

lands are still suitable for nesting seabirds. Rising taxes and increasing pressures for recreational and industrial development provide little assurance that this will continue. With the goal of at least maintaining present levels of nesting seabird populations, this Department is continuing its efforts to protect the most significant colonies. This is being done through island acquisition and transfer, private landowner agreements, encouragement of local planning, and other management measures.

Within the past year, the Department has acquired, through gift or purchase, four major nesting islands: Ram and Vail Islands in Casco Bay; Great Spoon Island in Isle au Haute; and Ballast Island in Jonesport. In addition, portions of Bangs Island in Casco Bay and Carver's Island in Vinalhaven have been transferred from the Maine Bureau of Parks and Recreation to our Department to be managed as seabird nesting islands. With these additions, the Department now owns 29 islands. The estimated nesting populations for

Briefly, the management policy for coastal, nesting islands owned or managed by this Department and recommended for private owners interested in the protection of the nesting birds, has three major objectives.

1. To provide adequate breeding habitat by maintaining or enhancing existing conditions.

2. To protect nesting birds from human or other disturbance by prohibiting public use of the islands during the nesting season (May through mid-July).

3. To allow public use of the islands, except during the nesting season, for primitive recreational activities such as hiking, hunting, fishing, wild crop harvesting, etc., provided no damage is done to the nesting habitat.

These nesting islands represent a unique and valuable resource to the people of Maine and the nation. With the ever-increasing developmental pressures being exerted along our coast, we feel that every effort should be made to maintain their natural values.

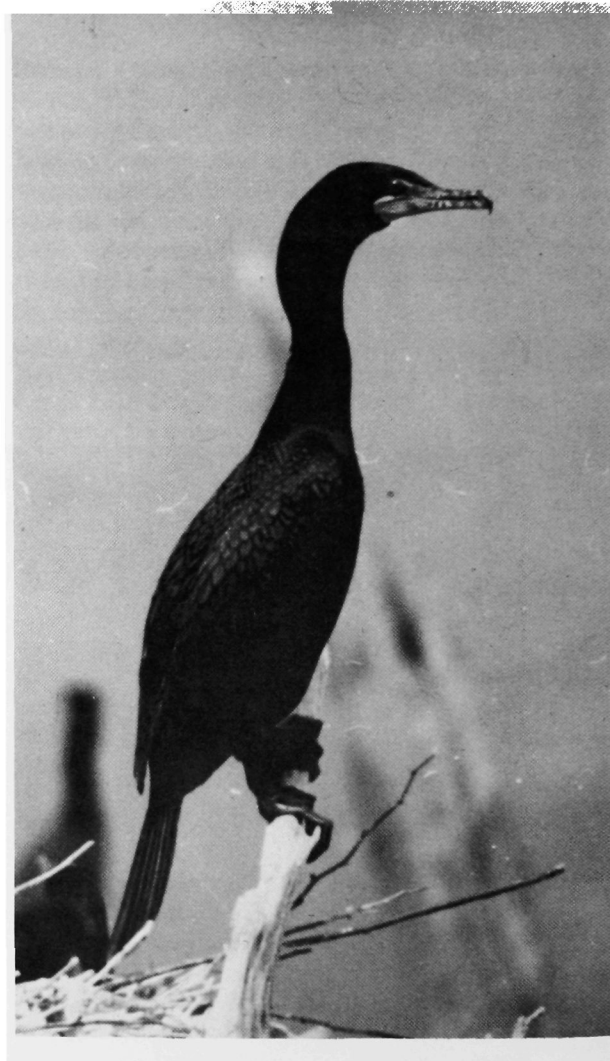


**Black Guillemot Nest**

Department-owned islands and the approximate percentage this represents of the estimated statewide totals, by species, are given in Table 2.

Table 2  
Estimated Seabird Populations Nesting on Islands Owned by the  
Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife.

Nesting Species	Estimated Nesting Pairs	% of Estimated Statewide Nesting Population
Common eider	2,370	10.5
Common tern	300	15.0
Black guillemot	110	4.1
Herring gull	2,300	8.7
Great black-backed gull	800	8.0
Double-crested cormorant	2,000	13.2



**Double-crested Cormorant**



# The Passing of an Era

By

Chuck Gadzik



**John F. Carney**

The passing of the old time logging era took another step this past November with the death of John F. Carney. John was born in Ashland, Maine at a time when lumbering was the mainstay of the northern Maine woods and the pulp industry was still in its infancy. John worked at a variety of jobs as did everyone at that time in Maine. But everything John did was done with a maximum effort and determination. He could do the work of three or four men in the woods or on the potato fields. In 1939, John went to the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts and set a world record in potato picking; he also held records as a potato barrel roller.

The stories of John's ability as a woods worker are many. He was very good with an axe and saw, but that was just the beginning. It's hard to say just how John got started as a sawfiler, but it was probably very similar to the "Felix" story in this publication.

John went to work for Simonds saw in Fitchburg, Mass., the major supplier of saws to this area. He traveled around the logging camps teaching filing and techniques of cross-cut and buck sawing. John got involved in competitive sawing and chopping about this

time. He has held many world records in chopping and sawing, some as recently as 1974.

John's ability as a filer was exceptional. He was always designing new saw patterns for woods work that put Simonds engineers to shame. John would file saws that were being sent out west for competition. Competitors would pay 50% of their cash prizes for the use of John's saws, which almost always won. It's safe to say that at this time and for some time to come John was one of the best filers in the world.

As the crosscut was replaced by the chainsaw in the mid-fifties, Simonds had John travel the Eastern U.S. as a sawmill trouble shooter. John was in his late 40's or early 50's by then. It's amazing that someone who devoted his life up to that point to hand saws could enter a new field with as much enthusiasm as John did. It was at this time that John was writing his "Felix" stories for *The Northern Logger*. He loved to tell stories. According to his oldest son Richard, John had more pride in his story telling than in his saw filing.

The fifties were also the time that John became involved in the University of Maine Forestry Summer Camp. John would spend two or three days teaching the students how to file cross-cuts and bucksaws. He would also spend time talking about his new trade, sawmills. John was a strong advocate of the bucksaw as a faster cutting tool than the chain saw. He could do more than talk about it, he proved it many times and he was in his fifties at the time.

John also became very involved in the UMO and other school's woodsmen's teams. It is impossible to begin to describe what John did for these teams. He was also in great demand to coach professional competitors and run professional meets.

As John's health declined over the years he spent less time on the road and more time in his filing shed, but he was always hard at work. That was John's philosophy on life—a man cannot stop working or he'd go crazy. John kept busy filing saws, teaching people to file, making furniture, and telling stories. After all he had done with saws and wood, John was still busy designing new tooth patterns and filing techniques. And he was sincerely excited about it. I remember John told me last summer that if a man doesn't learn something new every day, its time he stopped existing. He was seventy-two when he told me.

Ed. Note: The following story appeared in the December 1956 edition of *The Northern Logger*.

## Felix Becomes a Filer

By

John F. Carney

Yes, this she be me, Felix, some more, and I want to tell all our young readers about the good old times. How many of you can remember let's say 50 years ago? That's the first winter that I was work up in a lumber camp. There was no chain saw then, no pulp saws and very few cross cut saws. What few cross cut saws that there were, people didn't know how to file them. Gosh, when I look back and see how much of a difference there was.—still I would like to go back to that time for a while for our young readers that never saw how they lumbered in those days. I'll try to picture out a few scenes for them.

When I first started in the woods they were logging only, no pulp wood cutting, and the only way of transportation was horses to haul the logs to the stream in the winter; and in the spring they would drive down those logs. We would go up in the fall and cut and yard till we got enough snow so that they could use sleds. Then they would haul all the logs and pile them on the banks of the stream. Then when the ice would break, the drivers would put the logs in the stream and follow them down the stream till they got them down to the mill pond.

Me, I use to stay up to the camps after everyone was gone. I would stay there to watch camp cause they would have to tote all of their grub in the winter for the next fall's cutting and someone had to stay there to look after the grub, and also there would be some horses to look after.

I started up to a logging camp August the 15th, 1905. I was just a young boy. My Dad was laid up and couldn't work, so the boss told me that he would find me a job so

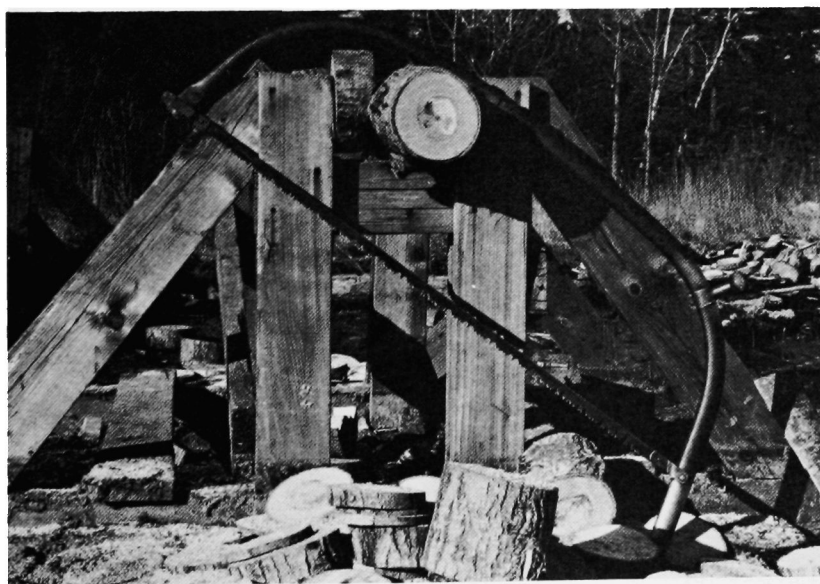
that I could help the family. So here I was going up with a big crew of loggers. I was so small that they nick named me the Weasle. But everyone was very good to me. They put me to looking after the teamsters' camp.

We had some 26 teams there and they decided to keep the teamsters separate so that they wouldn't wake the men up in the morning. In those days every teamster fed his own team and they would get up around 3 a.m. So I had to be up before them to have a good fire going. Then I had to go over and help the cook and cookies out for breakfast. I would wait on tables and wash dishes after the crew had gone to work. We had to tidy up the bunks and sweep the floors and also lug the water and saw up some wood for the cook shack and for all the other camps.

I found out afterwards that this was one of the best camps anywhere in Maine. I later worked at a small jobber's camps but not for long. I'll tell you later on why I didn't stay there. Anyway I worked for a couple of months as a cookie.

One day one of our logging crews had an accident and one of the choppers got hurt. They had to take him down. He had a broken leg and he wouldn't be back that winter. They needed a man very bad in that crew and one of the crew was a cousin of mine. He asked the boss if he would let me go in as a chopper with him. That made the whole camp snicker because I was only eleven years old and very small for my age. But I told them that I would go out and try it.

They had some new cross cut saws there but their filer had got in a fight with the crew cause they told him





that his saws just wouldn't cut. He got mad and quit the job, so everyone went back to axes. That Sunday I asked the boss if I could have one of those cross cut saws. He told me that I could have the whole bunch if I wanted them cause you just couldn't pull one of them. I had tried them and I could see where they needed more set. In fact, they had never been set, only when they left the factory. When that set was out of them you just couldn't pull them.

The blacksmith there was an uncle of mine and I got him to make me a slot in the side of an old horse shoe, and I used this as a spring set. There were a spider gauge there and also a raker gauge. I worked on that saw all Sunday afternoon.

On Monday morning I went out with my cousin as a chopper. I could use an axe with the best of them. We under cut several big spruce trees, then we took the cross cut saw and in less than a minute we would fall one of those big spruce. Boy, you talk about your hooping and hollering. You should have heard my crew. The boss heard the noise and rushed over to see if someone had got hurt, but all he found was a very happy crew. This was only about ten in the forenoon and already we had more logs cut than they ever cut in a full day's work.

The boss took a hold of one end of the saw with me and we cut down several big trees. When we got done he had a big grin on his face and he says to me, "Boy, your days as a logger are over. You follow me to the camp and I will get you some filing tools and you are going to file. Do you know that with saws like that my crew will more than double their cut every day." So that day my career had started as a logger and only in a few hours it had changed to a filer.

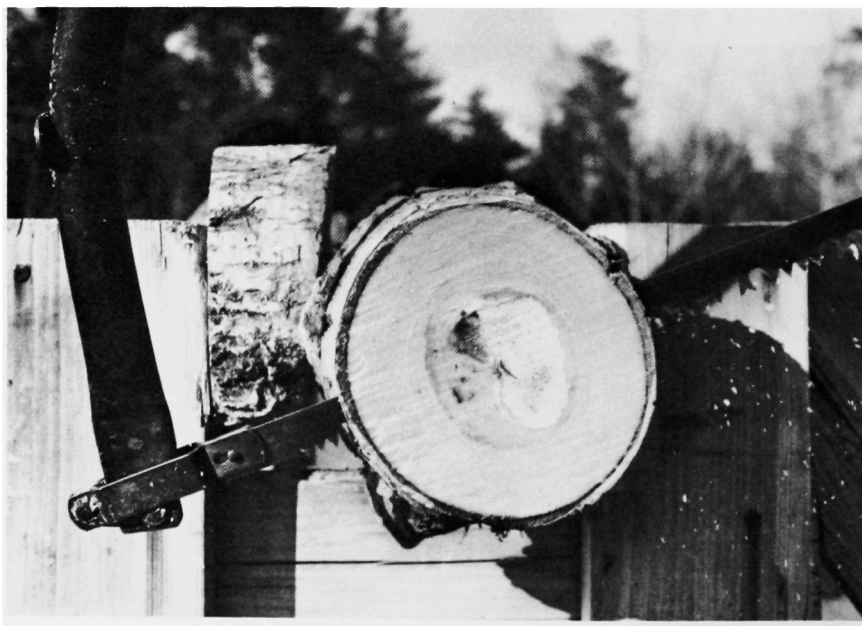
I worked hard as a filer and the saws kept getting better every day. I found that in frozen logs you had to

narrow the kurb and the most important thing was to keep the set uniform. So I stayed on as a filer all winter. The boss was able to pay me good wages. Like he said, he was getting out twice the amount of logs every day. This gave me a chance to send that money home and have my Dad sent to a hospital to be operated on.

Finally the last day came when all the crew were going home. Snow had got too deep for the horses, and they were going down for a while, but come back up for the Big Drive. My family needed money bad, so I had volunteered to stay and watch camp. I could do a pretty good job of cooking so I wasn't afraid to starve to death. But I'll never forget that day when all the crew pulled out. Everyone would say, "Good bye, Weasle. Take good care of yourself" or "See you for the big log drive, kid. Wish you were coming with us. We will miss you. I'll say hello to the folks for you."

Boy, I'll always remember that day. Take all the noise of a hundred men around a camp and disappear all at once. The silence was so great that I could hear myself think. However there was lots of work to be done. I had to feed all those horses. We let them loose in the camp yard and they could go down to the brook to get a drink. But I had to drive them in, tie them up and feed them, which took a lot of time. Also I had to do my cooking and I wanted to learn how to make good axe handles and lace snow shoes.

I guess you can get accustomed to most anything cause a few days after the crowd had gone I had sort of drifted in a world of my own and then again the days started to slip away. I had a lot of little brown squirrels that I use to feed and they got very tame. But every time I would feed them there was always a few gorbies that came down and stole their food. This would start a fight between the squirrels and the gorbies.





## Quotable Quotes

"Dry kilns can be exciting."

Prof. Hale

"The final exam will be at 8:00, Tuesday morning. It will be typical, not rational."

Prof. Hale

"If I had my way, I would have blown the bridge at Portsmouth a long time ago."

Dr. Ashley

"You ask the same questions, but you change the answers." (in reference to tests)

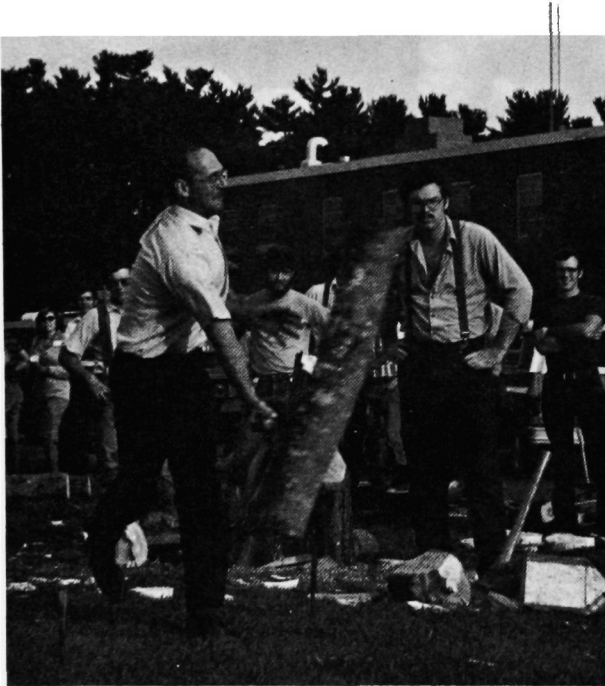
Dr. Ashley

"I need a pair of idiot strings."

Dr. Ashley

"It feels rather strange standing up in front of this distinguished group of weirdos."

Dr. Ashley



"All trails lead somewhere; it just depends on where you're going."

Barry Christianson  
(while lost in the Univ. Forest)

"I just don't understand this homework." (in reference to his calculus problems)

Prof. Hoffman

"The total problem is a mess. You have to break it down into a number of little messes."

Prof. Hoffman

"Blackflies are a dicord element."

Prof. Newby

"There are always about 50,000 little old ladies in tennis shoes who are gonna get you."

Prof. Newby

"In Fy 60, we don't deal strictly with the facts."

Dr. Owen

"Everything you learned in Griffin's course is wrong. . . ."

Dr. Corcoran

"Once you learn something in this class, you can forget it."

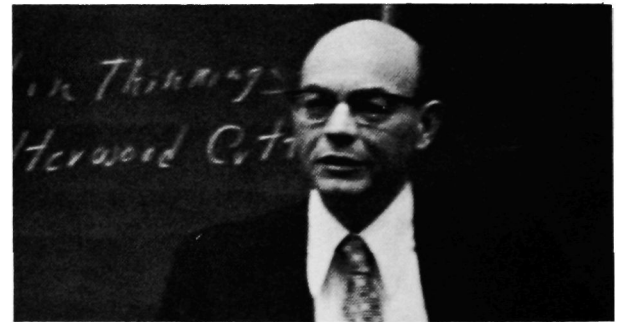
Dr. Corcoran

"The Griffin method of tallying — like being a one-man band."

Anonymous

"You can't just *chew* these limbs off." (in regards to forgetting an axe for lab)

Dr. Griffin



"If the trees can handle it, so can you."

Dr. Griffin

"Have you ever seen a crown fire? They're really neat."

Harry Doughty, Forest Service

"He died in the prime of his reproductive life."

Dr. May

"If the ark sinks in the next flood, there will be a couple of things left on this earth; raspberries and balsam fir."

Max McCormack

"You've all heard of I.B.M. — It's Better Manually."

Prof. Hoffman

"Many are called but few are chosen." (in reference to fungal spores)

Dr. Campana

"Scotch pine good, but Doug fir give me indigestion."

Cookie Monster

## University Forests — Demeritt and Worthen

By

Roger F. Taylor

The University Forests currently include the Demeritt Forest in the Orono Old Town area and the Worthen Forest in LaGrange, about 20 miles north of Old Town. The Demeritt Forest is named for Dwight B. Demeritt, former Forestry School head, who was instrumental in acquiring the approximately 1700 acre forest for a School field laboratory. Also included in this Forest is an additional parcel of land in the Orono Bog called the Hyland Tract in honor of Prof. Emeritus Fay Hyland who used the area for many years to teach identification of the great variety of bog plants growing there. This area is included in the National Register of Natural Areas because of the many unique plants and characteristics.

The Worthen Forest is a 250 acre forest which was a gift to the University by the late Mr. Harold Worthen of Bangor, Maine. Mr. Worthen had a strong attachment to the area and desired to have it under continual management by the Forestry School with the income to benefit Forest Resource students. Present benefits are



derived through wages to students working on the area, and through an annual award to one or more recipients.

Management aims for both Forests are to maintain a good stocking of a variety of species in as healthy and desirable condition as possible. The Forests are used primarily for student instruction, research, demonstrations of various silvicultural treatments and also for recreational activities including hiking, jogging, skiing, snowshoeing and other outdoor activities.

Class instruction uses include laboratory exercises in Forest Soils, Silvics, Silviculture, Mensuration, Entomology, Recreation and other related programs including graduate study. Both four year professional degree and two year associate degree programs utilize

the Forest for their field laboratory exercises. Current research projects include a variety of treatments of small clear-cut areas, consisting of site preparation by controlled burning, removal of slash without burning, no treatment of slash and seeding and planting of white birch, red oak, white and black spruce. A study of harvesting techniques utilizing several different types of skidding machines is being contemplated for the Worthen Forest.

Field trips and demonstrations to view forest management practices and harvesting techniques for small woodlots, with emphasis on safety measures, and production of lumber in the School sawmill are a continual use of the Forest. Many of these programs are sponsored by the Forestry Extension specialists as an assistance to County Agents and small forest land owners of the state.

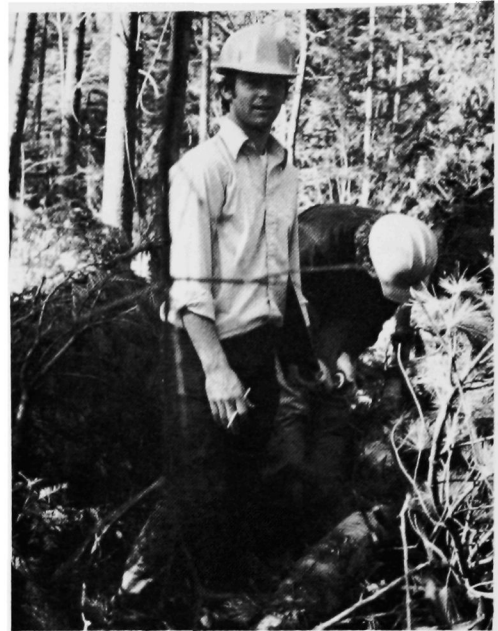
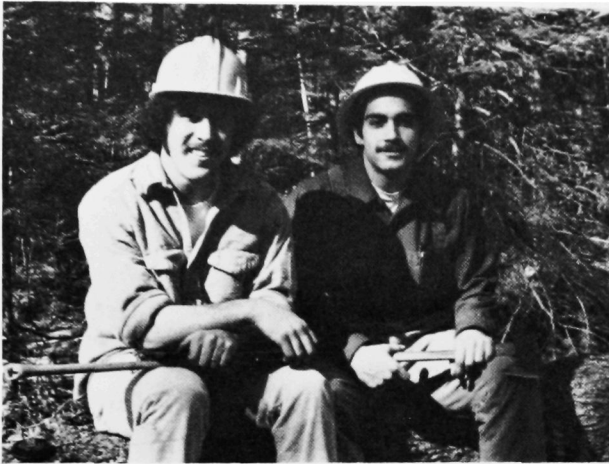
Soil studies are aided by the use of a number of soil pits located throughout the Forest in various soil types to readily show profiles and aid in soil classification. Silvics classes are divided into small parties, each of which makes a detailed study of the ecological makeup of a ten acre block of forest. Being a full semester project, each student spends considerable time in the forest observing and classifying plant life. With the current large classes in Forestry and Wildlife, several hundred acres are intensively studied each year by this class. Pulpwood piles from harvesting operations are



used for learning scaling techniques for short wood. Sawlog scaling is aided by sawing up several logs in the sawmill to determine actual lumber volumes in each log as compared to the estimate by scaling. Cruising exercises for forest inventory, stem analysis and use of various foresters' tools are other programs using the Forest. Silviculture provides a chance to combine much of the information learned in previous courses and apply it in the management of a segment of forest.

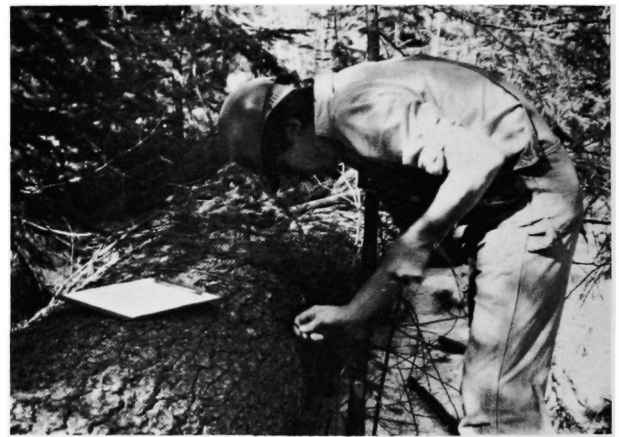


Each individual is assigned a small block to inventory, mark for thinning, and observe throughout the process of harvesting. The combination of each small unit into one larger block provides an excellent opportunity to



view the results of applying certain silvicultural practices.

Harvesting and all other activities on the University Forests are carried on under the supervision of the Forest Superintendent and the Forest Technician, Peter Orzech. All other employees are students working for pay during free time from classes. The current crew of about 20 students, most working only 1 or 2 half days per week, will harvest about 500 cords of wood this season, including approximately 100 MBF of sawlogs. Products harvested from the Forest are sold to local consumers, including sawmills, pulpmills and local firewood customers. Income from sale of products helps to defray labor and equipment costs to the University. The work in harvesting and other activities provides field experience plus income to the forest workers and has been considered by some to have been one of their most valuable educational experiences while in college.



**ASSOCIATE  
DEGREE  
PROGRAM**



## Two-Year Forest Technician Freshmen

By

Michael Ricci

This year's class of forest technicians entered the School of Forest Resources in the same fashion as previous classes. Forewarned by the gloomy tales of despair told to us by the elder second year "techies", we soon learned to expect the worse. We were quickly jolted from these bleak thoughts during the first week of school by forest measurement labs held at eight o'clock in the morning. Led by fearless Professor "Charlie" Williams, we trekked into the deep, dark depths of the Demeritt Forest where we learned such lessons as use of the staff compass, hand compass, and how to properly throw a chain. Many of us, in fact, did throw the chain quite well, without instruction, when it completely refused to cooperate and remained stubbornly entangled.

Besides this most memorable class, many of us indulged in the interesting course of Forest Technology taught by Professor Wallace Robbins. Here we were exposed to the various jobs available to technicians upon graduation. Lectures were given by representatives of many private industries, the Maine Forest Service, and members of the staff here at Orono.

In Forest Power, taught by Professor Tom Christensen, we learned the basics of engine anatomy, care, and maintenance. Some of us even learned why the spark plugs had been removed from the diesel engines and that a lawn mower engine doesn't run well when the camshaft is replaced backward.

In addition to these courses, we "techies" also took courses in botany, math, and the always dreaded speech course.

The second semester saw the class decrease in number to forty-eight students from the original total of fifty-seven with four of the forty-eight being transfers. After a five week recess, most of us just couldn't wait to take to the woods. It was an enthusiastic band of silviculturists that slid merrily down the icy skidder roads during a chilling January downpour, in pursuit of tolerant and intolerant species. As Professor Williams and Roger Taylor explained to us, the intolerant species prefer bright sunshine.

The second semester also brought with it Professor Robbins and his wood identification class. Remember now, it is most important to have a good, sharp knife.

In the AE department, we learned from Professor Christensen how much it will cost to use all of the

lumbering gear discussed in the course. You certainly can't make money when the total cost is twenty dollars per cord and you're selling it for eighteen. Don't forget the units.

To round out the spring semester, courses were taken in surveying, forestry drawing, and college composition. As the semester winds its way toward May, few of us realize that we are half way there. Perhaps we are too busy listening to the tales of last year's summer camp and thinking of the bugs, the weather, the cliffs, the jungles, the quicksand, the wild animals, and the calculations.







## Summer Camp '78

By  
Gail Tunstead

When the going gets tough, the tough get going, and twenty-eight of the toughest techies have made it through summer camp. What better way is there to learn than from practical application, if you survive to apply it! We might have mildewed away in the first three weeks, but we didn't. Instead, most of us suffered a strange stiffening in our finger joints and if YOU, YOU, YOU don't believe that an affair with a TI-30 is the cause of this finger fit then YOU, YOU, YOU have never participated in Charlie's application of statistics to mensuration.

For three weeks the silence of the night and early morning was pierced with periodic sounds of screaming, gagging and delirious chuckling as calculators that had been so well-trained during two semesters suddenly lapsed into periods of malfunctioning. We punched our TI-30s repeatedly until we had analyzed all the data collected while wading streams, bushwack-



ing puckerbrush, and digging stiffened fingers into ledges, and all the time we knew our partner was just waiting for the most precariously balanced position to yell, "Chain!", as he gleefully yanked us from perch and pants.

Yes, Measurements was great and we did survive it. We survived well enough to appreciate the super-sized servings concocted by Jeanne, who displayed genuine concern for our well-being at the Capricorn. Her P.B.J.F sandwiches fortified us on our hike up the

—— fire trail. It was a beautiful hike, even for those who'd indulged in stronger fortification the night before. The tower was closed, but the panorama seen from the bottom of the floor couldn't have been any better had it been open.

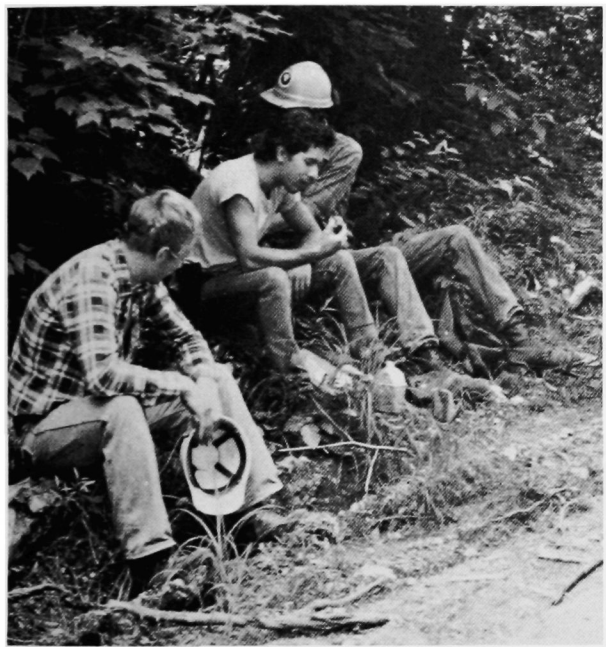
Another hike enjoyed by most of us (granted there were those whose appreciation of the recreational aspects of forestry remained limited) was across the Bigelow Range with Dr. David Field. Later, sun, surf, and sights were enjoyed by all with Prof. Newby at Mt. Blue State Park. After seeing Mt. Blue, planning our own camp site in the Cathedral Pines was easy.

Our own recreation was of a more competitive nature. The Stratton Town Softball team, noticing the superior skill of the Capricorn Wildcats, had the guts to challenge us to a softball tournament. Days were spent cruising and evenings were spent hitting, catching, and cheering. The techies came out ahead, every way. Besides softball, we found volleyball, the Red Stallion, the Sugarloaf gondolas, the swim hole behind the lodge, the laundromat, and the torment of Ross were necessary diversions. However, the largest part of our social life was spent with the TI-30, albeit some of the crew thought no social life would be better. The weekend kegs were a big help, and a final night of mayhem on the football gridiron released enough tension to loosen up more than a few stiff fingers.



Field trips were frequently a welcome change from running ridges and swimming swamps. Tom Lamont, the fire warden, delighted us when he greeted Prof. Robbins with, "Hi, Curley!" His candor in relating his job experiences was refreshing. Likewise with Norman Richards, professional logger and rabbit carver. People like these added merit to our field trips, while Fritz, with his fellow songsters, made our bus trips tolerable.

Now we're back on campus and we're suffering from Summer Let-down. No statistical analysis, no three-page reports, no P.B.J.F. sandwiches, and we have muscular atrophy from sitting and listening. Oh, to be running ridges again!



## Two-Year Forest Technician Seniors

By

Paul Cushman

Another batch of stumpies is about to emerge from the firing ovens of UMO's School of Forest Resources. Day number one saw us numbering fifty-four, from which thirty will be graduating in May. Silviculturally speaking, that's a first rate thinning. But we're certain Charlie would have rather clearcut, seeing as he's an A cleavage forester.

Over the past year and a half we have been exposed to some rather intriguing material. The school has merely opened the door to a rather unique, but challenging field.

A few courses have been rather demanding. In fact, the Bear's Den will see familiar faces, reccelebrating the completion of each Accounting exam. In soils class, Doctor Struchtemeyer presented the properties of that indispensable tree growing medium, namely dirt. This turned out to be an excellent class characterized by interesting material and impossible exams. Being exposed to so much material by Professor Robbins, is no doubt the reason we can't remember what makes the saddleback prominent.

Professor Williams has proved to be an asset to the two-year program in many aspects, excepting summer camp. He had us eating, sleeping, and working trees, chains, and degrees. He must have been putting into practice his knowledge of computer (or rather people) programming. Seriously though, he has sparked an enthusiasm in the students in a way no other could do. Fact is, he has turned us into enthusiastic techies and bonafide tarheels.

The technician seems to be playing a more important role in the field of forestry as management becomes more intensive. As a result of the combined efforts of Professor Robbins and Professor Williams, there will be a fairly knowledgeable group of techies graduating this year. However, if our knowledge or management ever fails us, we always have Charlie's silvicultural cure-all — burn it!

We couldn't have spent such miserable and enjoyable experiences with a better group of guys. Yet, these two years will soon be gone, and with their passing will come a parting of ways. May each techie find his or her future to be fulfilling.







# Two-Year Forest Management Technology Seniors

GREG MICHAEL AINSWORTH  
Leyden, Massachusetts  
Intramurals  
Baseball

DENNIS WALTER ANDREWS  
Acton, Maine  
Students Chapter, SAF  
Forestry Club  
Intervarsity Christian Fellowship

RAYMOND ANTHONY ALLEN III  
West Hartford, Conn.  
Co-Chairman, (SIRG) Student Interest  
Research Group

DAVID A. BOUCHARD  
Fort Kent, Maine  
Forestry Club

THOMAS ALLEN BRUBAKER  
Maplewood, New Jersey  
Lacrosse Club

PAUL JOSEPH CUSHMAN  
Caribou, Maine  
Woodsmen's Team  
Forestry Club  
Student Chapter, SAF  
Crew Worker, Univ. Forest

WAYNE M. ESTES  
Gorham, Maine  
Intramurals

MICHAEL ALLEN FANJOY  
Dexter, Maine  
Forestry Club  
Intramurals

THOMAS JAMES FEELEY  
Auburn, Maine  
Forestry Club  
Intramurals  
DAB Rep.

GORDON WILLIAM GRAHAM  
Bar Harbor, Maine  
Woodsmen's Team

DAVID JOHN GRIFFIN  
Orono, Maine  
Intramurals

CYNTHIA A. HOLMES  
Weymouth, Mass.

JOHN R. LEAVITT  
Bloomfield, Conn.  
Woodsmen's Team  
Marching Band

ROBERT WILLIAM LAForge  
North Sullivan, Maine

MERLE MILLER  
Websterville, Vermont

GEORGE WARREN MITCHELL, JR.  
Bucksport, Maine  
President, Native Americans at Maine  
Club

JILL MULLEN  
Terryville, Conn.  
Broomball, Volleyball,  
Softball and Waterpolo  
Intramurals, Maine Outing Club, In-  
tramural Representative

BARRY L. NELSON  
Indian Island, Maine  
BCC basketball  
Vice President, Native Americans at  
Maine Club

THOMAS G. PARKS  
Yarmouth, Maine

JOHN J. PAUL  
Old Town, Maine  
Delta Upsilon Fraternity  
Forestry Club

ERNEST ALBERT PERREAULT, JR.  
Brownfield, Maine

BRUCE CARLETON PLUMMER

SIDNEY N. REYNOLDS  
Machias, Maine  
Forestry Club

DENNIS SMITH  
Caribou, Maine  
Forestry Club  
Student Chapter, SAF  
Plant & Soils Club  
Intervarsity Christian Fellowship

WILLIAM ALAN SMITH  
Sanford, Maine  
Baseball

KENDALL M. SPRAGUE  
Augusta, Maine

ALLEN JOSEPH STEELE  
Troy, Maine

CLIFTON M. SUNDELIN  
Coventry, Rhode Island

PAUL GEORGE SWETT  
Mexico, Maine

DAVID C. THOMPSON  
Warwick, Rhode Island  
FADC

MARCEL M. TREMBLAY  
Lewiston, Maine

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**BACHELOR**

**OF**

**SCIENCE**

**DEGREE**

**PROGRAM**



# FRESHMEN



## Freshman Class

By

Chris Grimes

This past semester has given us a chance to learn a little about our chosen profession, whether it is forestry or wildlife. The courses we took tested us in many different areas.

Fy-1 labs were a fine test of our motivation and devotion. It rained or (worse) snowed during many of our outdoor labs. I knew it must be Monday if it was raining. My boots disappeared in leaf-covered springs in Woodlot C and my jeans got soaked by the rain. Bill Lilley said we had to get used to it if we wanted to be foresters, so on we went.

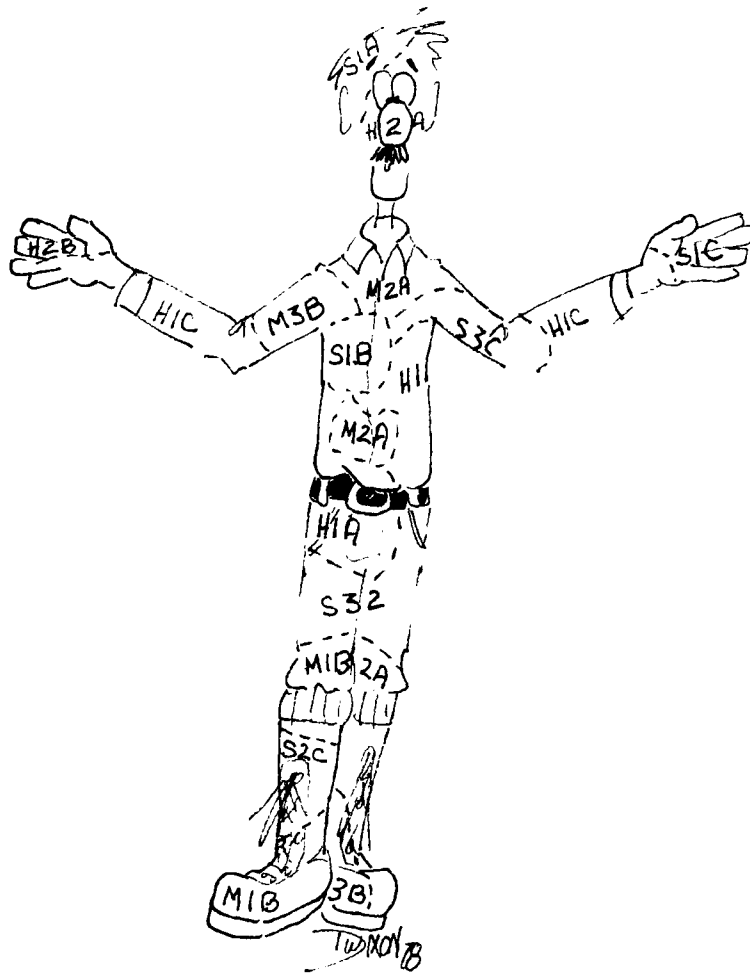
As freshmen, we had a lot to learn about the intricacies of forestry equipment. Many days you could walk into Nutting Hall and see thirty hard-hatted stumps trying to throw a chain. The thought of climbing a white pine with a tape measure had some of us a little scared, but after a quick lesson in the ABC's of forestry, we managed to complete the Heights and Diameters Lab with both feet firmly on the ground. Then it was off to start brief careers as English majors.

Looking back on my expectations of UMO, this first semester has been a fun and worthwhile experience. I am looking forward to applying what I've learned from Fy-1 in future courses.





# SOPHOMORES



# One Day in the Life of Joe and Josette Sophomore Forester

By

Ann Onimus

Having had four hours sleep, two helpings of cold eggs, and plenty of coffee, Joe heads off to the computer center to quickly and efficiently whip-off three computer programs for Fy 5, without knowing the log-on number. Meanwhile, Josette proceeds to the mall, pacing all the way. Setting up a theodolite or transit in record time (0.529 hours\*), Josette measures to a precision of one part in five million the interior and deflection angles of the apex of the first "A" in Boardman Hall.

Over lunch, Joe and Josette incorrectly identify their hamburgers as large masses of porphyritic granite.

After lunch, Joe heads off to his one and only required and highly recommended economic elective! As he neatly draws his supply and demand curves in his

surrounded by 12 wood block specimens and his trusty biltmore stick, drops off into a deep sleep. As Joe snores blissfully, he dreams of volume tables, PRF, the coming semester, and summer camp.

BRIDGTON OR BUST!

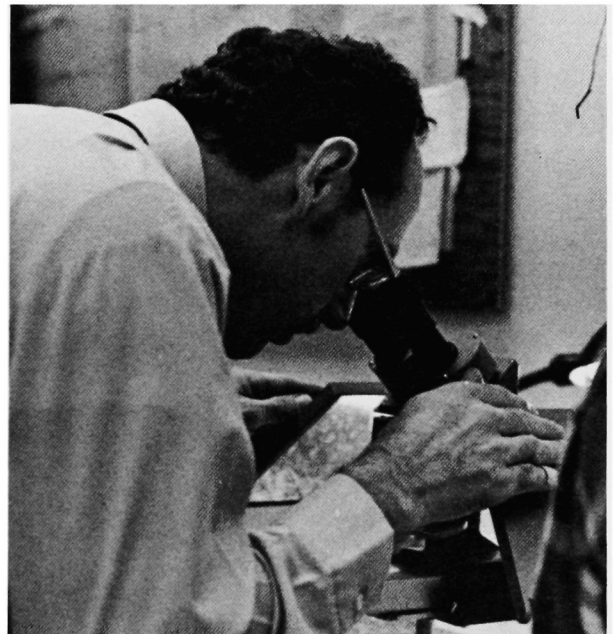
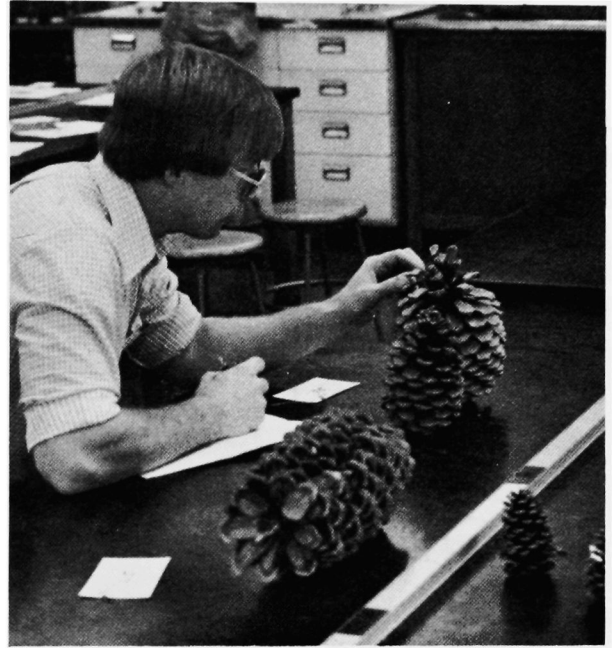
\*Note significant figures.



notebook, his mind wanders to the perplexities of the proper identification of all trees, of all nations, of all continents, of all worlds. . .

Snapping back to reality, Joe dons his hard hat and steeltoes for a leisurely cruise with Josette in a dense regeneration stand of *Picea spp.* behind MacDonald's. Surviving the ride back in the classic "stumpy bus", Joe and Josette hurry over to the caf for supper. Sitting among fellow cohorts, they become actively involved in a heated argument (food fight) about the differences in location of the parenchyma cells of ... who cares?

Then it's off to the libe for an evening of intense mind expansion. Finally hitting the sack at 1:11\* EST, Joe,





## Forestry

### Summer Camp





## Forestry Summer Camp

By  
Eini Lowell

It is May 21, and instead of heading home or to the beach or to a summer job, about 100 of us are on our way to Forestry Summer Camp — where else do all good foresters go at this time of year? Somehow, even though final exams had ended, it was just not time for summer vacation yet. In order for us to become “professional foresters”, we must participate in six weeks of forestry fun and games, that is educational fun and games.

Upon arriving at Capricorn Lodge with a snow-covered (snow, in May!?) Sugarloaf Mountain in the background, we were lucky to hear we had missed dinner (which was to our advantage as we found out in the ensuing three weeks). After all the rumors we had heard about the ‘Capricorn Caves’, about one-half of the students were fortunate enough to find themselves in the upstairs section of the lodge which can be likened to a Holiday Inn. Unfortunately, those who were not so lucky in the lottery trudged downstairs into the caves.

The first few days were spent sleeping through lectures (trying to recover from final exam all nighters) or being kept awake only by observing the contortions of fellow students trying to nap inconspicuously. Our first major project came that first week in the form of an APR cruise. Confusion reigned as formulas and conversion factors (English to Metric and vice versa) were thrown about. All these formulas and calcula-

tions kept some forester in a paper-making job.

Things moved right along as we then got a chance to really get dirty. Picture yourself, chainsaw in one hand, pulphook hanging off your belt, chaps falling down around your ankles and your free hand shifting gears in the skidder, attempting to get the tree from the forest to the woodyard without harming yourself, your fellow students or your surroundings. Now, picture poor Roger Taylor, about ready to succumb to a nervous breakdown.

Well, while everyone was still in one piece, it was time to become an engineer (the preferred profession?). The bridge this year was the largest to ever be attempted (and it should be noted, successfully completed) by a summer camp. There was one hitch though — no permit could be attained for the bridge access road. There was some subversive activity at the bridge construction site. A masked man driving the “killdozer” did his best to halt production on the bridge. Knocking out the side cribbing, rolling boulders into the crib walls and attempting to fell trees onto the partially constructed bridge were only some of his futile acts of conspiracy. We were not able to capture him, so next year’s crew, beware!

The saving grace at Capricorn was the waterfall in back of the lodge which kept most of us just numb enough to make it through those first three weeks with no sweat. Bridgton Academy, here we come.

