

SOPHOMORES

THE SOPHOMORES

by

THOMAS SCHAEFFER and DELWIN FLINT

"So you want to be a sophomore?" they asked.

After a light breakfast of Fy 1 and Fy 2 (sunny-side up), that seemed to digest pretty well, we were ready to gorge ourselves on the more nourishing meal of the sophomore year.

"Yes!" said we. And so it was.

But little did we know what forms of "empty calories" and "polyunsaturates" awaited us. Rumors of heart-burn spread through the '73 foresters as they emptied the gritty, (genus nitty), good 'ole dendrology. ("How many veins on a *Quercus prinus* leaf?" "Now don't look.") The alkaseltzer was passed to the wildlifers as we chewed (and chewed and chewed) and tried hard to swallow Zo 131 and Bt 154. Dr. Ashley decided to serve us some Fy 4, which didn't taste too bad, except that we get this reoccurring "mean deviation" taste in our mouths. His after dinner entree of Fy 5 is going over well with the gang, if

you like graphs, more graphs, and cold busses. Cleaning your teeth with Ps 6 is one sure way to get cavities, but perhaps if the wildlifers gargle with Fy 22, ("this is our only specimen of California Quail—which was run over by a truck"), and the foresters with forest entomology, ("love those Coleoptera"), we will be able to belch in content as we have survived another meal in the UM Commons.

Hopefully, we will regain our appetite for the next year. Looking over the menu, it looks like a main course of Fy 7. We hope it's tender. The topping on the cake, an old recipe, will be Summer Camp, where one can struggle with five foot Indians during the day, and five pound mosquitoes at night. Sounds delicious!

"So you want to be a Junior?" they asked.

"Pass the salt, please."









JUNIORS

THE JUNIORS

by
JAMES NORRIS

It's been a trying two years, but here we are juniors. One would have to say that our attitudes and outlooks on forestry and wildlife have changed greatly since we enrolled as freshman, but it appears that many of us are beginning to realize what our place will be thanks to the curriculum, the media, and a more mature attitude. After the first two years of establishing a general awareness to work from, most of us feel we are now taking courses that are related to our chosen field. (Of course, everyone agrees that Physics and Economics were very relevant?)

Many of the Wildlifers decided to take Plant Ecology this year instead of Silvics (suppose the 80 page report had anything to do with their choice?) It appears that they enjoyed the course as much as the Foresters enjoyed Silvics. Of course

everybody was *occupied*, but it looks as though some knowledge and a lot of experience was gained. The Foresters seem ready for Silviculture and the Wildlifers are looking forward to Game Biology and nobody can wait for Timber Management.

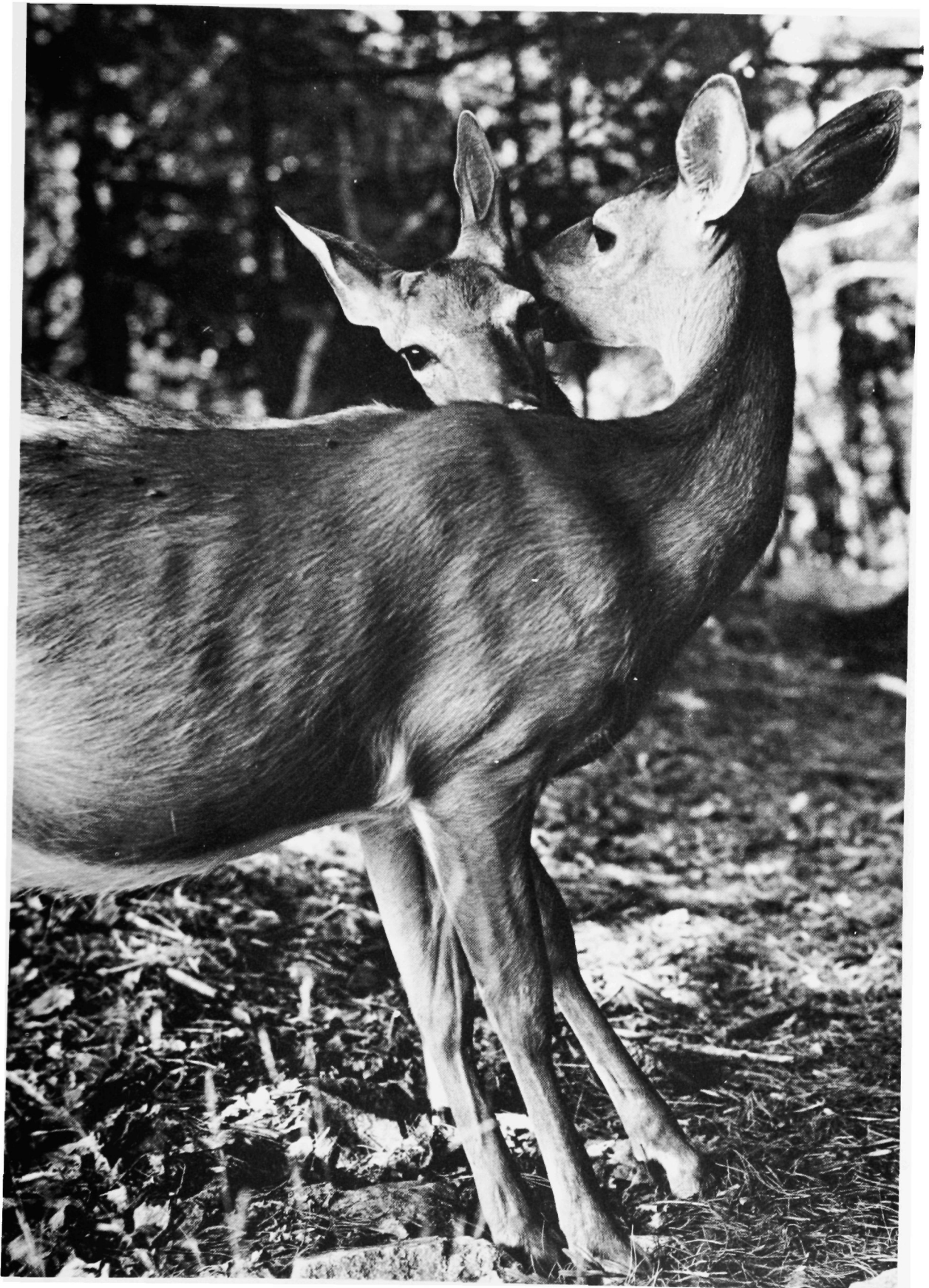
Summer Camp looms in the future, but with the help of a couple cases of . . . (fly dope?) and some good fishing we should all survive.

Due to the lack of jobs, many of us are concerned how we will fare when our turn comes in the job hunt. We feel that our chances will be greater if we can establish some correlation between the traditional management attitudes and the new ecological concepts.



LOOKING AHEAD



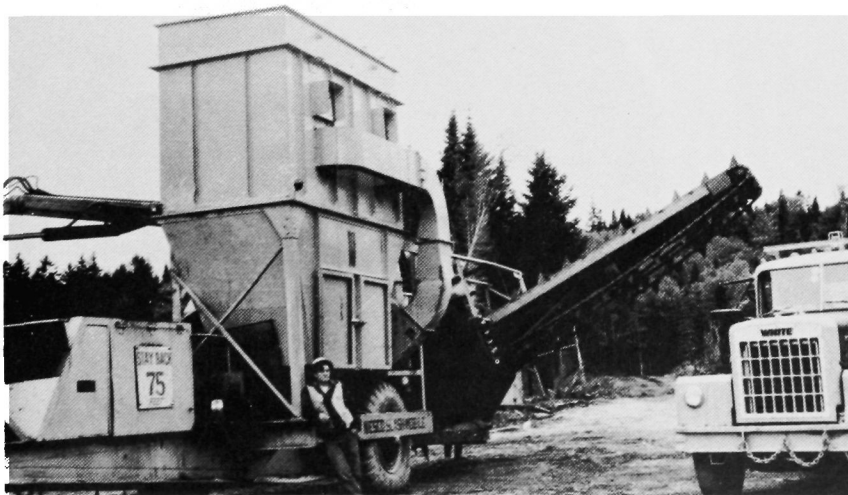


DID YOU HEAR A GIRL IS COMING TO SUMMER CAMP THIS YEAR?

SUMMER



1970



UTILIZATION TRIP—IMPRESSIONS

by

DAVE STRUBLE

It was Sunday, complete with overcast skies and hungover heads. Four carloads of foresters were headed north to observe operations of the industrial level (i.e., The Actual Show).

Looking back after nine months, the names of people and places are not too important. These facts are all recorded in the notebook. What really sticks in my mind is the overall hospitality of the people and companies which we visited—mills opened after hours, mill tours in the middle of the day, people giving their time. Then there was the food—all you could eat and it was good! The ultimate was the night at the Beechwood Motel—gratis.

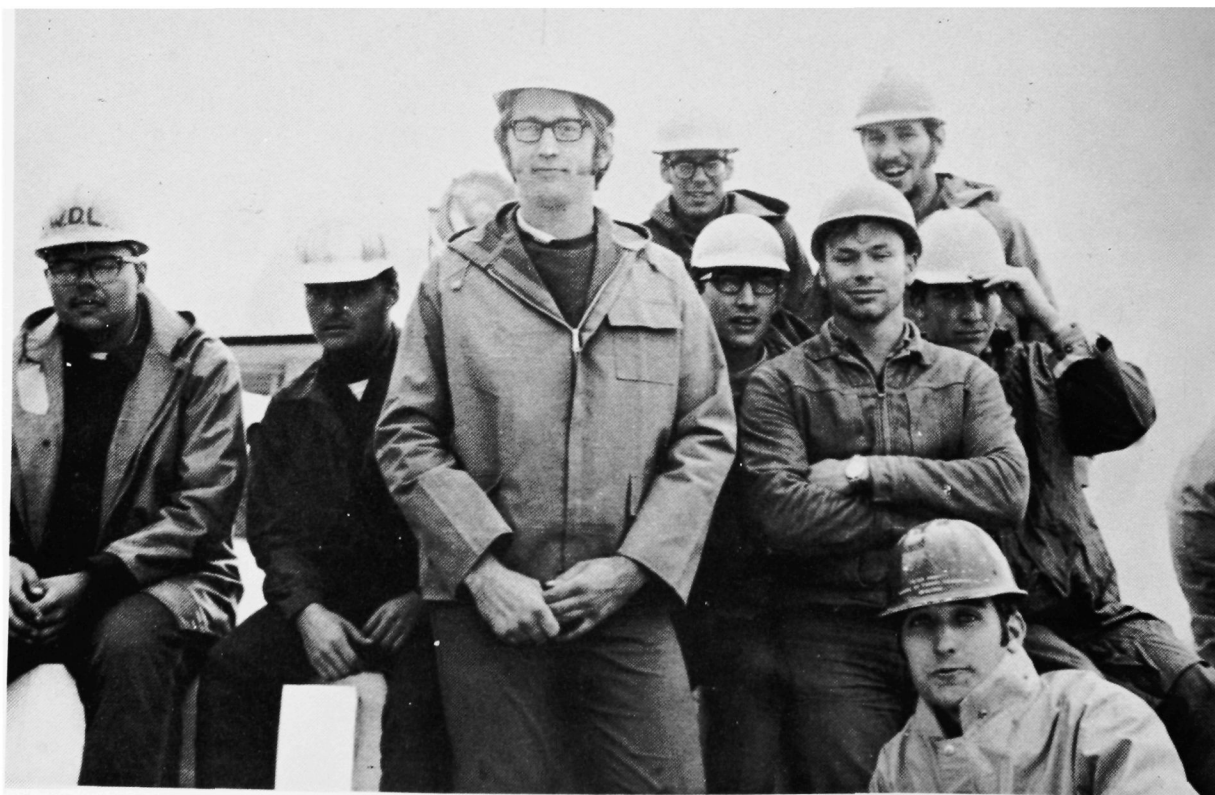
Then we got explanations on layouts of mills, cuts and cruises—various methods of evaluation of factors. Selective cuts vs. clearcuts—degree of site preparation. Do you use tree harvesters, if

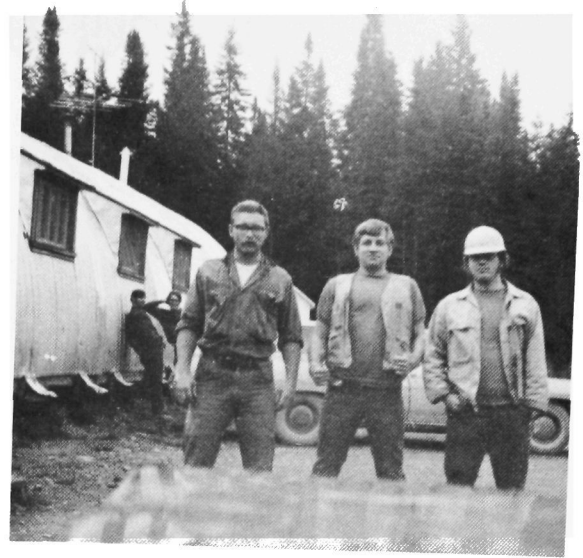
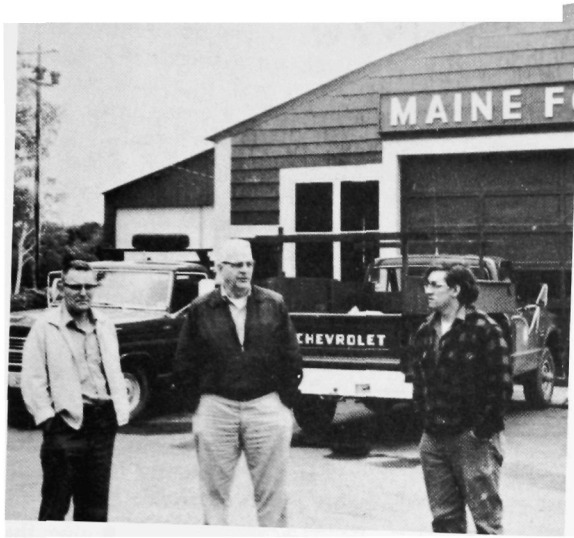
so do you use the cruiser too? Why? Do you let it seed naturally or seed it—or maybe plant seedlings? Buy them or raise them? How?

All kinds of different problems and degrees of severity—high and low levels of budworm attack. Mountain Maple—how do you get rid of it? What, if any, are the alternatives? Questions and answers traded—knowledge and understanding emported.

Then there was the after-hours get-togethers; the cider party; visiting relatives; the night at Cross Lake when involuntary baths were bestowed and received—all with good spirits. The sounds and smells of old camps being used by a dauntless crew. There was also a touch of the “bug” which laid two of our members low.

All in all, looking back, that was the “Ute” Trip. Good memories of a good week and a great educational experience.





SILVICULTURE TRIP-1970

by

ROGER H. GREENE

While the sun crept wearily above the horizon, a small assemblage of bedraggled individuals gathered at the rear of the forestry building. It was late in the month of May, and once again time for Maine's Forest Farmers to set forth on the annual silviculture trip.

Soon, Chet Bailey of the B & A, (later to be known as the infamous Chet Bailey due to his prowess in busmanship), guided his coach into position for our retinue to embark, whereupon Dr. Griffin entered the bus, gave us a few rules of the road and . . . we were off for a week of intensive silviculture of the brain.

Our first stop was the Robert I. Ashman Tree Farm near Augusta. Prof. Ashman was recuperating from a recent illness, so Fred Holt, the Deputy Forest Commissioner of Maine, took us on the tour of Prof. Ashman's intensively managed tree farm. After an interesting discussion with Prof. Ashman following the tour, we boarded Chet's Jet and headed for Alfred, Maine and the Massabesic Experimental Forest.

Along the way, we stopped near Alfred and met with Dr. Harold Hocker, Bill Sayward and Bill Lowe from the University of New Hampshire. We inspected a seed orchard in the field and then adjourned to the campus of U.N.H. for a lecture and slides on tree improvement. Interesting, to say the least.

Thence to the Massabesic and our quarters for the evening. To our amazement, an oven had been reserved for us in the loft of a Maine Forest Service garage, complete with our own individual mosquitoes. Oh, happy day!

In the morning, we observed the various experiments in direct seeding by Ray Graber, talked with Dr. Peter Garrett about the genetic improvement of white pine and had a demonstration by our own Jossy Byamah. The afternoon was spent with Dick Arsenault, Assistant Supervisor, and Floyd Farrington, Service Forester, in the southern Maine district.

After Chet made a three point turn on the secondary tar road, we climbed aboard the bus and headed for Athol (pronounced Athol) Massachusetts and the Harvard Forest in nearby Petersham. The very name of Athol brought visions of an eastern Las Vegas to assorted members of our group, but alas, they had been duped and probably still carry the astigmatisms of their sojourn to town. Chet was willing to drop off as many that wanted to stay in town and enjoy the night life.

I think three or four got off. We spent the night in the dormitory of the Harvard Forest and enjoyed a thoroughly restful evening. All the happy wanderers were in early.

The next day, Dr. Ernest Gould gave us a tour of the forest and we discussed its origin and management. After a truly stimulating lecture on the ecological history of the forest by ecologists Marcus Swan, we were introduced to Walter Lyford and shown his experiments on root growth.

That evening we were invited to examine the museum within the dormitory complex and were impressed by its extensiveness.

We spent our second night at the Harvard Forest and the following morning started out for the Fox Research & Demonstration Forest in Hillsboro, New Hampshire. We were met by Dr. Peter Allen, who showed us some hybrid plantings and discussed *Fomes annosus* control.

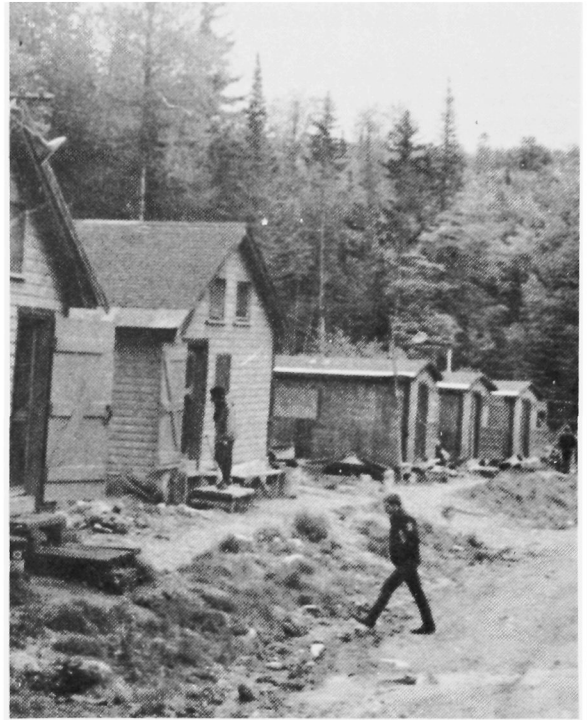
From the Fox Forest, we then traveled to Bear Brook State Park, and it was from this point on that the trip took a turn for the better. The Forester there took us on a tour of parts of the park. We stopped at points of interest and discussions were very open and realistic. During this tour, Chet guided the bus down dirt roads and some paths. We followed the park forester's truck as the bus zigged and zagged between trees. Each time we returned from an excursion on foot, the bus was turned around (how, I don't know) and ready to retrace our tracks on the way out.



We then headed North to Jackson, New Hampshire, where we spent the night at Thorn Hill Lodge. On the way we passed through Concord, and as always, a few had their eyes peeled for some local scenery. The road weary silence was broken when Tricky Dick said "She's tough as a ten-penny nail!"

After dinner in Concord we made the last leg of the trip to Jackson. We weren't at the lodge five minutes when Ron Schillinger announced that shuffleboard matches were all set and the first two teams were to meet after supper. After the first few eliminations, enthusiasm grew, and toward the end of the tournament anyone would have sworn there was a Super Bowl game going on outside.

After a hearty breakfast the next morning, we were shown the forms of hardwood management on the Bartlett Experimental Forest and the White Mountain Experimental Forest. As the day drew to a close, we returned to the lodge for our last night in the White Mountains. More shuffleboard before and after supper. It was fun for all, but seemed to be an obsession with Ron. All he kept saying was "Gotta stay loose" He lost his big match. Evidently, he wasn't as "loose" as he thought he was.



The following day we saw more of the White Mountain National Forest and some watershed research at Hubbard Brook. From there we headed further North to Errol, where we spent the night in luxurious accommodations at an establishment called, quaintly enough, the town hall. In the morning, after overwhelming the combination gas station restaurant whose primary business was gas, we met with Cliff Swenson and Jim Turner of the Seven Islands Land Company. They led us through their all products—all species operation in the area and enlightened us on their management systems.

From here, we turned homeward. Awaiting some was summer employment, but for most, the following day meant the beginning of another experience (of sorts) for six weeks duration at a snug little hide-a-way in Princeton.

The trip was rewarding, and everyone gained something from it; another experience to broaden our outlook. Through the years, we will recall various incidents in our college days, and among those, the silviculture trip will be brought up as stimulating—boring, informative—ludicrous, exciting—useless, educational—irrelevant; but most of all, it will be recalled as an integral part of our college careers.

Wildlife Spring Trip

by

HODDY GARDNER

"Albatross" soared into the Forestry parking lot around 6 a.m. A voice from the albatross, calling frantically, "Where's Sandy?", shattered the silence. An object with two upside-down canoes screeched to a halt beside the albatross. A figure emerged, exclaiming worriedly, "Where've you been Owens?" "What's everyone standing around for?" "Come on, lets get these neophytes loaded up and hit the road!" "We'll never get to New York at this pace!"

And so it was, on this early Sunday morning of May 31, 1970. The first annual spring wildlife trip was under way. "Buck" Owens and "Doc" Schemnitz were at the helms, but the big chevy was no match for the mighty albatross. Only the smell of Oxford Paper Company reminded Doc to slow down for the rendezvous at Gorham, New Hampshire, which was just ahead. We arrived in time to find half of the big, blue limousine sticking out of the garage of a Gulf Gas Station. After a quick lunch by the gas pumps and after a few minor repairs on the tailpipe, we were back on the road. On and on we went, up and down the White Mountains of New Hampshire, around and over the Green Mountains of Vermont, across Lake Champlain Bridge, up into the Adirondack Mountains of New York, by Lake George, until at last, on the brink of darkness, we reached our destination—Huntington Wildlife Forest.

We piled out of the cars and into the building which was similar to any army barracks. But, who cared? Everyone was sore, tired, and foolish. A few corny jokes and we all laughed ourselves to sleep.

The next three days were spent in the Adirondacks visiting several research areas. The following is a brief summary of the events that occurred during those three days:

Monday

morning: Early morning bird-watching guided by Doc Owens and Doc Schemnitz whom eventually gave way to Dave Gallinat.

Slides, lectures, and discussions on deer population on Huntington Forest in reference to present research on deer conditions, impact of deer on their environment, deer movements, browse analysis, and environmental factors.

afternoon: Field observation of deer range, cover types, browse preference, effects of deer on the forest succession, and research equipment.

evening: Bird walks, wildlife discussions, canoeing, swimming, and *socializing!*

Tuesday

morning: Ornithological observations at sunrise.

Guided tour of Moose River Forest Preserve with lectures and discussions on deer habitat, deer behavior, deer movements, browsing effects, and hunting factors.

afternoon: Field observation and discussion of the wildlife phase of a multiple land use plan on Finch-Pruyn Timberlands in reference to management techniques, recreational aspects, public relations, deer browse conditions, and seasonal movements of deer.

evening: Bird walks, becoming crepuscular in habit, while swimming and enbiding were strictly nocturnal. Another popular activity was in the analysis of wildlife magazines (excellent center fold-outs!) Gang serenaded by guitarist B. Baldissard.

Wednesday

morning: Journey to Paul Smith College where we had field observations, lectures, and discussions on fishery stocking program, pond reclamation, stream improvement, fishing pressure studies, and perch-front relationships.

afternoon: Visited the deer habitat on the William A. Rockefeller Estate and discussed deer population density, population structure and conditions, artificial feeding program, deer mortality, and controlled hunting.

We departed from Huntington Forest late Wednesday afternoon and headed east to Vermont. After supper at a local restaurant in Middlebury, many had visions of a nice, comfortable bed in a plush motel. Our leaders came through the DAR State Park campground at the southern tip of Lake Champlain. It was cold and windy, so we got out the antifreeze, lit up the fires, and settled back under the "Shagbark hickories" for a joke and story session.

Sunrise over Lake Champlain greeted us as we were nearly half-way to the Dead Creek Waterfowl Area. After one of Doc Schemnitz's renowned duck ID sessions, we toured "duck haven" and observed the vegetation and water control methods. We watched the ducks and the geese play for awhile and then, stubbornly, accepted an invitation to a picnic lunch. We ate like little pigs until every last minute morsel was devoured and then all we could do was flop on the ground (we did just that!). It didn't last long, however, as Doc Schemnitz rolled us all into the car and off we went to the Missisquoi National Wildlife Refuge which was at the other end of Lake Champlain. We made a brief stop at Sanbar National Waterfowl Area and observed the waterfowl management program. We dragged Owens and Schemnitz away just in time to arrive at Missisquoi where a chicken barbecue awaited us.

Friday morning found us on Lake Champlain experiencing the "drudgery" of the fishery biologist as we took part in such activities as netting, trapping, weighing and measuring fish, and marketing fish. We saved some fish for supper, but with that

bright decision, many decided to go on a diet. We participated in an electrofishing project in the Missisquoi River for awhile, but then it began to rain. We ran for cover, but ended up peering through the rain at the waterfowl habitat, food plants, water control structures, and, of course, the ducks.

About now we were all getting restless and homesick and anxious to return home so we cornered Doc Owens and Doc Schemnitz and tried to persuade them to leave that night, but to no avail. We even tried to scare them by threatening mutiny, but even that didn't work! So we stayed. The fishery biologist showed slides that evening as everyone sat around mumbling and grumbling. And, guess who "popped" a quiz on us late that evening? Bless his little heart!

Saturday we were up at the crack of dawn, packed, and ready to go. We went all around Robin Hood's barn to get home, but we got back safe and sound. To sum up the opinion of the trip from the feelings of those of us who went, it can be said in one word—FANTASTIC! That was unanimous.



WILDLIFE ECOLOGY CAMP 1970

by
WESLEY SMITH



Sunday, June 7

- Arrived at camp at 3:00 p.m. First things first, we decided to have a beer before starting to open cabin 8.
- 5 or 6 beers later we were ready for summer camp 1970.

Monday, June 8

- 7:30 this morning Doc Ashley and the For-ester Four sang that old familiar hit, "Son, Don't Go Near The Indians".
- After an exposition on a good boundary post, a romp through the woods with compass and chain, and a run to the Town Line Store we settled in for a big night of watching the sun go down behind Peter Dana Point.

Tuesday, June 9

- Tree number 8 is an Ironwood and the Lake still has a 2 foot tide.
- Question of the day, "Who is Annabelle?"
- Calais, oh yea, go to the end of the road, take a right, about twenty miles later you'll come to a street light, that's Calais.

Wednesday, June 10

- The first day of Wildlife Camp started with a trip to the Grand Lake Stream Fish Hatchery and ended at the St. Croix in Calais.

Thursday, June 11

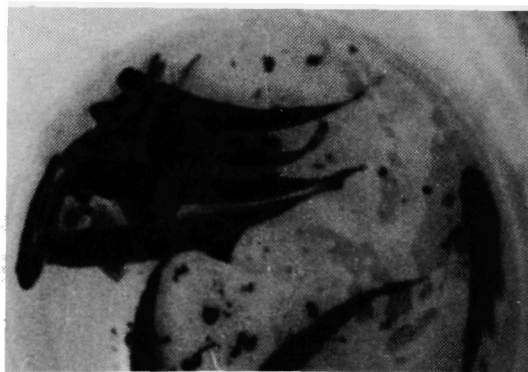
- Nuley and Doc lead a 50 mile nature hike.
- After lunch those who stayed awake got some beautiful notes on Bird Population Sampling.
- After supper a red rambler with four girls rolled around the loop. Theta Chi goes in pursuit of a kidnapped brother.

Friday, June 12

- Woodcock Habitat Management Plan at Moosehorn Wildlife Refuge.
- Doc, from the cab of the truck, "Well, if a downpour starts we'll get out of the field and under cover, this isn't Fy 7."

Saturday, June 13

- Leave camp a half hour early for a day in the field with Game Wardens, two hours later we get started.
- Objective – to provide students with practical field experience relating to the activities of the Warden Service. Got some hot tips on where to find the best coffee and Salmon fishing in Washington County.

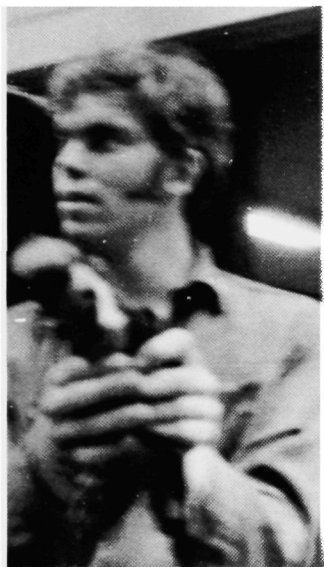


Sunday, June 14

- What ta HELL is there to do in Princeton, Maine on Sunday morning besides nurse a hangover?

Monday, June 15

- Set traps for the muskrat and small mammal population studies. Bucky showed us 2 or 3 million aquatic plants which, "it might be to your advantage to know".
- Mike and Ray say there are some real tough girls at the Moosehorn.



- Went back to the site of our Woodcock project, the Moosehorn Meadows Natural Area. One question sir, "Why do you call this Spruce Bog and Alder Thicket a Meadow?"

Saturday, June 20

- Dr. Coulter travels with Sandy and the troops to Machias Seal Island.
- Decided not to smoke my pipe on the way out, it's a long walk back to shore.

Sunday, June 21

- Tricky and I got caught in a rainstorm out on the lake. Whoopie, another big Sunday.

Monday, June 22

- From the cab of the truck on the way to St. Andrews Marine Lab; "Don't let my dog bother you, move over and give him some room to lay down."

Tuesday, June 23

- During the morning we saw all sorts of groovy things used for animal control.
- At last in the afternoon, our final exam. Everytime I drive through Vermont I'll think of the Shagbark Hickory.
- Everyone heads for the St. Croix and the Moosehorn to wash down the memories of Wildlife Camp and get prepared for the start of Forestry Camp.

Tuesday, June 16

- Check our trap lines. After lunch those who stayed awake got some beautiful notes on Small Mammal Population Sampling.
- After supper we headed for the Moosehorn. Even Koch went along.

Wednesday, June 17

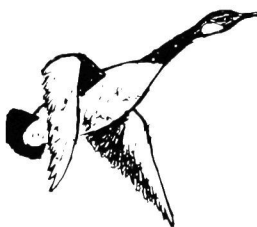
- After checking our traps Dr. Gilbert instructed us in the correct procedure for conducting a Crotos count.
- Woke up at 2:00 a.m. — Ray was having a lot of fun standing on the table and zapping mosquitoes with Black Flag.

Thursday, June 18

- Pulled up our traps. After a brief quiz on the fauna of Indian Township we waded around in mud up to our pocketbooks, "To become acquainted with methods of quantitative sampling of marsh vegetation."

Friday, June 19

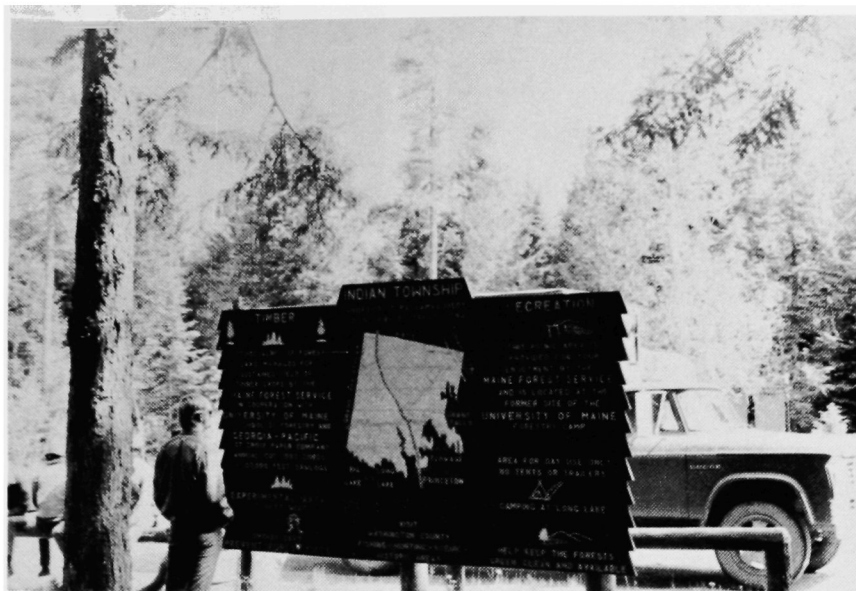
- Off to Moosehorn Wildlife Refuge for a brood count. After dinner those who stayed awake got some.....!



SUMMER CAMP - 1970



THE LAST PT. OF THE LAST TRAVERSE.



CAMP ROBERT I. ASHMAN—1970

by

RICK BENTZ

With the last few hatches of “wee-beasties” nearly completed, and Indian Town under 10” of water, it was time for SUMMER CAMP—1970. As we arrived on June 7, we were greeted by the camp’s new director, our fearless leader, Dr. Marshall Ashley and his assistant from Unity College, Jerry Trundy.

The next morning we were awakened into reality by the sounds of a clanging bell, a caterwauling cook, and Wes Smith yelling, “only 40 more days to go”. Camp was formally in session. We were all anxious to get started in hopes that camp would soon be behind us, but for now it still lay ahead. There was much to be done in the next six weeks, including field trips, field work, and reports.

Inspired by our morning “pep” talks, we embarked upon our missions of the day, through woodcock habitats, fish hatcheries, pulpmills, fire towers, saw mills, woods, and swamps gathering many facts and figures. And despite many grunts and groans and innumerable swarms of flies, we

completed our work and awaited our return trip to camp for an hour or so of relaxation before dinner. During this free time we dismissed all thoughts from our minds and enjoyed a good swim or perhaps a canoe trip on the lake.

But the bell again sounded and everyone was willing to give up their activities to see what surprises Bud, our cook, had in store for us. And after dinner there was time for more activities. The evenings began with either a “blood and guts” game of volleyball or a somewhat less war—like game of baseball. And later as the sunset approached, our interests became more diversified, there were reports to write and figures to figure, there was the lure of Peter Dana Point or the Town Line Store, and for the social club, the St. Croix or the Moosehorn.

But all too soon the evening’s fun ended and we crawled in our bunks to dream of the day’s accomplishments, and think about tomorrow. But tomorrow was still another day to walk in the swamp, or cut a tree, or nail a door or just another day closer to going home.



"I'm not trying to be facetious, but . . ."



Wildlifer: "Why are we here?"
Answer: "To learn the drudgery of a forester"

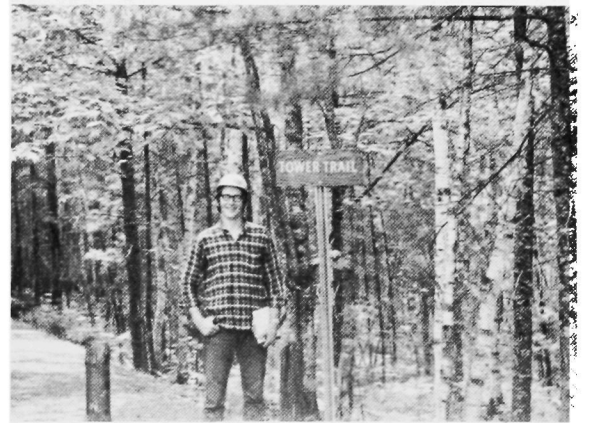


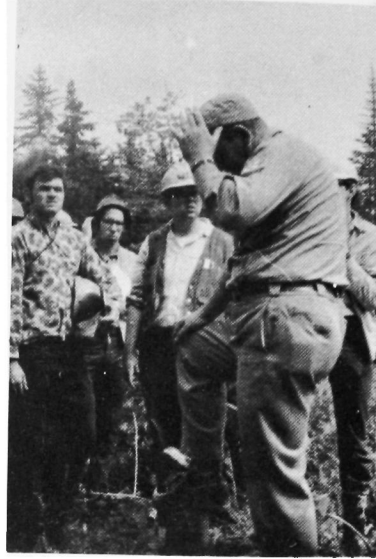
Comment on clear cut—"It looks to me like they're going to get tons of raspberries"

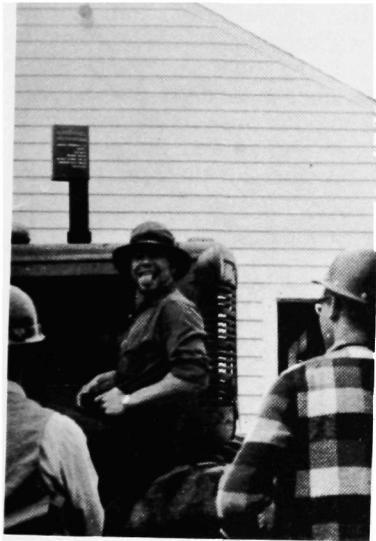
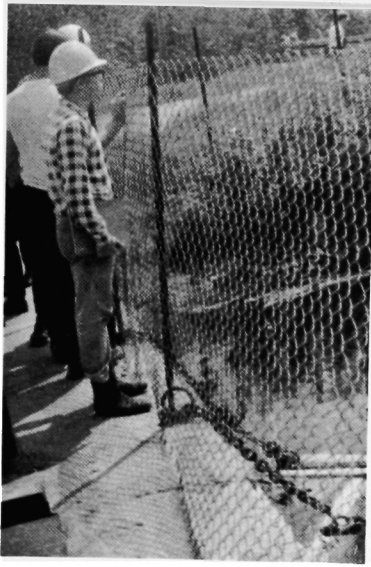


"If you stay in the woods long enough you'll get peculiar . . . yes . . ."









Summer Jobs

TETON NATIONAL FOREST

by

JACK WADSWORTH

The helicopter settles down beside an old fire tower above timberline, but even from this vantage point smoke burns our eyes. We unstrap fire gear from the chopper's skids and begin picking our way to the fire below. By using aerial photos, the hike is made simpler but still two hours is required to climb over blowdowns and through dense growth to our destination. Upon arrival at the fire perimeter we start a fire line.

Thus we started another day's task on the Teton National Forest. After spending two weeks on the Bull Creek Fire we learned of the destruction caused by even a small fire. Most of the time was spent mopping up, however, fire lines were dug, heliports cleared, and the fire fought at close quarters. Smoke jumpers and fire retardant drops were

interesting events to watch during fire suppression.

Our headquarters were at Goosewing Ranger Station, 35 miles east of Jackson, Wyoming. More specifically, our home was a 20' by 20' tent pitched beside the horse corral. Work was varied, encompassing fire fighting, fence maintenance, campground cleanup, watershed management, and trail maintenance. Approximately two weeks was spent on each project. Most enjoyable was trail maintenance when a few wilderness ponds were found to harbor some fine grayling.

A summer's experience as a forest worker helps one understand the various projects undertaken in a National Forest. A background of this sort is helpful if one plans to work for the Forest Service after graduation.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL GRADUATE CONGRESS

by

ERVIN TOWER

For the last two weeks of August, I was flown to Vancouver, British Columbia to attend the Fourth Annual Graduate Congress. Twenty-two students from American and Canadian schools were brought together by Canadian industries, the Canadian government, and the University of British Columbia.

We spent several days at the University of British Columbia campus getting acquainted, meeting the U.B.C. faculty, and touring Vancouver, which is a very clean and beautiful city.

For the next eight days we toured forestry operations, British Columbia Forest Service Research Stations, a pulp mill, and possible environmental hazards such as the Utah Mine site. Our guide, a U.B.C. graduate student formerly from Chile,

pulled no coverups as we were shown accepted and disputed forestry practices.

Evenings were usually spent talking with other delegates, local residents, or with company officials. We talked about forestry problems, recreation problems, people problems, watershed and fire problems, utilization problems, or any other interesting topic that 22 future foresters could think of.

We returned to the U.B.C. campus to discuss what we had seen, tell a little about our state or province and our school, and to hear several prominent government officials speak.

This trip, like others here at the school, could be compared to the string in a marble bag—it pulls many spheres of learning together and unites them to give a more complete understanding of forestry.