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PURDUE LOG

1978 LOG



DEPARTMENT OF FORESTRY
AND NATURAL RESOURCES
PURDUE UNIVERSITY



1978 LOG STAFF

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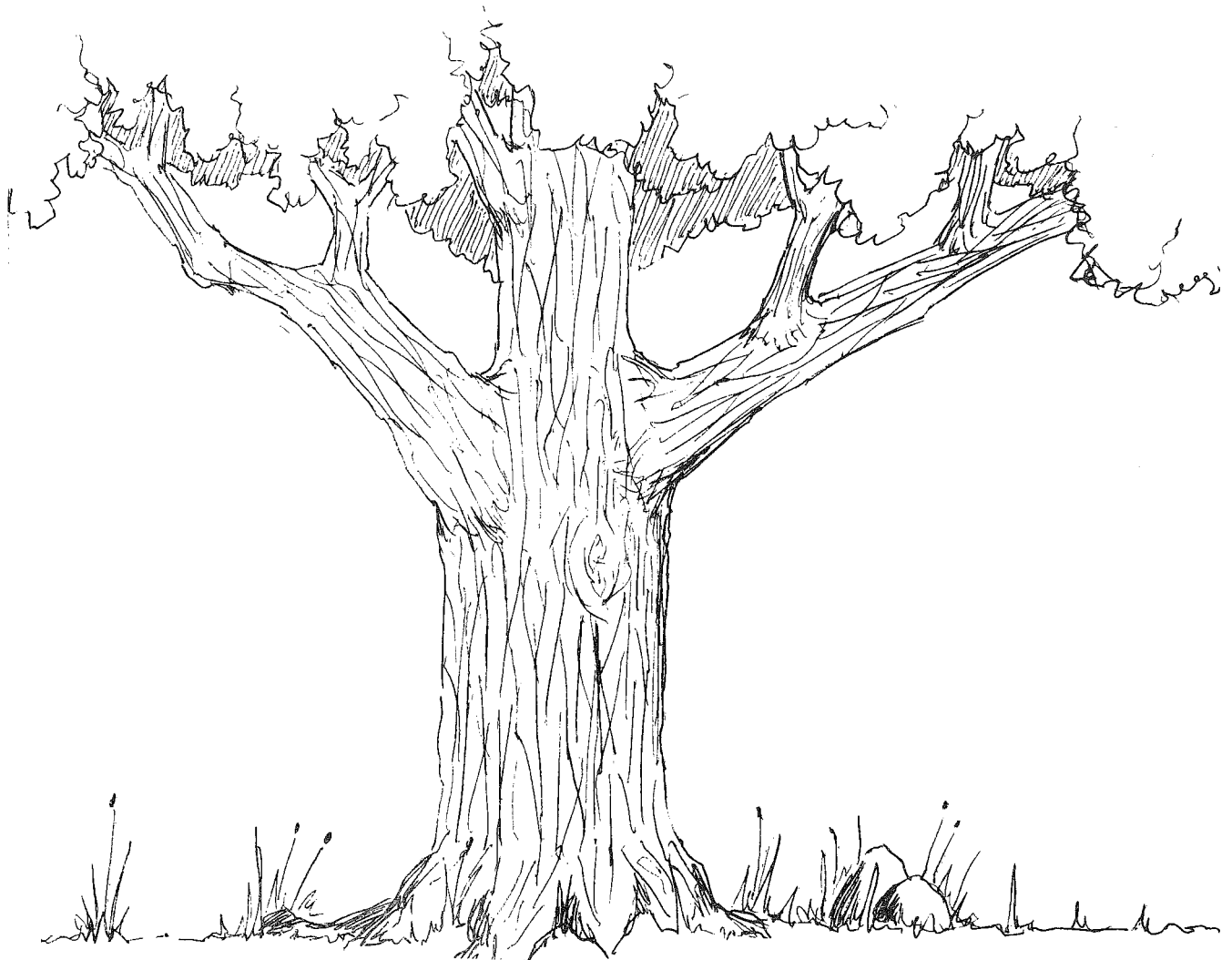
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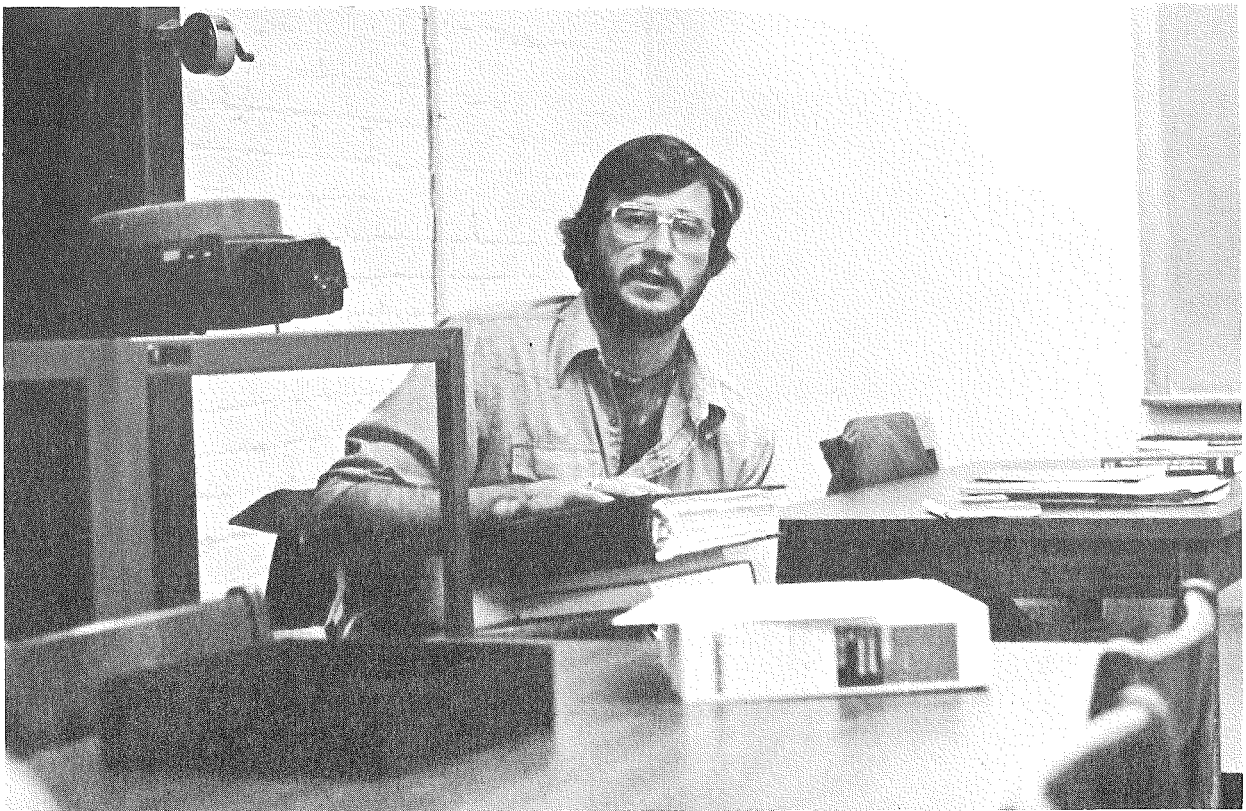
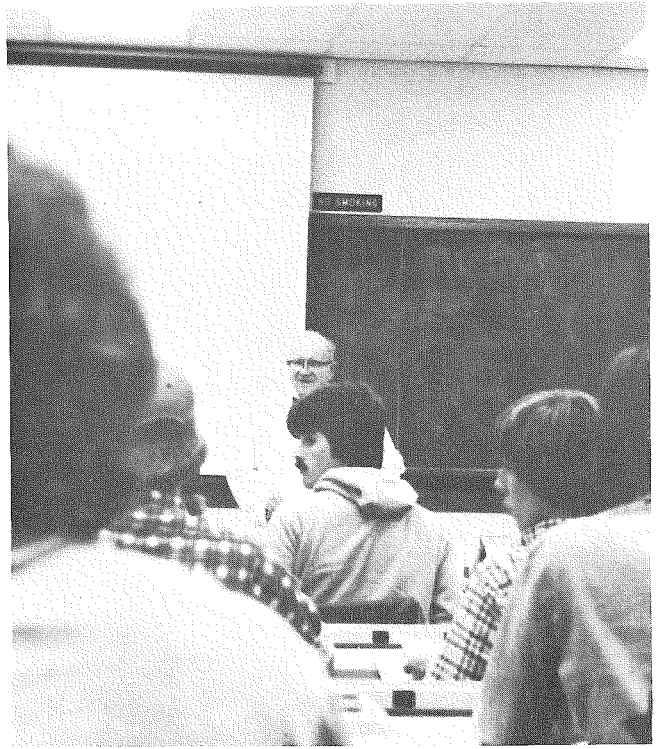
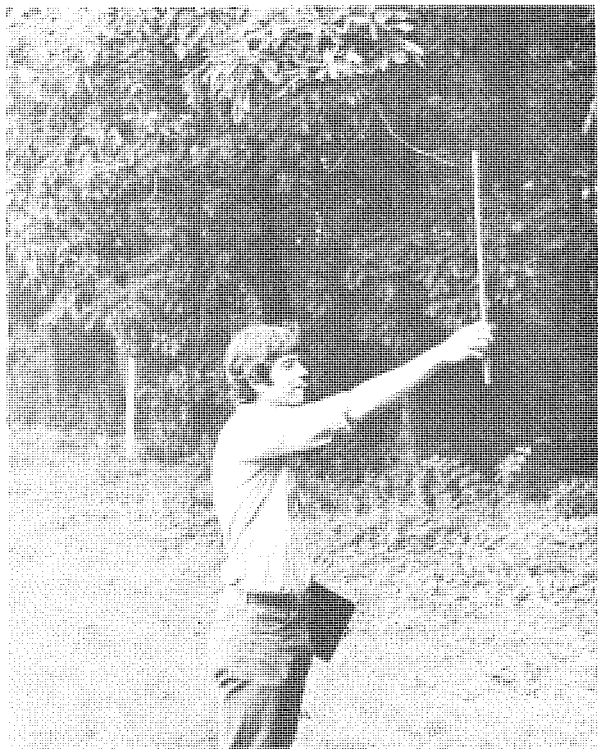
Senior Jim Robertson eyes a freshman female forester.



"I think my goose is cooked."



I've walked this far and school's been cancelled?



I can be very friendly.



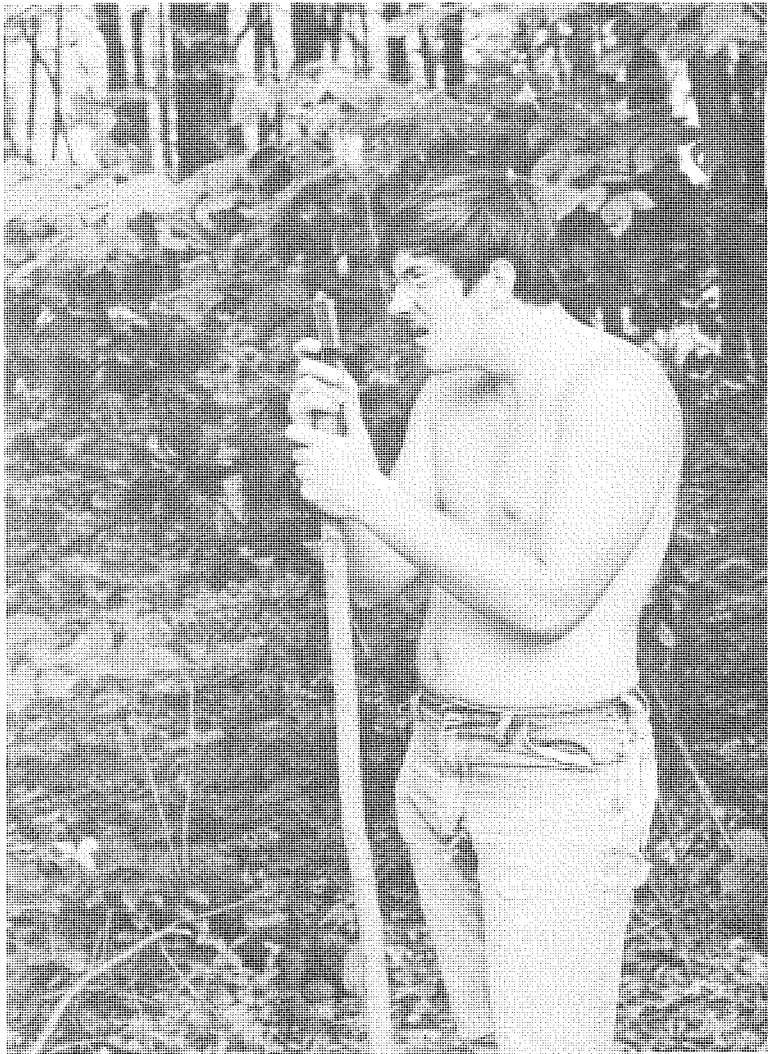
"Okay gang, I won't tolerate gobble-di-goop!"



Senior Mike Murphy relaxes with some bird watching.



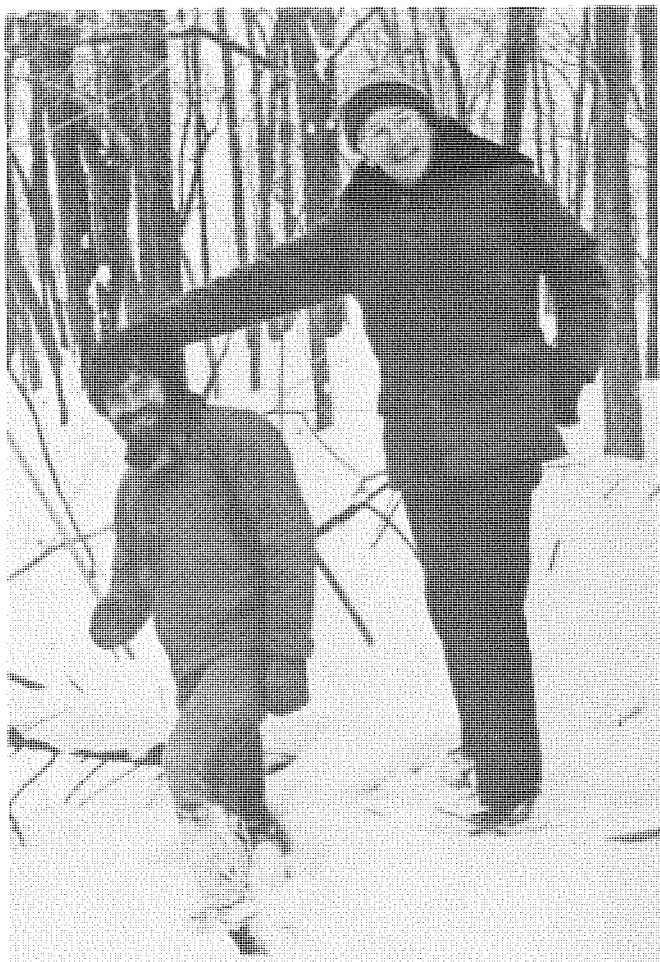
"According to these figures, gang, we've just clearcut the southern half of Perry County."



No. 1 Meathead, Tony Mudrack.

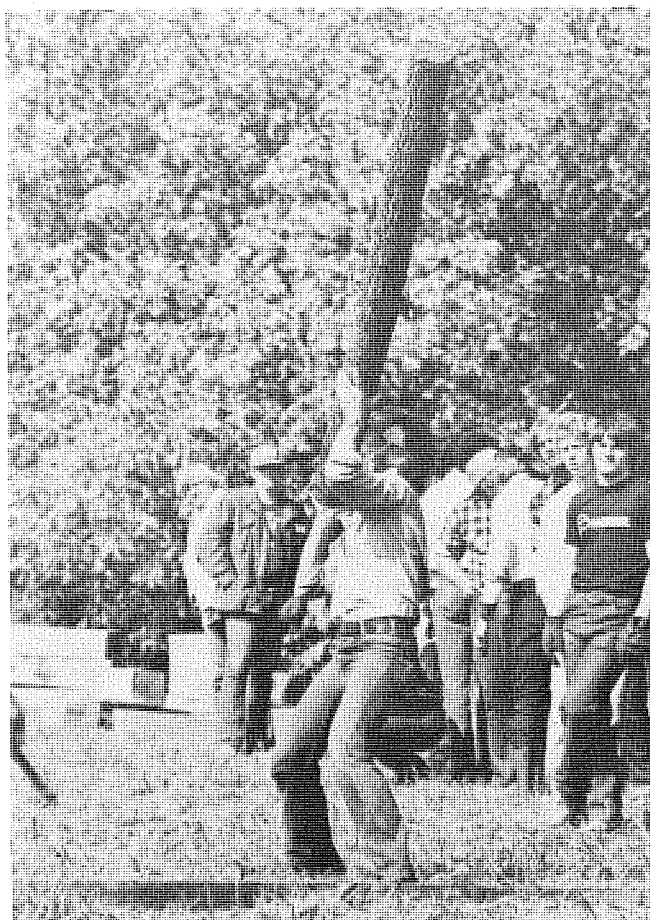


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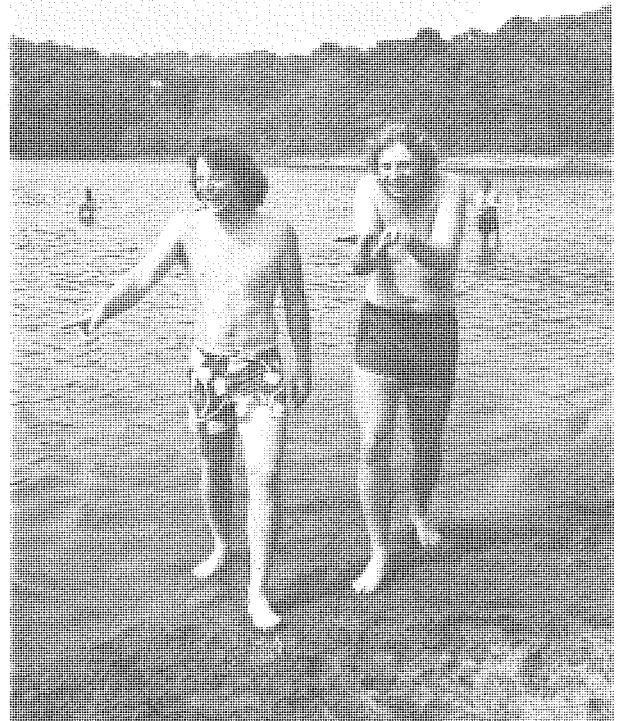
A good stiff basal spray should take care of this pole-size intolerant.

Watch this Steve Austin!





Hey George, how big do nematodes get?



What a Cutie!!

Brad, we gotta stop meeting like this!



Portland, Ore. (UPI) — Weyerhaeuser researcher Brian Eckelman announced today the development of a new strain of Douglas Fir which has a square bole, no limbs, grows to maturity in 5 years, produces up to 7 million board feet of select structural lumber per acre, and can be taught simple arithmetic.

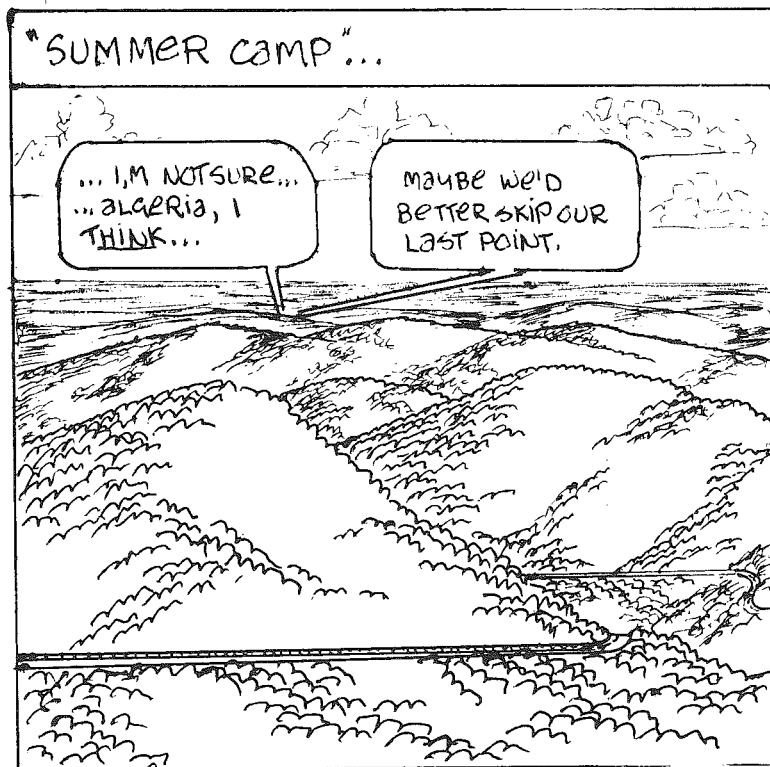
But controversy arose just hours later, when the Food and Drug Administration announced that the new tree had been found to cause bladder cancer in test rats.

Eckelman replied to the charges by saying that he was now working on a new strain of redwood which would, upon maturity, walk across the country, and dismantle Washington, D. C.

Weyerhaeuser officials had no comment.



It's sure better than a sack lunch!



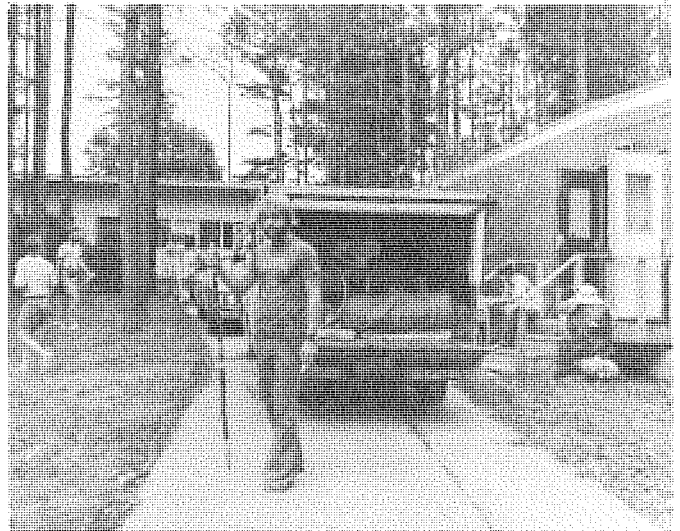


I hope this is the one with the breaks



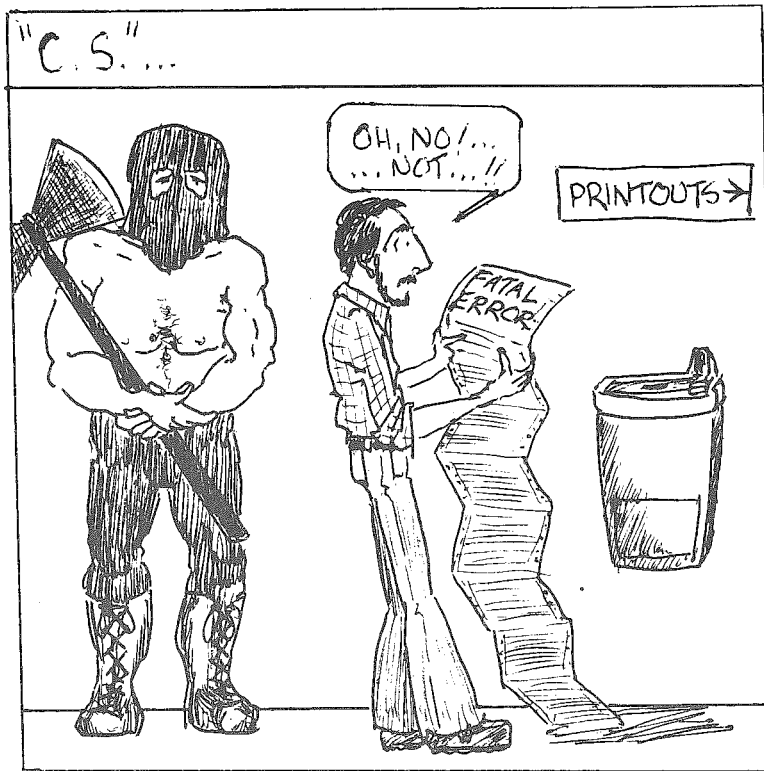
Hell no, we won't go!

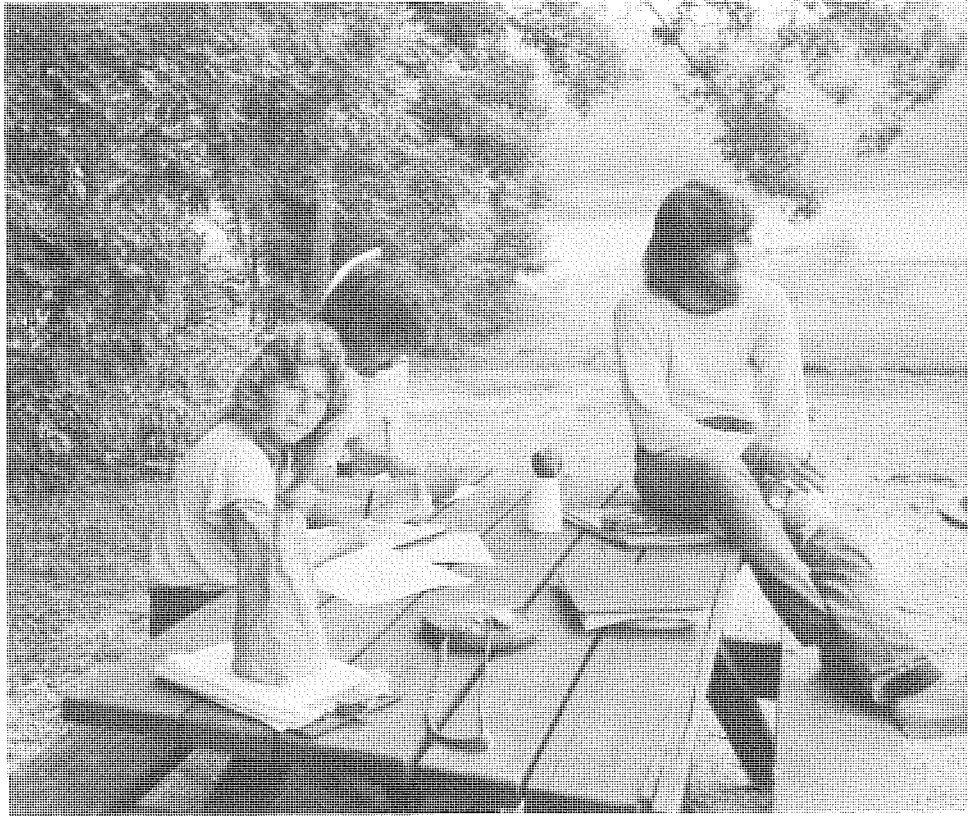
Country Roads take me home





Fall out for tick check!





Hi Mom.



Well gang, I think we're lost





CAMP: SIX SIZZLING WEEKS

We wound our way up, down, and around Route 37 desperately searching for the elusive sign that would direct us to our final destination, the Branchville Camp. Finally my roommate asked, "Where in the hell are we?"

"We should be there soon," I replied as I gripped the wheel of the car tighter. "But let me take a look at the map. Maybe we missed the turnoff."

As we swept around the next curve, however, our panic disappeared as a tidy brown sign came into view. The sign proclaimed: PURDUE FORESTRY.

"This is the place," I said with a sigh. And it was.

The 1977 Forestry Camp marks a return to the heart, and heat, of southern Indiana. And we who attended the first Branchville Camp now appreciate the thrills, spills, hardships, and heartbreaks of establishing a forestry camp in a new location. Although our memories have long since been neatly wrapped and tucked away in the dusty corners of our minds, we shall unwrap and dust them off for our loyal alumni, and for the future foresters who will cruise the woods, tally the oaks, dig in the soil, identify plants, step on snakes, prepare tables, and learn about Branchville.

The camp is located between Branchville and Bandon. Branchville is an exciting place -

if you are a monk. Bandon is a welcomed island oasis in an endless sea of homework. At the Bandon tavern we found the strength, wisdom, and inspiration to stagger onward in the struggles of academic life. Without the tavern, several souls would surely have been lost in the irretrievable depths of graphs, tables, tally sheets, and Form K.

And then there is picturesque Tell City where one may enjoy the social life of a Laundromat or experience the exquisite cuisine offered by such fine culinary establishments as McDonalds, Dairy Queen, and Burger Chef. If you prefer more elegant surroundings, there is the Lincoln Trails Motor Lodge and Restaurant.

For those who prefer outdoor diversions, the surrounding lakes and forests provide one with the chance to fish in teeming waters, swim in pristine lakes, camp, or become intimate with the subtle facts of nature - especially those pesky ticks.

Huddled next to a hardwood forest and blessed with a generous sprinkling of short-leaf pine, the camp gives an esthetic pleasantness that few summer school classrooms can match. The sky was our ceiling, the horizon our walls. Within walking distance one may find nature in her most characteristic southern Indiana style: ticks, scarlet oaks, chiggers, silver spotted skippers, persimmon, ticks, snakes, box turtles, ticks, limestone cliffs, ticks. . .



Above and beyond the natural beauty, numerous materialistic conveniences are provided for the camper's comfort: lavishly furnished dorm rooms (those with a chair), spacious wham-bam-in-the-night lockers, beds which readily bend to fit the contours of one's body, and the ultimate time and labor savers - automatic flush wall johns (for the cruiser on the go).

Perhaps the most versatile building in camp is the official all-purpose basketball-volleyball-ping-pong-movie-theater-sparrow-roost-yazoo-storage-classroom-gymnasium. This was not just a building, but a complete way of camp life.

A place which one will always hold close to his/her heart is the cafeteria. It was more than just a place to eat. This hallowed dwelling witnessed countless students working countless hours punching calculators, preparing tables on form-K, maps on form-C, reports on form-B, and peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches on white bread. Indeed, even the highlight of one's stay - K.P. - is experienced within this very structure.

While in camp, one will learn various forestry skills: Mensuration, forest measurements; Agronomy, forest soils; Silviculture, forest growth; Recreation and wildlife habits - both in and out of Bandon.

During the two weeks of mensuration, that precise practice of data collection and interpretation, one learns the exact meanings of such technical terms as "chain", "tape", "transect", "diameter obviation", "broken prism", "wrong declination", and "sack lunch". A quick review of tally forms, pacing, azimuths, and all other things forgotten in For. 353, precede the field experience.

On days when field maneuvers are scheduled, the first thing one does is get up at the crack of dawn and ask himself/herself, "What am I doing here?" Shortly thereafter, the forester finds himself/herself rebounding off the walls and ceiling of a bus operated by the steady, skillful hands of a competent (work-study) driver.

Once "in the field", each crew sets its bearings and, in semi-straight, wavering lines, moves forward, sideways, and backward as thickets of "industrial strength" greenbrier, raspberries, and poison ivy are encountered. It was in such thickets as these that Purdue Foresters invented the "breakable Biltmore machete".

As the day wears on, the forester wears out. The lines get longer, the ticks get bigger, pines grow thicker, and the sun becomes hotter. All the while, one trips over greenbrier, drops the tally sheet in the stream, loses count of the pace, breaks the biltmore, loses a prism, steps on a snake, gets sick from a sack lunch, goes north instead of south, and finds out that, when the day is through, the bus had already left. This is called cruising.

Soils study and plant analysis follow the mensuration experience. Perhaps future foresters will rediscover the "Stroh's silt loam variety" (with a highly fermented H, O, P, and S horizons) found by the '77 camp.

Plant analysis allows one to survey many little plants that he/she has never seen before and then write a detailed, professional report on their existence. What am I doing here?

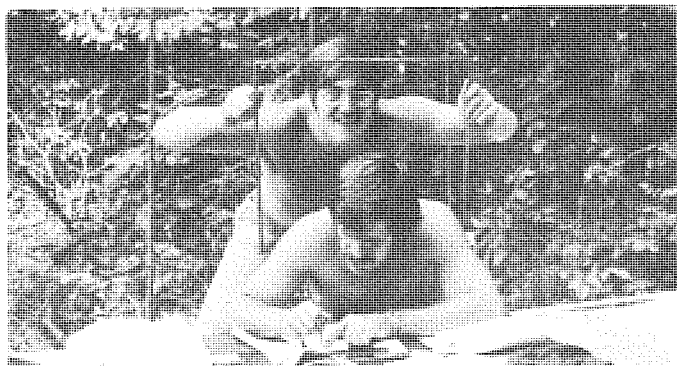
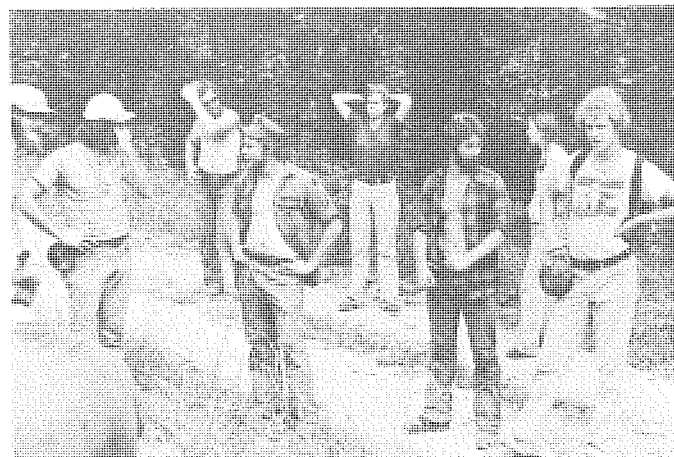
If you liked mensuration, you'll just love silviculture. Utilizing a "condensed" 50 page official Forest Service guidebook, one will wander into the woods in much the same way as in mensuration -- bewildered. In the silviculture section, one learns how to prescribe thinnings, restrict cuttings, improve stands, and catch the bus before it leaves.



Wildlife and recreation comprise that long awaited closing week. Bird calls are taught in such a manner that even the simplest of minds can remember them -- nit-wit-chirp-twirp-tweedle-deedle-do (or something like that). In addition to song birds, one also partakes in the hazardous trapping of savage wild creatures -- mice, shrews, and voles to name a few. Squirrel counts are also an imperative part of wildlife study. Five-thirty a.m. is not early enough to arise in order to count these elusive creatures. What am I doing here?

The turkey hunt-deer drive is the culminating highlight of wildlife. Crews, once orientated, strike out into the wilderness with eyes bulging and ears quivering in hopes of locating a turkey. In spite of strained ears, blurry eyes, and wobbling legs, the '77 camp failed to produce a single bird, or an authentic gobble.

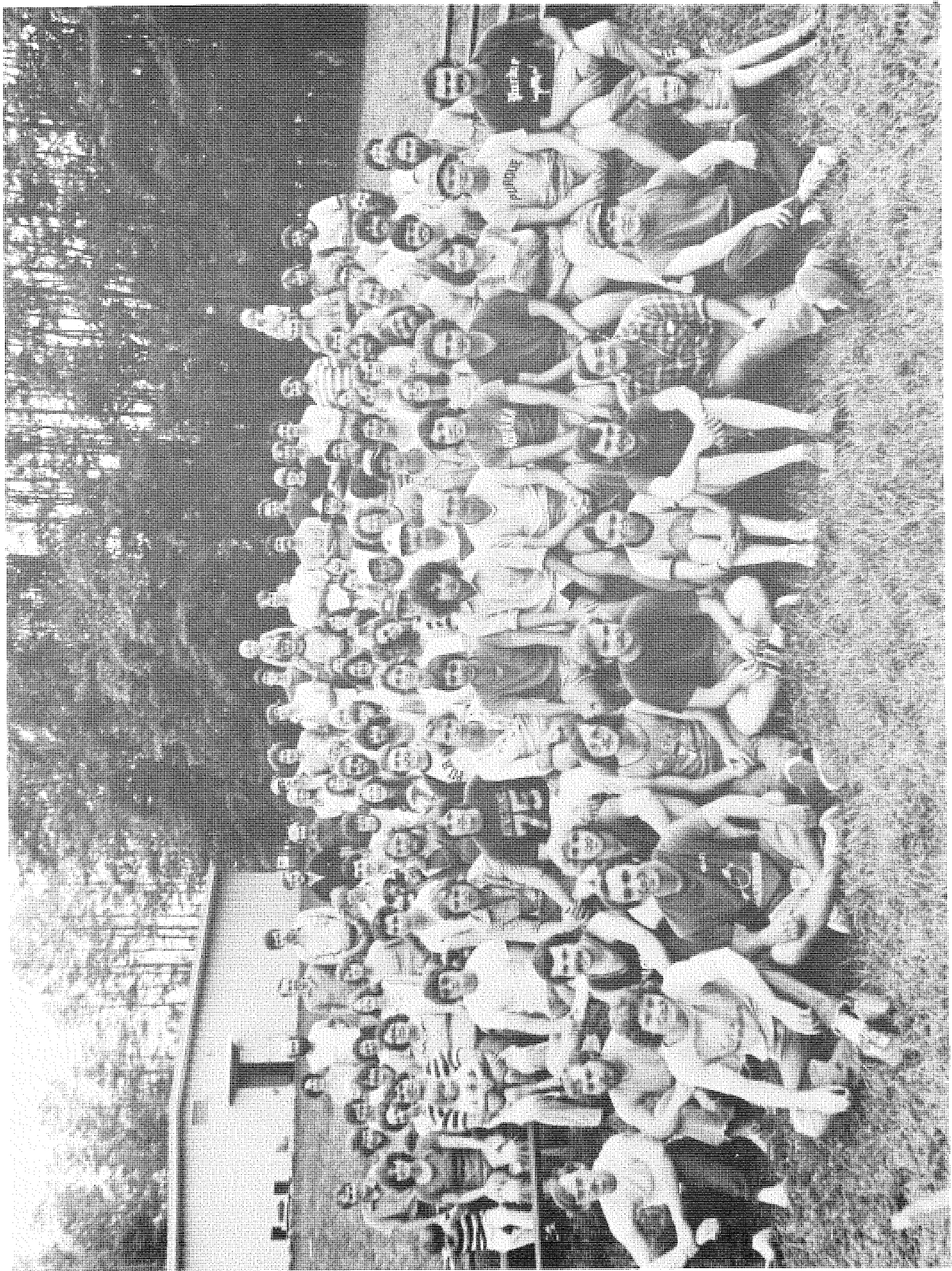
Deer drives tend to be more involved. Two groups are used: the L.M.'s and the L.P.'s. The L.M.'s (loud-mouths) vociferously drive the deer into the waiting line of L.P.'s (lazy people) who were most likely getting a nice tan. Through the courageous efforts of the '77 camp, two "killer" fawns (with half the life scared out of them) were successfully flushed.



The last subject deals with recreational values - values of trash cans, sign posts, tent pads, and fire hoses to name a few. In recreation, one is able to experience the thrill of planning campsites, taking detailed campground surveys, and cleverly orientating foot trails that traverse menacing clearcuts. What am I doing here?

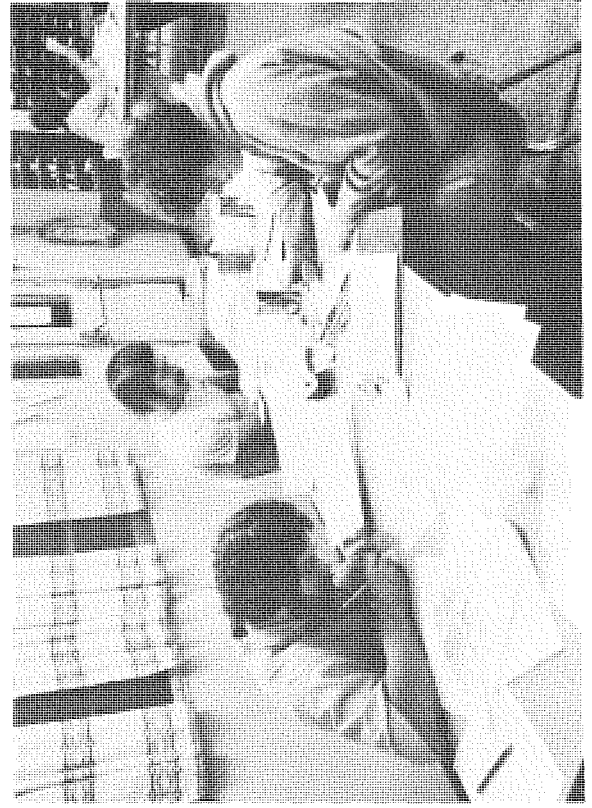
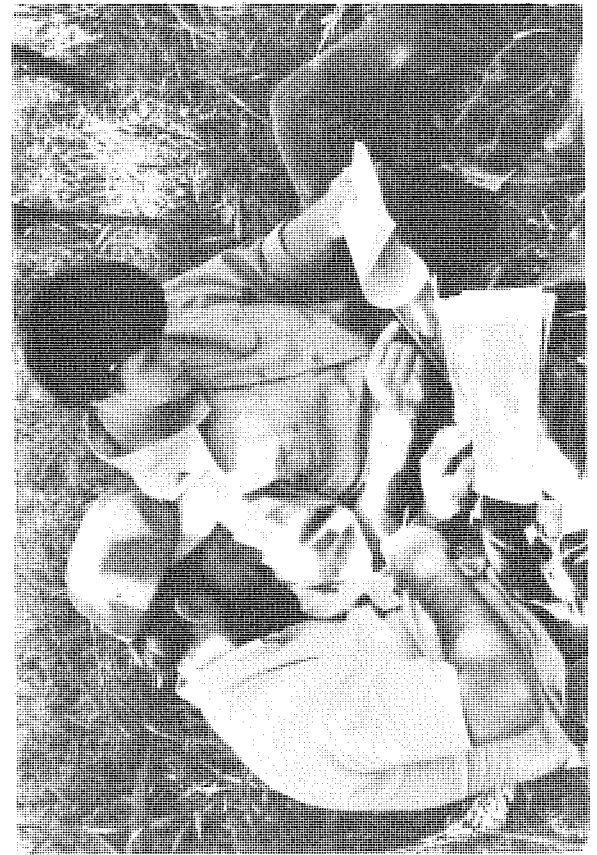
A final note: To prevent heat exhaustion, professors are sometimes thrown in the lake. They must understand that this action is a show of concern by the student forester and is for the Prof's own good.

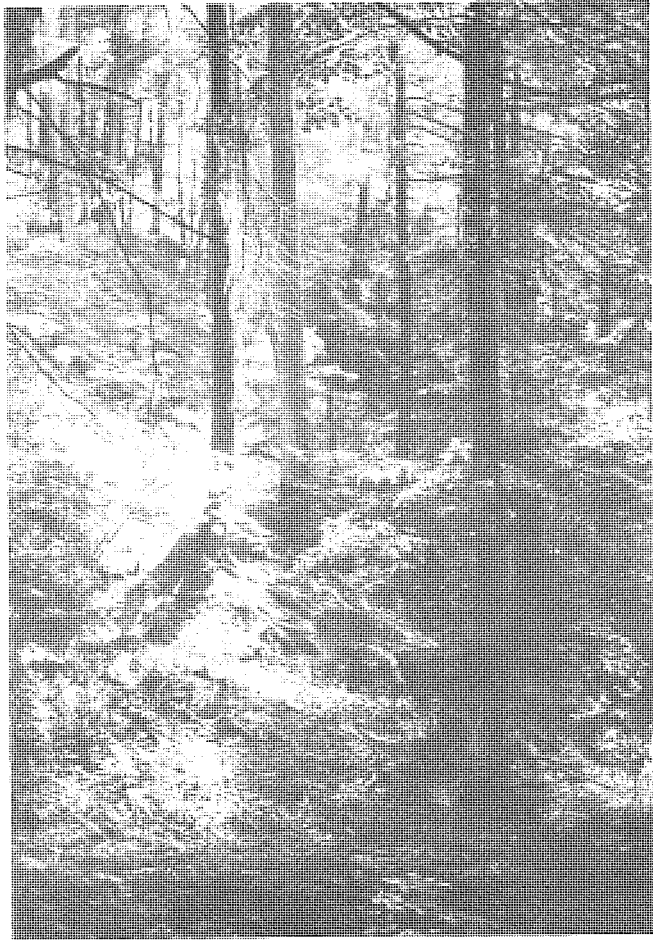
After it was over, six weeks of camp didn't seem that long. As my roommate and I packed the car, we dwelled on the events behind us. The cruisings, the bruising, the snakes, the lakes, bus rides, sack lunches, ticks, and Tell City all floated through our minds. We were glad to be going home. Yet, there was a mutual feeling that, no matter what, a little piece of camp was going to go home with us. And indeed it did -- chiggers.



Left to Right

- Front Row: L. Rohan, M. Markovich
- 2nd Row: B. Hatton, T. Harper, D. Sieg, B. Stonebraker, H. Sloan, D. Weber, J. Kramer, D. Mikel, T. Mudrack, K. Lynn, O. White.
- 3rd Row: J. Engle, J. Burke, R. McPherson, J. Moore, F. Jackson, Rob Heffner, K. Clark, R. Rudie, G. Durham, D. Doermann, T. Reutebuch, R. Packman.
- 4th Row: J. O'Leary (Director), M. Brockett, J. Madden, J. Updike, B. Warnecke, S. Harris, M. Hayden, M. Nobbe, J. Lynch, K. O'Dell, F. Juelman, M. Fox.
- 5th Row: N. White, B. School, R. Harris, E. Flaminio, Dog, M. Ashburn, T. DeWitz, P. Yager, L. Smith, S. DeMunbrun, J. Osmanski, P. Scriber, J. Bogusz, L. Mikkleson, T. Berry, C. Dedloff, B. Hunter.
- 6th Row: F. Montague, C. Manogue, D. Harkenrider, J. Bertram, J. O'Leary, K. Mahern, M. Weeks, C. Longdon, S. McDonald, E. Hedge, L. Tanner, B. Koth, T. Wojkovich (hidden), M. Lyverse, P. Fox, D. Bennett, D. Yentes, J. Fullner, D. Brown, D. Hassler, M. Murphy.
- 7th Row: C. Inman, A. Schnadt, B. Medicott, P. Pickett, C. Watkins, K. Kurpis, J. Erny, J. Ford, J. Robbins, R. Williams, J. Lane.
- 8th Row: M. White, G. White, D. Knudson, K. Jenkins, T. Taylor, S. Shephard, L. Tanner, G. Richardson, R. Crosley, L. Crocker, P. Kent, B. Isaacs, J. O'Leary (shoulder), T. Veitch, D. Speith, D. Liechti, L. Middleton, T. Sharp, J. Allen, B. Shuffeld, M. Vallance, R. Schmidt, J. O'Leary (shoulder), B. Pierle, J. Robertson.





In the deep woods . .

all seems so still . .

Leaves rustle a bit — and a chipmunk runs . .

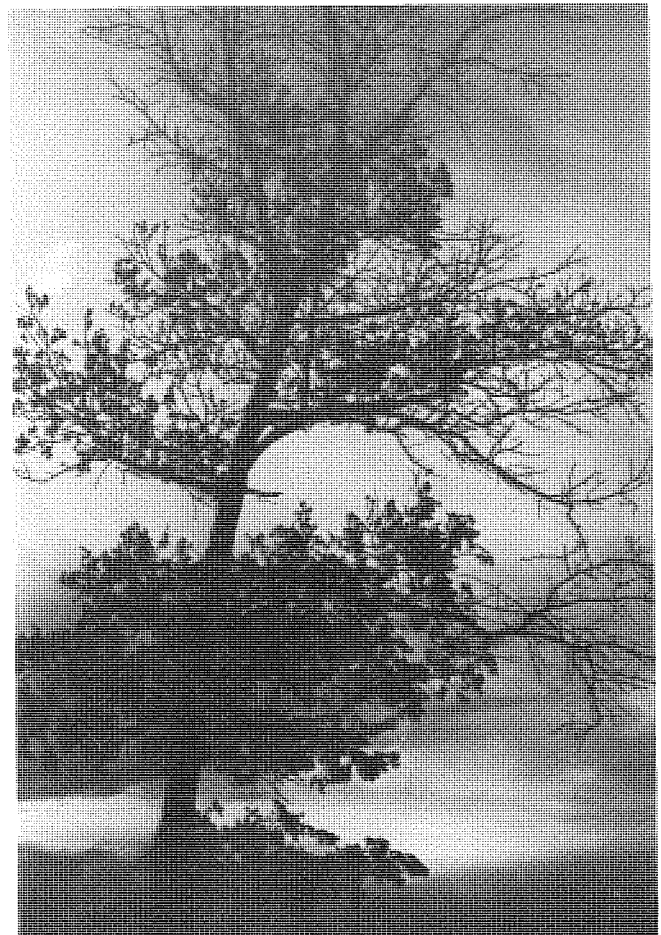
a little toad sits

on the deep green moss . .

. and you are not alone.

At night the full moon will be reflected
by thousands upon thousands of tiny
crystals . . . and . . . everywhere there
will be beauty . . . mystery . . .
stillness . . . simplicity . . . and
life . . .

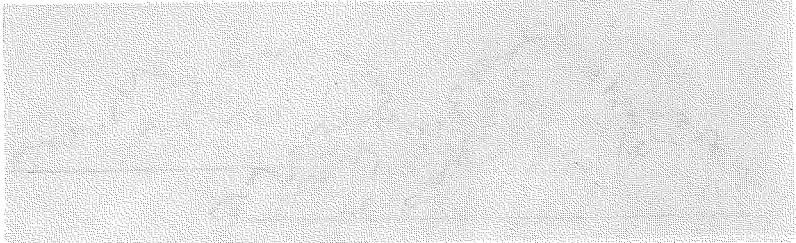
Gwen Frostic





"I wish you some laughter; some happy thereafter;
To give you a frame for your dreams.
But I wish you some sorrows; some rainy tomorrows;
Some sun with some clouds in between;
I wish you some crosses; I wish you some losses;
For only in losing you win.
I wish you some growing; I wish you some knowing;
There's always a place to begin."

-Bill Gaither



Resource Demand, Nature's Plan, Hand in Hand

In the beginning back in '75
Trees in this valley reached tremendously high.
This forest was growing bigger and better
Until nature decided to play with the weather.

Thunder and lightning, wind hurled rain,
Splashing and splattering then coming again.
On the final pass a tornado did crash
Down went the trees under the bash.

This forest was doomed to die a slow death,
A broken and splintered and battered up mess.
The trees were doomed to die in disgrace
With very little chance of being replaced.

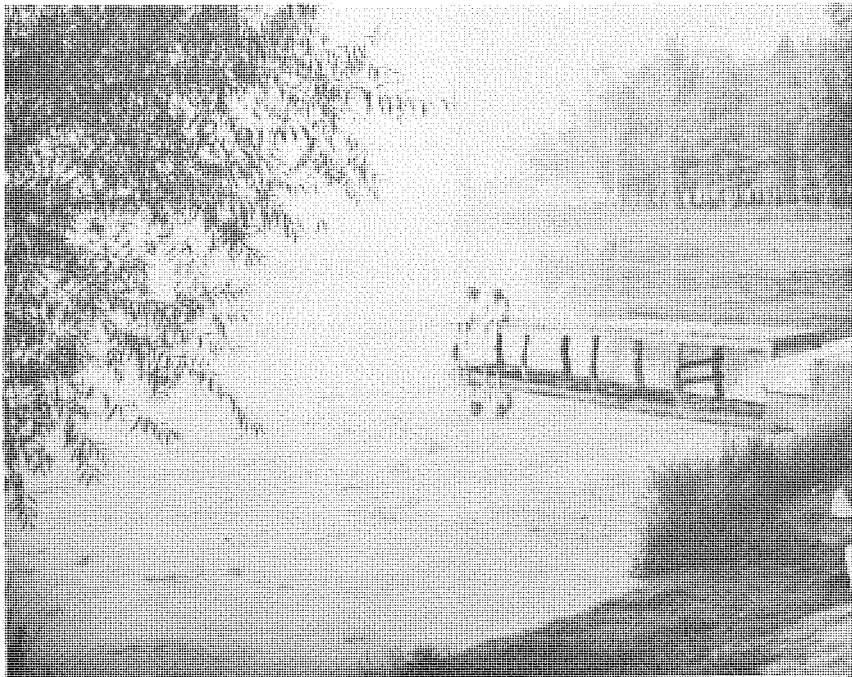
In came the forester with a good logging crew,
To salvage this forest and build it anew.
They cut the old trees leaving the brush
Off to the sawmill it went in a rush.

By planning the cutting and building of roads,
The ground the trees grew on was not left to erode.
Seeds from the trees on nearby slopes
Would provide for young trees with hope.

New plants came in on the sunshiny hill
To produce berries and seeds as we all know they will.
Food for the animals, places to nest
Song birds and rabbits and all of the rest.

The forest is alive again, old replaced by new,
To leave no trace of destruction, not even a clue.
Birds sing to heaven, well fed animals all around
The forest is alive, new life abounds.





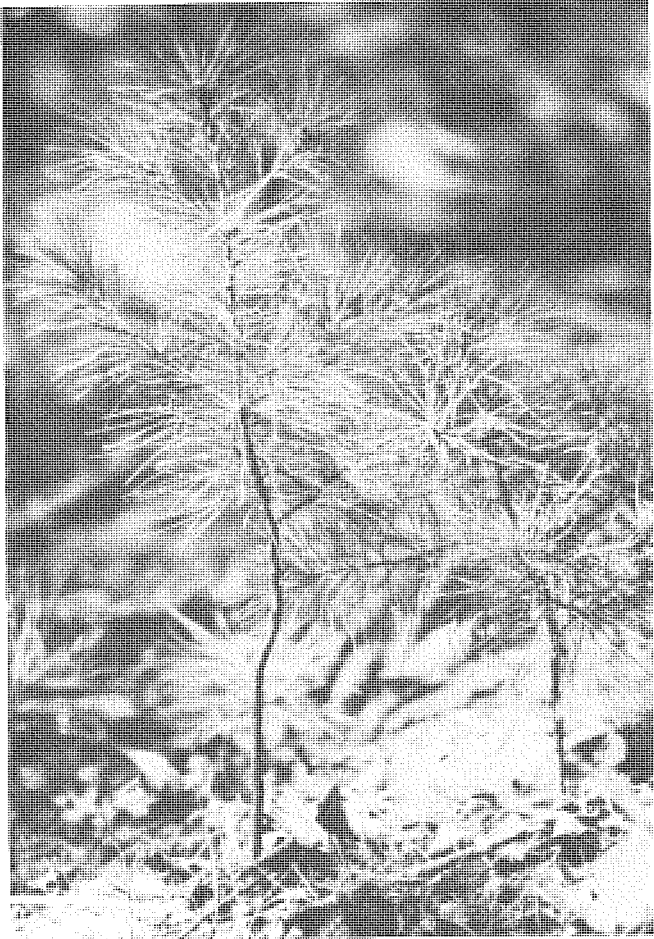
A faithful friend is a strong defense: and he that hath found him hath found a treasure.

Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend: and no weight of gold and silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life and immortality: and they that fear the Lord shall find him.

He that feareth God shall likewise have good friendship: because according to him shall his friend be.

Ecclesiasticus 6:14-17
(Dovay translation)

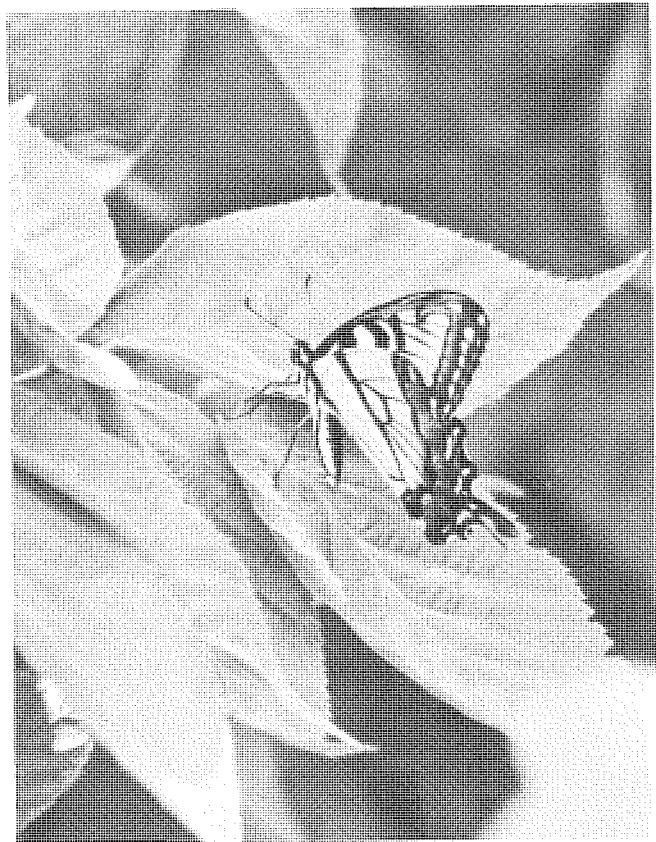


. . . as long as there are trees in tiny seeds . . .
there will be miracles on earth . . .

Gwen Frostic

Adopt the pace of Nature: her secret is patience.

Ralph Waldo Emerson





That best portion of a good man's life —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts of
kindness and of love.

William Wordsworth



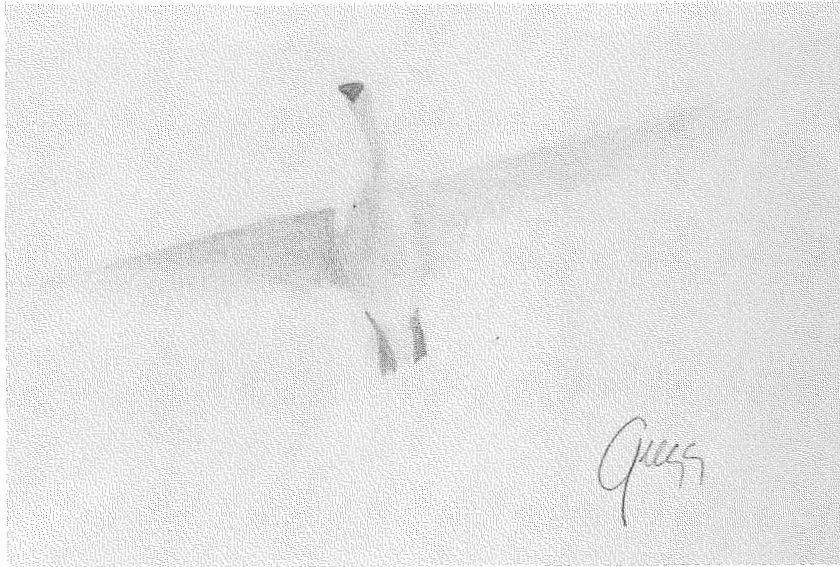
A task without a vision is drudgery;
a vision without a task is a dream;
a task with a vision is victory.

Anonymous



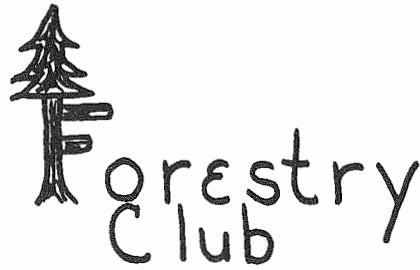
It is in knowledge as in swimming; he
who flounders and splashes on the surface,
makes more noise, and attracts more attention
than the pearl-diver who quietly dives in
quest of treasures to the bottom.

Washington Irving



In the hectic pace of today's world we sometimes find it difficult to keep a clear and noble sense of direction . . . peace of mind becomes lost amid the whirl of machinery and the din of traffic. When we begin to feel the pressure and strain we usually turn to the peaceful measure of the out-of-doors . . . a place to gather our thoughts, and recover our bearing. One finds a model of moral conduct among the inhabitants of Nature's dominion, for their character and social manner has remained stable in a changing world . . . the beauty and righteousness in the design of the wild kingdom prompts us to consider our own nature . . . for the same spirit that leads the birds and beasts on long, treacherous migrations, guides us along our way. This spiritual kinship between man and the animals is eternal. The most admirable human qualities have always been identified with the traits, and character of certain animals. We have much to learn about ourselves from the harmonious example of God's wild creatures. They afford us a lesson in living . . . and inspire our most heart-felt thoughts.

Gene R. Tye



The successful call out at the Martell Forestry Farm gave promise of an exciting year for the Forestry Club. Highlights of the call out included a raging bonfire, exhibitions of conclave activities, and refreshments. Of course, the main event of the year was the conclave, which we had the fun and privilege, as well as the headaches, of hosting. Despite wet weather and elbow-deep mud, everyone's hard work made the conclave a success (even if Purdue did only come in third). Our fall semester advisor, Dominic Dottavio, along with the club officers (President Roger Schmidt, Vice President Bob Packman, Secretary Brad Hunter, Treasurer Julia Kramer, and Sergeant-At-Arms Linda Smith) deserve commendations for service above and beyond the call of duty as do Tom Berry, Bunny Medlicott, Cathy Guse, and all the others who devoted twenty-five hours a day to seeing that the 4-H Center was prepared, bucking cradles built, prizes obtained, and countless other duties performed to make the weekend of October 8 run as smoothly as possible. A fitting reward for a job so well done was the pig roast in November. It was purely magical how a pig that took so long to cook could disappear so quickly! The bluegrass, bonfire and refreshments made for a relaxing Saturday.

Second semester elections gave club leadership to President Roxanne Klika, Vice President Bruce Zutter, Secretary Jim Schroering, Treasurer Rick Meyer, and Sergeant-At-Arms Jeanne Zelko. Phil Pope and Bill Chaney shared the job of faculty advisor. The ice cream social, held on February 3 to commemorate the "Blizzard of '78" as well as

to prevent money from burning a hole through the treasurer's bank book, was a great opportunity to get together with friends and stoke up for some of Indiana's fiercest weather. Of course, the usual club activities, including firewood cutting and sponsoring guest speakers on everything from cross-country skiing to forestry-related jobs in the paper industry, should not be omitted from this chronicle of the year's events. All in all, 1977-78 was an exciting year for the Purdue Forestry Club; one that should leave graduating seniors with many good memories and pave the way for an eventful 1978-79.

Forest Products Research Society

The newest option club in the Forestry & Natural Resources Department is the Purdue Student Chapter of the Forest Products Research Society. The FPRS is an international society. Membership offers contact with industry for students in the Forest Products option. Purdue was the 12th University to form a student chapter. Membership is now approximately 35 people.

This year their activities included visits to several large Forest Product industries, a trip to Chicago to take part in a construction seminar and organization of several seminars on campus to acquaint members with University facilities.



PURDUE STUDENT CHAPTER
FOREST PRODUCTS RESEARCH SOCIETY



PURDUE RECREATION & PARKS ASSOCIATION

The Purdue Recreation and Parks Association is one of the newest and most active organizations on the Purdue campus. The club members take part in such activities as Tippecanoe Guides, Fall Creek Nature Preserve maintenance, and Westwood Guides. In addition, this year members of the club worked on the Wildcat Creek Project, clearing trails, cleaning up, and putting up fence posts. Members also helped plan and develop a physical fitness trail at the Wabash Valley Mental Hospital.

"MEMBERSHIP IN THE PRPA is a good way to advance your professionalism and get to know your fellow students in other classes."

The club also had several speakers including member Mike Yuan, who gave a slide show on his work at Mt. Rainier National Park.

Future plans for the PRPA include more work sessions on Wildcat Creek and on the physical fitness trail at Wabash Valley Mental Hospital, and a New Games Festival.



PURDUE WILDLIFE CLUB

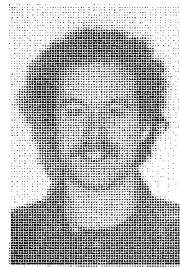
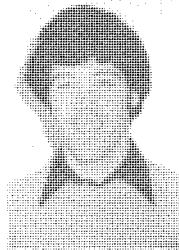
Learning about Wildlife is what the Purdue Wildlife Club is all about. All of the approximately 35 members get a chance to learn by doing through such activities as helping at deer check stations, and participating in a Wildlife Conclave. Guest speakers who talked on subjects like wolves, grouse, turkeys, turtles, and raccoons entertained and enlightened the members.

But not all of their time was spent learning. A Game Roast was held in the fall with members contributing food and drink. There also were field trips to Jasper-Pulaski Fish & Wildlife Area.



1977-78 PURDUE WILDLIFE CLUB

SENIORS '78

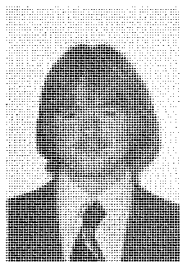
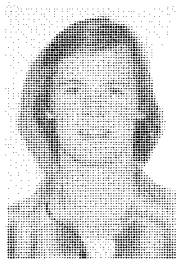
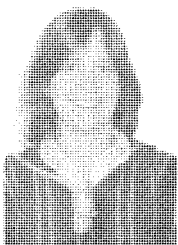


Jim Allen
Rec. Resources

Mike Ashburn
Wildlife Management

Donald Bennett
Forest Management

Tom Berry
Forest Management

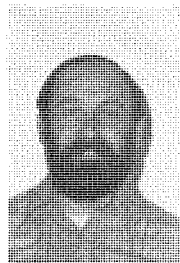
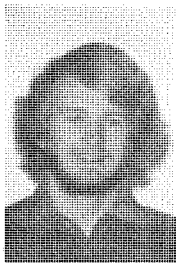
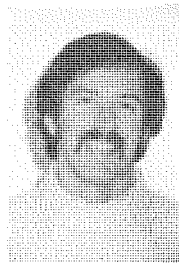


Anne Bringhurst
Wildlife Science

Doug Brouwn
Forest Management

Rod Burgess
Forest Management

Chris Congdon
Forest Products Ind.

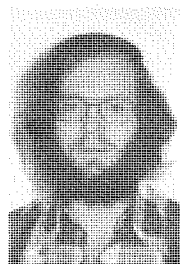
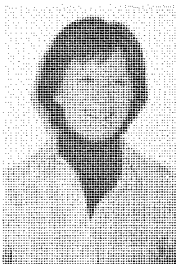
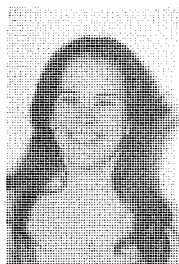


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Ed Daisey
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Richard Davis
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Joe Davison
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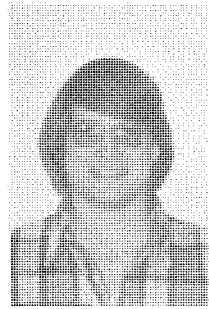
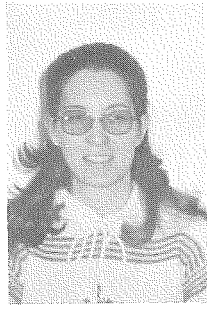
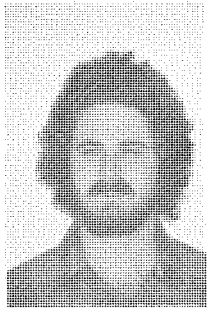
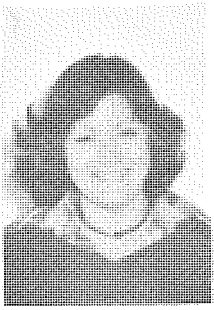


Craig Dedoff
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Susie DeMunbrun
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Theresa DeWitz
Wildlife Management

Gary Dinkel
Forest Management

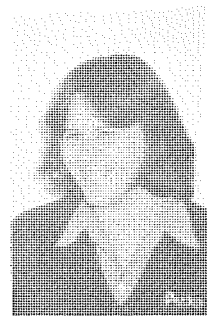
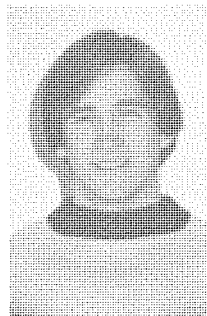
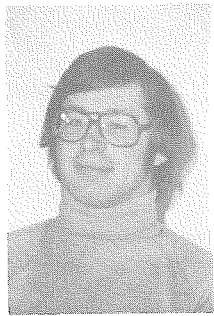


Diana Doermann
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Glenn Durham
Forest Management

Janet Eger
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Jay Engle
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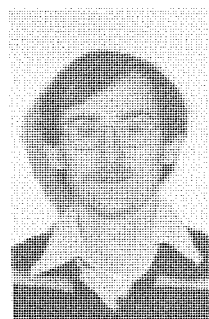
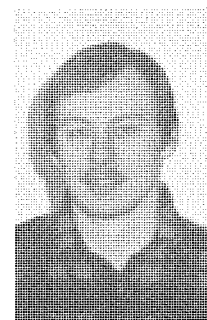
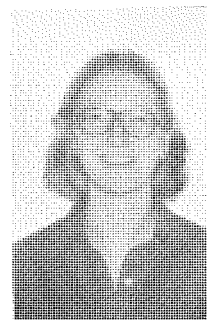
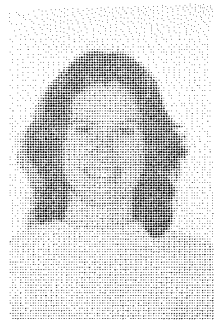


Jeff Erny
Forest Products Ind.

Jeff Ford
Urban Forestry

Paula Fox
Wildlife Management

Jerry Gaff
Forest Products Ind.

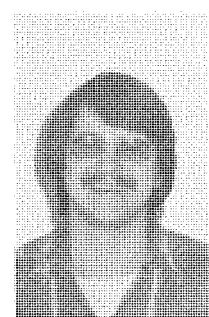
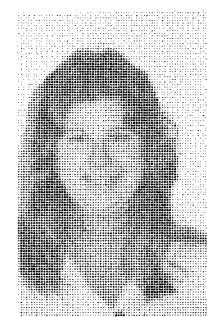
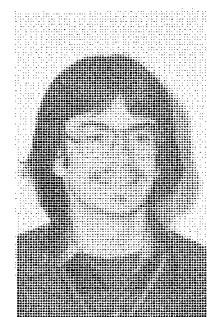
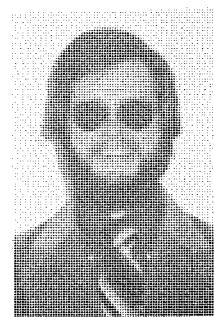


Cathy Guse
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Ann Hallberg
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Thad Harper
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Bill Hatton
Forest Management

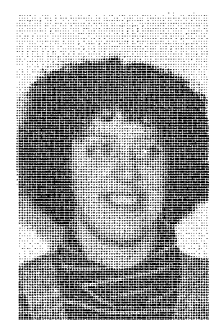
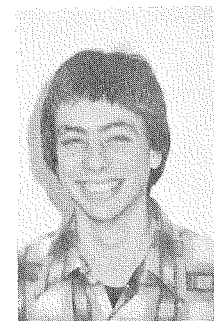


Ed Hedge
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Brad Hunter
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Cinde Inman
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Barry Isaacs
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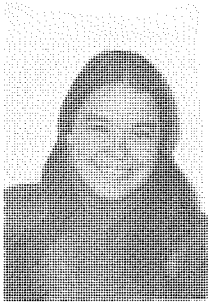


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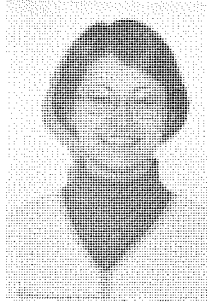
Wally Jakubas
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Pete Kent
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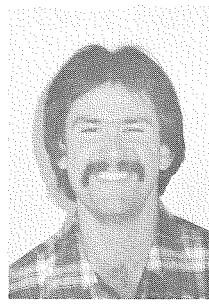
Barb Koth
Forest Mgmt/Rec. Res.



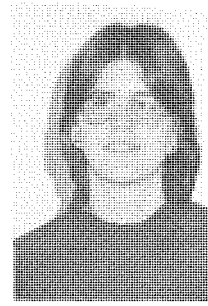
Julia Kramer
Forest Management



Kathleen Kurpus
Wildlife Management



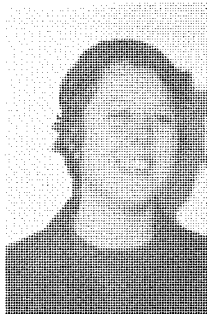
Daniel Liechti
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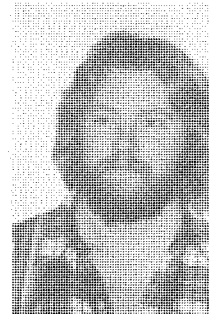
Jane Lynch
Wildlife Sciences



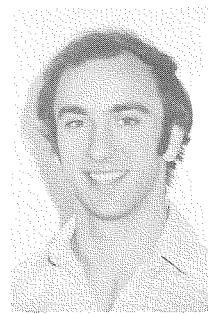
Kenny Lynn
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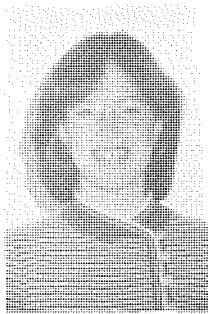
Mary Lyverse
Wildlife Management



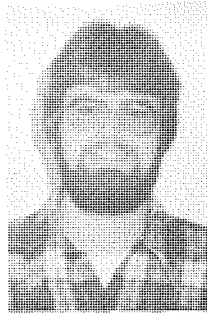
Jeff Madden
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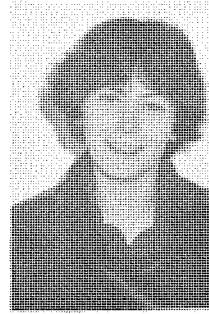
Mark Markovich
Forest Management



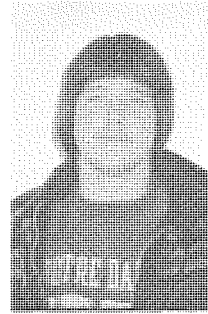
Carol Mathes
Rec. Resources



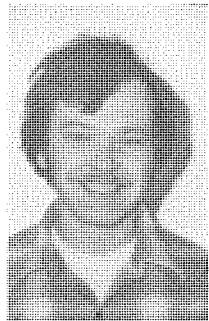
Patrick McCoy
Forest Management



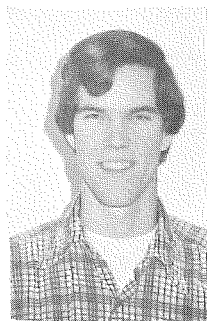
Sue McDonald
Wildlife Management



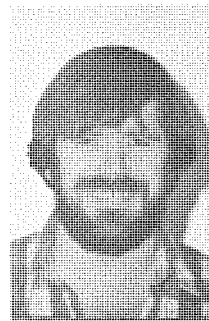
Rob McPherson
Forest Rec.



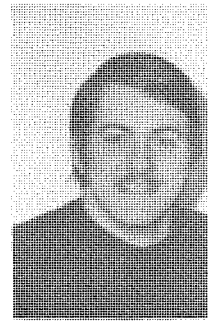
Don Mikel
Forest Management



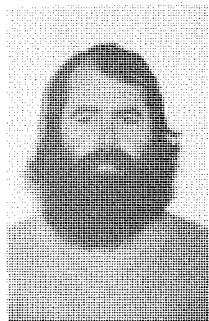
Larry Mikkelson
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Dan Moore
Wildlife Management



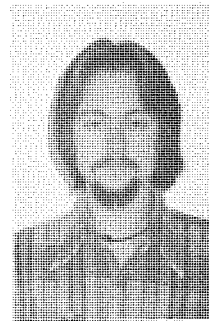
Tony Mudrack
Urban Forestry



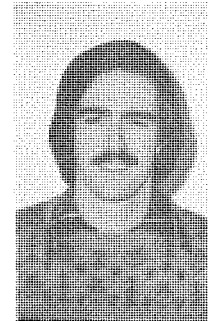
Michael Murphy
Forest Management



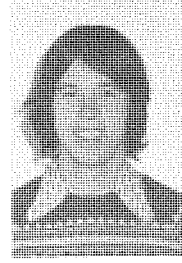
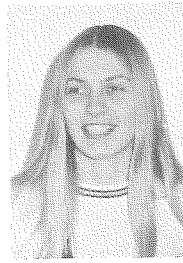
Mike Nobbe
Forest Rec.



Bob Pierle
Forest Rec.



Gregg Richardson
Forest Products Ind.

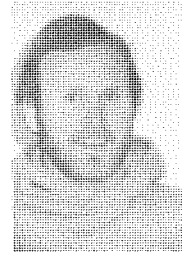
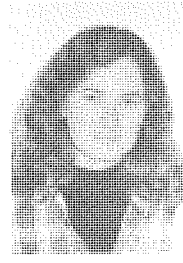
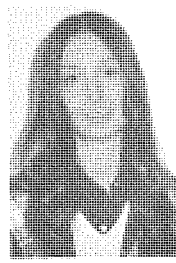


Jim Robertson
Forest Management

Steve Rogier
Forest Management

Laura Ross
Forest Management

Ray Rudie
Urban Forestry

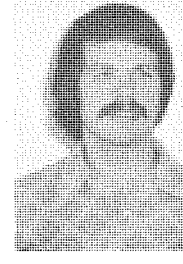
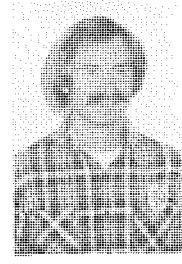


Mary Ann Russell
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Ed Salveter
Forest Management

Sharon Scarborough
Wildlife Sciences

Roger Schmitt
Forest Management

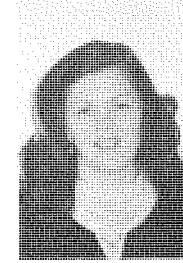
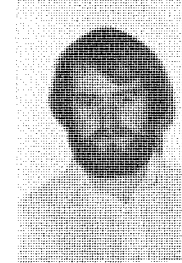


Paul Scriber
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Stan Shepherd
Forest Products Ind.

Dwayne Sieg
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Carolyn Tzitz
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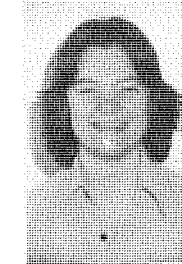
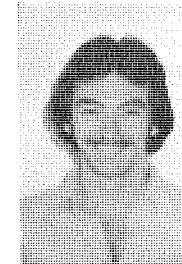


Joe Updike
Forest Management

Mike Vallance
Wildlife Management

Cara Watkins
Wildlife Management

Chris Wile
Rec. Resources



Richard Williams
Forest Rec.

Roger Winegar
Forest Rec.

Theresa Wojkovich
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Donna Yentes
Forest Rec.

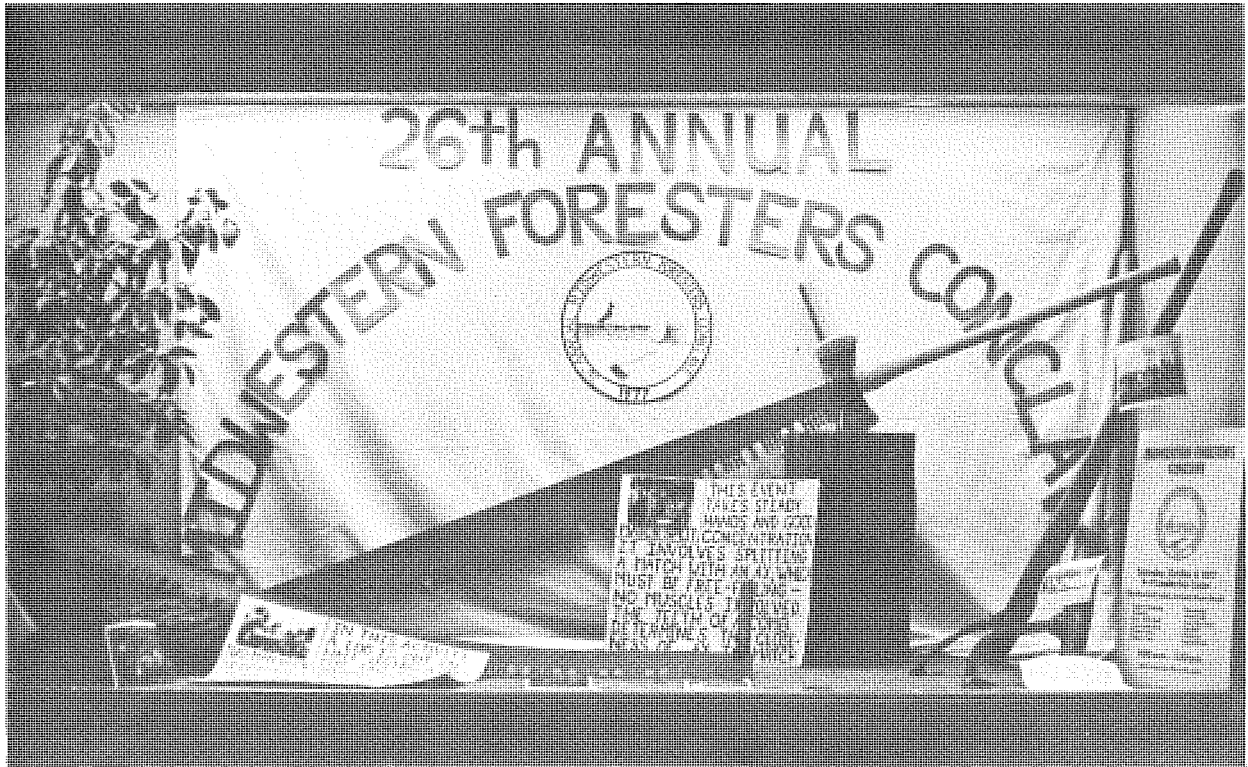
1977 Midwestern Foresters' Conclave

The 26th annual Midwestern Foresters Conclave was characterized by great enthusiasm and fierce competition. Purdue hosted eleven teams at the 4-H Leadership Center, thirteen miles west of the campus.

Although the rain and mud threatened to dampen the participants spirits, on Saturday morning, October 8th, the weather cleared and the events were held under clear breezy skies. Team spirit charged competition — there wasn't a dull moment. Perhaps the crescendo came during rail splitting, the special event. Experience was sparse, competition was keen; axes, wedges and sledges flew in every direction.

The events were traverse, match split, tobacco spit, 1 man bucking, dendrology, bolt throw, log roll, speed chopping, chain throw, pulp toss, two man bucking, two woman bucking (new this year) and the special event — rail splitting. Tom Berry and Bob Packman tied for first place for Purdue in dendro. Doug Brown and Paul Yager placed fourth in the log roll and Bob Packman, Tom Berry, Larry Middleton and Dan Leichti won the pulp toss with an excellent time of 1:41.6.

By the end of the day Missouri had accumulated 48.5 points to win first place (so what else is new?). Michigan Tech placed second with 29 points followed by Purdue with 14. Minnesota and University of Michigan tied at 13.5 points and S.I.U. wasn't far behind with 10. Michigan State



Great display, Linda!



Steady as she goes

patience, to Bob Packman, Julia Kramer, Tom Berry, Barry Isaacs, Woody Woodruff, Barb Koth, Bunny Medlicott, and Linda Smith, for service above and beyond the call of duty, to the many forestry students who helped make the weekend go smoothly, and to the Forestry Department faculty and their wives who donated their time and expertise.

Purdue Foresters, be proud because the 1977 Midwestern Foresters' Conclave was a tremendous success!

finished with 6.3, followed by Iowa State 4, Ohio State 2, Illinois 1.83, Wisconsin-Stevens Pt. .3 and Wisconsin-Madison took home the bear skin for racking up 0 points.

The conclave was a time for old friends and graduates to reunite and reminisce; it was a time to enjoy, to cheer, to scream, to talk, to compare and to be together. Dominic Dottavio, Forestry Club advisor, later said, "The spirit, the people, the events and the whole program were exceptional." . . . an opinion shared by all.

The day ended with the presentation of some fabulous awards, the traditional bonfire and a feeling of accomplishment by all.

Let there be many thanks and admiration for all the Purdue students who competed, supported, and organized the conclave. Special recognition goes to Dominic Dottavio for his never ending energy and organizational effort, to Dr. Mason Carter for lending untold spirit and time to the event, to Roger Schmitt, Forestry Club President, for his efforts and

Spitting right after breakfast . . . ICK!!





It's worth the sprained back.

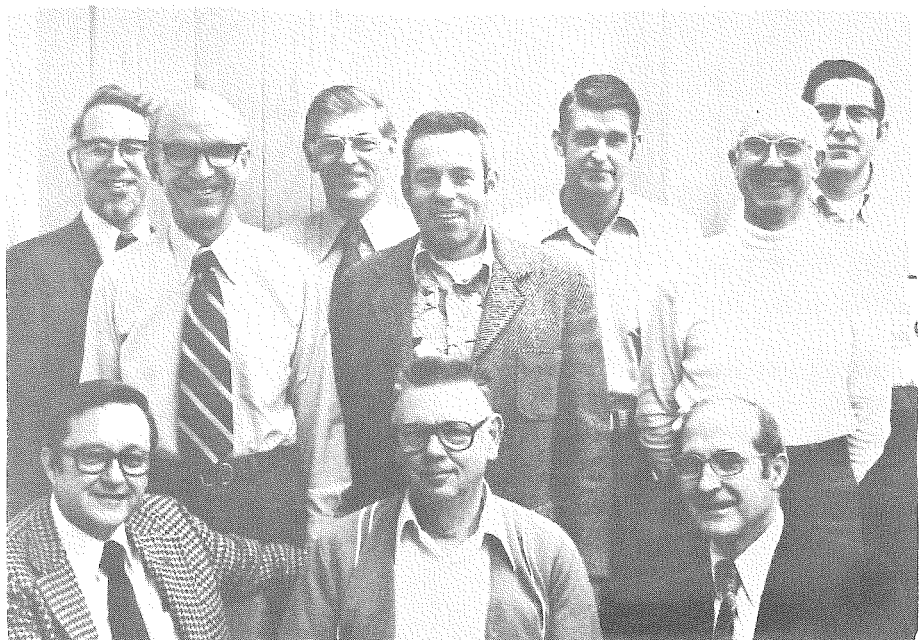


His name is MASON C. CARTER

For the past five years our Department has been fortunate to be led by a good manager. Managing people, space, and money are everyday duties for our chief. Integrity, patience, dependability, and openness . . . he has them all. So a special thanks to Dr. Carter from students and staff alike.



faculty



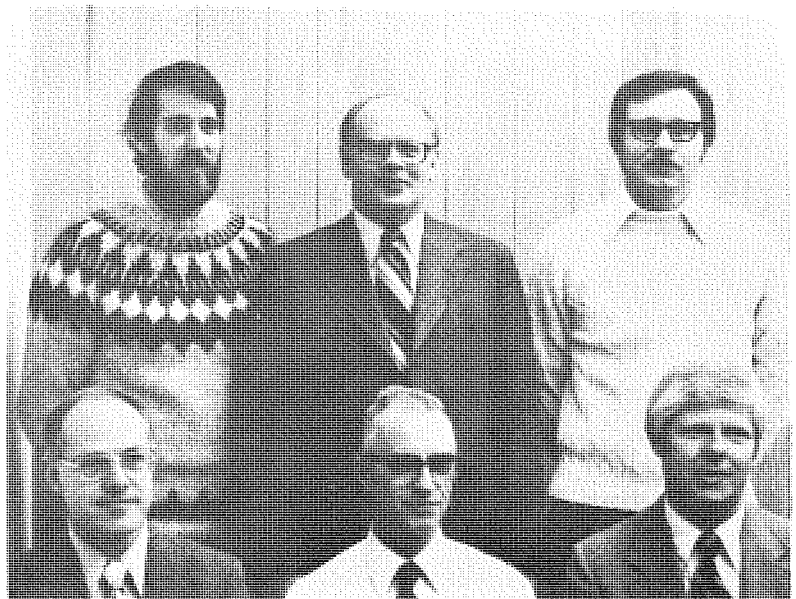
Above: First Row: Mason Carter, Stan Suddarth, Dick Burns.

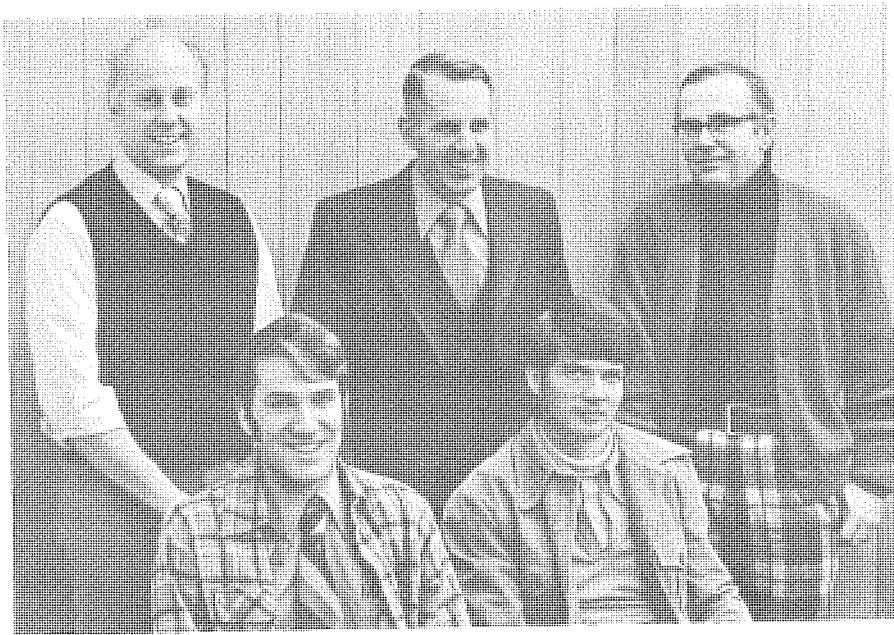
Second Row: Charlie Miller, John Moser, Charles Kirkpatrick.

Third Row: Roger Hoffer, Clair Merritt, Rus Mumfors, Tom Beers.

Right: First Row: Walter Beineke, Robert Perkins, Michael Hunt.

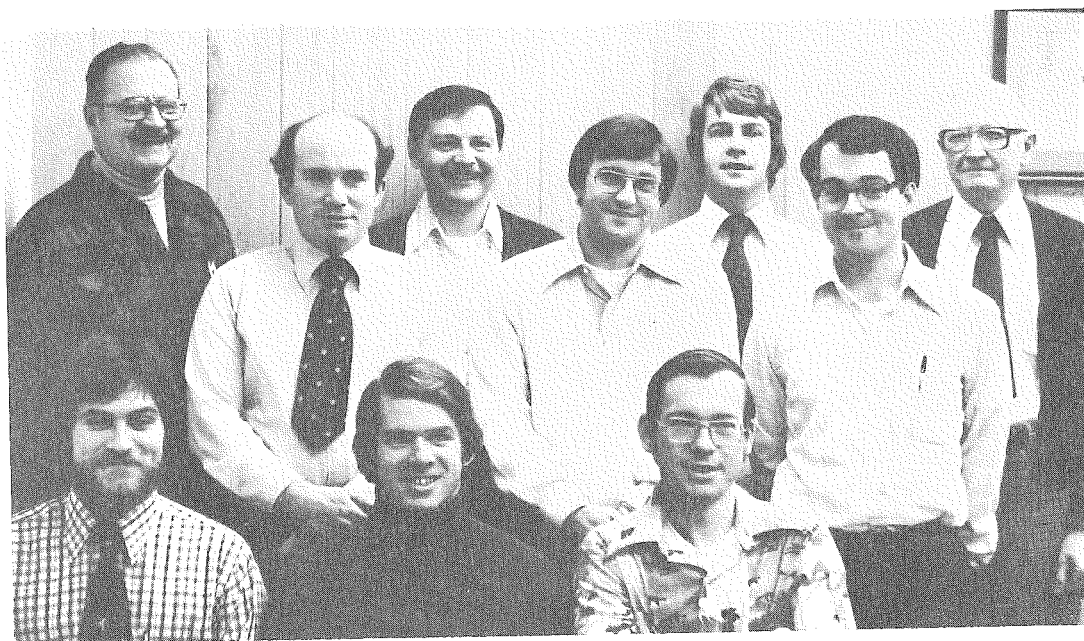
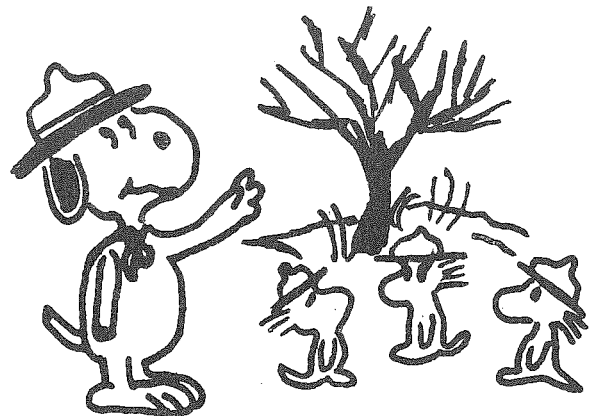
Second Row: William Chaney, Carl Eckelman, Harvey Holt.





Above: First Row: Fred Montague, George Parker.
Second Row: John Senft, Doug Knudson, Jack Callahan.

Below: First Row: Gary Downing, Joe O'Leary, Dan Cassens.
Second Row: William Hoover, Phil Pope, Burney Fischer.
Third Row: Herb Krauch, George Libey, Mickey Weeks, Lloyd Fix.





Throughout the summer, the puppies tossed and tumbled in the weeds outside the gates until it was time to put them in their pen; exotic birds escaped from the walk-through aviary but were recaptured; lost children were spoiled terribly by snowcones and affectionate European ferrets that loved to be held.

We met primate researchers from across the country who came to study our three-year-old orangutans, crossed paths with and watched a researcher study a pangolin, and previewed slide shows put together by a leading herpetologist and the education director.

The Hoofed Animal Area surrounded our colorful menagerie and from our area we could see the velvet coated okapis-- the cousin of the giraffe for which the Dallas Zoo is world famous for breeding-- and the newly arrived Saiga antelope which made their way from the Russian Steppes, across Europe, and into the United States through a sea of red tape. And it was back to the Hoofed Animals our endeared baby auodad was sent when he insisted on continually jumping out of his pen.

A SUMMER WITH THE KIDDIE ZOO CREW

By Wendy Walker

Working in a children's zoo was more of a daily love affair than a job for me. In the open-air section of the Dallas Zoo, hanging plants thrived, bright paint greeted tiny visitors, and baby animals grew under loving care.

The Kiddie Zoo Crew became expert at cooking, feeding, sweeping, raking, shoveling, and gardening, not to mention philosophizing and doctoring.

The children's zoo was more appropriately named the petting zoo, for whether child or adult, the sense of wonder dominated. Goats had kids, mice and gerbils proliferated, and eggs hatched while crowds cheered them on.

The blind and retarded grew closer to the animal world with frequent visits. Cages would be unlocked or fences ignored; we would hold the animals so that the people could feel the difference between a raccoon and a possum, or a goat and a puppy.



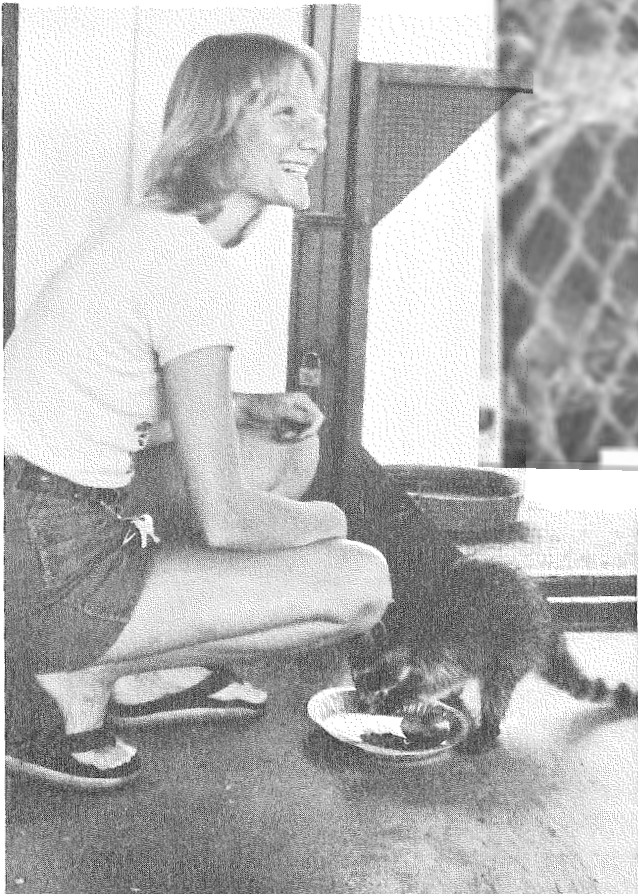
(Above left) Goats need love, too.

(Above) During the hot Texas days, the oranges revelled in water fights and stealing drinks from the hose.

Education was not confined to the zoo. We had television coverage while giving a lecture to children at the Museum of Science and Health. Programs were put together and taken, along with several animals, to museums, schools, and shopping centers. Travel agreed with Sunny Boy, the zoo's surprisingly female yellow-headed Amazon parrot. Always reluctant to talk to zoo visitors, she wouldn't waste a minute to air her views as she rode perched on the driver's seat of the zoo van. McDonalds people were constantly amazed to look up from filling a Big Mac order and be eye-to-eye with a laughing parrot. The van would drive off-- Chris Seifert, education director; a parrot, a European ferret, a boa constrictor, a possum, a goat and a rabbit on their way to teach the world about animals.

Sometimes I would hear people discussing the cruelty of putting animals in a zoo. In

many ways it is cruel simply because we know what is beyond the park. We know what is "natural" for the animals. There is a definite need for zoos to work toward the more natural habitats for their animals, taking into consideration their physiological and psychological needs. But for many animals born in the zoo, their world is where they are. For them it is natural to be checked by a vet every day, to be fed properly and never go hungry, to be close to people. Good zoos should be recognized as important propagation centers for endangered wildlife. They need to be developed as environmental education centers rather than extensive freak shows. When used to their fullest potential under creative directorship, they teach people to learn and appreciate the world's wildlife and its ecological importance.



(Left) Feeding time for Rollo.

(Above) Visits to see Joey, the auodad, became frequent. He is now running wild among the rocks and crags of Palo Duro Canyon.

THE CLAY CREEK ROAD INCIDENT

by Bill Hatton

For two months this past summer I hung my hat in a camper-trailer parked near the Siuslaw River, 40 miles west of Eugene, Oregon. I was the official Clay Creek Warden, Recreation Guard, and Mister Ranger -- depending upon who addressed me.

A recreation guard's job is as variable as the people who visit the sites he maintains. For example, my basic duties consisted of collecting site-use fees from three sites, monitoring site use, enforcing regulations, chatting with campers, obtaining and transmitting fire weather data, and performing emergency maintenance work.

I could have had a peaceful, relaxing summer if all public-land visitors had been content to drink Kool-aid and eat roasted marshmallows while sitting by an open fire singing Home on the Range. However, some people become drunk and disorderly, poach deer, vandalize campgrounds, and steal.

A recreation guard must deal with these problems without being injured. Sometimes authoritative advice suffices; other instances require the assistance of a deputy sheriff. What action to take? That is the question.

Fortunately the summer passed without any serious problems. That is, it passed without any serious problems with people. I spent a week in a hospital bed. But it was not an irate drunk or a cornered thief who put me there. It happened on August 15.

At 1:25 p.m. on that day I drove up the Clay Creek Road enroute to the ridgetop fire-weather station. It was my job to take daily readings and to transmit them to the State Division of Forestry and the Willamette National Forest at 1:50 p.m. Since I had a few minutes to spare I decided to check a landing further up the road. A week earlier I saw loggers on the landing using power equipment past the 1:00 p.m. shut-down time. As I drove up the winding logging road, I came to a bend where large rocks had broken away from the embankment. Since most of the rocks were on the inside of the road I steered toward the outside shoulder. Then it happened. The truck left the road and rolled 800 feet down a steep ravine.

No one knows what caused the truck to leave the road. The investigators speculated that the left-front tire hit a large rock, causing me to lose control. I thought the shoulder crumbled.

Until one has been in a serious accident, it is difficult to imagine how it feels to roll down a ravine in a truck. Although only seconds elapsed from the time I left the road until a stump halted the truck, it seemed a lifetime.

As I rolled down the slope, I clenched the steering wheel and wondered if the next roll would crush the cab. And I thought: "So this is what it's like to die."

When the truck came to a halt, I thought, "I've made it. I'm alive." But I could not see. I thought I was permanently blind. I felt for the seat belt with one hand and the radio microphone with the other. When the seat belt was unfastened I keyed the mike. No luck. I couldn't transmit.

Suddenly I smelled and heard gasoline pouring from the seat tank behind me. Without thinking, I opened my eyes with my fingers. I could see just enough to crawl through the window of the cab.

I scrambled away from the truck. I knew in spite of my injuries I had to get as far as possible from the truck. If the truck caught fire, it would ignite the dry vegetation. . .

When I was out of sight of the truck, I took inventory. I had lost my glasses. Not important since they would not help much considering how swollen were my eyes. To see I had to hold my eyes open with my fingers. And when I did this a burning sensation in my eyes caused the tears to flow so heavily I could barely see. My chest hurt, but I was able to breath by taking slow, deep breaths. Fortunately, I didn't have any severe cuts.

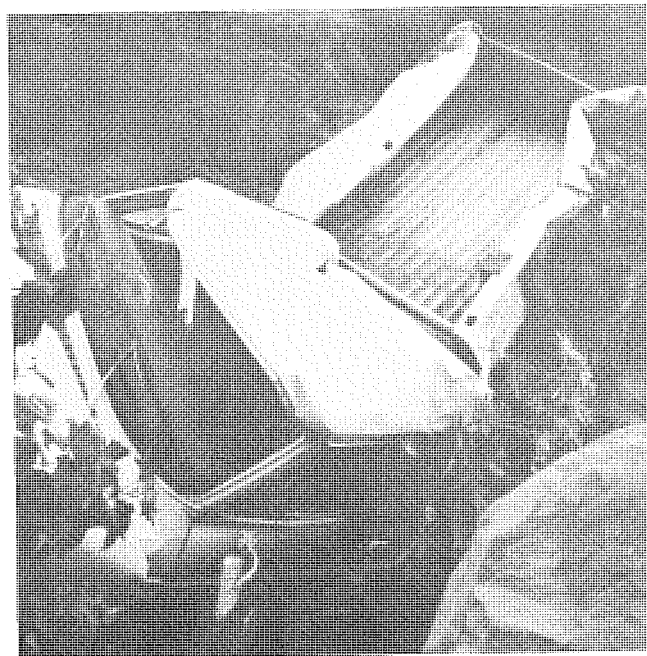
Between intermittent walking and crawling I made it back to the road. Since I was about the only person who traveled this road, I still had some distance to cover. I took off my belt and cinched it around my chest so that breathing wasn't so painful. I also removed my shirt and draped it over my head to shield me from the hot sun. Reluctantly I began walking the slowest and most painful 2.5 miles of my life.

As I approached Clay Creek, I could hear people swimming in the river. When I got to the recreation site, I walked toward the swimmers. I suppose I looked pretty ragged judging from their reaction. I explained who I was and that I needed some help. Initially I thought I wasn't going to get a ride into Eugene. But after a few seconds a guy said he'd drive me there as soon as he could dry off and get dressed.

Fortunately I didn't have to trouble the guy for the ride to a hospital. While he was walking to his car he saw a B.L.M. truck driving through the recreation site. He stopped the truck and explained my situation to the B.L.M. employees. Coincidentally they had been dispatched to the site to search for me. When my fire weather information had not been transmitted at 1:50 p.m., the district office was notified. Within minutes the office had instructed two men working in the area to begin a search for me. Thanks to the action of the Oregon Division of Forestry and the B.L.M.'s Eugene district office personnel I arrived at Sacred Heart Hospital. While at Sacred Heart I was treated for bruised ribs, a basal skull fracture, and a lacerated cornea.




As you can see, I had an eventful summer experience. Besides the adventure and thrill involved, there was a lasting learning experience. I discovered that a person can push himself past his normal level of endurance if he senses that his life is at stake. But, in order to do this, he must humble himself and ask God for the strength to continue.



(Right) Marguerite Brown and friend Malph.

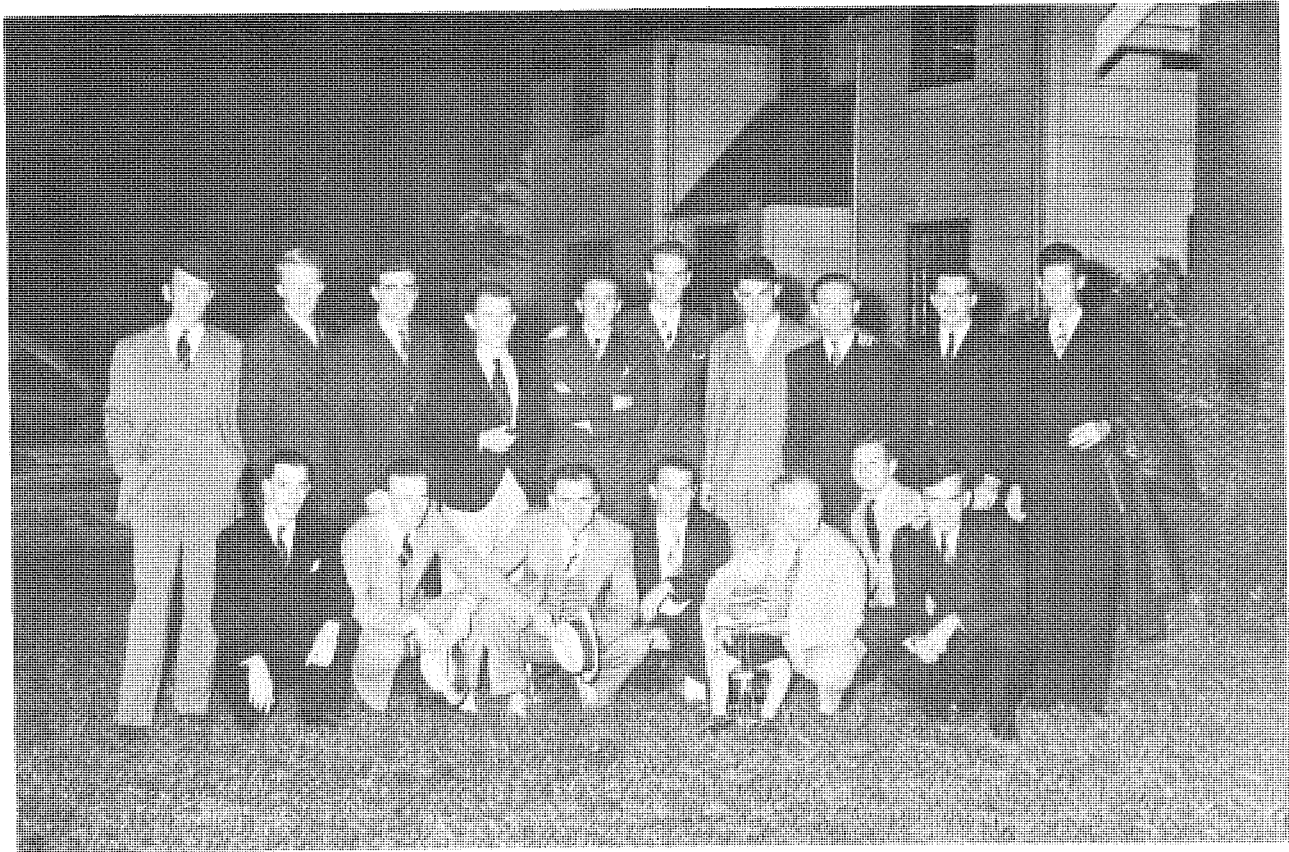
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PARK NATURALIST
(Shakamak State Park, Jasonville, Ind.)

by Marguerite Brown

- 8:00 am - Clare Rietman, the naturalist for the 300 4-H campers, called to announce that it was pouring rain and would I, before building an ark, come up and entertain her kids with a snake show; 8:30 would be just fine.
- 8:20 - As I went to the back of my car to fetch Malph, my #1 black rat snake, my lightning quick mind detected that I was in possession of one empty cage. An instant later I saw the tip of Malph's tail disappear under the back seat. I ripped the seat out to extricate him just as he wiggled out of his old skin.
- 9:00 - I completed my brief slide show on reptiles pretty much in control of the situation (as much as could be expected with 300 little monsters jammed in the dining hall on a rainy day). I proceeded to introduce my animals to the crowd and answered such questions as, "How fast can a black racer go?" "Can they bite?" and "Why does Malph keep wrapping around your neck?" Rodger Gooding, one of our illustrious conservation officers, came in to observe the festivities and to laugh as the racer nibbled on my thumb. One particularly obnoxious brat pinched poor Malph and it was all I could do to restrain myself from borrowing Rodger's gun.
- 11:00 - I finished writing my weekly newspaper article and delivered it to the local newspaper which subsequently printed it under the name of the previous naturalist. (Feeling I might need it soon, I also typed up my obituary.)
- 
- 1:00 pm - The typhoon ceased long enough for me to lead a hike to the old abandoned coal mine. One family brought a four month old baby in a stroller and another brought their cat. I completed my warning about poison ivy as a girl in shorts and sandals waded through a patch of it.
- 4:00 - Our other renowned C.O., Jerry Presnell, presented me with another black rat snake to add to my menagerie. She won't be with me long unless her disposition changes; she ripped a work glove from my hand while I was putting a water dish in her cage.
- 9:00 - The night hike was rained out so I made the rounds of the park with Tom Chaplin, our night patrolman. We braved such hazards as campers walking on the roof of the restroom and a geyser caused by a man backing over a water fountain near his campsite.
- 1:00 am - I arrived back at my cabin to feel something furry on my doorknob. Someone had donated a dead flying squirrel to the cause. I skinned it and went to bed.
- 2:30 - Six delinquents came to visit my snakes. I told them they were too late to see them because all my snakes become poisonous at 2:00 am....

DEDICATED TO THE GREAT CLASS OF THIRTY-EIGHT

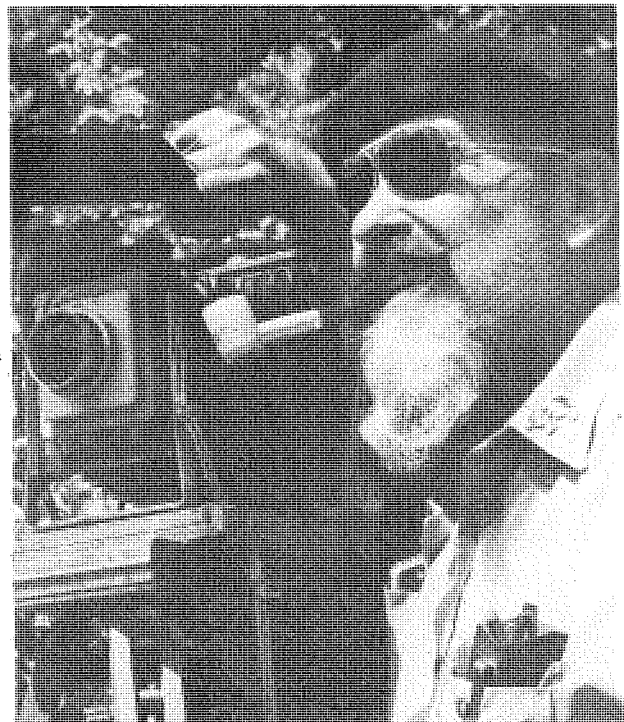
They were gold, pure, shining, unalloyed



Front row (l to r) Young, Walters, Brown, Plumb, Prof. Geltz and son, Kuzmitz, Moore. Back row (l to r) Scatterday, LeMasters, Cummins, Eckert, Gamso, Hildebrand, Guyer, House, Adsit, Liming, Williamson (behind camera below).

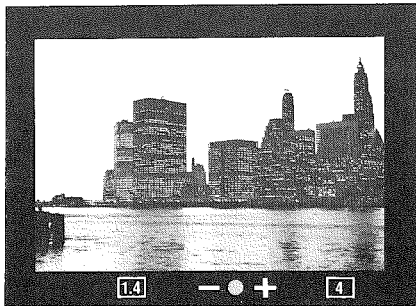
The picture looks right,
but are the names right?
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Dwight W. Williamson
Photographer
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Albuquerque, N. M. 87110



A new meter system with extraordinary sensitivity is a vital part of this new high-performance professional Nikon.

The sun begins to disappear beneath the horizon. As it sinks, the light becomes dimmer, yet more and more fascinating—and photographically enticing. Subtle highlights of color twinkle on the water, changing constantly, demanding precise exposure. The failing light is far too dim for a meter reading with most cameras, or to illuminate the meter needle for that matter. But, with supreme assurance, this photographer adjusts lens and shutter and obtains a perfect exposure.



His camera is the remarkable new Nikon F2AS Photomic with meter sensitivity extending down to minus 2 EV. It can read accurately in light that would require an exposure of eight seconds at f1.4 with ASA 100 film. The exposure readout in the finder utilizes three light-emitting diodes that are as easy to see in the dark as in bright light. New silicon photo diode sensors combined with Nikon center-weighted metering provide accuracy to 1/5 f-stop, even in the most difficult lighting conditions. Add the new DS-12 EE Aperture Control, and aperture adjustment becomes fully automatic!

Nikon F2A: proven reliability with Auto Indexing

The standard F2A Photomic meter/finder provides unbeatable reliability, combining match-needle metering with the proven Nikon center-weighted system for truly exceptional accuracy. This is true center-weighting, with sensitivity over the entire viewing area, but more than half of it concentrated in the center of the screen. In all but the most difficult lighting, with any lens, no matter whether you're shooting a vertical or horizontal, you'll never need any special compensation.

Both F2A and F2AS Photomic finders are equipped for automatic maximum aperture indexing with the new AI Nikkor lenses. Simply put the lens in place, without regard for the aperture setting, and give it a quarter-turn twist. It will be locked firmly and precisely in place, the meter will be indexed and you'll be ready to meter at full-aperture! Previous Auto-Nikkor lenses can be used with stop-down metering or modified for AI capability at nominal cost. (If interested, write for Lit/Pak N-27.) Non-meter-coupled lenses work just as before. And, you have more than 55 lenses to choose from.

Whatever the finder, matchless accuracy

In addition to the two Photomics, the Nikon System includes a 6X Magnifying Finder, a Waist Level Finder, an Action Finder and, of course, the Standard Prism Finder. Plus 20 finder screens. Each finder has its own, special capabilities, but they share one unique quality: the most accurate viewing in 35mm photography. What you see in a Nikon finder is precisely what you get, to a degree unapproached by any other camera. When you're shooting any subject requiring precise framing, or working on special applications such as slide duping, there's simply no other camera that can do the job so perfectly.

High performance photography is a combination of unique Nikon qualities such as viewing accuracy. And especially the inimitable responsiveness of a Nikon with motor drive. For, in two decades of building motors, we have refined them into the most rugged, dependable and capable in photography.

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Nikon Information: For details on the Nikon F2AS, check the Yellow Pages for the Nikon dealer nearest you, or write for Lit/Pak N-38. Also, ask about the new two-course travelling Nikon School of Photography. And in New York City, come to the new Nikon House at Rockefeller Center.

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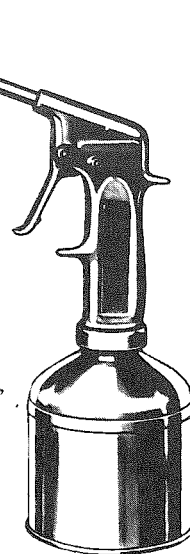
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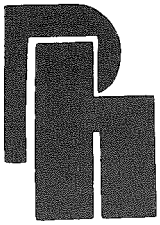


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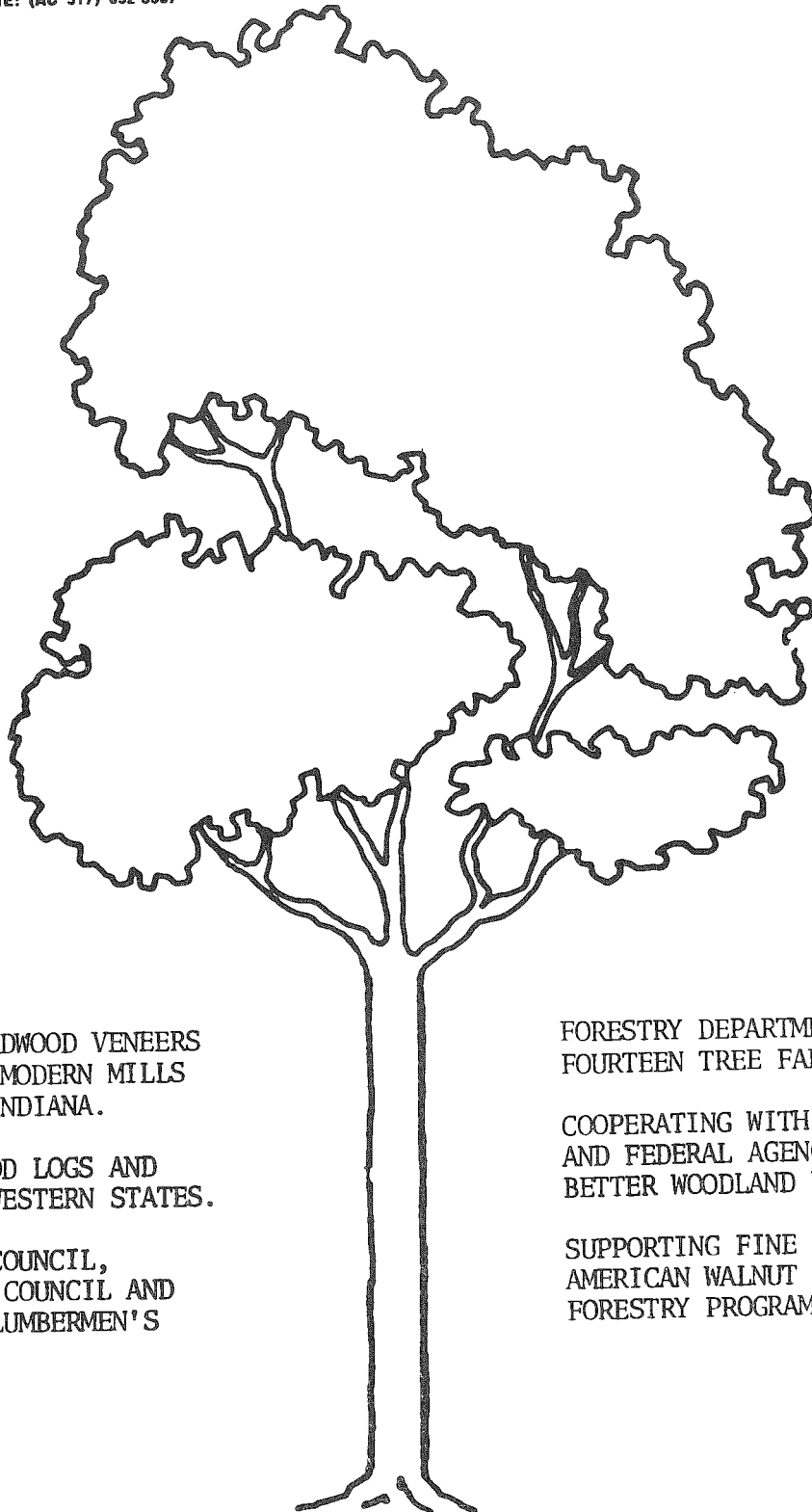
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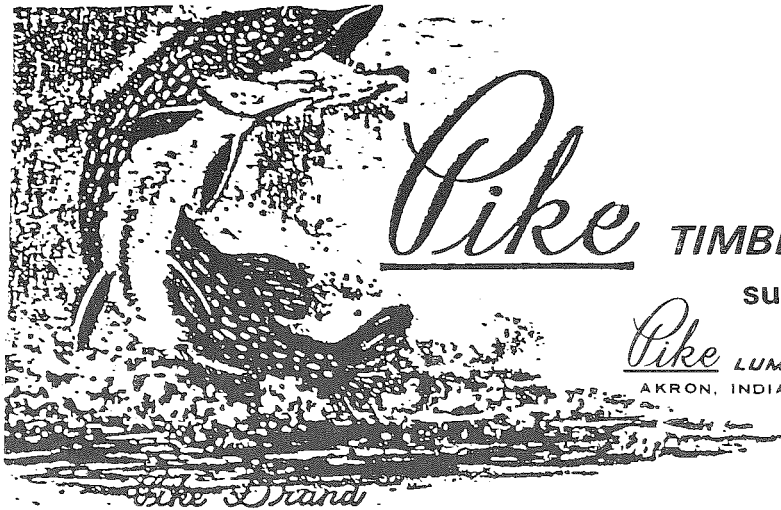
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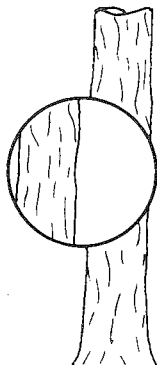
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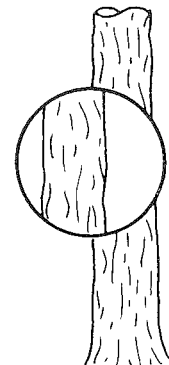
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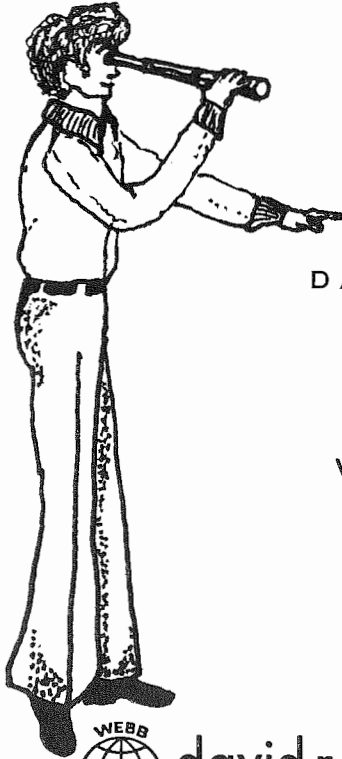
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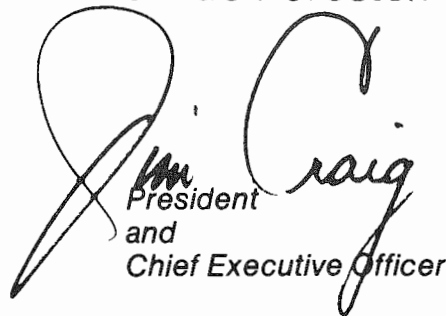
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