

GOPHER PEAVEY



Nineteen
hundred and
Seventy-Nine 



Dayton P. Kirkham

In 1925 (Dayton P. Kirkham) or Kirk as he was known to his classmates appeared on the University of Minnesota campus. He was interested and active in Forestry Club and Xi Sigma Pi, in which he was an officer in 1926-1927. Upon graduation in 1928 he took and passed the tough Junior Forester Examination and later that year accepted an appointment with the U.S. Forest Service in Colorado, where he served as Assistant Ranger and Ranger for several years. At the close of WW II, when the United States was making peace with the Japanese, there was a call for foresters who were willing to go to Korea and serve as forestry advisors to the army of occupation. Kirk was among a number of U.S. foresters to serve in Korea at that time. Kirk developed a genuine love and attachment for South Korea and its people during his long stay as a forestry advisor. He was in Korea until 1961. Kirk and other Korea-based forestry advisors helped the country through some rough years of fuel wood shortages, severe erosion and food shortages as well.

Kirk saw the potential of black locust in Korea and promoted its planting for fuel, soil erosion control and even for animal feed. As a result of his promotion and support of this program by Korea and advising U.S. foresters, widespread planting of black locust was undertaken. Within 5-10 years the black locust helped reduce the extensive destructive erosion, provided considerable fuel and some feed for small animals such as poultry and rabbits. For this contribution Kirk was cited in 1963 by the Korean Government and received the nickname Accacia Kirkham, from Robinia Pseudo-acacia which he had done so much to promote.

After leaving Korea in 1961, Kirk moved to East Pakistan with U.S. A.I.D. and after six years there, moved to Libya with the same organization. He returned to the U.S. and built a retirement home in Sun City, Arizona, where one of his good forestry friends from Korea — Stan Wilson — had retired. Kirk was never fond of cold weather, either in Minnesota or Korea, so his pick of a retirement location was no surprise. Kirk enjoyed the dry Arizona climate because it helped his arthritis, with which he was bothered during his later years. Also not too far from Sun City was located Arthur Schneider, with whom Kirk had worked for many years in Korea, and who was the last Minnesotan to see Kirk prior to his death in December, 1977.

Kirk's greatest forestry contributions were made in South Korea, where his name is still as revered and honored for his contributions as is that of General MacArthur. MacArthur may be commemorated by his statue at Inchon, opposite Blue Beach, the U.S. invasion site, but Kirkham is recognized throughout the country as Mr. Accacia and the individual, who, more than any other, helped put heat under the ondole house floors and helped tie down the erosive soils of this small but valiant country.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, COLLEGE OF FORESTRY

GOPHER
PEAVEY

1979

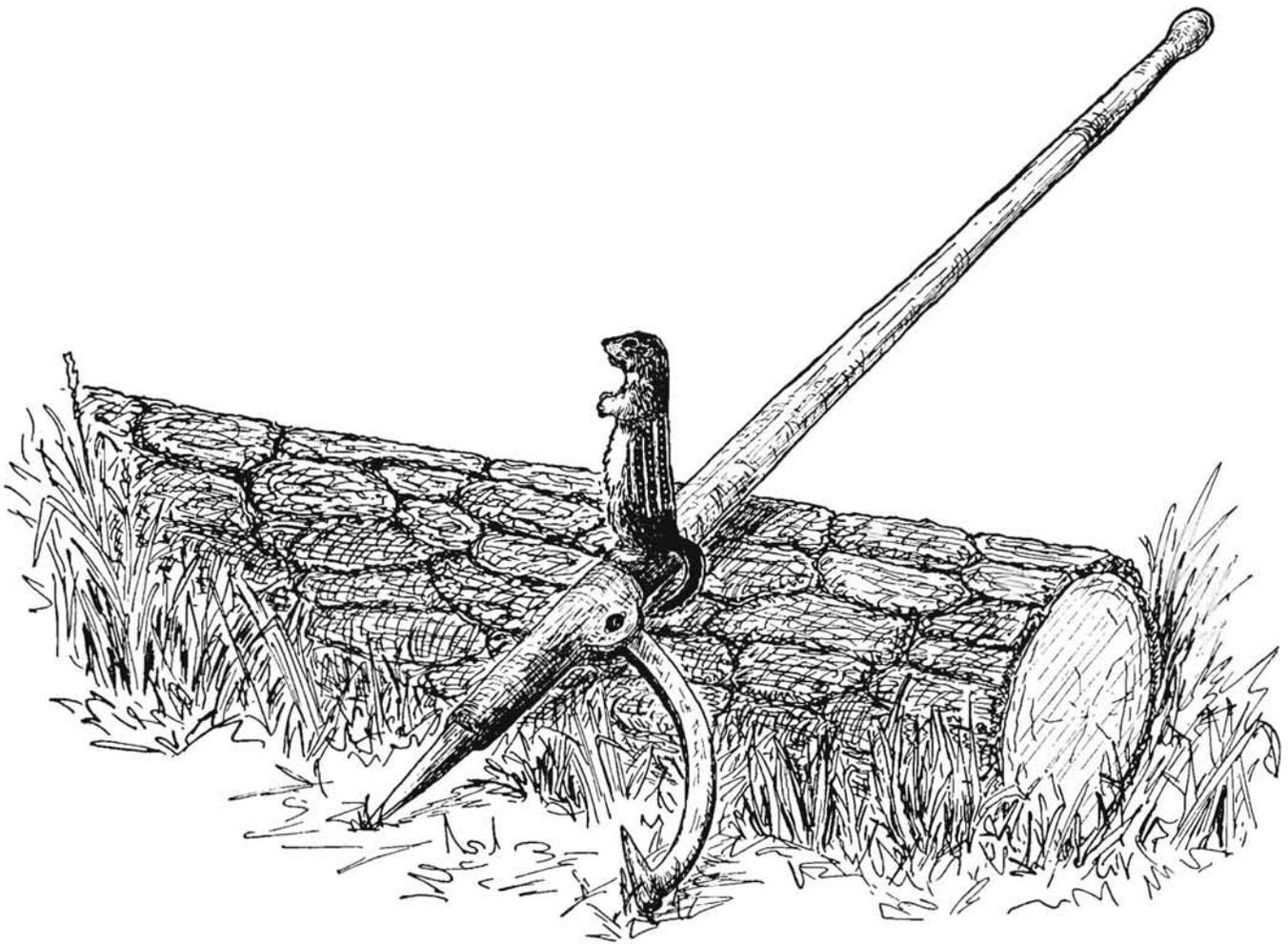
The Hour Glass
by Ernest F. Sheffield

The hour glass is an emblem of human life. Behold! How swiftly the sands run, and how rapidly our lives are drawing to a close. We cannot without astonishment, behold the little particles contained in this machine. How they pass away almost imperceptibly, and yet, to our surprise, in the short space of an hour, they are all exhausted!

Thus wastes man!

Today he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, tomorrow blossoms and bears his blushing honors, thick upon him. The next day comes the frost that nips the shoot and when he thinks his greatness still aspiring, he falls like autumn leaves, to enrich our Mother Earth!

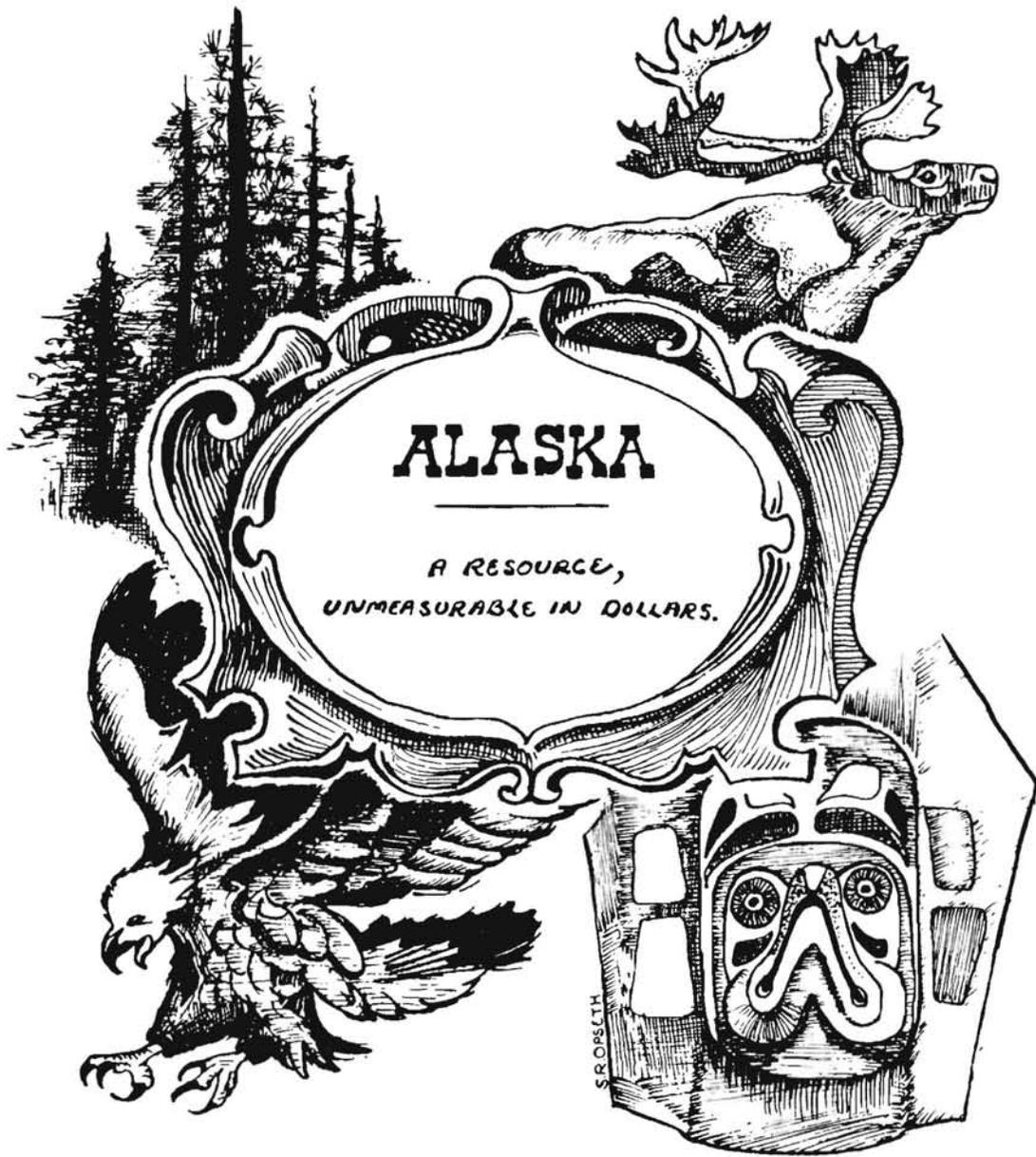




The 1978-1979 Gopher Peavey

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Some Thoughts On Our Alaskan Lands
by Tim B. Knopp

Thoreau once said: "It is characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things." It would be an act of utmost desperation to rush into the exploitation of Alaska's material resources for the short-term benefit of a relative few. What's the hurry? Do the proponents of development fear that we will discover a higher and better use for these lands?

What should we leave our children, a choice or a trash heap of discarded gadgets? The worst thing we could leave them is a conditioned dependence on mechanized toys and physical comfort — and the inability to deal with crisis or hardship. Perhaps, in the long run, the discipline necessary to impose self-restraint may be more valuable than the resources themselves.

Our children will judge us well, not by how luxuriously we lived as we squandered our nation's resources — but rather, by our foresight and self-control. The most meaningful legacy we can leave is a concrete demonstration of this self-control. It does no good to preach, the message will go unheeded if we do not show the ability to restrain our own consumptive appetites. Alaska provides the opportunity, and the test.

Although many reasonable individuals will see some merit in this philosophical stance, the question remains: How much and which lands should be preserved in their

natural state? More to the point: Who should decide and how should the decision be arrived at?

One thing is certain, residents of the "lower 48" (49?) have a stake in the outcome. Absentee landowners are nonetheless landowners. Not only do these people have a legal basis for their input — they also have a unique and valuable perspective to contribute. The frontier mentality of many Alaskan residents must be balanced by those who are experiencing the "future" now.

It would be nice if there were room in this shrinking world to accommodate the "I'll do as I damn well please" attitude. Perhaps in Alaska's vastness we can afford to allocate sufficient space for those who wish to seek a degree of independence — and perhaps society would benefit from the rare insights this experience can provide. However, those who wish to do as they please should appreciate that they do so only at the discretion of a society which protects them from others who wish to do as *they* please. Few people really want to be left alone. Everyone, whether they acknowledge it or not, is subject to the collective wisdom or folly of society.

How much should be designated wilderness and parks? This is a political decision; everyone's opinion counts. Planners and economists can provide their analyses, but they shouldn't be allowed to manipulate supposed benefits and costs. The subjective nature of values requires *direct* public input. An important consideration is the extent to which we discount the future. In today's world of rapid change the future is not so remote; we are far more likely than in the past to suffer the consequences of our mistakes.



Alaska
by *Mel Baughman*

Alaska! Just mention the name and people conjure up images of vast wilderness, fighting salmon, huge forests, fearsome brown bears and massive glaciers carving an awe-inspiring landscape. I travelled through Alaska in July and August 1978. Those were my images too and they have changed little. I have sampled a portion of Alaska's resources, but I will never comprehend their magnitude.

Texas, our second largest state, always looked big on a U.S. map but if Alaska were divided into two states, Texas would rank 3rd in size. Imprint a map of Alaska over one of the "lower 48" and Alaska covers up 20% of our land area and stretches from Georgia to California. Despite its size, Alaska harbors a human population about equal to Minneapolis-St. Paul and 40% of these people live in Anchorage. Less than one thousandth of a percent of the total acreage has been cleared, settled and altered by man.

Just after the Civil War, "Seward's Folly" was purchased from Russia and for the next 90 years it drew little attention, except for a gold rush. A crude road was built across British Columbia and the Yukon during the "Big War" to provide access to military bases in Alaska. This Alaskan highway is still bone jarring, rough gravel; ferry boats and airplanes are the most enjoyable forms of transportation to Alaska.

Prior to Alaskan statehood, Congress created Mt. McKinley National Park, the Tongass National Forest — largest in the National Forest System — and numerous other similar special reserves of federal land.

When Alaska was granted statehood in 1959, the state was given its choice of over 103 million acres of "vacant, unappropriated, and unreserved" federal land. This land ownership transfer would reduce federal ownership and give the State an economic base. Alaska's economy is based on ocean fisheries, timber, minerals including natural gas and oil, and tourism. Land selections naturally include harbor sites and river mouths to support salmon fisheries and transportation links, rich timber sites, and known mineral reserves. This latter category promises the greatest riches, but exploration has been minimal and the state has no basis on which to select these mineral lands. This creates a real dilemma for those making the selections and the deadline for selections is 1984!

The Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act of 1971 granted the Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians selection rights to an additional 44 million acres of land. These lands are administered by village and regional co-ops. Of course these people wanted village sites, ceremonial grounds, customary hunting and fishing grounds, and some of the same economic resource lands as the state. The natives faced identical selection problems as the state. Native selections generally took precedence over state choices when a conflict arose over a particular land parcel. Native selections are now complete.

Section 17 of the Alaska Native Claims Act initiated a number of significant land use decisions. The Secretary of Interior was authorized in Section 17 (d)(2) to withdraw from all forms of appropriations up to 80 million acres

of unreserved federal land for inclusion as units of the National Park, Forest, Wildlife Refuge, and Wild and Scenic Rivers Systems. The Secretary has submitted his recommendations to Congress, but Congress has not yet allocated these lands among the national systems and Congress' self-imposed deadline for accomplishing this allocation passed in December, 1978. President Carter designated these lands as National Monuments as a holding action until Congress concludes a final bill assigning these lands to the various national systems.

Alaska residents are very concerned about the outcome of the d-2 process. Their economy runs in boom and bust cycles as minerals are discovered and then exhausted. The gold rush era and the recent pipeline project created booms. If millions of unexplored acres are tied up in National Parks and Refuges, residents must forego potential income from minerals. The presence of these restricted use areas may preclude overland access to remote economic resources outside the system. Ground transportation is extremely limited in Alaska at this time. Historic subsistence hunting, fishing, and food gathering areas may be declared off limits. Residents, therefore, favor multiple use of public lands.

There are strong advocates in the "lower 48" for single purpose lands — wilderness, game refuges, parks and wild rivers. They claim Alaska lands are of national interest and should be allocated in proportion to the interests of the nation not just Alaska residents. They claim that single purpose lands are not locked up forever but will be available for necessary exploitation during an urgent national crisis. Considering the population of Alaska, the many millions of acres outside the boundaries of restricted use lands are more than adequate as a base for subsistence living and economic prosperity.

The issues are extremely complex, political, and emotional. What criteria do you feel Congress should use to select national interest lands?



Alaska As The Last Great Frontier: The Alaska Land Issue

compiled by Randy Hoffbeck

The Peavey staff hopes that this issue will stimulate many to give serious thought to the development of practical land-use plans, which will provide the guidelines needed to manage lands to benefit the people of Alaska, U.S.A. and the world now and in the future. Based on our present scientific knowledge and the historical records of mankind's misuse of the land, it should be possible to develop sound plans for managing the rich land resources of Alaska. People with this background should be the leaders in developing the plans, with assistance from interested individuals and groups from the local, state, federal, and international scene.

There are and will be many pressures from individuals and groups to grab the great land resources of Alaska to satisfy their personal interests; so the job ahead is not an easy one.

*Paraphrased from a letter
to the Peavey staff from
M.J. Williamson*

To answer several questions pertinent to the Alaska Land Issue, the Peavey staff solicited responses from College of Forestry alumni and public officials. Because of the large number of responses received, we decided to print the answers which seemed to express the views of the majority of the respondents. In addition, since President Carter considers Alaska land legislation the "top environmental priority of this administration," the Peavey staff felt it would be interesting to get the Carter administration's opinion on the same four questions. These opinions appear at the end of each section.

1. Should citizens of the "lower 48" have equal input into Alaska's land policy? Why?

The responses to this question were almost evenly divided between yes, no, and "this is a poorly worded question." However, almost all the reasons were the same, "Why treat Alaska any different than any other state." Several representative answers were:

My feelings on this subject stem from looking at our Revolutionary War and the main reason for old Ben Franklin telling England to go fly a kite. "Taxation without representation." If we buy the goods and are willing to pay the freight, we should be able to tell them where to ship it.

The "lower 48" should have an equal input into Alaska's land use policy on Federal lands. It is the U.S. tax dollar that paid the freight on these lands. Using the same analogy, State lands should be run by the state agencies and private lands left to our free enterprise.

Bruce Fuller

Inputs from the "lower 48" should be accepted but because many people from the "lower 48" have never seen the areas they are asked to judge this input should be balanced against the needs and desires of the people most greatly affected, the Alaskan citizen. However, we



as professional resource managers must provide the public, both in Alaska and here, with the information and alternatives spelled out to indicate exactly what the costs are both economically and environmentally. Those sites which are of a fragile nature must be identified by us, the resource manager, and managed to benefit the site.

John R. Davis

Citizens of the "lower 48" should not have an "equal" input into determinations of policy which are Alaska's own to decide. National land use policies as they apply to Alaska are the business of the "lower 48", only so long as they apply to uniform application of nationwide mandates and national goals. To do otherwise, would be to establish the State of Alaska as a mere puppet of the Union of States, not having the right to determine or influence decisions regarding all lands in their State.

Richard Huff

Proposals for conservation of Alaska's national interest lands are proposals that affect federal lands belonging to all Americans, including Alaskans. Throughout the Congressional hearings and legislative processes, Americans have again and again shown their strong support for forward looking policies that conserve large portions of the public lands in Alaska.

The magnificence of these lands — including the vast caribou herds of the Arctic Wildlife Range, the cultural history of the Bering Land Bridge, the pristine nature of the Noatak watershed, and the unique wildlife populations of the Wrangells and Katmai — belong to all Americans, past, present and future.

*Office of the Vice President
Washington*

2. How should Federal and State governments go about deciding the use of their lands and how much land to designate for each use?

Answers to this question stressed the importance of long range planning based on professional studies and public input. Secondary considerations emphasized either the economic aspect or the aspect of environmental protection.

This should be done on a future use basis since Alaska will grow. The question is where will this growth take place, and what resources will be necessary to sustain this growth.

Leonard Brown

Federal lands should be studied by professionals both within and without government services to determine the wisest and best use to preserve and protect the land for the future. Natural resources necessary to our economy should be managed to provide raw materials as needed and protection of the environment and the resource should be the number one consideration instead of profit. The same goes for State lands.

Robert C. March

Neither the Federal nor the state can decide how the lands should be used without knowledge of the needs of the state and the nation being considered. At the same



time, they cannot be decided in the absence of at least some information on the probable use of private lands. While public participation is necessary, such participation must be only used as a part of the basis for land use decisions. Generally speaking, the public input into these decisions are fairly narrow in their perspective and take a short-range view and not necessarily the long-range view of land use and the needs of society in general. Without adequate information it is impossible to designate or to establish how much should be designated for each use.

Hugo John

It is essential that governments look at land allocation with a long-range view in mind. The danger of land allocation decisions being made at the pure political level is that politicians often view land use with only a 4 to 5 year viewpoint, and how many votes can be gained in the next election by taking a certain course of action.

In our system of government, the best way of blending social and economic concerns is by the establishment of an independent apolitical body to gather input from technical land use planners, interest groups, citizens, etc. to determine the optimum long-range use of land. Such an inquiry — The Berger Commission — was held several years ago in Canada to assess the environmental and social impacts of a proposed pipeline across N. Canada. As a result of this excellent analysis the proposed pipeline was determined to have too great an impact on both the people of the north, socially; and an excessive impact upon the north environment in terms of disturbing permafrost, disrupting caribou migration routes, and watershed damage.

Land capability must be kept paramount and the exploitation of non-renewable resources (a one-shot effort) should not impinge upon the long-term ability of that land to produce renewable resource on a sustained yield basis.

Craig M. Smith

Governments should consider the different values of the land and attempt to strike a reasonable balance between competing interests. This was the underlying concern as the Administration developed its recommendations for Federal lands in Alaska. After a great deal of study, we recommended lands that are nationally important for their conservation values — such as abundant wildlife, archeological richness, dramatic scenery, or traditional subsistence lifestyles — be included in the national conservation systems.

Wherever possible, we excluded lands with high economic value from our boundaries. For instance, only 5% of the lands identified by the State as having high oil potential are within conservation units, and less than 30% of Alaska's mineral potential lands identified by the U.S. Geological Survey are inside the boundaries. This sort of study is essential to the land planning process that Federal and State governments must undertake in designating uses of publicly owned lands.

*Office of the Vice President
Washington*

3. Should Alaska's timber be reserved for domestic use only, or should Japan be allowed to continue harvesting it?

Although a number of respondents felt apprehensive about exporting Alaska's timber resources, almost all the answers felt that exporting to Japan was an economically, financially, and politically sound policy.

This is a difficult question, since its solution will be purely political in nature. Until such time as a determination is made, in fact, that Alaska's timber resources are critically essential for the domestic market, then presumably these same resources will be considered excess. The practice of sound forest management would then dictate sale of the material in the export market to realize the maximum monetary potential and enhance the total productivity of Alaskan timber lands. The fact that a greater or lesser amount of products processed from export material returns to this country to undersell the U.S. market is an issue to be dealt with in another arena. I would presume, that under common concepts of economics, the U.S. market will find Alaska timber essential, only when the forces of supply and demand combine to create a situation where Alaska timber is economically feasible to harvest, process and market. Also, the deciding factor whether or not Japan should continue to operate in Alaska, aside from domestic market pressures, are the pressures regarding balance of payments and soundness of the dollar, which will be a political decision reached far from the influences of most professional foresters.

Richard M. Huff

If proper management of Alaska's timber resource can be accomplished without allowing foreign interests a "piece of the pie," then so be it. If, on the other hand, the resource and economic wealth of the State of Alaska and the U.S. would suffer as a result of reserving Alaska's timber for domestic use, then I would be in favor of continued involvement by foreign interests. Some sort of balance must be maintained between resource and political considerations and I, as a forester, feel that resource considerations are worthy of the greater emphasis.

Alan D. Hendricks

From an economic standpoint, balance of payments and conservation of transportation energy standpoint, timber should continue to be exported to Japan. From nearly every other angle, it is not popular and to some downright reprehensible. Oil and coal appear to be the next big resources about to be exported from Alaska to Japan. Emotionally I am against exporting our resources.

Don Schmiede

In Alaska we are dealing with high production costs in a market that is controlled by "lower 48" prices. We cannot export timber products into the "lower 48" and compete with producers there. Example: main line logging roads cost \$40,000 per mile to construct, minimum logging camp construction \$5,000,000, less than 50% operation time on equipment, etc. These costs make

logging too costly to export on the "lower 48" but become somewhat economical when we can export to Japan because we are 4 days closer in shipping time.

Theodore 'Al' Johnson

Currently, timber harvested by Japanese interest produces substantial revenues for the state of Alaska and is an important element in the economy of Alaska. It must be remembered that, generally speaking, the cost of Alaska forest products delivered to "lower 48" makes such products non-competitive with "lower 48" production.

Robert D. Peterson



This is a complex subject. My answer is no and to understand this you need to understand:

- 1. The Marshall Plan for rebuilding Japan after WW II.*
- 2. The language of the government 50-year timber sale contracts which guarantee a supply of timber to those large mills. The Japanese have lived up to their part of the contracts, they have built the mills, employed local residents and stabilized the communities. Those contracts were approved at the highest levels of the executive branch of government. The government should not now breach them. I think the situation is somewhat analogous to the Indian treaties.*
- 3. The Jones Act which restricts movement of goods (lumber) to American bottomed ships between American ports. We all know what it costs to ship American with the maritime unions, high wages, etc. Alaskan lumber and pulp cannot economically compete with Canadian supplies and in the Pacific Northwest.*
- 4. If the Japanese were not in Alaska they would be competing for that Canadian wood that is now imported into Washington and Oregon free from Japanese competition.*
- 5. The American companies had the same opportunity to bid when the 50-year contracts were advertised during the 1950's as the Japanese did. That's how Louisiana Pacific got their foot in the door up there. The rest of the American companies, in their wisdom, believed "lower 48" supplies would never run out.*

Jack Blackwell

At this point, Japan is not harvesting any of Alaska's timber, although Japanese interests do own major portions of one timber company. Because of the distance from the "lower 48" markets and other economic factors, a great deal of Alaska's timber is exported to Japan and helps with our balance of payments problem.

Office of the Vice President
Washington

4. What is your opinion of wilderness areas, and how much, if any, land should be designated for this use?

This question was by far the most controversial of the four. Answers ranged all the way from cut it all, to save it all. However, most responses were much closer to the middle of the road with about half leaning toward multiple use and slightly less in favor of some sort of preservation. Very few people actually quantified how much land should be designated to specific uses.

I may never get the chance to visit many of the wilderness areas but the fact that they exist is essential to my being. I must know that there are places in this world where man is humbled by the awe of the environment. Places where man is deprived of the safety and comfort of his technological advances. Places where man is tempted beyond his limits. Places where the creatures of the wild look upon man not as a threat, but just another animal.

One must be a realist when viewing wilderness areas. Those that we have now we must not lose. However, with the ever-increasing demand for our natural resources and utilization of our country's land, it seems doubtful that additional large quantities of land will be set aside for wilderness areas. Our American people are not willing to pay the price for such places. We have the environmentalist and the preservationists who strive and fight for new areas but the general public will not accept the ramifications of new wilderness areas. New areas will eventually hit the American people in two areas that they value the most, their almighty dollar and their living standards.

For the Federal and State land yet to be developed in Alaska, at best, we will be able to maintain a multiple use policy with token sections going into wilderness areas. Trying to establish even these small areas will be a long heated fight. We stand a lot better chance of doing it now than waiting for twenty years to incorporate these lands as wilderness areas.

Bruce Fuller

There is no doubt that we must have wilderness areas. How much is always a question but that these areas should be protected not only because of their uniqueness and their value as recreational areas but also because they form part of a cultural heritage possibly as much as great works of art or buildings. At this point in time it is impossible to definitely say how much land should be designated for wilderness use.

Hugo John

I am much in favor of wilderness for many reasons including the hope that my children and grandchildren for many generations have some of the same opportunities I have had to see and be a part of all that wilderness includes.

I think we should have as much as we can afford. "Locked-up" land can always be un-locked.

P.S. I have lived in Alaska most of the time since 1961.

Don Schmeige



I have no objection to wilderness but the prevailing attitude seems to be to lock it up before it becomes reached regardless of wilderness attributes or lack thereof. If the area is of unique scenic beauty or has an ecosystem that is fragile and/or unique then definitely restrict its use. It is ridiculous to lock areas up simply because they are roadless. We really don't know what we are locking up in terms of minerals especially.

The acreages that should be entered into the wilderness system depends upon the same criteria as should be used in Alaska.

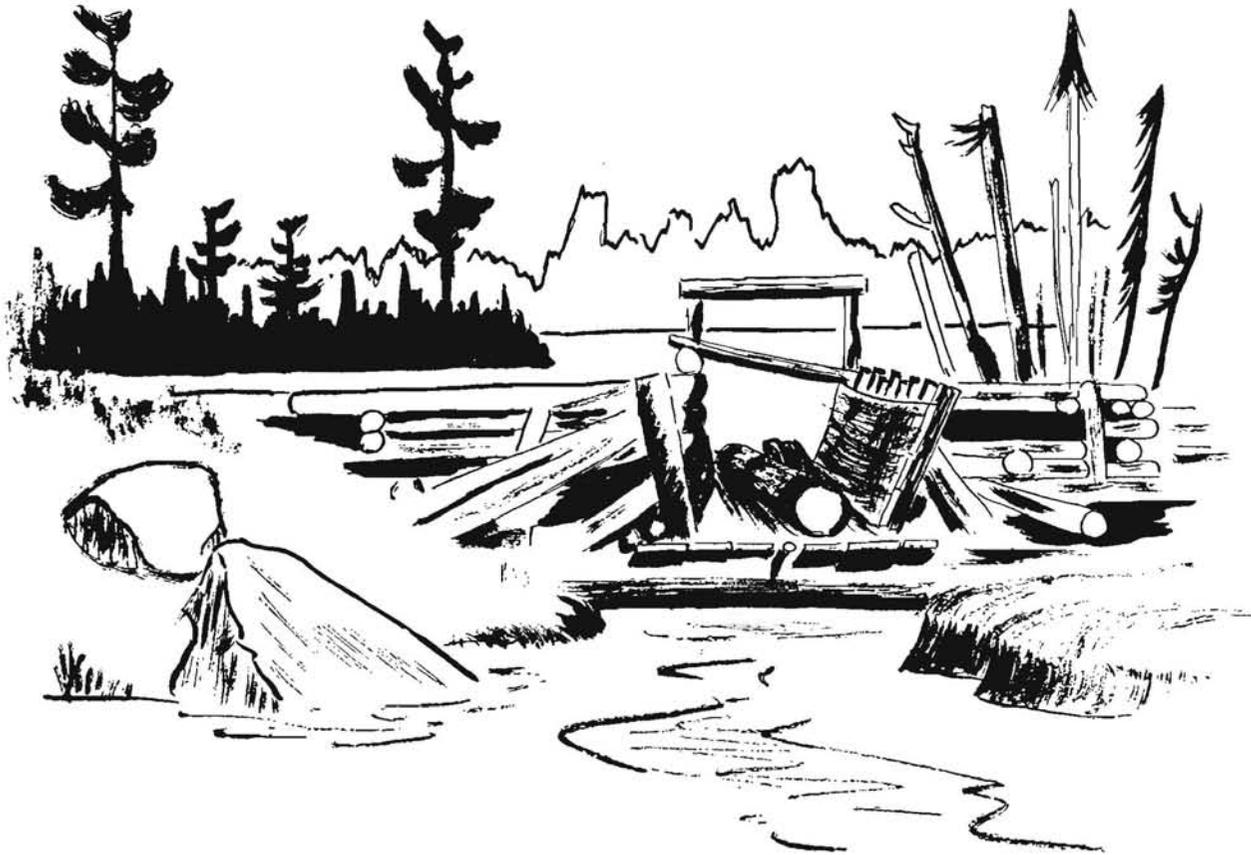
John R. Davis

Again, the second part of the question is far too simplistic. As stated in the answer to Q2, what and how much land should be set aside for wilderness will be a negotiated decision involving numerous conflicting pressures. As for my opinion, I am not in favor of widespread use of the wilderness classification. I feel that the concept of wilderness is sound, but that its application is beginning to encompass an excess total acreage of potentially multiple-use land. A less restrictive classification than wilderness in its pure definition, is needed. I have a social objection to wilderness in excess, in that land is being made unavailable to recreation purposes for the greatest majority of citizens of this country. To gain maximum "people" use of lands entails development whose nature is in direct conflict with the wilderness classification. The economic arguments for and against wilderness classifications are so complex that an entire Peavey could not cover the issue in sufficient detail.

Richard Huff

Wilderness areas are idealistic but often impractical. Nature has provided resources which should be used under proper management. (Apples on a tree would be of no good if left to rot.) We need to progress in our search for oil, gas, minerals, and chemicals and proper harvesting of our timber.

Harry E. Peterson



A very difficult question to say the least because everyone has a different concept of what wilderness is. I don't believe in setting aside 500,000 to 1 million acres for less than 1/100th of 1% of the U.S. population to visit each year. That is not very realistic in today's world where very shortly wood will become our most valued resource for energy and construction. There are areas that are obviously "wilderness" and then others that are not. What is left in between will have to be "wilderness" on a rotation basis. For example, to the normal rotation of 80-120 years, tack on another 50 years as wilderness. We'll never know the difference and neither will people 150 years from now.

Mike Rath

In my opinion, there has already been too much area designated as wilderness. Including more areas in what is now called the "wilderness system" reduces the area left over on which to fulfill the other factors of multiple use. I feel wilderness should be considered a part of the multiple use of our public lands.

Most areas designated as or proposed for wilderness are forest lands. Foresters have long been concerned about meeting demands for forest products, ever increasing, produced on an ever decreasing forest land base. Obviously the creation of more wilderness areas directly affects the reduction of this land base. If the wilderness movement persists, a plan should be worked out to limit designation of such areas to lands not suitable for the production of forest crops.

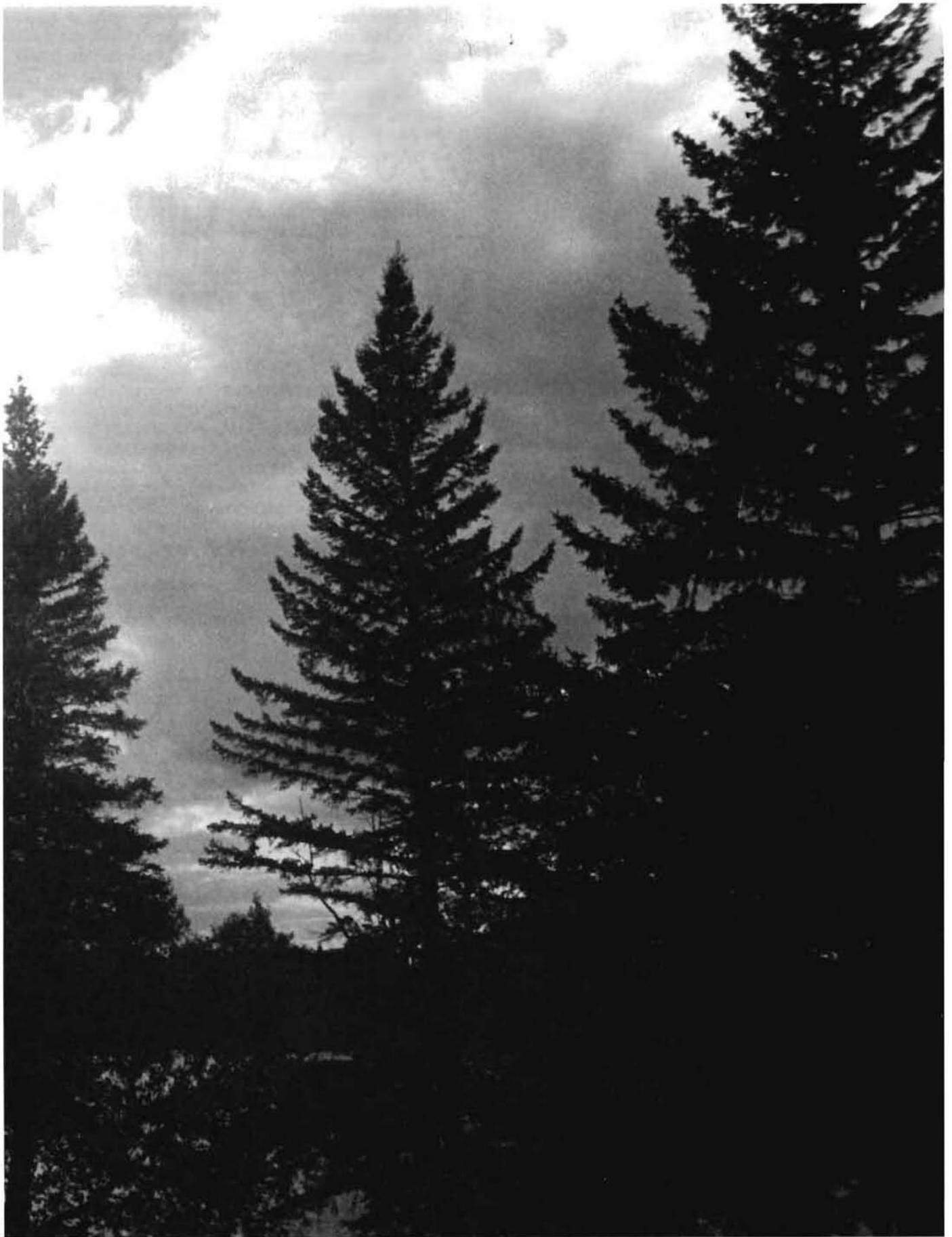
Jack C. Tucker

As historians and sociologists and even modern politicians agree, the United States is a nation which was formed from wilderness. Wilderness is as important to Americans today as it always has been, perhaps even more now that we have become such a highly urban culture. We strongly support the President's commitment to expansion of the nation's Wilderness Preservation System, which was expressed in his 1977 Environmental Message to Congress.

Wilderness recreation is growing at phenomenal rates as Americans become more and more active in outdoor recreation. For them, and for the future generations of Americans, it is our responsibility to set aside some land that modern man has not yet altered. As Interior Secretary Andrus has said throughout the Alaska lands legislative process, "Few nations are ever favored with the chance to make a decision to protect their natural heritage. If we decide to reject this opportunity to conserve and develop, we will deserve the insults that our grandchildren will remember us with. Let's do it right, for once, the first time."

*Office of the Vice President
Washington*

It is hoped that this article has helped you gain some insight into the Alaska land issue and how fellow foresters feel about it. We hope you found it interesting, and extend our thanks to all of you who responded to the questionnaire.



Student Organizations



FORESTRY CLUB

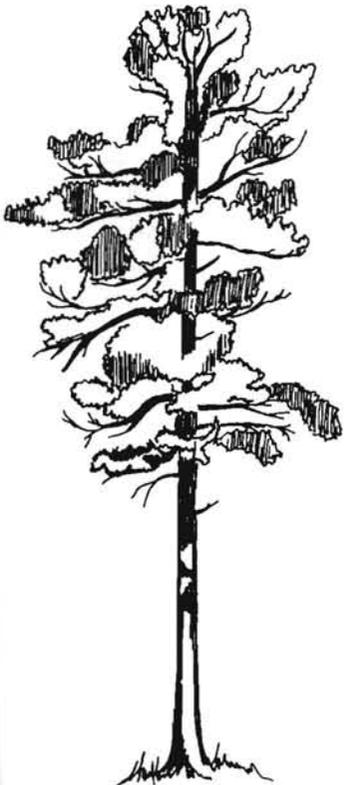
FOREST PRODUCTS CLUB ~

FOREST PRODUCTS RESEARCH SOCIETY

RECREATION RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

XI SIGMA PI

WOODCHIPS



Forestry Club: 1978-79
by Terry J. Doyle, President

What can I say? The ideas I would like to express might already have been written by others in this year's Peavey. But I will tell things the way I see them, in chronological order.

First of all, things were just sort of thrown in my lap at the end of the school year. There was little or no explanation of responsibilities, duties, etc. It seemed that trial and error would be the key.

Before school came to a close (thank goodness!) Bonfire chairman Larry Himanga, Conclave co-captains Bob Liebfried and Marty Wiley, and Christmas tree chairpersons Marna Butler, Chuck Owens and Tony Van Rossum were selected.

Of course, the summer was a pretty dormant time for the F-Club. Those that remained active were the people in charge of the firewood sales, namely Dale Dose. Throughout the summer and most of fall quarter, Dale knocked himself out for that project. Good work, Dale — but be careful next time, O.K.?

As school approached, the first thing to think about was the Fall Bonfire, which was only three days after the start of the quarter. In a last minute rush, so characteristic of many Forestry Club activities, we put the final touches on the Bonfire. A special thanks to the Office of Student Services for all their help!

With activity number one over with we next turned our attention toward Conclave. And Bob Liebfried turned a great deal of attention toward it, making this year's Conclave one of the best organized activities we have had.

The Christmas tree project was the number three activity during fall quarter. Throughout the project few questions were raised and few problems encountered, until it came right down to the wire. Then there was chaos: balers and trucks not rented three days before our cuts, contracts to fulfill and numerous other chores. "Who knows how to run the baler?", etc. I was told by someone that it is the same every year — I hope that they were wrong. A little extra planning could make a few large headaches disappear. And then the unsolved question as to whether the project was getting too big to handle was raised. It seems to me that we could trim things down a bit and yet still improve from year to year, instead of expanding each year until we reach the point of explosion. As it was, I think we were lucky things didn't explode this year.

And so ended the major projects for fall quarter. But what about some of the "behind the scene" activities? Those heavily involved in F-Club, whether on the executive board or as chairperson of a committee, see Forestry Club in a different light. At least I do now.

Throughout the year we have been plagued by inadequate files. The Forestry Club has existed essentially since the establishment of a Forestry curriculum, yet the records and history of past years is scattered and incomplete. If the history was complete I believe we would find that many questions raised in previous years are similar to those we ask now. And that if we had this information we could get rid of the trial and error approach we now so often resort to.

You probably don't realize how bleak things look from the inside. I think if the members of F-Club did they wouldn't be members for long. But I guess that's one of the exciting things about this club. Very few members ever give up. They keep at it and end up doing a heroic job.

The F-Club really did make an effort to serve the college this year. In the spring of 1978 a poll was conducted to find out how the club could better serve the college. The response was disappointing, but there seemed to be a general feeling that the club was not professional enough for many of the students. That brought up the question of the meaning of the word professional and what it should entail. I started with the meetings. Apparently the wrong place to start, as at times they were cold and impersonal. So, winter quarter we made sure we had programs at every meeting. This seemed to help. Attendance increased noticeably. However, because we were so pre-occupied with Forester's Day, the "professional" activities were largely restricted to the meetings. I think that if we can expand our activities more into the profession of forestry out in the field, where forestry is at, that we may reach our goal of being more professional.

Yet the Club should provide a relaxed social atmosphere. Students are subjected to the academics of this institution all too thoroughly. There has to be a release, and it seems to me that the Forestry Club can provide that release.

There is much ahead yet this year for the Forestry Club. Because the memories of the pressures of Forester's Day still linger in my mind, I find it hard to plan for additional activities. A person can only handle so much. Yet with the election of new officers and the arrival of spring, there is the promise of new strength and ideas that make the future look much brighter.

A special thanks to all of the dedicated people that made this year's Forestry Club a success, especially the following:

Tony Van Rossum:	Vice-president
Marna Butler:	Treasurer
Katie Jacobs:	Secretary
Bob Liebfried, Marty Wiley:	Sergeant-at-Arms
Carl Vogt:	Advisor
Nancy Williams:	Historian



Makin meadow muffins

Forest Products Club — Forest Products Research Society
by Barry Olson

FPC-FPRS Elections
by Barry Olson

Officers

President	Barry Olson
Vice President-Activities	Fred Kamke
Vice President-Programs	Gary Erickson
Secretary-Treasurer	Mike Slevin

The FPC-FPRS is proud to announce that the club membership doubled this fall, bringing the total membership to over forty. This year's initiation required each new member to non-verbally act out a piece of forestry equipment or organization title, such as "Eager Beaver Stump Remover."

This year's club activities started in the spring of 1978 with the Lumber Logger Spring Softball Tourney between Forestry and Forest Products. The tourney was a four-team event in which Forestry came out on top with an excruciating victory over the Forest Products team, taking the Lumber Logger trophy. The FPC-FPRS vows that the trophy will travel to Kaufert Lab in spring 1979.

The FPC-FPRS now offers an expanded projects/activities schedule in order to interest prospective members and to provide an opportunity for increased student participation. Club supported projects include the manufacture of Golf Club Head Desk Pen Sets, wheel chocks and wood I.D. kits. A special project involved the manufacture of a new Forest Products booth which will be used to promote the Forest Products Department at professional and student meetings and conventions. Other events include the Fall Barbeque; the Fall Quarter Christmas Party; an organized club invasion of the Forester's Day events with a stunning capture of the tug-o-war championship, upsetting Forestry and avenging the Winter of '78 tug-o-war fiasco; the annual Lumber Logger Forest Products-Forestry Softball Tourney set for May 20, 1979; student representation and attendance at the fall FPRS sectional meeting in Houghton, Michigan.

New officers were elected at the January 24 meeting of the Forest Products Club-Forest Products Research Society LSP (FPC-FPRS). The new officers for spring quarter are: Barbara Peterson, President; Joe Zuzek, Vice-President; and James Sandusky, Secretary-Treasurer.

Prior to the election each candidate had an opportunity to express his or her views. President-elect Peterson, one of three female club members, hopes the FPC-FPRS can become more "socially oriented" while at the same time retaining the club's academic image.

Dennis Fahey, a presidential candidate, promised that if elected he would unleash a valiant female recruiting effort at the College of Home Economics. Fahey was defeated after some members questioned his sincerity. Mike Rask was the other presidential candidate.

Joe Zuzek appeared to be out of the running for the vice-presidency as a result of his absence at the start of the meeting. Arriving late, Zuzek said, "I owe a lot to FPRS. It is a fine organization and I intend to keep the club active in FPRS activities." This view tipped the balance for a slim Zuzek victory over heavy competition from Ray Zittlon and Tom MacMillan.

The secretary-treasurer race proved to be a near unanimous victory for James Sandusky over Kay Schweiger and Tony VanRossun, both of whom failed to appear. Sandusky vowed, "I will do all I can for the club."

Following the election the new officers were treated to an inaugural rendition of the Minnesota Rouser, courtesy of a new member, Nick Reller.



Trying to get Forest Products people up to Green Hall.



Tony throwing his weight around again.

RRM's Winter Wonderland . . .
by Paul Wieland

The RRM Club has had one of its most active quarters in recent years. Attendance at meetings has been steadily increasing and club members are enthusiastically supporting new projects and programs.

Continuing a tradition of not worrying about classes until after midterms, the club took an early break the third weekend in January for some fun in the snow. One member's father, Raymond Rath, has over 900 acres about ten miles north of Bruno and when he offered the use of his land including guided tours — well, it was an offer that couldn't sanely be refused.

So early that Saturday morning three cars filled to near capacity with cross-country skis, snowshoes, and eight expectant faces headed north. The caravan braved snow, icy roads, and unbelievable tales of woe . . . "hey, we weren't lost; first we had a flat tire and then we ran out of gas" . . . before reaching their weekend retreat.

After unloading gear and loading up stomachs, the members separated into two groups. Five club members followed Mr. Rath on snowshoes while the other three took off in another direction on skis. The groups spent all afternoon enjoying beaver ponds, spruce stands, breaking trail and falling, while a gentle snow filtered through the aspen.

Later that night another club member drove up and the evening passed quickly between backgammon and cribbage, although three members suffering from cabin fever grabbed their snowshoes and with the aid of a headlamp went for a walk in the dark. They also packed down an area large enough for two of the members to pitch their tent on. The rest of the group roughed it in the trailer.

After a late breakfast on Sunday, some skis were traded in for snowshoes and a few snowshoes were replaced with skis. The entire group went out together with the snowshoes breaking trail. The porcupine, weasel, and snowshoe hare didn't seem to mind the intrusion into their territory, and evidence of otters playing in the snow was found in a number of places around the beaver ponds.

Nobody wanted to leave the winter wonderland, so it was with more than a little reluctance that the cars were finally loaded and pointed in a southerly direction.

The club has had two guest speakers at meetings this quarter. Nelson French, a graduate student and Sierra Club member, showed a film of Voyageurs National Park and discussed some of the problems still faced by the National Park Service in planning the park. Another graduate student, Mel Baughman, presented a slide show and talked about the experiences he and his wife had on a recent trip to Alaska. The club hopes to continue having speakers at future meetings.

This year the RRM Club will honor one member who has given the most to the club and curriculum. A yearly award has been established which includes a certificate and the recipient's name engraved on a permanent plaque which will hang in Green Hall for all to see.

Club meetings are held Tuesday evenings once every three weeks beginning with the first Tuesday of each quarter. All students are welcome to attend the meetings or join in the quarterly trips offered.



A typical R.R.M.er well attuned with nature.



Jim demonstrating the proper way to play midwinter leap frog.



The up and climbing R.R.M. Pres. describing how steep the hills are.

Xi Sigma Pi Welcomes New Members

by Pete Aube

Delta chapter of the Xi Sigma Pi forestry honor society held its annual initiation banquet on March 1 at Nino's Steak Round-Up. The society welcomed 29 undergraduate and graduate students as new members. Clarence Buckman, visiting professor, also became an active member. Dr. Warren Gore of the Dept. of Rhetoric was the guest speaker.

The executive board of Delta chapter decided to collect chapter dues this year. The money will finance the upgrading of the Speaker's Bureau slide programs, and other projects.

The members of the Delta chapter voted to allow the national headquarters of the society to publish and distribute an update of the *Xi Sigma Pi Record*, a list of membership by chapter. The funds will be taken from the national treasury.

Fred Kamke, a senior in Forest Products, was nominated by the executive board for the Xi Sigma Pi national scholarship. The nomination was in appreciation of Fred's leadership as a student and his contribution to the society.

Pete Aube, Forester of Delta chapter, wishes to express his thanks to several individuals for their efforts on behalf of the society. Dale Higgins is in charge of contacting members to take the Speaker's Bureau assignments. There were six speeches or career talks given in January and February. Phil Grumstrup has been duplicating the slides loaned by faculty and students. The new slides will be valuable for use in Speaker's Bureau programs. Terry Cundy's persistence resulted in the updating of name plates honoring students of outstanding scholarship. The plates are in place in 110 Green Hall above the receptionist's desk. Thanks are also due to all the members who gave speeches this quarter.



Mr. Charisma strikes again!

Woodchips by Kay Schwieger Editor, "Woodchips"

This academic year saw the advent of a new forestry student publication, "Woodchips", which students and faculty find in their P.O. boxes about once a month. Certainly, upon reading the first few editions, some wondered, and perhaps still do, what exactly this publication is and why it exists.

For those people, the first issue offered the explanation that "'Woodchips' is a student newsletter under the authority of the College of Forestry Student-Faculty Board, with its purpose being that of opening new lines of communication between all involved in the College of Forestry." That is all fine and good, but nonetheless, that sort of statement leaves me cold and unenthused. Therefore, I would like to share with you my thoughts, as editor of "Woodchips", as to why this publication exists and what exactly it is. First, however, I want to tell you some of the things it isn't.

"Woodchips" is not in any way an official College of Forestry publication. It is written, edited, set up, and circulated strictly by students in forestry, and is backed by the Student-Faculty Board.

"Woodchips" was not founded merely as a vehicle for students to express themselves through creative writing. Our staff members are not journalists, but students of science, as are all students in the College of Forestry. We recognize, however, that even in technical fields the areas of journalism and communications are of major importance, and therefore we strive to maintain a professional air about our efforts in putting out this publication.

Finally, although "Woodchips" can be described as a newsletter, its purpose is not strictly to supply students with news, nor is our purpose strictly to entertain or provide a vehicle for undue criticism of authority. "Woodchips" does exist to inform students of the various organizations within the College of Forestry and within the University itself. We try to present this information with a certain degree of humor, but with the aforementioned professional quality.

Within this information lies the real purpose and, I think, the underlying theme of "Woodchips": Get involved! Increased awareness of organizations, their functions and activities, can, as I see it, do nothing but promote greater involvement. With maximum involvement and participation from students, these organizations gain diversity and thereby gain strength of ideas and can then be of greater benefit to all concerned.

Greater benefit from increased involvement due to information brought to you by way of "Woodchips" — that, pure and simple, is the purpose, goal, and theme of our publication.



Tree Sales
by Chuck Owens

We sensed that somewhere we were needed. After much searching we located that source of need and sat down for a meeting with Mr. F. Club. Mr. Club informed us of the growing unrest and impending riots by some of the coniferales of the region. He asked us to help squash the uprising. Aid was promised from all sectors. We accepted the challenge. After a short time the meeting was over and we had gained the faith of our benefactor. As we walked away with the big task yet ahead, we wondered if we had finally met a challenge too large for us. But, as paid-up members of the Justice League of the U of M, we were committed to giving up our lives (our social lives), if necessary, not to mention our homework. So with a renewed feeling of importance, we, the tenacious trio, walked off into the cold February night resolved to solve the problem at hand.

We began early in March by seeking information from a group of pine sympathizers known as the Minnesota Christmas Tree Growers Association. Here, under the guise of potential supporters, we found out where several hardy groups of young dissidents were gathering. During the summer Marna and Chuck worked up north (they were secretly checking on pine and spruce unrest). In the meantime, Tony, with the aid of the very capable Himanga, Larry H. and his sidekick the voluptuous Katie Jacobs, marked several of the stronger and healthier trees that looked to be the leaders. We hoped that this would scare them into hiding.

As fall rolled in, Marna and Chuck returned from their jobs. The unrest up north was minimal and only mid-state pine needed to be dealt with. It became evident that the marking tactics had failed. Tony and Chuck immediately began making plans for a major assault. We lined up the weapons and made plans to remove the prisoners. We hit with our first assault on Carl Vogt land. He protected our flanks with a crew of his own. All the trees were downed, rounded up and immediately tied and shipped to the concentration camp near the St. Paul campus. Commandant Butler was in charge busily setting up the exercise area.

Problems developed. Two allies wanted us to capture and bind several dissidents in their sectors. Grudgingly, we consented. Time became crucial and breakdowns frequent.

Our second wave of attack was focused on Vern's farm. There were trees all over, but we had to face them. Early reports told us that the marked trees congregated closely, but we must have spooked them because we found them all over. We decided to take only the marked trees here. We made the initial cut at night to catch them off guard. The six of us that started that night disabled a hundred trees in the darkness. Only Larry was "staggered" during that fight, but not by the trees. He was just a little "groggy." The next day, as help arrived, we divided forces for a two-pronged attack. Tony's valiant group was stalled with baler problems, and Chuck's group also found some finer points of frustration. We had to stay the night. Once again our group was united and our spirits were lifted and downed. Soon we were oblivious to any problems.

Days passed. Time grew short. On and on the tenacious trio and Mr. F. Club fought. Tony and/or Chuck led attack after attack with fewer and fewer forces. The loyal troops removed the trees from their roots one by one and took them to captivity. We lost only one tree by escape, and it is reported that this tree, known as "Scotch" Haley, has been researching its past in an attempt to find its roots. All that remained was a little cleanup work here and there. Several trees at Iverson's ran. All the trees we had marked in one field by the road were gone when we showed up wielding our saws.

With the riot squashed, our battleworn party took the remaining captors to the concentration camp. While trying to decide what to do with them, someone came up with the idea of putting them on the slave auction block. With all their arms they could easily hold many things at once such as popcorn strung neatly together, or cranberries, or candy canes, or . . .

With another dilemma rectified, we returned back to the Justice League Lounge to take a well-earned vacation.



Tony defoliates another one!



Chuck and his crew launch an attack of tears on the baler.

Learning How to Sell Christmas Trees by M. Butler

The 1978 Christmas Tree Sales Lot had a good year, thanks to the help of over 40 students and a couple of good guys like Scotty Scholten and Carl Vogt. There were rough spots along the way, but all in all everything worked out very well with Forestry Club selling slightly over 3,000 trees this year.

The lot management started in full swing on Saturday, November 4th, when a small group gathered to assemble the display stands at the tree lot. Temperatures on that day reached nearly 60 degrees, making it difficult to imagine that in only 4 weeks we would be selling Christmas trees. The lot assembly took only five hours to complete. Only setting up the lights and bringing in the trees was left for a later date. The next three weekends in November were spent on the field operations: cutting, baling, and hauling the trees down to the lot at Cleveland and Larpenteur Avenues.

The tree lot officially opened on Saturday, December 2, with several forestry students present and willing to help customers with their purchases. Due to a general feeling that here would be a shortage of trees this year, our first day proved to be very busy. During the first week of December the tree lot was open afternoons and evenings only, since a good number of students had morning classes. That didn't stop customers from buying trees in the morning, however, as often when I opened the lot at 2 P.M. I'd find notes left under the door saying they'd purchased a tree and enclosed the money. In most of those cases the money enclosed exceeded the actual price of the tree!



Cheryl prepares another tree for its Christmas home.

Our second weekend, that of Dec. 11 and 12, proved to be the busiest, coldest and hardest to get workers for. It just so happened that on that Saturday, almost everybody involved in the sales project had to take a final exam. However, thanks to the goodness of several faculty, grad students and alumni, the lot ran very smoothly and we had a very successful day.

By the beginning of the second week our stores of trees were starting to dwindle. However, some quick phone calls to a few growers and the Cloquet forestry station yielded a nice supply of trees for the upcoming weekend. We sold nearly all the trees that weekend and the following Monday. By Tuesday morning there were only a few trees left and the decision was made to close down and disassemble, before the predicted snowstorm hit.

I drove by the lot the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 20. It was bare of any sign of Christmas trees or activity. It was hard to believe that the whole schoolyard had been filled with trees, forestry "sales" students and customers nearly every day the 3 weeks prior to that morning. The Christmas tree sales project for 1978 proved to be very successful — thanks to everyone who lent a hand and helped us out.



Marna the tree chairperson preparing the lot for opening day.



Do you think the sign was as crooked as the sellers?

Forester's Day '79 — A Break in Tradition

by Terry J. Doyle, Co-chairman

It seems no matter how early you start on a project, or how good your intentions are while working on a project, when a large amount of it involves people, there WILL be problems.

This year's Forester's Day was no exception.

Upon returning from my summer job, I was quickly informed that the Northstar Ballroom was booked up, and so, not available for the traditional Stump Jumper's Ball. Furthermore, if we wanted to use the Northstar Ballroom for our pancake breakfast, we were looking at \$150 to rent the room for just a few hours.

After school started, committees were formed to look into these and other problems. Soon things were rolling, and they seemed to be going well. That is until F-Day was almost upon us, then it was time to scramble.

The first thing that happened was a mix-up with tickets. Due to a misquoted price we had no tickets — two weeks prior to F-Day.

There were many things about this year's F-Day that seemed to inherently cause problems. First of all, there was the problem with the location of the breakfast and dance, as they would not be held at their traditional places. Then there was an overall revamping in the schedule of events. For instance, the field events were moved up so there wouldn't be such a big time lag between them and the breakfast. Then, the bean feed turned public. Prizes were given out during the bean feed in an effort to keep the crowd interested. And then there was Jack and Jill. This year's F-Day committee decided to axe it, that is until ten days prior to F-Day. At that time, more interested members than suspected raised their voices in favor of crowning a king and queen of Forester's Day. And so it was. The format was laid for the 1979 Forester's Day!

This year the banquet was held at the Fox and Hounds Supper Club. Our guest speaker was Mr. Cliff Ahlgren, speaking to us on the Martyred Monarch, the Eastern White Pine. Forester of the Year (previously Field Forester), was Ray Carson, the city forester for Duluth. This year's Son of Paul was a Daughter: Melody Himanga, the second Himanga to win that award. In addition to the Son of Paul award, eight \$350 scholarships were given out to the following students: Marna Butler, Dale Dose, Terry Doyle, Cheryl Gustafson, Bob Leibfried, Chuck Owens, Dave Schueller, and Peter Willis.

Hidden talents were then revealed by Dave Schueller and John Lenarz. Finally, anchorman Carl Vogt closed off the evening with a variety show featuring green M & M's.

Terry Brault surprised just about everyone (including Dean Skok), with his turnout of dignitaries. These included Bruce Vento and a representative from U.S. Senator Rudy Boschwitz.

Just as the banquet came to a close, a dozen students from Steven's Point, Wisconsin showed up to see what the U of M's F-Day was all about. Several of them were interested in seeing what kinds of things engineers like to do on Forester's Day, so we headed up to Green Hall.

Unfortunately, intelligence reported that the engineers had struck while we were at the banquet. Gone was the F-Day banner which hung in front of the Student Center, added were a few snow designs on the athletic field. Overall, a relatively minor exhibition compared to the beating we took last year. We continued to survey the campus until 3:00 a.m., but the engineers had retreated for the night.

F-Day started early — about 6:45 a.m. early. It was then that we decided to set up the saw stand, that way preventing any "engineering" accidents. Soon the stand was up and it was time to watch the "flippin' faculty" flip their flapjacks.

Because of the outrageous price the Student Center wanted to charge us for holding the breakfast in the Northstar Ballroom, the faculty had to adjust to new surroundings. This year we had the breakfast and "skit" at the St. Paul Campus Ministry. This was our first major deviation from tradition. However, a good crowd turned up to watch the "flippin' faculty".

We tried desperately to recruit skits from the faculty and grad students (witness the witty Rudolph-like posters and memos). However, only the undergraduates pulled through with a "roast" of some of our most distinguished faculty.

Soon after, Marty Wiley and Tina Jaworski were crowned Lumber Jack and Lumber Jill. Then, in an attempt to keep a continuous crowd, we quickly moved to the field events. Newly crowned Lumber Jack and Lumber Jill began the events by sawing off a "cookie" on one of the cants. This year we replaced the bolt throw with a keg toss. Some strong arms made it through our elm cants but only two teams cared to challenge our snow-packed log on the log-rolling course.

Two companies sponsored events in person this year. The United States Tobacco Company helped us judge our tobacco spit, with free belt buckles going to all our participants. Because of this many people tried spitting that wouldn't normally have done so. However, there were no casualties. Schmidt helped judge both the men's and women's keg toss. Again, lots of participants. This



year the speed choppers didn't have to chop in the dark. With those elm cants, though, things looked pretty dark for the speed choppers.

Another new twist to this year's F-Day was the moving of the bean feed from a private home to the St. Paul Campus Ministry. This got underway soon after the field events. Some folks were upset because a price was charged for the bean feed, but as it happened only a scant crowd turned up. Ah well, you can't win them all! Chuck Owens and Tina Jaworski did an excellent job in getting the prizes lined up for field event winners.

Our final deviation from tradition was having the Stump Jumpers Ball in the new livestock arena. Due to circumstances beyond our control, the Northstar Ballroom had been booked for all the weekends prior to or shortly after F-Day. After some scouting it was decided that the arena would provide a good "down-home setting". And that it did. Hay bales, Christmas trees, and "good ol' square dancing music" set the mood for the evening. This was another job done well by Jane Hess and Dale Dose.

And so ended the 43rd annual Forester's Day. A day full of fun, friendship and for many, a real education.



Pete, proves he can out last the best.



Some of the pancakes were so heavy that it took two spatulas to turn them, honest, ask Pete.



Kathy and Carol fighting over the guys in Green Hall again.



Some forestry students are really concerned about saving energy!

Thanks to the following people who made this year's Forester's Day come about:

Overall chairman:	Terry Doyle Tony Van Rossum
Prizes:	Chuck Owens Tina Jaworski
Banquet:	Dale Dose Carol Buche
Forester of the Year:	Carol Buche
Publicity:	Terry Brault
Pancake Breakfast:	Larry Himanga Kathy Feldkamp Dave Schueller
Stump Jumpers Ball:	Jane Hess Dale Dose Brad Johnson
Skits:	Como Pontliana Randy Hoffbeck
Awards:	Brad Johnson
Buttons and tickets:	Mark Johnson
Bean Feed:	Dot Peterson Cheryl Gustafson
Jack and Jill:	Katie Jacobs
Field Events:	Bob Liebfried Chris Krantz

**Forestry Club
University of Minnesota
Winners of the Field Events — 1979 Forester's Day**

High Point

Bob Leibfried
(Based on 3 pts. for first
2 pts. for second
1 pt. for third)

One-Man Buck

Joe Zuzek
Bob Leibfried
Brad Grove

Two-Man Buck

Bob Leibfried & Joe Zuzek
Terry Doyle & Dave Lee
Duncan Ferguson & Tim Kennedy

Two-Women Buck

Katie Jacobs & Liz Zutz
Cheryl Gustafson & Dorothy Peterson
Melody Himanga & Rene Needham

Coed Buck

Nancy Williams & Mike Lindgren
Marty Wiley & Liz Zutz
Carol Czaia & Herb Schlecta

Men's Snowshoe

Dale McCormick
Rick Novitsky
Marty Wiley

Women's Snowshoe

Marna Butler/Cheryl Gustafson Tied
Dorothy Peterson

Coed Snowshoe

Pat & Paul Wieland
Joni Summers & John Stright
Cheryl Gustafson & Jim Brochman

Lumber Jack

Marty Wiley

Lumber Jill

Tina Jaworski

Match Split

Steve Benson
Dave Lee
Ann Stacher
John Stright

Tobacco Spit

Steve Benson
Steve Johnson
Brad Grove

Speed Chopping

Duncan Ferguson
Steve Benson
John Stright

Log Roll

Duncan Ferguson & Jim McGannon
Como Pontliana & John Stright

Men's Keg Toss

Bob Leibfried
Como Pontliana
Bruce Overson

Women's Keg Toss

Tina Jaworski
Celeste Lewis
Katie Jacobs



Marty and his wondermitt, Schmit.



Chuck boy are you going to get it! Talking me into trying this.

Tobacco Spitting Made Easy

By Larry Himanga

The art of tobacco spitting can be mastered by following several easy steps. To start, the tobacco must be placed in the mouth. The placement of the wad seems simple — yet it is quite important. The proper wad size can be determined by packing the tainted leaves between the cheek and gums until the leaves just touch the tongue. A wad that is too large may block the air passage and cause one to cough. A wad that is too small will inhibit the production of saliva for the spit. Several methods may be used to produce saliva. The first method is the outright chewing of the leaves. Needless to say, this takes a strong stomach. The other method, the more popular of the two, is working the leaves into the gum with the cheek. To do this the spitter can make quick chewing motions or press the outside of his cheek with his fingers. The chewing should be continued until the mouth is completely full of juice. Some spitters wait until it seeps from the corners of their mouths, a very unappealing sight for many bystanders. When a full mouth is achieved, the participant is ready to spit. Before doing this, however, a final positioning of the wad is in order. Some people like it in their left cheek, others prefer their right. Although the temptation may be strong, it should not be placed under the tongue as it will inhibit the tobacco juice from leaving the mouth.

With the wad in place and the contestant at the spitting mark, he should aim for the front part of the paper since the spit tends to splatter forward on impact. Bending at the knees while rocking to get momentum is the standard procedure for spitting. When rocking backwards, the spitter must not allow any of the juice to enter the throat, because swallowing only a minute portion may cause some spitters to regurgitate. After a smooth rhythm is developed, the participant should spit at the full extent of his rock forward. Timing is important, as letting loose too soon will cause the spit to fall short of the paper. At the exact instant of spitting, the mouth should be in an “O” formation to keep the tobacco juice together. Since tobacco spitting is a safe, fun sport, it can provide many minutes of fun. In any case, it is an experience not easily forgotten.

*This article was not edited by
Katie M. Jacobs*



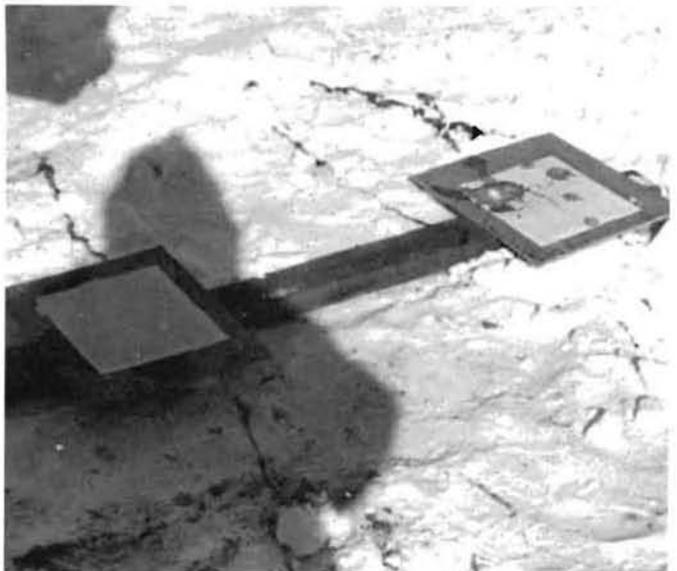
I've got to spit this how far?



Get Ready, Get Set.



Fire!



Right on target.

Conclave 78
by Bob Leibfried

On the morning of October 20th, the 1978 Conclave team and their staunch supporters left bright and early (at least early) to further their forester follies. The destination was Hickory Corners, Michigan, where Michigan State University would play host to the twelve midwestern forestry schools competing in the 27th Annual Conclave.

Through the generous bank account of the Forestry Club, and Marna Butler's special ability to make zeros, the team was fortunate enough to ride in the luxury of reclining seats, in a coach type bus. The first couple of hours of the trip were very eventful and I'm indebted to Terry Doyle and his musical nose for preventing me from sleeping. I never knew looking out a tinted bus window into pitch blackness would be so enjoyable. Thanks Terry! Although not a creature was stirring, not even a gopher, things really picked up around 10:00 a.m., S.C. Everyone rolled over. Now I'm not saying this group was boring, but I started reading my Fruit and Twig Key for entertainment. I decided not to sleep because as co-captain of the team, I felt a sort of paternal responsibility for these forty fledglings.

There is something about certain cities that brings forth hidden personalities. In Paris, it's the romantic, in Jamesville, Wisconsin, it's an aspect of Greek heritage, the marathon runner. This was exemplified by the longest member of our team, who had been erroneously mistaken for a street when he was born and named Como. Como can attest to the fact that within a two mile radius of the bus stop there were no stores that dispensed what Milwaukee was made famous for, because he ran every foot of it in the thirty minutes that we were there. His run was a disappointing one, but his search ended once that now worshipped oasis, Kalamazoo, was reached. Of course he had a comrad in his jogging exploits, but I don't think it's necessary to name names.

Nothing of literary interest took place between Kalamazoo and Hickory Corners, except that there was a marked increase in the aluminum content inside the bus, and the facilities at the rear of the bus were utilized to their maximum capabilities.

Michigan State was well prepared for the conclave. They even gave us a map and detailed information to help us find our destination. It must have been an oversight on their part to not send us the code book needed to decipher the directions.

Enter Joe Zuzek who turned out to be our ace navigator in time of need (the facility at the back of the bus had reached capacity). He also turned out to be quite inspirational — who wouldn't saw a little faster with someone shouting "encouragement", two inches from their ear, while shoving a cant hook in their back?

The sleeping quarters presented to us were very nice. It was a dormitory situation, something Jan Siebrass could have found security in. There was something there for everyone. Even our perennial senior, Tim Kennedy, was able to get nostalgic about his Dutch heritage. Windmill climbing anyone?

The only other event safe enough (I mean worth mentioning) during that night was the captain's meeting. It was a good time to meet members from the other teams who



Katie one step ahead of the Meadow Muffin Maker.

had similar interests. However, I think Missouri read their correspondence wrong and sent their debate team, instead of their conclave team. Minnesota was not to be outdone. This time Mr. Zuzek called upon his Forest Products knowledge to dazzle the other captains with a diagram of his "super notch" to start saw cuts. Nobody could argue about using the notch, because nobody could understand what he was talking about.

Ah yes, Saturday morning finally came and the events were ready to begin. The whole team seemed unusually relaxed considering the excitement and importance of the day ahead of them. But I guess people don't tend to get too excited when they're still asleep, 8:00 AM does seem to be a little early to be quizzed in dendrology, especially on a full stomach. It must have been early for the trees too, because Melody Himanga swore (not cursed) that she saw some stomata yawn. (Sure Melody sure.) We finished strong in dendrology, with the "Whiz Kid" Terry Doyle grabbing second place. Minnesota only placed in three other events, but hey, this team didn't fool around. Each one of those other places was a first place. Joe Zuzek had a hand in all of them, making him the overall high point man for the entire conclave, an honor he deserved.

Joe, the "human chain saw," turned an eleven inch cant into a pile of sawdust in just 35 seconds. I'm not saying he's fast, but he was putting the saw back into the case before the cookie hit the ground. When the pulp toss came around, the team of Steve Benson, Bud Kincaid, Mark Johnson and Joe Zuzek decided they didn't want to be the center of attention too long. So before the judge could write down their names, they threw, took first place, and were probably watching some honey. . . . I mean eating a jar of honey, to get back some lost calories.



Wow! Finally got it cleaned!

The last event of the day, before the special event, was the two-man buck. Everyone gathered around for this event, because people were curious to see who would win second place. You see, first place was already claimed. It only required Joe (does that name sound familiar?) and his partner Bob Leibfried to go through the motions, which they did in a minimum amount of time, to officially take first place. Although it appeared that Joe's strength was in sawing, he showed a certain amount of expertise in downhill skiing while holding a peavey. Or was that the logrolling event? It was hard to tell the difference with the course they had set up. All it was missing was a chairlift and moguls, a fact Mr. Zuzek "diplomatically" made known to the people in charge. When all was said and done, Minnesota had fourth place. Missouri took first, followed by Michigan and Purdue. Dinner and the awards banquet followed. Then the much anticipated climax began. *The Bonfire.*



Marna prepares to smoke her way thru the cant.

The mood at the bonfire was very laid back to begin with. After a day of beating up square pieces, round pieces, big and small pieces of wood, what else could be expected? Once the amber liquid with the white foamy top started flowing, people began mingling and perking up. Minnesota was fortunate enough to bring along our own choir director. Yes Rotten Ralph made another conclave. He faithfully led not only our team but also other music loving individuals in songs of social and cultural events. Ralph must have been in the armed forces at one time, because he kept singing about a sailor buddy of his named Barnacle Bill. The other co-captain of the team, Marty, who did a good job directing the Cloquet people on conclave, was also a veteran bonfirer. He didn't grace us this year with his Amazing Fire Walk as he did at the 1977 conclave in Indiana. (It's either that or hockey up in International Falls.)

It may seem to you that the spectators that we brought with us didn't get very involved, but this is far from true. These fifteen people were valuable, and were placed into unfamiliar roles at times. For instance, Carol S. had to play nursemaid, doctor and caretaker all in one night. If you find this hard to believe, just ask Mark "P.F." Johnson.

It was obvious that Minnesota likes bonfires. Some of the crew enjoyed it so much that when the 3:00 AM departure time came around, they were still guarding the fire. These people were in good hands because our advisor for the trip, Scotty Scholten, courageously, yet voluntarily (no one had to twist his arm), stood watch over them. Since Scotty is such an easy person to get along with, he made the whole conclave a lot more enjoyable. Thanks, Scotty.

The trip back to Minnesota was about as lively as the trip to Michigan. The only thing that kept the group from being mistaken as the center of attraction at a funeral was the embalming fluid.

It evidently was a mentally straining two days, because some people didn't wake up until we were already through Chicago. A few of the people who did finally come to life were in good spirits. They showed this by teasing those of us who were already awake by pretending they didn't remember getting on the bus. One guy even faked a panic (almost convincingly) over leaving his books in Michigan. Everyone knew he was kidding though because he was seen carrying them onto the bus. Come to think of it though, everyone did say that his eyes had been closed.

The theory about certain cities invoking certain hidden personalities seemed to have been confirmed on the way back. This time it was Madison, Wisconsin, and the effect was that of pioussness manifested on a grand scale. Everyone shuffled into the restaurant quietly, with lowered heads, very much like members of a monastery.

The last leg of the trip went quickly, and soon St. Paul was in sight. There seemed to be a collective sigh of relief when Green Hall was reached. A suggestion was made that the whole group go down to the woodlot and run through a few conclave events for old time's sake. This suggestion was met with a firm answer of the negative genre.

And so concluded the 27th Annual Midwestern Foresters' Conclave and the saga of forty hardy forestry students from the University of Minnesota.

Eyes look anxiously ahead now to the 28th Annual Conclave, which Minnesota will host in the fall of 1979.

“The Bus Leaves at 6:30 Sharp!”
Cheryl Gustafson and Dot Peterson
as told by Tim Kennedy

This was all we heard for two weeks before the Midwest Foresters' Conclave. But there are exceptions to every rule, namely Steve. “Who wants to tell him to be here at 6:30? He's a growing boy and needs his sleep and beauty rest.” So we kept on saying, “We'll give him one more minute.” Forty-five minutes later, just as the bus was leaving the campus, a car showed up. Was it Steve? No. Another car, but still no Steve. Bob was just about to start to appoint people to the events when a car appeared on the horizon, and Steve arrived. So started another drab and dreary Conclave weekend.

As the luxurious greyhound bus finally departed for Michigan State, everyone was in high spirits (even though they were still sleeping). This year's ride consisted of fewer stops due to a handy receptacle found in the back of the bus. There was a bathroom also. The only time a red flashing light appeared was when Melody was inspecting the bus' plumbing.

Tina especially enjoyed our stop at Kalamazoo where she fell madly in love with a tall, dark and handsome . . . TALKING TREE at Mac and Don's supper club.

Our destination lay just two right turns and one stoplight ahead. Or was that one stoplight then two left turns? Anyway, 3 hours later we finally passed through the golden gates of the Kellogg Experimental Station.

After we were appointed our rooms and everybody was settled in, we sat around socializing as only Minnesotans can do when four renegades from Missouri showed up. We asked them where their counterparts were. They informed us that they were all asleep. It was only 9:30!! So we decided to go and wake them up. While some of the people went skinny dipping in the lake, the rest of us started to march on to the Missouri cabins. Once there we all started to pound on the windows and yell all sorts of verbal nasties at them. Then suddenly, Conway of Missouri and Tim from Minnesota ACCIDENTALLY put their hands through a window in the girls' cabin. They both came up empty-handed so everyone started back, singing the Minnesota cheer song. Finally, we all went to sleep. 6:30 the next morning, Bob woke us up so we would not miss the fantastic breakfast they had in store for us, two doughnuts and a cup of coffee. Just what we needed to get us through the day's events.

As the events began, different schools were cheering for one another and new friendships were made. In particular was Tony's admiration for Michigan's cutie, Shawn. People spent the day trying to obtain photos for Tony's scrapbook. Another mini love story was that of Dot of Minn. and “Animal” from Mich. Tech. As the day wore on the events came to a close and everybody started shifting their thoughts to the upcoming “ice-cream social”.

Our recollection of the bonfire is a little foggy but ask Mark Johnson about it, he should know everything that went on. He even had a special event, “hiccuping”. As usual, Marty and Rotten Ralph were walking the fire and singing the usual Minnesota songs. Everyone was meeting people from different schools and having a good

time. One time in particular was Tim's education of the Art of Worldwide Kisses. Chris was Catholic, Dot was Paris, Tina was Ukranian, Larry was Finnish, and Cheryl was unorthodox Jew.

Before the bonfire, we had decided to leave at 3:30 A.M., but as in the past, Minnesota was still at the bonfire. Finally, everybody was *loaded* into the bus and the ride home began. The return trip seemed to go much faster. We vaguely remember people rushing to the bathroom and tripping over each other on the floor. Although the highlight of the return trip was the marathon “dot” game, a couple of studious foresters chose to hit the books instead.

Everyone was happy to get home with their memories that will live on for years to come.



Come on you can do it! Over around and thru.



Como ready to receive one of Bob's passes.

Intramural Sports

This year's intramural sports participation was the biggest ever. There were a total of 11 teams participating in softball, volleyball, touch football, water polo and broomball. Spirits were high in all sports as the teams went all out for victories.

SUMMER 1978 CO-REC SOFTBALL

Play It Again	Wins 3	Losses 3
1. Terry Brault	7. Ron Rozeski	
2. Tina Jaworski	8. Howard Statz	
3. Pete Willis	9. Lola Dack	
4. Cheryl Gustafson	10. Ann Plato	
5. Bruce Oswald	11. Cris Plato	
6. JoAnn Wojciak	12. Don Dack	

FALL 1978 CO-REC VOLLEYBALL

Foresters	Wins 3	Losses 2
1. Terry Brault	4. Jeanne Gadbois	
2. Kathy Hartnett	5. Bill Haugan	
3. John Somppi	6. RoseAnn Hartnett	

FALL 1978 MEN'S TOUCH FOOTBALL

Stumpjumpers	Wins 1	Losses 3
1. Chuck Owens	6. Mark Johnson	
2. Randy Hoffbeck	7. Blaise Taylor	
3. Gaylord Paulson	8. Wes Blake	
4. Tom Crumpton	9. Dale Dose	
5. Bill Dinesen		

WINTER 1979 CO-REC VOLLEYBALL

Forestry I	Wins 4	Losses 1
1. Carol Buche	4. John Somppi	
2. Terry Brault	5. Tina Jaworski	
3. Jane Thompson	6. Dave Schuller	

CO-REC VOLLEYBALL

Forestry II	Wins 2	Losses 3
1. Steve Benson	4. Dot Peterson	
2. Mardee Rath	5. John Lenarz	
3. Chuck Owens	6. Cheryl Gustafson	

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

(St. Paul Campus B League Champions)

Lumberjills	Wins 4	Losses 2
1. Carol Buche	4. Dot Peterson	
2. Rebecca Spears	5. Cheryl Gustafson	
3. Sue Poche	6. Liz Zutz	

CO-REC WATER POLO

Foresters	Wins 2	Losses 3
1. Rhonda Kellam	5. Randy Hoffbeck	
2. Melody Himanga	6. Carol Buche	
3. Dot Peterson	7. Marty Wiley	
4. Chuck Owens		

MEN'S VOLLEYBALL

Lumberjacks	Wins 3	Losses 2
1. Steve Benson	5. Como Pontliana	
2. Terry Doyle	6. Bob Liebfried	
3. Chuck Owens	7. Terry Brault	
4. Mark Johnson		

MEN'S BROOMBALL

Woodchucks	Wins 2	Losses 3
1. Steve Benson	6. Paul Anderson	
2. Mark Johnson	7. Ron Gockowski	
3. Terry Doyle	8. Robert Gottsch	
4. Randy Hoffbeck	9. Bill Dinesen	
5. John Lenarz	10. Terry Brault	

SPRING 1979 CO-REC SOFTBALL

Hybrid Slash	Wins 2	Losses 3
1. Steve Benson	9. Liz Zutz	
2. Como Pontliana	10. Dot Peterson	
3. Chuck Owens	11. Melody Himanga	
4. Dean Makey	12. Chris Krantz	
5. Terry Doyle	13. Rhonda Kellam	
6. George Deegan	14. Kathy Blake	
7. Randy Hoffbeck	15. Tina Jaworski	
8. Mark Johnson		

Hittman

1. Dale Dose	9. Debby Frelk
2. Joe Zuzek	10. Cheryl Gustafson
3. Nancy Williams	11. Terri Gregori
4. Kathy Feldkamp	12. Pete Willis
5. Katie Jacobs	13. Chuck Krysel
6. Larry Himanga	14. Jeff Rosales
7. John Stright	15. John Lenarz
8. Joannie Summers	16. Chuck Owens

Woodchucks

1. Terry Brault	8. Mike Breeze
2. Gail Margaritis	9. Sandy Johnson
3. Mary Jo Gordon	10. Kathy O'Reilly
4. Paul Anderson	11. Gaylord Paulsen
5. Dave Schuller	12. Teri Truskolaski
6. Georgia Smith	13. Sheila Gibson
7. Rich VandeVout	

CO-REC VOLLEYBALL

Foresters	Wins 2	Losses 3
1. Terry Brault	4. Georgia Smith	
2. Kathy Behrens	5. Gene Lerch	
3. Dave Schuller	6. Carol Buche	



Forestry Clubs Polish catcher during spring training.



Spring feelings hit Green Hall.

Arbor Day Tree Planting *by Terry Brault*

Forestry Club held its first tree planting ceremony on Arbor Day, April 28, in front of Green Hall, marking the beginning of the tree planting season in Minnesota.

Foresters attending the ceremony helped focus attention on the value of trees and reforestation and showed their concern for the urban environment as well as for the forest.

Dean Richard Skok, William F. Hueg Jr., Deputy Vice President and Dean, Institute of Agriculture, Forestry, and Home Economics, Dean James Tamen, College of Agriculture, and the Assistant Dean, College of Home Economics and representatives of the colleges of Biology and Veterinary Medicine participated in the event.



Forestry students pretend that they are in the service, hurry up and wait.

Fall Bonfire 1978
by Larry Himanga

The purpose of the fall bonfire has been to acquaint the freshmen and other new students with the College of Forestry. Since, in recent years, the College has expanded, the bonfire did also this year. This was accomplished by having more than one club represented at the bonfire. Randy Hoffbeck represented Recreation Resource Management; Barry Olson, Forest Products Club Research Society; and Terry Doyle, Forestry Club. After hearing from the faculty and the clubs' representatives, there were plenty of hot dogs, beans, cookies, pop, and triple-strength coffee on hand. The evening was highlighted by old time logging events such as bucksawing, the bolt throw, the chain throw, and the famed tobacco spit. The informal atmosphere provided by the logging events along with the sometimes humorous escapades associated with them provided a great time.



Tony you devil you!

Youth Conservation Corps
by Rebecca Spears

Periodically most government programs need to be evaluated to ensure that the programs are meeting the goals set for them and the Youth Conservation Corps is no exception. After working for the YCC as an enrollee one summer, I'm not sure who benefits most by the program — the enrollees, the staff, or the forest or wildlife refuge.

The program was started to employ high school students and teach them about the environment. The kids are paid minimum wage and work 40 hours a week, eight of which are spent in environmental education. The education is often incorporated into the work experience by the kids learning about the different ecosystems they work in.

After working out-of-doors for six to eight weeks, the students have gained valuable experience. They have perspired, and made friends, and heaven forbid, used their brains while they worked.

Yet the students aren't the only ones who benefit from the program; the University students who are often employed to supervise the corps, learn from the summer program, too. This supervising gives the student excellent experience in that area which can be used later in their careers. Also, the work is usually basic, non-technical projects which can serve as an introduction to working in the forest to any possible foresters.

Of course, the forest itself benefits from the YCC program. Forest recreation areas can be kept in better condition with help from YCC'ers. And with the extra hands, forest improvement projects which otherwise wouldn't have had enough manpower to be accomplished, can be completed.

Because of the improvement of the forests and the knowledge and experience that those who work with YCC get during the summer, I think the YCC program is very worthwhile and should be continued.

A SUMMER IN MONTANA

— OR —

I Can't Spell, So Can I Try An Inkantation?

by Randy Hoffbeck

After packing three people and the entire contents of Mel's apartment into my less than large car and driving 30 straight hours, I reached Paradise. By this time any place where I could stand up would have seemed like paradise. However, in this case, Paradise was a small town 40 miles south of my place of summer employment: the mystical land of Trout Creek, in the enchanted Kootenai Forest. It is a land where elves and wood nymphs roam and where Big Foot is more than a legend (he was the fire crew boss).

I pulled into the Ferney kingdom sure that my adventures were over. (I had lost Mel and Dave and all their belongings somewhere in Idaho and had made what I believed was a clean escape.) But alas, my adventures were just about to begin. How was I to know that I was soon to meet Crazy Kate, Randy and his trick dog Dusty, Keith the King Elf, Mort the Magician, Gorgeous Grant, and the one and only Ken?

Crazy Kate was the first to greet me as I entered the palace where I was to live for the next three months. And what a greeting it was! As I turned the corner to ascend the 'crystal' staircase she dubbed me SIR RANDY with one stroke of her scepter. (Which happened to be the June 3rd Missoulian rolled to resemble a Louisville slugger. It struck me somewhere between the right temple and the left cheek.) Dazed from the dubbing, or should I say drubbing, I staggered to my chamber.

Exhausted, I decided to take a nap. Not long after falling asleep, however, I was awakened by heavy breathing in my ear and a wet kiss on the nose. This was my first encounter with Dusty, who would wake me in this manner every morning for three months. Undaunted, I rolled over and fell back to sleep. Several hours later I awoke to meet my roommate Randy and get a formal introduction to his Lab, Dusty. Randy then informed me that I was going to head up the traversing crew and that 600 acres of the enchanted forest needed to be surveyed by the first of August. A formidable task indeed!

To make my job easier I was assigned the only remaining brand new 1978 royal green chariot. (The other had been put out of commission when a bewitched ditch jumped out and grabbed it while on the way to the kingdom from the dealer.) My first job was to teach the one and only Ken how to drive it. This I performed with only moderate success since Ken totalled it and a semi while taking his driver's test. Although no one was hurt, Mort the Magician (and District Manager) was unhappy and decided as punishment he would shrink one of the chariots, named Courier, and make me use it. A ghastly punishment, to say the least.

Thus, relieved from my duties as driving instructor, I was free to walk 'straight lines' through the MeFe, Mountain Maple, Hazel, and Alder. Ah, three months of joyful bliss!

There's not much else to tell, except that I forgot to tell you about my crew! It consisted of Randy (when he wasn't asleep under a tree); Gorgeous Grant, who used to love

diving off the bridges into the reservoir in the middle of the afternoon with nothing on except what nature gave him; and Keith the King Elf, who used to run through the woods talking to the wood nymphs and fairies. I can safely say that the 'Courier and I've' seen a lot.

It was a summer I cannot soon forget. And to top it all off, Terry Doyle found Mel wandering around somewhere in Idaho and brought her back. Thus, I packed up my car with the entire contents of Mel's apartment (plus her summer collections) and headed for home, leaving Paradise and the enchanted forest for the next adventurous soul.



Tales of a Summer Student

by Marna Butler

The 1977-78 school year was coming to a close. It was mid-May and I didn't have a job for the summer. I had applied for several forestry-related positions, but none came through . . . the reason being lack of experience. (But !!! How do you ever gain experience if nobody is willing to give you the experience to get the experience needed — know what I mean?) Anyway, as panic started to set in, I was offered a summer student position with the Department of Natural Resources in Hovland, MN, a wee hamlet located 20 miles northeast of Grand Marais on Lake Superior. And wouldn't you know, only a few hours after I'd accepted the position with the DNR, three other offers for summer jobs came to me. I just grinned and said, "sorry folks — the DNR lucked out!"

As the day to head for Hovland neared, I was hit with the realization that I didn't know anything about forestry. I was even beginning to wonder if I could successfully distinguish a white spruce from a balsam fir — or even a red pine! Being between my sophomore and junior year, I hadn't yet had *any* "forestry" courses. Nevertheless, I made up my mind, that even

though I didn't know a great deal, I'd prove to the foresters at Hovland I was a quick and willing learner.

My chance to prove that came much earlier than I had anticipated. In fact, I found myself learning within the first hour I started working. The district forester in Hovland decided the first thing I should do was to *drive* the region to get a general idea of the district. It was a terrific idea except that I didn't know how to drive a vehicle with a standard transmission, which is what all the DNR trucks had. I jokingly mentioned that "maybe they could rent me a truck that was automatic, just for the three months I'd be there." That suggestion didn't go over at all and I quickly learned that if a woman wants to succeed in a male dominated profession, she'd better equal or surpass the performances of her male associates and not look for the easy way out.

I mastered the clutch of my pick-up by the end of the first day. Score one for me. The district forester, however, could see that my accomplishment was going to



Another lovely spring day in tropical Minnesota.

my head and in an effort to keep me humble decided I should learn how to handle a dump truck. This would maximize my utility to his district in that I could then be an integral part of the gravel road maintenance project coming up the following week. I could hardly wait! I tried to think of a reasonable excuse not to be involved with the project. I mean, those dump trucks are BIG and even a little fearsome. Alas! I was given the option to drive or not to drive. I knew, if I chose not to be a part of the gravel-laying caravan, it would be hard for me to justify staying in a profession where I couldn't meet the requirements. So, off I went with a full load of gravel to be dispersed upon a remote fire road. The first couple of runs were a little shaky and to this day the road is probably still quite bumpy in those areas. However, by the end of the three-day project I was really "truckin'" and beamed from ear to ear when one of the men casually mentioned that "he'd never even seen a man spread gravel that smooth!"

Once again my gloating was cut short by another of life's great learning experiences. After several days of exceptionally wet weather, I set out one morning to fix road signs and post a timber sale. I took the four-wheel drive truck expecting to encounter some muddy roads. By early afternoon I was finishing up by posting a permit at a logging site. The road was a mess and finally became so muddy I decided to stop and turn around before I got stuck. Unfortunately, as I was backing the truck around, I managed to get stuck anyway. I remained calm, cool and collected, put the truck in four-wheel drive, and didn't move an inch. Terrific, I was really stuck! Next alternative: radio for help. After 10 minutes of no response I realized I was at the bottom of a valley and my calls would only be heard in the immediate area. There was only one solution remaining — walk out. When I met up with my supervisor several hours later at the station, I explained the situation. I could see a look of dread on his face. If the four-wheel drive truck couldn't be moved, it would be a real chore trying to get it out. When we arrived on the scene, he looked at the truck with a puzzled frown and asked me to repeat how I tried to get the truck out. With that he walked over to the truck, LOCKED the front hub caps, got in and proceeded to drive out with ease. Not only did I learn the operating procedures of four-wheel drive vehicles, my supervisor learned that he should explain things sometimes taken for granted.

Driving was only a small portion of my learning experiences as a DNR summer student. I was involved in a wide variety of daily activities which included timber scaling, timber sales, trail mapping and looking for section corners and boundaries. When I first started I kept thinking how great it would be to be working outside every day. But 1978 was an excellent year for mosquitos, so by midsummer, working in the woods wasn't quite as much fun as I'd anticipated it would be. Mosquito bites, bee stings and allergies kept me busy scratching and sneezing, and I began to wonder why *anybody* in their right mind would want this kind of career! Fortunately, by the end of the summer what I had learned far surpassed any problems I'd encountered — so I'll be back for more next year.

Tales of a Voyageur
by Mark Johnson

Let's face it, Minnesota is truly a great state. Almost anyone will include Minnesota on their list of the top 50 popular states. Where else can a person catch 30 lb. carp, 10 lb. eelpout, or 5 lb. suckers in a single day, yet toss them back as being "just not worth keeping?" Or where else can the entomologist collect mosquitoes the size of golf balls or deerflies with half inch fangs? And how many states offer the advantage of all the unrefined asbestos you want in your drinking water at no extra charge? And finally, where can one travel along the northern border of any state except Minnesota and be guaranteed of seeing more timber wolves than Peterbilt trucks?

In addition to these and literally thousands of similar benefits, Minnesota does have but one dubious drawback; it is the only state with 9.5 months of winter and 2.5 months of tough sledding. Therefore, it is no great surprise that many Minnesotans leave the winter snowfields at a rate greater than lemmings for the sea, for such banana belt localities as Miami, Palm Beach, the Bahamas, or Upper Volta.

This major mass dispersal may stem from the fact that only up here do they measure daily snowfall by the yardstick. Only in the northstar state can one find drifts so high the sun can't be seen for days and temperatures so cold that even the air in tires freezes solid. There are an insane handful of us, however, who frown on this winter departure. Our reasoning is, if you can't dig out of the white stuff why fly from it? Lack of money for air fare simply doesn't even enter into the discussion. Therefore, a bunch of us decided to cast our D-tapes to the wind and head north to the vast unknowns of Minnesota's smallest national park, Voyageurs.

The expedition started from the town that housed the state capital last December. The trip began on a rather ominous note. Amidst all our countless garb, we had no room in the van for the dog sled or its eight canine members. Remorsefully, we opted for cross country skis instead.

After six hours of driving and consuming more ol' smoothie root beer than any of us care to remember, we arrived at our first overnight bivouac — the Northern St. Louis County Solid Waste Disposal Site, north of Orr. The locale was about as appealing as 5,000 acres of spruce budworms, however the site was little disturbed from previous campers.

The next morning, after a hearty feast of two-year-old Hostess cupcakes and frozen milk, we embarked to Lake Kabatogama on the southern border of the park. Despite the fact that a Cessna 180 had crashed through the ice a day before, we decided to go for it anyway. After 20 miles of zig-zag travel across the immense lake (only 5 miles away as the starling flies, by Ramsey County standards) we finally arrived at the Shoepack Trail. We later learned that the numerous spear holes we had bypassed were really stretches of open water.

Undaunted, we waxed up Joe's half-foot-wide wooden WW II skis, aptly named "Boats" by the group, threw on our 22 1/16 pound packs and headed northward amidst

cirro-stratus clouds and -30°F temperatures. The snow cover in the bush was light, so we made good time despite the usual number of quality wipeouts. Because of this, we soon developed a slight sweat. After shedding some of our woolies, we glanced at our pocket thermometer. To our utter amazement, the temperature had soared to a mild -25°F.

We noted quite an abundance of wildlife on the trail. Deer, moose, wolf, fox, otter and porcupine were all carefully identified by the expedition's scatologist, Doug. We all marveled at the quite diversified cover types, ranging from 150-year-old red pines to 1-year-old jack pine cones. Flooded lowland areas were quite prevalent, owing to the relative abundance of beaver (this being the largest concentration of that species since Hibbing). We were glad to find aspen a minor species on the peninsula. Because of the lack of this tree, some of us wondered if we were really in Minnesota and not lost. It was disturbing to find white pine blister rust on some of the ridges.

Even more disturbing was the fact that we narrowly missed partridge cacciatore for dinner by only the tip of a flying ski pole. Tired of feasting on rose hips and balsam poplar buds, we decided to partake of our first T.L. (trail lunch). It consisted of Bug Juice and Bricks (Shoepack Lake vernacular for Kool-aid and a concoction of baked what-nots similar but far superior to granola). After devouring that bodacious meal, we made our way through an immense black spruce swamp which offered many fine hawk owl perch sites.

Around 3:07 we came to the sentinel of the peninsula — the Shoepack Lake fire tower. We decided to scale the imposing 80 foot structure and at the top were able to view Lakes Kabatogama, Namakan, and Rainy in all of their winter splendor. Nearly as interesting was the graffiti written on the walls of the tower.

At dusk we reached the friendly confines of Big Shoepack Lake. There, we decided to keep the tent in our packs and spend the night more softly in George Esslingerger's Hilton on nearby Little Shoepack Lake. We reached the Hilton from George's dog sled trail, but were disappointed to find the 40-year-old structure in shape worse than bad.

After looking for hibernating bears under the bunks and finding none, we repaired the door, window, barrel stove, and just about everything else in the 16 foot shack. Later, we got a roaring blaze going, which was hot enough to bring the inside temperature up to 20°F. Who needs to go to Florida anyway?

The next morning we were pleasantly greeted with -40°F inside and out, and a dead shrew in our cooking pot. We seriously debated on whether to keep the rascal in the event of exhausted rations. But on a 6-0 vote, we decided to toss the critter. After a hearty meal of prunes mixed with oatmeal, we spent the rest of the day chopping a swimming and angling hole in the ice and making Timber Stand Improvements (namely cutting firewood).

Further days at Voyageurs included a day long jaunt to Rainy Lake, with its innumerable bays and points. The highlight of that excursion was the fact that none of us were beheaded by a couple of brothers from International Falls, who constantly buzzed 10 feet over our heads in their Cessna 150. We later caught up with those characters on Rainy, but oddly enough none of us wanted to log any air time with them.



The Hilton's staff ready to serve your every need!

We also spent time fishing for muskies, reported so tenacious from that lake that moose are afraid to feed in the shallows. Using rigormortised shiner minnows for bait, our grand total was 2, or maybe 3 lines that were frozen. We even conducted a day long bird count that produced a total of 10 birds that happened to get in our way. Our Voyageurs National Park Christmas Bird Count did bring us some prominence, in that it was the bleakest in the entire state. We considered counting the more prevalent wolves instead, but figured that that would be ornithologically unsuitable for a bird count. Actually, the wolf population was probably not as abundant as we figured, since nearly all the signs we noted were ones that followed our ski trails. Yikes!

When we wanted some immediate action at Voyageurs, other than the sedentary 15 mile daily ski trips, we journeyed to a few nearby high-risk ski jumps, provided by the abundant near-precipitous cliffs in the park. Thus we were able to enjoy the thrills of parachuting without parachutes.

Actually, the only benefit from this form of recreation was the postponement of the next jump, since it took ages to shovel out all the snow that got down our shirts and trousers.

For even more erratic adventure, we took to swinging birch trees. This involved climbing a pole-sized birch to the top, and letting it swing you to the ground. The park offered an ample supply of birches; however, problems did arise when we found ourselves caught up in the branches of other trees by a partially swung birch, 35 feet off the ground. Even worse was finding yourself on your back, looking up with half a birch in your hands due to heart rot that you hadn't noticed in the tree until now.

At the end of each day we dried out our frozen boots and even more frozen feet. We then conjured up numerous epicurean delights that would have rivaled the chow put out by the meal staff at Bailey Hall. Afterwards, we arm-wrestled to see who got stuck with the dirty pots and skuzzy pad.

It seemed each night brought about a general lethargy in us all, whether it be from the boreal climates or the lack of exercise one gets from pushing pencils all quarter long. Many taller than tall tales were swapped of previous winter expeditions and summer canoe journeys. This along with the crispness in the air, the incessant croaking of the ravens, and the smell of a wood stove (especially when salami and cocoa were brewing) led all of us to adopt the philosophy that time is but an entity upon oneself, and therefore we should enjoy each moment to the fullest.

There was only one case of this entity not being achieved. During our thorough T.S.I. we came across some dead white cedar with moisture contents well below zero. The problem arose when one of us decided to clear-cut the three tree stand in an attempt to get the hapless stove cranking out the B.T.U.'s. In a matter of an hour or so we were able to turn the shack, which had more holes in it than any of us had in our heads, into Voyageurs' premier sauna. Unfortunately for Bill, he was snoozin' on the broilin' upper bunk during this episode. But cooling off was no hassle for him because of the profusity of snow.

Bill wasn't the only one bugged by the heat. We all had to contend with a hot shack which probably had more bugs in it than any place in Minnesota, the West Bank of the U of M included. Unimaginable bugs in all sizes and shapes came out of the walls to greet the heat. Flies, gnats, no-see-ums and moths appeared out of the woodwork in massive numbers. None of our previous tall tales had compared to this. I guess we had it coming to us for not bringing any insect repellent along. The only thing left for us to do was to add more cedar and hope for an invasion of flycatchers or at least a few butterflies. Unfortunately neither came, so we were left with a shack full of flying and crawling bugs. From all of this confusion we did learn one thing — never burn cedar logs in the winter.

Since none of our Ojibwa friends in that neck of the woods could inform us of the U of M closing down for good, and no more spitting tobacco was left, we finally decided to leave the park. The long haul back was remorseful and thoughts of next year's expedition, equipped with flyswatters, was already being formulated. The only unusual aspect of the entire journey was the abundance of frightful stares we got from other drivers on our way south. It was like we hadn't showered in a week!

Fall Flight
by Paul Wieland

Led by a crazy black and white dog, eight members of the Recreation Resource Management Club tried to find their way out of the northern woods of Wisconsin early last fall. The dog hoped to make it out by the end of the weekend for a heavy date on Monday; the club members were only hoping to reach civilization before the end of the quarter.

Everything started out fine until the canoes were put into the Namekagdon River outside of Trego, WI. Then everyone decided to panic at once. The expedition leader tried to calm the crew by reminding them that water always flows downstream, but at one point a canoe was seen navigating upstream.

Employing the paddles sparingly so the wood would not deteriorate rapidly, the four canoes were allowed to drift aimlessly. Occasionally one would break from the group and in a suicidal rush dash itself upon rocks or hang itself upon fallen trees. Every avenue of escape from the wild river was tried, but between the efforts of the mutinous dog, kingfishers, herons, muskrats and the ever-present *Quercus macrocarpa* each attempt to be rid of the scenic beauty was thwarted.

Midway through the first day canoes began to sneak toward shore one by one. Sensing that food was about to appear, the mad dog decided to hold the club members at bay on a lichen covered log. Thus, in control, she rationed out meager portions of nourishment before chasing everybody back to the canoes.

The canoes continued to drift through the icy waters until a suitable site for lodging could be found for the night. With nothing to be found and night closing in fast, the crew settled for a campground suffering from noise pollution.

With camp set up for the night, what little food that was left was again rationed out. Second helpings had to be forced down everyone. Not wanting to go hungry, the dog made her rounds from camper to camper and between growls, snarls and wagging her tail was able to satisfy her appetite. She also did the dishes.

It had been a long day and the campers were ready to terminate the life of their campfire when one of the members suddenly turned on them. Brandishing a firebrand, he held everybody hostage around the campfire while he piled armful upon armful of wood onto the blaze. Not until the last ember had died, did he dare admit to the group that tiny campfires turned him into a raving pyromaniac.

Dawn broke with a chill in the air and mist rising ominously from the river. Frost covered everything in sight. It also covered a sleeping bag which had been dragged, with its contents intact, from one of the tents and deposited on a lonely knoll. Everybody was sure that death had invaded their tiny encampment. One by one the campers were questioned by the dog, with little helpful information being offered. Suddenly the body in the bag mentioned, with a yawn, that he had dreamt of being a cowhand on the range sleeping under the stars. Thus with the matter resolved, the canoes were awakened and once again put in — to the raging currents of the Namekagdon.



The second day in the water was much the same as the first. The canoes still wandered aimlessly but with more effort, as if they sensed that their voyage was about to end. Starvation loomed on everybody's mind until halfway through that fateful day, when, by chance, it was discovered that a food pack had smuggled itself aboard one of the crafts. The dog ordered the canoes lashed together and for over an hour kept a watchful eye on the dwindling food supply as it was passed randomly from canoe to canoe. The toughest decision she made that day was whether it was easier to sniff out peanut butter or follow the elusive trail of cheese. When the canoes began to displace more water than when they had stopped, it was decided that it was time to move on.

Later in the afternoon a landing beckoned the canoes in. The crew members, happy to be back on land, were stretched out in the sun when it was discovered that one of the canoes was alcoholic. While the canoes were unpacking, one of them revealed in its contents a garbage bag splitting its seams with empty beer cans. The navigators of the vessel denied any wrong doing and adamantly proclaimed that all of the cans were empty when they dragged them from a certain death in the icy waters.

The warm afternoon sun soon dulled the crew's senses, and they became rational again only when they realized that a passing outfitter had their canoes strapped to his trailer. Having been rescued at last, the club members were deposited at the home of Ron and Kathy Erickson.

Safe in front of a warm fire with hot cider in their bellies, everybody began talking at once. Kathy, who does work for the National Audubon Society, keeps a list of wildlife sited along the Namekagdon and was able to check off many species the members remembered seeing. Ron is a graduate of the University in RRM now working as a National Park Ranger on the St. Croix Scenic Waterway. Ron talked to the members about problems facing the waterway and offered advice on finding jobs in the field.

While this trip ended on a happy note, the RRM club is still trying to find its way out of the woods. Club members on the odyssey included Jim Oesterle, Randy Hoffbeck, Tom Edgerton, Kathy O'Reilly, Mardee Rath, Chuck Remus, and Pat and Paul Wieland. The dog is known only as a Lady.



How long do I have to sit this way?



Some days even the best of us need a little help keeping our chin up.



Old eagle eye Pete, catches another one.



Kathy hanging on the editors every word.



The editor dishing out more unanswered memos.

The KLOKAY Experience
or
How I Learned To Like Forestry
by *Marty Wiley*

Date: September 10, 1978. Sunday. The population at the Cloquet Forest Research Center began to swell. Fifty-three young prospective foresters were finally bringing themselves to end another fun and interesting summer. One by one they trooped to the research center with boxes of essentials and mixed emotions as to what the upcoming quarter held in store for them. The all too clear memory of the Itasca experience the year before put thoughts of crowded food lines waiting for less than a filling meal into their minds. The prospect of dorm living seemed unappealing to many. Some were still having trouble adjusting to the thought of school itself.

By morning most fears had been washed away. Breakfast proved that we could get all we wanted to eat at meals and most of the people were already accustomed to their new living conditions. The smoke alarms in one building had already been tested with an overdose of blackpowder smoke.

Introductory speeches by the faculty brought into focus what the future held in store. That afternoon we all realized that this would be much more than the classic classroom experience. Many literally got their feet wet tromping around the "Forest". Others found that the front bumpers of their cars made good K-G blades and a number of new roads were opened up in the forest. Who said Aerial Photos couldn't be fun?

By the second week, everyone had been exposed to photos and inventory. We had also lost one member of the original 53. Some thought those first two weeks would result in brain failure, even though the log scaling exercise brought welcome relief to the traditional "statistics" of inventory. By the end of that trying two weeks, some were saying out loud that "Rosales knew what he was doing".

The following Monday, Cloquet showed a brighter side. Hunting stories were surfacing, the conclave team prospectives were doing their thing, Ray & Mable's became the evening hangout, and a new breed of individuals called "coneheads" had appeared on the scene. These individuals could be seen any time during the day wandering among the pines in a stooped-over position, carrying a burlap sack or backpack. At \$10 a bushel for red pine cones, a certain industrious few made quite a killing. Football had become the main sport of the early evening. Monday nights were T.V. nights with ABC's Monday Night Football. The rest of the week we put into practice on the playing field what we had learned on the tube.

Silviculture was the class of the week. Field work played a large part with the main project that week being the thinning exercise in the pine stands on Sawyer Road. For some reason tying strings around trees just didn't seem like the "Forestry Experience". All field work was followed up with reports and we all thought it was a piece of cake until the bombshell was dropped and we got the grades back. They may have heard our roar back in Bud's home Texas country.

Also that week we learned from Dr. Ed White that the soil around the research center was conducive to pine management and that aspen did very poorly. This was puzzling to the few of us who saw the two aspen in the plowed nursery plots near the cone drying building attain 20 ft. in height and 3 in. DBH overnight — whatever!

Our remaining classes were soon introduced to us — soils, wildlife, harvesting and engineering, and THE PROJECT (FR5225 Forest Resources Analysis). We were all relieved to find we weren't to be saddled with these classes all at the same time like back at Green Hall.

In soils, we were re-introduced to the wonders of the soil pit.

In wildlife, we were shown the various habitats of Gordy Grouse.

In harvesting, we learned how not to lay out a forest road, how to get wet feet again verifying section corners, and we made up a timber cutting plan for our groups' land allotments. Had these plans been carried out, there wouldn't be a tree left standing on the Cloquet forest.

By the 6th week, 5225 was well under way. Many almost went bald trying to put their inventories together in such a way as to keep Al Ek's question-answer sessions as easy as possible.

Big Fella's brewery provided a mixture that had a taste of originality — and was very potent.

Some reports were still coming up for silviculture and we were still trying to teach Dan Haig that volume was not spelled V-O-L-U-M-N.

The weekend harvesting workshops were over and those who attended found there was a little work involved in operating a chain saw. Melody looked like a pro driving the skidder and everybody's consensus was that it was a worthwhile experience.

By the end of the 8th week, we were finally able to pour all of our concentration into 5225. We had all survived the previous tests, and reports, and of course, Halloween — although the water bag barrage had left the cabins a bit wet and a certain yellow Volkswagon somehow managed to get wedged nose to tail between two large red pine.

The field trips were behind us. One group went to Brainerd and spent the night in Walker, MN. The other group went to Virginia, MN. Both groups talked with U.S.F.S., D.N.R., county, and private industry personnel. However, the Virginia group had the best stories. The wildest one concerned a certain Jim "Pickwick" Tansey.



As the final days drew near, attitudes again became tense. The final project report for 5225 was due and many little loose ends still had to be tied. Advanced Timber Corporation, under the slogan "today's seedling is tomorrow's stump", had set up office, entirely taking over one of the large classrooms. Midnight oil was burning in all corners of the compound.

The oral presentations began amidst the first snowstorm of the year. The first groups to present their projects had the great fortune (or misfortune) of having the fewest faculty members present to cut them apart after the presentation. To avoid the misfortune of a small audience, the Susquatch County group brought their own cheering section along — a real live Bigfoot was actually peeking in and pounding on the windows and doors.

The final event of the quarter occurred at the Golden Rail Bar, where the wind-up wind-down bash was held — complete with talent show where the boys from cabin 42 did a rendition of a red pine plantation. Dr. Al Alm demonstrated the professional methods of playing pool and the entire crew let loose and had a good time — and were dragging their feet at camp break-up the next morning.



The watched tree never falls.

A Cloquet Survival Kit — Spring 1978 by Sue Madson

As a veteran of the 1978 spring session at Cloquet, I offer a list of absolute necessities for the survival of students attending future spring sessions:

- 1) Bear repellent. This is only necessary if you are fortunate enough to get "volunteered" to take out the kitchen garbage. Of course, you could omit this item and get a "friend" to take out the garbage for you.
- 2) Scuba gear. Anyone who tries to find some of the "forty" markers in the southwestern part of the station will find scuba gear indispensable. A thermal wet suit is optional.
- 3) A rock-proof hat. Those who wish to indulge in the beer and super long and delicious fries at "Ray and Mable's" may find a rock-proof hat valuable — rather

large rocks have been known to make their way through the front picture window in the past. Better yet, sit in the back room.

4) A year's supply of No-Doz. There's nothing like long walks in the woods, lots of food, plenty of fresh air — and tons of reports to write — to make you feel a bit drowsy. (No-Doz might even help during some of the "less stimulating" classes.)

5) A three-foot machete. Over the years the understory vegetation at the Cloquet station has developed a unique adaptation — it grabs forestry students. It especially likes to munch on sweatshirts, vests, and flannel shirts. A machete will help you run forty lines — temporarily!

6) Two gallons of Murine. Once again your pupils get a workout in the aerial photo lab. You know your eyes are getting bad when you start delineating: ROD (red-osier dogwood), PI (poison ivy), PR (paved roads), and MH (mess hall).

7) A telescoping cane. Doc White has a mysterious knack for causing injury to basketball and volleyball participants. The real mystery is that he always comes out without a scratch.

8) Hip boots (preferably with suspenders). The log scaling exercise in the spring is the finest example of Minnesota quagmire I've ever seen. I think it puts quicksand to shame. The muck not only comes up to your knees, it also sucks your boots off — hence the suspenders. The real purpose of the exercise is to reduce the competition in forestry by reducing the number of students. (You will notice that Dr. Ek takes a head count before entering the yard!)

9) All the Dramamine you can get your hands on. This comes in handy in two instances: 1) *Any* time you get into a University vehicle, and 2) motion sickness from watching food zoom by you at the dinner table — breakfast does not zoom, it sloshes.

10) Dr. Scholl's insoles. These may come in handy for many things but they're mainly recommended to help you keep up with Dr. Meyer — some may consider running shoes.

11) An insatiable craving for "firm" (not quite solid) oatmeal at 7:30 in the morning. If you can muster a slight smile as the oatmeal mass cracks the bowl you will win a place in the hearts of the cooks — it helps when you're on K.P.

12) A friend (preferably of the opposite sex). This is almost an absolute requirement for watching woodcocks "peent". What better line is there than, "How 'bout you and me getting together around dark for a walk in the woods to lay down in a clearcut to watch woodcocks court?" Who could resist?

13) A trample-resistant suit. This item is only required on Fridays. It is meant to protect you from the stampede of students leaving the station for the weekend. If you are one of those remaining behind, you should be sure to have the following: 20 people, a five-piece band, three kegs of beer, two pounds of pretzels, and a home video player with 48 hours of cassettes. Cloquet is *not* the most exciting spot in the world on weekends.

14) Miscellaneous. A few things which are not exactly necessary but may come in handy for survival at Cloquet: an earnest interest in forestry, lots of patience, a sense of humor, and above all, the desire to learn.

Itasca
by Dale Dose

Many thoughts were running through my mind as I made the long drive towards Itasca. Summer is over and now it's back to the books. Gosh, I hope I can memorize the thousands of plants that the upperclassmen told me about. I wonder if there is running water at the Forestry Station? Very quickly I found myself at my destination — Itasca State Park. The splendid scenery of the Main Park Drive put my mind at ease, and somehow I knew that the next three weeks would be nothing but good.

I pulled into the station, did the necessary paperwork, and moved into my assigned cabin. It wasn't too bad. It was close to the mess hall and close to the bathroom. What more could I ask for? I arranged my belongings in my cabin space, and took a stroll around the grounds to acquaint myself with what would be my home for the next three weeks. The buildings were in a line facing Lake Itasca, secluded from everything by either trees or water. I was glad to see a large athletic field with horseshoe pits, volleyball courts, and soccer nets. This would be where my cabin mates and I would spend almost every evening after supper in the days to follow. The grounds were neat and very well kept. I was impressed by the whole set-up.

The first evening was relaxed, with a short orientation meeting in the Main Assembly Hall. After that, I sat around and got acquainted with my cabin mates.

Six forty-five a.m. — Quick, get up! Breakfast in fifteen minutes. Well, here we go, it's time for school again. For the next twenty-one days we would spend the daylight with our classmates and one or more of these instructors: Dr. Vilis Kurmis, Dr. Edward Sucoff, John Tafener, Dr. Bruce Brown, Dr. Scotty Scholten or Phil Splett. A respect for them was developed by each of us because of their knowledge and willingness to help us learn.

The courses included Ecology, Important Forest Plants, and Forest Mensuration. The ecology course was an overview of silviculture, forest soils, and even included some aquatic and wildlife biology. In Forest Plants, we learned to identify and name over one hundred and fifty species of greenery. In Mensuration, we learned the basics of forest inventory techniques.

The time in our ecology class was spent peeking out of soil pits, straining our necks looking at the treetops, taking trees' shirt sizes, or motoring around on overloaded pontoon boats. Botany found us combing the forest looking for rare plants, most of which seemed only to grow in the middle of knee-deep muck. During mensuration, the students tried hard to catch colds — either by thrashing around the woods in torrential rain or traversing swamps.

The learning atmosphere was excellent. Help was readily available from the professors and other students from the time we rolled out in the morning until the time we hit the sack at night. Combined with this was the fact that there were no TV's to distract us and only one bar in the area. I might add that the "Watering Hole" became quite a popular place though. Almost every night was spent studying, but no one complained because they enjoyed what they were doing.



One of Itasca's more serious moments.



Yea, I see here about 5-2 blond, blue eyes, alright!



What'd you get for number 7?

Scholarships

The College of Forestry Scholarship Committee awarded the following scholarships during 1977-78:

Augustus Searles Scholarship:

Marna Butler, junior, FR
Kathryn Feldkamp, senior, FS
Nancy Williams, senior, FR

Caleb Dorr Scholarship:

James Nelson, senior, FR
James Mital, senior, FR
John Lenarz, junior, FS
Paul Christianson, sophomore, FR
Dana Kolke, freshman, FR

Carolind Scholarship:

Russell Henly, sophomore, FR
John Lenarz, junior, FS
James Mital, senior, FR
Dana Kolke, freshman, FR

Edward Everett Scholarship:

James Nelson, senior, FR
Melody Himanga, senior, FR

E.G. Cheyney Scholarship:

Sue Madson, senior, FR
Michael Klevin, senior, RRM
Kay Schweiger, junior, FP

Federated Garden Club Scholarship:

Pat Donahue, junior, FR
Janet Siebrass, junior, FR
Steve Johnson, senior, FR
Jim McGannon, senior, FR
Colleen Oftedahl, junior, FR
Larry Himanga, junior, FR

Helen Young Scholarship:

William Haugen, junior, FR

Henery Schmitz Leadership Award:

James Oesterle, senior, RRM
Terry Doyle, senior, FS
Kathryn Feldkamp, senior, FS
Nancy Williams, senior, FR

J.H. Allison Scholarship:

Ron Gockowski, senior, FR

Krefting Scholarship:

Terry Doyle, senior, FS

Oscar Mather Scholarship:

Barry Olson, senior, FP

R.M. Brown Scholarship:

James Nelson, senior, FR

Robert L. Goudy Scholarship:

William Norman, senior, FR
Doug Rowlett, junior, FR

Samuel Green Scholarship:

James Mital, senior, FR

William Miles Scholarship:

Dale Dose, junior, FR



Terry Doyle? Anyone seen Terry Doyle?

Laurtis Krefting Scholarship

A special scholarship in remembrance of the late Laurtis Krefting was awarded this year. Dr. Krefting was an employee of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service — USDI from 1945-1978. He held a joint appointment with the College of Forestry from 1967 until his retirement in 1973. A strong supporter of the College and his profession, Dr. Krefting had an excellent record of research and publication in his field of wildlife management.

The purpose of the scholarship is to honor a deserving undergraduate student in the College of Forestry who has shown special interest and enthusiasm in studying and combining the techniques of wildlife management with his or her forestry studies.



Hi, my name is Marna, have I got a deal for you!

Minnesota Forestry Association Meeting

On January 13 the Minnesota Forestry Association held its winter regional meeting at the Earle Brown Center on the St. Paul Campus.

The meeting was open to the public and was designed to give association members, and perspective members, an opportunity to discuss four important forestry issues:

— Payment in lieu of taxes. These would provide payment to the county taxing unit for state owned land in the country.

— The Minnesota Forestry Resource Planning Act. The Act would assess the respective roles of public and private forest lands in the production of goods and services and provide a means for establishing a common policy or direction for forest management programs in the state.

— The Wood Bank. This program is the application of the soil bank concept to the forest resource.

— The Forest Practice Act. This can be of help in providing good forest management practices and in offsetting other restrictive environmental laws.

Senator Robert Dunn (IR-Princeton) keynoted the meeting. He talked about the need for the association, and other forestry groups, to pressure the legislature into passing laws relating to forestry legislation.

Governor Declares January 27 as Foresters Day in Minnesota

On January 25, Governor Albert Quie signed a proclamation designating January 27 as Foresters Day in Minnesota. The governor said that forestry is an important part of our state's economy and asked all Minnesotans to observe the 44th annual event.

The proclamation is now hanging in the office of the College of Forestry in Green Hall.

75th Anniversary by Terry Brault

Dean Emeritus Frank H. Kaufert, B. Francis Kukacha, and Professor Emeritus Tenho Ewald Maki received achievement awards at the 75th anniversary dinner held at the Radisson Hotel in St. Paul on November 9th. University of Minnesota Regent Lloyd H. Peterson presented the awards. The Outstanding Achievement Award is presented each year to former College of Forestry students who have attained a special level of distinction in their field.

Dean Richard Skok gave the welcoming address and introduced Howard E. Olson, William F. Hueg Jr., and Elmer L. Andersen, distinguished guests.

Howard E. Olson is a former president of the Minnesota Forestry Alumni Association and also a former president of the College of Agriculture, Forestry, and Home Economics Alumni Association. Speaking on behalf of the alumni, he said the loyalty the alumni feel toward the College of Forestry is "generated through the concern, integrity, and devotion of the faculty, staff, and teachers at a college such as ours."

William F. Hueg Jr., Deputy Vice President and Dean, Institute of Agriculture, Forestry, and Home Economics, spoke on behalf of the University and praised the College of Forestry for its role in making good use of our natural resources.

Elmer E. Andersen, former Governor of Minnesota and former Chairman, U. of M. Board of Regents, spoke on behalf of public policy matters. He said rapid economic change and technological advancement has resulted in a challenge to College of Forestry, the University, the legislature, and the Board of Regents such as never existed before.

The invocation was given by John F. Anderson, class of 1948, First Presbyterian Church, Groton, South Dakota.



From left: Marna Butler, Bob Liebfried, Terry Doyle, Carl Vogt, Dean Skok, Carol Buche, Terry Brault, Ken Winsness, Gov. Al Quie.

FRANK H. KAUFERT
'28 B.S., '30 M.S., '35 Ph.D.

- Dean Emeritus, College of Forestry, University of Minnesota
- National leader and spokesman for forestry education and research
- Builder of one of the leading forestry and forest products educational programs in the nation
- Instrumental in the development and implementation of the McIntire-Stennis Cooperative Forestry Research Act



B. FRANCIS KUKACHKA
'37 B.S., '42 Ph.D.

- Chief Wood Anatomist, Pioneering Descriptive Wood Anatomy Research Unit, Forest Products Laboratory, Forest Service, U.S.D.A.
- World recognized authority in the field of wood anatomy and wood identification
- Leader in promoting international cooperation to advance the study and knowledge of wood anatomy and in developing awareness of the growing importance of tropical forests among the public and the profession
- Designated a Pioneering Scientist by the Forest Service, U.S.D.A. in 1974

TENHO EWALD MAKI
'30 B.S., '31 M.S., '51 Ph.D.

- Professor Emeritus, Department of Forestry, School of Forest Resources, North Carolina State University
- Instrumental in developing forestry education and research programs at North Carolina State University which have become nationally recognized for their excellence
- Recognized as one of North Carolina State University's outstanding teachers
- Pioneer of wetland forest management in the South and a major contributor to research on the intensive management of southern pines



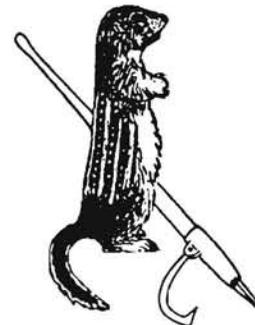
**PAST OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT
AWARD RECIPIENTS**

George B. Amidon, '36 B.S.
C. Robert Binger, '40 B.S.
Norman E. Borlaug, '37 B.S.
Stanley J. Buckman, '31 B.S., '33 Ph.D.
Dale S. Chapman, '29 B.S.
William T. Cox, '06 B.S.
Samuel B. Detwiler, '06 B.S.
Fred E. Dickinson, '38 B.S.
Samuel A. Graham, '14 B.S., '16 M.F., '21 Ph.D.
Julius V. Hofmann, '11 B.S., '12 M.F., '18 Ph.D.

Leo A. Isaac, '20 B.S.
Charles J. Lewis, Jr., '10 B.S.
Ralph M. Lindgren, '26 B.S.
Otis McCreery, '22 B.S.
John R. McGuire, '39 B.S.
T. Schantz-Hansen, '15 B.S.
Walter H. Swanson, '18 B.S.
Frederick F. Wangaard, '33 B.S.
John Zivnuska, '47 Ph.D.

HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF FORESTRY

- 1884 President Folwell proposed to the Board of Regents that a School of Forestry be established.
- 1888 Samuel B. Green was appointed horticulturist of the Agricultural Experiment Station.
- 1889 The first forestry course was offered to students in the School of Agriculture.
- 1896 The first forestry course was taught in the College of Agriculture.
- 1899 Samuel Green became professor of horticulture and forestry.
- 1903 A curriculum containing seven forestry courses was established and a Bachelor of Science degree with specialization in forestry was offered through the Division of Horticulture and Forestry.
- 1905 Harold Cuzner earned Minnesota's first bachelor's degree in forestry.
- 1907 Forestry Club was organized and is still in existence.
- 1909 Instructional field work at Lake Itasca began.
The Cloquet Experimental Forest was established by action of the Legislature and through a gift from industry.
- 1910 E.G. Cheyney became head of the School, succeeding Samuel Green.
Robert Deering received the first Master of Forestry degree.
- 1914 The Lake Vadnais Plantations were started under the supervision of J.H. Allison.
Julius V. Hofmann received the first Doctor of Philosophy in forestry. This was the first forestry Ph.D. granted in the United States.
- 1920 An annual publication, later to become the *Gopher Peavey*, was initiated.
The Delta Chapter of Xi Sigma Pi, forestry honor society, was established at Minnesota.
- 1925 Henry Schmitz became chief of the School of Forestry.
- 1935 Forester's Day, a continuing annual event, was inaugurated.
- 1938 Green Hall was completed, and forestry teaching activities were moved from the Horticulture Building.
- 1947 Frank Kaufert was named director of the School.
- 1953 The 50th anniversary of the School of Forestry was celebrated.
- 1957 The John H. Allison Forest was dedicated.
- 1959 The 50th anniversary of Itasca forestry training was celebrated.
Phase I of the Forest Products and Wood Science Building was completed.
- 1964 Phase II of the Forest Products and Wood Science building was completed.
- 1965 Remodeling of Green Hall was completed.
- 1966 A new greenhouse/headhouse attached to Green Hall was completed.
- 1970 The School of Forestry became the College of Forestry in the Institute of Agriculture (later renamed the Institute of Agriculture, Forestry, and Home Economics).
Norman Borlaug, 1937 graduate of forestry, received the Nobel Peace Prize.
- 1971 The Classroom Office Building at the Cloquet Forestry Center was completed.
Frank Kaufert was named dean of the College of Forestry.
The Departments of Forest Biology, Forest Resources Development, and Forest Products were created within the College.
- 1973 The Remote Sensing Laboratory of the Institute of Agriculture, Forestry, and Home Economics was established.
- 1974 Richard Skok was named dean of the College upon the retirement of Frank Kaufert.
The Kaufert Laboratory of Forest Products and Wood Science was dedicated.
The Department of Forest Resources was created from the merger of the Departments of Forest Biology and Forest Resources Development.
- 1975 The undergraduate attendance of 570 and the graduating class of 150 were the largest in the history of the College.
- 1978 The 75th anniversary of the College of Forestry is celebrated.
Graduate student enrollment in forestry of 84 marks the highest number to date.



State of the College of Forestry

by Dean Skok

The College finds itself deeply engrossed with the changing needs and problems that beset higher education in general as we enter a period of declining enrollments and tightened public purse strings. Seeking to meet our responsibilities in both the educational community and in the forestry community becomes increasingly difficult under these conditions. The College of Forestry's 75th anniversary celebration in 1978 generated an outpouring of enthusiasm and support from alumni and friends for what has been accomplished. As Governor Elmer L. Andersen stated so well in his presentation at the 75th anniversary program ". . . there are areas in which now is the time for investment. Education is pre-eminent in that category and forestry in our own University is one of the most needful now." It is our obligation to translate this into action that will assure our ability to deliver the range and quality of programs in professional education, research, and service. We should maintain the traditions that are so firmly established.

The past year has seen three major impacts on the College and its programs. The first can generally be categorized as the retrenchment we suffered in both instructional and research funding. The second is the recognition given through the 75th anniversary celebration to the programs of the College of Forestry. Finally, there is the change in leadership which has occurred in the Department of Forest Resources in the College. Let me take a moment to expand on each of these and their implications.

The University retrenched in 1978 based on enrollment. Because the College experienced its dramatic decline in undergraduate enrollment in the Forest Resources curriculum in that year, we suffered, on a proportional basis, as large a retrenchment as any collegiate unit in the University. In essence, we lost one teaching position on a continuing basis. The net result of this has been that over the period of 1971 to the present, the period during which we have been a College of Forestry, we have seen an increase in our overall teaching loads of nearly one-third, a substantial increase in our forest products enrollment, and a dramatic rise in our graduate student enrollment. Yet our total teaching budget, in terms of new program dollars to support this expansion, has been essentially nil.

The University is preparing for a retrenchment/reallocation process for the coming fiscal year beginning July 1. In accordance with the rules and guidelines for this activity, we again have had to prioritize a reduction of essentially two-thirds of a position in teaching funding. Simultaneously, we have proposed how we might utilize up to twice the reduction were we to be given such funding in the reallocation process. In addition, in our research program

we have experienced a decline in real funds from the Experiment Station of approximately 8-10% during the past fiscal year. At this writing we face a similar situation for the coming year with, perhaps, the exception of some funding increase by the state legislature in the research area. Should the apparent outcomes noted above prevail for both the teaching and research funding and the "stand-still" levels of appropriation continue in the extension area, further erosion of our programs due to inflationary effects are obviously going to occur.

At this time, forestry activities in Minnesota seem to be high on the public and private agenda. This is evidenced by plant expansions, program funding by the Legislative Commission on Minnesota Resources, stepped up activity on the national forests because of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area legislation, and intensification on state and county lands. Yet, we find our abilities to respond to the needs that will be generated for our programs decreasing. If we are to play the role that has been designated to us through legislation and our involvement in the broader forestry community, support must be forthcoming.

Perhaps this illustrates the difficulty that exists for many in understanding the complex nature of this University and the College of Forestry in the conduct of its programs. We are too often viewed solely as an instructional program when in fact, nearly two-thirds of our budget resources are accountable directly through the Agricultural Experiment Station or the Office of Research Administration. This support is critical if we are to carry out the extensive activity we do in both research and graduate education.



The second item I wish to comment on briefly deals with the 75th anniversary celebration of the College of Forestry. The November 9, 1978 dinner celebration of the 75th anniversary was attended by nearly 230 alumni and friends of the College of Forestry. We were pleased to have included in those in attendance several of the Regents, Representative Searles who is now Speaker of the House in the Minnesota Legislature, and several of the vice presidents of the University. The program that evening was highlighted by the speech given by former Governor Elmer L. Andersen, who spoke on behalf of public policy makers in the state, and by the Outstanding Achievement Awards given on behalf of the Board of Regents to Frank H. Kaufert, class of '28; B. Francis Kukachka, class of '37; and Tenho Ewald Maki, class of '30. With these awards a total of twenty-two graduates of the College have been so recognized by the University for their distinguished service and leadership.

During the year, the College cooperated with the Experiment Station, in publishing a special issue of *Minnesota Science*. The issue focused on our forestry research, in recognition of our 75 years of research involvement. This has received wide distribution and has been well received.

The third activity of the past year that has special significance was that involving the selection of a new head for the Department of Forest Resources. This is the first time since we became a College and departments were established within the College that we were faced with the process of selecting a department head from outside. To accomplish this, a small committee of faculty and students was appointed by the Dean. This committee carried out its search and followed the guidelines established by our Office of Equal Employment Opportunities. It was chaired by Al Ek and with the help of co-chairman Frank Irving. Nearly 100 individuals were nominated or suggested as potential candidates and over 20 of these, after being contacted, made formal applications. The search and screening process narrowed the number of candidates invited in for interviews to three. From this impressive array of potential heads the committee recommended three names to the Dean who, with the concurrence of the faculty, extended an offer to Greg Brown. He accepted.

Dr. Brown assumed the headship of the Department of Forest Resources in early November. Greg was on the forestry faculty at Iowa State University at the time of his appointment here. Prior to that, he had served for approximately eleven years on the faculty at the School of Forestry and Wildlife at the University of Missouri under Don Duncan, '51. With a deep commitment to undergraduate and graduate instruction, and an excellent record of accomplishment in tree physiology research, Dr. Brown will provide effective leadership of this important unit of the College in the years ahead.

I was particularly pleased at the careful manner in which the committee accomplished its difficult task while meeting the demanding timetable that had been established for it. While representing a diversity of opinions and viewpoints, the committee was able to resolve its differences when decisions had to be made. The excellent leadership given by Ek and Irving were important to this achievement.

I would be remiss if I did not comment on the interim department head service provided Forest Resources by Carl Mohn. Carl accepted the appointment as acting head effective March 1, 1978, and continued in this role until the end of October. In so doing he made some personal and professional sacrifices, but provided firm and forward looking leadership under the difficult circumstances that inevitably face those serving in an acting capacity.

Other developments of the past year that have significant influence on the College relate to enrollment and special offerings. Our undergraduate enrollment dropped slightly in the fall of 1978 from that of the previous year. Enrollment stood at 400 students of which 77 were in the Forest Products curriculum. This is the high water mark for that program at the undergraduate level. The Forest Resources curriculum declined to about 300 undergraduates. However, this is a number we feel more comfortable with than the more than 450 we faced at its peak in 1975. Women continue to be an important addition to our program accounting for slightly more than 20 percent of our total undergraduate students.

The Recreation Resource Management curriculum accounted for 34 undergraduate students this past fall with all students in this program now being enrolled in the College of Forestry. Previously, students had the option of enrolling either in Agriculture or Forestry to pursue this degree objective.

At the graduate level our enrollment is the highest it has ever been. In fall quarter 1978 we had 86 graduate students enrolled. Approximately one quarter of those were working on Ph.D. programs.

During the past year, the College obtained support funding from the Blandin Foundation and the Laird Norton Foundation to conduct the Distinguished Visitors Program on forest resource issues. This program focused on the public land issues of the lake states and was held as a three-credit course during spring quarter 1978. It was a graduate level offering that relied heavily on invited outside experts and resource specialists from the public and private sectors. Some twenty-two students participated in this course. We have had the good fortune of having Clarence Buckman, retired Deputy Commissioner, Department of Natural Resources, serve as a visiting professor while organizing and coordinating this offering for us. The excellent reception given this program has encouraged us to seek support to continue it on an every other year basis.

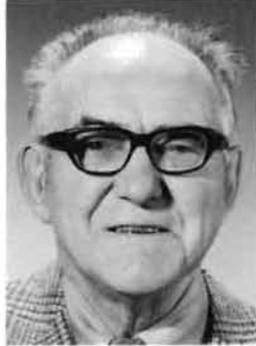
We appreciate your continuing support of the Gopher Peavey/Alumni News. It has consistently demonstrated the commitment of the students and alumni to the College. Much hard work is required by many students and a few faculty to make "it happen" each year. Without your backing it could become a candidate for the "endangered species" list. We know you will help to see this does not happen.

Richard A. Skok
Dean, College of Forestry

Faculty and Staff



Richard Skok
dean, college of forestry



Frank Kaufert
dean emeritus



J.H. Allison
professor emeritus



Randolph Brown
professor emeritus



College office staff, left to right: Sue Lewis, Sandy Smolka, Marilyn Workman, Anne Caton.



Frank Irving
director of graduate studies



Ken Winness
director of student services



Ken's staff, left to right: Sandy Gibbs, Naomi Stennes, LaVonne Markus, Mike Kuether.

Forest Resources



Greg Brown
department head, forest resources



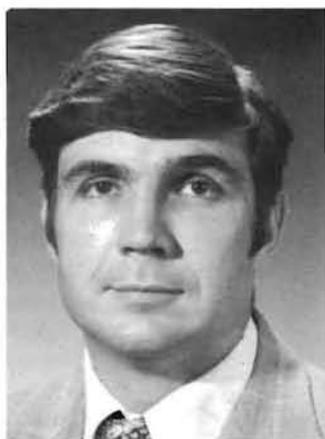
Egolfs Bakuzis
ecology



Ken Brooks
hydrology



Clarence Bukman
visiting professor



Alan Ek
forest measurements



Paul Ellefson
forest policy



Hans Gregersen
economics



Henry L. Hansen
silviculture, ecology



Timothy Knopp
recreation



Vilis Kurmis
ecosystems, silviculture



Thomas Lillesand
remote sensing



Lawrence Merriam
recreation

Forest Resources continued



Merle Meyer
remote sensing



Carl Mohn
genetics



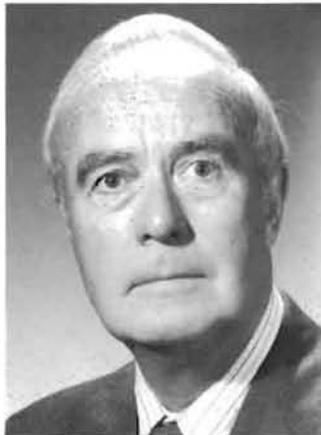
Dietmar Rose
quantitative management



Harold Scholten
shelterbelts, extension



Phil Splett
dendrology, placement



Marvin Smith
extension specialist



Edwar Sucoff
ecology



Carl Vogt
extension specialist



Mary Ann Hellman
Extention Secretary



Forest Resources Office Staff: left to right: Kriste Smith, Clara Schreiber, Linda Douglas, Erin Brissett, Pam Nordmark



Bonne Pruitt
Aerial Photography Secretary

Forest Products



John Haygreen
department head



Jim Bowyer
production management



Robert Erickson
wood physics



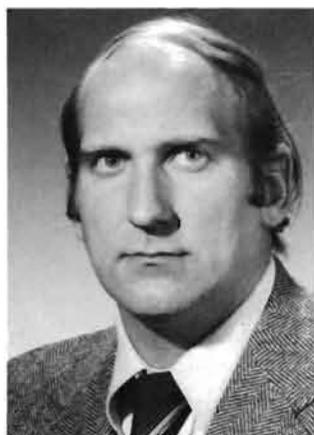
Roland Gertjeansen
wood science and technology



Lewis Hendricks
extension



Ralph Hossfeld
wood chemistry



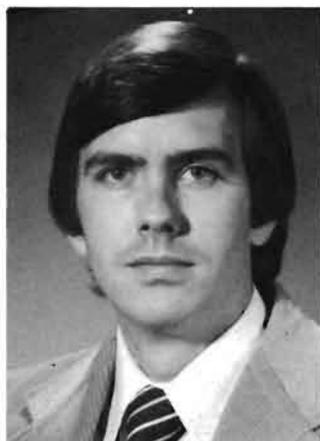
Karl Ketter
marketing



Ronald Neuman
pulp and paper



Harlan Peterson
extension



Steve Sinclair
industry economics



Emily Sundeen
forest products secretary



Forest Products Office Staff: left to right: Gale Gordon, Carol Laffoon, Janelle Peterson, Sharon Bassett
Forest Products Secretary: Emily Sundeen

Not pictured:
Jack Clausen
adj. research scientist
Gordon Gullion
associate professor, Cloquet
entomology, fish and wildlife

Cloquet



Al Hallgren
director, Cloquet Center
forest management



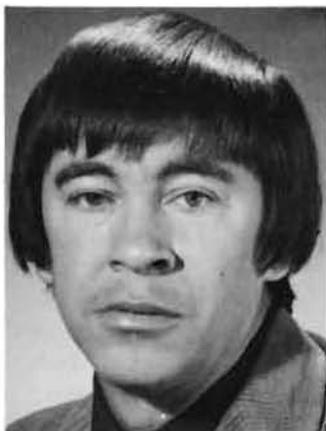
Al Alm
silviculture



Bruce Brown
ecology, silviculture



Ray Jensen
associate scientist



Ed White
silviculture, soils



D.L. Frenzel
fisheries and wildlife



David French
forest pathology



Herb Kulman
forest entomology

Related Studies

Green Hall Grads
by Marsha Samways

Although forestry graduate students have once again been condemned for failing to produce a skit for Foresters' Day, they have not been entirely unproductive over the past year.

Official activities such as the Distinguished Visitors Program, new seminar courses, research project work, and class work (including everybody's favorite — Stat 5021-2) were usually sufficient to keep grad students busy. When they weren't, the gaps were filled with endless discussions in the Bull Pen about the preferability of settling down in the South (with its snakes) versus the North (with its bloodthirsty mosquitos and frigid temperatures) versus the West (with its endless ups and downs) or with a few minutes (hours?) devoted to playing "hink pinks" in Room 335.

One of the highlights of spring quarter 1978 was the Distinguished Visitors Program funded by the Blandin and Laird-Norton Foundations. Patterned after similar offerings at the University of California at Berkeley, this program brought 52 forest resource specialists, administrators, and policy-makers to the College for formal seminars and informal dinner discussions with graduate students and faculty.

The theme of the program was *Lake States Public Lands: The Challenge to Forestry* and the ten seminar/discussion sessions included topics and principal speakers such as *Legislative Perception of Public Lands* with Minnesota Senator Winston Borden, *Planning the Use and Management of Public Lands* with Einar Roget, associate deputy chief of the U.S. Forest Service, and *Resolving Public Forest Land Issues: The Search for Agreement* with William E. Towell, executive vice president of the American Forestry Association. The programs exposed graduate students to many perspectives on public land management problems and stimulated many a discussion in graduate student offices afterwards.

In June, many graduate students holding graduate assistantships scattered to the far corners of the state to perform the research project field work which would eventually yield theses and Plan B papers. Some traversed peat bogs to monitor water yield and quality for Ken Brooks and Jack Clausen. Others studied soil-site relations for Ed White or surveyed Kettle River recreationists with Drs. Knopp and Merriam. Those unfortunate enough to specialize in forest products, quantitative analysis, economics, or policy were forced to endure the summer heat in Kaufert Lab or Green Hall where they engaged in such diverse activities as making and testing particle boards, studying growth and yield models, and investigating the economic structure of forest industries.

Due in part to the large increase in grant sponsored research in the College of Forestry over the past few years, most graduate students are now able to participate in research projects as graduate assistants at some time during their programs. In January 1979, approximately 65% of the forestry graduate students held such assistantships. Although most assistantships are funded by faculty research project work, several students received outside

funding for their research. Sue Pflager was awarded the \$4,000 T. Schantz-Hansen Fellowship to evaluate the effect of various fertilizer regimes on the growth and development of containerized red pine seedlings. Dan Erkkila received a \$5,500 Boise Cascade Fellowship to evaluate the effects of alternative silvicultural treatments on tree growth and regional economy and Murari Agrawal received a pre-doctoral fellowship from the Weyerhaeuser Foundation to pursue research in the pulp and paper field. Sue Rutherford was awarded a Graduate School Fellowship and Rene Needham received an internship from Potlatch Corporation to conduct herbicide research.

In fall 1978, when students converged on Green Hall and Kaufert Laboratory to resume their class work, they found graduate student offices considerably more crowded than when they left. The 82 graduate students registered for fall quarter represented the largest graduate enrollment in the College's history. Twenty-nine were working on Ph.D.'s, 47 on M.S. degrees, and 6 on M.F. degrees. Sixty-five were in Forest Resources and 17 in Forest Products. Several other students were working toward graduate degrees but not registered for classes. Besides finding more crowded conditions, graduate students also discovered the Forest Resources and Forest Products Departments had both instituted new graduate seminars for the coming year. Several afternoons a month were devoted to student presentations of their study plans and research results.

Inspired by Bruce Harding and Fred Rimmel, Forest Resources graduate students also instituted an informal noon "brown bag" seminar series to share their expertise on such topics as soil surveys and forest habitat type mapping or listening to outside speakers.

When the year ended, 31 graduate students had received degrees and moved on to jobs with industries, government agencies, or academic institutions. Since most of those graduating with advanced degrees have been successful in finding employment, the prospects for continued growth and innovation in forestry graduate programs in the years ahead are promising.

**Graduate Students
Winter 1979**

Name	Degree Objective	Origins
Agrawal, Mural	Ph.D.	B.S., BHU (India); M.S., Syracuse
Aube, Peter	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Ballman, Gary	Ph.D.	B.S., Purdue Univ., M.S., Univ. of Minn.
Baughman, Melvin	Ph.D.	B.S., Mich. St. Univ.; M.S., Mich. St. Univ.
Beyerhelm, Carl	M.S.	B.S., Iowa St. Univ.
Birdsall, Earl	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Az.
Boggio, Kim	M.S.	B.S., Cook Col. — Rutgers
Bolstad, Kip	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.

Brown, Daryl	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Lerch, Eugene	M.S.	A.A., Wright Col.; B.S., S. Ill. Univ.
Bruder, Michael	M.S.	B.S., Ohio St. Univ.	Lewis, Jeffrey	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Burk, Thomas	Ph.D.	B.S., Iowa St. Univ.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.	Lindholm, Larry	M.S.	A.A., Vermilion Com. Col.; B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Carino, Honorio	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Phil- lipines; M.S., Univ. of Phillipines	Lumbantobing, Togar	M.S.	Ir., Bogar Ag. Univ.
Clausen, John	Ph.D.	B.S. Univ. of Minn.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.	Martin, Susan	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Cabbage, Fred	Ph.D.	B.S., Iowa St. Univ.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.	May, Jayne	M.S.	B.S., In. Univ.
Cundy, Terrance	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Milton, Floyd	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Czaia, Carol	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Miles, Timothy	M.S.	B.S., St. John's Univ.
Deegan, George	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Mital, David	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Dougherty, Boyce	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Wash.	Moeur, Melinda	M.S.	B.A., Scripps Col. — Calif.
Elwood, Norman	Ph.D.	B.S., Mich. St. Univ.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.	Murphy, Dennis	Ph.D.	B.A., Gustavus Adolphus Col.; M.A. Mankato St. Univ.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.
Emerson, Patricia	M.S.	B.A., Univ. of Chicago	Needham, Maurine	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Erkkila, Daniel	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Nygaard, Sharon	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Flaconi, John	M.S.	B.A., Univ. of Vt.	O'Brien, David	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Ferguson, Duncan	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	O'Laughlin, John	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Den- ver; M.S., Univ. of Minn.
Ferguson, Karen	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Okoro, Samuel	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Ibadan — Nigeria; M.S., Mich. St. Univ.
Fiedler, Carl	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Mont.; M.S., Univ. of Mont.	Olson, Christopher	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Me.; M.F., Duke Univ.
French, Nelson	M.S.	B.A., Coe Col.	Olson, Steven	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Gnanaharan, R.	Ph.D.	B.T., Univ. of Madras; M.E., In. Ins. of Science	Ovalle, Rafael	M.S.	B.S., Cornell Univ.
Govett, Robert	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Peterson, Gordon	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Green, David	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Mont.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.	Pflager, Susan	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Grumstrup, Phillip	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Propst, Richard	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Amherst
Haase, James	M.S.	B.S., Fairleigh Dickinson	Radsliff, Wendy	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Hadikusumo, Sutjipto	M.S.	Ir., Gadjah Mada Univ.	Raines, Dana	M.S.	B.S., Ohio St. Univ.
Harding, Roger B.	Ph.D.	B.S., Miss. St. Univ.; M.S., Tex. A&M Univ.	Rimmel, Fred	M.S.	B.S., Virginia Poly- technic Inst.
Higgins, Dale	M.S.	A.A., Anoka Ramsey Com. Col., B.S., Univ. of Minn.	Rowe, Blake	M.S.	B.S., Ore. St. Univ.
Hoganson, Howard	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.; M.S., Univ. of Wash.	Rutherford, Susan	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Calif.
Hyun, Jung Oh	Ph.D.	B.S., Seoul Nat. U. — Korea; M.S., Univ. of Minn.	Samayoa, Pineda	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Aus- tral de Chile
Jathar, Ravindra	M.S.	N.A., Poona Univ. — India; N.A., Kar- natak Univ. — India; B.S., Karnatak Univ. — India	Sames, Wayne	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Ketter, Karl	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.	Seavey, Robert	M.S.	B.A., Lawrence Univ.
Kulpan, Bruce	M.S.	B.S., Cook Col., Rutgers	Sibal, Pedro	Ph.D.	M.S., Univ. of Phil- lipines
			Silitonga, Toga	Ph.D.	Forest Eng. — Bogor Univ.; M.S., Univ. of Wis.
			Sloan, John	M.S.	B.A., Wartburg Col. — Iowa
			Springan, Mark	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
			Steigerwaldt, William	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Wis.

Stiegler, Jeannette	Ph.D.	B.A., Macalester Col.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.
Tompkins, Thomas	M.S.	B.S., Penn. St. Univ.
Thompson, Jerrilyn	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Walburg, Gaute	M.S.	
Weicherding, Pat	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.
Werth, Lee	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of Mont.; M.S., Univ. of Mont.
Westfield, Lee	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
White, Alan	Ph.D.	B.A., Williams Col.; M.S., Univ. of Mont.
Wieland, Walter	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Yuan, Jung John	M.S./M.F.	B.A., Nat. Taiwan Univ.; M.F., Nat. Taiwan Univ.

Ph.D. Candidates (not-resident)

Name	Origins
Borovksy, John	B.S., Univ. of Minn.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.
Brakel, William	B.S., Ut. St. Univ.; M.S., Ut. St. Univ.
Guell, Guillermo	B.S., St. George's Col.; M.S., Univ. de Chile
Houghtaling, Thomas	B.S., Univ. of Minn.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.
Knighton, Dean	B.S., Ut. St. Univ.; M.S., Ut. St. Univ.
Moreno, Manuel	
Olson, Kurt	B.S., Univ. of N.H.; M.S., Univ. of N.H.
Riemenschneider, Don	B.S., Univ. of Minn.; M.S., Univ. of Minn.

Inactive Graduate Students — Winter 1979

Name	Degree Objective	Origins
Carlson, Dennis	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Hagen, Roy	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Minor, John	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Mont.
Moritz, Ray	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Murchison, Gary	Ph.D.	B.S., Univ. of New Brunswick; M.S., Univ. of Toronto
Norrgard, Ray	M.S.	B.S., Univ. of Minn.
Rose, Christine	M.S.	B.S., St. John's Univ.
Samways, Marsha	M.F.	B.A., Univ. of Minn.



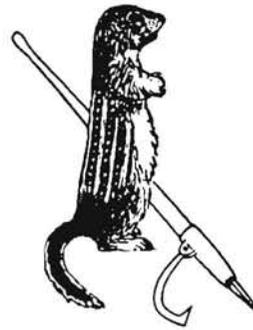
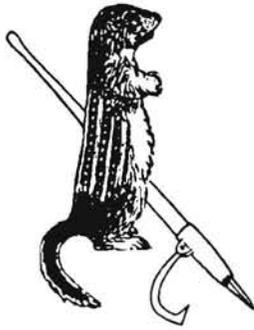
Statements Available for Manuscripts to Use as Necessary (with translations) by Ken Winsness

1. "It has long been known . . ." (I didn't look up the original reference.)
2. "A definite trend is evident . . ." (These data are practically meaningless.)
3. "Of great theoretical and practical importance . . ." (Interesting to me.)
4. "While it has not been possible to provide definite answers to these questions . . ." (An unsuccessful experiment, but I still hope to get it published.)
5. "Three of the samples were chosen for detailed study . . ." (The results of the others didn't make any sense.)
6. "Typical results are shown . . ." (The best results are shown.)
7. "These results will be shown in a subsequent report . . ." (I might get around to it sometime if I'm pushed.)
8. "The most reliable results were those obtained by Jones . . ." (He was my graduate student.)
9. "It is believed that . . ." (I think.)
10. "It is generally believed that . . ." (My wife thinks so too.)
11. "It is clear that much additional work will be required before a complete understanding of the phenomenon occurs . . ." (I don't understand it.)
12. "Correct within an order of magnitude . . ." (Wrong.)
13. "It is hoped that this study will stimulate further investigation in this field . . ." (This is a lousy paper, but so are all the others on this miserable topic.)
14. "Thanks are due to Joe Blotz for assistance with the experiment and to George Frink for valuable discussions . . ." (Blotz did the work and Frink explained to me what it meant.)



GRADUATING SENIORS

- LANCE ANDERSON — FR — National SM Patrol; USFS; Artist on the Lakewood Logue College newspaper.
- STEVE BENSON — “Big Fella” — — SAF, Forestry Club, Conclave '77-78; IM Sports; IM Sports Captain; Timber Sale Prep, Clearwater Nat. For. '78-'79.
- GREG BENNETT — — Rep. to ACC; Student Faculty Board.
- GREG BERLIN — — Helitack crew foreman at Challis Nat. For., '76-'78; Advisor and Treasurer for Student Ombudsman Service, '77-'79; Rep. at SPBOC, '78-'79; Student Faculty Board, '78-'79.
- SALLY A. BRACKEE — — Minn. DNR at Carlos Avery, '77; Nat. Ski Patrol Service.
- CHRIS BROKL — FRD — Minn. DNR at Bigfork, MN 1978; SAF.
- JOHN B. DANIELS, JR. — “J.D.” — FRD — IM sports.
- TERRY J. DOYLE — FS — Beta Sigma Psi, Social Chairman, V.P.; Band; F-Club, Pres.; IM sports; Student Faculty Board; Co-chairperson to ACC.
- STEVEN L. EDGAR — “Valinteno” — FR, FM — Smokechaser for MN DNR, 1976; Hotshot crewman for MN DNR, 1977; Fuel specialist for USFS in CA, 1978.
- THOMAS R. EDGERTON — RRM — RRM Club, V.P.; IM sports; B.S. in Business Admin.
- PETE FRAHM — FRD.
- RON GOCKOWSKI — FRD — IM sports; YCC Group-leader at Superior Nat. For., '77; Stage II Inventory, Medicine Bow Nat. For., '78.
- ROBERT GOTTSCH — FRD — IM sports.
- DANIEL ROBERT HAIG — FRD, FM — F-Club, '77-'79; Research Assistant at College of Forestry, '78; Lab. Tech. at College of Forestry, '79.
- RALPH E. HANSEN — FRD — F-Club, '74-'75; Archery Club, '74-'75.
- RANDY HOFFBECK — RRM — Intramural athletics; Pres. RRM club; sec, 5-F Board; F-Club; USFS in Montana; HCPRD.
- FREDERICK A. KAMKE — “Fred” — FP — Forest Products Club, Pres., '77; Forest Products Club-Forest Products Research Society, V.P., '78; Ranger for Xi Sigma Pi, '78; NCAA Men's singles tennis runner-up, '78.
- TERRENCE KEELER — “Larry” — FRD.
- GARY W. KINCAID — “Budweiser” — FRD — Conclave, '77-'78; Student Faculty Board; surveyed.
- THOMAS J. KROLL — FRD — Montana and Alaska USFS; West German Forest Service.
- ED LIESER — FRD.
- JIM MCGANNON — “The Cannon McGannon” — FRD.
- SUE MADSON — FRD — Forestry Club, Conclave '76; Xi Sigma Pi; USFS — 1976, LaGrande, OR.
- DEAN M. MAKEY — FRD — IM sports, '75-'79; B.L.M. Range Technician, Oregon, '76-'78; Xi Sigma Pi.
- THOMAS B. MONTZKE — FRD.
- PEGGY MOREAU — FRD — IM sports; F-Club; Christmas Tree Cut.
- JIM OESTERLE — RRM — RRM Club, Pres.; Student Faculty Board, Sec.; Assembly Committee on Intercollegiate Athletics; TCSB, Senator; College of Agric. Student Board, Rep.; Rep. on SPBOC; IM sports.
- KATHY O'REILLY — RRM.
- RODERICK W. PETRON — FP — Univ. Rifle Club, Pres.; Forest Products Club.
- BRIAN QUINN — FRD.
- RON RABE — FRD — Timber sale prep. crew, Medicine Bow Nat. For.; tree inspector.
- JEFF ROSALES — FR, FM.
- JOAN SCHROEDER — “Joanie” — FRD — managed a nursery for Twin Cities Tree Trust.
- TOM SCHUSTER — FRD — IM sports; tree inspector for St. Paul, '78.
- JIM TANSEY — “Pickwick” — FRD — IM sports.
- TONY VAN ROSSUM — “Antwon” — FP — Forestry Club. '75-'79, Pres. '78-'79; Christmas Tree Cut, co-chairman, '78; F-Day Field Events, chairman, '78.
- MARTIN WILEY — “Marty” or “Wild Man” — FRD — Sigma Nu Frat.; SAF; Forestry Club; Conclave, '78-'79, co-captain, '78; Winter Mgmt. Trip chairman, '78; Christmas Tree Cut; Forestry Club Exec. Board, Sgt. arms, '78-'79; IM sports; Forestry Day lumberjack; Minn. DNR, '77; Boise Cascade Corp., '78.
- NANCY WILLIAMS — FRD — Forestry Club — exec. board, Forestry Day committees, Christmas Tree Cut co-chairman; IM sports; Idaho Panhandle, '75-'76; B.L.M. at Salt Lake District, '77; Chippewa Nat. For., '78.



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Lance Anderson



Paul D. Anderson



Kevin Arends



Brian Asmus



Laurel Beck



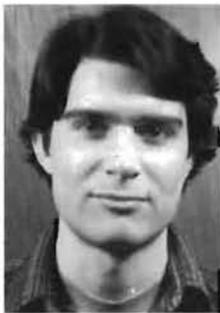
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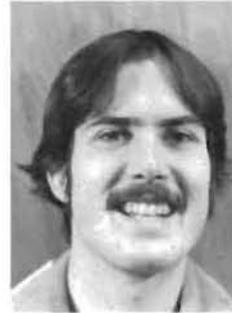
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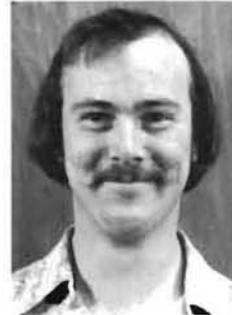
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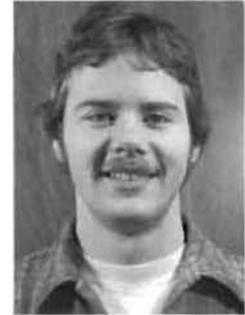
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Kathy Feldkamp



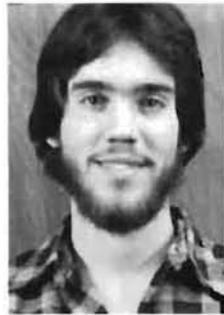
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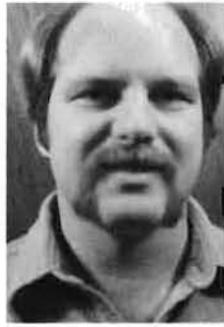
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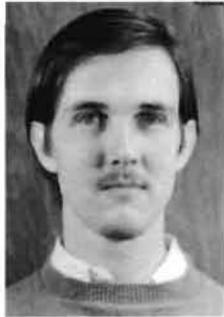
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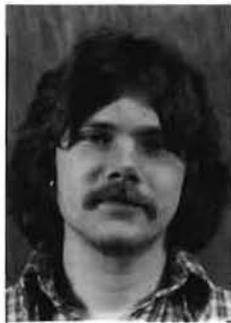
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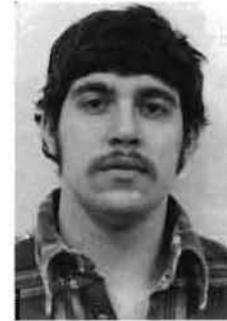
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Left to right, row 1: Jeff Hogenson, Mark A. Nelson, Bill Haugan, Brad Johnson, Bill Norman; row 2: Bob Heisel, Mitch Bouchonville, Chuck Remus, Stephen Mattson, Terry Novak, Dale Dose, Susan Strain.

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Left to right, row 1: Donna Gehlhart, Tina Jaworski, Carol Buche; row 2: John Burns, Kate Turner, Kathy Strobel, Maryanne Hartel, Celeste Lewis, Chris Krantz, George Perovich, Larry Himanga; row 3: Jeff Golden, Yvonne Goff, Julie Carlson, Doug Hankey, Chris Kranz, Paula Larson, Pat Miles, Tim Shannon, John Somppi.

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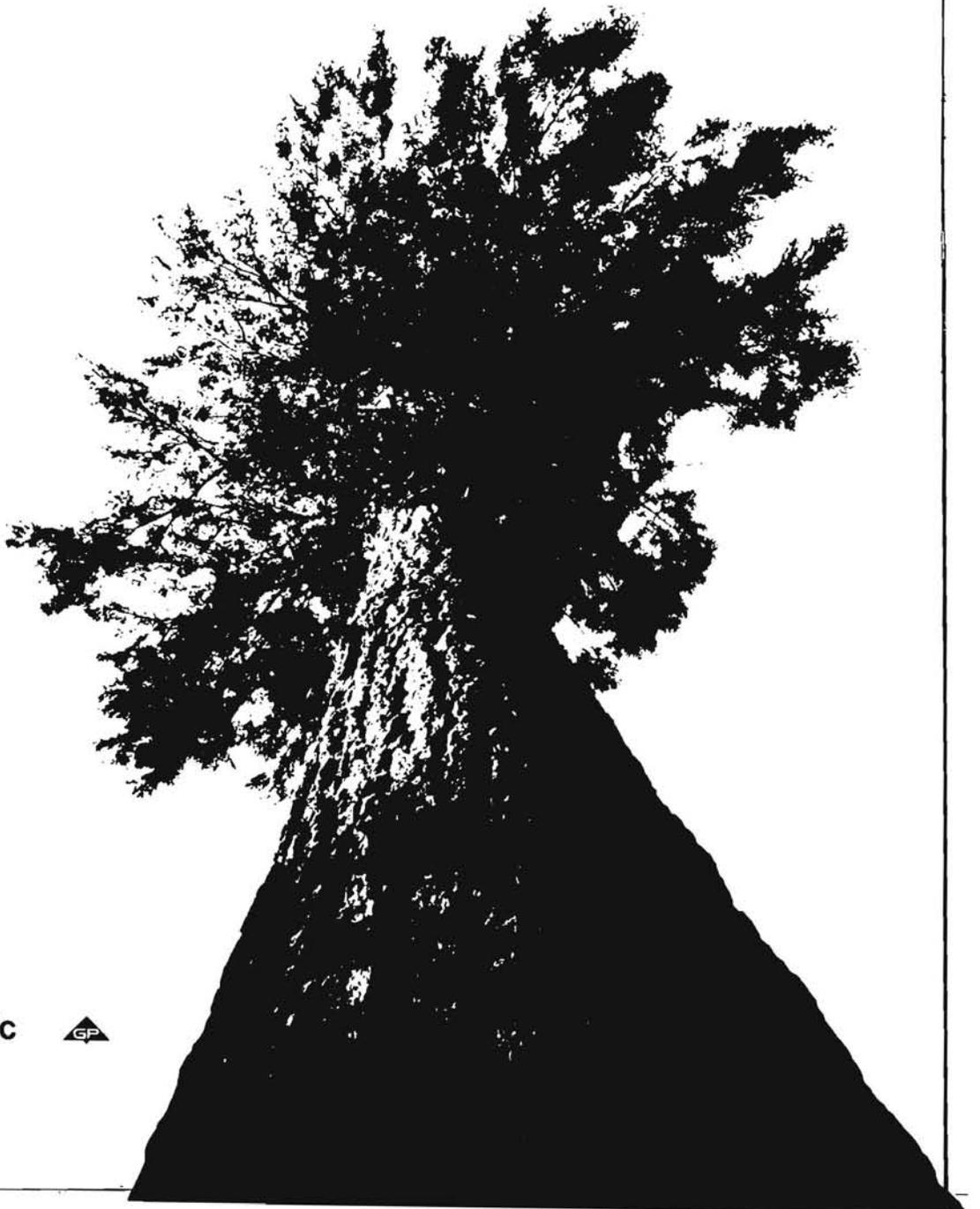
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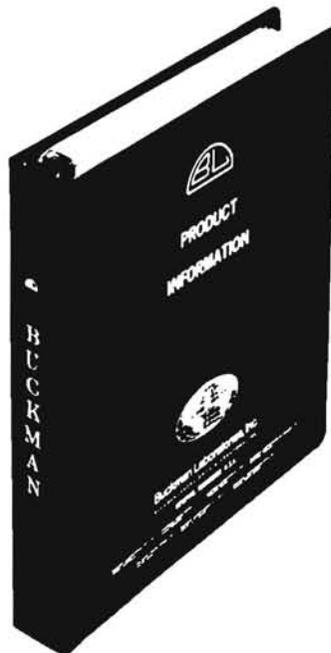
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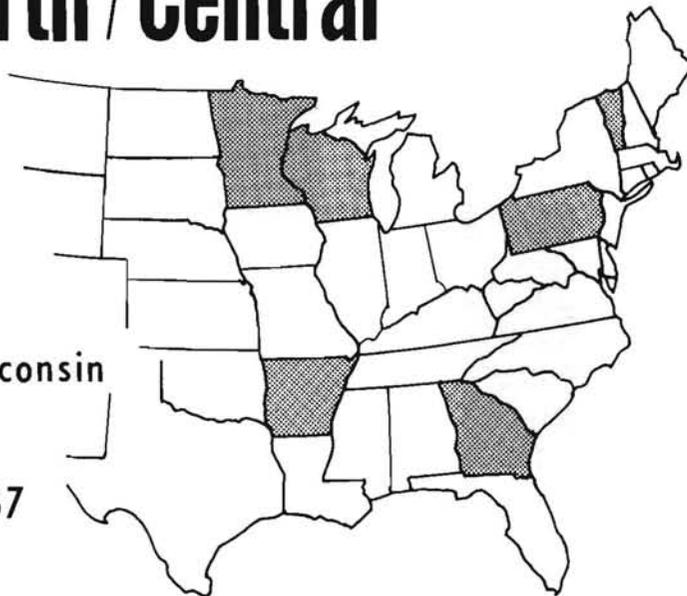


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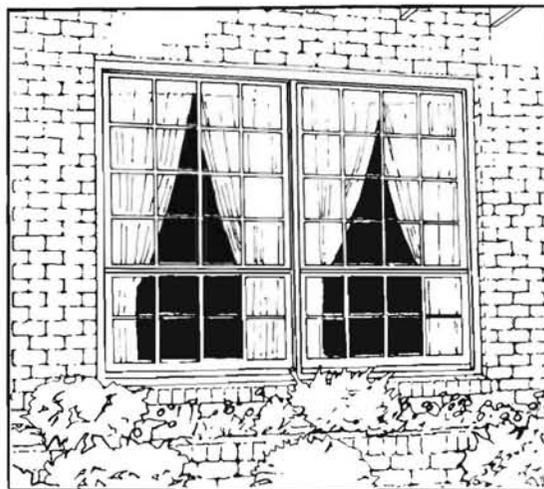
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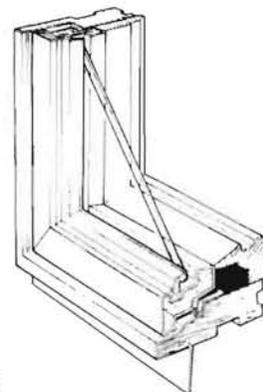
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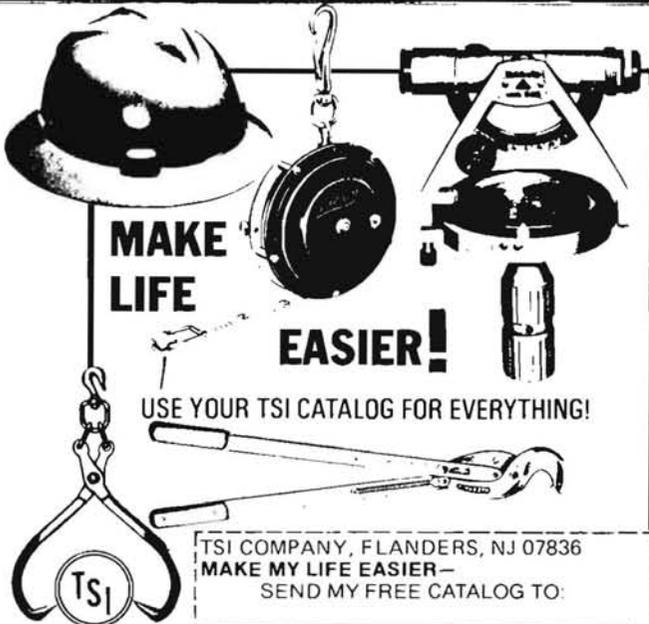
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The 1978-1979 Gopher Peavey Staff

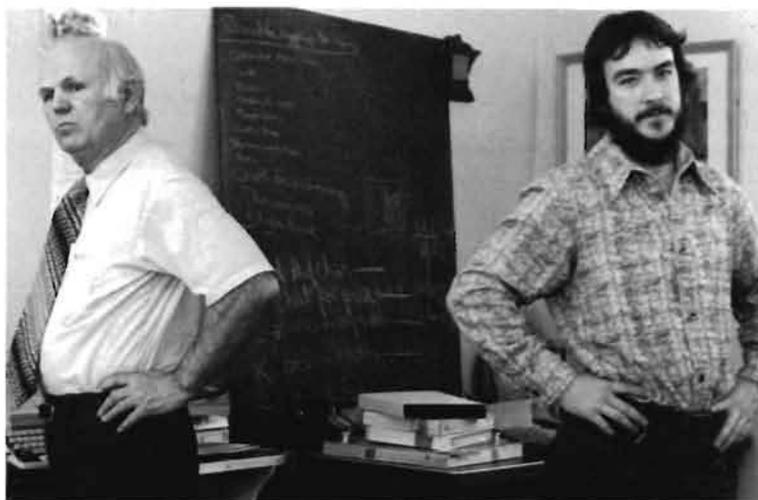


Back row: Dr. Henry Hansen, Advisor; Larry Killien, Managing Editor; Terry Brault, Assistant Editor; Steve Benson, Photographer/Editing;
Middle row: Rebecca Spears, Editing, Proofing, Layout; Janet Nazy, Layout; Sue Madson, National Advertising; Randy Hoffbeck, Editing, Story Coordinator; Pete Willis, Head Photographer, Layout.

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The building of the Gopher Peavey took more time and energy than I thought possible to muster out of full-time students. Thanks to the outstanding efforts of the staff, we managed to overcome a tight budget, shortage of staff, missed deadlines, and all of the other obstacles that threatened the birth of the Gopher Peavey. I also appreciate the photos of Alaska donated by Mel Baughman. I would especially like to thank Ken Winsness, Henry Hansen, Gail McClure, Jan DeNoble, Becci, and Pete, without them you wouldn't be reading this. Thanks Again

The Editor



Boy, is he stubborn!



Mardee, shortly before she disappeared.



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