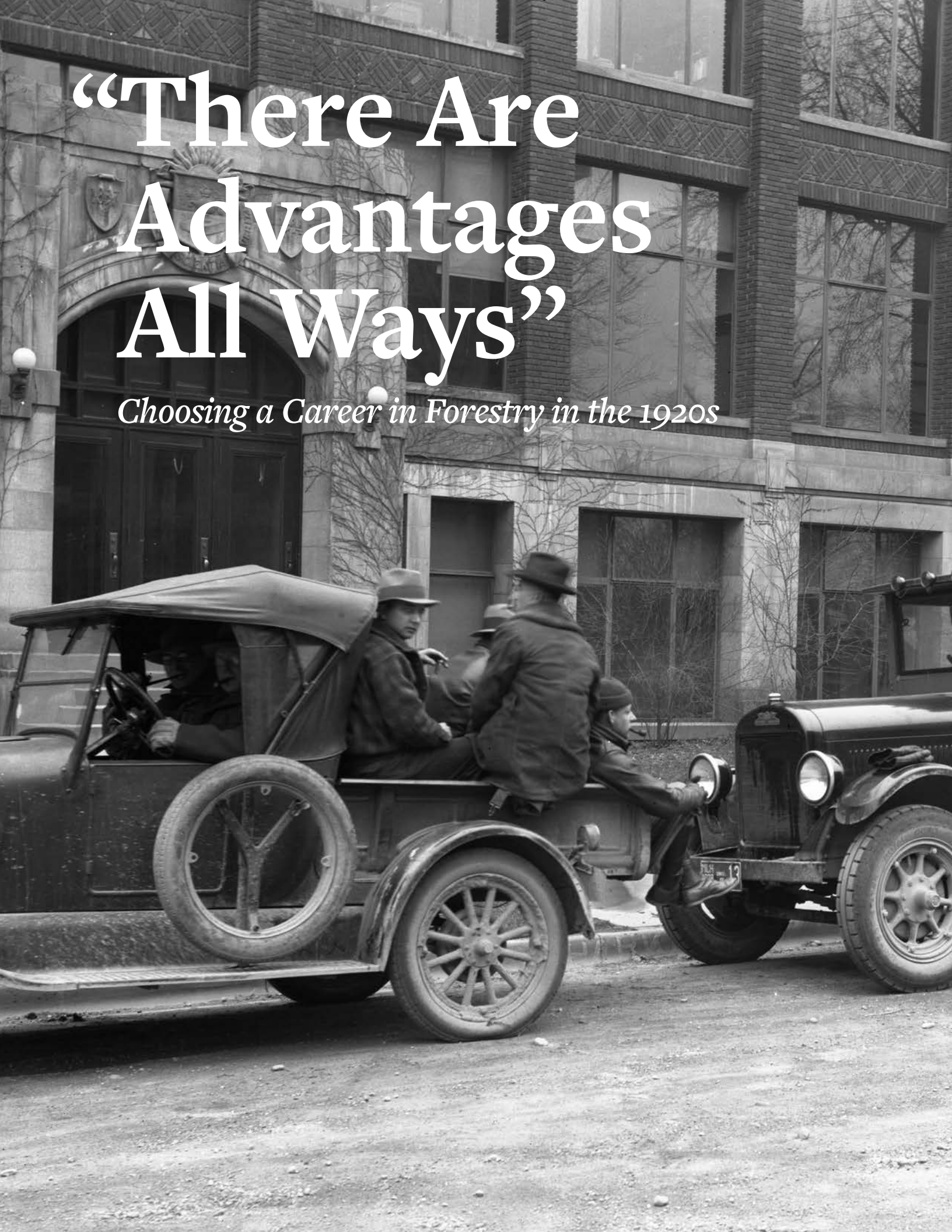
“There Are Advantages All Ways”

Choosing a Career in Forestry in the 1920s



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Robert Winters' forestry career began at the University of Michigan in 1920, around when this photo was taken. It is believed he is the one in the truck without a hat on.

BY MARGARET W. ANDREWS

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both..."
—Robert Frost

In June 1925, Robert K. Winters, twenty-three years old and a newly minted master of science in forestry from the University of Michigan, stepped off the train in Wenatchee, Washington, to start his probationary year in the U.S. Forest Service. For a diamond in the rough born into a working-class family, forestry offered the allure of a secure, stable life. Forty-two years later, he retired from the Forest Service in Washington, D.C., as the director of the Division of International Forestry, with many accolades and publication credits to his name.[1] However, when he arrived in the Pacific Northwest, a career in the Forest Service was not a foregone conclusion. Over the next five years, he considered an academic career path before firmly committing to the agency. After making that decision, he never looked back.

This article is based mainly on the 1925–1926 letters my father, Robert K. Winters, wrote at least weekly from Washington and Oregon. Most letters went to his birth family, but several are to Ellura Harvey, his college sweetheart and future wife, all of whom were in Michigan at the time. Through these accounts, we see the maturation of their author as he tries to find his way in the Forest Service, then only two years older than Winters himself.

LIVING THE RUGGED LIFE

Bob Winters's initial job in Wenatchee was as Forest Service

liaison with the Cascade Lumber Company, which had bought several small patches of government timber. His task was to see that the trees to be sold from these patches were all marked, that the marked trees were all cut, and that no unmarked trees were cut. He had to scale the logs coming from the government land and inspect to see that brush was properly piled for burning.[2] He confesses in his diary that he may have spoken rather lightly of scaling logs to family members who would have been unfamiliar with forestry:

> The term [scaling] means determining the number of feet of lumber a log will yield. . . . Most logs are scaled several times. Where the various steps of logging are done by "piece work" the logs that each pair of fallers falls have to be scaled in order to know how much they have earned. The same is true for all the other steps. The "skidders" require a special scaling, as do the "loaders" . . . The scaler is . . . of some consequence. If he is not fair and impartial the men become very indignant.[3]

While working as the Cascade Lumber liaison, Winters lived a rugged life, and he seemed proud of doing the heavy physical work that was part of his job—walking miles and climbing steep slopes. "I worked pretty hard the last couple of days tho. I have to go and inspect areas to see if the loggers piled their brush properly, and cut down the dead snags. Inspection sounds easy, but climbing over the hills to do the inspecting is *not* easy."[4]

The government timber he was overseeing was distributed among three camps; he lived in one and traveled to the others, each about four miles distant.[5] He told his family, "I spend my time running over here to see if they are living up to the specifications here. Then I scale logs over there, and go inspecting somewhere else. It is interesting enough in a way, but I am not terribly enthusiastic about it."[6] Although the camp he lived in had two big bunkhouses, holding about forty men each, as a Forest Service man he lived on the hillside above the camp "in a 7×7 tent. Still there is room; it is just cozy. . . . At the side of my house I have a washstand, and at one corner hangs a heavy canvas bag that holds drinking water carried from the spring."[7]

His physical separation from the loggers was mirrored by social separation. "[At] all the other camps I have been in [for previous summer jobs] there have been others of like interests to talk to or do things with. Here there are so few, and those few so different in taste that it makes it hard."[8] And "I like to come to know people, and like to be well liked; it seems to give a feeling of usefulness, as tho you were doing some good in the world."[9]

More serious than loneliness was boredom. He found that his job did not keep him busy enough. "This last week has been pretty unsatisfactory too. I hate to have to try and figure out something to put in my time at. I can line up work for tomorrow & next day, but after that I don't know what I might do to put in my time. Some folks would thrive on a job like that, but not me."[10]

In late July 1925, Winters complained of blisters on both feet; a month later, the second toe on his right foot was swollen and sufficiently painful to keep him awake at night.[11] The doctor who came weekly to the camp said it was a sprain and told him to stay off it as much as possible.[12] A few days later, fearing permanent injury, Winters went into Cle Elum, Washington, to see another doctor and have an X-ray taken. He was again told it was a strain and advised to stay absolutely off that foot. He proceeded to do his scaling on crutches.[13] He went as far as Wenatchee to see another doctor and get another X-ray and received another diagnosis: an abscess. There was more rest and then discouragement. "I truly don't know what is the matter, and I don't believe the Doctor does either."[14]

FROM WENATCHEE TO WHITMAN

His injury brought direct experience with the business side of the Forest Service. In September 1925, he was moved to the Wenatchee headquarters so that he could stay off his injured foot.[15] There he was set to "cataloging data from files, and entering property transfers on cards, just getting an idea of the office routine."[16] The office staff consisted of the forest supervisor, whom he found "grouchy most of the time"[17]; the forest examiner, who also served as acting supervisor; the head clerk, who was a wonder and knew "the red tape of the office and the records of all kinds by heart"; and two stenographers.[18]

Two events in September 1925 pleased him. He learned that he had been proposed for membership in the Society of American Foresters. "I received such a thrill over it. . . . I wonder who proposed my name. I am not elected by a long ways, but even to be proposed so soon is quite gratifying."[19] A few days later he learned he would be transferred to the Whitman National Forest—headquartered in Baker, Oregon—at the beginning of October to spend the rest of his probationary year and get additional timber sale experience. "I like the move in a way because it will give me a chance to see more country, and get a wider experience. The Whitman Forest is one of the best ones in the whole service from the standpoint of timber sale work."[20]

He was also pleased to discover some advantages of government employment. "The beauty of it is that my expenses are paid on this move.

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Winters was introduced to research fieldwork at the Blue Mountain Ranger Station, seen here in 1935.

The time I lost when the doctor told me to stay at home is taken from my 15 days of sick leave, so I do not lose any time, and the Gov't is going to pay my doctor bill, even for my expenses coming into Wenatchee from Casland" to see the doctor.[21]

He liked the Whitman National Forest immediately. "The timber here is essentially a forester's paradise—open stands of pure yellow pine that really are park-like—No underbrush and few . . . steep slopes . . . makes hiking simple." Moreover, on his arrival he was introduced to research fieldwork at the Blue Mountain Ranger Station, his intermittent base, "counting & recording seedlings on experimental plots that were laid out in 1914, & have to be gone over each year to check up on the number of seedlings that have started." This was temporary, however. His long-term assignment in the Whitman Forest was to work "on a study of 40,000 acres of cutover land. . . . It will be very similar to cruising. We go 8 times thru a section and record all trees & reproduction on a strip 66 feet wide. Then we map what we find & record the bigger trees on a record sheet."[22] This was the sort of forestry he wanted to do. "I know I am going to like the work much better than scaling."[23]

The research contrasted with his initial Forest Service experience, which he characterized as mere business:

> From what I see these [Forest Service] fellows just run around, mostly tending to business. Handling sales, issuing permits etc. I would like to get into something where I can see that I am doing something that is forestry, not *business*.[24]

There certainly is a great difference between theory and practice. Perhaps some day the difference will not be so great. Most of the theory is in the higher offices and the practice is in the hands of nontechnical men. When they get schoolmen who understand the aims of forestry in the Ranger positions perhaps they will get more true practice of forestry.[25]

Further to his interest in scientific forestry, it is notable that, within a month of his joining the Forest Service, he had started a silviculture research project of his own. "This afternoon I started to gather cones. You see I hope to run some experiments next winter, & am collecting seed now. I managed to get a hat full of cones. I will put them in the sun today & open & then catch the seed that fall out."[26]

Day to day, he still performed a variety of tasks on the Whitman Forest, but when there had been rain, "everything else stops & everyone goes out to burn [brush]." He was taught "the art of brush burning, as we are supposed to supervise, but I have been working with a kerosene torch like a good fellow."[27] There was also marking of trees for the next season's cutting.[28] He continued to hone his scaling skills and was

pleased when he and a fellow scaler were able to agree "within .09% of each other."[29] He was much busier on the Whitman than when working from the Wenatchee headquarters; in one day, he scaled logs for eighteen flatcars, as many as in a two-week period at his previous location.[30] He also had more contact with his superiors—some of whom he found more congenial than those in Wenatchee.[31]

He met R. H. Westveld, a Forest Service silviculturist from the Pacific Northwest Experiment Station in Portland.[32] Westveld's description of his work at the station reinforced Winters's interest in research work and also suggested that emphasis on science differed within the agency. "I became real enthusiastic. I may have to wait a while, . . . Westveld was in the Service 2 years before he was appointed to the Exp. Sta."[33] Three weeks later, he wrote, "The new Calif. Sta. probably will be started next year. Should I try for that? . . . Or should I try to get transferred to the eastern country. More true forestry is practiced there than there is out here, and they are doing more in the way of planting & botanical experimental work."[34] Winters resolved to speak to his supervisor about "initiating action for my transfer to Exp. Sta. work."[35] And after thinking about the implications for a few weeks, he did so.[36]

It is clear that scientific forestry, which viewed timber as a product to be harvested and conserved and required knowledge of the quantity and type of forest products, the rate of forest reproduction, and appropriate methods of protection and harvesting, figured prominently in his career expectations. His university training had prepared him for such work, and since the Forest Service (at least in its higher echelons) also championed this, a career in the agency seemed appropriate.[37]

TO TEACH OR NOT TO TEACH

An alternative career path, in academia, appeared in July 1925, a mere few weeks after his arrival in Wenatchee and even before his official swearing in to the Forest Service.

> Thursday I received . . . a rather unexpected letter from the Washington State College. It seems that they are looking for a man to take charge of a nursery for them, and also do some teaching if necessary. Somehow they got my name, and wrote to find out if I would be interested in the job. This is not an offer. They probably sent out several letters like mine, and will pick the most likely one to offer the job to. The largest salary they can pay to start with is $1800 per yr., with one month's vacation. The college is located at Pullman, a short distance from Spokane. I understand it is a nice little town.[38]

Winters prudently did not decline this opportunity outright: "I wrote them a letter, giving my history and qualifications and references."[39] He was, however, far from turning to academia as a principal career focus.

> I am going to use this half offer and the offer, if one comes[,] to good advantage here. I wrote the Supervisor a letter stating that the college had written me that they wanted a man, and asked him if it would be possible to go to Pullman for a few days to look things over, providing it seemed advisable. I do not expect to make a trip to Pullman, as it would cost around $20 I expect, but I took that way of letting him know that perhaps I could get a job elsewhere. Maybe it will help boost me up [the Forest Service ladder] a bit faster.[40]

In fact, he was uncertain about career plans. A few days later, he wrote,

> As I thought about it today I don't know but I might take it if [the college] should offer it to me. A lot would depend upon what the future prospects might be, but I might consider it seriously. . . .
>
> In a college you usually can do some outside work in whatever line you are interested. I like this idea of nursery work and reforestation. There will be more of that needed as the years go on. Handling a nursery will be practical experience along a line that will help me to be able to teach silviculture, in which I am sure interested.[41]

However, in the same letter he wrote with enthusiasm that his supervising ranger commended a fire plan he had devised and that he had likely stood sixth in the nationwide qualifying exam for a Forest Service appointment.[42] In the event, he decided to get on with his present placement and wait to see whether he got a firm offer from Washington State College.[43]

Thus, later in 1925 he was still considering university teaching, for which he could consider his Forest Service experience as preparation. As he wrote to his mother, "I am not so sure but that a teaching job offers the best solution. By nature I am more of a student, and like to learn things. . . . If I come east & see some of that country I would be broadened, & better qualified for a teaching job in a few more years."[44] He knew of a professor who was said to have been held back professionally for want of field experience.[45]

Winters's consideration of careers was influenced by his mother, a long-time confidante and adviser. As he wrote to her in October 1925,

> All of these things I would like help on; I wish I could come home and talk them over and get encouragement. . . . Think things over, please, and tell me what you think should be done in the several cases. . . . There are advantages all ways, I suppose, and you see how inadequate and unsatisfactory paper discussions are. You don't wonder that it appears to be worth a considerable expense in order to talk things over with Ellura, for really, next to myself she is most concerned."[46]

Ellura Harvey was the woman to whom he had recently become engaged. Her importance in his life naturally influenced his career considerations very directly: would she do well as a Forest Service wife? He encountered some women who seemed to flourish as wives of men assigned to jobs in the field. "Mrs. Furst [who was living at a ranger station with her husband] was out with 'hobbed' boots, knickers, middy, tallying the seedlings in a note book. She could spy the tiny one-inch pines in the grass as well as anyone."[47] On the other hand, he saw other women in the field who were unhappy away from town life. The wife of a lumberjack had told him, "It would not be so bad if I could see someone once in a while, but to be alone with 3 small children all day is pretty lonesome for me."[48]

Winters considered that working at the experiment station "might not be so bad, for Ellura could go along, and she would enjoy it. Westveld, the Exp. Sta. man that was here, says his brother's wife takes a temporary appointment in the summer & helps her husband, receiving $90 per month & expenses."[49] When asked about living in the West, Ellura was "perfectly wonderful; she is willing to come anywhere, but she doesn't know what it means to be way out here, and alone, as I do. Willingness to come is one thing, but happiness and contentment after getting here is another."[50] He maintained his opinion that "Experiment Station work is the worst [assignment] as far as being home is concerned. Away about 7 months of the year & home about 5. The first few years that might not be so bad, . . . but not permanently."[51] He concluded it was not "wise to bring a girl into the 'sticks' for other than vacations."[52]

Bob and Ellura shared an active Methodist faith but differed in class background. She came from a comfortable middle-class home in a small Michigan town where her father was a leading attorney and her mother a prominent hostess.[53] Ellura had great social poise and confidence; Bob, although a bright and industrious young man, lacked these. He came from a working-class family that often struggled financially. His father was barely literate and worked as a manual laborer. His mother had a public-school education and had taught school. She was fiercely ambitious for her three sons, giving Bob, the eldest, as broad a cultural experience as she could. The family moved from Holland, Michigan, to Ann Arbor, home of the University of Michigan, when he was of university age. She took in roomers while he worked his way through university by means of manual jobs.[54] To start his career out west in the Forest Service, he had to borrow money for the trip from his brother, mother, and grandmother.[55]

The loneliness and boredom mentioned above may have contributed to the bouts of what Winters called "homesickness" that he experienced from time to time. He had spent a summer in the forests of California, earning money for his university expenses, so the shock of wilderness life was unlikely to be the cause. He believed one bout was caused by the departure of a Forest Service colleague, another by regret over missing his university homecoming celebrations.[56] His mother suggested that a very hard year at university was responsible for an early episode.[57] It is not clear exactly to what she was referring, but given his academic work, remunerative work, and courting of Ellura, he had certainly been stretched. Both his mother and Ellura wrote encouraging letters in response to what he called his "sob" letters. He replied to Ellura, "You are so encouraging, and try to cheer me up. . . . I am trying hard not to feel that way any more . . . it is not good for me to be sad."[58]

His homesickness—likely depression—may have been reinforced by worries about how his mother would adjust to Ellura's importance in his life, a concern he made clear when he wrote, "I think, Mother, that I will enclose a few of Ellura's letters. I don't believe you know her quite as I do. Perhaps you may be a bit surprised. I would a bit rather you would not show them to the general public, because parts are rather personal, but I don't mind if you read them, because I want you to know what a wonderful girl I really have. You will return them, won't you?"[59] Indeed, Ellura got the most detailed accounts of his western life and often got them first: "I wrote all of the details of the trip to Ellura & she will send you the letter to read."[60] And on another occasion: "I plan on buying some [pictures] and sending them to Ellura and she will forward them to you."[61]

This routing of correspondence indicated a change in Winters's interpersonal relationships, and his mother presently responded by saying that she would henceforth limit her suggestions. However, the son asked that she not do that. "Mother, your letter was simply splendid. I don't think you fall in the #2 class at all, and I do wish you would write the things that you said you mustn't. You know, I don't have to do the things [you] suggest."[62]

ROBERT K. WINTERS COLLECTION, FOREST HISTORY SOCIETY PHOTO COLLECTION

After completing his doctorate in 1930, Winters joined the technical staff of the Southern Forest Experiment Station in New Orleans, seen here with the clerical staff in 1932. Winters is at the left end of the third row.

In October 1925, shortly before Winters wrote of asking for a transfer to the Experiment Station, he and Ellura began to plan a meeting during the Christmas holidays. He figured that between the legal holidays and his earned vacation days, he had ten or eleven days available. "We would each come half way. I don't have much of an idea how much it would cost—enough, no doubt. But, there are some things that I would like very much to decide, and I can't very well decide them alone."[63] In the end, he went all the way to Michigan for Christmas, leaving on December 19, 1925.[64] He and Ellura were together in both Ann Arbor and her hometown of Benton Harbor, and according to her mother it was "a pleasure to see him and Ellura together. They are so genuinely happy and they don't care at all who knows it."[65]

When he returned from his Michigan visit, having had opportunities to discuss his future with both Ellura and his mother, he seems to have been more settled in his mind. "I'm pretty well content, for now we have some plan, something definite toward which to work."[66]

MAKING TOUGH CHOICES

Although this is not spelled out in his letters, he had settled on pursuit of a career in the Forest Service. Hence his decision not to pursue a college teaching post when he was again contacted about the Washington State College position:

> I had another letter from that Pullman job, at the State College. It seems as tho there was some misunderstanding, with the result that funds were not available last fall. They think they have funds now, and plan to begin hostilities about March 1. They want to know if I am still interested, adding that the maximum salary they feel able to pay is $2,000 per year instead of $1,800 as before. I wrote and told them that I felt that experience of a broad and general nature was what I needed, that I hoped to move as often as possible in the next few years, & that I expected some day to teach. I wrote as nice, and interested a letter as I could, and perhaps he may remember me at a time when I want to be remembered.[67]

His letters do not suggest that money was an important factor in his decision. Having grown up poor, he clearly understood the importance of financial security, but in his written discussions he did not compare the monetary rewards of potential careers.

His plans seem also to have included an element of self-improvement. His Christmas contact

with Ellura's family may have encouraged her to seek to add to his polish. "Ellura wants me to try to write something too, so under the urgent pressure I'm studying grammar and composition out of a little book I have, so that I may write things better. Trying to put on a polish, if such a thing is possible."[68] Subsequently, he wrote "Diary of a Forest Service Scaler,"[69] and a few days later, an untitled diary.[70] He had not done this sort of writing since the lonely days of the previous summer.

Winters's surviving letters were regular up to December 13, 1925, when there was a break due to his Christmas trip back to Michigan, and then resumed on January 17, 1926. There were just two more and then a break until late May 1927, when he described a three-day trip from Washington state to Baker, Oregon, via Portland. Then there was another break until July 4, 1927. In that letter it is clear that Ellura had been west to visit Bob in July the previous year and that their wedding was imminent. The paucity of letters over the eighteen months prior to their wedding leaves significant gaps in his career-choice reporting.

Fortunately, an audio tape Winters made late in his life tells of a decisive opportunity that came in the spring of 1927. The previous Christmas, when he had again gone to Michigan for the holidays, he and Ellura had decided that they would be married the coming summer. He was already looking for married accommodations in Baker when an offer came from the University of Michigan for one of four junior instructorships in its School of Forestry and Conservation, part of a major departmental reorganization. He could work on his doctoral degree and would do some teaching, for which he would be paid $100 per month. After a flurry of letters, he and Ellura decided he should accept this offer.[71]

He clearly saw the University of Michigan offer as a step toward furthering his career in the U.S. Forest Service, not a deviation from it: he applied for and received a leave of absence from the Forest Service for the academic year and returned to work for the agency during the summer vacation. He followed this pattern for the succeeding three years as well.[72]

Bob and Ellura were married in Benton Harbor on September 3, 1927. They settled in Ann Arbor, where he was considered a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan.[73] Ellura, who had received her master's in education the summer of 1927, also worked, first as a university marker, and then as director of the Methodist Wesley Foundation. Bob completed his PhD in the spring of 1930. In the fall of that year, he and Ellura moved to New Orleans, where he worked at the Forest Service's Southern Experiment Station.[74]

As he had anticipated, considerable absence from home was indeed part of his experiment station work, but this did not seem to interfere with marital happiness. During the next decade, while based in New Orleans, he was part of a comprehensive survey of the timber resources of the Forest Service's Southern Region and was often away from home, where Ellura remained, busy as a housewife and then mother.[75] During these years they again resorted to frequent letters, which again seemed to serve them well.[76] As he advanced in his career, so did the amount of time he spent in offices, doing the sort of business he had disparaged in 1925, but which allowed him to return home to his family each night. At one point in his career, he spent two years with the Agency for International Development to establish a forest products laboratory in East Pakistan (now Bangladesh). After his retirement in 1967, he served fifteen years as an international forestry consultant for the Society of American Foresters. Throughout, he remained happy in his marriage, dedicating a book that was

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Winters in 1938, when his Forest Service career was well underway.

his initial retirement project to Ellura, "My enthusiastic companion on many an exciting adventure."[77] She had helped increase his self-confidence and his social polish both directly and indirectly through her own upbringing and social experience. In the end, he had chosen not only the right career path but also the right partner to accompany him.

CONCLUSION

Why did Robert K. Winters commit to government employment instead of a career in academia? He left no written explanation, so I can only speculate. Perhaps his three years back at university convinced him that government was a better fit. Perhaps the onset of the Great Depression in 1929 as he was finishing his doctorate highlighted the greater financial security of government work. In any case, the New Orleans Experiment Station provided the sort of scientific forestry work that he had desired since the summer of 1925.

Although he might well have gotten an experiment station

assignment without more graduate work, education was a trusted route to advancement. He may also have considered higher education a more flexible route, surmising that graduate degrees have at least some influence when one seeks professional work and can also offer an alternative career in academia.

Winters tried out both government service and academia for five years. He first went west, away from his fiancée, to earn sufficient money to marry her. The Forest Service was a convenient vehicle for this, but some of its work did not appeal. However, the experience taught him that what he really enjoyed was intellectual work, which he had discovered could be pursued in both academia and government service. He then spent time sampling both career routes. Not every young person has the luxury—or the necessary intellect, which was evident to his superiors in both spheres—of being able to switch career paths for half a decade. Ultimately, he chose government service and stayed with it, rejecting offers over the next four decades that came from both academia and private companies.[78] Perhaps his choice on completion of his graduate study in 1930 is less significant than his loyalty over the years. The insecurity he remembered from his impoverished childhood initially led him to keep alternatives in hand, and then encouraged him over the years to stay with the familiar—government service.

Margaret Andrews is Associate Professor Emerita in the Department of History at Washington State University, and is the eldest child of Robert Winters. She is the co-editor of Letters from Chittagong: An American Forestry Couple's Letters Home, 1952–54 *(1994).*

NOTES

1. For example, Robert K. Winters, ed., *Fifty Years of Forestry in the USA* (Washington, DC: Society of American Foresters, 1950); Robert K. Winters, *The Forest and Man* (New York: Vantage Press, 1974); Robert K. Winters, "Beginnings of Forestry in India," *Journal of Forest History* 19, no. 2 (1975): 82–90.
2. To his family, June 27, 1925.
3. Diary, August 6, 1925.
4. To his family, July 12, 1925.
5. To his family, July 5, 1925.
6. To his family, July 19, 1925.
7. To Ellura, July 12, 1925.
8. To his family, July 12, 1925.
9. To Ellura, July 18, 1925.
10. To his family, August 2, 1925.
11. To his family, July 26, 1925; August 23, 1925.
12. To his family, August 26, 1925.
13. To his family, August 29, 1925.
14. To his family, September 4, 7, 13, 1925.
15. To his family, September 4, 1925.
16. To his family, September 7, 1925.
17. To his family, September 13, 1925.
18. To his family, September 7, 1925.
19. To his family, September 7, 1925.
20. To his family, September 19, 1925.
21. To his family, September 19, 1925.
22. To his family, October 5, 1925.
23. To his mother, [October 2, 1925].
24. To his family, July 19, 1925.
25. To Don, September 15, 1925. Don was one of Bob's brothers.
26. To his family, August 4, 1925.
27. To his family, October 8, 1925.
28. To his mother, November 29, 1925.
29. To his mother, February 19, 1926.
30. To his family, November 15, 1925.
31. To his mother, [October 2], November 22, 1925.
32. Officially the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station, it is now the Pacific Northwest Research Station. It was established in 1925.
33. To his family, October 5, 1925.
34. To his family, October 25, 1925.
35. To his family, October 5, 1925.
36. To his family, November 15, 1925.
37. Winters, *The Forest and Man*, 285–300.
38. To his family, July 12, 1925.
39. To his family, July 12, 1925.
40. To his family, July 12, 1925.
41. To his family, July 19, 1925.
42. To his family, July 19, 1925.
43. To his family, July 19, 1925.
44. To his family, October 25, 1925.
45. To his mother, November 22, 1925.
46. To his family, October 25, 1925.
47. To his family, October 5, 1925.
48. To Ellura, July 18, 1925.
49. To his family, November 8, 1925.
50. To his family, November 8, 1925.
51. To his family, November 8, 1925.
52. To his mother, February 19, 1926.
53. Ellura Moon Harvey (Mrs. William P.). Her obituary in the *Benton Harbor News-Palladium* (reprint for funeral, c. November 9, 1939) characterized her as devoting "much of her time to civic and club work as well as . . . multiple church activities."
54. Robert K. Winters, oral history interview, audio tape 1/3, side 2, Box 1, Robert Kirby Winters Papers, Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan,
55. To his family, August 4, 1925. He borrowed a total of $254: $169 from his grandmother, $25 from his brother, and $60 from his mother.
56. To Ellura, July 22, 1925; to his mother, [October 2] 1925.
57. To his family, August 2, 1925.
58. To Ellura, August 28, 1925.
59. To his family, August 4, 1925.
60. To his family, September 4, 1925.
61. To his family, September 19, 1925.
62. To his family, November 8, 1925.
63. To his family, October 25, 1925.
64. To his mother, December 13, 1925.
65. To his mother from Mrs. W. P. Harvey, January 6, 1926.
66. To his mother, January 17, 1926.
67. To his mother, January 10, 1926.
68. To his mother, January 17, 1926.
69. February 27, 1926.
70. "Diary March 7, 1926."
71. Winters, audio tape 3/3, side A.
72. Winters, audio tape 3/3, side A.
73. University of Michigan Alumni Association, *Michigan Alumnus*, vol. 34 (Ann Arbor: Alumni Association of the University of Michigan, 1927), 154.
74. Information from Robert K. Winters, foreword to *Letters from Chittagong: An American Forestry Couple's Letters Home, 1952–54*, eds. Margaret W. Andrews, John L. Baker, and Fritz Blackwell (Columbia, MO: South Asia Books, 1992). Winters reviewed that material before it went to press. His dissertation was entitled "Stem Form of White Oak."
75. Photographs taken in these years show travel in Texas, Virginia, Mississippi, and other southern locations. Forest History Society, Inventory of the Robert K. Winters Photographs 1930–1939, Forest History Society Photograph Collection, Library and Archives, Forest History Society, Durham, NC, https://foresthistory.org/research-explore/archives-library/fhs-archival-collections/inventory-robert-k-winters-photographs-1930-1939.) The author, Ellura and Bob's eldest child, was born in New Orleans in 1932.
76. Winters kept these for many years but destroyed them before his death.
77. Winters, *The Forest and Man*, [n.p.].
78. The author heard the pros and cons of such offers discussed over the family dinner table. (See note 75.)