



SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores

by

CONRAD FRANZ

After our freshman year, we, as freshman, thought that maybe we would finally have a few courses, which in some way related to Forestry or Wildlife. Well, that is true to some extent, if you think that Speech, Economics, or Political Science is relevant to Foresters and Wildlifers.

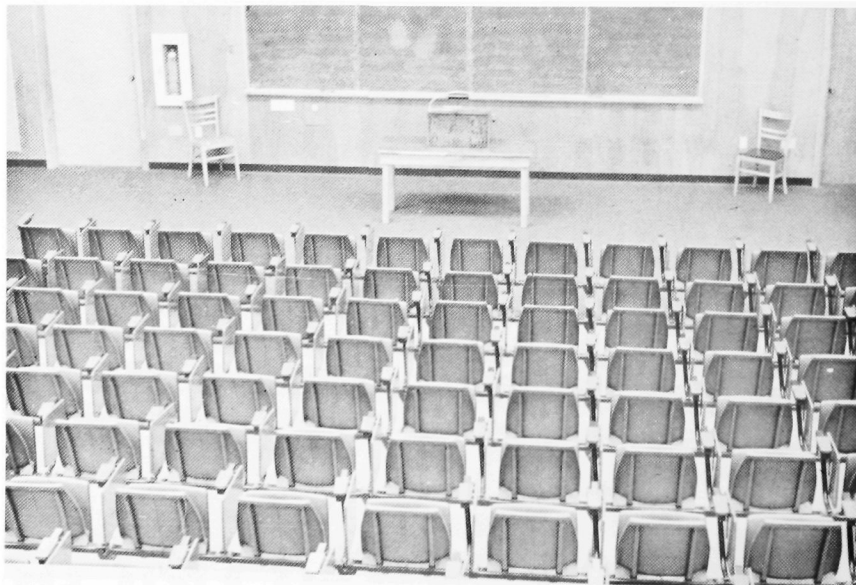
Of course, you do take Dendrology or Vertebrate Biology. Some people can really be turned on by Dendro, because they can impress their friends by saying *Chamaecypress thyoides*, *Sequoia sempervirens*, or *Gleditsia triacanthos* everytime they pass one by. My advice is to take shorthand before taking Dendrology, because it is amazing how many words can be spoken by a professor in just fifty minutes. In Vertebrate Biology it is just about the same, only when one finishes that course, one can only identify the mutilated specimens and not fresh ones.

Fy 4 was a surprise to most of us. Because Fy is in front of the 4 does not mean this course is about Fy. It is very strange, but it seems as though

someone spills ether in 100 Nutting Hall on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, because everyone seems to do an awful lot of yawning.

Surveying is a good course, if your lab partners ever let you use the transit. A transit allows one to focus on the girl walking past the Fogler Library for a setup at the Memorial Gym. One must also keep in mind while doing the surveying lab, that if you hurry and get the traverse measurements done, it will not be necessary to dig the hubs out from under a foot of ice or snow on a day when it is ten below.

We sophomores are looking forward to next semester, however, because it puts us closer to the time when we will take courses which are a little more forestry or wildlife oriented. In the meantime, we will not let En 26 bug us or Ps 6 slow our momentum toward that finish line. The finish line being the time when we search for jobs which do not exist.









JUNIORS

Junior Class

by

Chris Murdoch

The Junior class of foresters and wildlifers: sweat, brains, brawn, laughs, writers cramps, tears, bewilderment and exasperation all rolled into one. The biggest and best class ever to enter Nutting Hall.

Our battle cry was: Come hell or high water we'll have our Silvics reports done by the end of Christmas vacation! (Most of us lost the battle and wound up sinking in midstream.) For some of us, it was all just another step toward graduation; to others it was a time for wine, women and song; and many found that the old saying: "misery loves company" is indeed true. Foresters took smug satisfaction in the moans and groans of the wildlifers struggling to identify simple trees. The wildlifers countered by flexing their muscles on Fy 19.

We could think of our instructors as forming a baseball team with our Junior class at bat. The pitcher, Dr. Cooper, together with catcher Dr. Laber, formed an almost unbeatable combination

as many students went down swinging, (C's), and few balls were hit out of the infield. (A's and B's). Many home runs, (A's), were hit over the short right field fence as Prof. Randall smiled at his fans. Centerfielder Dr. Griffin picked many unwary men off base with his strong arm. Dr. Structemeyer playing first base told "dirty jokes" to the base runners, while the representative of the graduate assistants, Mr. Alan Burnell, was ordered to get into shape or get off the team. Now, as the juniors come to bat in the bottom of the seventh, relief pitcher Dr. Ashley, remotely sensing an unrest in the opposing team, prepares to throw his stuff while Prof. Plummer is planting trees in left field.

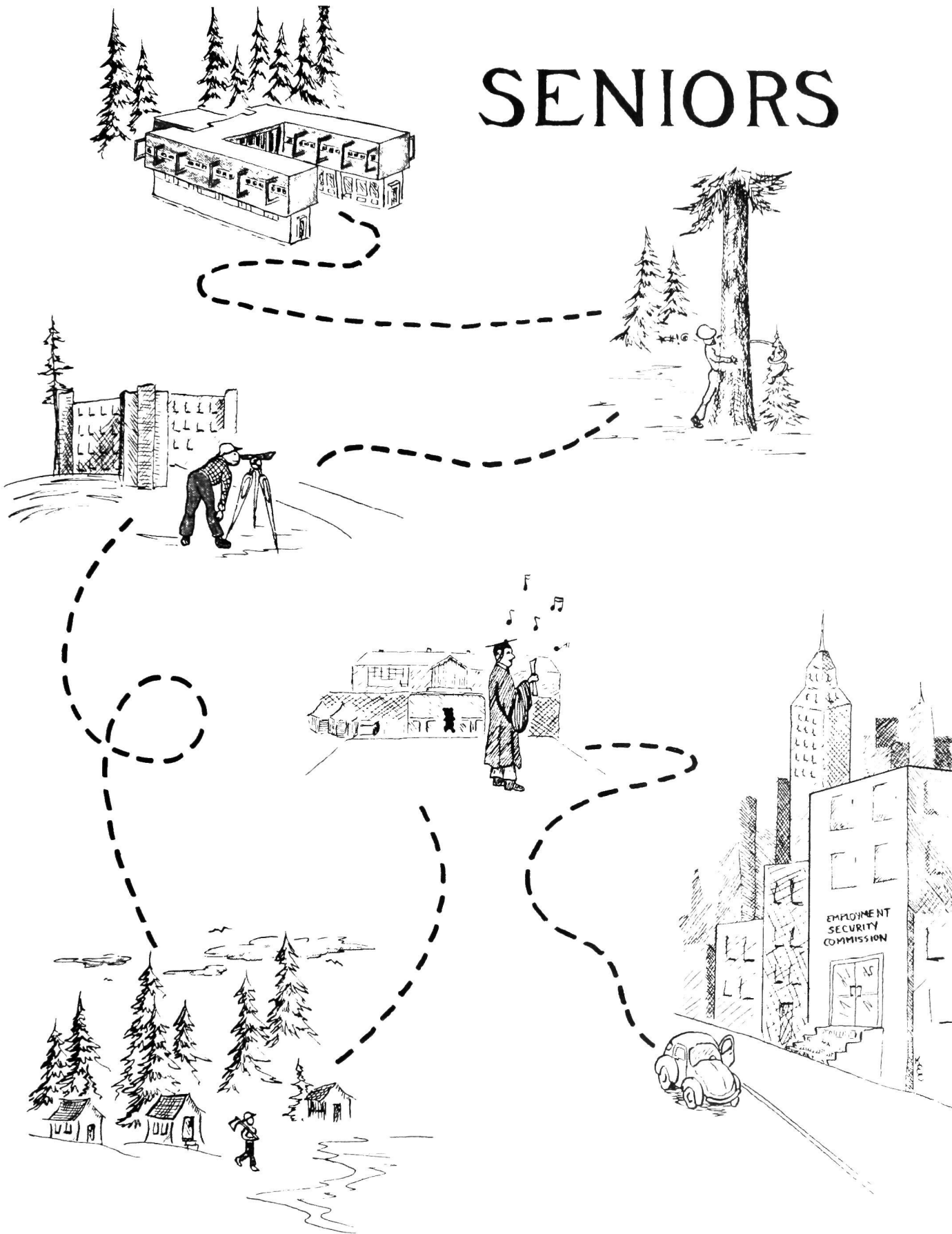
Looming in the near future is that dear old institution: Summer Camp! Rumors have it that the foresters are going to give the wildlifers a swim in the lake. Anyway, most everybody has to go, so why not make the most of it? Maybe we'll all be sadder BUDWEISER.







SENIORS



SENIOR CLASS

by

Thomas M. Stephenson

In the fall of 1968, 71 of us arrived in Orono to become professionals in the fields of forestry and wildlife. We were the first freshman class to enter the new forest resources building.

As freshmen we all found ourselves taking chemistry, botany, zoology, freshman composition and math. For many, this curriculum proved to be too tough and some of us did not return after the winter break; others changed programs. One of the more prominent memories we shared was standing in the center of a 14 acre plot in freezing rain, squinting through a little glass "thingamabob" which did wondrous things when used with magic tables. Towards June summer jobs were much sought after. Some got them; others did not.

Fall, 1969 saw 52 of us return for another turn at the books. By this time many of us had decided whether we wanted to major in forestry or wildlife. The solid unit of our freshman year began to split. Different courses caused a degree of the split. Disagreements on course requirements between student and faculty caused some more. March, 1970, a time we all will remember. A moratorium on classes was held for discussion of Academic Reform. One of the things to come out of this meeting was a unity of classmates and between students and faculty. As we moved into the summer of 1970, some were disturbed by the Indo-China War and thoughts of "what will I do when I graduate?" were common.

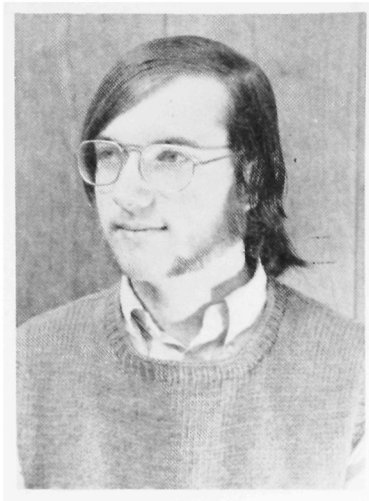
Returning as confident juniors the next fall much of the unrest of the past spring had died away and we were ready to go to work. Again our numbers had diminished but less so than in the past. Commitments on majors were firm now and all dug in with real gusto. For many the junior year proved to be the roughest yet. Silvics, the big sore spot of the year, was number one on everyone's thoughts. Several of the wildlife stu-

dents took a substitute course in plant ecology for the first time in the school's history. Looming bigger as the year progressed, however, was a tour of duty at Camp Robert I. Ashman in remote Princeton, Maine. The school of Forest Resources again had another first in that a woman attended summer camp. After 6 weeks of fighting insects, finding the misplaced chow bell, and writing reports, camp ended and we prepared ourselves for our final year.

Well into our senior and final year all are looking forward to graduation. Some of us are looking towards graduate school, others have a military commitment to fulfill, and the rest are searching for jobs. As in the past, jobs are scarce to non-existent. We are assured, however, that positions will become available near graduation; we shall see.

Looking back over these past 4 years, we can remember many truly great experiences. Many of them were academic in such courses as wildlife ecology or, surprisingly, silvics. Not all of these experiences were academic. Many of us met the girl of our dreams and either are engaged or married. Others included learning to live and work with other people, parties, good times, and a growing awareness and appreciation for our forests and environment.

June, 1972 is not far away now, and the newly dedicated Albert D. Nutting Hall will graduate the first class to spend 4 years within it. We will be the professionals of the future, and before us we have a difficult task. For the foresters, managing forest lands for the ever-increasing demand of wood products. For wildlifers, the managing of wildlife for both hunters and the general public. In many cases, we will have to work together, and we will face what appears to be an insurmountable task. Our jobs as professionals will be to meet that task and conquer it.



PAUL R. ADAMUS
Kearny, New Jersey
Wildlife Science

President of Effluent Society
Senior Skull
Maine Sierra Club



DAVID A. BAARDSEN
Baldwin, New York
General Forestry

Forestry Club
Maine Outing Club
Intramural Athletics
Dormitory Activities Board



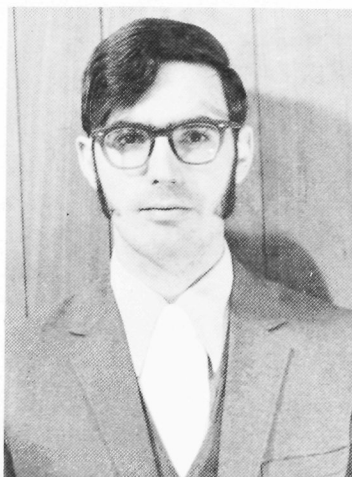
DWIGHT C. BLAKEMAN
Sundance, Wyoming
Wood Technology

Casper College
Forestry Club



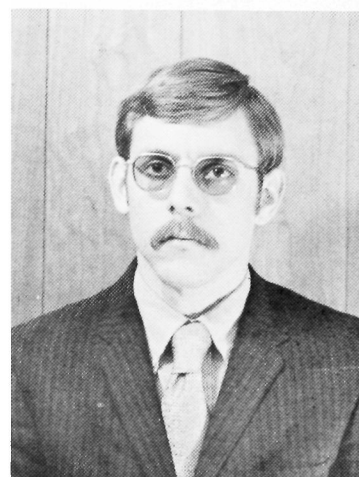
ALBERT BOURGEOIS
Hyannis, Massachusetts
Wildlife Management

Alpha Gamma Rho
Alpha Zeta

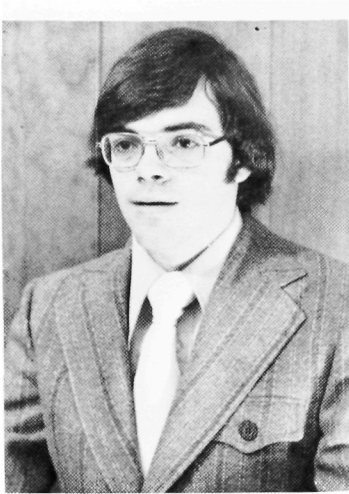


DONALD L. COLDWELL
Bangor, Maine
Wood Technology

American Forestry Association
Xi Sigma Pi, Forester

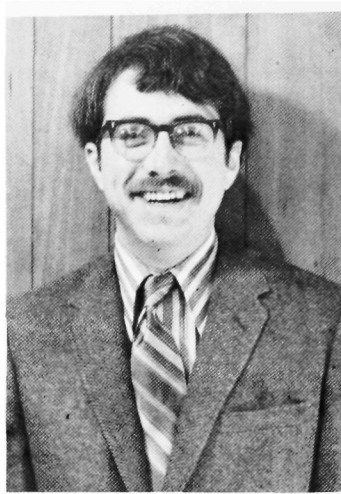


WILLIAM CUTTS
Englewood, Florida
Wildlife Management



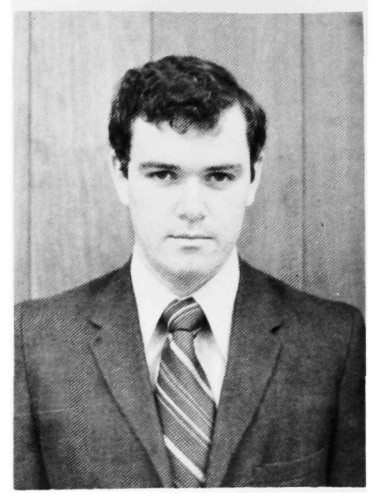
EUGENE A. DUMONT II
Skowhegan, Maine
Wildlife Management

Alpha Gamma Rho
Winter Track



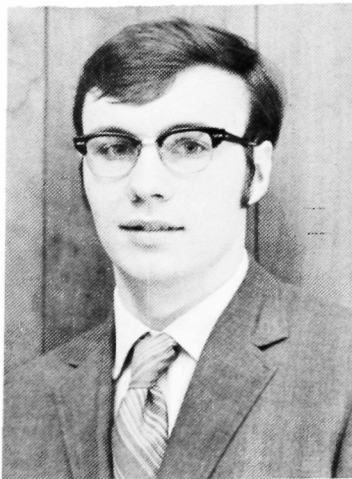
DUANE A. DYER
Orono, Maine
Forest Management
AAS, Maine, 1969, Civil
Engineering Technology

Forestry Club, President
The Maine Forester, Editor
Woodsmens Team
Student Member SAF
Student-Faculty Advisory
Committee
LSA Student Advisory Committee



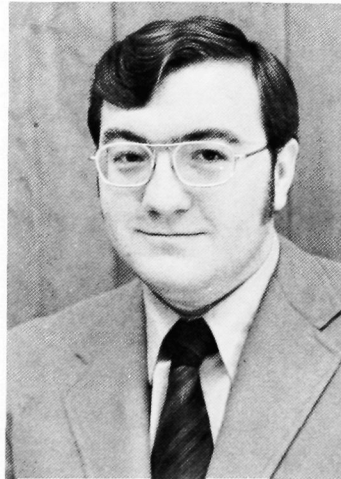
JEFFREY C. EMERY
Dixmont, Maine
Wildlife Management

Student Chapter of Wildlife Society
National Wildlife Society
Forestry Club
Intramural Sports



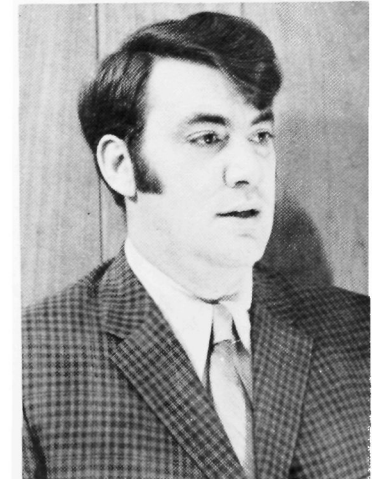
DALE GILMAN
Marshfield, Vermont
Forest Utilization

AAS, Paul Smith's College



BRIAN R. GOOLEY
Colrain, Massachusetts
Wildlife Management

Wildlife Society
Alpha Phi Omega
Track



STERLING W. HODDINOTT
St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada
Forest Management
Maritime Forest Ranger School,
1963

Forestry Club
Xi Sigma Pi
Canadian Institute of Forestry



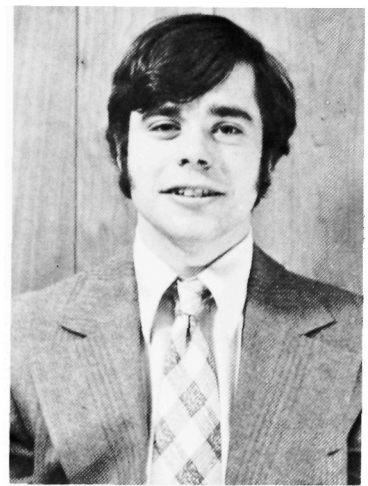
TED HOWARD
Dartmouth, Massachusetts
Natural Resources

Student Member SAF
Xi Sigma Pi
Alpha Zeta
Phi Kappa Phi



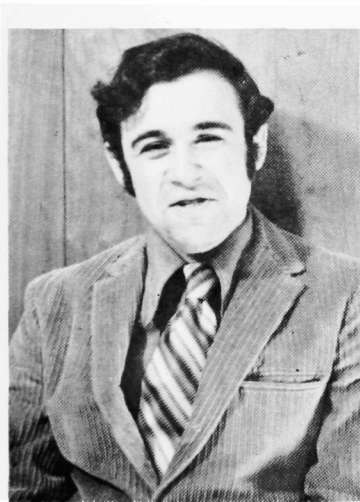
THOMAS D. HUSSEY
Windsor Locks, Connecticut
Forest Management

Intramural Sports
Xi Sigma Pi



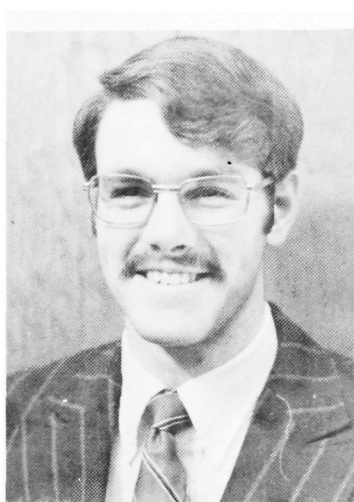
JOHN C. JUNOD
Pelham, New York
Forest Utilization

Intramural Sports
Forestry Club
Santa Claus 1971



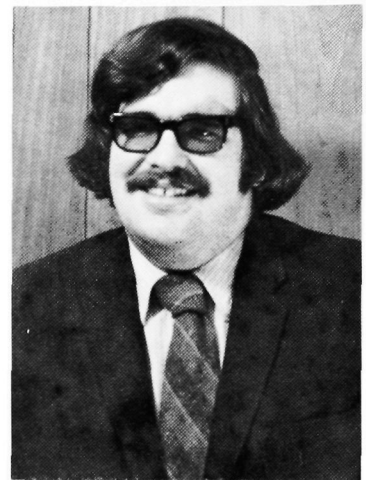
WAYNE A. LAROCHE
Sheldon, Vermont
Wildlife Management

Rifle Team
Wildlife Society



JOHN L. LESHANE
Portland, Connecticut
Forest Management

Phi Kappa Sigma
Track
ROTC

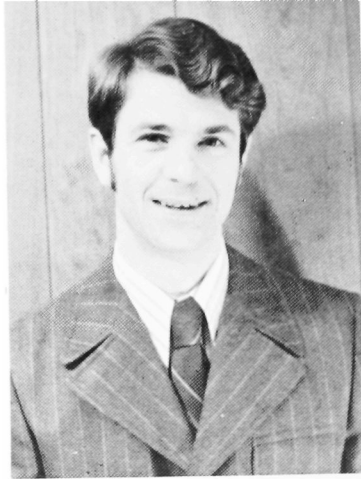


J. ANDREW MCMAHAN
Bangor, Maine
Natural Resources



SARAH J. MEDINA
Kennebunkport, Maine
Forest Management

Student Member SAF
Forestry Club
Wildlife Society
Maine Forester



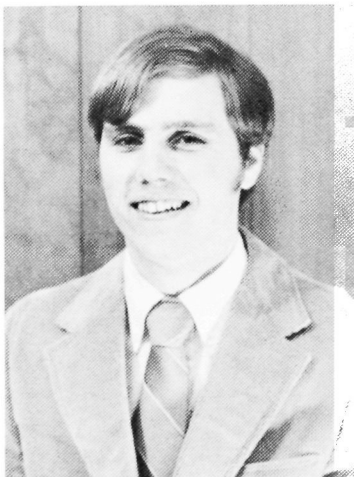
PAUL G. MILLER
Bangor, Maine
Forest Management

Woodsmens Team
Xi Sigma Pi, Associate Forester
Land Surveyor in Training



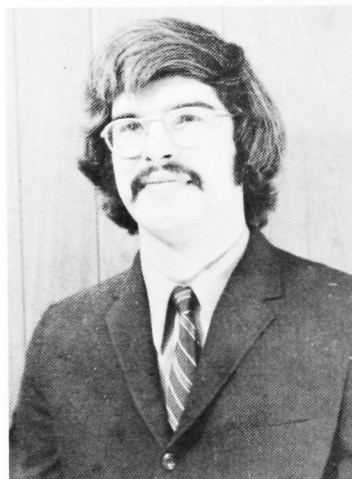
KIM MORRIS
Amherst, Massachusetts
Wildlife Science

Wildlife Society



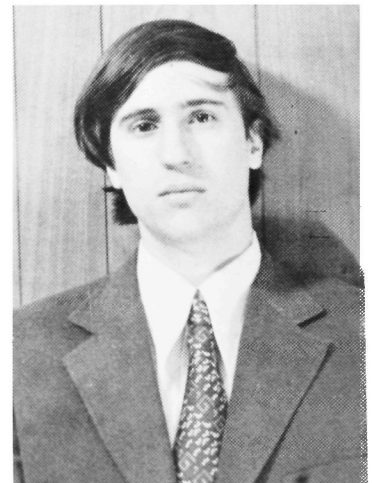
JAMES P. NORRIS
Dixfield, Maine
General Forestry

Student Member SAF
Intramural Athletics
Senior Skull
Alpha Gamma Rho
Who's Who Among College Student
Leaders



MAURICE W. PERKINS
Albion, Maine
General Forestry

Theta Chi



KENNETH A. PHILBRICK
East Greenwich, Rhode Island
Wood Technology

Phi Kappa Sigma
Intramural Sports



CHARLES PIDACKS
Ashland, Massachusetts
Forest Management

Forestry Club
Band
Oratorio Society
Sigma Nu



JOHN H. RIBE
Bangor, Maine
Forest Management

Xi Sigma Pi

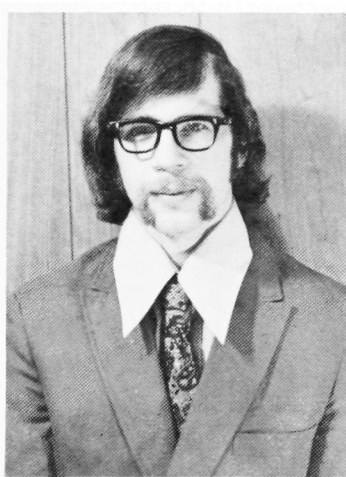


CHRISTOPHER E. ROLLINS
Bingham, Maine
Forest Management



WILLIAM F. SNOW JR
Eliot, Maine
Forest Management

AAS, Paul Smith's College, 1966
Student Member SAF



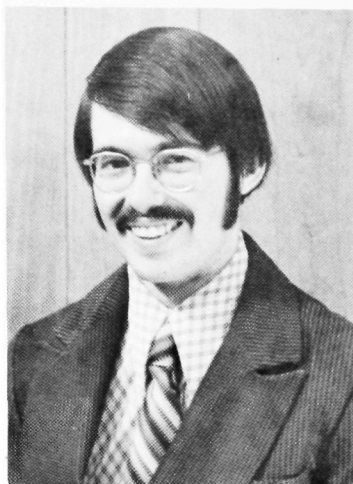
THOMAS M. STEPHENSON
Orono, Maine
Wildlife Management

Wildlife Society
Intramural Sports
Student Senate
Maine Campus



KEVIN C. STEVENS
Danvers, Massachusetts
Wildlife Science

Student Chapter of the Wildlife
Society, President
National Wildlife Society
Environmental Awareness
Committee
Effluent Society
Alpha Zeta
LSA Student Advisory Committee



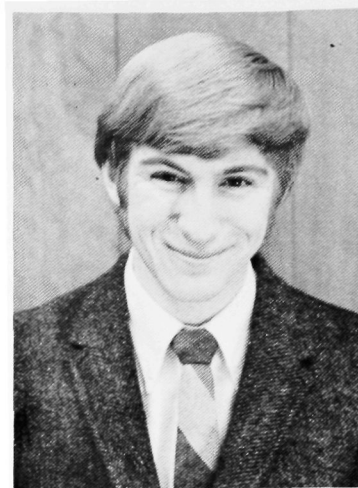
ALAN B. STOCKLEY
Lincoln, Maine
Forest Management

Forestry Club
Maine Forester



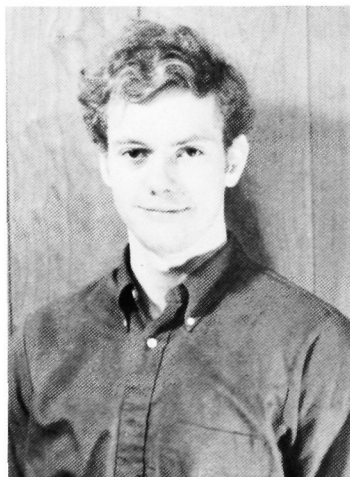
KENNETH SUPER
Amherst, Ohio
Forest Management

Xi Sigma Pi, Secretary
Alpha Zeta



JEFFREY F. ULRICH
Piscataway, New Jersey
Wildlife Management

Wildlife Society



PATRICK VALKENBURG
Pound Ridge, New York
Wildlife Science

Wildlife Society
Environmental Awareness
Committee
Flying Club



ROBERT J. WENGRZYNEK JR
East Brunswick, New Jersey
Wildlife Management

Wildlife Society
Forestry Club
Maine Outing Club
Xi Sigma Pi



CARROLL YORK
Windsor, Maine
Forest Management

NOT PICTURED:

Kermit Baty

Christian H. Becksvoot

James E. Hall

Glenn W. Heinke

Steven J. Herb

Robert J. Holgerson

Erick N. Hutchins

James R. Hynson

Robert M. McKee

William H. Maier Jr.

Robert B. Rochester

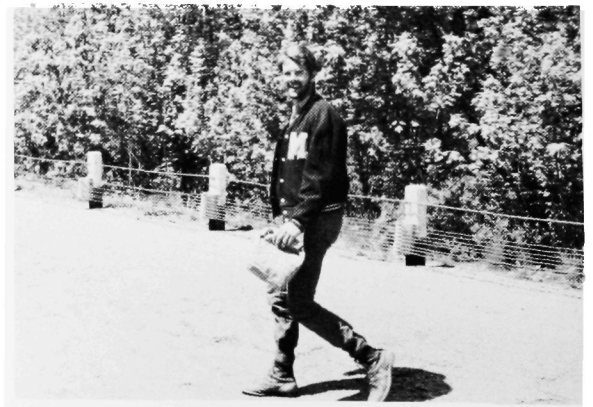
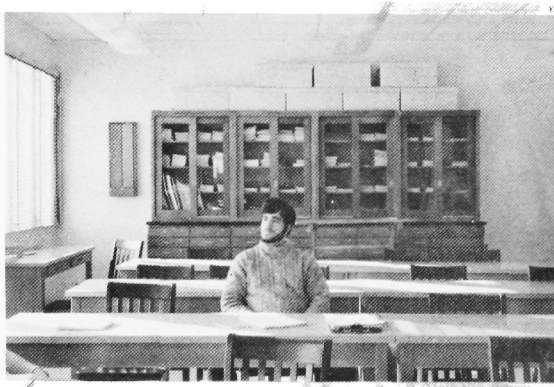
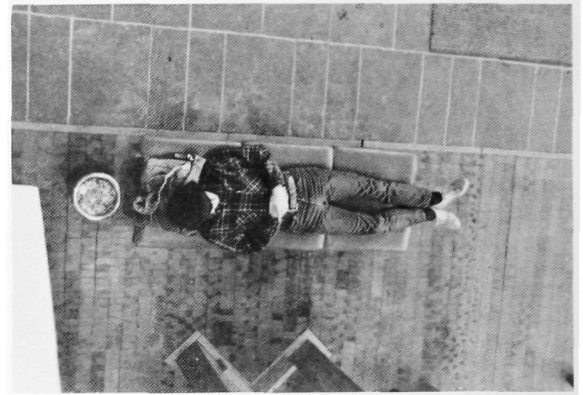
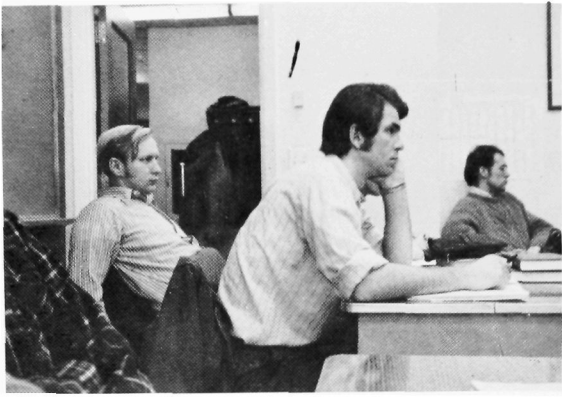
Robert E. Roy

Timothy R. Sawyer

Thomas Varney

David O. Werdin





SUMMER - 1971



1971 SILVICULTURE TRIP

by

DUANE A. DYER



It was 7:30 on the morning of May 30 and people from all over the northeastern part of the United States gathered behind the Forestry Building to load cots onto a B. & A. bus. Sounds strange doesn't it, but it was all part of that annual spring ritual known as the Silviculture Trip.

Skip Campbell (soon to be wanted in three states for various driving offenses) revved up old No. 532 and prepared to leave. Eight o'clock and we were ready to go. Dr. Griffin read the "riot act" and then started the attendance list: "Perkins", "here". "Pidacks", "...", "Pidacks, where's Pidacks?" No Pidacks, so the trip began with only 19 future silviculturalists aboard.

Our first stop was Sigma Nu Fraternity where the late Charlie Pidacks decided to join our expedition. Chip made up the lost time on the interstate, as he usually did, and we arrived at the Robert I. Ashman Tree Farm ahead of schedule. Here we were given a tour of the tree farm by Prof. Ashman and Fred Holt, Deputy Forest Commissioner of Maine. Here also our ranks increased to 21 with the unexpected arrival of fellow student Doc Howlett.

From Augusta we headed through the rain towards the University of New Hampshire and Dr. Harold Hocker, Bill Sayward, and Bill Lowe. We were shown a seed orchard in the field and special tree seedlings in the greenhouse. After supper we were treated to a lecture and slides on black walnut improvement in the midwest. They say the cutter who felled the \$12,000 black walnut and barberchaired it, is still looking for a job.

We left UNH (right on schedule) for our first

night's rest of the Trip with spacious quarters having been reserved at the Massabesic Experimental Forest. Four of us got beds because we ran faster; the rest got cots. What made Dinnan decide to sleep on the floor? Only six more days to go.

Early the next morning we arose and an hour later left for breakfast in Sanford. It only took an hour because there were 20 guys and one bathroom. After breakfast, back to the Massabesic where Ray Graber talked about his experiments in direct seeding and Dr. Peter Garrett talked about his work in white pine improvement. The afternoon was spent with Dick Arsenault, Assistant Supervisor, who showed us his Southern District of Maine.

As usual, Zip had the bus turned around so we climbed aboard and headed for Athol, Massachusetts, and the Harvard Forest in nearby Petersham. But to our surprise the gremlins had been working overtime and had changed the road signs around. Lucky for us the people got over the shock of seeing a bus in their front yard and directed us back to the right road. Once in the dormitory at the Harvard Forest we prepared for the second night. Dr. Ernest Gould opened the museum and all present enjoyed the murals and artifacts.

The next morning, Dr. Gould and Walter Lyford showed us around the forest and discussed its origin (better to belong to Harvard than to the local jail) and management. In the afternoon we were treated to interesting lectures on pond succession by Dr. Marcus Swan and tree roots by Mr. Lyford.





After visiting some of Athol's stores the second evening was even more relaxing than the first. The second morning was even rougher.

On to the Fox Research & Demonstration Forest in Hillsboro, New Hampshire. Here we were met by Dr. Peter Allen, Ecologist, who discussed hybrid planting, *Fomes annosus*, New Hampshire's monetary problems, and poison ivy.

From the Fox Forest we headed to Bear Brook State Park. This part of the trip was the best because the week was half over. Forester John Sargent took us on a tour of a state park used both for recreation and wood production. Chip showed his busmanship as he navigated down narrow, tree lined lanes and always came out in the right place.

Leaving Bear Brook we headed north to Jackson, New Hampshire, stopping in Concord for supper and exposing more citizens to what foresters are really like. At least the waitresses at Angelo's didn't run around like beheaded chickens. From Concord it was off to the Thorn Hill Lodge in Jackson where we were to spend the night. We found our rooms (why was it that Miller always took the wrong room?) and some of us tried out the (warm?) water. Those without swimming gear made do with what they did have.

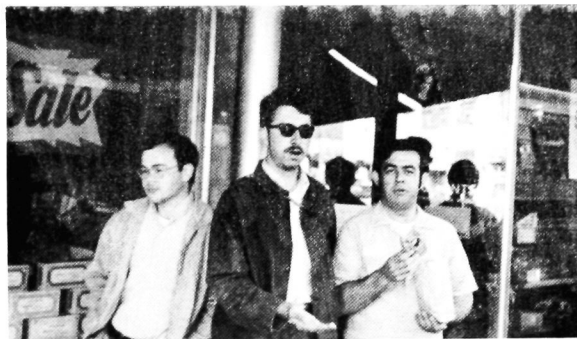
Thursday morning we had a very good breakfast and left for the day. We saw various forms of



hardwood management on the Bartlett Experimental Forest and the White Mountain National Forest. As the day closed we returned to the lodge for a huge supper. After supper it was time for relaxation with horseshoes, shuffleboard, and swimming (not necessarily in that order).

Friday was another great breakfast followed by more White Mountains and then Hubbard Brook Watershed study. The only excitement was losing a brake on a downhill run.

Friday night was spent in the dry town of Errol, New Hampshire, where it was back to those beautiful cots and the floor of the town hall. Next



morning we went next door for breakfast at the combination gas station-restaurant where they had the most business in a year.

Saturday was spent with Seven Islands Land Company and all products-all aged management of spruce-fir-hardwoods. Cliff Swenson and Jim Turner showed us the blackflies of western Maine and then it was over. All that remained was the trip back to UMO.

For some it was over for the summer but for most it was time for that six week Fy 1 Lab known as Summer Camp. Here they would learn the intricacies of bog walking, blackfly swatting, and Indian fighting Custer style.



Wildlife Spring Trip, 1971

by

Al Bourgeois

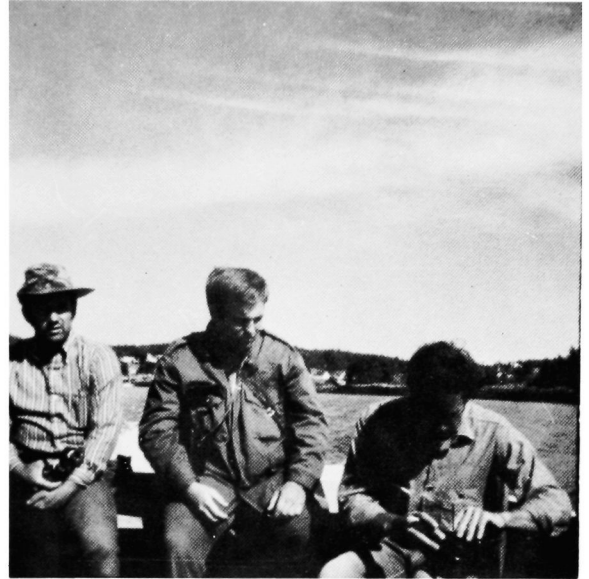
Where else would you find 16 wildlife students and 1 forester at 5:30 a.m., on a clear, cool, May morning than grouping behind Nutting Hall preparing for a week long bird watching excursion.

In zoomed the "incredible flying machine" (UMO touring car) driven by Doc "Fearless Leader" Schemnitz. Out popped Doc, binoculars and bird book in hand. "Well, aren't we a motley crew this morning? Is everything ready? Where's Dunford?" We roused Dandy Dan Dunford who was asleep in his station wagon and after checking a few trivial details we were off to Sigma Nu to pick up "Hutch" who thought we were giving door to door service. Now Doc put the incredible flying machine into gear and we were air-borne for Calais. And so the second annual wildlife spring trip had its beginning.

Only the border check slowed Doc up enough for Dunford's and Stephenson's cars to catch up. We were soon off for St. Andrews and an unannounced rendezvous with Dr. Paul Elson, salmon project leader, Fisheries Research of Canada. Dr. Elson showed us around the Hunts Marine Laboratory in St. Andrews and described his projects with imprinting young salmon parr to different streams from where they hatched and radio tracking migrating Atlantic salmon.

Saying good-bye to Dr. Elson we winged it to Fundy National Park for a moose pellet group census conducted by Professor Tim Dilworth. He explained the problems the Park had with the moose populations and the ways they cope with the situation.

Sightseeing was next on the agenda—after all this was Doc's vacation—so we toured Fundy and after using up a roll of film headed for Sackville, New Brunswick. Arriving in Sackville we rode around for nearly an hour before Dan or Doc would admit that we were lost. As Doc went to call Bill Whitman we checked out the female situation—which looked promising. We all had visions of coming to town later that night, but these were crushed as Bill lead us ten miles out of town to our abode in the Canadian Wildlife Service Camp. Only Hutch's sly comments keep us from boredom and sleep.



Monday: May 31, 1971

We were off early for a look at the famed Tantramar Marshes and following Doc's advice, boots were left behind. We were all happy we left them when it started to rain. We met with Mr. William "Bill" Whitman, Waterfowl Biologist, who showed us around the marsh he is experimenting with flooding several duck impoundments and planting various plant species to improve the area for breeding ducks. He explained some of the problems he faced and our own Jim Hall gave a demonstration on muskrat trapping.

After a cold, wet lunch in the cars, we set out on a short trek along the dikes, in the rain, to look at different management practices and census routes some of us were to walk the next morning. Doc logged behind, but of course he was just taking his time so he wouldn't miss anything.

The late afternoon sun brought more fun as we visited the Coastal Marshes nearby, to observe—who knows what, we never did find out. But it was another one of those excursions where boots weren't needed—the water was only ankle deep.

After a good hearty meal in Sackville, we were off to the lodge for a rest or so we thought, but

Doc wasn't through with us yet. Bill lead us through what seemed like the Everglades as he showed us another census route some of the luckier guys were going to run the next morning. Doc put a few of us on the spot, as he's prone to do, asking some of the different plant and duck species. And, of course, no boots were needed here.

Tuesday: June 1, 1971

What's the difference between a Wood Duck and a Ring Neck? Some of the luckier guys got to go on a duck brood census at 5:30 a.m. while the rest of us slept.

We journeyed to Nova Scotia to visit the Shubenacadie Wildlife Park. Mr. E. R. Pace, curator, guided us around the park where such species as big-horned sheep and barren-ground caribou can be found. He explained how many migrating birds stop there and some populations actually winter on the area. After the tour we were free to cruise the park on our own picture taking expeditions. A little later we toured some of the park's management areas.

Returning to Sackville we found supper waiting for us—all the lobster we could eat and all the beer we could drink for \$2.00—courtesy of the Canadian Wildlife Service. Those Canadians sure know how to treat Yanks. Some stimulating wildlife topics were brought up and we'll all remember "Willie"—"when you're hot, you're hot." Later some of us found out how shrewd Canadians were at playing poker.

Wednesday, June 2, 1971.

Needless to say, duck census was run this morning but we were all packed and ready to leave by 7:30 a.m.—a little to Doc's surprise.

Leaving Sackville we headed north to find New Castle and a rendezvous with Dr. Paul Elson. He explained some of the principles behind radio tracking migrating salmon and then took us out on the river to demonstrate his device.

Next stop was the East Mirimichi fish counting station. Here we viewed tagging operations where salmon parr migrating upstream were counted. The attendants also put on an electro-fishing demonstration. We then enjoyed a home-cooked meal courtesy of the fish station.

Working 18 hours a day was becoming second nature and tonight was no exception. After supper we headed for the New Castle Fish Hatchery. We viewed the hatchery operations and learned how the hatchery supplies most of New Brunswick with salmon—as well as some of the problems and solutions they face.

We weren't through yet however, Doc had one more stop planned; it took us 15 miles out of the way, but we all agreed it was the best stop of the day—the New Castle Tavern.

Arriving back at the counting station (our home for the night), we discovered that Tom's car wasn't with us. Thinking he'd be along soon, we set up for some sleep. After a few minutes our "Fearless Leader" rapped on our door and asked for our meager assistance in inflating his air mattress. Gene and Steve volunteered and soon had Doc in production—it seems that somehow Doc hadn't put in the plug before trying to pump it up. Later on Don and Doc decided to look for those "hippies" and found them about 2:30 a.m. over by the fish hatchery, hopelessly lost. It wasn't all navigator Beard's fault however, he had a little help from his friends.

Thursday, June 3, 1971.

After a generous breakfast, (courtesy of the fish station), we were off for a meeting with Bill Hooper and Mal Redmond, fisheries biologists, on the greatest Atlantic salmon river in the world—the Mirimichi River.

Bill and Mal explained the unique situation of land ownership in Canada, some of the fishing regulations, and some stream management practices—remember gabbion?

Now we all had a chance to really enjoy ourselves as we canoed down the Mirimichi. The beauty of the river was impressed on all of us, and we headed for Fredericton, many of us envisioned a future salmon fishing trip on this great river.

Arriving at the University of New Brunswick was the highlight of the trip—hot showers and clean beds. After dinner we headed for Fredericton and a night on the town (some of us ended up at the nearest tavern)—all but Gene who couldn't get served for some reason.

Friday, June 4, 1971.

Before breakfast we held a summit conference and persuaded Doc without too much effort into heading for Orono today. I don't think Doc wanted to put up with us for another day.

In the morning, we met with Mr. Charles Darlet (Frenchy), big game project leader, Canadian Wildlife Service. He showed us several different deer management areas and described his studies on penned deer. He also demonstrated his radio tracking device and ended by showing us the traps he used. Our own dear Hutch demonstrated their efficiency and Doc modeled a deer holding box for us.

Leaving Frenchy behind we headed for the Mactaquac Fish Hatchery, one of the newest and best equipped in the world. We saw how the hatchery operated and the experiments they were carrying out.

Next stop, the new Mactaquac Dam on the St. Johns. Here we saw how migrating fish were collected and trucked upstream to the fish hatchery and we learned a little about fish passage through dams.

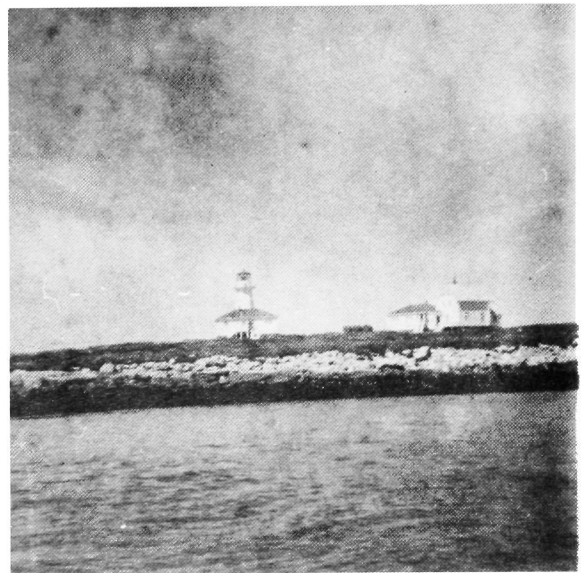
After supper we headed home, but just before the border Doc pulled next to marsh and hit us with a Duck I. D. quiz and an on-the-spot wild-life bowl—losers buy the beers.

Our last obstruction was at the border. Seeing "Hutch" rolling some tobacco, and taking a look at Stephenson and Beard, the border patrol decided to check our baggage. But some fast talking by Doc got us away in no time.

Later that night we pulled into Orono mighty tired but happy; and in agreement that the trip had been very worthwhile. We had seen and learned a heck of a lot in 6 days and I know we all agree that getting to know our classmates and sharing some unforgettable experiences with them was the best part of the trip. If one word were to sum up our feelings about the trip the word would be GREAT!

So at the end of a fantastic 6 days we packed up and headed for summer camp singing:

"Princeton, Maine now here we come,
We're just out to have some fun,
So get up and get your gun,
Dr. Ashley, here we come."



TWO YEAR FOREST TECHNICIANS

Summer Camp—1971

by

Gary Boulter



Forestry camp cannot be described as anything except enlightening. From the first day of our arrival each moment held an adventure of one kind or another.

For the students and the faculty at the camp, the day began precisely at 6:00 a.m. with a harsh clang from the camp's dinner bell. This was merely a warning for everyone to be prepared for the next bell at 6:30 a.m. which meant breakfast. During breakfast, bag lunches were prepared to bring along on our travels for the day. At 7:30 a.m. everyone assembled in the classroom under the dining hall to get our instructions for the rest of the day. Small crews were established and necessary equipment was checked out from our trusty Equipment Manager, Ed Kennedy. It seems like Ed had no favorites. He always managed to give everyone a broken D-tape or a kinked chain or an abney level that was out of adjustment.

Then after our canteens were full, we all piled onto our bright yellow school bus and were off for the day.

Our curriculum was varied and was always interesting. We visited lumber mills, Georgia Pacific woods operations, a fire tower, the State Forest

Service, Grand Lake Stream Fisheries, mills in Canada and observed the effects of different types of cuttings on Indian Township. We ran a mock fire drill in which everyone was involved in building a fire line and keeping the fire contained with a portable gasoline pump and Indian back pumps. The fire never had a chance! We ran three different types of cruises on the township. The largest cruise took almost an entire week. Each two-man party was given a one mile square block and a point sample cruise was run requiring typing and mapping of the area. I'm quite sure everyone got their equal share of spruce bogs and alder swamps, and as it turned out, that was the hottest week while we were up there, making the whole operation quite sticky. The cruises all went quite efficiently, although Pete Hamilton did lose his bearings once and did quite a bit of wandering around before he stumbled back to the bus.

Another operation that gave students an understanding of actual woods-harvesting process was when everyone was given the opportunity to fell trees and then to use a small bulldozer with a rear winch to pull the logs out to the yard. Then the logs were cut into 4 foot lengths and piled. Every-



one showed their true grit working together to exhibit how a successful operation works. Merle Parise did have a little trouble with the cable on the dozer. It seems that the cable wasn't as strong as he thought.

We usually returned to the camp ground around 4:30 p.m. and everyone headed toward the lake to cool off. At 5:30 p.m. it was suppertime. I don't think anyone ever missed supper. For about 15 minutes, the camp remained silent and the only purpose was to restore our depleted energy.

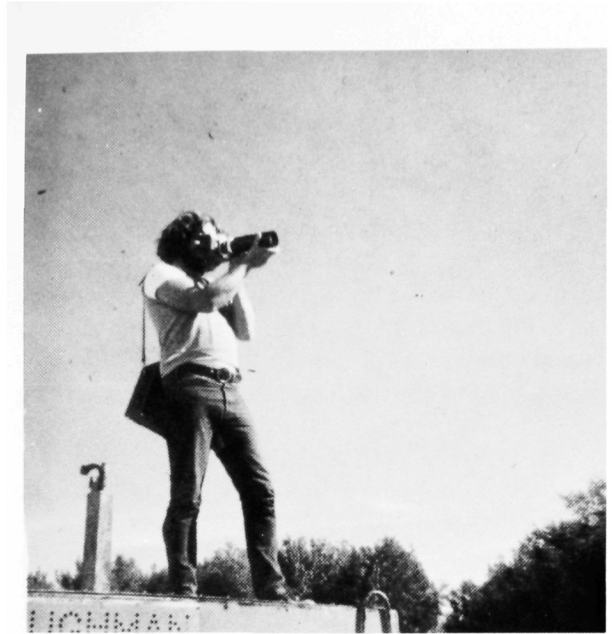
After supper our activities slowed down. Some of us went fishing while others pursued the American past-time of pulling those old flip tops. Danny Legere established an unforgettable record number of cans of beer consumed in one week. I don't think he'll ever be the same.

Every Wednesday night a guest speaker came and talked on points of interest and everyone got together, including the families of the Professors and had an enjoyable time.

Some of our leisure time consisted of baseball with the local Indians. I'm afraid to say that our average was 0-5, but it's how you play the game anyway, isn't it?

A beard-growing contest was also one of our camp activities, and it seemed like Ed Kennedy was untouchable. But! The prize of one six pack was awarded to Don Theriault for having the courage to enter. After 6 weeks a fine stubble appeared on his face and in the correct light with a magnifying glass, a faint trace of hair could be found sprouting.

I can barely touch on high points of Forestry Summer Camp—1971, but I am sure that to everyone who attended, it will long be remembered as a worthwhile and helpful experience.



Princeton, Maine-1971

by

Dale Gilman

Princeton, Maine is not that terrible, fly infested swamp where pessimists generate the view that nothing good can be learned from the experience of living there for six weeks. The forestry summer camp crew for 1971 proved that with a little self-discipline and the outlook that there was something to be gained from every days work, a tolerable, if not enjoyable time could be had.

As the sun comes rolling in from the east, blurry-eyed foresters roll out of hard bunks in the small log cabins called home for six weeks. A quick swim or cold shower, then to breakfast at 6:30 a.m. The ringing of the camp bell at 7:00 a.m. calls all good people to their days work which might consist of cruising, surveying, timber marking, report writing, bird watching, or logging. Often a jostling bus ride settles the breakfast and makes the curses roll loud and clear. Such sights as deer, bear, flies and more flies make the entire day interesting. Noon comes and everyone digs into a monstrous lunch, and possible hidden tin, for refreshment. A slight repose might be in order before beginning work again. At 4:00 p.m. Dr. Ashley or baseball star Gerry Trundy heads the awful bus for home with the crew seeing visions of a cold sixpack waiting at camp. Dinner at 5:30 and then the rest of the day is ours to play. Canoeing, fishing, baseball, basketball, or log rolling at Passamaquoddy sawmill might be in order, with that ever present cold one close at hand. At dark the daily log is caught up and the cards come out. 10:00 or so everyone hits the bunks with dreams about the coming weekend and the St. Croix Hotel, home, or just a thought that it is going to last only six weeks.

