

10-20-1960

## Woody to Jim, 20 October 1960

Elwood R. Maunder

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### Recommended Citation

Maunder, Elwood R., "Woody to Jim, 20 October 1960" (1960). *Correspondence*. 260.  
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# Forest History Society, Inc.

2706 West Seventh Boulevard  
SAINT PAUL 16, MINNESOTA

October 20, 1960

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ELWOOD R. MAUNDER  
*St. Paul, Minn.*

Dr. James W. Silver  
History Department  
University of Mississippi  
University, Mississippi

Dear Jim:

I apologise for the delay in answering your letter of September 27 in which you request an honorable discharge from the Forest History Brigade. This crushing blow was delivered to me while I was in Boston taking strength from touching Harvard's hem and attending the annual meeting of the Society of American Archivists. I wrote a reply there, but didn't mail it. A fellow has to be careful what he puts in writing which may come back to haunt him later.

But while my cup ran to the brim during Indian summer days in Beantown, a bitter stone graveled in my gizzard--for one of the brethren was turning in his suit. I'm aware that during recent games you haven't piled up the same high average yards-per-try you did when you were younger, sprier and more resilient. But what of it? You still have a decent overall average, even counting Munich in Minneapolis.

This is not written to stay your flight from forest history into some new and all-consuming enterprise. After all this is, as you have rightly pointed out to me on several occasions, not the most heady cause. I think I understand your reasons for checking out, although I must confess I still don't have from you a clear statement of what caused the schism between you and John Moore, which seems to make joint participation in anything a pain too great to bear. Sometime I hope you will tell me who did what to whom.

I am not untouched by your feeling of empathy for all poor blokes who battle for causes such as this. Maybe some day the headier cause you wish for me will come along. When you see one, let me know of it.



The meeting at Memphis ran into tough competition with the final game of the World Series. Damned poor planning on my part to select such a day . . . about what one could expect out of the 13th of any month. Stanley Horn was called up to bat at the Lumbermen's Club lunch as the game was going into the ninth inning. With the TV still softly beaming the thrilling finale from one end of the dining room, the program chairman introduced all at the head table, and while the Yanks rebounded with two runs to tie the score at 9-all, Stanley regaled his audience with deathless prose which guess who had prepared for him. It was like preaching a sermon on chastity at a Roman smorgasbord. Still, once the Pirates had torpedoed Casey's champions, Stanley got in some good licks.

If the passion for forest history doesn't burn yet at furnace heat in southern breasts, its temperature has gone up a few degrees, I believe. Moore, Horn, McGowin, Orell, Maunder and a representative from Potlatch Forests in Arkansas held a meeting in the afternoon to discuss where we go from here. There was much interest in Hickman's book, sincere appreciation for what has been done at Ole Miss, resolution that more can be done by industry to encourage more collecting and more research and writing in the southern states. And now we shall see.

Let's keep in touch, Jim. I'll miss you in the line-up but that doesn't mean we have to terminate a friendship which I believe we both prize.

All the best.

Cordially,

*Woody.*

Elwood R. Maunder  
Director

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