

SUMMER

1968



WILDLIFE ECOLOGY WEEK 1968

by DAVE BRISSETTE

Last summer, for the first time since it originated, Wildlife Ecology Week lasted two weeks instead of one. For some it was the first time they had ever been exposed to any practical field work. Others were more experienced, but everyone learned a great deal.

The first thing most men did at camp was make the place look ship-shape. The cabins hadn't been used since the previous summer, so there was a lot to be done. Floors had to be swept, shutters had to be taken off, and in some instances, leaky roofs had to be patched. But everyone pitched in, and the chores were soon done.

A welcomed breather did not last long because Dr. Sanford Schemnitz, Wildlife Ecology Week Director, soon had everybody setting up mist nets. These nets were checked every morning and every evening, and all the birds that were caught were banded with specially numbered aluminum bands supplied by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

There was no rest for the weary at camp because on the next day, Monday, June 3, everyone, including "Doc", was in court; as spectators only, of course. Our purpose in being there was to witness several cases involving violations of Maine's Fish and Game Laws. Several of the wardens in the area were very cooperative in explaining and demonstrating the procedure that must be followed in bringing a violator to justice. Some of our group were fortunate enough to be able to accompany a warden in the field and observe him at work.

A couple of days later we were all out on Musquash Stream trapping muskrats. We did not make any money at it though, because we were live-trapping them for tagging purposes only. As muskrat trappers, Dr. Schemnitz rated the Class of 1969 as the best ever. Seven muskrats were caught in the two days spent trapping. These animals were ear-tagged and released, none the worse for their ordeal.

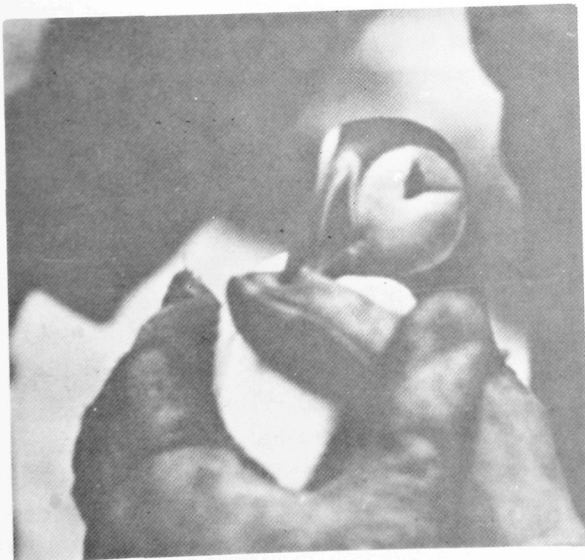
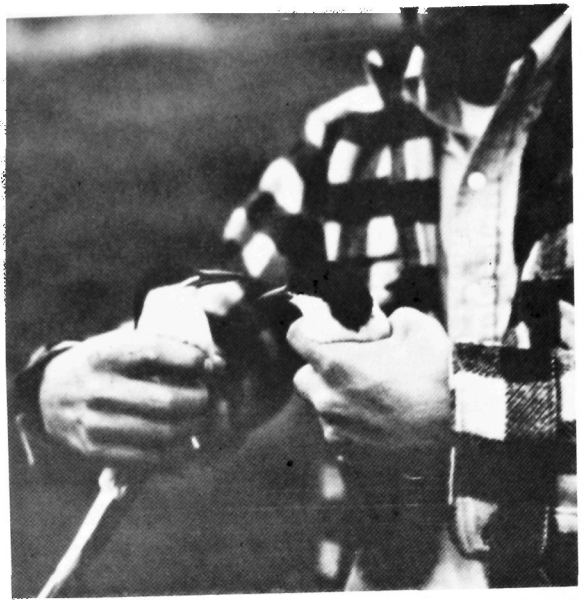
On Saturday, June 8, "Doc" headed the GREEN truck toward the small coastal town of Cutler, Maine, where we boarded a lobster boat. Our destination was Machias Seal Island, a small Canadian island nine miles off the Maine coast. During the early summer the island is inhabited



by a nesting colony of Arctic terns. These small sea birds migrate from the lower southern hemisphere to the upper northern hemisphere each year. Our trip to the island was an excellent opportunity to observe the terns, as well as many other varieties of sea birds such as puffins, comorants, and auks, to mention a few. "Please don't step on the tern eggs" was the cry of the day as everyone was trying to snatch a puffin from its nest to band it. A few minutes later a small helicopter appeared on the horizon and "Doc" yelled, "Let's get out of here, here comes the warden." It seems that "Doc" forgot to acquire a Canadian banding permit. It was all a false alarm, however, because the helicopter proved to carry not the warden, but the mailman. Shortly after that, we boarded the lobster boat again and headed for shore.

The second week of camp was spent doing everything from touring the Marine Fisheries Research lab at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, to making waterfowl brood counts at the Moosehorn National Wildlife Refuge.

When it was time for the final exam on that last Friday evening everyone was glad to have it over, but even more so, we were glad to have been a part of it.



THE 1968 SILVICULTURE TRIP

by JIM McGRATH, RICHARD NICHOLS

"Filaurio, Filaurio," the cry rang out through the bus, "Where is Filaurio?" Ten minutes later someone yelled, "Here he comes, across the parking lot." As our pilot Leslie Van Tassel anxiously raced the motor, Tony swung aboard and the Silviculture Trip of 1968 got underway. Although Dr. Ralph Griffin's time table was somewhat off schedule, Les made up the time on the Interstate to Augusta.

The Trip was planned to give the management juniors a look at the different aspects of silviculture in New England. Silviculture techniques and problems were many and varied in the different areas that we visited. The week long trip covered forests ranging from spruce-fir to northern hardwoods.

Our first host was Dr. Robert I. Ashman, in China, Maine. Here, the former head of the UM Forestry Department showed us various plots of White Pine with Norway Spruce and tamarack. After lunch at his home in Augusta, we viewed the R.I. Ashman tree farm. Dr. Ashman had planted this land in 1931 to observe the behaviour of various tree species. In some of his Red Pine plantations *Fomes annosus* had become evident. We also saw many progeny tests of Scotch Pine and European larch. Following a tour of Dr. Ashman's home, we boarded our Bangor and



Aroostook "jet" and roared down the turnpike toward the Massabesic Experimental Forest, in Alfred, Maine.

After the electricians in our group provided power, lights and water, most of us turned in early in preparation for the next day.

Monday morning we met Mr. Raymond Graber, Associate Plant Ecologist for the Northeastern Forest Experiment Station. After a brief introductory talk about direct seeding of White Pine covering the equipment used, the cost, and the problems affecting the seedling survival, we traveled the forest and observed some of Graber's work, as well as other projects carried on at the Massabesic, including a study area demonstrating different cutting practices in White Pine.

Next, Dr. Peter Garrett, the project leader, showed us a clear cut area and talked to us about a breeding aboretum that is to be established with stock produced at Durham, New Hampshire. After a question and answer period, we left Dr. Garrett and Mr. Graber, and traveled to meet with Mr. Richard Arsenaault, Assistant Supervisor of Service Foresters, State of Maine Forestry Department.

Mr. Arsenaault proved to be a very interesting host with his talk and demonstration of reforestation burned-over land. He also spent some time ex-





plaining the importance of aerial spraying of herbicides by helicopter to eliminate hardwood competition. Prices, limitations, and methods were explained in great detail.

Leaving this area, we next visited a cutting operation in North Berwick. Mr. Arsenault guided us through the operation, answering any questions on hardwood and softwood pulp, methods of marketing, and stumpage prices. After thanking Mr. Arsenault, we traveled to Concord, New Hampshire for supper.

After eating supper, we roared on to Petersham, Massachusetts and the dormitory at Harvard Forest. At the dormitory, most of us spent the evening in the museum examining the highly detailed exhibits. Later, back in the dorm, the card games and bull sessions began in earnest.

On Tuesday, June 4, we met with our host, Dr. Ernest M. Gould Jr., Forest Economist, and Walter Lyford, Soils Specialist. We went on a tour of the forest near the dormitory and had an outdoor lecture in the history of the Harvard Forest. Experiments dealing with *Fomes annosus* were also discussed. We visited the Slab City tract at the south end of the Forest. This tract represents forest land that was apparently never cleared and has been set aside for ecological observations. To give us an idea of the timber present on this tract, our hosts stated that in 1953 there was 33,000 board feet to the acre, mostly in large hemlock and White Pine.

In the afternoon we visited the oldest managed stand on the forest. This stand was cut originally to produce White Pine, but now contains good quality Red Oak trees. A bit of excitement was added to the afternoon when a low flying car almost split our bus in two as we were stopped for lunch. The only damage was a petrified bus driver. The rest of the afternoon was spent looking at areas of the forest where specific research projects were being carried on. One very interesting project had to do with Geomorphology. We also studied root growth and behavior in Dr. Lyford's subterranean rhizotron.

On Tuesday night, we had a welcome break. Dr. Griffin turned us loose on the town of Althol, Massachusetts. Unfortunately, a few of the guys don't remember quite what went on that night.

The Bangor and Aroostook jet was on the road Wednesday morning for Hillsboro, New Hampshire and the Fox Research and Demonstration Forest. When we arrived our host, Dr. Peter Allen, gave us a talk on the management of the research forest and also how the state Forestry program is run. He stressed the effect of the lack of a broad based tax on many state programs. We observed European larch plantations showing remarkable growth patterns. Dr. Allen gave a detailed talk on growing and managing larch stands. In his opinion, European and Japanese crosses have the greatest potential for growing in the New England area after the necessary research has been done.



In a nearby Red Pine plantation *Fomes annosus* was apparent. It had already killed a few individuals and severe damage was apparent on others. Dr. Allen told us that *Peniophora gigantea* is being used experimentally as a control agent for *Fomes*.

On Wednesday afternoon, we set with our next host, Mr. Clayton Heath, Chief, Special Forestry Programs, Division of Resources Development in New Hampshire. He showed us stands in the Bear Brook State Park demonstrating the effects of thinning in White Pine. Next we visited an area that had been treated with herbicides to free White Pine from hardwood competition. Mr. Heath then discussed with us the ideas involved with the use of chemicals to release desirable tree species. He also explained how the state timber marking program was set up and how timber sales are conducted.

After another quick supper at Concord, we headed towards the Thorn Hill Lodge in Jackson. Mrs. Ruth E. Darville of the Thorn Hill Lodge was our hostess for the next two nights. In addition to the nice lodge, we had a very nice waitress who reminded us that we still belonged to the human race.

Thursday morning our host was Mr. Stanley M. Philip, Research Forester with the Northeastern Forest Experiment Station in Bartlett, New Hampshire. The Bartlett Experimental Forest serves as the testing ground for silvicultural practices on northern hardwoods. We saw various cutting practices used in the northern hardwood



forest type. We saw some gigantic trees, such as a white ash 27" at DBH with a clear bole for 60 feet. We had a chance to compare the results of several silvicultural practices.

That afternoon we were the guests of Mr. Verland Ohlson, Saco Ranger District, White Mountain National Forest. He talked to us about stumpage prices and policies followed on the Forest. Later we were given a tour of a cutting operation on Mt. Fremont. The loggers were using a Nicholson Utilizer which chips tree length logs directly and blows the chips into a waiting trailer. The sight left a lasting impression on us all. The road up the mountain was another thing to remember. Although the Forest Service vehicles struggled up the mountain, Les bragged that his bus could have made it with no trouble at all.

We returned to the comfort of the Thorn Hill Lodge that evening. The shuffleboard court and the swimming pool were very popular, and some hard fought ping-pong games took place with both the winners and the losers undetermined due to the conditions of the game.

The next morning after a hearty breakfast and many hearty thanks to Mrs. Darville we headed up the Kangamagus Highway where we met Mr. Kenneth Sutherland, District Ranger of the Pemigewasset Ranger District, White Mountain National Forest. Mr. Sutherland told us about the district and its timber sale policy. He told us how the district became a prime recreational area due





to the establishment of Loon Mountain Ski Area. And since most of the area is only accessible by foot, the Appalachian Mountain Club maintains many trails.

Friday afternoon was spent at the Hubbard Brook Experimental Forest with Dr. Robert S. Pierce as our host. Dr. Pierce spoke on the watershed properties of forests, and various watershed management areas. The runoff of these areas was being measured to determine how much of the precipitation actually was runoff water. We saw various areas, from forest to clear-cut, on which runoff data was being collected. Dr. Pierce showed us data indicating the areas with the greatest and least runoff.

After a quick stop in Lancaster, New Hampshire for supper and a few "survival items", we headed for Errol. Thanks to Les and his bus driving, we almost missed it on our first pass through. That night in the calm of a small town atmosphere, Tet could be heard baying at the moon.

Saturday morning Mr. Clifford Swancon, Chief Forester for Seven Islands Land Company, and Mr. James Turner, District Ranger of the Rangeley District met us at the Errol Town Hall. As the company owns no mill, income is strictly from stumpage. The Brown Company cuts about half of the wood per year while private contractors cut the rest. Recreation is another prime industry of the district.

With Les handling the bus as though it were a jet fighter we roared to view a logging camp.

There, we tried to imagine life in the camp, but most of us gave it up as a bad dream.

Other stops showed us various silvicultural practices in the District. The last stop was at a Maine Forest Service Campground. We toured the Forest Fire Headquarters located at this campground, and examined the various types of fire equipment.

This last stop concluded the 1968 Silviculture Trip. One last item—as we flew past Skowhegan, Maine, the bus developed landing gear trouble, and we were stuck in Skowhegan for two hours. Les really had the cockpit steamed up on that one.

In writing our report for the trip, each one of us became aware that although the stops were brief and fast moving, we had greatly increased our silvicultural knowledge. Many new and exciting vistas of silvicultural practices had been revealed to us. This trip demonstrated that we all had a great deal to learn about silviculture, even in a localized area. We also learned that the learning process is most certainly a continuous one.

We the co-authors of this article join the other members of the Spring Silviculture Trip of 1968 in expressing our deepest appreciation to Dr. Ralph Griffin for his devotion to the purposes of the trip. We are well aware of the great time and effort that he spent in arranging this trip so we could all benefit from it. A special thanks to our low flying pilot, Leslie Van Tassel of the Bangor and Aroostook, and a certain weary B&A coach.



UTILIZATION TRIP LOG—1968

by CARL SANBORN

2 June, '68

Today, as in every June, a small unit of the junior class leaves on an expedition which will take us to many places in only a week's time. All these places have one thing in common; they deal with the conversion of trees to wood products of many varieties. Our unit consisted of nine utilization majors, Professor Henry Plummer, graduate student Byron Brooks, and state forester Joe Lupshaw.

We left Orono shortly after 12:00 noon for Patten, our first stop, where we visited the Logger's Museum. The curator, Dr. Laurie Rogers, ninety-six years old, a graduate of forestry at the University, guided and narrated our tour. The displays consisted of early and modern power and manual saw mills, clothing, and many interesting displays of sawing operations.

After a barbecue chicken supper supplied by the Rogers' and friends we headed to Great Northern Paper lands for our night's stay. We stayed in an International Paper Company camp. The



evening was spent around camp, exploring the operation. The camp was at a railway siding where the pulp was piled to be loaded on rail cars to be shipped to the mill.

3 June, '68

After an early breakfast in Ashland we visited the Pinkham Mill. It was quite a sight to see an "electric eye" debarker, large chain deck saw, band saw, band resaws, trimmers, green chain and chippers all working in fluent motion to produce over twenty-four million board feet per year of lumber.

From the mill we went to their wood camp at Hayden Brook. There, a seventy-five man crew with six skidders was cutting over a hundred cords of spruce and fir per working day. At this camp one three-man crew recently cut over five-hundred cords in five days.

After a camp lunch we journeyed to McDonald Siding where they have a chipper processing plant. Here they use the tree harvester, a crane-like





Province lands. Later that afternoon we visited Cutting Camp 64, a horse operation. Here we saw the amazing power of the huge horses, controlled only by the verbal commands of the cutters.

From here we proceeded to Summit Depot, where the basic shelter is the quonset hut. This camp is very unique in that it was the service camp for all the operations in the area. Here we received much information on the logistics operations performed by the depot and its function as a fire fighting unit.

At the Summit, there was also a Government Research Station for research on the Spruce Budworm. Here we heard a lecture on the Spruce Budworm for our bedtime story.

5 June, '68

This morning we rose before the sun to a logger's breakfast. After breakfast, we packed the cars and proceeded to view the cutting operation and the effect of the Spruce Budworm control. Later in the morning we returned to camp to view

machine that holds the top of the tree firmly, limbs the entire length and cuts the base with large scissor-like blades; all in less than a minute's time.

After a fine supper in Ashland, we returned to our quarters at the International Paper Company camp. We returned early because tomorrow we were to start at five in the morning.

4 June '68

After an early breakfast we departed Pinkham Land for the Canadian Province of New Brunswick to visit the Fraser Company. In the Edmuntson office we received a briefing on the company's operation, size, land ownership, and the difference between Crown and Freehold land.

When we had finished our coffee and donuts, we left for Fraser lands and Basely Depot. Our travels took us through some of the wildest land that any of us had ever seen. At Basely Depot we had another excellent lunch (actually a feast) followed by a lecture by Mr. Hoyt, Deputy Minister of Natural Resources, on the management of



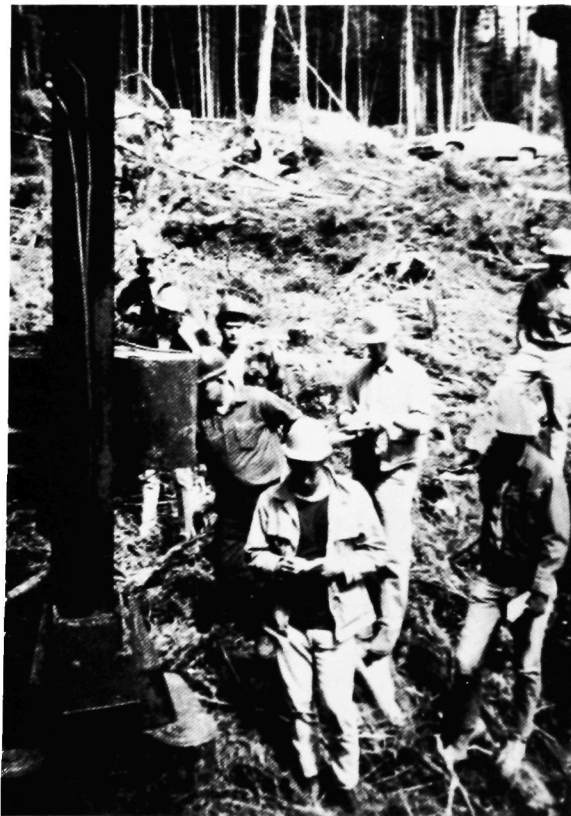
the fire fighting equipment and organization that could supply 250 men.

After lunch, we proceeded to Fort Kent for the second time to visit the Fort Kent Fence Company. Here we viewed a small scale operation that involved only twelve men. We saw how cedar becomes post and rail, picket, and woven fencing. From here we went to a tourist home and a good supper. The remainder of the evening was spent at two small lumber yards in the area.

6 June, '68

Early this morning we again returned to Canada, this time to the Black Brook Depot of the J.D. Irving Co. Ltd. Here we had the chance to compare this privately owned business to that of a corporation that we visited in New Brunswick.

After a camp lunch, we visited a cutting operation where tree length logging was the rule of practice. Everything was taken for pulp, and saw or veneer logs. Following the cutting operation, a giant tree crusher, weighing 64 tons, chewed up



any standing remains, and nursery stock was planted.

A highlight of the visit was the viewing of the tree crusher, cutting layouts, and the road system by air. From the Irving plane we could see the entire layout, seeing the stages of planting and the systematic arrangement of roads, camps, cutting, and yards. After a great camp supper we drove to our overnight spot near the Irving nursery.

7 June, 1968

As did the others, today started before the sun. We rose to a camp breakfast and headed for the plantings. We observed semi-automatic planting of seeds, a method of planting seeds on a roll of tape, watering, storing, and the removing of seedlings for shipping.

Bidding Irving good-bye, we headed back to Houlton, Maine and the Milmac Fence Company. Here we viewed the production of peeled post and rail, stockade pickets, and chips. The operation was simple but quite interesting.



the road; this time to Scott Paper Company Lands. At Scott Paper we viewed the Beloit Tree Harvester in action. The "harvester" has a 60 foot mast, and a 24 inch scissor-type blade at the base to shear the tree. We traveled throughout the area viewing the cuttings from the present to twenty years ago to see the regeneration methods and the results.

From Scott Paper Lands we went to the Maine Forest Service Station in Greenville. Here we saw the float planes that are used in spotting and suppressing forest fires. While there, we were fortunate to observe the action taken by the station on a fire call. The call, however, turned out to be someone burning brush.

A smooth ride from Greenville to Orono finished the trip. Many of us were suffering from writer's cramp, but it was worth it. As we rode home we all pondered over the material that we had accumulated on this trip. But at the same time we knew that we were headed for eight more week's worth of learning at good old summer camp in Princeton.

Leaving Houlton, we again headed toward Millinocket, where we again hit the lands of the Great Northern Paper Company. After an introduction by Mr. Bartlett, we viewed the Nesco Slasher, which cuts two logs into 100" lengths, then into 50" lengths, then dumps them into the river to be carried to the East Millinocket mill. Further down the yard a train was unloading pre-cut pulp into the river with automatic tilt base cars. We then toured the mill which in itself was very interesting.

From Millinocket we traveled to Rippogenous Dam and the boom house on Chesuncook Lake. After supper, we went out on a boom jumper and witnessed the marrying of a boom. After beaching the boat, we saw the sluicing of pulp via the new flume from the dam to the powerhouse.

8 June, 1968

As we rose today, we all looked forward to the trip home, but the trip was not over yet. After an early breakfast at the boom house, we again hit



ON TO
PRINCETON



AND
SUMMER
CAMP . . .



SUMMER CAMP 1968

by ROBERT H. DOBSON and PARKE L. KANOP

June 9—"Hmmm, Princeton is right here on the map. Better turn around and try again. There it is, the sign for Camp R.I. Ashman. . . ." "You're kidding me." After choosing a waterproof cabin that looks like it won't slide into the lake before eight weeks is up, we stuffed our mattresses into the pillow cases provided. Next was a stop at the head. Boy, I guess the wildlifers have been here for a week. Ugh.

June 10—We're welcomed to camp this morning by Director Nutting and Prof. Randall. Big psych-up talk and warning to keep away from Peter Dana Point. Dusty ride on the bus and truck through Princeton, Longlake Campground, Peter Dana Point, the Experimental Forest, and the site of the old forestry camp. Seen everything now. Played Fy 1 Lab in the afternoon.

June 11—Fish day. Froze on the early morning truck ride to the Grand Lake Stream Fish Hatchery. Those lucky —in the bus. Saw the Game Biologists demonstrate "electro fishing", seemed like a good way to catch chubs.

Sandy's dog didn't fall into the fishway at Grand Falls but it sure looked like Andy Kellie would.

June 12—Dr. Schemnitz took us to Moosehorn and watched ducks fly around.

Rack city during the afternoon movies. Bill Sylvester found out that spikes will slow down even his chain saw.

June 13—More wildlife. Bus got stuck in a washout. Last trip to the Princeton laundromat. Two of the washers didn't work and the third caught fire.

June 14—Brian Schwanda is still going for those early morning swims.

Cut and leave tally today in R4S4 and R4S3. Visibility was limited due to the local mosquito population.

June 17—Preliminary lecture for C.F.I. Chased by two Princeton girls to the airport. Bill Wood almost got crushed by a skidder. It's a good thing he rolled out of the top bunk in time, much to our amusement.

June 18—Sloshed through the woods again today. Westveld's Yield Tables. Will the stove pipe last another day?

June 19—Didn't hang around to see if the pipe was gonna go. Instead, we hiked up Musquash Mountain to check out the fire tower. Cabin 5

won a watermelon in the fire muster in a time of one minute ten seconds.

June 20—R5S2+RAIN+SWAMP+MOSQUITOES=Line Plot Accumulative Tally. Almost lost Carl Sanborn in the mud. A quick thinker, he grabbed a root to keep from going under.

June 21—Visit to the GP Mill in Woodland. Fireline practice in the afternoon. All thoughts were on the first two day weekend starting today.

June 24—Beginning of the two sessions on forest recreation. Long Lake Campground had two recreational opportunities living in the travel trailer by the beach.

June 25—Recreational study for each crew somewhere in the flowage. FY 6 came in handy for this project.

June 26-29—The big cruise. "The starting point is . . . the point where you start." Information like this was very helpful.

July 1-3—C.F.I. . . . care for a total of 140 plots.

July 3-7—Freedom!

July 8-10—More C.F.I. Brian Schwanda left because of appendicitis. A big C.F.I. care sign appears on Telephone Road. (a sign of the times).

July 11—Boys find girls at Kate's in Woodland; plot thickens in camp and proceeds to Peter Dana Point in the early morning, July 12.

July 12—Another day of something. Three Indian "maidens" joined us swimming at 4:30. Was that blur through the trees Tony?

July 13—"For the last time, stay away from the Indians."

July 15—Boundary line maintenance. "The Wild Moose Chase" with Prof. Randall at the wheel of the International. "We almost got her."

July 17—Plane table survey. "These campers realize how important this training is and they won't mind us surveying through their camps and over the picnic tables." Minor "adjustments" were made to keep from having to do the whole thing over.

July 18—Another cruise in the morning. Dick Nichols claims he can eyeball tree diameter to tenths. He should, after all the practice he's had. Checked out GP woodlands HQ garage after it burned. Bill and Carl fell out of the truck on the camp road.

July 19—Visited the Quoddy Lumber Mill and Friels Lumber Mill with Mr. Hale. Few exhibited their enthusiasm for flying sawdust. Fell asleep standing today, a first.

July 22-23—Topographic surveying of the point. Seems to me the water levels on each side of the point should be the same, guess this calls for another adjustment.

July 24—Logging. Mr. Hale showed us how to flood the tractor. Parke had to start her up. Gone to Grand Lake Stream to check the bears and get a few cold ones.

July 26—Easy day! Blister rust control. Gun registration in the morning. Seems Prof. Randall's roof leaked last night.

July 29—Permanent plot remeasurement. "Hey there's that white Chevy." "In Cold Blood" is playing in St. Stephens.

July 30—Office day and lecture by Dr. Corcoran about the statistical accuracy of the point sample cruise. "Hey Dick, our hemlock trees don't deviate enough." Wonder why.

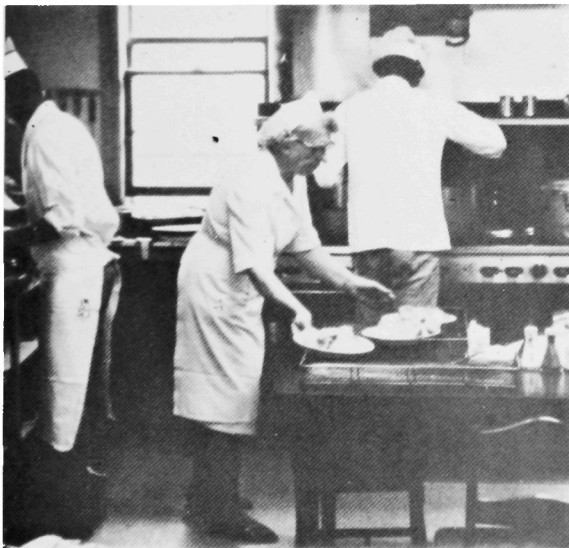
July 31—Burn day with Dr. Griffin. Learned two things: when you see one burn you've seen them all and there are lots of raspberries to eat. Prof. Randall forced a smile when he saw his truck had flower power.

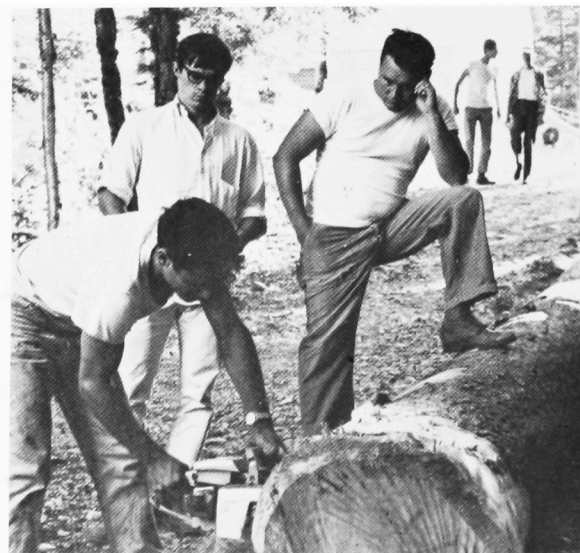
August 2—Field Day. Spiderman Willie on the log.

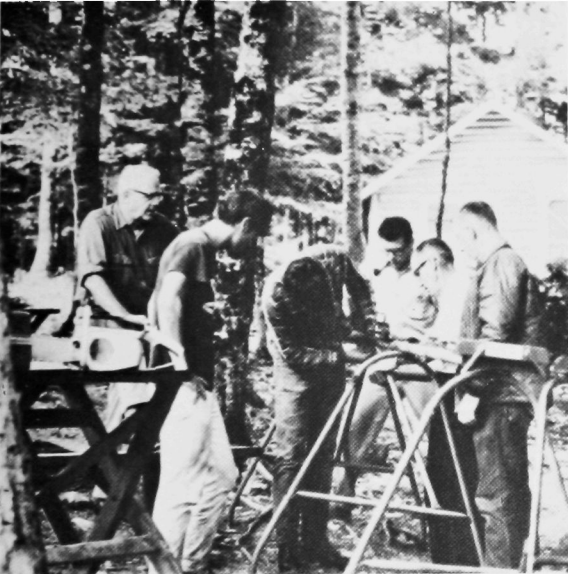
August 3—All roads go away from Princeton.



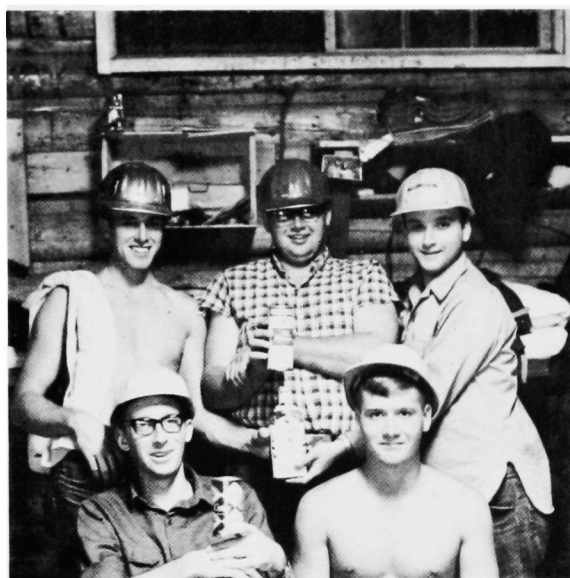
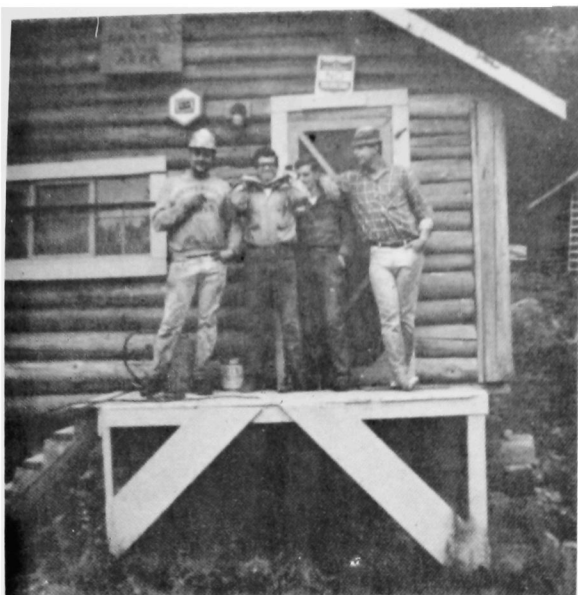


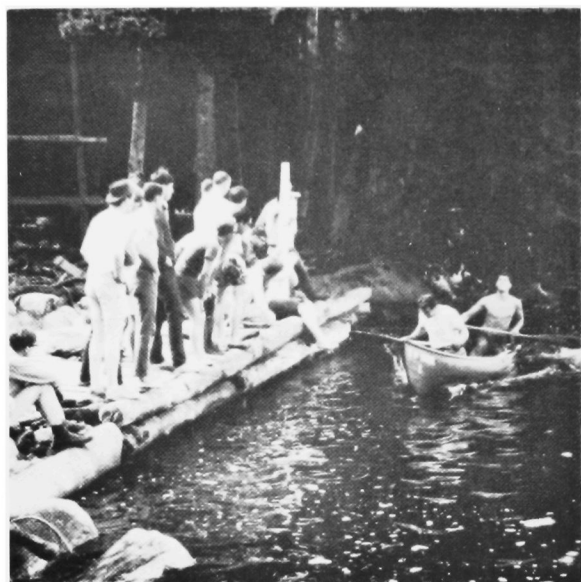












UNDERCLASSMEN

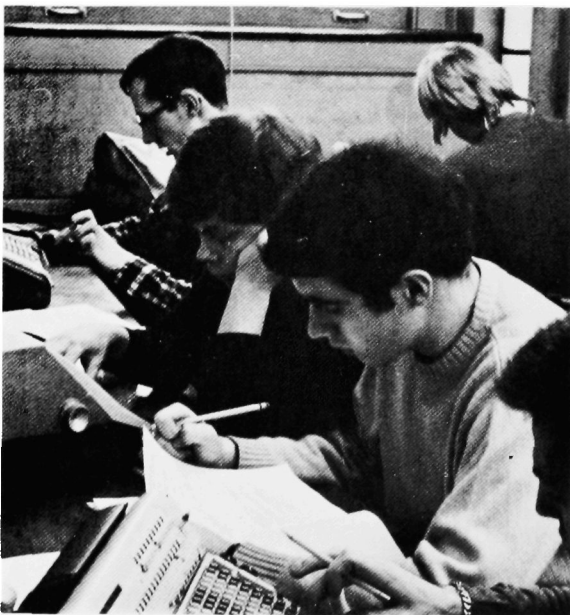
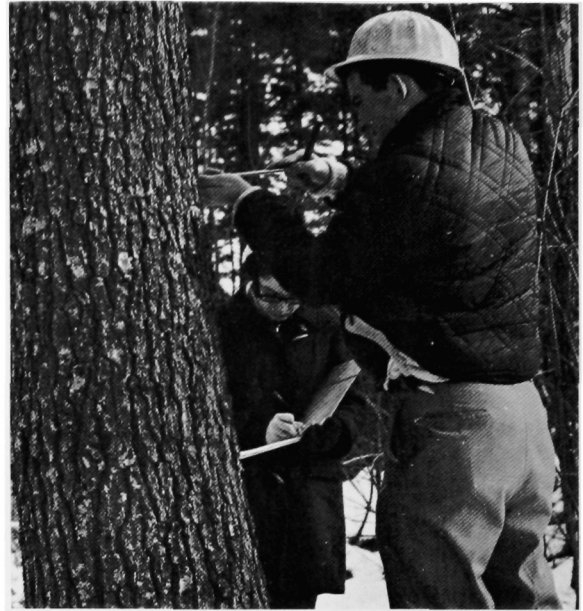


THE JUNIORS

by FRANK TONIS

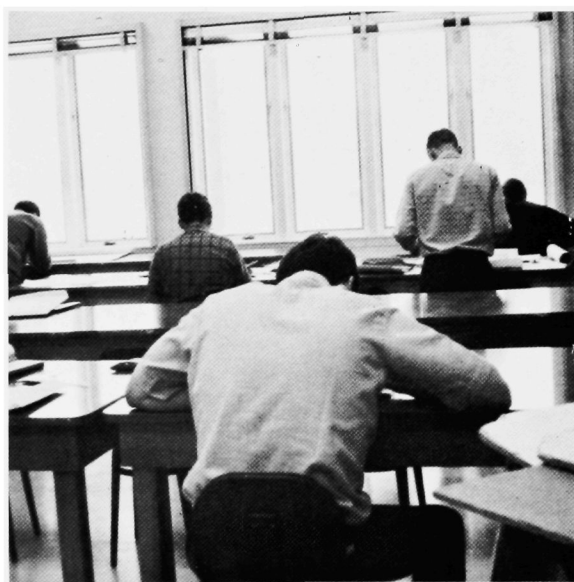
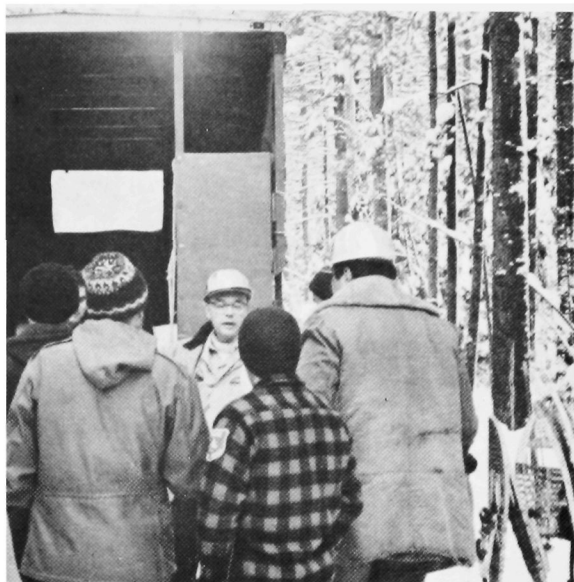
In the Spring of 1968, the sophomore foresters and wildlifers finished most of their core courses. We all had taken forest mensuration as well as various electives such as speech, history, and political science. Then, as the summer rolled around, many of us went off to summer jobs in such places as Idaho, California, and Oregon, as well as our own state of Maine. The jobs were with the U.S. Forest Service, Maine Forest Service, and the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Game and other such agencies and private industry.

After successfully (hopefully, anyway) completing those jobs we came back fired up to take courses almost all of which were in our major. Now, juniors at last, we numbered about 60. Most of us took Forest Soils and Silvics. In soils, we did every analysis of our samples imaginable, from measuring bulk density to the determination of



the soils ph. In silvics, we did a complete vegetational analysis of a ten acre block, which was no small accomplishment. Since the study included nearly every type of measurement possible, we had to spend not only our 3 hour lab period out in the forest, but also some Saturdays and Sundays as well. The summary for the semester's work was an eighty page report, including graphs, tables, diagrams and discussion. I am sure all of us felt a great deal of pride in having completed *that* project!

In the Spring semester, wildlifers take ornithology, ichthyology, linology and mammalogy while foresters take wood technology, silviculture, forest planting, forest harvesting and photogrammetry. Next summer, half the wildlifers and most of the foresters will attend summer camp in Princeton, Maine which should prove to be an exciting and challenging experience.



THE SOPHOMORES

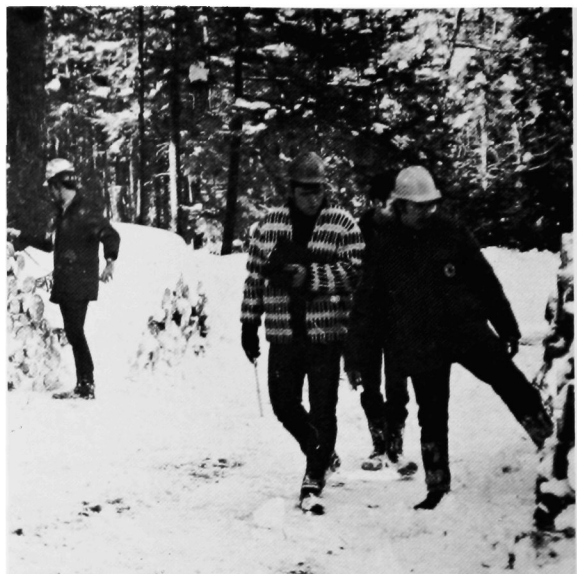
by GERRY HAWKES

The forest, its deep solitude broken only by the song of a lark or the chattering of a squirrel, makes a man feel free, and glad to be alive. Ah, to live the life of a forester, free from the cares of life, free to roam among the pines and partridges.

Living the life of a forester sounds romantic, doesn't it? Alas, the type of life led by Robin Hood and his merry foresters seems to be a thing of the past. Today a true forester is a farsighted man, who possesses an array of technical knowledge, and is deeply concerned about the welfare of future generations.

By the time aspiring foresters reach their sophomore year in college, it is quite evident to all that forestry is no "Robin Hood" course. This realization causes some to switch to other majors, and some to become pulp truck drivers. However, those who remain look forward to four more semesters and a summer of cramming facts, figures and formulas.

Thanks to the juniors and seniors, we hear horrible tales of courses to come—does a slivics lab report really weigh over twelve pounds? And then there are tales of summer camp, mosquitoes that drink a pint of blood a day, countless labs in the rain, your own private flock of black flies, and wee beasts that bite you in the night.



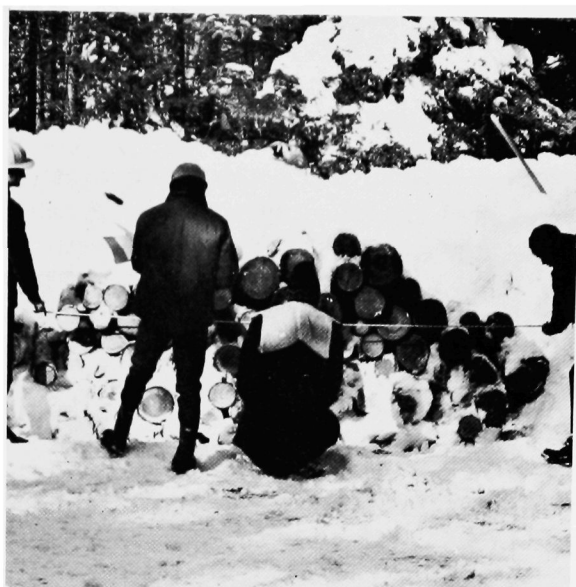
It is a wonder that there are any sophomore foresters left after hearing about the joys that await us in the next two years; but we know we can make it, after all, we made it through dendro, didn't we? Of course we did, and everyone of us knows what the *Chamaecyparis nootkatensis* is; it is 90 feet tall and is found in the big woods out west—no it is not the bigfoot.

We can name many courses that we have taken in the past two years, but none seemed to generate the amount of enthusiasm that surveying lab did. It's amazing how much fun the transit man had surveying through a 10X scope, but maybe the figures he looked at weren't always to be found on the stadia rod.

As almighty sophomores we can look at the freshmen and smugly say, "poor devils", for we know what misery they are suffering. Remember chemistry, certainly we learned something in two semesters, even if it was just how to make nitro and gun cotton; enough for fond memories.

Most of us do not dream of the past as much as we dream of the future, and we eagerly await the day in 1971, when we can start proving to the world that a forester is more than a modern day Robin Hood.





THE FRESHMEN

by SYDNEY FRISSELL



Most notable to freshman forestry students, this year, is the fact that we are the first freshman class to occupy the new forestry building. We believe, without doubt, that it is the most uniquely beautiful building on the campus. The forestry Class of 1972 is very proud of all this and feel that we are entering the university "tabula rasa" (with a clean slate), so to speak, concerning these fine new facilities prepared for our use.

However, the formal use of the building by an organized group occurred a few days before its dedication on August 22nd when the university held its second Junior Forester's Institute program. This was a complete success under the able management of Prof. Ralph Griffin and the inspiring lectures from almost the entire forestry faculty. Special note should also go to Prof. Henry Plummer, our well known Introduction to Forestry lab instructor, who handled all affairs at the University Forest in Princeton.

Many of us have already heard about the Princeton summer camp deep in Maine's dark forests, where you might encounter a friendly Indian or a not-so-friendly black bear. Also to enter our innocent, open, eager ears are some course comments informally voiced by the "hairy" upperclassmen. A few of these include the memorization of long Latin names in dendrology during our sophomore year and the loads of work and rapid note-taking in junior silvics. Many of us, moreover, are beginning to think about the exciting possibilities offered for summer jobs in our chosen fields.

However, at the present, these future thoughts may appear as deeper daydreams to our important present preoccupations. These began last September with the essential task of becoming quickly oriented to the forestry curriculum and our individual college lives.

Most everyone agrees that Introduction to Forestry is their favorite course: "Everyone keep to this half of the woodlot-no need to be wandering over there to where those girls are." (Prof. Plummer); or, (student) "Come on and never mind! Let's just get the——out of here——my hands and feet have had the course."; "My record book doesn't show anything for some of you so let's get these labs in." (Prof. Plummer) In any case, it could be said that Fy 1 was a real morale builder, for through wind, sleet, rain, and snow, Fy 1 was sure to go—with various-colored hard hats high a-head.

The degree of favoritism felt towards chemistry, however, could be debated. "It may sometimes appear that we're trying to flunk you but really we aren't." (Prof. Martin); or, (student) "Just one or two more drops of this stuff and I'll reach my end point!"; and, (chemistry lab instructor) "You must watch your significant figures".

English composition is the good old course taught by young instructors who try to put ideas into our heads about writing correctly. Everyone

takes this curse (I mean course) which helps us in any field of specialization.

All the Freshmen realize that our courses are meant for "multiple-use". We feel that they form a basis for facilitating our studying and understanding of sophomore, junior, and senior forestry courses. For example, if we don't understand trigonometry in our freshman year, then we will almost surely have problems in writing up our on-the-mall, sophomore surveying labs. Chemistry, while a useful course requirement in all fields of forestry, is particularly essential to some in our class who might be entering specialized sequences, —for example, research in wood technology or wood science. Two other courses we are taking, botany and zoology, are as important to all of us in agriculture, as is English composition to anyone in any field.

Some things seem sure: the forestry Freshmen of 1972 have among the finest facilities and the most qualified faculty in the country. For these reasons we look forward eagerly to our future years in the School of Forest Resources.

FOREST TECHNICIANS

Two Year Forestry, Class of 1970

by KENNETH WHITE

Our first semester at the University of Maine has come to a close and we sure are glad that final exams are over, too.

When we arrived at the University of Maine last fall we were the usual mixed up, lost freshman especially due to the added confusion of commuting between Orono and South Campus.

The dorms at South Campus were not, and still are not, plush penthouse apartments. The first couple of days were without heat and that made the dorms rather cool at night.

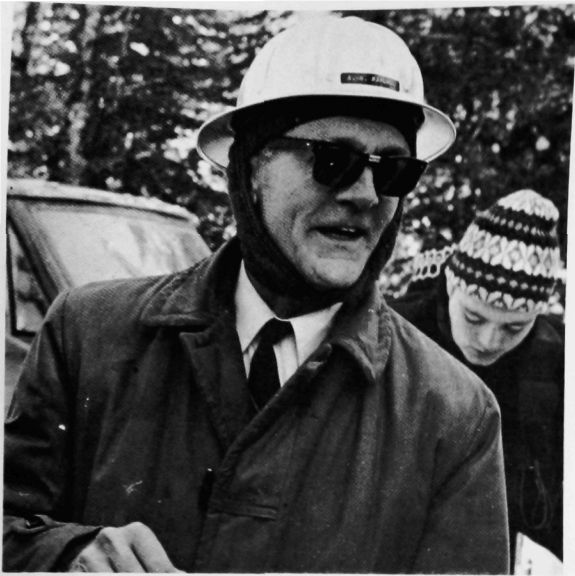
After we overcame the cold, we were ready for our new life at the University, and the professors to teach us the usefulness and importance of the forests to all mankind.

The forestry labs on Tuesday and Thursday mornings turned out to be very interesting because



we got some very practical and valuable experience in what we had been studying. A word for the students who will follow us; do not, I repeat do not sit up in the front of the truck when you are going to and from the University Forest. For some unexplainable reason everytime that the truck stops the students in the rear seem to slide forward. This, of course, means the students up front get literally crushed.

As winter approaches these outdoor labs get colder and colder so we had to dress warmer, much warmer. Some guys put on so many clothes that if they had fallen down they could never have gotten up. We are now just beginning our second semester and whoever said the first semester was hard is not around to take the second. Only next June will tell just how hard the second semester really was.





HOLD IT GUYS, THERE'S A GAS STATION
JUST DOWN THE ROAD.



OH, HI, WARDEN . . . PSSST,
STANLEY, WILL YOU GET UP HERE.



HAS ANYBODY SEEN ANDY?



OH PIFFLEFRIG, MY SOCKS
HAVE SLIPPED AGAIN.



MOSQUITOES BOTHER ME—ARE YOU KIDDING?