Bob" "Trapper"

St. Paul, Minnesota

Game Management

Forestry Club, treasurer '40, '41, '42; Linnæan Club; Cadet Officers Club; Cadet Capt. ROTC; Summer Work: Director, Forest Project Camp '40, director, St. Croix River Camp '41, forest pathology and tree work '42; *Gopher Peavey* feature editor '42 and editor '43; Foresters' Day Committee '40, '41, '42, '43; 1st place Pack Essay Contest '42; intramural touchball and baseball '40, '41, '42; intramural boxing championship '42; high point man in Foresters' Day contests '42 and '43.

JALMER J. JOKELA

"Jok"

Ely, Minnesota

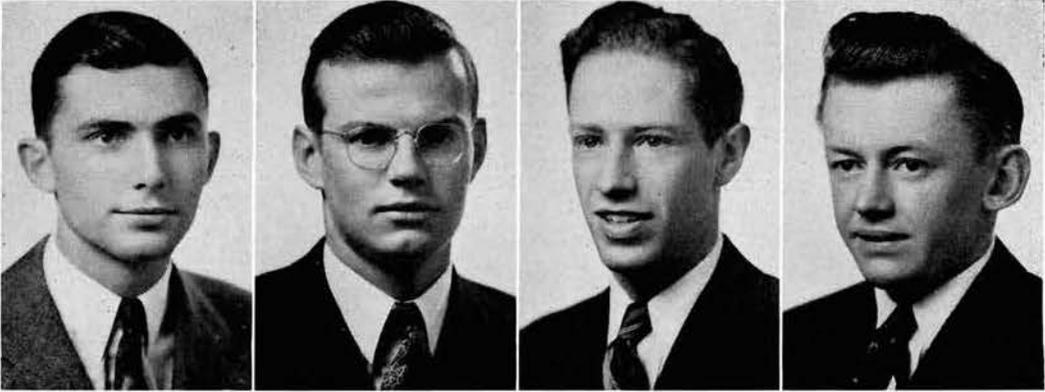
General Forestry

Forestry Club; Xi Sigma Pi; Alpha Zeta; Farm House; Lutheran Students Association; Summer Work: Lake States '42; intramural sports.



Activities

Seniors



DAVID W. FRENCH

"Dave" "Frenchy"

Niagara Falls, New York

General Forestry

Forestry Club, president '42-'43; Xi Sigma Pi, ranger; Alpha Zeta, censor; Linnæan Club; Officers' Club of ROTC; Alpha Gamma Rho, censor; Summer Work: Lake States Forest Xpt. Station; Student Council, 2 terms; Honor Case Commission; *Gopher Peavey* staff, asst. editor, editor; Social Co-ordinating Committee, intramural golf, baseball, hockey, touchball.

LEE B. WINNER

"Wee"

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Game Management

Forestry Club, secretary '40; Freshman swimming team '39, varsity '40; Foresters' Day Association, treasurer '41, secretary '42; *Gopher Peavey*, alumni co-editor '42, feature co-editor '43; Summer Work: Student Fire Camp '41; lookout, Priest Lake Ra. Station, Idaho '42.

HARVEY DJERF

"Podner" "Djerf"

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Forestry Club, vice president '41, secretary '42; Linnæan Club, president '42; Xi Sigma Pi, secretary-fiscal agent '42; Alpha Zeta; Cadet Officers' Club; Summer Work: USFS Student Fire Camp, Huson, Mont.; treasurer, Freshman Corporation '40; business manager, *Peavey* '42, co-alumni editor '43.

LOWELL O. NELSON

"Loella"

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Xi Sigma Pi; Alpha Zeta; Student's Council; Social Co-ordinating Committee; Forestry Club; *Gopher Peavey* staff, treasurer '42; co-alumni editor '43; Linnæan Club; Cadet Officers' Club; Summer Work: Student Fire Camp '41; Forest Path. and Tree Surgery '42; Paul Bunyans, touchball '41, '42, diamondball '41, '42, hockey '41, '42, basketball '43; Foresters' Day Ass'n '41, '42, '43.



Activities

Seniors



JEROME ESSER

"Jerry"

Minneapolis, Minnesota

General Forestry

Forestry Club, vice president '42; *Gopher Peavey* staff '42; Summer Work: Missoula Student Fire Camp, Mont. '42; lookout, Lewis and Clark National Forest '42; Foresters' Day Association, chairman Awards Committee.

ROBERT VAN VALKENBURG

"Hutch"

Minneapolis, Minnesota

General Forestry

Forestry Club; Delta Sigma Pi; Summer Work: Maintenance crew, M. & St. L. R. R. '39, '40, '41, J. C. Campbell Logging Co., Duluth, '41; E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. '42; Freshman football '42.

PAUL GOODMANSON

"Paul"

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Forestry Club; Voyageurs, vice-president '41; Social Co-ordinating Committee '40, '41; Foresters Day '41, '42, president '43, Bonfire chairman '42; *Peavey Points* co-editor '43; Senior Corporation '43, president; intramural athletics; Summer Work: Oregon Red Hats, Pacific N. W. Forest Expt. Sta.; Macheur National Forest; Timber Survey, U. S. Indian Service, Arizona '42.

WILLIAM HANNAY

"Bill"

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Forestry Club; YMCA; Summer Work: Curtiss Companies, Inc. '41; *Peavey Points*, co-editor '43.



Activities

Seniors



ROBERT CLARK
"Bob"
St. Paul, Minnesota
Wood Technology
Forestry Club.



JOAN FAULKNER
"Jan"
Kalispell, Montana
SLA-Forestry Major
Kappa Delta Sorority; Aquatic League,
'41, '42, '43, vice president; Linnaean Club,
secretary-treasurer '41, '42, '43.



RICHARD MARDEN
"Dick"
St. Paul, Minnesota
General Forestry
Forestry Club; intramural athletics; Summer Work: Students Fire Camp, Missoula, Mont., '41; timber cruising, Indian Service, Southwest, '42.

On Leave

CLARENCE O. ANDERSON
GLENN DEITSCHMAN
JEROME ESSER
ALLEN HANNA
RAY JACOBS

ANTON KOFRANEK
RALPH LAW
LEON LUNDBLAD
THOMAS NALL
ALBERT NICKELS

» § «

The "On Leave" Section is dedicated to those who would have graduated if they had not been called early to active duty with our armed forces.

Juniors



Bottom Row: Ed Neff, Norman Sorge
Top Row: Warren Vong, Bill Bjarnar, Ed Mogren

* JOHN ALLIE
* JOHN F. ANDERSON
* ROBERT BAUCK
* JOHN BERGERON
* EARL BERNDTSON
* BILL BJARNAR
* DURWOOD BOLLINGER
* RICHARD BOSSHARD
* JOHN BROGAN
* NORMAN BRYANT
* BOB BUCHHOLZ
* ROBERT EIKUM
* STANLEY ERICKSON
* TOM FINNEGAN

* ROBERT FISHER
* LARRY FLYNN
* BERNARD GRANUM
* WALTER GUSEK
* RALPH HAUSLER
* JOSEPH HOFFMAN
* ROBERT HOWE
* GEORGE JAROSCAK
* GEORGE LARSON
* CEYLON LYMAN
* LEONARD MAKI
* F. SCOTT MATHESON
* HARVEY MEDCALF
* THOMAS MILNER

* EDWIN MOGREN
* GEORGE R. NELSON
* HOWARD OLSON
* ROY PETERSON
* DONALD PIERCE
* BRUCE PRENTICE
* JOHN SCHLEY
* RODNEY SCHUMACHER
* NORMAN SORGE
* STUART SWANSON
* WARREN VONG
* LOUIS WILKUSKI
* RICHARD WILLIS

* In Service

Sophomores



Front Row: Bill Ziemer, Ted Grahek, Clarence Larson, Don Brundin
 Back Row: Glenn Evans, Don Deziel, Bob Beebe, Bob Anderson

* WILLIAM ALTLAND
 * ROBERT W. ANDERSON
 * JAMES ASHE
 * L. WOLFGROM BACH
 * KENNETH BALDRY
 ROBERT BEEBE
 * LE DELL BOWEN
 * ROBERT BOWMAN
 * JOSEPH BRAZIL
 DON BRUNDIN
 * MURRAY CAMPBELL
 HARRY CARSKADEN
 TOM CONNORS
 * CHARLES CRONBERG
 * FLOYD DAHL
 * WARREN DAHL

* BENJAMIN DERAUF
 * DON DEZIEL
 * WERNER DIEHL
 GLENN EVANS
 * HERBERT FINCH
 WALTER FILLMORE
 TED GRAHEK
 * DAVID HASLUND
 * DAVID HUBMER
 * ROBERT JORGENSON
 * JOHN KAISER
 * WARREN KENNETH
 * DONALD KOHLS
 CLARENCE LARSON
 * JAMES LINNE
 * EUGENE McCARTHY

* ED NEFF
 * JOHN NOBLE
 * DONALD OLANDER
 ROBERT PICHA
 * FRANKLIN PHILLIPS
 * ROBERT PHILLIPS
 * FLOYD POTVIN
 * ROBERT RICE
 * FLOYD ROMAN
 * HUGH RUH
 * ROBERT TEWS
 * REINHOLD WAWERSICK
 * JUDD WELLIVER
 * RICHARD YETKA
 * GORDON ZIEGENHAGEN
 * WILLIAM ZIEMER

* In Service

Freshmen



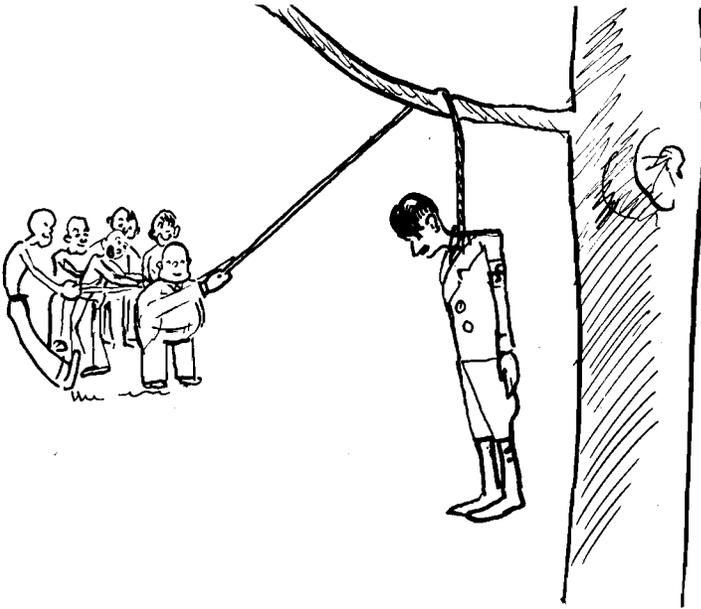
Front Row: Robert Webb, Earl Barickman, Joe Chern, Dick French, John Beck
 Second Row: William Marshall, Paul Anderson, Victor Clausen, William Brede, James Edman
 Top Row: Henry Brant, Leslie O. Wilson, Juel Haugen, Donald Benson, William Craig, Neill Gebhart

* PAUL ANDERSON
 * DONALD BAILEY
 EARL D. BARICKMAN
 * JOHN BECK
 DONALD M. BENSON
 * GRANT C. BEUTNER
 HENRY R. BRANDT
 WILLIAM F. BREDE
 * PATER CLARE
 VICTOR CLAUSEN
 WILLIAM W. CRAIG
 * FREDERICK E. DEBEL
 JAMES EDMAN
 RICHARD FRENCH
 NEILL A. GEBBART
 GOODWIN T. GLANCE
 * WILLIAM S. GRAVES
 KENNETH W. HANSEN

* HARTMAN J. HANSON
 JUEL K. HAUGEN
 * ARDEN J. HIEKEL
 * LORNE E. JOHNSON
 * JOSEPH L. KUBICEK
 * JAMES M. LINNE
 JAMES G. MacDONALD
 WILLIAM J. MARSHALL
 * BENNY NOODLEMAN
 * ROBERT L. RULIFSON
 WILLIAM SWANSON
 * ARTHUR G. SCHREIBER
 * ALONZO SULLIVAN
 * ROBERT WEBB
 LESLIE O. WILSON
 * ROBERT M. WRAHLSTAD
 * DALE T. WREISNER
 * GORDON F. ZIEGENHAGEN

* In Service

Organizations



Peavey Staff

Forestry Club

Xi Sigma Pi

Alpha Zeta

1943 Gopher Peavey Staff



Top Row: Gordon Maxson, Ed Mogren, Harvey Djerf, Warren Vong, Al Hanna
 Bottom Row: Lowell Nelson, Dave French, Bob Nelson, Lee Winner, Bob Beebe

BOB NELSON	- - - - -	Editor
AL HANNA	} - - - - -	Business Managers
WARREN VONG		
LOWELL NELSON	} - - - - -	Alumni Editors
HARVEY DJERF		
GORDON MAXSON	- - - - -	Treasurer
LEE WINNER	} - - - - -	Feature Writers
BOB BEEBE		
ED MOGREN	- - - - -	Photographic Editor
DAVE FRENCH	- - - - -	Advisor
HENRY BRANDT, DICK FRENCH,	} - - - - -	Assistants
BILL BREDE, GLEN EVANS		

The staff wishes to express thanks to Marion Orlaski, Doris Naseth, Anita Carkin, Jan Faulkner, Lois Smith, Bob Eeikum, and others that may have been omitted, for their great help in publishing the Peavey

Forestry Club

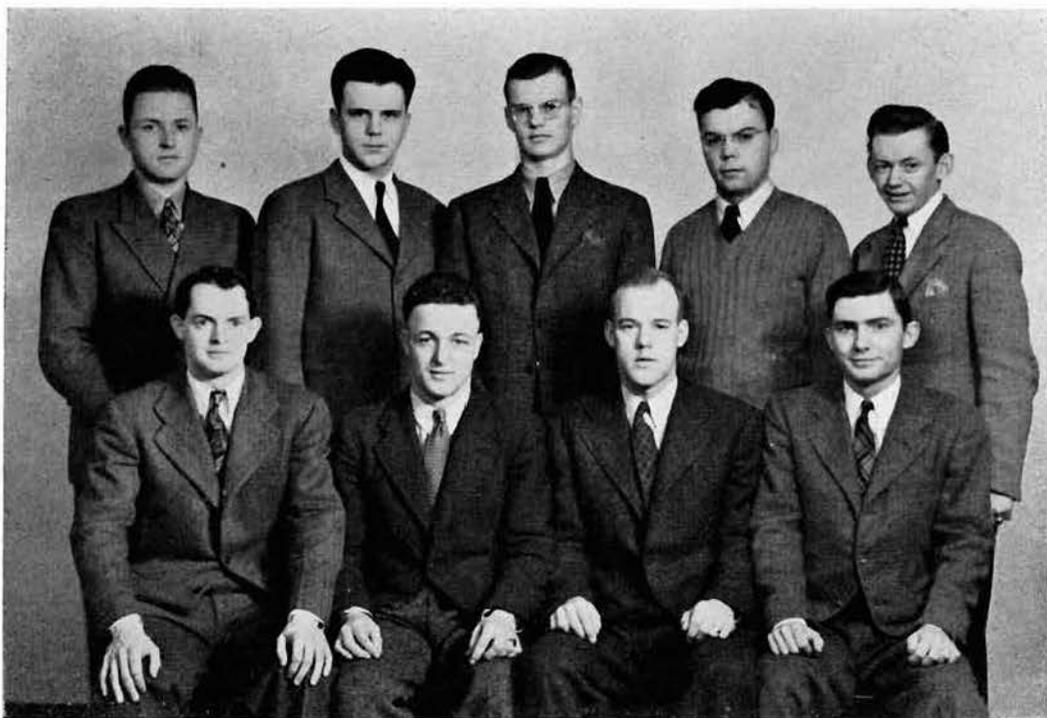


Front Row: R. French, W. Marshall, J. Edman, N. Sorge, G. Evans
 Second Row: P. Goodmonson, W. Vong, H. Djerf, D. French, G. Maxson,
 N. Gebhart, L. Winner, R. Nelson
 Top Row: R. Beebe, E. Neff, R. Andeson, H. Stiehm, J. Jokela, Bill Bjarner, E. Mogren,
 A. Hanna, L. Nelson

JACK ANDERSON
 ROBERT ANDERSON
 DURWARD BALLINGER
 EARL BARICKMAN
 ROBERT BEEBE
 DON BENSON
 RICHARD BOSSHARD
 ROBERT BUCHOLZ
 WM. W. CRAIG
 VIC CLAUSEN
 DON DEZIEL
 HARVEY DJERF
 JIM EDMAN
 JEROME ESSER
 GLEN EVANS
 DAVID FRENCH
 RICHARD FRENCH
 HERBERT FINCH
 PAUL GOODMONSON

NEIL GEBHART
 THEODORE GRAHEK
 ALLEN HANNA
 WILLIAM HANNAY
 ROBERT HAUSLER
 JALMER JOKELA
 JOE KUBICEK
 RICHARD MARDEN
 GORDON MAXSON
 EDWIN MOGREN
 EDWARD NEFF
 LOWELL NELSON
 ROBERT NELSON
 HOWARD STIEHM
 WARREN VONG
 LEE WINNER
 RICHARD YETKA
 GORDON ZIEGENHAGEN

Xi Sigma Pi



Back Row: Edwin Mogren, Jalmer Jokela, Harvey Djerf, Don Pierce, Lowell Nelson
 Front Row: Allan Hanna, Gordon Maxson, Bernard Nelson, David French

NATIONAL HONORARY FORESTRY FRATERNITY

Founded at University of Washington—1908

Local Chapter—DELTA—1920

OFFICERS

RUDOLPH M. BROWN	Faculty Advisor
GORDON MAXSON	Forester
BERNARD NELSON	Associate Forester
HARVEY DJERF	Secretary-Fiscal Agent
DAVID FRENCH	Ranger

FACULTY MEMBERS

HENRY SCHMITZ
 J. H. ALLISON
 R. M. BROWN

E. G. CHEYNEY
 CLYDE CHRISTENSON
 RALP DAWSON

LOUIS W. REES
 C. O. ROSENDAHL
 T. SCHANTZ-HANSEN

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

PARKER ANDERSON
 J. L. AVERELL
 RAPHAEL ZON

SUREN R. GEVORKIANTZ
 R. M. CUNNINGHAM
 JACK MITCHELL

W. T. COX
 RALPH KING
 RALPH LORENZ

ACTIVE MEMBERS

ALLAN HANNA
 JALMER JOKELA
 HARVEY DJERF

DAVID FRENCH
 GORDON MAXSON
 BERNARD NELSON
 DONALD PIERCE

EDWIN MOGREN
 ORVILLE HATLE
 GLENN DEITSCHMAN
 LOWELL NELSON



A Lake States Scene

Conserve Our Forests for Victory . . . -

Forest Conservation and War

by Bob Nelson

First Place Pack Essay Contest, 1942



Since the Theodore Roosevelt administration, our conservation program has developed from a toddling, uncertain infant to a full-grown giant with Herculean tasks ahead of it and some pretty fair ideas on how they are to be accomplished. The present World War has already disrupted this conservation program to such a degree that the damage and reconstruction which will be necessary afterwards is beyond conception. With this crisis upon us, the interest and cooperation that the people have shown in conservation is being side-tracked by thoughts of war. These trends of thought are important, of course, but let us be sure not to forget what we are defending. Ideals, tradition, free people, you say, but what made these possible? All of these are the result of a land rich in natural resources that made the nation strong and able to have and protect these blessings. We are not living in a static world. Everything is changing; our age is dynamic. No less than are we living in a static America. While we are engaged in fighting for our country, other things are happening within. Over one-third of the area of this country is still in the form of our most valuable resource, timber. Are fires going to stop breaking out? Are insects going to curl up and die? Are burnt-over and cut-over lands going to restock themselves adequately? Are all of these going to

happen just because we have a pertinent problem on our hands, and we can't take time or spare money enough to correctly manage these forests? No, certainly not! When this crisis is over, it would be a discredit and a shame to American thought and way of government if we found that part of what we were defending was no longer worth the lives, heartaches, effort, and money that we spent defending it.

Wars do not result in benefit for the masses but for private gain. It is the "small" man that dies and whose wealth is used. Now, as in 1917, private concerns are putting forth "all out" efforts into getting permission to cut into some of our few remaining virgin forests and even into national parks.¹ Besides ruthless cutting, such as this would be, there will be unintelligent cutting. People, rushed into war hysteria thinking that the fate of our country lies in their ability to get out timber, will devastate our forests. In reality lumber is not scarce. If another shift were to be put on today in the lumber industry, more lumber would be produced than could be used in ten years.² This applies to some other forms of conservation as well. The dust bowl is the result of "wheat mad" farmers tearing up the sod on land that was

¹F. Thone, "National Defense Uses of Natural Resources," *Science News Letter* 39:141, March 1, 1941.

²Series of University of Minnesota Forestry Club lectures.

sub-marginal before 1917, but after that, when wheat prices "sky-rocketed," any land that would produce wheat was worth gold. Salmon and tuna catches were far below normal for years after the first World War.³ With this in mind, it is therefore necessary that the people of America think not only of the defense of our country but of the defense of our resources as well. They should not become less vigilant in these times, for if they do, the work that has gone before will have been for naught, and for every cut in appropriations for conservation, twice as much will have to be spent to bring this program back to its former self.

Now look at this problem of keeping America prepared from another viewpoint, one a little more blunt perhaps but entirely within reason when you think of what we are dealing with during the present war. The country that has the lowest supply of raw materials and produces the least is the one that in the end will have the most weeping for their dead. With the war comes increased production far beyond the imagination of the average person. Whole new industries as large as the automobile industry are started. A drain on raw materials starts simultaneously and requires enormous concentrated efforts to prevent and alleviate shortages. A large part of this drain is on our forests. Plywood for airplanes, mosquito boats, and a hundred other paneling jobs is coming into its own. Our forests supply material for barracks, barbed wire entanglements, trenches, dugouts, corduroy roads, and

³F. C. Walcott, "Defend Conservation," *Conservation*, p. 41, Jan.-Feb., 1941.

army wagons. Other war necessities that are made from wood products are lacquers, surgical dressings, field telephones, storage batteries, radios, dies and molds for metal airplane parts, and skis. Forestry is a long time program. It isn't planned one, two, or even five years ahead. It is based on fifty and one-hundred year plans. Therefore, this program is less interesting and seems less vital than the one of producing airplanes and tanks. For this reason, attention is diverted, and it is hard to keep the importance of maintaining these programs even at only a minimum in the minds of the people. Conserving our products becomes as difficult as maintaining conservation in the time of war. People tend toward recklessness and do not see the importance of the small phases of this work. They think that saving this little thing or not using so much of that isn't going to make any difference because it takes a lot of material to build a bomber or a battleship. They are right; it takes a lot. America is big, and with all the little things combined it accomplishes "big things."

It can now readily be seen how important our forests are and how we have to protect them. Fires are dangerous, and we must keep enough men in service to protect the forests against them.⁴ If some of our important forests burned, we would have a difficult situation on our hands. Imagine the havoc that would be produced if on some one night in a dry season of the year, an enemy espionage agent should take-off in a plane loaded with incendiary bombs and proceed

⁴D. P. Godwin, "Fires and National Defense," *Conservation*, p. 72, July-August, 1941.

to drop them in hundreds of strategic spots throughout a number of states. All this could happen within a few hours. An inadequate forest service at a time like that would mean disaster. Fires would sweep unhampered through millions of acres of valuable timber. Towns would be razed, people would die by the hundreds, and property damages would run into many figures. Bad fires on the west coast would afford an excellent invasion opportunity to the enemy, therefore instead of decreasing our forest service, it is vitally necessary that it be built up not only for maintaining and protecting our forests but for its obvious importance in the successful completion of our war effort.

Since the problem of conserving our forest products has become more important, the utilization of waste and the more extensive utilization of products are two phases that may help greatly in reducing the pressure. Slash, sawdust, shavings, planer waste, and lumber scraps are some of the waste products that are being burnt daily. The volume of waste that is burnt in the United States in one year is beyond conception. Think what it would mean if this amount could be subtracted from the scarcer of materials vital in defense. A lumberman wastes from one-half to two-thirds of every tree. This waste could be utilized for fuel. One lumber company was producing 350 tons of planer waste per day. Part of this and sawdust waste is being used now. For example: a young engineer from Idaho saw the possibilities of this waste and set his mind working. He invented a process and a machine that would make a clean,

handy, highly efficient, artificial log from these wastes.⁵ The waste is first crushed into a thin layer. This collapses the cells of the wood. It is then forced into molds under terrific pressure. After it has been heated to 350 to 400 degrees C., it is water cooled, and a "Presto-log" is formed. Thirty million of these logs were sold last year and are giving coal and wood a merry chase. This fuel lasts quite a long time and leaves no ashes to speak of. Some lumber companies are buying these artificial logs back and are saving money from their own wastes, and now army camps are freezing the supply of them. Last year 120,000 tons of sawdust and shavings were used in this industry. The machine and process are spreading rapidly, even to South America, and the possibilities of making them from agricultural products is being considered.

Another phase of conserving forest products through the utilization of waste is in the paper industry and paper consumption. Seventy-two per cent of the paper manufactured is used in packaging. Of this seventy-two per cent, twenty-eight per cent is recovered. With a little more effort on the part of each American, a deep cut could be made in the amount of pulp wood that would be necessary to harvest next year. Waste paper drives are now being carried out all over the country.

A more extensive use of wood as fuel would cut down on coal consumption and leave more for vital industries. This could be done by using more cordwood, utilizing slash, and burning lumber scraps. The possibilities in woodlots for

⁵O. A. Fitzgerald, "Wood Waste Magic," *Readers Digest* 37:113-114, Nov., 1940.

towns as well as farms is being tried. With good management these local forests can produce more efficiently and help produce the needed fuel.

Another source of materials that has come to light in the past few years is the finding of new uses for by-products and wastes. In the large Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, and in similar ones all over the country, hundreds of chemists are working constantly to increase the number of uses for wood. The possibilities of producing fuel oils from wood are being investigated. Substitutes for clothing fabrics are being found. Nitrates to be used in explosives can be made from wood scraps. Lately the theory that wood is on the way out as a building material has been exploded.⁷ Structures made of part wood and part metal are better in some cases than those made completely of metal. The automobile which one thinks of as being completely made of metal has about seven board feet of lumber in it.⁸ Charcoal for gas masks, wood sugars for food, wood wool for clothing, wood silk for parachutes, photographic film, and anti-knock ingredients for gas are only a few of the other realities being produced from wood.

We have now seen how important our forest products are and how they can be protected and preserved. Could the forest service itself be of any use besides these that have been mentioned? In our fire towers all over the nation, men sit on guard against fire twenty-four hours a day. This is, of course, just during fire season. In front of them they have

⁷Series of University of Minnesota Forestry Club lectures.

⁸Ibid.

a map of their area marked in degrees and an alidade to sight fires with. When a fire is spotted, its location in degrees is telephoned to headquarters where they receive other readings from other towers on the same fire. By means of a map and strings to mark coordinates, they can determine the exact location of a fire. Imagine then if during war time, a constant guard were kept in the towers. Planes could be spotted and located so that our air corps and anti-aircraft units would know the location of all planes within our lines.⁹ Besides spotting aircraft, they could be used as military outposts to spot enemy operations or to direct fire. These are pertinent possibilities and deserve attention.

Hitler and the rest of his cut-throats have recognized the fact that the future of wood and wood products is going to be even greater than its past. They not only have recognized it, but they are making it work for their own good. Why then should we sit back and jeopardize our chances of victory or slow its coming. It's high time that we reared up on our haunches and got in there and "pitched". All-out effort in conserving our forest products is becoming increasingly important. In fact, it is a vital necessity in achieving our goal. We must increase our interest, cooperation, and vigilance in the whole program. We must spread the gospel of economy and unselfishness, and finally we must see that our forest services are improved and enlarged. With these "musts" a working reality, we will have achieved a great step in our ultimate and certain victory in this war and in the coming peace.

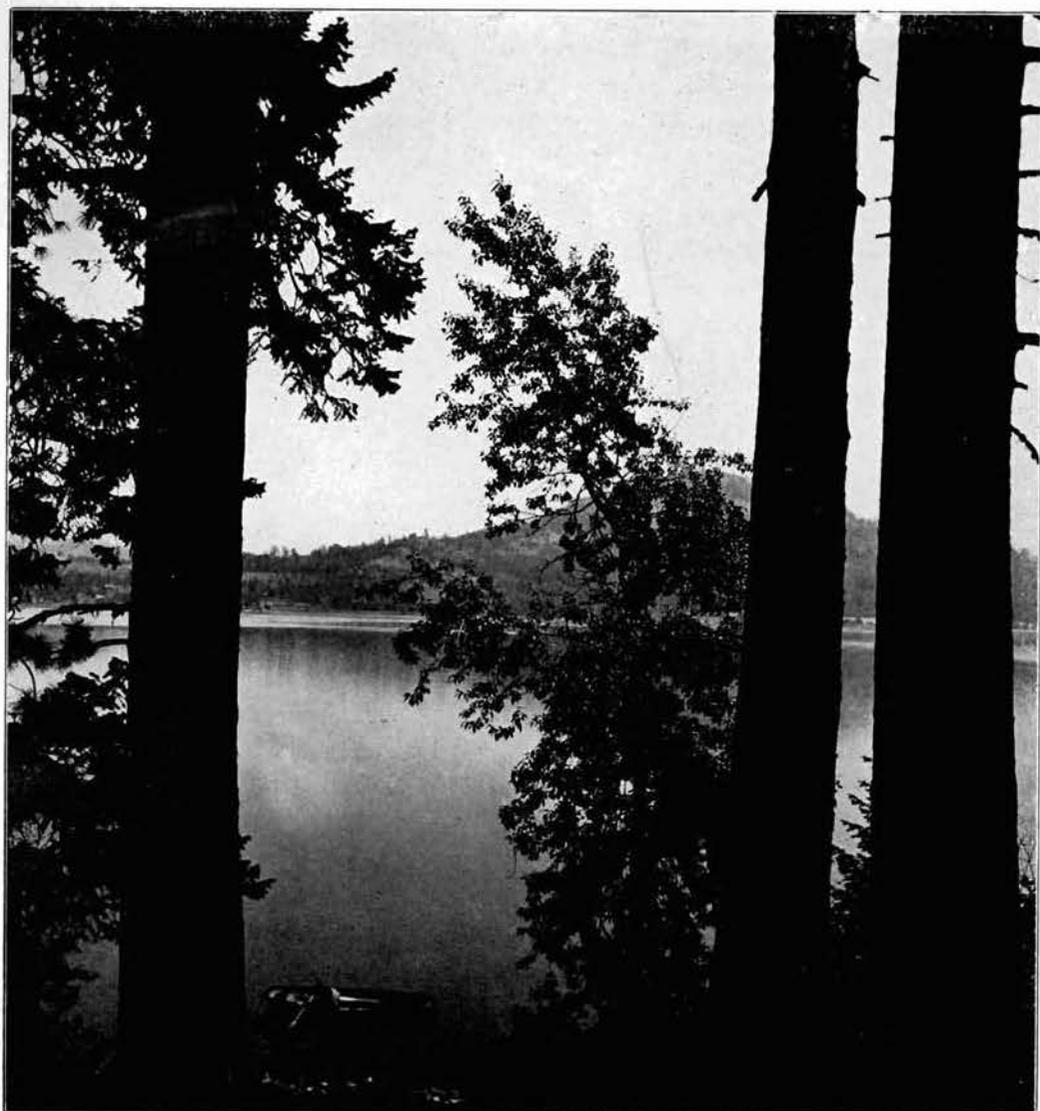
⁹D. P. Godwin, "Fires and National Defense," *Conservation*, p. 72, July-August, 1941.



Wanderlust

*East of the hills the sunrise, and west of the hills the sea,
And East and West the wanderlust that will not let me be—
For the sky calls and stars call, and oh, the call of the sky.
I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But man can have the sun for a friend, and for his guide the star.
And there's no end to voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the road calls, and the trees call, and, oh, the call of the bird.
Yonder the long horizon lies, — and there by night and day,
The old ships draw to port again, the young ships sail away,
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may lay the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road
and the sky.*

— Gerald Gould



The Brotherhood of the Forest

*I love the man who loves the wood,
Whate'er his creed, whate'er his blood.
I may not know his native land;
His creed I may not understand;
But, when we meet within the wood,
There each is silent—Understood.*

*We worship then at selfsame shrine;
We see the same celestial shine
On lustrous leaf, on petaled flower;
We feel the selfsame grace and power;
Yea, kneeling on the selfsame sod,
We worship both the selfsame God.*

*I give who loves the wood my hands,
For here is one who understands;
Who loves the wood I give my heart,
For there responsive echoes start;
We meet in this sweet brotherhood—
We meet as brothers of the wood.*

—by Douglas Malloch

We Are It

By Doug Parsons, '41

When war broke out, I was in the advanced stage of my training, and our unexpected graduation was a makeshift ceremony. We were told to report at our recreation hall in dress uniform, and although we were not scheduled to graduate for three days, this was it. Many of the cadets had relatives who traveled many miles to see them graduate and here we were undergoing ceremonies with one hour's notice. There were many disappointed relatives, but were we ever glad to get our wings.

We waited a few days for our assignments. Eleven of us were told to report to Las Vegas. That was all we knew about it. The rest of the class was divided; some were sent to flying schools as instructors, and some went into training for combat.

The eleven of us were not too excited about our job, since most of us wanted to be sent to combat where all the excitement, glamour and adventure was. We all ached for a chance to get some enemy ships to our credit.

Our new post was situated out in the desert 10 miles from Las Vegas, a small boom town of ill repute, a city of drifters, gamblers, and defense workers. Gambling and drinking flourished at its best and marriage marts advertised marriages performed in half an hour including license, preacher and chapel.

We were soon checked out in the planes we were to fly and made short



trips to familiarize ourselves with the area.

Monday morning we would start instructing gunners and as yet we didn't quite know what it was all about. The field had few planes and fewer pilots. Things were just being started and organized. Being short of pilots, we knew we would be overworked.

I climbed into my ship Monday morning before dawn and took off. I followed the navigation lights on the other ships as they flew up the valley 50 miles deeper into the mountains and desert.

Just before sunrise we came over a small mountain range and below us was a white lake bed, our advanced flying base, off of which we would work. I followed the other ships and landed on the lake bed, which I found to be a perfect landing spot although quite dusty.

We taxied over to two lonely looking tents at the edge of the lake and parked our planes. A bomber came over a few minutes later and we unloaded the machine guns and ammunition and each took a gun for his plane, installed it in the mounts, and waited for the gunners. Just as it was getting light a truck came rolling dustily across the desert from a

base camp ten miles away where the gunners were camped near the highway.

I was told to grab a student and explain what I knew, about what he was to do, which so far as I was concerned was absolutely nothing. I followed every action of the older pilots and we soon took off in formation. The leader led us to a rendezvous point where we picked up a tow ship towing a target. I told my gunner to load up and get ready and followed the leader as we shifted to elevation and peeled off on the target. When we finished we headed for the lake bed where we landed and got another gunner and some more ammunition. About noon we gassed up and had two sandwiches, which took about half an hour; after which we took off again and flew until dark. At sunset the gunners were taken back to their base camp via truck and we flew the 50 miles back to our main field at Las Vegas. We landed in the dark and then had supper. It was usually eight o'clock before we were back in our barracks dead tired from 8 hours or so of flying at 10,000 to 11,000 feet. The combination of ultraviolet light on our eyes, the lack of sufficient O₂, and steady noise made us unusually sleepy. Sundays were

like any other day to us. It wasn't long before we all had mild cases of pilot's fatigue. Planes were being shot, gunners and pilots were bailing out. Some were killed and one of the class of eleven that I came here with, was killed.

We all dreamt of combat day after day but began to realize we would never get it as our job here was so vital and we were so few.

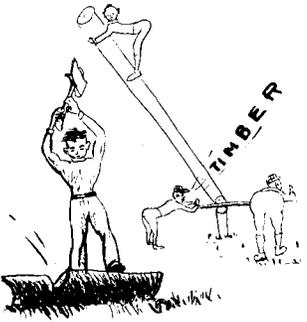
Ten months has passed since those early days. We have a much greater number of pilots and planes, and so fly fewer hours and do a better job. System has made our flying quite complicated compared to those early days. Gunners are being trained much better and in all the new types of guns and turrets.

We are training gunners in all types of combat bombers, and I know we are putting out the best trained gunners in the world. As we get new men some of the older pilots are being taken out of here for combat duty.

Men have died here doing their job and have received no D.F.C.'s or D.S.O.'s; however, as our Director of Training said, "The job has to be done, some one has to do, and — we are *it*."



Traditional Activities



Forester's Day

Banquet



Canoe Trip

Bonfire

Steak Fry

Foresters' Day

By Lee Winner

Oh you once upon a time students, reflect back to the Foresters' Days of yore. Remember, aye—how could you forget, blood-thirsty bands of Foresters swooping down upon stoopid flocks of bespectacled engineers, docile and meek! Recall ye well the olden days when they lifted not a finger in defense of their pseudohonor! Well sir, the tables have turned. At last they have been injected from some unknown source with an elixir of pride—result, a college full of embarrassed Foresters. You see, this is how it happened: The eve of January 19, 1943, had almost passed into eternity, and like any normal human being, each "embryonic woodsman" peacefully sawed timber in his bunk. On stealthy tiptoe slinked our mortal enemies, paint bucket in one hand; rolls of outhouse confetti in the other, taking full advantage of our natural instinct to make cordwood at night. Thru the sleeping farm campus they crept, past the administration building, thru the knoll, up the hill to Green Hall. There a part of the mischief was done with green paint, 1-ton snow plow, trash cans of assorted odors, and the rolls of fluffy textured paper. The remainder of the insult was perpetrated against the silver colored water tower in back of the Home Ec. Building. Considering each case in his own right, the tally sheet reads as follows: Front steps of Green Hall covered with sloppy green printing; an ultra heavy snow plow blocked entrance to the building; trash cans cluttered up doorway of same; wa-

ter tower painted with demoralizing slogan (Our Idols—The Engineers); and last but far from least, Foresters' Day advertising banner stolen. Do you wonder whether this phased us? Wonder no more, for I might just as well say here that Foresters' Day of '43 can now be written off the records as a complete success (we *made* money too).

An 11:30 Bean Feed was the opener of the Day. Beans, hot dogs and downright good coffee did the traditional disappearing act to the tune of Indian song and dance plus Indian folk lore by Leroy Chadwick and Dick Becker. From the Bean Feed some two gross people, plus or minus, made their way up the hill to Green Hall, where they were all introduced to Paul Bunyan's reigning family. Prof. Cheyney as Uncle, Gloria Barber as Daughter, and Bob Anderson as Son of Paul; each had his and her "recitation" to make. Then came a short technicolor movie on modern methods of logging.

From somewhere outside the trumpets blared, eager contestants nervously inhaled and exhaled the cold winter air. Anxious spectators lined the arena, colorfully bordered with red, green and yellow pennants. The doors to Green Hall swung wide, and out filed the members of the Royal Procession, bent on escorting Paul's Daughter to her icy throne for the coronation ceremony and beard judging. Prof. Cheyney upon arrival at the field, commenced execution of his task. Twice he embraced our

glowing Daughter, and twice he kissed her fair cheek, (once for his own pleasure; once for the cameraman's delight). The crown once placed on her head, Miss Barber bade the athletic events to begin. The loud speaker boomed out a summons for all bearded men to step up and display their respective crops of face hair. As each proudly stepped before his patron of the Day, Gloria shrewdly gauged the merits of each beard. Then came a period of silence. Slowly the Daughter of Paul raised her right arm; deliberately she pointed a finger at — Bob Nelson's blond mess. A mighty cheer swelled over the arena, and the beard contest winner had been selected.

From this point on, sawdust filled the air. Sweating saw crews puffed and wheezed, axemen grunted, skiers slipped out and over the course; yes, indeed, a competitive spirit was the dominant mood of the day.

Finally came the weary 5:00 P. M., and the sound of dragging Foresters' feet, headed for respective barber shops, faded into the dusk. Old Sol gave a final burst of red; settled into the West, and dark stillness blanketed the site of violent competitions. From the arena of events, all Foresters gathered up their favorite "dates" and made for the big dance in Coffman Memorial Union, where "Foresters' Day" and all University "War Time Winter Week" committees combined to enjoy one of the largest social functions in campus history. At the Foresters' intermission the awards were presented by Bob Buchholz, the traditional tug-of-war between Foresters and Engineers was won by the Foresters. The other winners were: Dog



sled — Pioneer; bucking — Jockela and Hansen; Felling — Rees and Bollinger; Chopping — Bollinger; Girls snowshoe race—Jan Faulkner; Girls sawing — Margaret Harvey, Anita Carkin; Men's snowshoe — Bob Nelson; Climbing — Bob Nelson; Axe — Bob Nelson; Men's ski — Gordon Maxson.

The success of Foresters' Day was made possible by the exerted efforts and cooperation of executive officers and committee chairmen. The following men are to be held accountable for a day of achievement: President — Paul Goodmonson; Secretary—Jalmer Jokela; Contests—Bob Nelson; Bean Feed—Warren Vong; Dance—Al Hanna; Program —Dave French; Awards—Jerry Esser.

Sports

By Bob Buchholz, '44

Silently one by one, gents from the farm campus dropped out of school, leaving only remnants of sports teams that used to be. At fall quarter time it didn't seem to bother the Foresters though, because a complete touchball team was assembled and scrimmage was held as before. So complete was this assemblage, that the Bunyans were able to win every game, and for the sixth consecutive year be top men on the totem goal posts.

When the touchball team champs from the Farm Campus can overcome that jinx of being beaten on the main on their first game of the play-offs, the bells will really ring. As Anderson, the tackle, put it, "It gives me an inferiority complex." Yes, again we lost the first playoff game—the Satans beat us 6-0. Comments about that game afterwards ran something like this:

Paul Goodmonson: "We was tapped."

Butch Stiehm: "Not used to the bright lights."

Legs Nelson: "They had an extra man on the field."

Bob Nelson: "Ball was slit."

Other men that will receive ribbons for their efforts are: Ed Neff, Dick Marden, Jalmer Jokela, Al Hanna, Gordy Maxson, Dave French, Herb Finch, and Jack Anderson.

Interest in bowling was squelched when night transportation from campus to campus was brought to mind. Many of the fellows of our department showed



interest in adopting the new sport but a representation from similar farm groups was not to be had—the reason was no doubt, because of Frank Harvey of the "Y" and Howard Sahlstrom of the I.M.A. hearing that we were going to use Jan Faulkner and Marian Orloske, who are some shakes with the kegling.

Next bit of sports bad news (for the farm boys, that is) came when the winter quarter basketball schedule got under way. The tournament ended February 9 after the Bunyans had made another sweep of events. Scores in the farm contests went like this: Y.M.C.C. 19-18, Alpha Gamma Rho 42-2 (almost pitched a shut out), graduate club 29-12 and I.M.A. 20-14.

Those faithful to the cause of the "Fernhopper organization" who will be given awards and slaps of congratulations are Don Deziel, Bob Jorgenson, Jalmer Jokela, Norm Sorgy, Al Hanna, Howie Stiehm, Lowell Nelson, Gordy Maxson and Bob Anderson. Now if you'll kindly hold your thumbs, we'll venture to the Main Campus and Cooke Hall to make with a few more hoops—our only wish is, that 5th Monarchy won't be our opponents the night of the playoff and that Howie Stiehm doesn't have a date that night.

That brings our activities up to date

for the winter quarter, with the possible exception of Gordy Maxson and his African handball, so we'll quietly wait for the more gentler sports to present themselves. Meanwhile, I would like to go all out in thanking members of our club

for the splendid help that was received and that was instrumental in getting players out for the games—so, humbly and with a low bow, I say thanks for your efforts and likewise for your attitudes in winning.

Bonfire . . . Fall of '42



This year, as in the past, our annual bonfire was a bang-up success. Aye, it even boomed so loudly that Babe rolled over in her canyon grave and must have dreamt of Bunyon walking the earth again. The night was clear, and with a cold silver moon suspended from its sky hook, and lighting the path to the fire. Except for Dr. Schmitz (of whom it is said wild horses were holding) everybody, faculty and students alike, was present. While a wild wind blew sparks and smoke into open mouths and eyes, Bob Nelson began activities with one of those famous lung busters. From here on in the tales flew thick and fast (after a few summers in the field one can tell

tales taller than the nor'east corner of Green Hall, you know). Paul Goodmonson, as master of ceremonies, introduced Prof. Cheyney who told us of the Bonfire's history, served up with his usual salt and pepper. Other members of the faculty were introduced to the freshmen, the freshmen introduced to the upper classmen, and the upper classmen introduced their summer experiences to all present. Welliver, Finch, Neff, Maxson and Stiehm presented their summers in formal fashion, the rest shot the bull rather dead. A call to grub climaxed the organized part of the meeting, and we'd best leave this article before the bear start feeding.

The Canoe Trip

By Lowell Nelson, '43

"Jump in, 'Swede'—everyone else has left." Such were the last words spoken as "Swede" Lundblad jumped into the twentieth canoe and shoved it out into the St. Croix. Nigh on 40 foresters and their dates had left the pier that balmy Sunday morning in May for a day on the river. Most everyone was there except the chaperones, Brownie and Bensed, who were, unfortunately, almost an hour late. I say unfortunately because a strong wind from the south necessitated a last-minute change in the plans and everyone turned his canoe upriver rather

than southward as originally planned. That is, everybody but the chaperones, for it seems that the boatman wasn't around when they arrived and consequently they went downstream with the result that they failed to see a friendly face all day. Brownie, to this day, maintains this was a frame-up; but let me assure you, it was just a quirk of fate.

Returning to our upriver voyagers, we find that neither high water, a swift current, or strong winds can dull their spirits. Djerf with his size 12's in the water is lustily murdering "Rose of San Antones" while Howie Olson attempts to drown him out with his portable. Jerry Esser and Lowell Nelson are, as might be expected, arguing over who's paddling wrong but they stop momentarily as Ralph Hausler and Ed Neff slip by with a blanket sail ripping in the wind.

Finally the cry, "Let's eat," is echoing across the river and the canoes are drawn up on a large island. Soon the smell of smoke and onions permeates the area and all settle down to meals varying from steaks, hot dogs and hamburgers, to potato chips, fruit salads, potato salads and cokes. Just as everyone is peacefully enjoying his meal and relaxing to the blasting music of half a dozen radios, and soothing bites of a million and three flies, gnats, mosquitoes, and ants, the silence is broken by a distant rumbling "Hella Thor" Soon Bob Nelson and Vong float into view mumbling "So sorry to be late, and what ja got to eat" all in the same breath. The afternoon was a restful one, being interrupted only by a herd of heifers, a cute little snake, a continuous ball game, the shrieks and



screams of a few of the braver souls such as Djerf, Lynette Braun, Jan Faulkner, Anita Carkin, and Bob Nelson who were swimming in the tepid May river water, and the blaring jive from those same six radios.

Evening found everyone gathering again down river and following supper

the strains of many of the old tunes floated along with the current and the wind. Slowly the group disbanded and soon all the canoes were floating downstream with the current, everyone tired, but still happy and enriched with the memory of another Foresters' Canoe Trip.

The Steak Fry

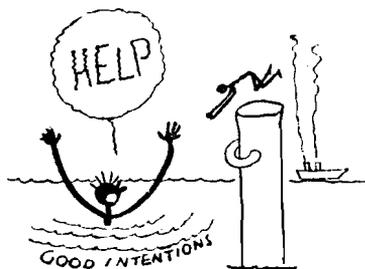
By Ed Mogren, '44

Sizzling steaks and hot coffee, coupled with a typical foresters' deluxe bonfire, and an extra special moon to make the evening complete marked the annual steak fry, traditional among the foresters at the U. of M.

The month was May, the place, Glenwood Park; and the people, you guessed it — the foresters and their best girls.

Anyway, to get down to the details, late on Sunday afternoon sometime after the first of May on a "made to order" day, fellows and gals, blankets and food, plus a lot of extras gathered beside Glenwood Lake. In the hopes of doing some hiking—with their guests of course—or so they said, some people came early and claimed afterwards that they had done some "dendrologizing"—do you believe it? After a bit of wrangling a suitable place for the festivities was chosen and the food was deposited.

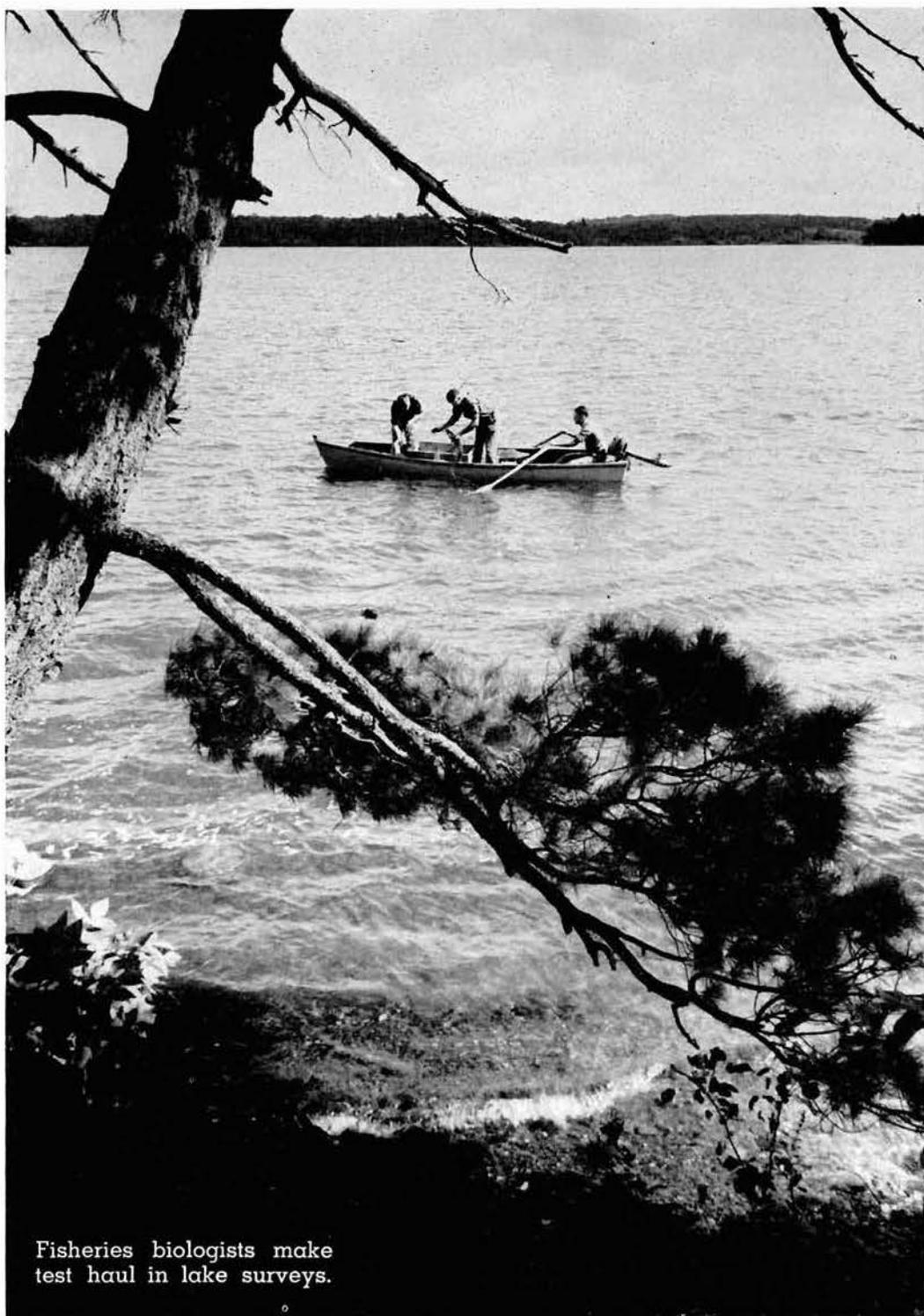
Next on the bill of fare was the treasure hunt—and so—teams were chosen and the race begun. Excitement reigned everywhere as each team hastened to follow through with their commissioned tasks. Every one had fun, the results



were superb, and the winning team was well rewarded.

Next in order was the food, and was it deluxe. Mouths watered and eyes popped as the NICE JUICY STEAKS fried on the griddle, and the aroma of coffee overshadowed all else. Sufficient to say, there proved to be an abundance of food for everybody and it was a contented gang that sat around the campfire to sing. The old foresters' song issued forth, and the forest echoes of the "tall open pine" rang through the trees.

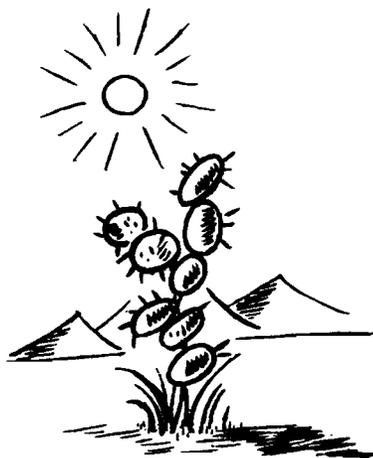
Just then the moon came out in all its glory—or have you a better word—and ACCORDING TO SOME FORESTERS the real ENTERTAINMENT of the evening began. Anyway, rumor hath it that the moon was so full and the fellows so happy that one of the chaperons' young son asked with all the innocence of a fourteen year old, "Daddy, is this our crowd," and *Brownie* could only say, "I'm afraid it is, son."



Fisheries biologists make
test haul in lake surveys.

Pleasant Summer Work

Summer Work



Freshman Corporation

Junior Corporation

The Southwest

The Northwest

Freshman Corporation -- 1942

By Bob Beebe, '46

The final week of the Spring quarter of '42 is a busy time for any student, but at this time the Freshman Foresters are the busiest students in the "U". The last minute cramming for finals is more than enough to keep them busy, but on top of that they have to pack clothes, bedding and books in preparation for



the five weeks of practical forestry training at Itasca.

This activity filled week quickly passed and eighteen hopeful foresters headed for Itasca. As we drove up the winding highway to the entrance of the University grounds where the cabins are located, we were all wondering what the cabins and their surroundings would look like. We turned in the entrance by the U. of M. sign and stopped near the cabins where we were to stay during the five weeks of the course.

The silence of the camp was broken by shouts as we chose our cabins, bunks, and partners. "I'll take cabin 9, it's closest to the cookshack!" somebody hollered. "You can have it," came the reply, "I like cabin 8, it's closest to the dock." "This bed is the softest—Boy! will I be able to sleep swell here." "Hey, get the hell off that upper bunk, it's mine." "How do you tuck the blankets in so they will lie smoothly? They've got to pass inspection."

And so it went until we were all settled and somebody — probably Herb Finch — shouted, "Where's the chow around here? I'm hungry!" We all trooped up to the cookshack and received a sample of the cooking that was to cause many a groan as some over-

stuffed forester tried to stand up after devouring all the food in sight.

Early the next morning we were awakened by Andy as he opened the door and hollered, "Come on, you guys — rise and shine. It's time to roll out. Bob! Don! you two have K.P. today, so shake a leg." That was what we heard every morning. It wasn't difficult to get up the first few mornings but it gradually took longer and longer for the fellows to climb out of bed — so long, in fact, that one morning we forgot to get up.

The first day's classes started out with general advice from Mr. Brown on our camp conduct. This was taken with a grain of salt and didn't hamper our future fun at all. This was followed by our introduction to pacing and chaining — the basis of all Mensuration. By noon we could "throw a chain" and pace like veterans. Well, we thought we could anyway.

We learned these and many other fundamentals and were soon out on our forties applying them. We worked through hazelbrush, swamps, mosquitoes, rain and sun in estimating timber on our forties. Many laughs were had at the expense of Herb Finch and Bob Bowman who located stakes every few feet along the edge of their forty and printed their names on them to make sure that when they wandered too far they would not end up estimating somebody else's timber. Budd Larson and Bill Ziemer were "the boys of the swamp" because they spent a good many hours wallowing in water on their forty. They both swear that they started to sprout fea-



thers and if they hadn't finished cruising their forties when they did they would have been joining the ducks in the fall.

Dr. Michel's field zoology class was the cause of many wet feet because we sometimes failed to maintain our balance over slippery logs surrounded by wet, black mud. Despite this difficulty we learned to recognize the birds of the woods by song as well as by sight. Half the time of this class was spent studying birds and the other half was spent studying insects. We were given long white butterfly nets and told to catch, name and classify 100 insects. We didn't know there were 100 different species of insects, to say nothing of naming

them. This part of the course was known as "bugology" from then on. We soon found there were plenty of bugs and we caught so many of them we wondered if there would be any left next year. But you fellows going up there this year needn't worry—they'll be there.

As the first 2½ weeks neared the end and our Mens. Reports and insect collections became due more and more midnight oil was burned and louder and rougher measures had to be employed by Andy to arouse the fellows. No matter how sleepy we were, Andy always showed up at 6:30 to rout us out. One morning it wasn't Andy that woke us. Andy, the infallible, had overslept. We awoke to hear the cook pounding on the rusty iron saw that served as a gong to call us to chow. Then the door burst open and Andy rushed in. "Come on, you guys, pile out, it's 7:30! The cook wonders where the hell we are!" It is needless to say that inspection and classes were postponed that morning.

When we finished Mens. and Field Zoology we began our Silviculture and Field Botany.

We spent many hours describing and observing the forest soil, ground cover, crown density and every minute saw things that we had never known existed. It was hard work, but like all of Cheyney's classes his irrepressible humor and unequalled ability to "put it across" made it a pleasure. We always got a

kick out of Cheyney's inevitable pipe, battered hat, baggy breeches, and worn, brown puttees.

We all congratulate Mr. Benseid, who took over the Field Botany class this year and had to learn the plants just before class started. He did an A-1 job.

Perhaps it sounds as if we spent all our time studying, but when a bunch of fellows like the '42 Itasca freshmen get together, there's bound to be some fun. We played two softball games and Bob Jorgenson's team almost busted their buttons when they won both of them. Some time was spent fishing, but with little luck. It wasn't because we didn't know how to fish. They just wouldn't bite.

Oh! by the way, if you happen to think of it, ask Glenn sometime how it feels to be stranded in a boat without any oars. Pretty helpless feeling, huh, Glenn?

To keep up with the fellows of previous years various expeditions were made to Bemidji with good results according to the tales spun when the boys returned to camp.

The few other spare moments we had were filled by playing cards or singing.

Before we fully realized it the time had passed and the camp broke up. Some went to jobs in the city and the majority of us went up north to work on Blister Rust for the rest of the summer.

Junior Corporation --1942

The Junior Corporation started up business at the Cloquet Station on March 31. It was the smallest group that had ever been there, a total of 6: Joe App, Hiram Hallock, Art Janura, Rudy Kajander, Charlie Schlesinger and Irving Myett.

All advance scouting was unnecessary this year because the president, Rudy Kajander, had his home in Cloquet and has a chance to arrange all the necessary business connections during the Easter vacation. It turned out later that he had also made some other arrangements at that time.

The problem of maintaining a corporation for such a small number presented insurmountable difficulties and there is no telling how they would have come out if Mom Watkins had not heroically come to the rescue. She agreed to come out and board the bunch at \$7 per week per man. She chafed continually at the restrictions that this put on her art, but nobody could notice any shortcomings in the grub; it was good to the last drop, but no one ever succeeded in getting to the last drop.

A light snow greeted the boys on their arrival, but there was no old snow lying around. In fact even the new fall soon disappeared and we had the best April for woods work that there had been for 20 years



IT'S IN THE AIR

Pop Allison assigned each crew a tract of land that contained—according to his statement—no more swamp than was necessary, but there sure was a lot of necessary swamp in that country. We surveyed it seven ways and made a working plan for it.

With the coming of May Prof. Allison departed and Cheyney took over. Something went haywire this year. . . . Usually Allison has had all the rotten weather and the sun did not come out till he left. This year things were reversed. He took the good weather with him and it began to rain before he had gotten out of sight. We had a hard time finding enough dry weather to put in our seed beds.

Professor Quimby came along with a revised course in Game Management; one that paid less attention to wild manure and more to the other habits of the wild animals. Then one day Prof. McMiller arrived with a truck load of paraphernalia and took up the matter of forest soils.

It was about this time that Kajander brought to fruition the preparation he had made during the Easter vacation, he took three days off and came back with a married look.



A Typical "40" at the Cloquet Station

Our gang stayed home pretty well nights, in spite of the entree to Cloquet society that they might have had through Kajander. Myett lived in Superior and used to go home over weekends. That Janura the idea and he thought he would try it. Only trouble was that he lived in Chicago. However, he had such bad luck hitch-hiking that when he had

a chance in Hinckley to get all the way back to Cloquet in one hop, he took it.

Mom Watkins upheld her prestige by defeating Cheyney for the cribbage championship and making him take her to the movies.

All in all, it was a very successful session.

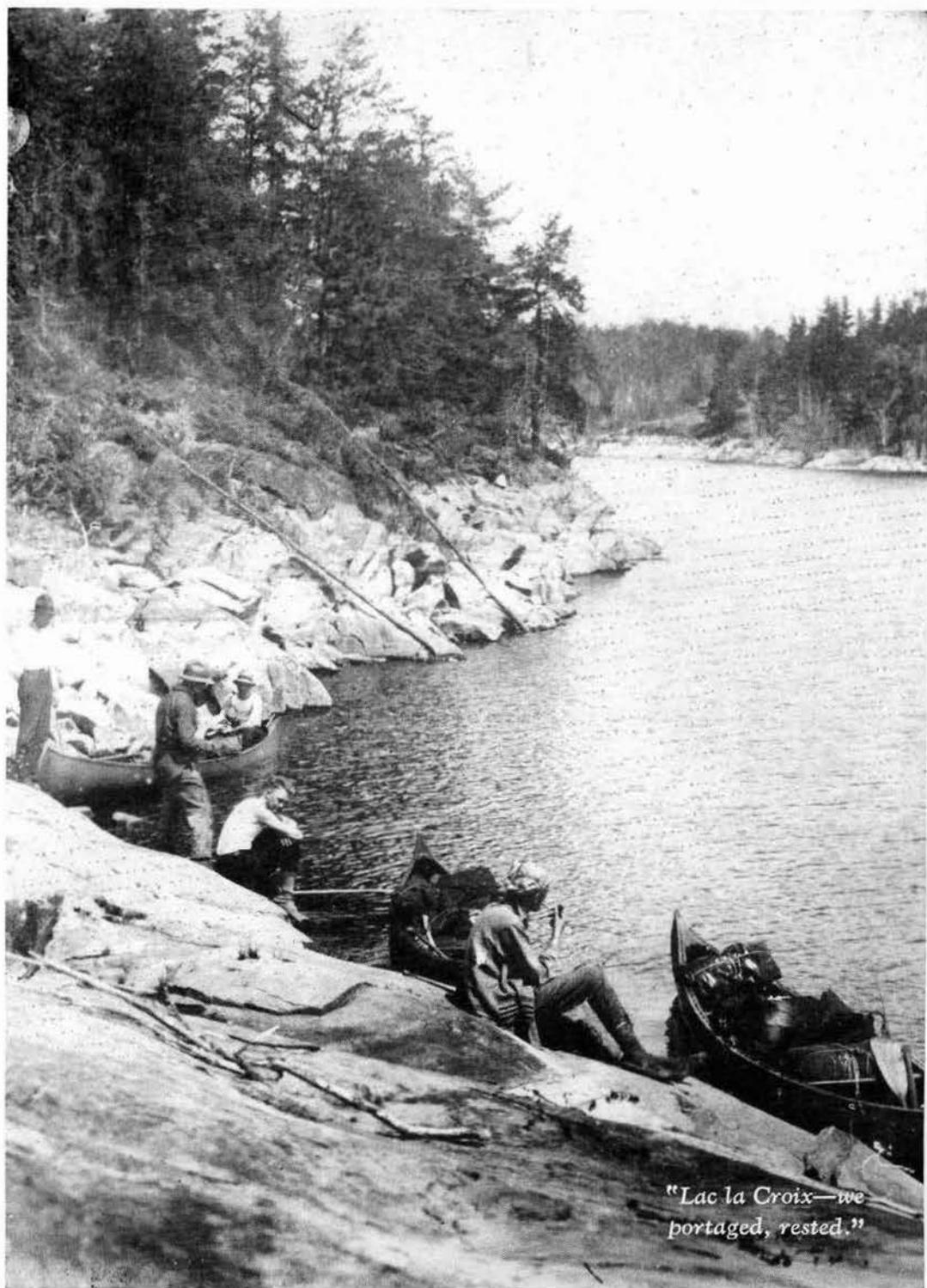
The Gunflint Trail - - Northern Minnesota

On July 20 eleven of the fellows from Itasca reported to the ranger at Grand Marais to work on blister rust control the rest of the summer.

We stayed in an old CCC camp on the Gunflint Trail about 16 miles north of Grand Marais. Our days were spent pulling up gooseberry and currant

bushes, and fire fighting was also part of our job.

With no studies to worry about after work we had many good times. We swam and fished in the river near camp, played kittenball and touch-football, or played cards or just lay around enjoying doing nothing after a year of studying.



*"Lac la Croix—we
portaged, rested."*

Most Marvelous Canoe Country in the World

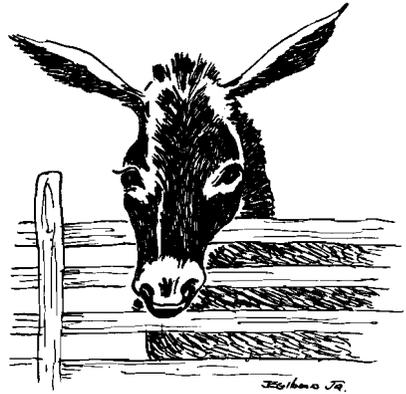
The Southwest

By Gordon Maxson

At the end of winter quarter last year Prof. Brown had some application blanks for a timber crusing job with the Indian Service out of Phoenix, Ariz. A couple of weeks later four recruits, namely, Howie Stiehm, Dick Marden, Paul Goodmonson, and Gordy Maxson, donned their packs and started for the land of sage and cattle.

From the mist, rain, and occasional snow of April in "the land of ten thousand lakes" to the rainless but surprisingly green "valley of the Sun" was quite a change, but not altogether an unpleasant one. Having arrived a few days ahead of the other fellows, I spent the time riding horseback in the desert and, paradoxically, canoeing in one of Phoenix's beautiful parks. I think some of the Minnesota atmosphere must have clung to me in my trek across the country, for Phoenix received its first rain in months on the first night I arrived there—and I was sleeping in the park!

The warmth and abundance of sunshine was not to be permanent, however, for the first job was at Frazier's Well, an Indian road crew camp 30 miles from Peach Springs, Arizona. We had the use of two rough-board frame cabins among a dozen similar ones in which the Indians lived. Our eating in one and sleeping in the other seemed to be a never ending source of amusement for the little Hualapai kids. They got very friendly, even to the point of almost drowning us out with our own barrel of rain water. On one occasion we had to



beg out of a massacre by promising to resume the fight on another night. For several weeks the nights were uncomfortably cold and snow drifted between the vertical boards of the cabin. We'd go to bed with our pants on and we'd step pretty lively for the first hour each morning to keep warm, but as soon as the sun came up, the air would warm rapidly. The days were very comfortable for working, although we lost a couple days because of rain. And mud! You've never seen real glue till you've tried to drive around Frazier's well during wet weather.

Amusement of the standard type was not very plentiful, but we were able to use a couple good Indian ponies every weekend. The country is great for riding, and my only regret was that we couldn't use horses to cruise. Every week end at least some of us went to Siligman or Kingman for groceries. There were shows in both towns, so we got a chance to keep up on our Western Thrillers. Among other pastimes, we tried to pick up a little of the Hualapai language from the little kids, but I think the only phrase that any of us remember is, "Mya Myut!" Next time you go through Peach

Springs, ask some Buck what it means. As a word of warning, though, if you value your scalp, make sure he understands that you are not addressing him, but asking the meaning.

The cruising methods used throughout the summer did not exactly follow to the "T" the methods described by Mr. Brown in his Mensuration lectures, but his statement that the purpose and the time and money available would determine the methods to be used justified the tactics we employed. After several days of chaining and pace checking, we started working in pairs to blaze control lines. We soon got so proficient that the flagman wore a pillow for protection when falling backwards over corner stakes. However, the timber was so scattered that we soon gave up running control lines and started cruising without them. We worked in one man crews, each man carrying a staff compass, Biltmore, jake-stick, and a light pack with field books, maps, lunch, and sometimes a coat. Our aim (I can't vouch for our marksmanship) was to be in the field by 8 o'clock and back in camp between 5 and 6. Saturday mornings were spent in checking pacing and Biltmore readings. During the week we checked ourselves by alternating carrying the Diameter tape and the abney. At intervals the chief of party would check-cruise us. Of course, the chief was always glad to admit he was wrong if there was a discrepancy.

Except for the timber in the unit around Park Tank and in a few isolated spots, the timber was scattered and of poor quality. We soon learned that Manzanita is not a pretty red barked shrub,

but rather is a damned stiff-limbed bush that will rip the pants off you if you so much as pass near it. In some places the ground was completely hidden by its bright green leaves, and if anybody had been within ten miles of us when we were picking ourselves bit by bit from its clutches, they would have heard worse expressions than "Mya Myut!" Last summer seems to have been a bad year on the Hualapai range, for the water holes and tanks were nearly dry already in June, the grass was poor, and the cattle would surely not have won any ribbons.

Before we left Peach Springs for our next job, we took a run up to the Havasupi Canyon, a branch of the Grand Canyon. We had time to walk part way down into the canyon, which gave us a better view of the canyon than I had ever had before. Once before the other boys had reached camp, I had gone on a range inspection tour of the west end of the reservation with V. D. Smith, the Agency Forester. At that time we had looked down into the canyon where it is a mile deep, and where upper Mead Lake had cut down through 50 feet of its own silt. If the present rate of deposition keeps up, the dam will be a waterfall instead of a dam.

On our way to our next job at Dulce, New Mexico, we stopped at Albuquerque to eat and buy groceries. We visited their campus, which is really a beautiful little place. In fact, the whole city presents a fresh green appearance seldom found in the more industrialized cities back home. At the campus book store we bought several books and a few other supplies, among which were a Spanish-



English, English-Spanish Dictionary and a "six easy lessons" course in Spanish. We got our first tutored lesson from a Mexican waitress in an eat shop where we ate lunch.

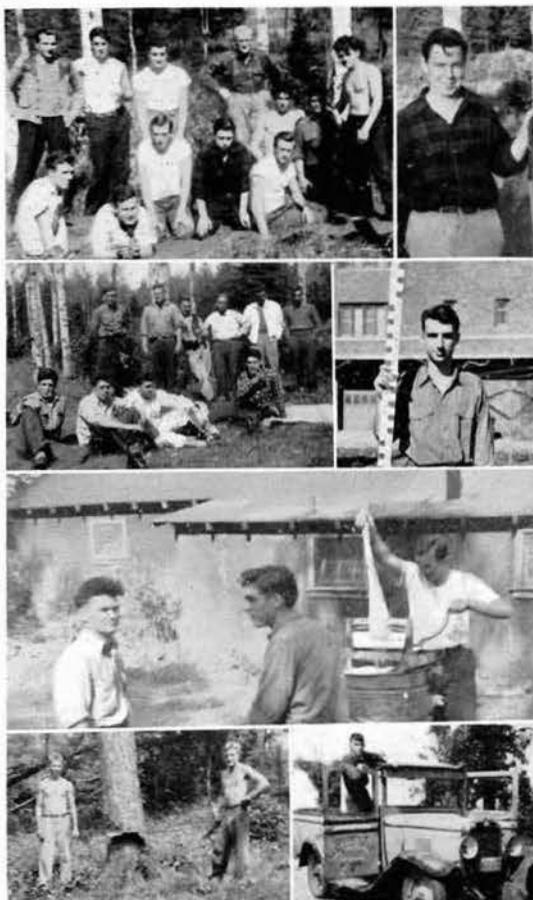
We gauged our mileage so that we ate a late supper in Santa Fe, the state capitol, and were able to stay there over night. It proved a very interesting stay, and I believe if there were any place I'd like to be stranded in, it would be Santa Fe. After prowling around the "down-town" section for a while, Dick and I went on a leaf-hunting tour along the back alleys and crooked streets that very much resemble alleys. Although much of the population is Mexican and Spanish, there are many beautiful man-

sions surrounded by high iron fences. It was very easy to picture what the town had been like in the good old days of open outlawry on the range. When we had our arms and pockets full of leaves from everyone's prize shrubs, we were ready to find some native to help us identify them. The fact that the first likely-looking persons to come along were two Spanish girls was purely accidental. We soon found that they knew no more about plants than people here know about ours, but at least we got lesson No. 2 in Spanish.

Dulce is rather a pleasant but well isolated little Indian Agency village up near the Colorado line. It is the headquarters of the Jicarilla Reservation, which is supposedly an Apache reservation, but on which Navajo Indians do most of the work, including herding the sheep, fighting fires, and building roads. It seemed to us that the Apaches practically lived in the general store, sitting on the counter and jangling their spurs against the show case. Freight costs were so high on the narrow guage railroad that served the town that we seldom bought groceries there, but instead went to Pagosa, Colo. Several times we got as far as the famous old cow center, Durango, Colo. I found it rather interesting to visit the places that always before had been just names in Wild West stories. On one weekend Paul, Kenny Scholz (a Colorado man in our crew), and I took the narrow guage up over Cumbres Pass, which I believe is now the highest railroad pass in the country, and on to Alamosa, Colo. The town was nothing to rave about, being populated mostly by Mexicans, but the

trip there and back was well worth the time and expense. The train traveled at a breath-taking speed of at least eight miles per hour, and there were signs in every car forbidding the passengers to get off to walk while the train was in motion. The tracks passed through tunnels and along the brink of a jagged rock canyon that was really as awesome as the Grand Canyon.

The early loggers around Dulce had really reaped the country bare, but no one had ever bothered to sow. The best grassland had once been covered with excellent Ponderosa. The part that was left for us to cruise was what they had considered inaccessible, and still was not worth taking out for the most part. In much of the country, oak brush from 5 to 30 feet high formed an almost impassable barrier. Running a compass line through six miles of that stuff per day made our tempers shorten considerably. To top it off, the gnats and deer flies got so bad that we quit carrying lunches, as we couldn't stop long enough to eat them. The sun baked down all day, and the quart of water in our canteens seemed to evaporate the first time we opened them. The fact that the timber was lousy made cruising quite exasperating. Two of our camps were very good, except for the lack of water, but the other one at Stinking Lake was really a stinker. A swallow had a nest inside the door and rats had nests everywhere. The prairie dogs were so thick that we could sit outside the log cabin at night and shoot a dozen of them. We all had 22's and spent our evenings practicing. Stiehm improved the generally disagreeable atmosphere of the place by killing a



badger and hanging the skin from the eaves to dry. The maggots finally got complete control. All in all, we were not at all sad about leaving the Jicarilla Reservation and Dulce far behind.

On the 4th of July we were at Mesa Verde National Park, the site of some of the most famous Cliff Dwellings in the country. The scenery in that country is ever-changing and one hardly gets tired of just looking. We all would like to have stayed over that night to see the Indian dances, but time was too short.

The last job of the summer was different from the rest in almost every essential detail, and as far as I am concerned was easily the most enjoyable of

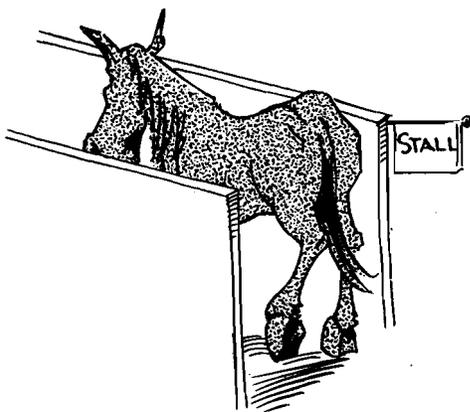
all. The timber we cruised was in the northwest part of the Fort Apache Reservation, up near "Pop" Allison's old haunts on the Tonto Rim. The timber was the best we'd had, although it too had been left by loggers in the past because it was too hard to get out. We were camped on a high east-west ridge that ran off into steep sided finger-draws to the south. The cruising was tough, but at least we at last had timber most of the day. There were lightning storms and downpours every afternoon, so there was no longer the trouble with dry canteens. Nights were cold to the point of necessitating stoves in our cabins. Speaking of lightning, ask Dick what it feels like to hold a steel tape when the lightning strikes it.

About the only thing that remained the same on our new job was our cooking. Each of us had developed a specialty that could be looked forward to (or dreaded) by the rest of the crew. Dick's onion salad was famous! No one

else would ever admit that my flour soup was even fit to eat. French toast and pancakes were standbys, but when the food ran short, one never knew what he was eating for breakfast.

After the job was all wound up, our boss took us on an escorted tour of all the logging jobs on the reservation. We got to see what good Ponderosa looks like and logs out like, and we even saw some of those famous "Park like stands of Ponderosa Pine in the Southwest." McNary issued us a pass to his mill and we spent a whole afternoon looking it over.

When the final day came, I separated from the others at Whiteriver, and started hitch-hiking home via Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Salt Lake City. Contemplation of getting home and back to school was pleasant, but my regret of leaving was even stronger. Our stay in the Southwest was the most satisfactory six months that I can remember, and after this war is wound up, I hope to get back there for a longer stay.



The Northwest

By Ed Neff, '44

Early one Tuesday morning last June, a powerful little orange-topped Model A wheeled its way out of the Twin Cities toward the wide open spaces of the west. Our first error was that we headed north instead of west, so after going some 50 miles out of our way we finally got on the right highway, Highway 12. Little did we know what was in store for us and our apparently dependable Model A. Our first stop was at a garage in Ortonville, Minn., where a brand new condenser replaced the old one.

This could go on indefinitely, because it seemed as though we spent a summer just getting out to Baker, but it really was only five short days.

Before going any further I would like to make a rather bold statement. The first day out of Minneapolis we traveled 504 miles from sun-up till dusk, and I defy any one to top it!

Arriving in Baker, Oregon, on a *bus*, we proceeded to find a nice place to spend the night. Did you ask what happened to the orange topped Model A? Well it decided it needed an overhaul in St. Regis, Montana, 60 miles out of Missoula. Now to get on with the story—You remember, we arrived in Baker, bag and baggage, and began a hunt for a room. Ah-h-h! what a room we got. Running water, doors without locks, a double bed with *the* characteristic sag in the center from long years of use, all this at but a buck per head. We would have spent a very restful evening had it not been for the continual running



around of the hotel "guests". It was like sleeping in the Union Bus Depot before the "8:15" pulled in.

In the morning we went to the Forest Service Office to sign up and have our fingerprints taken. By noon we were received at the Forest Guard School, where we met our new bosses. The Guard School was a former CCC Camp situated in Baker. That night Deitschman, Bowan, Boshart, and myself had a bull session concerning the trip out. It really seemed good to talk with some fellows from Minnesota.

Guard School lasted about a week and included such items as: map reading, detection, suppression, methods of weather taking, locating, and telephone line construction. This week spent at Guard School isn't all work, since it consists of a review of what one was supposedly taught at the University. Then too, the evenings could be spent just as one saw fit. There were quite a number of places to go, i. e., if one danced he could do a first-class wolfing job at Missouri Flats—Whee! what a place. Of course if one was the quiet silent type, a roller skating rink and movie were handy.

After Guard School was over I returned to St. Regis to pick up the car, such as it was (and is). Apparently the only thing wrong with the car was that the gasket off of the gas tank cover had



dropped down into the tank, and was plugging the gas line. The return to Baker came on Sunday, at noon, after barreling that crate over some of the roughest roads I have yet experienced. (Hairpin curves, steep grades, and even rough roads couldn't stop her now, although I did clip off a R.R. sign on one of the curves.)

From here on in we were given the opportunity to apply the methods that were shown us in Guard School. My first job was to construct a telephone line up to the look-out, where I would spend the major part of the summer. Two men made up a crew on this job, and I had the good fortune to work

with a pleasant egg. He was most obliging; thus helping me a great deal in getting started off right. We were on this job for about two weeks, and in that time had put up a telephone line that covered about six miles up to the look-out.

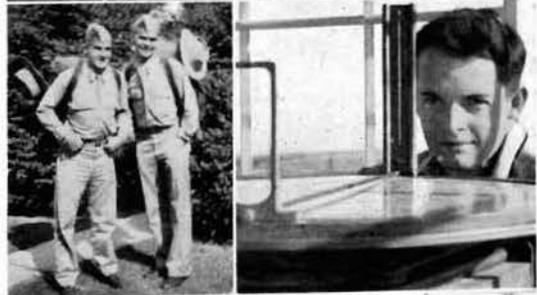
On July 1st I was officially stationed on the look-out for the summer, and you know what that can mean.

About the first three weeks I had plenty to do in practically memorizing the guard hand book, practicing shooting in imaginary fires to help speed up tower control, and washing dishes.

Around the 23rd of July I reported my first fire, and boy it was a honey! She was located in a heavy slash area where they had been cutting cordwood. The horizontal distance to the fire was eight miles, but by car it was seventeen. On the way to the fire I picked up four wood cutters, and all five of us (plus the Model A) flew in the direction of the fire. There we were, two men hanging on the side of the boat, one in the back seat warming the tools and pack cans, and one in the front seat with me. Confidentially, the Model A wasn't doing so well. The radiator was boiling, the tires were down from overload, and we had a slight list to the starboard. After a considerable amount of moaning and pushing we finally got as near to the fire as we could. Then there was a mile hike back into an isolated canyon. Upon arrival we could see that we had our hands full. After about a half hour of hot, smoky work a control line took shape about 6 to 8 feet wide around the

top of the fire, and so long as she stayed on the ground we figured we could hold her. Then came the error of the day, when we took a five. A gust of wind wiped the fire up into the reproduction, and over the top of the control line she went. There we were with our mouths wide open and a fire out of control. It was fortunate for us that a logging road was about two chains up the grade. After the fire had stopped on the top it was an easy matter for us to drop a couple of control lines down on either side.

The only other fire that stands out in my memory was down near the highway. It seems that a logger had started this one—due to carelessness—and on Sunday morning at that. This left the dispatcher no alternative but to send me down the trail. Upon arriving, I found that several people had already stopped to help, so I proceeded “merrily” up the hill. About half-way there I could see some people working on the fire’s edge, but what really stood out was a girl of about 16-17-18 (who cares how old she was; she was a girl and in the mountains they are scarce). She had sort of blonde hair, was about an ax handle and a half high, real nice looking, and well built to specifications. About that time I sat down and had a drink of water out of the canteen. (You see, I thought I must be going loco). After a brief rest I continued up the hill and sort of organized a crew, such as it was. They were fighting a timber fire with wet gunny sacks, need I say



more? After the fire was pretty well taken care of, Marie (I am calling her by her first name now) and I went to hunt up spot fires. I might add that we didn’t find any. . . . Nice kid, that Marie.

Nothing very exciting ever happened after that, except an occasional week end in Missouri Flats, but that’s another story.

All in all, I had a very successful summer, and without a moment of hesitation I would recommend *Oregon* as the place for a summer job for practical experience, which is essential to any prospective forester.

A Cowboy's Prayer

*"Oh, Lord, I've never lived where churches grow
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.*

*"I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock, or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a partner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.*

*"Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hawse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!*

*"Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And, right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide."*

— Badger Clark

Undergraduates In the Army

So sorry I didn't write sooner; don't know if you remember me; yep—I'm still kicking: that's the way most of the letters from the boys begin—but what about the rest of you guys? Where is Art Janura, Gene Theis, Clarey Anderson and all you fellows that left Green Hall for the Service?

There was a very pretty little number who wrote Chet Olson and after two months her letter came back. I found out where he was and about the middle of the evening mentioned it to her. Well—there went that date—she said, "Take me home—and now—I've got to write Chet." So the Lt. Chester H. Olson of Fort Lewis, Wash., is about to receive a choice little missile from a neat little sturgeon.

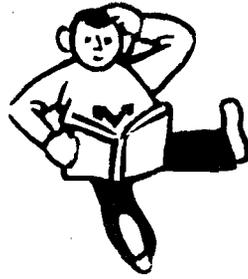
From Camp Shelby, Miss., comes word that "Swede" Lundblad, PFC, almost got a furlough—beter luck next time, Swede. Swede's official address is Co. I, 154 Inf., APO 31. He also says that Doc Prentice—sure, you remember him, short, noisy and full of hell—is doing all right for himself at Ft. Bragg, N. C., in the Regimental Supply Corps.

According to Pvt. Tom Nall, Hq. Florida Sub-sector, Du Pont Bldg., in Miami, there's a better future in the 105 mm. AA guns—that's one point I won't argue about, Tom, 'cause that's pretty heavy stuff.

A couple of our boys who are really seeing the country are Pvts. Glen H. Deitschman and Bill Schultz. After five transfers in four months Glen has finally settled with the Dtchd. 3rd Comm. Sq., La Junta AAB, Colorado. Bill, the proverbial tumbleweed, has been stopped at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland, but he says—there's too much rain in this hole.

The Army Air Corps has really done a lot to clean up Green Hall during the past two weeks. On the same list Al Hanna, Ed Neff, Bernie Granum, Bob Jorgenson and Bob Anderson were ordered to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. A few more "purges" like that one and we might as well close shop.

So far, all the fellows have gone into the army but the Foresters make good sailors too. Now there's John H. Brogan, S¹/c, who's going to town in radio school at the U. S. Coast Guard School in Atlantic City;



Ralph Anderson who, when we last heard, was chasing everyone away from Long Island; Rod Schumacher, Yeoman 2nd Class, who's keeping thing running smoothly out at Wold Chamberlain Naval Air Base, "Wild Bill" Krantz, Ensign U. S. Navy Air Corps, and Cadet Stan Erickson, U. S. Naval Air Base at Kansas City.

There are lots of you fellows we've missed in this article and for the simple reason that we don't know where you are. Fill out a card to Green Hall, let us know where you are, and we can let you know where the rest of the gang is.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is one of the best letters that has reached this editor's eyes and we have taken the privilege (without asking the author, mind you) of printing it verbatim. Hope you enjoy it as much as we did after E. G. showed it to us.*

Feb. 5, 1943

Dear Professor Cheyney,

Being one of your former students—and seeing a home town paper with a picture of "Uncle of Paul"—I decided to drop you a few lines and let you know what happens to Forestry graduates—at least, one of them. By the way, is that a new pipe?

To begin with—it wasn't long after graduation in '39 that Uncle Sam's Army began to take most of my time. I spent 18 months in a mountain artillery battallion (one "I" to an old Eng. Prof.) Total strength, 1000 men, 690 remount mules, and 220 horses. I led a mule for 10 months, and did stable police for another 6—which all goes to prove that a soldier should never let a hard-boiled Kentucky sergeant find out he has been to college and can add two and two. I eventually ended up outranking the said sergeant, and had a mule of my own to ride—

but fond as I am of mules—I couldn't see any future in being killed in action hanging onto the tail of a G. I. hybrid. Also, I was a bit discouraged with the last little trip I took with the old outfit. I spent a week on the Olympic Peninsula in Washington scouting trails thru the Quinault Indian Reservation. I managed to buck the swamp for 60 miles in two days with no food—and didn't have sense enough to get back to civilization until I was rather hungry. One day's rest, then a 250 mile march around the peninsula on foot—I repeat, I became discouraged. So I joined the Air Corps as a Cadet, got married to a Minneapolis girl, and am now settled down to a soft easy life, only working and flying sixteen hours a day six days a week. I only change posts every six weeks now, so I'm practically settled for life. Come summer I hope to be across giving someone hell with a few block-busters, but I have a lot of flying to learn in the meantime.

By the way, I haven't been in any outfit where my Forestry training didn't serve me well. Everything from logging to surveying, silviculture—to Forestry dances—has helped.

I don't expect you to recall me too vividly—being one of your thousands of students—but perhaps Schantz-Hansen will remember "Ozark", the guy who played the accordion and rode a motorcycle—but not both at the

same time. I'd give a lot to live those days over again—but if I knew then what I know now, I would never have let my studies interfere with my education.

Say, when this show is over, I'll probably need a little help staying out of the bread-lines. In case you hear of anyone who needs a good stable orderly, northwoods guide, pack-master, cook, house-maid, shoe-shine boy, riding instructor, telephone and switchboard operator, draftsman, gunner, navigator, prison guard, or airplane pilot, let me know. The Army has done its best to qualify me for any one of those jobs—not boasting—nor am I complaining.

All in all, the Army is the best place to be in war-times—but I'm looking forward to the day when I can go back to my forestry, digging Ribes on the Plumas National Forest, or running a pack string in Montana. I guess most of the boys in my class are in the services now. I hear from some of them once in a while—and they always mention the old days of the long-eared razor-back hogs. We've got a little logging job to do in Berlin first, but we'll be back sweating out those forestry exams someday.

I reckon that's all. Keep up the good work training foresters—they make fine muleskinners.

Sincerely,
a/c Hilliard M. Lilligren.

Incidentals

Milt Scoglund is in good health and is working in Oakland shipyards as a shipwright.

Dale Chapman is an officer in the Navy.

J. N. Van Alstine, '28, is still with the U.S.F.S. at New Castle, Virginia and reports that after all these years he is just like a southerner.

Russell E. Wheeler, '35; Mrs. Wheeler reports Russ is a PFC in the Fiji Islands in the Regimental Wire Service.

E. J. George, '28, is still on the U. S. Field Station at Mandan, North Dakota, holding the same job.

Philip Jahn is a lieutenant in Coast Artillery, Seattle, Washington.

Jack Mead, civil engineer for the government in Nebraska.

Philip Andersen, '38, was waiting for a Flying Cadet appointment when last heard from.



Winfield Robinson is believed to be a Jap prisoner; he was on Bataan when it fell.

Vince Olson is now a sergeant somewhere in England. How do you like the fog, Vince?

Lem Blakemore—when Wally Erson last heard from him he had a gold bar on his sleeve and people were calling him Ensign. He's stationed somewhere in New York City.

Larry Jendro is working for the Army War College in Washington, D. C.

Ross Hanson's whereabouts are unknown, but we know he is a Lieutenant J. G. in the Navy Air Corps.

"Hooley" Johnson has a new job; he's now Ranger on the Alpin District—Apache.

Vic Sandberg writes that he visited Howard Smith a short time ago and saw his newest heir.

Howie told Vic that Walt Ridlington (see how we scratch for news) is with the Indian Service on the Apache Reservation.

Leon Hill just recently added two stripes to the sleeves of his uniform and is now Lieut. Hill.

S. C. Brayton, '20, writes he is still with the U.S.F.S. on the Mio District of the Huron National Forest, Michigan, and that Herman Olson is now a Ranger on the Tower District.

Wayne Sword is moving right along as his newest job as Assistant Supervisor on the Manistee National Forest, Michigan. Nice going, Wayne.

Dave King took a job with a defense plant in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when the C's broke up.

James Kimball is with Tom Schrader in Nebraska; he's working on a P-R project for the Game Commission.

Liven Peterson, another Game Manager, has left the P-R project for the Army and by now has his commission.

Vic also met Warren Chase at the North American Wildlife Conference.

Marvin Smith, formerly with the T.V.A., is now an Ensign after his Chicago schooling in the Navy V7 program.

Birger Ellertsen, '35, is supervising some of the forestry work for the T.V.A. in Tennessee. The Ellertsens' home was recently blessed by a fine baby boy.

W. H. Fischer: Our congratulations to this graduate of '28 for he has just been made Supervisor of the South Carolina National Forest. Good luck on your new job.

Ray W. Knudson, '28; Ray is still with the U.S.F.S. on the Chequamegon National Forest.

John Golbman, '37, works for the McCloud River Lumber Company, McCloud, California.

John G. Miles, '40, is working in the forest research depot of Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. He has a young son 1½ years old.

Fred Dickinson, '38, is teaching in Junior College in Susanville, California. Krogfoss writes that Shearer says this.

Al Hagen, '37, works for the U.S.F.S. in Susanville, California, too. This comes from Shearer to Krogfoss to us.

Dick Ahern, '40, is leaving the Immigration Post for the khaki.

Mike Latimer, '40, is now an Ensign and has a new wife, Wini Featherstone.

Henry Peterson also has a commission.

Victor C. Anderson, '37, is in Seattle with the Civil Service Commission.

Ray Ellstrom, '38, is with the Border Patrol in Maine.

Ed Kron, '38, is working for a plumbing concern in Connecticut.

Bob Shary, '37, is working in the State Conservation Depot in St. Paul. He's a new papa now.

Erick Kienow, '39. He's a Safety Engineer for some insurance company in Minneapolis.

Kermit Miller, '37, is at Couer d'Alene Forest, Idaho.

Irwin Johnson, '36, is a Ranger on the Derie National Forest, St. George, Utah.

Carroll Mattin, '38, is with Northwest Airlines at Edmonton, Alberta.

Joseph Falbo, '37, had a little trouble while at Officers Candidate School and spent considerable time in the hospital, but he's OK now and probably has his commission by now.

Frederick F. Wangaard, '33; Fred's over at the Forest Products laboratory in Madison at the Aircraft Wood Inspectors School. He's another one of those foresters who are making sure that only suitable wood is used in planes.

Walter F. Beyer, '12; Wally still is out East in the "little burg" called New York City. He still is in the insurance business and must be doing all right, judging from how long he has been in the business.

H. H. Chapman, our old '99 graduate, is still at the Yale Forestry School.

Art E. Schneider, '31, while he is still Art to us, he is Captain Arthur Schneider to the Army. He is with the Headquarters Field Service of the Air Service Command and is now stationed at Patterson Field, Ohio.

Tom Partridge, '40, is now a Staff Sergeant in the Armored Division at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Tom married an Army nurse, and we thought things like that only happened in the movies.

Lem A. Blakemore, '40, is now an Ensign in training at Dartmouth College.

Robert De Leuw, '38, is now a Lieutenant and is with the Army Air Corps at Bolling Field, Washington, D. C.

Orville Withee, '40, an Ensign with the Navy Aviation last reported at Dutch Harbor.

Arvid Tesaker, '30, has moved from South Bend, Ind., to Traverse City, Mich.

Wayne Sword, '31, working with timber management with U.S.F.S. at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Frank Fredrickson, '31, is now a timber appraiser for St. Louis County, Minn., with headquarters at Duluth.

John Cann, '32, is an engineer for the Evergreen Mining Co. at Hibbing, Minn.

Don Ferguson, '32, is timber sale assistant, U.S.F.S., at Isabella, Minn.

Arthur Horn, '32, has been with the Forest Products Service here at Lake States Experiment Station for the past year, working with Francis Moore, '36.

Edward Iverson, '32, is ranger at Cut Foot Sioux District in the Chippewa National Forest up at Ely, Minn.

Clayton R. Jackson, '32, runs a Ford garage at Cambridge, Minn.

John Kopitke, '32, is a salesman for the A. D. Chapman Wood Preservative Co.

Frank "Porky" Anderson, '31, is a Ranger for the U.S.F.S. at Cook, Minn.

Donald W. Campbell, '31, is building gliders at Minneapolis Wold-Chamberlain Airport.

Lee K. Moore "Leaky"; with the Soil Conservation Service at La Crosse, Wis.

Paul St. Aamont, '31; a U.S.F.S. Ranger at Blackduck, Minn.

Jerome H. Stoudt, '31; a refuge manager for the Fish & Wildlife Service in Wisconsin.

Robert St. Aamont, '31, is Timber Sale Ranger for U.S.F.S. at Ely, Minn. Bob is handling one of the largest timber sales in Minnesota, that of the Tomahawk Kraft sale at Babbit. Two children now bless the St. Aamont family, ages 1 and 5.

Donald M. Stewart, '31, is District leader for Blister Rust Control with headquarters at Duluth, Minn.

Arthur Roe, '32, is U.S.F.S. Ranger, Mesabe district, Chippewa National Forest, at Virginia, Minn.

Leonard Moore, '32, on the Supervisor's staff at Escanaba, Mich., where he is working on fire control and engineering problems.

Floyd Colburn worked on Chippewa National Forest as Junior Forester until called by the Army.

Emil Kukachka has been a J.F. with Minn. CCC until about a year ago when he went into the army.

Sulo Koski is working with the Soil Conservation Service.

Bill Jolly has been with the T.V.A. since 1934.

John McMillen is with the Forest Products Lab. at Madison.

George Plant is working in St. Paul, Minnesota, with the L. F. Dow Co.

Orlo Soland is with the Timber Department of the Oliver Mining Company at Duluth, Minnesota.

Norman O. Nelson, '35; Norm is with the U. S. Forest Service at Drummond, Wis.

Ken Peterson, '42, Myron "Mike" Latimer, and Leonard Kucera are all midshipmen together at Columbia and all three have their Ensign stripes on by now.

C. Edward Carlson, '39, writes that Jim Taplin and he are at the Army Air Force Pre-flight School at Maxwell Field, Alabama, and they hope to be successful pilots some day. Good luck to both of you; we know you can do it, just keep your noses pointed upward.

Ralph Lindgren, '26; Lieut. Dale Chapman writes that Ralph is planning the establishment of huge plantations of *Crytostegia* rubber in Mexico. At the present time Ralph is traveling all over Mexico via auto, plane, horse, burro, or anything that moves, making a survey.

Jay Armstrong. Jay (who would have graduated in '42 were it not for the war) is now down at Dallas, Texas, teaching flying to the Army cadets. Jay was in the C.A.A. while at school so he has been up the skies for quite some time now. Good luck—Jay.

Girl Wanted

*Wanted, a girl for the summer months,
A girl who can really play,
Who can take the wheel of a steed of steel
And point it up woodland way.
A girl who can hike, a girl who can fish,
A girl who can cast a dry fly,
Or, if she can't do it, will gamely stick by
And win out, or want to know why.*

*A girl who can chum, a girl who can bum,
A girl who can sleep on the ground
With a sense of direction, and a rainproof complexion
And a temper that's perfectly sound.
A girl who can whistle, a girl who can sing,
And laugh when the tent springs a leak.
Who can swing a good paddle, and ride her horse straddle,
And powder her nose once a week.*

*A girl who loves moonlight, and isn't afraid
Of small creatures who roam in the night,
Who can strike a match man's style, go swimming pan style—
That is, when there's no one in sight.
Wanted, a girl for the summer months,
One qualified please will apply.
And in cold weather, we'll stick together,
And only break camp when we die.*

From On Top of a Hill

*I sit and watch the swallows now
And wonder how,
Men with all God's world about
Could ever doubt,
I sit and watch a hawk wing by
And wonder why,
Men choke themselves with dust and smoke
And still are broke,
I like it where the eagles fly
The sky is high,
Out there you meet kind, honest folk
Not choked, not broke,
They've a million dollars on every tree
The air is free,
They work hard with springy feet
And sleep is sweet,
There's a ton of gold in each sunset
No worry, no fret,
As they move about from day to day
Each his way,
They thank God in every prayer
For just being there,
And there's plenty of room beneath this sky
Even for you — and I.*

— Bob Nelson

News From Our Alumnae



Frank I. Rockwell, '06. Extension Forester Rockwell wrote that times like these test the abilities of foresters to pursue a variety of jobs. He cites some of the jobs given Extension Foresters in South Dakota; as an example, he has been called on to do everything from solving horticultural problems and aiding in planning and planting Victory gardens to instructing in training schools on the "Share the Meat" campaign. Due to the labor shortage, he predicts very little tree planting in South Dakota in 1943, but who ever heard of a shortage of work for Agricultural Extension Specialists?

Walter M. Moore, '09. Major Moore is still with the Army Air Corps and at the present is in the United Nations, Branch of the Air Force Section which is in the Air Service Command. His job is sending supplies to "beneficiary nations" such as England, Russia, China, Free French of North Africa, and several others. You got the whole country behind you, Major, so keep up the good work. By the way, we believe the Major has the highest rank of any Minnesota Forester in the Armed Services. Congratulations again, Sir. Also we want to thank you for your annual \$4.00 check and assure you it was put to good use.

G. W. Wiggin, '13. Gilly is at Kentucky working at the Robinson Agricultural Experiment Station. One of his boys is a senior in Civil Engineering and the other is out at sea with the Merchant Marine. Thanks for the nice note, Gilly, and don't let the income taxes worry you.

J. B. Berry, '10. J. B. is still with the Waverly Fruit Growers and raising a bumper crop of oranges and grapefruit. We're glad to hear you like your Florida bass fishing but we agree crappie fishing at Itasca is hard to beat. Thanks for the box of fruit you sent to the Forestry Club. Rationing won't be bad if all alumni are as generous with food as you are.

Geo. F. Freeman, '14. George's mother reports him a deck officer somewhere in the Pacific on convoy duty with the Merchant Marine. His Peavey will be sent to you,

Mrs. Freeman, and thanks kindly for the news.

S. Grant Harris, '12. Grant writes from Minneapolis where he is still busy distributing Northern White and Western Red Cedar poles with the Page and Hill Company. He mentions **Sig Norman, '12**, who is with the same company in the production end at Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, and also **J. D. Barnes** who is in charge of the company's treating activities.

Arnold O. Benson, '10. Benson, who is still at the Wisconsin Forest Products Lab, writes in a few figures on the schools represented down there. Yale and Michigan each have three men, Syracuse two, Ames and Cornell have one, and Minnesota six foresters. Either Minnesota has an "in" there or else merit receives just reward. We are personally convinced it is the latter. Don't you agree? It is not a question for argument, as we are all working for the same cause now. It must be just like old home week down there—eh, Arnie?

Frank Kaufert, '28. Frank is no longer with us here at Minnesota. His teaching days have ceased for the duration for he now has a leave of absence and is doing war work at the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison. Only limited particles of knowledge as to what his job is have come our way; but we do know he is working with wooden Navy training planes, and that he is very busy doing research work on glues. Instructing classes on how to become wood inspectors and doing actual trouble shooting are two more of his jobs. Next time you see Frank you can call him Papa, for another potential forester has arrived. The kid is almost a second Lincoln—he was born on February 11, 1943. Congratulations to you and the Mrs. and Keep Those Planes Flying.

Leslie W. Orr, '27. Leslie is truly a fortunate man for as you know (or if you didn't, you do now), he was working for the Division of Forest Insect Investigations, Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarant-



Hi Alums!

Most of our grads have on the War Paint. Read about them.



tine (boy! with a name like that, the divisions must be important) in that very busy and overcrowded city of Washington, D. C.; but last spring the division's headquarters were moved to the Beltsville Research Center in Maryland. Now he has the opportunity of doing some outdoor work and he says the whole setup is like a field laboratory.

Carl G. Kruger, '27. Carl is still on the Shoshone Nat'l Forest at Cody, Wyoming, where he has been for some time. Carl is a regular subscriber to the Peavey and comes through again this year.

Gustav Limstrom, '28. Gus is serving with the armed forces in North Africa according to word from Two Harbors, Minn.

A. A. Anderson, '22. Al writes from Washington, D. C., where he and **A. L. Whiton, '21,** are working for the Ordnance office in the packaging department. They both are on leave from the Chicago Mill & Lumber Co. for the duration.

Gerald S. Horton, '27. Gerry is down at Scott Field, Illinois, at a Reception Center. He's in the Infantry and at the present his work consists of receiving and processing new men before they are sent to basic training centers. He's been in the army less than a year but he's already got two silver bars on his shoulder—nice going, Capt. Horton.

Edward Duclos, '27. Ed is now working and living out Puget Sound way in the town of Seattle. He's with the U. S. Engineers and his present work is in connection with our Alaskan operation. Ed writes he has had many recent contacts with Minnesota people and concerns and we are hoping this year's Peavey will add a few more to his list.

Dale Chapman, '29. Lieut. Chapman of the U. S. Navy Bureau of Ships is at the present temporarily stationed at Washington, D. C. His work is concerned with the many problems involved in the construction of our wooden hull vessels.

William H. Fischer, '28. Bill is still in the Atlantic Regional office of the U.S.F.S. He

writes things are still about the same and that since last November 1st he has been acting as Fire Control Chief in the Division of Operations.

Oliver Cook, '28. Cook is still in the printing business with the Flour City Press of Minneapolis. He still has intimate contact with the Foresters, however, as his company prints the Peavey for us. During time that we are going to press—he is our guiding angel. We are greatly indebted to Cook for all the time and work he puts into the Peavey each year. Cook is also quite a hunter and there aren't any animals or birds that he doesn't hunt during its season. He gets what he is after too.

Victor Freeman, '30. We are very sorry to report Mr. Freeman was drowned following a tragic automobile accident last October 24th, outside of Bottineau, No. Dak.

Jerome Stoudt, '31. Jerome has been Refuge Manager at the Horicon National Wildlife Refuge at Waupun, Wisconsin, since last July. Prior to this time he was Ranger in the Superior National Forest in Minnesota.

Donald Higgins, '38. Don is working for Shevlin-Hixon Co. up at Bend, Oregon, and now has two little girls in his family.

Morris V. Olson, '39. Morry is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Medical Administrative Corps after completing O.C.S. at Camp Barkeley, Texas. He's stationed now at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and acting as—guess what?—mess officer. Maybe you should have audited a few Home Ec courses when you were back here, Morry. "Congrats" on the young forester born to the Olsons on November 17.

Forest J. Lane, '39. Forest is an aviation cadet down at Santa Ana, Calif., where he is in training to become a navigator. He mentions a '38 grad, **Don Higgins,** also.

Edward J. Stanek, '39. "Shavetail" Stanek after studying meteorology at the University of Chicago for nine months is down at

Aberdeen Proving Ground Air Base where he is acting as Base Weather Officer. Thanks for the nice letter, lieutenant.

C. F. Grafton, '37. "Graf" is with the A. D. Chapman Co. at New Orleans and is following the interesting field of wood preservatives. They are doing a great deal in the ship building line and other war work. He writes from sunny Florida—wish we were down there.

Phillip M. Schroeder, '38. "Pinky" during the past year met a very lovely young lady and after a thorough combined military and forestry reconnaissance he ups and marries that same pretty Miss. He is doing very well in the Army too; for about a month ago he received his Captaincy. He's still a part of the Military Staff for the University of Minnesota R.O.T.C. unit. He also is a mighty fine instructor, and any of the fellows who have had him for drill or classes will vouch for that.

Clifford Risbrudt, '31. Cliff, for the past three years, has been in Region V in Sunny(?) California; and as he puts it, quote, "It's taken me three years to become acclimated to the usual 'unusual weather' out here." He is now Assistant Ranger on the Sierra National Forest and has spent most of this year working on timber management projects. He's not alone out there as he reports other Minnesota men in the region, including Roy Wagner, '32, "Doc" Forson, Chuck Beardsley, '31, and Dave Williams, '29. Here's hoping you fellows meet often enough to exchange a bit of gossip about Ye Old Forestry School.

Hillard M. Lillegren, '39. Letter (printed elsewhere).

Charles F. Shearer, '37. Chuck is still with A. D. Chapman and Co. in the Regional Office at Portland, Oregon, and is doing fine. From his letter, we find he has had recent contacts with many Minnesota Alums—thanks for their addresses. He also writes he had a very interesting visit with Dr. Schmitz when he visited Portland. What's the idea of holding out on us, Chuck? **Ossie Krokfoss** writes that you have an 8 months old daughter. Congratulations, Daddy.

Oswald K. Krogfoss, '35. Ossie is working as a commodity specialist in the Lumber-Paper Division of the U. S. Tariff Commission and is living in Washington, D. C. This fall he made a cost study of the Western Pine Industry; while he was out West,

he contacted several former classmates and other Minnesota Alumni. Those bits of news about them were just what we wanted. Ossie's expecting a change in status, due to some organization called the Army; but the last news we received (Dec. 1942) he had not been called yet.

E. Arnold Hanson, '37. E. Arnold can no longer be found around the Division of Fire Control in Ogden, as he has been transferred and is now an Assistant Ranger on the Boise National Forest. He survived a tough fire season last summer and is now concentrating on timber work. From the sound of his letter his job is far from a monotonous one. He writes, "If I were a combination mechanic, blacksmith, plumber, carpenter, and cowboy, in addition to being a professionally trained forester, I think I would find my work somewhat easier." Best of luck on your new job.

Loren McDonald, '39. Thanks to Loren's mom we are able to report on him. Last November he was somewhere in the South Pacific in a Medical Regiment doing his bit for Uncle. His Peavey will be sent to him and in the meantime, Loren, "give 'em Hell!"

John E. Schneeweis, '38. John reports he has finally found a use for the chemistry that some unsuspecting professor pounded into him, for he is now an instructor at the U. S. Army Air Corps Photography School at Lowry Field, Colorado. His job sounds very interesting as he says he is teaching tropical development of film and processing of aerial film to graduating aerial photographers. Yes sir, it's Pvt. John E. Schneeweis, 3rd T.S.S., Br. 529, now.

John H. Taylor, '39, is now Ensign Taylor after graduating from the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut, in Navy. His mother reports he's now in Hawaii serving his country.

T. Ewald Maki, '30. Maki is still in charge of the Beltsville Forest Laboratory in Maryland, where a large amount of research is being carried on, both in the laboratory and in the field. T. E. has two girls, age 2 and 4, to bring up as "forestresses".

Clem Kaufman, '37. Clem has been down on the campus for some time acting as Assistant Extension Forester. He's now up at the Cloquet Forest Station working on his Ph.D. and milking Schantz-Hansen's cows as a pastime. Take it easy, Clem, and remember you're a forester, not a farmer.

A. Z. Nelson, '31. Nels is in Washington on the staff of the National Resources Planning Board. This group is engaged in war and post-war planning with special attention devoted to land projects. Hope you guys make plenty of work for the foresters after this is all over; how about it, Alf?

Vic Sandberg, '33. Ranger Vic is still with the Forest Service on the Spring Valley Ranger District, Kaibab. The Army hasn't got him yet, but he's feeling the war plenty because of the shortage of help. As he puts it, "We expect to be busier than the proverbial cat on a tin roof this coming fire season." Cheer up, Vic, we might have a couple of fellows in school next summer that can be sent out your way.

Thomas A. Schrader, '37. Tom and his wife and two sons (for the benefit of you who didn't know the present size of his family) are now living in Nebraska. Tom has not written to us since about 1939 and at that time he was working with the CCC boys. He left the C's in November 1941 to take a job for the Nebraska P-R, and last September he was appointed Aquatic biologist to work on Fisheries Research for the Department. He has spent most of his time since then trying to get equipment. Chances are he might accept a new position with the U. S. Army as he states he probably will be called soon.

R. MacRae Thompson, '37. MacRae reports that he is now Superintendent of the North Star Timber Company at Two Harbors, Minnesota. Also that, despite priorities and the like, they are getting out a just amount of timber. Maybe some of you other alumni met him at the Canadian Society of Forest Engineers Convention.

Loren A. McDonald, '39. Loren is down in Australia with the rank of Sergeant. He's an old hand in the Army as he's been in Australia almost a year. Mail and reading material is scarce down there, so why don't some of you who went to school with him drop a line or two his way.

Harold L. Mitchell, '30. Sunny Florida is Mitchell's present home as he is now Senior Silviculturist for the Southern Forest Experiment Station. He is in charge of research in naval stores. Hope that southern climate agrees with you.

Ralph W. Lorenz, '30. Ralph is still with the University of Illinois Forestry College, so he hasn't quite the lust for wandering

that brother Rolland possesses. Just incidentally, he mentioned the fact that the "Fighting Illini" aren't such bad football and hockey players. Not that he meant anything by it; but it seems to me that Minnesota had a little trouble with them last year. However, what's one year in 50? Just the law of averages at work.

Dwight W. Benseid, '37. Dwight, or perhaps I should call him Dr. Benseid, since he received his Ph.D. last year, is no longer a part of our teaching staff. He has transferred to the Army Air Corps teaching staff at the school for Aircraft Wood Inspectors at the Madison Forest Products Laboratory. He will be there for the duration, but we hope to meet him back at Minnesota when it's all over.

Robert C. March, '38. Bob's father writes that Bob is now at Officers Candidate School at Camp Croft, South Carolina. He's in the Infantry and coming up fast. Incidentally, for those of you who hadn't heard, he's married and to all of you we wish to announce he has a brand new baby son. Make him a forester, Bob.

Carl Dion, '38. Carl is in name Production Control Man in charge of one of the large 30 caliber units at the big Federal Cartridge Company plant at New Brighton. However, while he is giving his all for defense he hasn't forgotten his forestry. Last spring he hired about ten undergraduates from school and started a Christmas Tree Nursery east of St. Paul. It was more or less of an experiment but he reports that after one growing season he has an 88% survival. The survival would have been still greater if it hadn't been for those torrential rains we had last May. He is so convinced of the future in this business, that he and his brother-in-law are going to start another nursery just outside of Milwaukee. Good luck to both your projects, Carl, and after this war is over, you can call on the Forestry School for your harvesting crews.

George Herion, '34. For the past few years Herion has held the position of Associate Forester with the U. S. Indian Service at the South West Regional Office at Phoenix, Arizona. His job is to see that Indian timber lands are properly cruised, evaluated, and managed according to the methods and plans formulated by him.

The past summer four Minnesota men worked for George as timber cruisers. It

was during this period that we learned of his strong patriotic feeling toward "Uncle" in the present world conflict. Latest reports are that he is training for work more closely allied with the war effort with an Aluminum company.

Francis I. Moore, '36. Frances has been up in the Chippewa National Forest at Cass Lake with timber sales. For the last five months he has been working up at Lake States Experiment Station with the Forest Products Service, working on a war job. He expects to leave soon for Grand Rapids, Minnesota, where he is going into the private lumber industry. Frances has two girls, ages 5 years and 8 months. Thanks, Francis, for the dope on your classmates.

Philip C. Anderson, '38. Phil's another of those Air Corps cadets. He is out in sunny(?) or rainy(?) California at the Santa Ana Army Air Base. He sends in a very good suggestion for future alumni columns, namely that the adventures and "wolfing" experiences of Foresters in far-off lands would make good reading. Keep this in mind for future letters to the Peavey.

George E. M. Gustafson, '39. George is research forester for the University of Illinois and at the present time he is working on experimental plots in various parts of that state; sounds like George has got a soft job as he wrote his letter to us while working on the former governor Lowdan's estate.

Walt Zilgeth, '30. Running Duke's Experiment forest in Michigan—working out from Lake States Exp. Station.

Milton Forder, '30. Lumber Sales Assistant at Bena, Minnesota, on Chippewa.

Chas. E. Hutchinson, '39. "Hutch" is still with the Bank of North America at San Diego, where he makes up the Distribution Department. In a Navy town like San Diego, Hutch reports 80% of the women are Navy wives and the other 20% are married to other service men. He's having a good time, though, and some of his doings sound like the old Forestry Club gang episodes.

Don Price, '33. Don is now a Lt. and was at Camp Wallace, Texas, when last heard from. Hope your last year's Peavey has caught up with you by now.

Francis Kukachka, '37. Kuky and his wife are down at Louisiana State University where he is teaching courses very similar to

those taught by Dr. Rees and Dr. Kaufert. Ignoring the salutation of your letter (quote) "Gentlemen and Foresters" as one too difficult to interpret we would like to quote a part of your letter describing the environment of the deep South for the benefit of our Northern alumni. We quote: "A true Southerner is one who can step on a 3-inch cockroach and calmly watch the juice fly and in addition he is one who can drink a cup of chickory coffee without saying 'what in the hell is this stuff'. Cockroaches, ants, redbugs, and miscellaneous other vermin are man's constant companions way down here and one rarely ventures into the woods without his favorite club because the woods literally crawl with moccasins." Sounds like a nice place and we're very glad to hear you have a few pets to keep you from becoming lonesome. However, things aren't too bad down there, as he also reports that it never gets as hot as in Minnesota and that roses and yuccas are still blooming in December.

Don D. Baldwin, '35. Don is a District Conservationist with the Soil Conservation Service and is working out of Fessenden, North Dakota.

Scott Pauley, '39. After Scott received his M.S. in Forest Genetics at Michigan State last March ('42) he went with his wife and 3 year old daughter to the University of North Carolina as a research assistant in botany. Last September they returned to Michigan State where Scott is now a part of the Forestry Department teaching staff. How long he will remain there remains to be seen, for Scott writes he's 3A in the Army and he suggests we consult (to use Brownie's pet word) with "Uncle" to determine his future whereabouts.

Peder N. Lund, '35. Peder is still with the Soil Conservation Service in Wisconsin and enjoys it immensely. He states that farmers in that area are coming to realize the effectiveness of trees as shelterbelts in this program of soil saving because of their demonstrated ability. Peder is now at Wautoma, Wisconsin.

James A. Keogh, '40. Jim is down in the Navy. He and his wife (I assume you all knew he was married) visited the old school just before he started his training at Dartmouth. By the time you read this he will be an Ensign.

Orville J. Hatle, '42. Hatle just graduated from the Photographers school at Lowry

Field, Colorado. He went into the Army right after he graduated last spring. Orville reports the school is really all right and he advises it to other Foresters. Keep your eyes open, Orville, for with all the foresters that are in the Air Corps some are sure to drop in on your field.

R. C. Hanson, '40. Hanson must really have his sea legs by now as he has been in the Navy two years. He now has the rank of Lt. (j.g.); however, Lt. Hanson writes that he hasn't seen as much action as he would like to; for outside of a short period of patrolling in a "P" boat in the Atlantic, he has spent most of his time as an instructor. We don't think a flight instructor's job is too hard to take, and we know Hanson is a good one.

James A. Heogh, '40. Jim is down in the sunny Southwest as a technical sergeant for the Army Air Forces. He has charge of the famous Link trainers down at Morans, Arizona, but lives in Tucson. Glad you like our news letter and hope this Peavey will be as popular.

Robert D. Peterson, '41. Bob is working as a Senior Inspector in an airplane factory in Seattle, that is making airplane spars out of Sitka spruce. He's enlisted in the Communication Division of the Army Air Corps and can hardly wait until he's called in June. Bob received his M.F. degree from the Univ. of Washington in August and also picked himself up a wife out in Washington last June. That's no surprise to us, Bob, you were quite a woman's man back here too. Talking about bull sessions in the cozy Peavey office, we still hold them—in fact, that's the only thing that keeps us going.

Vernon Hahn, '41. Vern is in New Jersey with the Department of Conservation and Development still connected with forestry. He is residing in Pennsylvania, however.

William Lehmkuhl, '40. Bill is expecting call to the Seabees shortly as 1st class petty officer very soon. He has been working out at Rosemount, Minnesota, as assistant to the Structural Consultant for the new munitions plant. Yes, Bill, we'll meet you in Tokyo or in Berlin.

Robert Bilstein, '40. Bob left his job with the T.V.A. just before Christmas for the avy. He and his wife (I assume you all knew he was married) visited the old school just

before he started his training at Dartmouth. By the time you read this he will be an Ensign.

George E. Olson, '40. George received his gold bars last November 30th after spending 9 months as an Aviation Cadet at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He's now a meteorologist but where, we for one, don't know. Here's Good Luck to you George, wherever you are.

Eldon A. Behr, '40. Eldon left Minnesota for technical civilians job with the Army Air Corps. His official title is Principal Procurement Inspector for the Material Division of the Army Air Forces. Eldon says his job is very interesting as he is an inspector of wood for aircraft and the assembly and construction of the same over at a plant in Ridgefield, New Jersey. He took the inspectors course at the Madison Forest Products Laboratory before he went East and had Frank Kaufert, '28, and Fred Wangaard, '33, as two of his instructors.

Ralph Anderson, '42. Ralph joined the Coast Guards after graduation last spring and since that time he has been stationed at Long Island, New York. At the present he is a communication and operations duty officer. He also writes he is seeing a lot of New York during his liberty days.

Robert F. Wagle, '40. Bob is an Ensign down at Pensacola going to Gunnery School. He has been down there since last November, running into a little bad luck in the form of appendicitis. Bob is an old Navy man by now, having been one of the first to go. In fact, he has been in the Navy Reserve since he was 17. Bob really likes gunnery and we know he will show the Japs some real shooting.

Howie Osmundson, '41. Howie accepted a job at Plentywood, Montana, with the Soil Conservation Service after working with the Winton Lumber Co. in Coeur d'Alene and at the new naval base at Farragut. Yes, Howie, we're putting out a Peavey this year, as you will know by now. Thanks for the contribution. We're scouting around for a secretary to run your blinking typewriter, so rest at ease.

Walter C. Erson, '40. Sergeant Erson, as you may now call him, is stationed at Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey. He's in the Classification Section at the Replacement Center there. Remember that address and look him up if you happen to be sent there.

Douglas S. Boardman, '40. Doug is a Junior Forester with the T.V.A. and he writes that his job has proved very interesting. He has been working on fire prevention and control and woodland management; but his last assignment is working on a survey for the War Production Board. He, too, expects to answer Uncle's call any day now.

Bruno Berklund, '42. Our former Club president, Editor and what have you has since last summer been in the Army. He's at the present in the Medical Corps at Fort Lewis, Washington, but not for long, as he is being transferred to the Army Air Corps. Bruno is a faithful correspondent both to the Peavey and several of the fellows back here. From his letters we have obtained information on many Minnesota men who are up in that Northwest country. Good Luck to you "Bud" and we're all with you in your new pilot assignment. Hope this Peavey is as good as the one you published last year.

Lieut. Howard R. Johnson, '40. Howie is a lieutenant in the Engineer Corps up in Alaska. That word "engineer" following a forester's name shouldn't by all rights appear in the Peavey. However, since it's for Uncle Sam, it's a permissible exception.

Jerry O'Neil, '42. Radioman O'Neil reports from Paine Field, Washington, that the army is all right. They are convinced Jerry knows radio and are keeping him there even though he's trying to convince them otherwise. He's waiting for an appointment to Officer's Candidate School. Yes, Corporal, Foresters' Day went over big and thanks for the congratulations.

Bill Zauche, '41. Bill expects to enter service very soon. He has been working for the government in California, controlling air traffic and has been moving around quite a bit since then. Glad to hear you're seeing some Minnesota men, Bill.

Warren E. Gilbertson, '41. Gil is at the Savannah Ordnance Depot at Proving Ground, Illinois, where he is an instructor in the ammunition school. He teaches every other week and is busy studying during the interim. Like the rest of us, Gil will be glad to take off the Army khaki and put on F.S. greens after this is all over. No, it doesn't look like many will be going out West this summer.

Jim Michels, '41. Jim reports from Tenant, California, where he's working as a scaler in the Long-Bell Sale of the Modoc forest. This is one of the largest timber sales in the California region, according to Jim. Glad you like our news letter, "Peavey Points."

Wilbert A. Graupman, '41. Bill is a lieutenant in the Army and is assigned to the Adjutant General's Department of the Seattle Port of Embarkation. Bill hoped to leave for distant points and now is probably on distant shores.

August E. Block, '41. "Augie" is a technical sergeant in the Signal Corps, after enlisting about 18 months ago. He left the States in September for England and now probably is in Africa according to his brother Goldene (to whom we are grateful for the news).



Alumni Directory



- Aaberg, Melvin, '40, Ogivlie, Minnesota.
- Aamot, A. Loren, '30, Lake State Experiment Station, Ely, Minnesota; 416 North Broadway, Spring Valley, Minnesota.
- Abel, George W., '39, 1720 Banks, Superior, Wis.
- Ackernecht, William, '33, Wildlife Refuge Division, 412 Tennessee Ave., Alexandria, Va.
- Ackerman, Wayne, '39, 624 Green St., Gainsville, Georgia.
- Adams, Earl J., '36, 232 Penn Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. Now at Adams, Earl J. (Lt. 66th Eng. Co. (Top) (Corps) Ft. Jackson, S. C.
- Adams, Harry, '32, M. R. H. Box 107, Sulphur, Louisiana, Fish and Wild Life Service.
- Adkins, John, '9, 146 South Meadow Lane, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Ahern, John J., '35, U.S.F.S., Camp F-11, Nelsonville, Ohio.
- Ahern, Richard W., '40, Sweetgrass, Montana, U. S. Immigration Service.
- Aldworth, Donald, '14, 154 Nassau Blvd., Garden City, New York.
- Alexander, Frank, '33, Wahl Pencil Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Algren, Vern N., '35, Hutchinson, Minn.
- Allen, P. T., '14.
- Ambrosen, Donald, '36, Waubay Refuge, Waubay, S. D., Fish and Wild Life Service.
- Amidon, George B., '36, Box 14, Big Falls, Minnesota, Minn., Department of Conservation.
- Anderson, Axel L., '37, Michigan State College of Agriculture, Dept. of Botany, East Lansing, Mich.
- Anderson, A. A., Chief of Ordnance Office, Washington, D. C.
- Anderson, Carl H., '30, Como Station, St. Anthony Park, St. Paul, Minn.
- Anderson, Carl Doan, '32, Indian Service, Ashland, Wis.
- Anderson, Clarence, '31, 109 Spencer St., Greenville, Tenn.
- Anderson, Edmund N., '39, Box 532, Virginia, Minn.
- Anderson, Edwin R., 537, 4922 Peabody St., Duluth, Minn., Oliver Mining Co.
- Anderson, Frank H., U.S.F.S., Cork, Minn.
- Anderson, Phillip C., Sqd. 12, AFCC-SAAB, Santa Ana, Calif.
- Anderson, P. O., '18, 1614 Jefferson Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Anderson, Ralph, U. S. Coast Guard, Montauk Patrol Base, Montauk, N. Y.
- Anderson, Robert H., '30, 417 Ben Franklin Bldg., Santa Barbara, Calif.
- Anderson, Robert F., '38, 1166 Burr Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Anderson, Victor C., '37, Civil Service Commission, Seattle, Wash.
- Anderson, Vincent M., Ensign U.S.N., U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif.
- Anderson, W. E., '29, W. Co. G. Mather Field, Sacramento, Calif.
- Anderson, Walter T., '40, Officers Training School, Fort Knox, Kentucky.
- Andrews, Milner L., '41, Student Training Cadet, U.S.N. Air Corps, Window 28, U.S.N.A.R.B., New Orleans, La.
- Andrews, Shirlee, '29, 128 N. Chandler St., Decatur, Ga.
- Anneberg, Robert B., '21, Sargview, Wash.
- Arle, Herman H., '36, Ensign, U. S. Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas.
- Arrivee, David, '11, Assistant Forester, Weiser National Forest, Weiser, Ida.
- Asp, Claude S., '36, U.S.F.S., Enderlin, N. D.
- Aspi, Walter, '38, Aurora, Minn.
- Appel, Theodore C., '37, 415 Sixth Ave., Duluth, Minn.
- Backus, Romayne, '19, 1935 Cheremoya Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
- Baldwin, Donald, '35, District Conservationist, Soil Conservation Service, Fessenden, North Dakota.
- Ballantyne, John, Midshipman, U.S.N.R. - V-7 (In Navy). Home address. Portal, N. D.
- Banson, Robert, '18.
- Barrett, Wilford, '25, Carborundum Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
- Bartlet, Harry, '16, Boy Scouts of America, 402 Moore Bldg., Duluth, Minn.
- Bateson, Allen R., '38, Hibbing, Minn., T.V.A., Georgia.
- Baumhofer, L. G., '25, Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, U.S.D.A., Washington, D. C. (Deceased 6/13/42).
- Beard, F. W., '11.
- Beardsley, Charles, '31, Tahoe National Forest, Forest Hill, Calif.
- Becker, Albert, '40, Cadet, U. S. Air Corps, Flight E., 37th School Sqdn. A. C., Chanute Field, Ill.
- Behr, Eldon, '40, 419 W. 119th St., Apt. 3F, New York, N. Y.
- Bender, Edwin J., '36 Battery B, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.
- Bensend, Dwight W., '37, 614 Baltzell, Madison, Wis.
- Benson, Arnold O., '10, Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wis.
- Benson, Eynar C., '30, U.S.F.S., Laurel, Miss.
- Berggren, Harold, '24, Weyerhaeuser Lumber Co., Jamestown, N. Y.
- Bergh, Thor, '35, Soil Conservation Service, Winona, Minn.
- Bergstrom, Edward W., '38, Lieut. J. G., U. S. Naval Air Corps, San Diego, Calif.
- Bergstrom, Everett, '38, 545 North Snelling Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Berklund, Bruno, 203rd General Hospital, Fort Lewis, Wash.

- Berry, J. B., '10, Waverly Citrus Growers Co-op., Waverly, Fla.
- Betzer, W. D., '34, Box 28, Custer, S. D.
- Berkey, John W., '38, 6000 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Beyer, Walt F., '12, c/o Home Investment Co., 59 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.
- Bilstein, Robert, '40, Ensign V-7 Midshipman School, Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
- Binger, C. Robert, '40, U.S.N.R., Dartmouth College, 2020 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Bingham, Robert, '40, Arlington Heights, Ill., and Fort Sill, Okla.
- Biskey, George W., '37, Route 2, Keene, N. H.
- Bjorgum, Eldor, '31, Side Lake, Minn.
- Bjornstad, E. G.
- Blackburn, Morris, '41, Pvt., Service Co. 357th Inf., Camp Barkeley, Tex.
- Blage, Rev. Orland C., '26, 222 Rider Ave., Malverne, N. Y.
- Blakemore, Lemuel, '40, Bowie, Md.
- Blandin, H. M., '25, Quincy, Ill.
- Blatter, Paul, '28O, 1407 East 2nd St., Port Angeles, Wash.
- Block, August E., '41, 16024426, Co. A—431st Signal Battalion Const., APO No. 650 c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.
- Blodgett, Harvey P., '12, Route 1, Erhard, Minn.
- Boardman, Douglas, '40, c/o Forestry Div., Tenn. Valley Authority, Wilson Dam, Ala.
- Boettcher, Paul, '30, Eveleth Nursery, Eveleth, Minn.
- Boobar, Ross W., '38, 810 Maple St., Alexandria, Minn.
- Bor'aug, Norman E., '37, 1407 Delaware Ave., Apt. 2C, Wilmington, Dela.
- Bousquet, Vincent W., '37, Antonito, Colorado, Asst. Ranger.
- Bowan, Clarence W., '11.
- Boyeson, George, '39, 1407 Sherburne Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Braden, Kenneth, '14.
- Brandborg, Morley F., '37, Box 363, Monument, Colo.
- Brauer, Rudie, '38, 1427 Opechee Way, Glendale, Calif.
- Brayton, S. C., '20, Mio, Mich.
- Brener, W. H., '30, Wisconsin Conservation Dept., Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
- Brewster, D. R., '16, Herty Foundation Laboratory, Savannah, Ga.
- Brink, David, '39, 1061 Lomard Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Brownlie, James R., '11.
- Brown, Howard L., '35, U.S.F.S., Remer, Minn.
- Brownlie, James R., '11.
- Bryan, P. H., '24, U.S.F.S., Fed. Bldg., Hot Springs Nat. Park, Ark.
- Buckman, Clarence, '40, Robertson Lumber Co., St. Cloud, Minn.
- Buckman, Stanley, '31, Central Laboratories, Inc., Memphis, Tenn.
- Buhler, Ernest O., '13, U.S.F.S., Albuquerque, N. M.
- Bufar, Daniel, '30, U.S.F.S., Regg. Office.
- Burnes, J. D., '17, 5008 S. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Burton, Sidney S., '23, 2521 Sumner, Lincoln, Neb.
- Bussey, James A., '38, 1421 E. River Road, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Cahill, Dortha, '32, (see Mrs. Harold Engstrom).
- Callinan, Harry, '33, 403 N. Garden, Lake City, Minn.
- Campbell, Donald, '32, Walker Camp, Walker, Minn.
- Campbell, Hugh B., '11, Superintendent, Weyerhaeuser Lumber Co., Klamath Falls, Ore.
- Canavarro, D. S., '07, 2736 Huuana Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii.
- Cann, John, '32, 1004 Fourth St. W., Faribault, Minn.
- Carlson, C. Edward, '39, 113 E. Cherry St., Stillwater, Minn.
- Carlson, Carl M., '40, 5021 Thomas Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Carlson, C. Homer, '27.
- Carlson, Conrad, '32, U.S.F.S., Bena, Minn.
- Carlson, John, '40, Route 1, Box 73A, Barnham, Minn.
- Carlson, Phillip O., '38, 1186 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Carter, Roy M., '35, Extension Forester, University of Wisconsin College of Agriculture, Madison, Wis.
- Carr, Gordon H., '33, 105 Main St. S., Hutchinson, Minn.
- Case, James M., '36, 4853 Third Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Cedar, William J., '36, 3688 First Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Chapman, A. Dale, '29, 333 North Michigan, Chicago, Ill.; Lt. 1—Scott Circle, Washington, D. C.
- Chapman, H. H., '99, Yale Forest School, New Haven, Conn.
- Chapman, Ray A., '27, Southern Forest Experiment Station, New Orleans, La.
- Chance, Jenner D., '15, Highway Dept., Bismarck, N. D.
- Chase, Clarence D., '30, Manistique Ranger District, Hiawatha National Forest, Manistique, Mich.
- Chase, Warren W., '26, 4650 N. Port Washington Road, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Cheo, K. H., Department of Forestry, University of Kwhangsi, Siuchowi, Kevangsi, China.
- Cherwynak, Michael S., '37, 150 West Poplar, Chisholm, Minn.
- Chesebrough, Herbert S., '23.
- Christenson, Clyde, '29, Division of Plant Pathology, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.
- Christianson, D. A., '26.
- Christopherson, Clifford, '24, 1109 W. Lawrence St., Appleton, Wis.
- Christopherson, Ralph, '33, Kelliher, Minn.
- Clark, Edgar, '28, 1322 12th Ave. N., Fargo, N. D.
- Clark, Floyd F., '37, 351 67th St., Jacksonville, Fla. Forester, National Turp. & Pulp Corp.
- Clark, Robert E., '40, Medical Adm., Officer Candidate School, Carlisle Barracks, Pa.
- Clark, Robert H., Fordyce Lbr. Co., Fordyce, Ark.
- Clement, Raymond, '27, Minnesota State Forest Service, State Office Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
- Cline, H. Ray, '32, 831 Mt. Faith, Fergus Falls, Minn.
- Clough, Robert, '30, 1359 Osceola Ave., St. Paul, Minn. American Red Cross, Rantoul Field, Ill.
- Clymer, William R., '12, 1636 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Coffey, John J., '26, 1731 Lauren Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

- Coffin, Gordon R., '40, 4227 Alden Drive, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Cohn, Clarence A., '38, 1920 East 5th, Duluth, Minn.
- Colburn, Floyd, '34, U.S.F.S., Bena, Minn.
- Condit, Gordon R., '40, 410 S. Sixth St., River Falls, Wis. Cpl. No. 3624105 Service Co. 721, A.P.O. c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.
- Connor, John Joseph, '38, 504 Arch St., Cloquet, Minn.
- Connors, John James, Jr., '39, U. S. N. Air Corps, c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.
- Conrad, Norman H., '40, La Croix Dist. Superior National Forest.
- Conzet, G. M., '12, Northeastern Timber Salvage Adm., 115 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.
- Cook, Oliver, '28, 3942 Queen Ave. N., Flour City Paper Box Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Cooper, Arthur, '28.
- Corson, U.S.F.S., '27, 129 Upland Drive, San Francisco, Calif.
- Cox, W. T., '06, 2186 Doswell Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Crane, Leo, '16, San Antonio, Tex.
- Crew, John, '29, 3233 21st Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Cummings, Thomas S. C., '14, Fort Benton, Mont.
- Cuzner, Harold, '05, Department of Forestry, Laguna Province, Philippine Islands.
- Dahl, Earl B., '39, Air Corps Training, Civil Instructor, Sikeston, Mo.
- Dahl, Ernest, '31, Lake Mills, Ia.
- Danielson, Kenneth, '36, Intermountain Forest and Range Experiment Station, Ogden, Utah.
- Daris, Robert, Portal, N. D.
- Day, Maurice W., '31, Dunbar Forest Experiment Station, Sault Sainte Marie, Mich.
- Davis, Harry J., '39, Box 298, Red Wing, Minn.
- Dech, Keith, '38, McClellan Field, Calif., U. S. A. Air Corps, 5004 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Deen, J. Lee, '27, Forest Bldg., Colorado State College, Division of Forestry, Fort Collins, Colorado.
- Deering, Robert, '10, U.S.F.S., 760 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
- DaFlon, Rev. L. L., '18, 419 Caly St., West Liberty, Ia.
- DeLaittre, Calvin L., '38, 1821 Bryant Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- De Leuw, Robert E., '38, Lieut. AAFFC, Group S-1, Morrison Field, Fla.
- Delberg, Robert, '35, 923 S. Glenn, Wichita, Kan.
- Dennis, Henry M., '15, Tacoma, Wash., Tacoma Lumber Co.
- Densmore, Jack, '35, 310 Third St., Baraboo, Wis.
- Deters, Merrill, '28, 403 N. Polk St., Moscow, Ida.
- Detwiler, S. B., '06, Soil Conservation Service, Washington, D. C.
- Dickinson, Fred E., '38, Lassen Junior College, Susanville, Calif.
- Diessner, Don, '40, Bryn Mawr, Wash.
- Dingle, Richard, '41, 1604 Merrill St., St. Paul, Minn.
- D'ingle, Roy H., '35, Platteville, Wis., S.C.S.
- Dion, Carl R., '38, 996 Manvel St., St. Paul, Minn.
- Dobie, John, '35, 3217 43rd Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Dockstader, Charles, '23, 2340 Niles St., St. Paul, Minn.
- Dolence, Frank, '31, U.S.F.S., Portage River Camp, Ely, Minn.
- Dolgaard, Sigurd, '36, U.S.F.S., Squaw Lake, Minn.
- Donehower, Ross, '40, Aviation Cadet, Squadron 18, Santa Ana Air Base, Santa Ana, Calif.
- Donehower, Weston, '31, 913 Stuart Road, Westover Hills, Wilmington, Del.
- Duclos, E. P., '27, 2909 28th Ave. W., Seattle, Wash.
- Dundas, Jack P., '35, Soil Conservation Service, Whitehall, Wis.
- Dunn, F. M., '15.
- Durham, Walter H., '39, 291 Atwater St., St. Paul, Minn.
- Duval, Thure, '33, Wood Conservation Co., Cloquet, Minn.
- Dwyer, Paul E., '21, St. Paul, Minn.
- Eaton, John J., '27, Bemis Bag Co., Cincinnati, O.
- Eggen, Roy W., '37, District Forester, Wisconsin Conservation Dept., Antigo, Wis.
- Eisele, Ralph E., '37, 6305 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Eisenhack, Walter, '11.
- Elkington, Ralph Jr., '40, Consolidated W. P. & P., Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
- Ellertson, Birger, '35, Norris, Tenn.
- Ellstrom, Raymond W., '38, Northeast Forest Experiment Station, 335 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn.
- Elo, Arne, '36, 404 Second Ave. N., Chisholm, Minn.
- Emerson, Harold R., '38, Badger Lumber and Manufacturing Co., Oshkosh, Wis.
- Emerson, William J., '38, Camp Delta F-101, Delta, Wis.
- Engebretson, Alf. E., '39, Hudson, Wis.
- Engstrom, Albert, '37, Stringtown, Okla.
- Engstrom, Harold, '32, 1419 N. 34th St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Mrs. Harold Engstrom, '32, 1419 N. 34th St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Enstrom, Warren, '38 (Bovey, Minn.), Corporal, Co. A, 81st Inf., Camp Roberts, Calif.
- Ercegovich, John, '39, Box 285, Gilbert, Minn.
- Erickson, Eugene T., '26, Millbrook, N. Y.
- Erickson, Leyden M., '21, 4415 38th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Erickson, Herbert, '36, 525 E. Front St., Missoula, Mont.
- Erickson, M. D., '04, Flandreau, S. D.
- Erson, Roy J., '35, L112 - 17th Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. (Army—Ft. Monmouth).
- Erson, W. C., '40 (Sgt.), Hdqtrs. Co., 2nd Regt., Ft. Monmouth, N. J.
- Erstad, Andrew, '13.
- Esterl, Oswald, '39, U. S. Navy Recruiting Station, Naval Operating Base, San Pedro, Calif.
- Evan, Tom R., '36, 4127 Hiawatha Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Evenson, Clarence M., '34, Camp Riley Creek, Field, Wis.
- Elston, Judson D., '37, 2027 Main St., La Crosse, Wis.
- Everts, Ambrose, '26, U.S.F.S., Asst. Supervisor, Willamette N. F., Eugene, Ore.
- Fahlstrom, George B., 4128 Abbott Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Falbo, Joseph Patrick, (Cpl.), '37, 2708 Third Ave. E., Hibbing, Minn.
- Fenger, Gunnar, '23, U.S.F.S., Plankington Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

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- Ferber, Arthur E., '35, 406½ Third Ave. N. W., Mandan, N. D.
- Ferguson, Donald, '32, U.S.F.S., Isabella, Minn.
- Finn, Raymond, '38, Black Rock Forest, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York.
- Fischer, William, '29, 2323 Hurst Drive N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
- Fisher, James N., '37, Cooperative Forest Ranger, Wisconsin Conservation Dept., Black River Falls, Wis.
- Foley, Joseph, 1435 Charles Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Folkestan, James, '39, Forest Service, Deadwood, S. D.
- Folsom, O. J., Bureau of Reclamation, Wagner, S. D.
- Forder, Milton, '30, Buhl, Minn.
- Forsberg, Carl, '17.
- Forus, George, '34, 303 E. Anoka St., Duluth, Minn.
- Foster, Ellery, '28, 4115 Third Road, North Arlington, Virginia. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U.S.D.A.
- Fredrickson, Franklin, Camp S-144, Akeley, Minn.
- Fredrickson, Samuel, '31, Arkansas State Forest Service.
- Freeman, Charles, '38, Menomonie, Wis.
- Freeman, George, '14, 131 Hooper Ave., Toms River, N. J.
- Freeman, Victor, '30, Bottineau, N. D.
- Frisby, Samuel, '31, Menomonie Mills, Neopit, Wis.
- Frost, O. W., '23, 1253 W. Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- Frudden, C. M., '20, Greene, Ia.
- Fry, John R., '33, County Courthouse, Black River Falls, Wis.
- Garbisch, Kenneth, '34, Waltham, Minn.
- Gay, Chester, '25, Moose Lake, Minn.
- Gelbmann, John M., '37, McCloud River Lumber Co., McCloud, Calif.
- George, Ernest J., '28, U. S. Field Station, Mandan, N. D.
- Gewalt, Robert, Breckenridge, Minn.
- Gilbertson, Warren, '41, (in Army). Home: Tower, N. D.
- Gibney, David, '33, Deer River, Minn.
- Gilles, J. R., '11, 515 North Eighth, Brainerd, Minn.
- Cjerlow, Atle B., '16, Agustinas 1225, Piso 6, Santiago de Chile, South America.
- Gjertson, Joseph O., '38, 3644 Orchard Ave., Ogden, Utah.
- Goldberg, Hyman M., '26, 711 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Gordon, J. R., '25, Gardner Purchase Unit, Springfield, Mo.
- Goudy, Robert L., '37, (in Army). Home: Seaforth, Minn.
- Grabow, Rudolph H., '20, U.S.F.S., Bedford, Ind.
- Grafton, Cuthbert, '37, c/o A. D. Chapman & Co., Pere Marquette Bldg., New Orleans, La.
- Graham, S. A., '14, Dept. of Conservation, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Granros, Clayton B., '37, 301 Fayal Road, Eveleth, Minn.
- Grant, Albert, '28, Kaberogama State Forest, Camp S-52, Cusson, Minn.
- Grapp, Lloyd, '21, U.S.F.S., Asst. Supervisor, Chippewa National Forest, Cass Lake, Minn.
- Graupman, Wilbert A., '41, 521 Harvard Ave. N., Seattle, Wash.
- Graver, Ralph L., '35, Spruce Lake Camp, Two Harbors, Minn.
- Gregg, Donald N., '40, 972 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- Griffin, Thos. A., '13, 3529 Humboldt Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Gruenhagen, Richard H., '38, Dept. of Plant Path., University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
- Gustafson, Chalmer, '41, 483 Dodge St., Duluth, Minn.
- Gustafson, George Edward, '39, University of Illinois, Dept. of Forestry, Urbana, Ill.
- Haapala, Niilo J., '38, 219 Second St. N., Virginia, Minn.
- Hagen, Alvin T., '37, (in Army) Lassen Natl. Forest, Susanville, Calif.
- Hagen, Howard T., '38, Camp Riley Creek, Field, Wis.
- Hahn, Dewey, '35, Soil Conservation Service, Red Wing, Minn.
- Hahn, Vernon, '41, c/o Meyerend, West Acres, Morrisville, Pa.
- Hall, E. Howard, '13, 2174 Fairmount Blvd., Eugene, Ore.
- Hall, Wilson, '35, 513 Fourth St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Hallin, William, '29, U.S.F.S., Calif. Expt. Station, Berkeley, Calif.
- Hallock, Hiram Y., Crossett Lumber Co., Cominto, Ark.
- Halvorson, George, '28, 2220 26th Ave. S., Minn. Halvorson, Harlo W., '38, Division of Economics, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.
- Hamilton, C. L., '11, Deceased.
- Hamilton, Hubert, '23, McCloud River Lumber Co., McCloud, Calif.
- Hamilton, William C., '37, 1115 Theresa, Houston, Texas.
- Hamm, Phillip C., '38, Como Station, Route 3, St. Paul, Minn.
- Hanson, Henry L., '35, 95 W. Langford Park Place, St. Paul, Minn.
- Hansen, E. Arnold, '37, U.S.F.S., Idaho City, Idaho.
- Hansen, Thorwald S., '15, Forest Experiment Station, Cloquet, Minn.
- Hanson, R. C., '40, U.S.N.A.S., Jacksonville, Fla.
- Harmon, Marvin, '38, Red Lake Indian Reservation, Red Lake, Minn.
- Harris, S. Grant, 1017 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Harttruppe, Chas., '27.
- Harvey, Harry, '28.
- Hass, Howard C., '37, Soil Conservation Service, West Salem, Wis.
- Hatle, Orville J., 3rd Technical Sqdn., Barracks 524, Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.
- Hauge, Adolph, '11, Forest Supervision, U. S. Indian Service, Hoquiam, Wash.
- Hauser, George, '18, Athletic Dept., U. of Minn., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Haven, Ross, '33.
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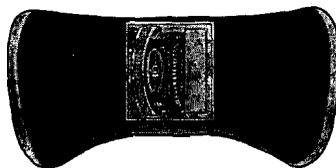
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