

Requiescat in Pace

E. Lavelle Thompson, 84, a resident of Albuquerque since 1964, died March 21, 1996.

Mr. Thompson spent his formative years on ranches in Indian Valley and the South Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho. He completed his high school education at the Intermountain Institute, a boarding school in Weiser, Ida. Mr. Thompson graduated with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Forestry from the University of Idaho in 1938. He accepted employment with the U.S. Forest Service in 1934 and served on numerous assignments in Idaho, Arizona, and New Mexico, including District Ranger on three districts located on two National Forests, Fire Control Staff Officer on the Payette National Forest and Forest Supervisor of the Apache National Forest in Springerville, Ariz. He retired from the Forest Service in 1969 after a career spanning 35 years. Mr. Thompson was active in several civic and fraternal organizations including Kiwanis International, Amigo (retired Forest Service employees), Enchanted Lens Camera Club, Aristocrat Caravaners, and the International Knife and Fork Club. He was also a member of Zia Daylight Lodge #77, A.F. & A.M., and the proud recipient of his 50 year pin.

Mr. Thompson was also a member of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church. He was a charter member of the Society for Range Management where he was actively promoting conservation and the wise use of rangelands. Even after retirement he remained professionally active serving as an advisor to the Forest Service, and the Bureau of Land Management. In addition he was an active member and held leadership positions in the following professional organizations; Albuquerque Wildlife Federation, Conservation Action League, National Wildlife Federation, Society of American Forestry Association, and National Wildlife Refuge Association.

Mr. Thompson is survived by his wife, Rose Thompson of Albuquerque.

Thru Theo's Window at the Ranch

The Big Belts against the horizon.
Rugged mountains, uneven and blue,
Dark shadowed, mauve and deep purple.
At their base, a silvery hue.

Ever clouds billowing over,
At times, immense, fleecy and white.
Or dark and laden with rainfall,
They thunder along in their flight.

The buttes and rocky formations
Leading down to the arable lands,
Strip-farmed for soil conservation;
Vast fields of black and gold bands.

The following meadow before me
Fast losing its bright summer green,
Where a flock of spring lambs are grazing,
And Square Butte looms, lone and serene.

This beautiful view before me,
A feast for the soul and the eye,
Portrayal of earth's wonderous workings,
And over it all, the Big Sky.

Hazel M. Thomson
1964

This poem is a contribution from John Mitchell written by his great Aunt Hazel Thomson. Theo was John's grandmother on his mother's side of the family.





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