

The trees and branches in the immediate vicinity of the perimeter road were to be removed by winching or by use of horses. Disposal of the slash was to be either on-site or removed elsewhere.

Attempts to secure an operator to perform the road-side clearance was futile. The only bid submitted was so expensive, it was prohibitive to the Authority. An operator was selected, however, for the interior areas. Restoration work commenced in the vicinity of Deer Pond, on the west bank of Nesowadnehunk Stream. Every possible measure was implemented during the restoration to protect the environment.

During the initial stages of the restoration, a group of people advocating their interpretation of the "land to be kept forever in its wild and natural state" clause, filed a request with the courts for a permanent injunction to stop the restoration work. The injunction challenged the Park Authority's right to do this work. This right was given to the Authority by a special law passed at the request of Governor Baxter. In this law the Authority was given the right to correct and improve any damage caused by insects or other natural phenomena such as snowstorms or windthrow. After a lengthy trial, with differing statements from a variety of witnesses, the judge upheld the law and gave the Authority the right to do restoration work. However, he ruled out the use of heavy logging equipment. Long distances and adverse terrain prevented any practical continuation of the salvage operation without the use of such equipment and so, the blowdown was left intact. The Authority did file an appeal. The opponents of the restoration project, dissatisfied with the judge's upholding of the Authority's right to do the work, also tried to appeal the ruling.

In the intervening two years, the majority of the damaged trees died and dried out. This loosely piled mass of fuel failed to decompose because of the good circulation of air through it. The stage was now set for disaster.

On several occasions during periods of high fire danger, areas of the Park affected by the blowdown were closed to the public. Instances of false reports sent planes and trucks scurrying to the blowdown. The Authority and all its employees were aware of the increased fire danger and all possible precautions were taken with outside fires among campers.

The first lightning strike from the July 17 storm ignited a dead white birch tree standing near Round Pond. The Park Rangers dispatched to the fire were able to extinguish it very rapidly due to the absence of blowdown and the site's proximity to the road. The second strike hit in the worst possible location. The site was on a knoll with dense, very high piles of windthrown trees and with access hindered by extensive amounts of debris surrounding the ignition spot. Incidentally, the fire originated only about two to three hundred feet away from the proposed end of the major salvage road. If the road had been constructed and the salvage performed,



(Maine Dep. of Con. Photo)

the fire equipment could have been at the site in less than sixty minutes.

However, the first person to arrive at the fire front required two hours to cross the adjacent blowdown. The first mechanized fire fighting unit managed to arrive at the edge of the fire, by then considerably enlarged, in approximately six hours. At this time, the fire had made its first run and had approached the southern boundary of the Park.

The Fire Control plan of attack included an attempt to confine the flanks and the rear of the fire within bulldozed firelines. The intent was to prevent expansion of the fire front from the lowlands towards the slopes of Mount Kathadin. Uncontrolled progress of the fire toward the mountain promised to destroy not only the most frequently used facilities of the Park, but also to cause devastation of the very fragile environment on the slopes. Containment of the fire would have been impossible on the mountain because of the extreme steepness and remoteness of the area.

The extensive fire perimeter together with the great amounts of blowdown and rockiness in some of the sectors necessitated the use of heavy mechanized equipment. After the D-7 class of bulldozers was shown to be too light to handle the required work, a number of D-8 machines were employed. Additional equipment was used to penetrate closer to the fires' edge than the bulldozers were able to work. For this, a number of skidders with portable water tanks and pumps, and two J-5 Bombadier tractors equipped for fire fighting were called in.

In the early hours of the second day, the fire's progress downwind remained unchecked. The only possible way to check the advance of the fire would have been to establish a line near the Park's southern boundary and to backfire the fuels between that line and the main fire.

The unavailability of sufficient equipment and personnel was apparently one reason why the fire headquarters did not authorize such a plan of attack. Finally, with additional bulldozers and tank trucks, the uppermost logging road was widened in an effort to control the fire front. By this time it was too late. The fire had built up a convection column of considerable height, burning in very heavy fuel, on top of a steep slope above the logged area. This created strong winds blowing toward the fire front. Airborne firebrands, carried a few hundred feet aloft towards the West Branch, began igniting so many spotfires that the firefighters were forced repeatedly to retreat further downslope. This pull out was accomplished without loss of any material or equipment. Aerial waterbombers facilitated the retreat through areas where the fire was burning on both sides of the trail.



(Maine Dep. of Con. Photo)

The fire's progress was finally slowed down in the lowlands and on the shore of the Penobscot River. After two additional days of work, the fire appeared to be contained.

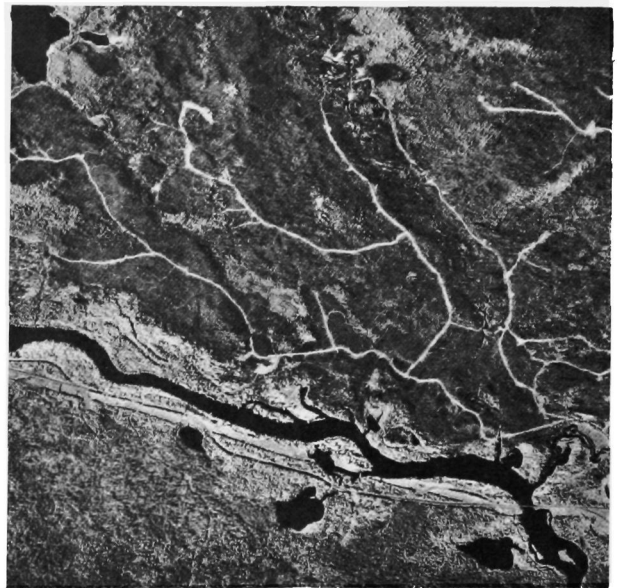
On Thursday afternoon, however, the passage of a squall line associated with an approaching coldfront created the largest buildup of fire activity since the initial run. All of the narrow fire lines were crossed. Several crews working near or in the blowdown areas were surrounded by fire and they had to leave equipment behind during their hasty evacuation. Spurred on by the dangerously rapid progress of the fire, new and very wide fire lines were built well ahead of the numerous fire fronts. In addition, two heliports were constructed and were used extensively for bringing in fuel and supplies. At the height of the fire, intense aerial water bombing was attempted, but the water drops were insufficient to control the fire. It was observed that in instances where the drops were executed on fiercely



(Maine Dep. of Con. Photo)

burning fuels, the water appeared to fan the flames more than to slow them down. The only effective water bombing attacks were made by heavy Canadian aircraft, capable of discharging 1400-1500 gallons of water in one drop.

The new and enlarged lines held, the fire was at last contained. After construction of additional fire lines branching off toward the interior of the burn, the fire crews were able to begin the slow mop-up of the fire. After several weeks of mop-up and the suppression of a few small flare-ups the Baxter State Park fire was out.



Aerial photo showing extent of the fire (the darkened area) to the north of the West Branch of the Penobscot (Courtesy of James W. Sewall Co.)

The cost of the fire was extensive. The financial losses and expenses reached well over three-quarters of a million dollars. The Park lost approximately nineteen-hundred acres of land, burned to some degree. Microclimatic conditions were changed drastically. Brooks and streams received ashes and silt originating from the

burn runoff and more silt originating from runoff from the fire lines. The slopes and stream banks denuded of vegetation became very susceptible to erosion. The aesthetic values of the Park's land were adversely affected. Great Northern Paper Company had about fifteen-hundred acres damaged similarly, with all of the existing reproduction destroyed.

Contributing to the severity of the fire and the difficulty of its control were the following factors: the tremendous amount of fuel created by the blowdown, estimated to be as high as sixty tons per acre; the lack of access to the fire, caused to a great degree by the tangled mass of windthrown trees and the almost complete lack of any access roads; and also, the roughness of the terrain. Antiquated fire equipment, primarily pumpers and tank trucks, combined with inexperienced crews was another significant factor contributing to the difficulty of the fire's control.

During the injunction hearings, various methods to lessen the fire danger after a blowdown were proposed by the opponents of the salvage attempt. One proposal would leave the blowdown areas intact and would create fire lines around the campgrounds and the park boundaries. The 1977 fire proved that such firebreaks would have to be *very* wide and in accordance with the topography. During the 1977 fire, spot fires were ignited by firebrands carried aloft for distances exceeding five hundred feet. These firebreaks would also have to be kept free from vegetative cover and contain a road good enough for a fire truck.

The second proposal recommended that in the event of a blowdown, just the flash fuels should be removed with the trunks of the trees left where they lay. Controlled burning of the blowdown was another plan advocated at the hearings.

All of the above plans have extremely serious limitations, practical as well as financial. None of the advocates of these plans have ever personally participated in such undertakings, nor have any of these plans ever been successfully implemented.

Conclusive evidence has shown that the salvage of blowdowns is beneficial to forest fire control. The 1977 fire slowed down and almost stopped its progress after entering the earlier blowdown area salvaged in 1964. The subsequent abundance of new growth, primarily hardwoods, contributed to the preservation of Abol Campground and the deflection of the fire's progress toward the east.

When Governor Perceival Baxter gave the Park lands to the people of Maine, he expressed a wish to create within the State an area retained in its natural state, devoid of commercial developments (hot dog stands, etc.), which the people of the State could use and enjoy with their children. An area burned over in an uncontrolled forest fire with charred stumps and denuded slopes cannot be, by any degree of imagination, equated with an animal sanctuary or a place of human enjoyment.



Notes on the author,
Vladek Kolman:

—Employed by Prentice & Carlisle, 1952-1963.

—Owner of Kolman Timberland Consultants, Inc. 1963-present. (This was the firm hired by the Park Authority to do the restoration plan before the fire.)

—Forester with the Baxter State Park Authority, April-Nov. 1977. (This was before, during, and after the fire.)

—Forester for the Maine land holdings of J.D. Irving, Ltd., Nov. 1977-present.



George Knox — A Devil in Disguise

Quotes Assembled and Comments by

James W. Knight

The man's name was George Knox. He was supposed to have sold his soul to the Devil for 20 years for \$20. He could go to the woods and sit on a stump, and his axe would be cutting; and if you borrowed his ax, when you brought it back, he would change the handle in it. One time George went to see his brother in the woods. His brother had trout for dinner, and he asked George if he wanted some. George said, "I'd rather have deer steak," and when his brother turned around from getting some more fish, there was deer steak in the frying pan. His brother left. On another occasion, George was walking along the road, and he met a friend with a new rifle. George said to his friend, "Try me a shot," and he stood up to a tree. The friend thought he would shoot a couple of feet to the left and scare George. Just about the time the shot went off, George jumped to the left and walked up to his friend with the bullet in his teeth. He could go out to a tree anywhere and draw off some liquor and come back and take a collection for it, and he would have to pay for it when he went to town. Devil always pays his bill. When he died after twenty years, no one would go in the room. There was supposed to be fire and brimstone in the room. (The Mitchell Collection)



(NAFOH Photo)

George Knox (1862-1892), a woodsman from the Houlton area of Aroostook County, was supposedly possessed by the devil. Is this possible? Isn't that witchcraft business just a product of Salem, Massachusetts? Was there really a devil's advocate lurking in the Maine woods? The above quotation and those following are just a small smattering of the tales that surround this man, George Knox. Most of these testimonies have been handed down to us by word of mouth over the years. These reports come from a wide variety of sources, they are not the product of one individual's imagination. Can these statements be based on fact? Sure, why not! After all, a great percentage of our history is based on heresay. But perhaps more important, does it really matter whether we believe it or not? One of the major purposes of folklore is to enjoy the stories of our ancestors. I think that the legend of George Knox is an outstanding example of this enjoyment. I also feel that this idea of a Maine woodsman being possessed by the devil is particularly

special for all of us in Forest Resources. It's kind of like Maine's answer to the Paul Bunyan legend. But enough of my mental ramblings, it is time to look at some of the choicest testimonies concerning this satanic woodsman extraordinaire.

George Knox was a man who had strong double teeth. People say they have seen him snap a 2 x 4 plank in half with his teeth. One day about three in the afternoon George was working for Stop and Shop in the potato house. The crew was having a break and the men decided to have a little fun with one of the men in the crew who didn't know George. They told George to walk up to the man, say he was awful hungry, and bite a chunk out of a piece of plank nearby the man. George did as they told him and scared the man half to death. My grandfather said that he was so scared that he turned as white as a ghost, his hair rose a foot, and he ran out of that house as fast as his legs could carry him. (The Mitchell Collection)

The winter George Knox stayed at Billy's camp, he got a little better and Billy put him to tending yard. The teams twitched in a huge log. George was rolling by hand, and Billy told him he'd bring out ten men to roll the log up. George just grinned. Billy and the men got within forty yards of the yard, and they heard a lot of noise. Peaveys were clanking, and men were hollering, "Roll on 'er boys; roll on 'er." They heard a big thud; and when they got to the yard, the log was on the yard; and George was on the log all alone and whistling. (Howard Lewis)



(NAFOH Photo)

And this was the one he told about moving the rock too. He said they (George and his father) were standing there talking and there was a big rock laying there in the barn door. They had to go around the rock to go into the barn. I don't know why they built the barn in front of a big rock, but anyway, it bothered them getting in and out of the barn. George said to his father, he says, "Father, that rock has bothered you all your life;" he said, "You tried to move it and you couldn't move it." His father said, "That's right." Said he tried to blow it; guess it was too handy to the buildings for to put big enough charge under it to move it. Said George started walking towards the rock, and every step he took, the rock got a little smaller; and when he got up to the rock he reached down, picked it up and put it in his mouth and walked over across the road and spit it out. (Kenneth Estabrook)

Evidently they were all on the drive and the whole crew around, and George picked this young fellow's—took hold of his hand, picked it up, and cut it right off at the wrist, held it up and the blood flowing, and says "God! Do you see what I've done?" And, why the young fellow was scared speechless. Well, he grabbed his arm again and stuck it back on and, "God!" he says, "I've put it on backwards." So he had to cut it off again and put it on right (Shirley Estabrook)

I heard a lot of strange things about him. You know he could throw his voice and a lot of strange things. Men just plain didn't like to work with him. I think it was my father I heard say trees didn't stay up when George was around. Chopping or swamping, didn't make no difference, 'cause when he chopped them off at the stump they had to fall. You see, for example, if a tree lodged, well, then George'd just stand there-swear and swear and swear. Well, not awful long, and pretty soon it'd come a crashing down. (Roy London)

Well, when they all got back from their good time in Bangor they hadn't a drop left. They kept wishing and wishing for just one more drink. "Hush up," says George, "and stay where yer be and I'll get yer some liquor." He takes a quart bottle and goes into the woods, presses the bottle against a hemlock tree and returns with a quart of whiskey. (Glenn Ingraham)



(NAFOH Photo)

These are just a few of the many tales that can be found in Roger Mitchell's book *George Knox*. This book is published by the Northeast Folklore Society (Volume XI, 1969). Read it, you'll enjoy it! In the meantime I think I'm going to go out and tap a few hemlocks.

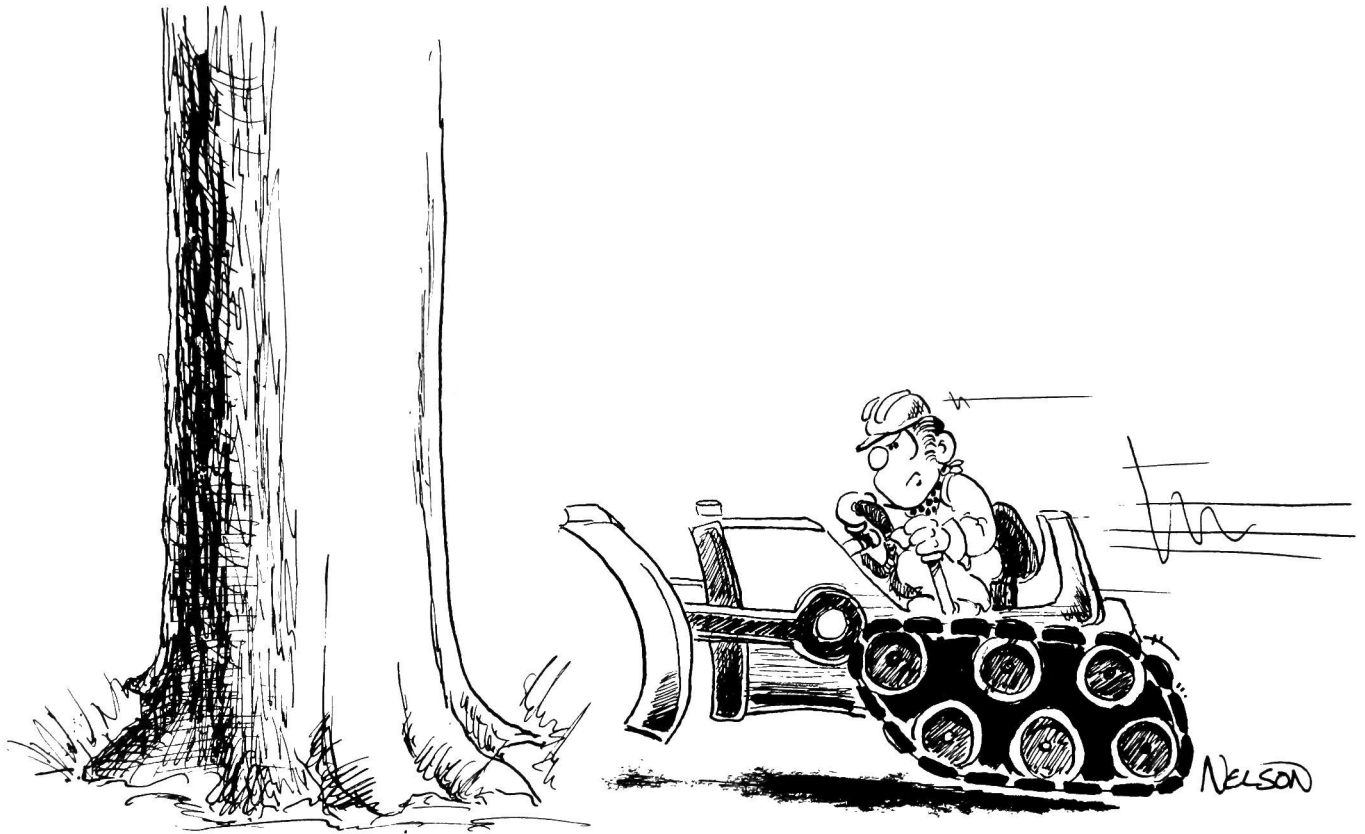


(NAFOH Photo)

ASSOCIATE

DEGREE

PROGRAM

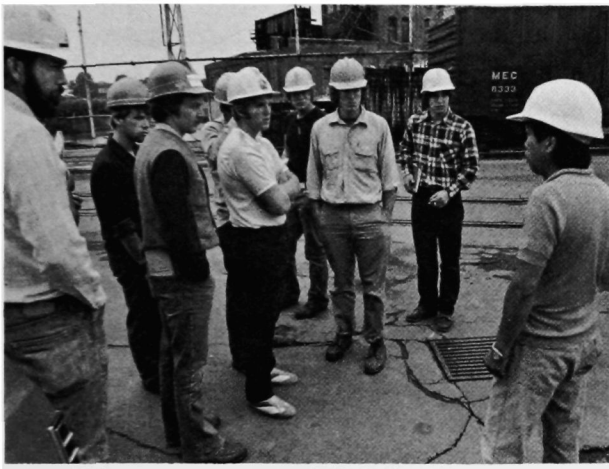


Changes in the Forest Management Technology Program

By

Wallace Robbins

The summer of '77 saw two changes in the Forest Management Technology Program. First, Professor Arthur Randall retired on June 30th, after thirty years of teaching at UMO. Assistant Professor Charles Williams has filled the vacancy. He comes to UMO from North Carolina, where he worked with the Weyerhaeuser Company, for several years. He is a native of Nashville, Tennessee, received his B.S. from Tennessee and his M.S. from North Carolina. With his experiences and enthusiasm we should continue to graduate the best "Techies" in the Northeast.

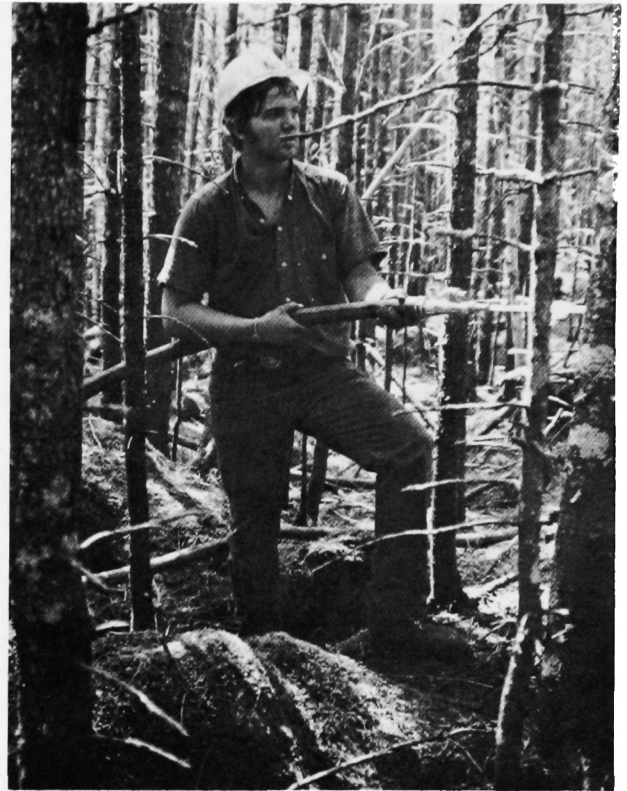


Charles Williams (left) and the best "Techies" in the NE.

The second big change was moving the location of summer camp. Instead of heading into the rising sun to go to Princeton and the cabins on Long Lake, we headed into the setting sun to Capricorn Lodge in Carabassett Valley. The windows on the south side of the lodge look out on the Sugarloaf Ski area, while the windows on the north side look out on the saw-tooth ridge of Mt. Bigelow. Need I say more?

The summer camp session did not go strictly as originally planned, as we were requested to help mop up the Baxter Park Fire. As a result we put in five days more on "Fire Control" than planned and had to rework our schedule when we returned to Capricorn. Two new items incorporated into summer camp for the first time, though the faculty has always stressed safety, consisted of a half-day session on safety and a one-day Red Cross First Aid course. We expect to continue these items in future sessions.

In the Fall of '77, we greeted a full complement of over 50 freshmen and 40 seniors. And it has been an interesting year so far.



Mopping up at the Baxter Park Fire



Our First Year in Forest Technology

By

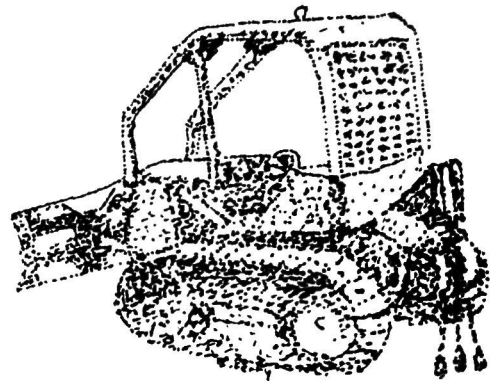
Gail Tunstead & Dennis Andrews

Numbering 54 in the first semester, we came with compasses and diameter tapes into a new world. In taking the Gunter's chain out in the rain for the first lab to gauge our pace length, we started learning the paths in the field of forestry. Professor "Charlie" Williams, fresh up from North Carolina, taught us how to determine basal area and volume. In Forest Technology, Professor "Wally" Robbins scheduled interesting programs given by graduate technicians and professional foresters from the Maine Bureau of Forestry, the Penobscot Forest Experimental Station, the St. Regis Paper Company, and the James W. Sewall Company, to name a few.

The second semester brought forth snow, lots of snow, and with it chuckles from students who had never used snowshoes. With axes, saws, shovels, and clipboards in hand, we began our study of silviculture. During which, Charlie Williams' favorite saying, "burn it", was frequently heard in the woods. We never did "burn it" but we did leave the birds in the University Forests chirping with a southern accent. Equipped with pocket knives, whetstones, and magnifying glasses, we examined blocks of wood in search of resin ducts. We learned that wood identification is only the beginning in tree identification. Machine costs were also analyzed this semester as we sat at the dusty tables in Perkins

Hall and listened to instructor "Tom" Christensen figure the cost of production. Dollars per cord must be reduced!

So, the end of our first year in the technical program finds 40 of us still working together. Charlie, Wally, and Tom are still with us too. We should now be well prepared for summer camp and our senior year.



Summer Camp and Senior Year

By
Steve Pelletier



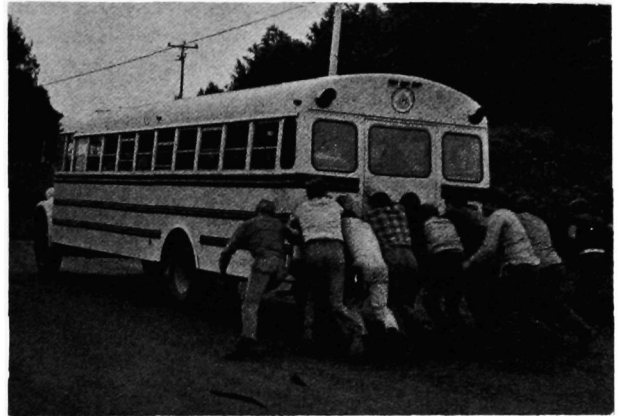
God knows why, but being a two-year stumpee is something to take pride in. After being suckered into drawing up last year's exposé on a typical techie's life-style, I was once again bestowed the privilege of writing on "The Continuing Traumas of Our Two-Year Heroes in the World of the Fir Minds, Part II."

"Duties may include timber cruising, scaling and marking, administration of recreation, or assisting in forestry research. Much of the work will be in attractive outdoor surroundings," says the official 1977-1978 UMO Catalog. The quote lists some of the typical functions of a techie. But the actual roles of a forest management technician are at least as numerous as the different forestry fields—and almost as numerous as the number of students graduating from the program each year.

For us seniors the program is now drawing to an end. Summer camp followed the traditional route, with the

exception of spending five fun-filled days living in the same black, smoky-smelling clothes while fighting the Baxter Park fire. Long, hot days and even longer, freezing nights gave the crew a firsthand view of the "glorious" world of fire fighting—and cold trailing. The only entertainment was seeing who could sleep the longest without a blanket. It was quite an experience to say the least and from what I understand (because we were so good) we may be in demand for the next natural holocaust.

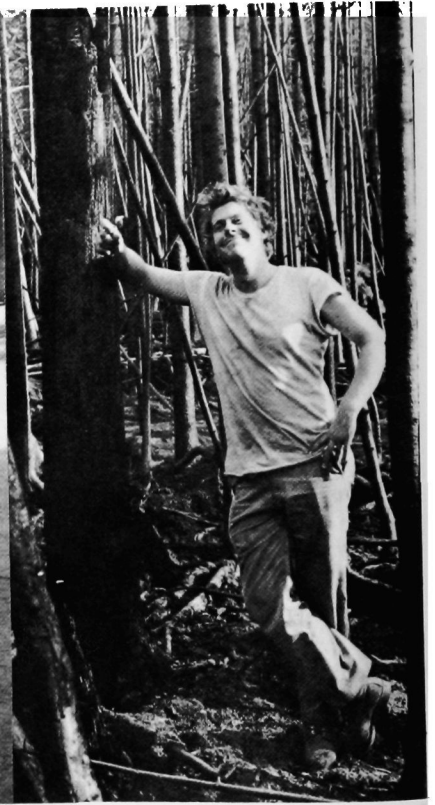
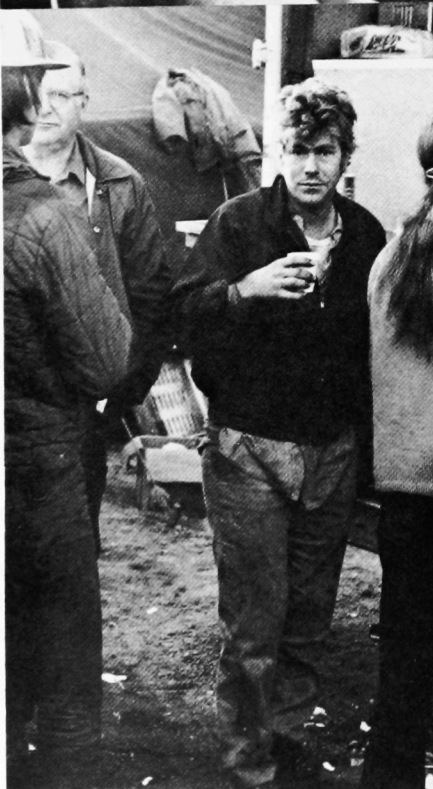
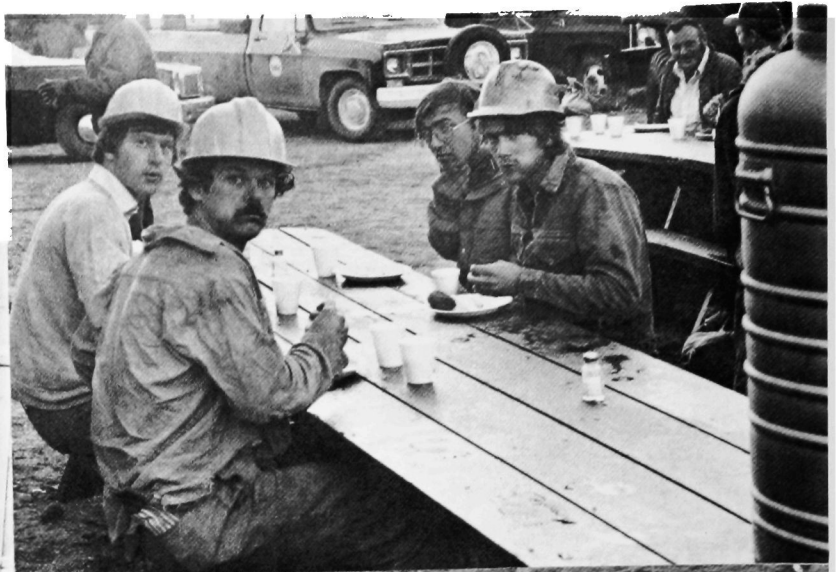
The fire did break up the routine of summer camp and even aided in financing a few extra beers for our camp at the Capricorn. The plot sampling and bologna sandwiches bolstered our boys through the hot days of July and August. The check cruises and pinball will leave a lasting impression, along with the good, rowdy softball games in the evenings. Pushing the stumpy bus uphill, void of gasoline, and then coasting down the other side was a memorable event in itself.



A new professor by the name of Charlie Williams was added to the staff this summer, replacing Professor Randall who retired in June of 1977. A pyromaniac from North Carolina (actually he is our new fire specialist), Mr. Williams is a welcome addition to the Technical Program. Maybe the South will rise again, Charlie. . . , but then again, maybe not. The senior class appreciates his move north.

An advantage to writing this literary fiasco is that I have the opportunity to say to my colleagues and comrades-in-arms that the last couple of years have been one of the most frustrating pleasures that I've ever had the good fortune to experience. In so doing, I wish to speak for the class and acknowledge and thank the staff for all their concern. And to the class, I wish each of you true contentment and peace.

**Scenes From
Forest Technician
Summer Camp**





Two-Year Forest Management Technology Seniors



Two-Year Forest Management Technology Seniors

DAVID CLARENCE ADAMS
Hudson, Maine

PAUL E. BOISVERT
Sanford, Maine

JAMES CONRAD BOUCHARD
Fairfield, Maine
Lifting
Intramural Sports

ANTHONY SCOTT BROWN
Waterville, Maine

DONALD DWIGHT CARLSON
Swan's Island, Maine

RICHARD LAWRENCE CROCKETT
Kents Hill, Maine

ROLAND DAGGETT

PHILIP LOUIS DECKERS
Amherst, Maine

HOWARD R. DELANO, JR.
East Falmouth, Mass.
Hunting, Skiing,
Scuba Diving

STEVEN FORREST

STEVEN FULLER
Livermore Falls, Maine

CRAIG RICHARD GOODFELLOW
Bath, Maine

JANE K. GRANT
Yarmouth, Maine

DAVID LESLIE HILTON
Lincoln, R.I.

SAF
Wilderness Society
Appalachian Mountain Club

DONALD WESLEY HOLLENDER
Cardville, Maine
American Congress on Surveying
and Mapping

RICHARD RALPH JONES
Sanford, Maine
Hiking, Fishing
Mountaineering
Cross Country Skiing
Outing Club

MICHAEL R. KINSON
Dover-Foxcroft, Maine

KEVIN MARK KNOX
West Peru, Maine

JEFFREY EUGENE LADD
Dixfield, Maine
Hockey Club

WAYNE CLEMENT LALIBERTE
Williamstown, Mass.
Maine Campus, Student Newspaper
Circulation Manager
Karate, Raquetball

WILLIAM H. LUKE
Bedford, N.Y.
Intramural Hockey
Outing Club
Intramural Softball

CALVIN MASON

TRACY JOHN MORRISON
Harmony, Maine

THOMAS GEORGE PARKS
Yarmouth, Maine
Outing Club

STEVEN KEAN PELLETIER
West Peru, Maine
UMO Scuba Diving Club
Maine Forester and Prism Ph
grapher
Intramural Hockey
Swimming

BRUCE C. PLUMMER
Chelmsford, Mass.
Alpha Tau Omega

KENNETH FERNALD SNOWDEAL
Bangor, Maine

DANA CLARK SNOWMAN
Millinocket, Maine
Intramural Hockey
Intramural Basketball

JAMES STOCKWELL

BRIAN E. STUART
Veazie, Maine

DAVID CHARLES THOMPSON
Warwick, R.I.
Intramural Sports

THOMAS A. TIERNEY
Falmouth, Maine
Intramurals

JAMES F. WARD, JR.
Houlton, Maine

STEPHEN WISWELL

GREGG WOOD

JEFFREY D. WOOD
Tuftonboro, N.H.

RICHARD WOOD



**BACHELOR
OF
SCIENCE
DEGREE
PROGRAM**



FRESHMEN



WOW! BIGGER D.B.H. THAN
I EXPECTED!

Freshman Class

By

Pam Fowler

"Are you a freshman?" a smart looking guy with a wide grin on his face asks.

Inwardly I groan, "Is it that obvious?"

"Winslow is that little grey building over there," he smiles pointing to East Annex.

"Thanks", I mutter and proceed to take my add-drop card to graphics. Here I am told to buy \$25 worth of drawing materials so I can construct a tennis court. How I wish I hadn't listened to that guy!

So starts the freshman year, an experience one never forgets. Things like fumbling with chains to untie the knots, running from Nutting to graphics and back, and nearly blowing up the lab in CH 11 become blasé everyday occurrences. Even walking through four inches of mud to survey a woodlot seems almost commonplace. Ah, the wonderful life of a freshman!

As the year progresses, we hear from reliable sources horrible stories about prelims and worse yet, finals. It only counts 75% of your grade and if you're lucky you'll get partial credit for your name, say .001%. After studying until three in the morning for one of these horrors, I discover it wasn't what I expected. Oh well, there's next semester.

The new semester starts and coming back, we're confident. At least, we know we can efficiently blow up CH 12. Just think no triples and in one more semester, we'll be sophomores. Just between you and I, I've heard sophomores can tell the difference between a tree and a telephone pole. It should be interesting.



SOPHOMORES



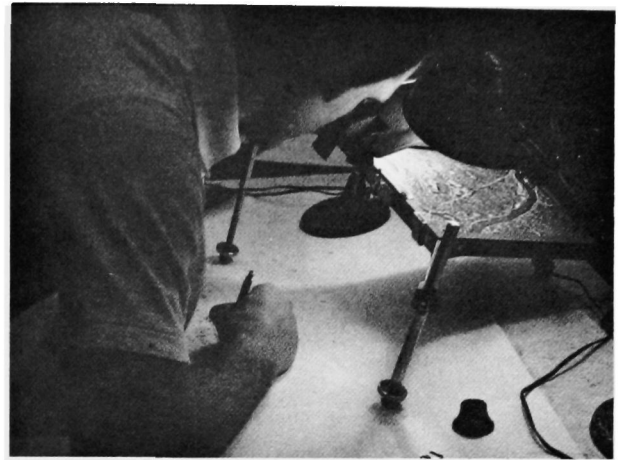
The Sophomore Class

By
Patrick Strauch

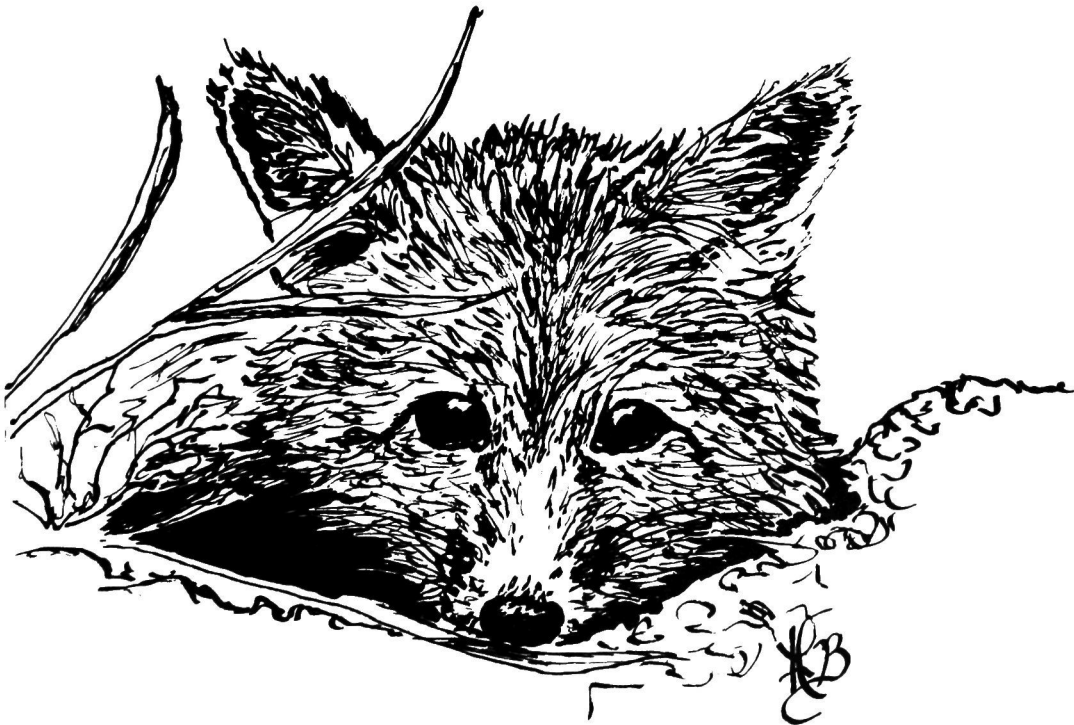
This year's schedule looks busy for the sophomore class, consisting of two semesters of diligent studying and another six weeks of summer camp. But for most of us, this year will also be quite rewarding. Forestry and wildlife-related courses seem to have become a little more frequent in our schedules; we're finally getting a taste of our majors.

Some of the more memorable moments of fall semester included last minute touch-ups on surveying maps, determining the taxonomical differences between *Abies balsamea* and *Quercus macrocarpa* in dendrology, and learning how to calculate the expected volume of sawdust created from a lumbered log for Forest Mensuration. The Wildlifers had a good time with vertebrate biology too! It was a busy semester we all realized when we found ourselves staying up as late as our fellow (supposedly over-burdened) engineering majors.

Second semester seems interesting with courses such as photogrammetry, ecology, and entomology; there's awful lot of bugs in the world. We're all working hard during the presently cool winter days, but we'll soon be put to the test when the nice spring weather gets us outdoors.



Perhaps one of the most important things we realize during the sophomore year is that the fields of forestry and wildlife involve a variety of scientific disciplines, in combination with a familiarity with the woods. Hopefully, we're all developing this sense of professionalism and are looking forward to learning and seeing as much as we can about the forest and its creatures in our remaining years at Nutting Hall.

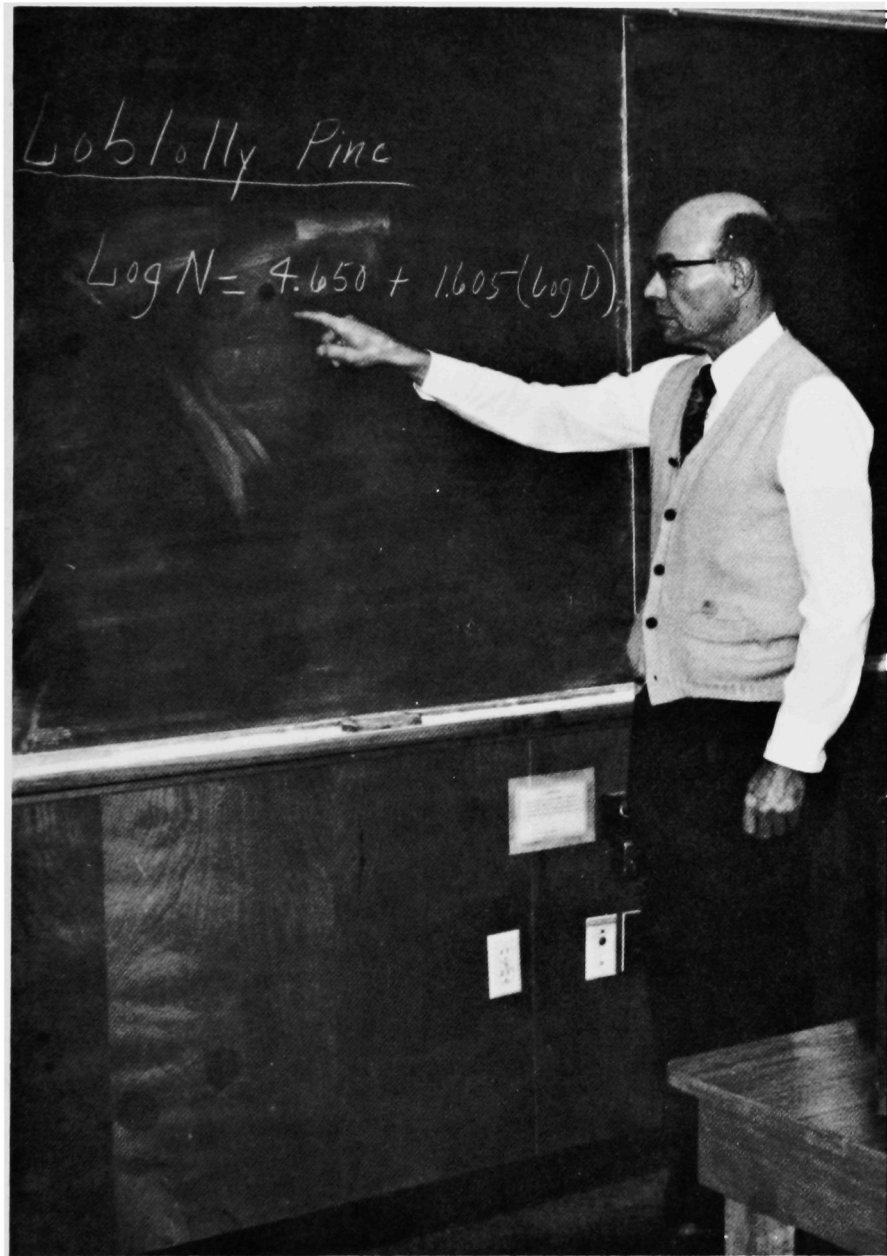




Sophomore Class



JUNIORS



If you remember just one thing from Junior year . . .

Junior Class

By

Susanne Hacker

As our third year of gracing the halls of Nutting draws to a close, we can begin to see daylight — graduation is no longer an eternity away.

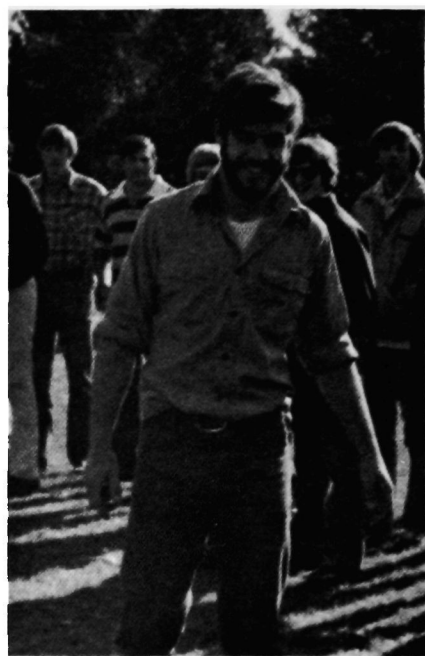
In closing, the Junior Class would like to wish this year's graduates the best of luck—just save some jobs for us!!!



I just love silviculture lab!

With the legendary courses (silvics and summer camp to name two) behind us, it seems that the worst of our student careers may be over. Either that or, because the seniors take their courses and run, it may be that we haven't heard the stories that could be told about our remaining classes. Hopefully, we will be able to ward off "senioritis" and buckle down for our final crack at the books regardless of what they hold in store. If nothing else, the sobering thoughts of our future in the "real world" will probably keep us in line.

The coming year will be full with decisions, interviews, and applications. We will undoubtedly have a few new adventures to add to our list of memories of UMO: Forestry Club and Wildlife Society programs, "all nighters", bologna sandwiches (three meals a day for three weeks), prelims, projects and papers, Wednesday morning walks with the wildlifers, silvics reports, Tom Brann flushing his sunglasses down the toilet, Fall Field Day and so on.

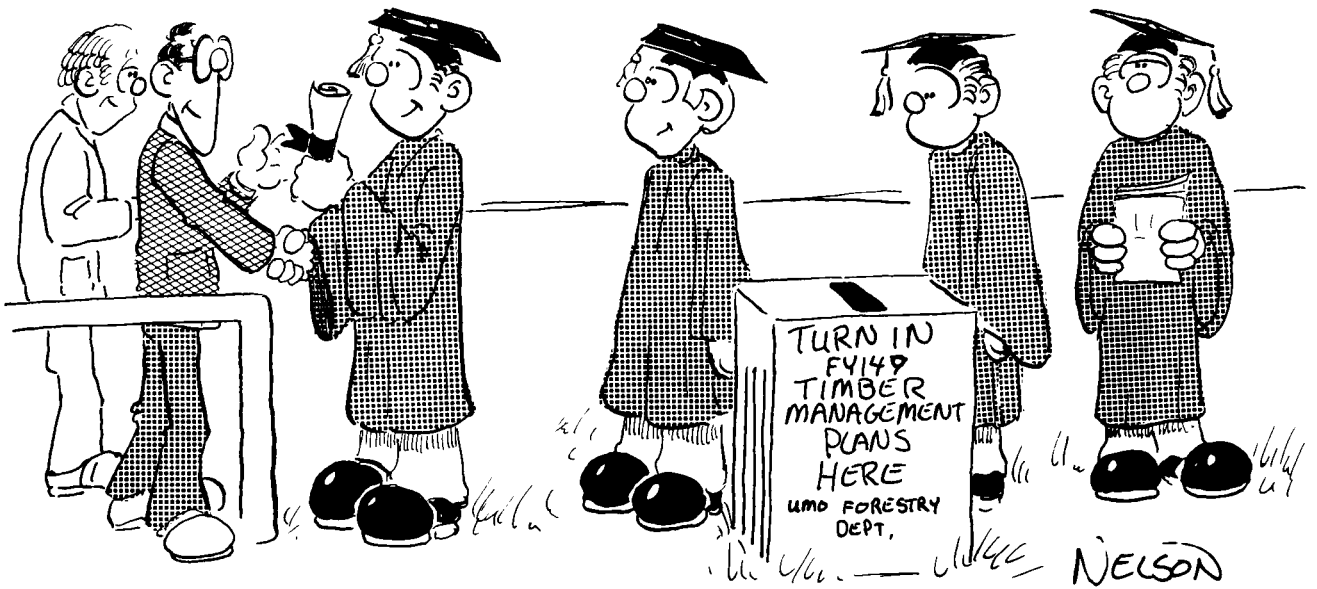




Gotcha!



S E N I O R S



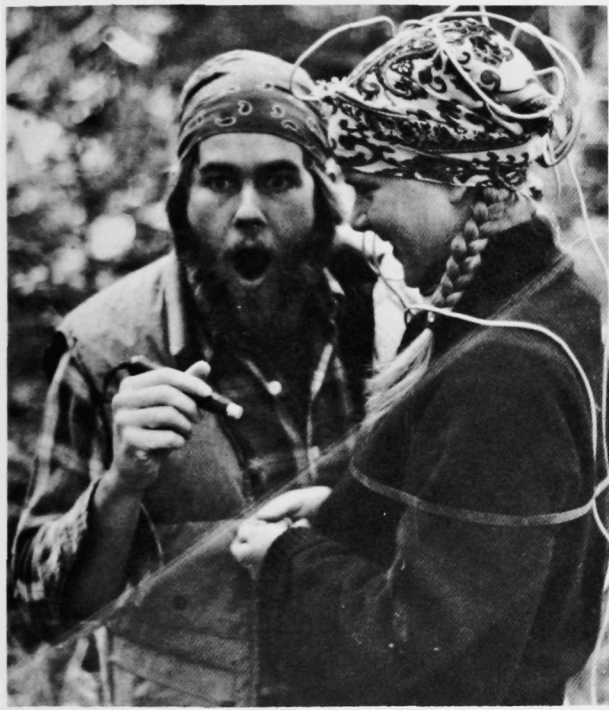
“finally!”

Senior Class

By

Jim Gillespie

Was it worth it? As we near the end as seniors, we are probably asking this question concerning our education here at the School of Forest Resources. This paper attempts to show that it was indeed worth it. We could have pursued other major fields of study where the percentage of graduates getting jobs in those fields is higher, but we chose to study forestry or wildlife because of our interests in these professions. Just a little reflection on what we have been through, tells us that we made the right decision.



Reviewing our curriculum brings back memories of Fy 1, insect collections, summer camp, silvics papers, management plans, and much more. If you have kept a file of the courses you've taken, and I hope you did, take a moment to leaf through it. You will begin to realize that we were exposed to an immense amount of material. And all those assignments! This review of our curriculum should bring to us a satisfied feeling that we survived going through a rigorous and demanding four years.

Although our training was excellent, we should not assume this is where our learning ends. Life is a continual learning experience, each year acquiring additional knowledge. We should pursue all available channels in continuing our education. Once out of school, keeping up with current research in the profession can

be accomplished by reading the journals, attending seminars, and going to meetings of local and national levels of organizations such as the S. A. F. and the Wildlife Society. Many employers encourage their employees to attend these sessions and some even hold their own training courses. Our ability to use the library should not be overlooked. Keeping in touch with faculty and fellow students is another way to stay in touch with the developments in our professions. I urge you to take advantage of all of the available avenues of self-improvement.

As we now actively search for employment, we should put our best foot forward. Being persistent in our search and emphasizing our excellent education should bring results. If enough letters are sent, doors knocked on, and people spoken to, we should have a good chance of finding a position where our knowledge of the profession can be fully utilized. But even if the perfect job is not secured immediately, all we have to do is to look at the distance we have gone to know in our hearts that yes, it has been worth it.

The School of Forest Resources is known nationally for its fine graduates and soon, we will be in a position to strengthen that reputation.



Question!!!

Senior Class



