Can this actually be the dedication? No, not with those two pictured above it. After all—what have they ever done? Well—let me see—the tall one has to be Scotty, or should I say Professor Harold S. Scholten. He's been at the University since 1957 and became a full-fledged professor just last year. Scotty deals primarily with forestry as it relates to agriculture—having done research on shelter belts and windbreaks. His teachings range from small woodland forestry to forest plants at Itasca.

Hmm—the other one appears to be—no it can't be—Carl Vogt? What can I say about Carl? He's given the title "Assistant Extension Specialist and Instructor." However, no one can ever tell you exactly what it is that Carl does. Whatever it is, he's been doing a great job of it since 1976. I believe he's the "Welcome Wagon Lady" as much of his teaching is entitled Intro. (Intro to Forestry—Intro to MN Resources, etc.)

So what brings these two together at the top of this page? It’s hard to say. They are good 4-H er's, heavily involved in extension forestry, active in Hardwood Forest Management, and they both are good friends. I think that is the essence of why they are at the top of this page. From F-Club to Christmas tree lots, to Peaveys, to the cries of general student despair there is always time in either Scotty's or Carl's schedule to lend aid. Theirs is a totality of involvement beyond compare, not just a hand here or there. So, then I guess it's true—Scotty and Carl, it is with great pleasure and many heartfelt thanks that we hereby dedicate the 1981 Gopher Peavey—this one's for you.
Ideals are like the stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.

—Carl Schurz
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Who can measure all the good
Born within a tangled wood?
There the boy in dreams can see
Just the man he hopes to be
And in silent hours can plan
His conception of a man;
Here beneath the friendly leaves
Find the standards that he weaves

—Edgar A. Guest
Itasca - 1980

By Kate Turner and Kathy Strobel

Rumor has it that the Annual Itasca Forestry Session is nothing but long, strenuous days. Don’t worry, there’s plenty of them, but there are also days you’ll have nothing but fun.

Here’s one of them:

Breakfast is at 7:00, so everyone is up early at 6:00 (at least for the first few days). Then you’re off to Ecology, maybe you’ll spend the day in a soil pit (is this an A3 or B1 horizon?). Or maybe you’ll go for a walk in the bog for Botany (is this a Joe Pieweed or a pitcher plant?). Or maybe it’s your section’s turn for measurements—have fun on the individual compass and pacing exercise. Relax! You only go one square mile through marshes and hawthornes and . . .

Finally the day is over and you come back to the station for supper. Some unlucky cabin might have kitchen duty, but the rest can enjoy creamed broccoli on fish.

After a day like that it’s a Northway night! Pizza and beer are in high demand after that dinner. However, seeing that there’s a Botany test tomorrow, don’t forget your plant flashcards!! Can you spell *Chamaedaphne caliculata*?

Although this sounds like never ending work, there’s always time for some fun. Remember when Phil Splett “lost” his boat? Or cabin 22’s “Pleasure Palace”?

So—have no fear, Itasca is great fun!
The Cloquet field session is designed to give “hands-on” experience in those things which every forester must know—such as:

1) To skip merrily through bogs in search of non-existent corner markers
2) To fight for useless lab equipment for use in hydrology and soils.
3) To light up a forest with 35 yellow hardhats and a big green cattle truck.
4) To give thanks for Gene avoiding a tree.
5) How to get an all-expense paid, first class tour of the Cloquet forest 6 times.

Some of the experiences of the 1980 Cloquet students included:

—K.P. and the rinsing hose
—Alleged midnight raids after studying at Ray and Mabel’s
—Weekly parties at the luxury Condos located just 7 miles from the station at Big Lake
—Christmas caroling with the Cabin 42 Chorus (Lisa, Sue, Celeste, Chris and Nita) and the ensuing snowball fight
—Breakfast Lingerie shows
—The Great White Grouse Hunters
—Taking time off class to stroll to town hall to vote
—Guys rushing back to Cabin 46 to watch “All My Children” after lunch (Babe loves Erica)
—Rockin’ evenings with Cabin 45 (Bill’s “Rock-n-Roll”)
—Occasional visits to Celeste’s Barber Shop (Sorry, Brian)
—Visits from FTD Forester Jeff Hogenson
—The Final Party (Even Jim Simones’ trip to the hospital couldn’t slow it down)

*Note to prospective students: Tutors should not include any previous Cloquet students who took the session S-N.

Al said that we have to put our toys away before beddy-bye time.
Summer Jobs

Now YOU hold still.

Killer Porcupines

By Dennis Duehren

Last summer I had an opportunity to work overtime with the Forest Service, in quite a unique capacity. But it was not for such a meritorious job such as fire fighting or timber stand improvement that I received my time and a half wage, instead, I was hired as a porcupine assassin.

Almost all first year forest technicians find themselves on either marking crews or stand exam crews. So—it was with great surprise that I found myself as the sole member of the animal damage control crew. As such, I took plantation surveys for animal damage and laid out contract areas for gopher control. This seemed straightforward and reasonable enough, but I found one area of my summer work most surprising to me. This was the job of accompanying my boss, and other permanent employees, into battle against the dreaded “porcupine”.

It may be best to justify my job as exterminator before everyone begins writing to their congressman. The porcupines, you see, can cause serious damage to trees by stripping away the bark and chewing on the tender cambium tissue. And after 10-12 years of hard work getting a plantation established and growing, it is disheartening to see a high percentage of the trees girdled in one summer.

Our hunting parties were made up of two people with their gear squeezed into a pea green F.S. pick-up truck. We would gather together well after dark and collect our equipment. My boss was into guns so he would bring either his new .357 magnum or shotgun, or both, along with his club. Another guy always brought his shotgun and club. Since I had never hunted or killed anything larger than an ant, I had only an axe handle to work with.

Besides these murderous weapons, we needed to see clearly beyond our headlights for our mad chases through the brush. For this, we had hand-held flashlight lanterns. As if this wasn’t enough, by the end of the summer we had acquired several 400,000 candle power airplane landing lights, which conveniently plugged into the lighter. With a flick of a switch we could turn a mile of open field from midnight to midday.

The procedure for finding and killing the porcupines was simple. We relied on their night feeding and laziness. They preferred to walk on the roads rather than crawl through the brush. So, we would travel the back roads at suicidal speeds, chewing the fat with each other. Sometimes the roads were no more than cattle paths or creek beds but we still had to maintain a speed that would allow us to surprise the little critters. More than once the wheels were locked up to avoid deer, cattle or a downed tree. As the hours draw on, you begin to lose concentration, until you see something waddling ungracefully down the road. At this point the driver locks up the brakes and points the headlights in the direction of the porcupine. The passenger then jumps out and grabs his club and flashlight. A short chase usually ensues and ends with a deft blow across the critters spine. This kills all pain, and several sharp blows to the head finish it off. The size, sex and time are noted and jotted down. This one brings back your desire to last until quitting time even though you may not see another one all night.

Often on successful outings, when the nights were clear, we were able to pull in an AM radio station from San Francisco, where the female DJ would inevitably be playing the summer’s number one song. Which of course, was none other than the aptly named “Another One Bites the Dust”.

John boom-boom Goad.
What's an Inyo?
by Dave Phillips

Last year, I must have filled out a stack of applications three feet high for summer jobs with the government. I don't even remember filling out Phil Splett's seasonal employment questionnaire, but that was the one that paid off. Dale Johnson, Steve Botzet, and I were offered jobs from the Forest Service, through a requisition, to work as Forestry Aids in Inyo National Forest in California. The ink was still wet on Dale's physics final when we left that Saturday.

The Inyo National Forest is located on the eastern border of Yosemite National Park in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The mountains jut up in the west and act as a great moisture barrier for the east side of the forest. It is possible to drive from snow covered mountain passes, through timber, and into the desert in a 10-mile drive. On the north side of the forest lies the great Mono Lake. This lake is getting famous because some of its tributaries are being directed to Los Angeles—because of this it is a dying lake.

Working as Forestry Aids in timber stand improvement gave us a variety of jobs, some good and some not so good. We worked on a crew of twelve guys and lived at a government camp at the base of the mountains near Mammoth Lakes, California. Our jobs included the thinning of forest lands, tree plantation work, fire work, and even pine cone picking.

Thinning is accomplished by the crew sending out each man with a chain saw, marching through the woods in a somewhat organized manner, whacking down trees as they go. By thinning trees out you can improve their growth. Needless to say this can be a hazardous occupation. One day as I was merrily cutting down a small Jeffer Pine, a strange sensation came over me—literally. I remember a huge jolt cracking down across my hard hat and body. Dazed, I cleared my head and found myself smushed under a huge spruce like a big bug under a flyswatter. Roger, our crew Casanova, had been daydreaming about some girl from someplace when he cut down that tree, accidently aiming it in my direction.

We also doubled as a fire crew and traveled over much of southern California. Timber fires are quite awesome. There is nothing like the sight of a huge pine burning and exploding with great energy, as the fire races up a hillside. We fought desert fires too, which were a lot of work. Sagebrush burns with great speed and the fire can cover a lot of ground in a very short time. The desert is a hot enough place to be, but when you add a fire and smoke, all you can think about is the Lipton iced tea commercials with the guy falling into the swimming pool. You must watch your step in the desert. I would like to have a nickel for every cactus needle and yucca bush I pulled out of my rear end. There are also rattlesnakes and scorpions—really interesting critters.

When I was not on fires, I would spend my weekends exploring and climbing the many peaks around the Inyo. The Lord must still be creating the Sierras, for the land occasionally quaked with tremors and there are some dormant volcanoes in the area that are due to erupt in the next 500 years. I hope I am back home when it happens.

Working out west was a great experience for this midwestern boy, and if my car is willing, I hope to be out there again next summer.
Forestry Club: 
Quarter by Quarter

by John Goad

Advisor ................. Merle Meyer
President .................... John Goad
Vice President .............. D.J. Bakken
Assistant Vice President .. Steve Nelson
Treasurer .................. Liz Zutz
Secretary ................. Kate Turner
Historian ......................... Marti Nelson
Sergeants-At-Arms ...... Tina Jaworski & Larry Himanga

D.J. Bakken assumed the presidency, and together with Sue Poche and Kelly Fleissner, organized and motivated a record number of people for the long trip to Missouri for Conclave. Hopefully, the tale of that trip into the Sodom and Gormorah of the lower Midwest is chronicled elsewhere in this yearbook. (Hopefully no names will be mentioned by that author in detailing certain events that happened on that excursion.)

Fall quarter ended with the creation of chairmanships and committees for the coming celebration of “F-Day”, and with the selling of X-mas trees down at the Larpenteur lot. It might be mentioned here that if not for the efforts of certain people in the X-mas tree operation the Club’s yearly activities would be severely curtailed (perhaps into oblivion).

The 80-81 year for the F-Club really started back in March when nominations for next year’s officers were made. Finding my hat tossed into the ring for reasons of dubious logic, I plunged into a furious campaign. Visions of smoke-filled rooms, scheming school politicians, and last minute flurries of ballot-box stuffing danced in my head. A nefarious band of elected officers and nominees plotted skillfully to leave me alone in the field. Still, it was a close election.

Finding the club left in my hands for spring quarter, I made a token effort at ignoring it, hoping it would go away, but no such luck. A spring picnic was held amid cloudy skies and the declining elms of Como Park. Softballs flew, hot dogs sizzled, and a substitute was found for the soda pop. All in all, not a bad afternoon. The academic year ended and club members as well as occasional opportunistic hangers-on faded into summer jobs. The X-mas tree chairfolk in varying degrees found themselves as the sole representatives of the club as they prepared for the coming Yule-tide. I myself managed to pass an unforgettable summer hiding in a small mountain cave just south of the Idaho panhandle.

January saw F-Day scheduled a couple of weeks earlier than normal, and also the frenzied scurrying of the chairpeople to complete the endless details that make up a successful celebration. Personally, I preferred to spend the time in leisurely pursuit of one or more bleeding ulcers. After a delicious dinner and awards program the majority of club members retired to the Bel Roi Ballroom for a traditional evening of dancing, stumbling, and outright floundering, all in strict preparation for the strenuous field events of the next day. The most strenuous event was the “individual pancake ingestion and subsequent viewing of the faculty skit.” Although most managed to hang on to their seats and their breakfast during that memorable performance, this viewer had to leave before Act III “to make sure that the saw handles are... uh... on the saws.” The rest of the day saw gut-busting, stomach-wrenching logger-type events, a bean feed devoid of any redeeming gastronomical value, a dance presided over by the battered visage of Paul Bunyon’s effigy, and after-hours competitions best left undetailed in a family publication. (Not that this rag pretends to be any such thing, but my space is limited.)

A number of club members were responsible for the success of F-Day, too many to name here, so I’d like to thank them “en masse” and take this opportunity to let them know the campus police have dropped all charges.

Now it is Spring quarter, and as we prepare to leave this vale of tears amid the sound of growing grass, and the howls of the Gopher Peavey Editor,—screaming some gibberish about “deadlines and commitments.”

Fall. That wonderful quarter full of opportunities for leadership and educational experiences in Forestry Club. The invigorating challenges that exist during this, the busiest of quarters, excite the imagination of charismatic leaders. I fled to Cloquet.
Forest Products Club

by Ted Garver

During the past year, the Forest Products Club (combined with the Student Chapter of the Forest Products Research Society) has kept busy with seminars, work projects, and even a social event or two. The seminars have centered around three topics: corrugated cardboard manufacture, residential housing, and the history of Forest Products in Minnesota. Among the high points of the seminar series were presentations on the cold corrugating process, wood earth sheltered houses and a tour of Andersen Window Corporation.

The seminar on the cold corrugating process was particularly interesting because it stressed the importance of energy and adhesive engineering to research in the Forest Products field. The presentation on earth sheltered houses provided a number of new approaches to residential homes construction. Houses of this design have earth-bermed sides and about a foot and a half of earth covering the roof. They are also built completely out of preservative-treated wood. The tour of Andersen Corporation provided students with a view of the nation's largest window manufacturing operation.

Along with these events, the club was fortunate to have two accomplished people in forest products education speak to us during the spring of this year. Professor Thomas Maloney, the department chairman at Washington State University, spoke of the research projects at WSU, and in April, Dean Emeritus Dr. Frank Kaufert spoke on the history of forest products at the University of Minnesota. During his talk, Dean Kaufert traced the growth of Forest Products specialty from when there was only one individual who worked in the old Horticulture Building, up to present Kaufert Laboratory Complex.

On the lighter side, the club featured a bratwurst roast in October for new students and faculty. About 40 people attended and it marks the third straight year that the Forest Products Club has hosted the event. After Winter Quarter, the club also put on a Christmas party. This party did not feature any of the outrageous, overly affectionate excess of previous Christmas parties, and the hosts of the celebration were relieved to learn the damage caused was limited to an upside-down salt shaker and scattered empty beer glasses.

And as this busy year comes to an end, the club is concentrating its activities on finishing the wood identification kits, and towards preparing for the FPRS annual meeting this June in St. Paul.
Recreation Resource Management Club

by Nannette Wilkinson

Club Officers:
President ....................... Chuck Remus
Vice-President .................. Nannette Wilkinson
Secretary ....................... Carol Sersland
Treasurer ....................... Mark Kovacovich

The major event of the RRM Club this past year was the annual cross-country ski trip. This took place on the weekend of February 7, in a small town known as Willow River. Jim Barott was his usual responsible self, and secured a two-bedroom cabin for the group, nestled in the woods beside Long Lake. A total of twelve fun-loving students had a great weekend cross-country skiing, ice fishing and just having plain good ole fun!!

The weather was perfect—we even had some snow for the weekend (which was quite unusual for the Winter of 1981). The trip was a great success which included a second annual stop at Banning State Park, where the troops skied on a beautiful four-mile trail. After the visit to the park, we stopped at the infamous Toby’s to plot strategy for our upcoming volleyball game. The strategy proved effective, as the RRM volleyball team was able to chalk up their first two wins of the season later on that night. In recollection of this fantastic trip, the members of the RRM Club are already enthusiastically planning next year’s ski trip (and future successful volleyball moves)!
Xi Sigma Pi

Written By Katie Himanga, Rewritten by Brian McCann, Ignored by Tom Monzka
Edited by Becci Spears

Forester—Brian McCann Ranger—Thomas Montza
Associate Forester— Speaker's Bureau—
Rebecca Spears Larry Himanga
Secretary/Fiscal Agent— Advisor—Ken Brooks
Katie Himanga

Xi Sigma Pi Honor Society began the year in a flurry of administrative shuffling. Grant proposals were submitted, new informational and educational materials for the speakers bureau were purchased and the new officers indoctrinated in the organization.

By winter quarter everything was under control and plans were being formulated for the initiating banquet. This year's banquet was fast paced; well over one hundred members and invited guests were in the audience as we proudly welcomed some 29 new members into the society. Among the initiates was the evening's very special guest, Minnesota Governor Al Quie. Governor Quie, who also delivered the keynote address, was presented with an honorary Certificate of Membership in Xi Sigma Pi for his recent outstanding contributions to forestry in Minnesota. The '81 banquet was unquestionably one of the finest in Xi Sigma Pi's long and distinguished history on campus.

Xi Sigma Pi's Speakers Bureau provided student volunteers with an outstanding opportunity to build confidence in themselves and their ability as foresters by allowing them to share their forestry knowledge and skills with attentive audiences all throughout the metro area. For those of us in the society, the year has been a rewarding and challenging experience, and we wish the best to next year's society.

Are those girls really praying to get into Xi Sigma Pi?

The following students were initiated into Xi Sigma Pi:

Richard L. Apple
Greg J. Arthaud
Constance M. Athman
D.J. Bakken
James A. Barott
James A. Berkeland
Charles R. Blinn
Scott J. Carlstrom
Dennis P. Duhren
Susan L. Francisco
Marty Goldblatt
Kathryn A. Gonifer
Russell K. Henly
Brad S. Jones
Jeffery L. Marion
Michael E. McDonald
Donald N. Nawlany
Robert J. Pabst
Teresa Kumze Perkins
Richard F. Peterson
William D. Roesch
Patrick E. Scheller
Kay D. Schwieger
Anne Streese
James T. Williams
Susan J. Wilson
Dennis W. Zadlo
Elizabeth S. Zutz
Paul R. Lehnherr

And the blame for tonight's banquet goes to . . .
29th Annual Midwestern Foresters' Conclave, Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri
by Greg Arhaud

"Lutefisk, Lutefisk, Lefse, Lefse, we're from Minnesota, yah sure ya betcha'."

This year's conclave was hosted by the University of Missouri, Columbia. It was held in the beautiful, oak-filled, (as the dendrology competitors will well remember) Lake of the Ozarks State Park. I should have known this was to be an odd trip when a school bus picked us up at the Student Center, only to take us north to Elk River. From there we transferred to our permanent touring bus and met our friendly bus drivers. We then proceeded to speed through the night (with the help of a keg) to our destination.

Somewhere along the way we took a wrong turn and had a very educational backstreet tour of Missouri. By the time we finally reached civilization we were famished. After about four hours of coaxing, we finally talked the bus driver into stopping so we could grab something to eat. Then, to wear off some of our newly acquired energy, the bus drivers "let us" push start the bus. We did eventually make it to the park, and started to settle in our co-ed bunkhouses (the problems this created with showers was "shocking").

The temperature was reaching into the 70's when we arrived, so some of the team members decided to catch a few rays. They were soon basking in their shorts, . . . or less. Missouri hired some terrific cooks, so our ravenous appetites were well treated with "real down home Southern cooking", including jell, jell, jell, jell, jell.

Morning came soon enough for most people and the competition was pretty fierce all day long but Missouri had the home town advantage, of course, and used it to run away with first. We proved ourselves by taking second place overall, with first place finishes in 2-man buck, 2-lady buck, pulp toss, and a thrilling win in the blind traverse, this year's special event.

In the wake of our good showing we adopted a mascot, little Yoda, (better known as Virginia Fritchman). After receiving our second place trophy, furthest distance traveled trophy, and individual trophies, we danced the night away to a bluegrass-country-blend band at the traditional ice cream social, but wanting to get home at a reasonable hour on Sunday, we loaded up (in more ways than one) and left by 3 A.M. Maybe we really projected more bus trouble, like a flat tire and a three hour layover in Iowa, for instance.

Anyway, we finally made it home, a little tired, a little sore, but with fond memories of newly made friendships and good times. It would be good to see even more Foresters from Minnesota give it a try, so crawl out from behind your books one weekend next fall and head out to the next exciting conclave. We're looking forward to seeing "Y'all" in Ann Arbor, Michigan in '81.
Spittin' good.

Hey—Bob, where'd you go?

Lake of the Ozarks.
Christmas Tree Lot Blues

About This and Other Things

If the wind whines
In the green pines
And the snow falls
And you've decked the halls
And Carl calls
    About this
    About this
    About this and other things
If you look near by
At the trees stacked high
And yet you know
There's 25 days to go
It's an enormous task
And Scotty asks
    About this
    About this
    About this and other things
Would you know then
By the women and men
All bundled up
With spit in their cup
By the cash register's ring
And workers who sing
That the time has come
For selling to be done
And the chairpeople are hopin'
That the tree lot is open!

Becci Spears

Hey, somebody get that dog away from the TREES!

Bob and Doug becoming entwined.
To become a graduate of the College of Forestry, one must first pass satisfactorily, through many "small" examinations. Some of these classes have seemingly little to do with our chosen profession, but they do serve to make us more liberal minded. In spite of this, one may oft hear the cry, "What does Music History have to do with growing trees?". The tests for these classes often seem "difficult" or "unfair" to a fledgling forestry student. They sometimes wonder why they study furiously, consuming at least 67 cups of coffee, only to flunk anyway. What can you expect in College exams? Well—one never really knows, but some students came up with these examples of "typical" exam questions:

Public Speaking—Twenty thousand riot-crazed aborigines will be turned loose in the classroom with you. Calm them. You may use any ancient language except Latin and Greek.

Biology—Create life. Estimate the differences in subsequent human culture if this form of life had developed 500 million years earlier, with special attention to the probable effects on our next election. Prove who would have been our next President and why.

This could make you bug-eyed.

Management Science—Define management. Define science. How do they relate? Why? Create a generalized algorithm that can be used to optimize all managerial decisions. Design the systems interface and prepare all software necessary to program this algorithm on whatever computer may be selected by the examiner.

Economics—Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the possible effects of your plan on the wave theory of light and on the overcrowding of citizens band radio channels.

Political Science—There is a red telephone on the desk beside you. Start World War III. Report on its sociopolitical effects, if any.

Epistemology—Take a position for or against the truth. Prove the validity of your position.

Physics—Explain the nature of matter. Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the development of mathematics on science, plus the possible effect of electromagnetic radiations on global pollution and on the love life of radar operators who spend long periods in that environment.

Philosophy—Sketch the development of human thought; estimate its significance. Compare this with the development of any other kinds of thought.

General Knowledge—Describe everything you know in detail. Be objective and specific.

Extra Credit—Define the Universe; give three examples.
Hands-On Experience

C'mon Mark, A Bunyan-size beer ain't worth all that.

Only the shadow knows.
I learn best by osmosis.

Whaddya mean my last 90 credits don't count?

I can't study unless I get comfortable.

Woodsy Owl says ...
Foresters Day 1981
by Cindy Miller

F-Day began Friday, January 16 with the awards banquet at the Fox and Hounds Supper Club. It started off with a couple of rotten jokes from the two emcees, Tina Jaworski and Liz Zutz, including "What's two-thirds of Pun... PUN!"

After dinner the keynote speaker, Raymond Hitchcock, spoke. Mr. Hitchcock, head of the Division of Forestry for the DNR, started with a few jokes of his own and proceeded to speak about Minnesota forests and jobs in forestry. Carl Vogt then showed some slides and commented on the tree cut. Carl presented awards from some of his "perfect" trees for the Christmas tree chairpersons. Bill Dinesen handed out the scholarships, and Becci Spears handed out Uncle of Paul, which went to Vilis Kurmis, and Son of Paul, which went to D.J. Bakken. When D.J. went up to receive his award he was requested to demonstrate his talent at telling Oly and Lena jokes. After hemming and hawing and suggestions from the audience, he declined because he couldn't find one clean enough. After the good-nights were said, many of our future foresters went to dance the night away at Bel Rae.

Saturday started early for the weary foresters with the perennial pancake breakfast beginning at 7:30 A.M. The faculty was in fine flipping form for making the pancakes. They started out slowly, but soon got their confidence up and started flipping them over the glass partition. Meanwhile, students were busily practicing how to catch their breakfast while still half-asleep. Needless to say, not all pancakes landed on the plate. Phil Splett was voted the Best Pancake Flipper, to the great surprise of the slightly marred floor and walls in the kitchen.

The skits that followed were filled with both laughs and boos. The undergrad skit was a take-off on The Wizard of Oz, renamed The Wizard of Forestry. It was a very serious and well-rehearsed skit. The grad skit was a forestry symposium of the Stone Age Foresters (SAF), showing off such necessary gadgets as the Ronco Pocket Forester. The faculty, as usual, wasn't prepared but did a good job anyway. Their theme was forestry in the classroom through the ages. It included Mr. Weyerhauser, who was trying to find a way to rejuvenate stumps and Mr. McCulloch, who was inventing and trying to start a chainsaw.

After breakfast and the skits we moved on out to the field competition. This year the day was warm and sunny, but the competition was still hot and furious. The events included the keg toss, match split, tobacco spit, bolt throw, and bucksaw. Carl Vogt and Dr. Sucoff teamed up on the two-man bucksaw. Their time was "around two minutes" and afterwards (rumor has it) they were heard gasping for a doctor.

After the field events many headed to Jo Fisher's Moosehead Lodge for the beanfeed. Beer, whiskey, and other libations flowed freely. The liquid washed down such goodies as beans, macaroni chili hotdish, canned ham, and many other dishes. For dessert we had cake, cookies, and brownies.

The full and satisfied foresters headed back to St. Paul for the Stumpjumpers Ball. Corral was the band, and they played a lively mixture of Country-Rock. Interspersed with the music was the bake-off and the ever popular beard judging contest. The bake-off was a brand new event this year, which involved the woodsmen preparing their favorite culinary delights, and the woodswomen judging their "expertise" in the kitchen. Steve Nelson won it with something called "Pumpkin Surprise."

So in spite of (or despite of) some last minute planning by committees, and some jittery feelings about its outcome, Forester's Day arrived again this January. And, all in all, F-Day 1981 was quite a smashing success.
F-Day
by D.J. Bakken

Forester's Day? Forester's Days—Forester's Day and a half, well whatever, was held on January 16 and 17 this year. On Friday evening the awards banquet was held at the Fox and Hounds Supper Club. After everyone had a few primers (drinks) and a meal, we sat back to hear an excellent speaker, Ray Hitchcock. Mr. Hitchcock is the head of the D.N.R. Division of Forestry. Awards were given out following this, which reminds me, did you hear about the time Ole and Lena... After a few more primers it was time to go to the Bel Rae Ballroom. Dancing, and of course a little more priming, rounded out the evening.

Morning came early on Saturday, too early, as I woke up at 5:30 to set up the saw stand, only to find out at breakfast that the events chairmen had decided to use the portable saw stand instead. The faculty did an excellent job of pancake flippin' at the breakfast, despite the hounding of our bushy-browed flippin' judge, Marti Nelson.

The undergrads, as usual, put on a fantastic skit. The terribly busy grads (so they say) went on second and showed us their "superior" talents. Amazing as it seems, the faculty even graced us with a skit. It was a little slow moving at times, roughly comparable to the speed with which they correct exams, but hilarious all the same.

After assembling out on the field were were informed that Forest Products had won the tug-of-war. Ya, it must have been tough pulling an empty rope across the finish line, as everyone that I've talked to was inside watching the skits at that time. Nonetheless, Forest Products are the Champs—until next year. As for the rest of the events, the match split went off like a snap; the sawing went off like clockwork; and the bolt throw went off like a rifle shot.

The Moosehead Lodge was the site of this year's beanfeed. The potluck nature showed all present that Foresters are able-bodied in the kitchen, or at least good shoppers at the Deli, whichever the case may be. Beverages flowed freely, especially the kind in the "All Aluminum Recyclable" cans.

Back at the North Star Ballroom the band was getting set up. People slowly started to trickle in. Students were milling about, dancing and talking, when all of a sudden it looked like we were at war with the "bombs bursting in air", as the song goes. Not to worry though, it was just Bill Dinesen with his three-billion candle power flash attachment.

As the night progressed, numerous people, whom I obviously will not mention by name, started becoming quite tipsy, right Mark? As near as I can ascertain, this was due to consumption of Sprite and Coke from the Stupid Center machines. I'm going to have to check those pop machines out one of these days.

Too soon Forester's Day was over, it will live on only in our memories, along with anticipations for next year. In closing I would like to thank all committee chairpersons for their efforts which made F-Day possible. I would also like to congratulate all award winners, scholarship recipients, and event winners. Congratulations, and good luck next year.
Field Event Winners

Match Split
Mark Johnson
Tie: Wayne Herberg & Pete Harstad

Men's Bolt Throw
Brian Ayers
Wayne Herberg
Bob Badger

Women's Bolt Throw
Sue Wilson
Becci Spears
Katie Himanga

Men's Keg Toss
Brian Ayers
Bob Badger
Wayne Herberg

Women's Keg Toss
Sue Wilson
Vicky Savard
Liz Zutz

Two Lady Buck
Liz Zutz/Katie Himanga
Becci Spears/Paula Larson
Celeste Lewis/Tina Jaworski

Two Man Buck
Dick Moore/Wayne Herberg
Kelly Fleissner/Brian Ayers
Doug Plasencia/Terry O'Grady

Log Roll
Wayne Herberg/Dick Moore
Mark Stiller/Greg Arthaud
D.J. Bakken/Steve Nelson

Tobacco Spit
Ralph Greiling
Steve Nelson
Mark Stiller

Co-ed Buck
Paula Larson/Brian Ayers
Kate Turner/Wayne Herberg
Tina Jaworski/Carl Vogt

One Man Buck
Wayne Herberg
Dick Moore
John Goad

And yes, by some quirk of fate, Forest Products won the Tug O' War.
Winter Woodsmans Competition in Thunder Bay, Ontario

Mom told me there would be days like this.

Go for time, but remember to keep your pinky up.

We got 'em now!

C'mon, don't snivel out now!
IM Sports

The graduate teams brought honor and recognition to the College of Forestry by displaying their superior agility in IM sports. Their honors include:

Fall 1980—Touch Football Class B St. Paul Champs
Winter 1981—Basketball Class A St. Paul Champs
Spring 1981—Slow Pitch Softball Class A will defend St. Paul Championship

The undergraduate teams, although quite agile, were not able to attain such lofty achievements because, as everyone knows, undergrads are dedicated students and workers and don't fritter away their time.

I repeat, "NO checking the refs."
Wood Industry Tours
OR
Forest Products' Answer to Itasca
by John Somppi

Itasca has long been established as an endurance test of Forest Resources students devised by the Forest Resources faculty. Not to be outdone, Forest Products faculty have established their own test—Wood Industry Tours. The tours, taken over spring break, consisted of thirteen mills or plants that are in the business of producing a product made of wood. Each tour lasted for about two hours and the high points of the tours were put into a display in Kaufert Lab.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Product</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Andersen Corporation</td>
<td>Wooden casement window manufacturing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penta Wood Products</td>
<td>Chemical treatment for wood preservation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superwood Corporation</td>
<td>Hardboard manufacture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diamond International</td>
<td>Wooden match manufacture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rajala Timber</td>
<td>Sawmill for dimensional lumber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blandin Wood Products</td>
<td>Waferboard production</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louisiana-Pacific</td>
<td>Hardboard stud manufacture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron Wood Products</td>
<td>Aspen plywood manufacture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connor Forest Industries</td>
<td>Cabinet manufacture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wausau Homes</td>
<td>Pre-built homes manufacturing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mosinee Paper Mills</td>
<td>Kraft pulp and paper mill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weyerhaeuser</td>
<td>Particleboard manufacture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madson Lumber Company</td>
<td>Furniture grade hardwoods sawmill</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The total miles logged during this excursion were estimated by the bus driver to be 1000 long ones, through the northern half of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and a small portion of Upper Peninsula Michigan. Like many class-related field trips, everybody on the tour arrived at Kaufert with some degree of satisfaction and relief.
... and the smell of cherry is a dead giveaway.

Let me tell you the one about the hard-hatted notetaker.

... and two for twenty-two.
Southern Forest Industries Tour  
by Donna Gehlhaart

It was Saturday morning, March 21st at 8:00 AM sharp, when 12 people in various stages of eagerness were ready to start the long journey south for the 1st Southern Forest Industries Tour. Several of us were dog-tired from finals completed only hours before, one was obviously a bit hungover from a Polish wedding, and others were ravenously gnawing on donuts supplied by “Walnut”, and “Broken Arrow”, (alias Carl and Phil). These aforementioned couldn’t wait to hop in and play with their newly installed CB’s.

Our first educational stop was in Stockton, Missouri, where we toured Flammon’s Products, a Walnut growing operation which is mainly concerned with nuts, rather than wood. Our guides filled us in on all aspects of the walnut operation, from research done there to harvest of the nuts, which begins as early as age 12. The whole nut is utilized, shell and all. Various sizes of walnut shell grains are used as abrasive paint removers, lens and gem polishers, make-up bases, and glue fillers. All nut meats are utilized also, those not used for human consumption are ground with cornmeal and used instead as a high protein chicken and hog feed.

After driving over half the day and never seeming to get away from the mysterious Joplin, Mo., we arrived in West Monroe, Louisiana, where we toured Manville Forest Products. This was very impressive and was headed by Ralph Law, Director of Woodlands, and a graduate of Minnesota’s College of Forestry. There were as many division heads there as there were tourists! Highlights were the “superior tree” genetics and seed orchard, on-the-spot logging operation of Loblolly pine (harvest age 40) and the statistics of their forest’s growth of 1.75 cords in a (acre) year. Manville uses artificial regeneration entirely, and stressed their goal of self-sufficiency of their forests in the near future.

Later that evening we arrived in Crossett, Arkansas with visions of a hot delicious meal and a cold frosty mug of brew, only to find out that we had landed in a dry county! I was devastated. I thought you only read about such places in history books! The Yale forestry camp was dry that night, but the campfire and various “Lull” stories abounded around the campfire.

The next morning we viewed the USFS Crossett Experimental Forest which is a project set up by the Forest Service to aid southern private landowners in managing their woodlots. This project is beneficial to the forestry industry since 76% of commercial timberland in the south is owned by non-industrial private landowners, and is growing at only about half of its potential rate.

That afternoon we were introduced to a different view on regeneration and self-sufficiency by the Georgia Pacific Corporation. Dick Williams, silviculturist for the company showed us many plantations in various stages of growth which were all seeded naturally by the shelterwood system, and informed us that GP believed the market will always provides the needs not met by their own land. Randy Koch managed to get directions to the nearest “over the line” liquor store from Mr. Williams and Yale Camp partied hurriedly but discreetly, as the resident manager there happened to be a Southern Baptist minister.

Next stop was Weyerhaeuser Nursery and seed orchard in Magnolia, AR. Fifty million trees are packed out of the nursery every season, with demand increasing. Superior stock grown there is used by Weyerhaeuser as well as other companies in the south.

Another stop in Arkansas, this time at International Paper in Gurdon, offered us a look at their amazing computerized machine which scans logs with an electronic eye and determines what the log should be used for, sawlog, pulp log, or plywood. The appropriate cuts are made, and variable lengths are passed on their way. The tour was headed by another MN College of Forestry graduate, Duane Hujanen, and ended in the field with several logging operations.

Mountain Pine, AR., was our last stop, with a tour of Weyerhaeuser’s woodlands operations. Harold Mc Alpine took us through the beautiful Ouachita mountains to view silvicultural burns, clearcuts of various sizes, and the three Laturno tree crushers used at Mountain Pine. The massive machines used to site prep both level and rolling slopes prior to hand planting weigh in at 35 tons, mash down a 16’ swath, move four m.p.h., and prepare 24-30 acres a day. Just standing next to it was scary.

Problems on the trip were virtually nonexistent except for an occasional row over disco, rock, or country western on the radio, a language barrier with the southern folk on such terms as pinkeyes (pancakes), of Arasan (air and sand), and a rowdy bunch who for a short while wanted to rent out “Ramona.”

We northerners were all quite impressed, with the intensive management in the south, the volume and yields of their forests, and the whole aura of southern industrial forestry. I personally gained a whole new outlook on forestry after the tour, and am glad that I had the opportunity to go. The chance of viewing southern industrial forestry in action, making new friends, and having a great time to boot is one y’all should take advantage of.
And these we call boards.

Just another pretty face.

Paul and his Babe.

Just another pretty face.
The Student-Faculty Board

by Russ Henly

When people find out that something is costing them money, they usually start paying attention to it. If you're a forestry student, you’ve been financing the Student-Faculty Board to the tune of 15¢ a quarter. Now that I have you by the pocketbook, read on to find out who these people are and what they have to do with you.

The Student-Faculty Board consists of one representative from each undergraduate class, the presidents and advisors of F-Club, RRM Club, and Forest Products Club, the Xi Sigma Pi forester and faculty advisor, the college student senator, the Gopher Peavey editor and advisor, the director of student services, and the dean. It should be emphasized that the Board is the students' representative voice, thus only student members may vote. The faculty and administration members serve to provide information on their perspective of matters and to carry the Board's views back to their respective constituencies.

The College Bulletin tells us that the Board's function is “to establish and maintain open and meaningful communication among the faculty, student body, and administration of the College of Forestry. Its responsibility is to consider problems and to make recommendations to the Dean concerning their resolution.” While this does describe the Board's purpose, it falls short of giving a concrete picture of its activities.

The Board's funds are spent on many things. Its budget of approximately $300 yearly goes to the support of student projects such as the Gopher Peavey and the Woodchips newsletter. In general, the funds are allocated to aid student projects of benefit to the forestry student body.

The remainder of the Board's role is largely consultive—discussing matters of student concern with the dean and faculty members with the intent of making the dean and faculty aware of the student view while at the same time allowing them to share their views and knowledge on the items of concern. Some items discussed this year included whether private quarters could be provided for married students attending the Cloquet session (they can't), planning for the long-needed expansion of Green Hall (it's still a long way down the legislative path), and the general operations of the College from the student to the University-wide level.

It cannot be overstressed that the Board acts as the students' voice. In order to properly represent you, we need your input. All students and faculty are strongly encouraged to bring any items of concern to the attention of the Board. If you have any questions as to what we are doing, please ask; or better yet, attend our meetings—they are always open. Meeting times are posted in Room 15, as are the minutes from the past meetings.

Representatives to the Student-Faculty Board 1980-1981

Senior Representative
Co-Chairperson ..................... Nannette Wilkinson
*Director of Student Services
Co-Chairperson ..................... Ken E. Winsness
Junior Representative ............. Kate Turner
Sophomore Representative ........ Bob Badger
Freshman Representative .......... Scott Enebak
Graduate Representative .......... Duncan Ferguson
Forestry Club President .......... John Goad
Forest Products Club President ... Wade Macht
Recreation Club President ........ Charles Remus
TCSA Representative ............... Russ Henley
Gopher Peavey Editor .............. Margi Gromek
Xi Sigma Pi Forester .............. Brian McCann
SPBOC Representative ............ Ellen Schmidt
Forest Products Club Advisor .... Karl Ketter
Gopher Peavey Advisor .......... Karl Ketter
Forestry Club Advisor ............ Merle Meyer
Recreation Club Advisor .......... Tim Knopp
Xi Sigma Pi Advisor ............... Ken Brooks
Dean, College of Forestry .......... Richard Skok
Ex Officio ......................... Mike Kuether
*Director of Student Services
(beginning February 1981) .......... John Bell
The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—Lord Alfred Tennyson
Scholarships

The College of Forestry Scholarship Committee awarded the following scholarships for the 1980-1981 period.

L.C. Merriam
David Peterson, Junior-FR

Robert L. Goudy
Bryan Christensen, Junior-FP
Greg Nelson, Junior-FR

Carolind
Scott Enebak, Freshman-FR
Margaret Gromek, Sophomore-FR
Dennis Zadlo, Junior-FR
Russell Henly, Senior-FS
Peter Bedker, Senior-FR

Edward Everett
Leon LaVigne, Sophomore-FR
Steven Block, Junior-FP
Maryanna Johnson, Junior-FP
Richard Apple, Senior-FR

Agustus Searles
Kate Turner, Junior-FR
Elizabeth Zutz, Junior-FP
Carol Buche, Senior-FR
Terry Durushia-Senior-FP
Nanette Wilkenson, Senior-RRM

E.G. Cheyney
Russell Henly, Senior-FS
Mark Kovacovich, Senior-RRM
Dave Panning, Senior-FP
Kay Schwiegen, Senior-FP

John Allison
Jim Williams, Senior-FR

R.M. Brown
Rebecca Spears, Senior-FR

William Miles
Doug Placencia, Junior-FR

Oscar Mather
John Goad, Senior-FR

Henry Schmitz Student Leadership Award
Kelly Fleissner, Senior-FR
Katie Himanga, Senior-FR
Larry Himanga, Senior-FR
Rebecca Spears, Senior-FR

Helen A. Young
Donna Gehlhaart, Junior-FR

Federated Garden Club
Paula Larson, Senior-FR
Christine Krantz, Senior-FR
Scott Burke, Junior-FR
Michael Perry, Junior-FR
Kelly Fleissner, Senior-FR
Jeff Golden, Senior-FR
Jeff Roy, Senior-FR
Steven Nelson, Senior-FR

Caleb Dorr Scholarship
Linda Williams, Freshman-RRM
Wendy Ann Chutich, Sophomore-RRM
Bryan Christensen, Junior-FP
Russell Henly (medal only), Senior-FS

Charles Lathrop Pack Writing Contest
Jane Laurence, Senior-RRM
Patrick Flanary, Sophomore-FR

Samuel Green
Russell Henly, Senior-FS
Seniors

Most likely to...

John Alness
—end up selling encyclopedias

Don Anderson
—clear-cut Yellowstone National Forest

Greg Arthaud
—become an electrician

Brian Ayers
—become a paperweight

D.J. Bakken
—marry a girl named Lena

Peter Bedker
—to sleep through graduation

Jim Berkeland
—succeed the Ken doll

Greg Bernu
—be carded when he's 96

Steve Bridgeford
—have a National Forest named after him

Carol Buche
—join the Metropolitan Opera

Anita Burns
—lose a controlled burn

John Burns
—give Smokey an ulcer
Bille Dineson
— succeed Colonel Sanders
— mistakenly believe you can be rich in forestry

Richard Ditlen
— host a late night talk show
— become Dean of the College of Forestry

Julie Carlson
— be sanctioned by the pro-porcupine movement

Dennis Duehren
— get his name misspelled
— lose the taste test to Parkay

Andrzej Durlik
— become a catalyst
— become a wild and woolly mountain man

David Ensign
— become a dentist
— be mistaken for Los Angeles

Tim Eul
— lose the taste test to Parkay
— become Dean of the College of Forestry

Kelly Fleissner
— be mistaken for Los Angeles
— become a wild and woolly mountain man

Craig Florine
— become a wild and woolly mountain man
— become a dentist

Sue Francisco
— be mistaken for Los Angeles
— become a late night talk show host

Mick Fritchman
— become a catalyst
— become Dean of the College of Forestry

John Goad
— be mistaken for Los Angeles
— become a wild and woolly mountain man

Yvonne Goff
— become a wild and woolly mountain man
— survey her way to Alaska

Jeff Golden
— cash in on that Midas touch
— be diagnosed as having Dutch Elm

Erich Grebner
— star in spy movies
— put a band-aid over the Grand Canyon

Mark Hagen
— star in spy movies
— put a band-aid over the Grand Canyon
Bruce Hall: Get decked during the Christmas season.
Doug Hankey: Be mistaken for a spot fire.
Lisa Hansen: Incite a riot.
Ralph Hansen: Run a dog kennel.

John Hautman: Market and sell computer research done by fellow students.
Russ Henly: Become a political hostage.
Wayne Herberg: To put up his dukes.
Katie Himanga: Be the origin of a feud between the Himangas and McCanns.

Larry Himanga: Be mistaken for a scrub oak.
John Hoelmer: End up with a degree in everything.
Margaret Hoffman: Drive people crazy with name changes.
Tim Hopkins: Die from bugle ingestion.

Ronald Humphrey: Become politically oriented.
Stephen Hunnicutt: To clear cut a bee farm.
Tom Jacobwith: Work in outer Siberia.
Tina Jaworski: Appear in the next three issues of the Peavey.
Christine Krantz
—become the permanent tree inspector of Minnetonka

Steve Kuchera
—sneeze his way up the GS level

Paul Kujawa
—practice hydrology in the Sahara

Rosemary Johnson
—marry a florist

Paula Larson
—lose her I.D. to Marti

Paul Lehnherr
—become particleboard king of America

Celeste Lewis
—prune trees with the latest hairstyles

Wade Macht
—petition his way through classes

David Malm
—create paneling from Florida Malm trees

Stephen Mattson
—steer freshmen into CLA

Michael McBain
—become a bain surgeon

Gene Miels
—become a Genie

Pat Miles
—to get a three-minute mile down pat

Dick Moore
—get more for less

Dennis Nelson
—become a Country and Western singer

Steve Nelson
—dye his beard tobacco juice brown
Paul Olson
—end up in Florida
Steve Opseth
—draw his way into a District Ranger position
Bruce Overson
—get over leaving school
David Panning
—become a fry cook

Lester Pernu
—be working in Peru
Randy Rosandich
—become an instructor for wood-base panel technology
Jeff Roy
—lose his mustache in a saw mill
Kay Schwieger
—get mixed up with a meat marketing company

Tom Searles
—become the Pilsner Dough Boy
Tim Shannon
—become Smokey the Bear's private G-man
Becci Spears
—marry a computer
Jim Thompson
—set up house in Room 15

Virginia Vaughn
—be press secretary in the next big White House cover-up
Barbara Walker
—become a network anchorwoman and develop a lisp
Douglas Watt
—end up working in Hamms brewery keg room
James Williams
—become a butler
row one: Ariff Ibrahim, Tim Koski, Phil Qualley, Patrick Scheller, Mark Burnell, Bill Fall, Elizabeth Zutz; row two: Laurel Everling, Randy Rick, Randy Hamann, Mike Perry, Kathy Gonyer, Sue Wilson; row three: Tom Hovey, Jim Engstrom, Mike Shepard.

row one: Randy Koch, Tim Peterson, Bill Roth, Doug Hilsen, Kathy Strobel, Doug Plasencia, Todd Burnes, Brian Denny; row two: Greg Nelson, Dennis Nelson, Sandy Schoberg, Katie Turner, Christa Johnson, Ellen Schmidt, Don Nawalany, Brian Huberty; row three: Tom Houston, Bill Roesch.
Forest Products Juniors

row one: Chuck Parins, Jeff Nordman, Craig Storm, Joe Bartusiak, Bob Ribich; row two: John Somppi, George Perovich, Bryan Christensen, Mike McDonald, Bob Carpenter.

Sophomores and Freshmen

Royce Brandvold, Bob Badger, Cindy Hopper, Cindy Miller, Randy McClain.
Students in the College of Forestry

Forest Resources—Freshmen

Michael W. Bryan
Scott A. Enebak
Roxanna K. Fritz
Marc G. Gillies
Joseph J. Heinz
Michael A. Ingalls
Jason A. Jacobs
Robert C. Jacobs
Michael J. Jimenez
Robert J. Kienzinger
Jalene A. Kiefer
Diane M. Martin
Elizabeth M. McEvoy
Cynthia J. Miller
Diane M. Parson
Jean L. Strehlow
Cheryl A. Sweet
Peter H. Ulrich
Kenneth E. Wood

Forest Resources

Michael W. Bryan
Scott A. Enebak
Roxanna K. Fritz
Marc G. Gillies
Joseph J. Heinz
Michael A. Ingalls
Jason A. Jacobs
Robert C. Jacobs
Michael J. Jimenez
Robert J. Kienzinger
Jalene A. Kiefer
Diane M. Martin
Elizabeth M. McEvoy
Cynthia J. Miller
Diane M. Parson
Jean L. Strehlow
Cheryl A. Sweet
Peter H. Ulrich
Kenneth E. Wood

Kimberly A. McKown
Kelly L. Nelson
Martina A. Nelson
Richard A. Nipp
Janice M. Norberg
Michael A. Novacek
Alan G. Olson
David W. Phillips
David J. Rausch
Kirk B. Roettgering
David L. Ryan
Robert J. Shaffer
Kevin L. Stiles
Mark T. Stiller
Frank E. Streine
Tom K. Szabla
Deborah J. Toth
Roll T. Tufte
John J. Vanderbosch
Susan M. Zappa
Timothy F. Zierden

Donald N. Nawalany
Dennis M. Nelson
Gregory J. Nelson
Terrence W. O'Grady
Alan A. Oppenheimer
Richard A. Ozan
Bruce P. Paulson
Michael J. Perry
Timothy D. Peterson
Douglas J. Plascencia
Philip J. Qualley
Randall R. Rick
William D. Roesch
William P. Roth
Peter J. Rotondo
Joyce P. Sawicki
Patrick E. Scheller
Ellen J. Schmidt
Michael W. Shepard
Sandra L. Schoberg
Jeffery R. Schommer
Sheila M. Schommer
Katherine A. Strebel
David A. Swan
Katherine A. Turner
Randall R. Urich
James S. Vaughan
Greg J. Vollhaber
George H. Weed
Susan J. Wilson
Brian K. Wise
Frank B. Witko
Dennis W. Zado
Barry J. Zikmund
Elizabeth S. Zutz

Forest Resources—Sophomores

Michael D. Anderson
Grace A. Bakken
Douglas J. Bragg
R. Lee P. Brandvold
Terry L. Buchman
Nancy S. Butterfield
Mark S. Clark
Douglas P. Day
Susan M. Dufresne
Ruth D. Edberg
Laurel A. Everling
Jo Fischer
Todd A. Fischer
James P. Flanary
John D. Flugman
Lewis O. Folwick
Steven B. Gerber
Dale D. Gormanson
Margaret M. Gromek
Daniel R. Grundtner
Luke A. Heck
Robert A. Hvizinak
Kenneth J. Jednak
Dale F. Johnson
Jeffrey L. Johnson
Marilee A. Kinney
Robert D. Kumpula
Leon H. LaVigne
Lawrence A. Long
David J. Mangine
David W. Marcouiller
Richard A. Margi
John B. Mathison

Forest Resources

Susan L. Abrahamsen
Richard L. Apple
Scott A. Burke
Mark E. Burnell
Tod A. Burns
William M. Callas
Karl A. Carlson
Margaret W. Creighton
Brian R. Denny
James K. Engstrom
William R. Fall
Blake A. Francis
Brad J. Gatzlaff
Donna R. Gehlhaar
Kathryn A. Gosyer
Randall R. Hamann
Douglas M. Hilsen
Thomas H. Houston
Thomas E. Hovey
Brian J. Huberty
Ariff B. Ibrahim
Byron N. Jacobson
Christa J. Johnson
Maryanna T. Johnson
Bradley S. Jones
Randall M. Koch
Edward T. Koski
Jeffrey M. Laney
Eric G. Lindberg
Scott T. Lindberg
Joseph L. McDonald
Susan M. Miller

Jon M. Aliness
Greg J. Arthaud
Brian C. Ayers
Darrel J. Bakken
Peter J. Bedker
James A. Berkeland
Gregory J. Berlyn
Alfred C. Biagi
J. Wesley Blake
Mitchell J. Bouchonville
Steve H. Bridgeford
Carol M. Buche
Anita M. Burns
John D. Burns
Julie M. Carlson

John C. Ciack
Margaret M. Crowley-Hoffman
William G. Dinesen
Richard G. Ditlev
Dennis P. Duehrren
Miles J. Dunne
Andrej M. Durlik
David J. Ensign
Timothy E. Eul
Kelly J. Fleissner
Craig W. Florine
Susan L. Francisco
Henry M. Fritschman
Mary A. Fritschman
John P. Goad
Jeff A. Golden
Erich J. Grebner
Daniel L. Grindy
J. Doug Hankey
Lisa B. Hansen
Ralph E. Hansen
Wayne W. Herberg
Katie M. Himanga
Larry J. Himanga
John H. Hoelmer
Tim J. Hopkins
Ronald A. Humphrey
Thomas D. Jacobswich
Martina A. Jaworski
Mark D. Johnson
Rosemary R. Johnson
Lawrence M. Killien
Christine M. Krantz
Steven J. Kuchera
Paul R. Kuyawa
Paula S. Larson
Mary Celeste Lewis
William J. Loschelder
Stephen N. Mattson
Richard A. Moore
Dennis H. Nelson
Steven G. Nelson
Paul C. Olson
Steven R. Opseth
Bruce R. Overson
Como T. Pantiliana
Jeffrey E. Roy
Thomas M. Searles
Timothy J. Shannon
Rebecca J. Spears
David J. Stephenson
James E. Thompson
Brian L. Utzman
Virginia M. Vaughn
Douglas A. Watt
Jimmy L. Wertmer
James T. Williams

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Forest Science—Sophomores</th>
<th>Jane E. Laurence</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monica L. Engelmeier</td>
<td>Gregory S. Meyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marilee A. Kinney</td>
<td>Peter J. Moody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David S. Stucker</td>
<td>Daniel L. Savard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest Science—Juniors</td>
<td>Recreation Resource</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eric L. Kruger</td>
<td>Management—Seniors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest Science—Seniors</td>
<td>Kevin E. Asmussen</td>
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<tr>
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<td>John Angst</td>
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<td>Ruchi Ranjen Chakrabarty</td>
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Randolph M. Brown, Professor Emeritus of the College of Forestry, University of Minnesota, died March fifth, 1981 at the age of eighty-four. He was director of the field forestry education program of the College of Forestry at the Lake Itasca Forestry and Biological Station for almost twenty years. He taught primarily in the area of forest measurements and pioneered in the introduction of statistics into forest measurement teaching. He published more than forty papers and bulletins in his field. His timber growth and yield tables published in the 1930's are still widely used.

Brown was a native of Staten Island, New York. He received his bachelor's degree from Cornell University's School of Forestry in 1921 and his Master of Forestry degree in 1924. He served with the U.S. Army during and after World War I. Before joining the University of Minnesota's staff, he served six years with the U.S. Forest Service.

He was a member of the Society of American Foresters, the American Statistical Society, the Minnesota Forestry Alumni Association, and a number of honorary societies.
I know it's dull, but they promised to cut it short this year.
# Graduate Students

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<td>Arnold Ahlback</td>
<td>Economics</td>
<td>coursework only</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scott Aksamit</td>
<td>Silviculture</td>
<td>MS</td>
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<tr>
<td>Connie Athman</td>
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<td>Melvin Baughman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Driss Benessalah</td>
<td>Resource Inventory</td>
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<td>Stephen Bernath</td>
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<td>Scott Carlstrom</td>
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<td>Keith Cudworth</td>
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<td>John Daniels</td>
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<td>Anne Downs</td>
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<td>Anne Fege</td>
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<td>Saeed Fereshtehkhou</td>
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<td>Marty Goldblatt*</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pedro Sibal</td>
<td>Processing / Economics</td>
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Whispering wind in the tree tops,
Shimmering sun on the lake,
From all of the world's occupations
A life in the open I'd take.
The latest in fashions in Forester's foot gear.

Boy is he dull.
Remember When ... 

Dr. Mohn was demonstrating the use of a dichotomous key with his students in Dendrology lecture and Ariff referred to himself as an exotic species.

Animal accidentally "threw" Marti into a wall.

the women's team came in second place at Thunder Bay.
(Out of a total of two teams, Ay!)

you couldn't find room on the dance floor at the Forester's Day Stumpjumpers Ball.

Cindy M. invented bamboo paneling.

the elevator first started running.

Forester's Favorites

Tree: Black Walnut
Plant: Cattails
Class: Silviculture
Song: I'm a Forester and I'm O.K.
When I first began it seemed impossible. It's too hard, it'll take too long, and is it—is it what I really want. But we take off in flight and then to run, and end up walking steadily.

Looking back, we ponder on the failures and successes, the heartaches and the laughter, the people we've met, and the friendships we treasure. I found that it isn't that long, nor hard after all. All at once it's done too soon. But I will remember it forever.
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The 1980-1981 Gopher Peavey Staff

row one: Bob Badger, Advertising; Mark Stillier, Photographer; Marti Nelson, Business Manager.
row two: Margi Gromek, Editor; Randy Lurie, Artwork & Layout; Brian Huberty, Photographer; Becci Spears, Student Advisor.

Not pictured: Greg Arthaud, Head Photographer; Bill Dinesen, Photographer; Mike Novacek, Photographer; John Sompil, Photographer; Cindy Miller, Assistant Editor.

Cover photo taken by M. Celeste Lewis.

Putting out the Gopher Peavey each year takes time, talent, and dedication from each one of its staff members. I'm proud of the efforts put forth by the staff and would like to take this opportunity to thank them all. THANKS ALL! And particular thanks to Gail McClure, Ken Winsness, Karl Ketter, Becci, Marti, and Greg, who help put together the Gopher Peavey that almost wasn't.

— The Editor

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