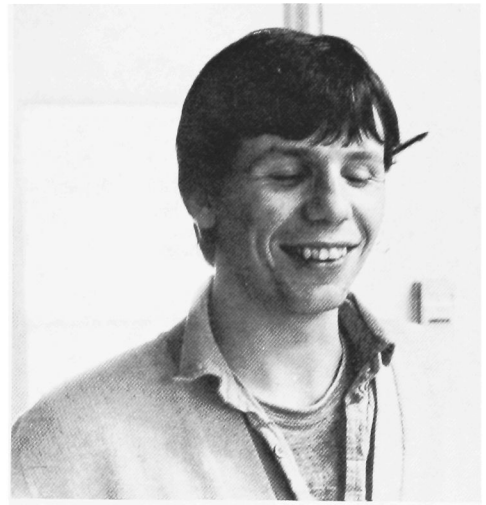
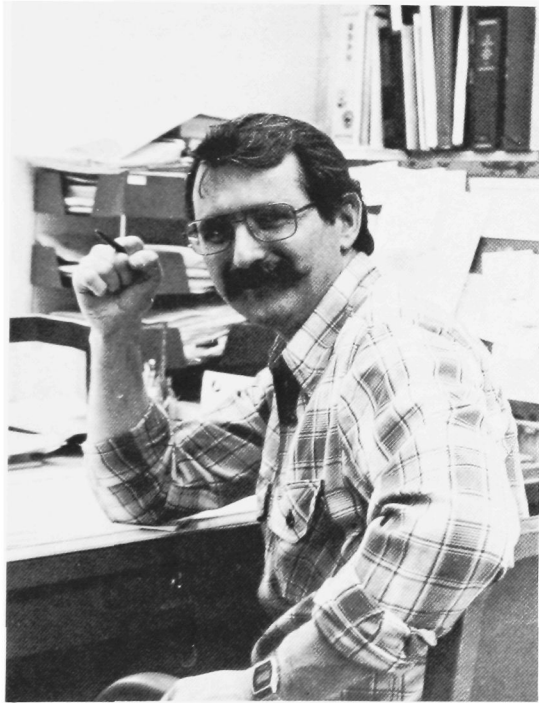




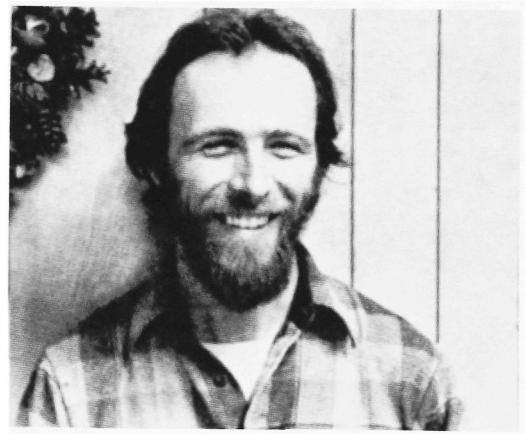
Kate Wynne



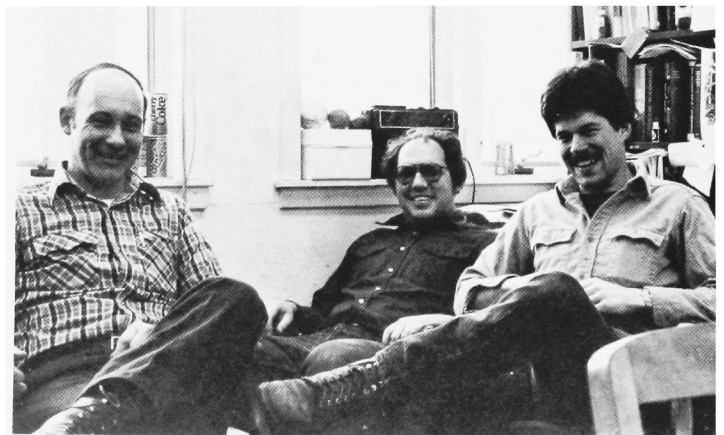
John Leslie



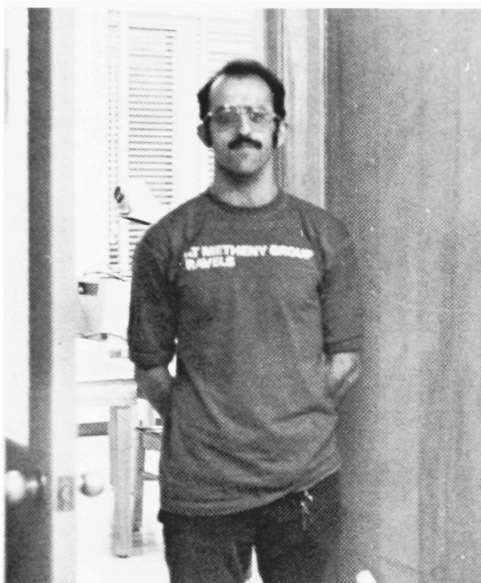
Jerry Longcore



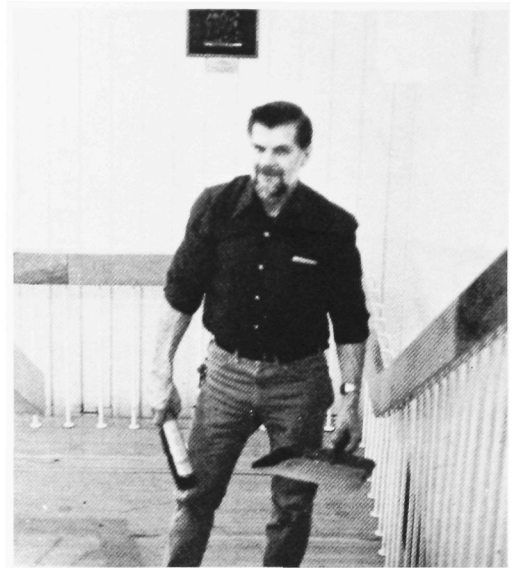
Jack Witham



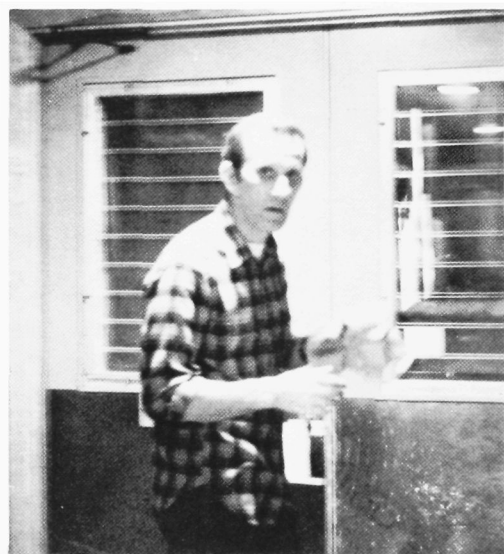
Pete Caron , Greg Reams, Ron Lemin



Arthur Joaquin



Walter Legree



Paul Bertrand

Quotable Quotes

"Dr. Knight's head keeps falling off."

Laurie

"It's the slow thorough death that counts!"

Dr. McCormack

"Hopefully there will be much less trash in 1986!"

Walter Legree

"I've come across a few 'Boy George' ducks in my day."

Buddy Johnson

"Have there been any drips in your office today?"

Barry Goodell

"I bet Gordon Lightfoot never took Dendrology!"

Chris Mund, 4:02 a.m.



"I haven't stayed in the office any more than I could help."

Maxine

"I have some marvelous handouts!"

Dr. Field

"I am not going to marry an ugly girl!, not if I can help it."

Mark Chamberlain

Fred Martell's addition to the list of -icides?

"Instructicides!"

"I wouldn't mind being pregnant but I just don't want to give birth!!!!"

Jessicak

"As long as you have flush toilets it's recreation."

Andy Alexson

"I was never a beginner."

Louis Morin

"If you had a dumpcoat like this would you wear pants?"

Terre Pearson

Andy Alexson: "Want to go dump picking?"

Dawn Newman: "Sounds like a line to me."

"Go ahead, talk about me in front of my back."

Rob Messenger

"What the dog won't eat the faculty will!"

Cindy Paschal

"I have three easy question for you. . . ."

Dr. Gering

According to Professor Kimball the public opinion of forester is: "Someone who cuts trees, lives in a state park, and sits in a fire tower."

"If ducks had any sense at all they wouldn't be seen with wildlife types."

Dr. Brann

"Summer camp is give and take, we give and they take."

Crew C-2 (at 5:15 a.m.)

"Don't think about it, just do it! . . . Cuz' if you think about it you get confused."

Heather Hill

"I know how to use everything in this building, I just don't know how to use them right."

Marie Roy

"Your brother was smart enough to get the right degree."

Dr. Field

"I'm having statistical difficulty beyond my control."

Fred Martell

"I've got my lighter if I really need atmosphere."

Prof. Kimball

"Do you think she likes leather?"

Cindy Paschal





"It's hard to dress up and look classy when you're not wearing any clothes."
Terre Pearson

"If you think that it's tough attending an 8:00 a.m. class you should try teaching it!"
Dr. Pat Brown

"That's what I like to see . . . domesticated men!"
Dawn Newman

"If a chair could talk it would sound like him."
Jessica Lowell

"Students are not the kindest of people."
Louis Morin

"Pit toilets are NOT recreation."
Dr. Newby

"I don't tell terrible jokes!"
Prof. Kimball

"I don't know about soils being sweeter after fire, it all tastes like dirt to me."
Prof. Kimball

"I don't know anything about that course but I highly recommend it."
Dr. Pat Brown

"No, I'm not making this up as I go along!"
Dr. Field

"I'll smile alot if you give me a discount."
Cindy Paschal

"I'm too cute for a nerd picture."
Duane Diefenbach

"My advisor would never say 'stop'."
Sue Livingston

"Back off, Man, I'm a scientist!"
Bill Murray

"I'm more comfortable doing things one-way!"
Dr. Brann

"For public employees the size of the salary is directly proportional to the size of the state bird."
Dr. Hoffman

"I think the other planimeter went to Haiti."
Dr. Gering

"School, like beautiful women, usually takes up too much of one's time."
Dave Schmitt

"I think that being eaten by a grizzly bear is part of the wilderness experience."
Tim Bowman

"Cats are psychoanalytic—you have to watch what you say and do around them."
Dr. Pat Brown

"Come on, put your notes away, this is a Field test."
Dave Stevens



"Oh (Louis), don't be so scientific—you know what I mean!!"
Cindy Paschal

Lisa DeBruyckere: "Hey, want to see my new technique?"

Tim Bowman: "Here?"

"Pretty Muchly."
Dr. Field

Laurie: "I'm old fashion . . . I like the old stuff!"
Dr. Pat Brown: "Oh, that must be why you get along with the faculty."

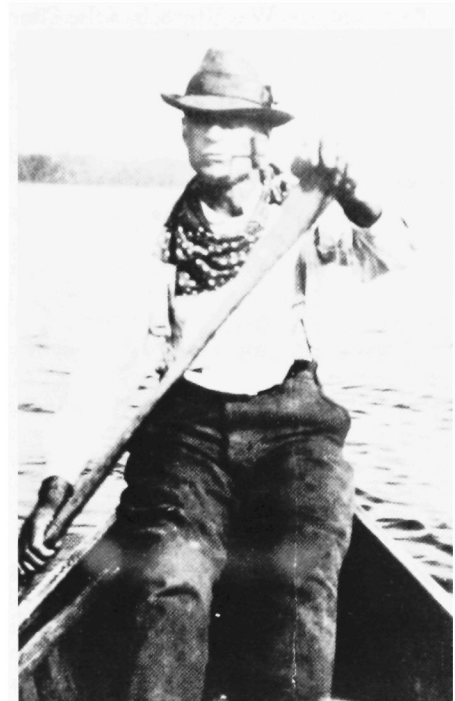
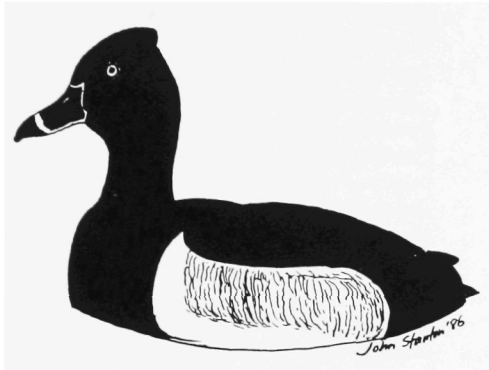
"You go ahead of me, I'm too tired."
Bucky Owen

"Eagles deserve to be endangered."
Sue Livingston

"We don't really know how eagles fly."
Mark McCollough

Roger Williams: "Ralph, how do you feel about retiring?"
Ralph Griffin: "I don't know, I've never done it before."

Feature Articles



BIG A

by Jessica Lowell

On March 29, 1984, Great Northern Paper filed an application for a license to construct a hydroelectric generating station on the West Branch of the Penobscot River, at Big Ambejackmockamus Falls. On October 21, 1985, Maine's Land Use Regulation Commission (LURC) returned its decision, the first in a series that must be made before the dam can be built.

During that year and a half, a torrent of debate raged that has not yet subsided. Although LURC has returned its decision—a conditional approval—the project must also be approved by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission before construction can begin. FERC cannot approve the project until the Maine Board of Environmental Protection grants a water-quality certification, stating that the water quality will not be diminished.

The "Big A" project is a proposal to build a generating station and a dam on the West Branch. The facility will have a capacity of 40,500 megawatts, and once in place, will reduce the consumption of oil by 438,000 annually. Construction costs were estimated at \$100 million in 1985.

Great Northern contends the energy generated by the Big A project would lower the costs of producing its newsprint and groundwood specialty products. By reducing its overhead, it would be able to better compete with the eastern Canadian paper producers, which are government subsidized.

In response to suggestions that biomass boilers could be built to produce the needed energy, Great Northern has said the boilers would not reduce the existing energy costs; the cost would be two to three times as much as the electricity produced by the Big A project.

Another argument in favor of the Big A project is jobs. Great Northern contends that the jobs of about 4,000 employees will be either protected or created as a result of the project.

In 1981 Great Northern granted a conservation easement to the state of Maine for 75 miles of the river corridor. The easement precludes any development activities for all time on all sections of land in the area, except the lower West Branch where the Big A would be located.

Great Northern has conceived a plan that will allow rafters access to the river by releasing water three days a week for their use.

Opposing Great Northern, among others, is the Penobscot Coalition to Save the West Branch. The Coalition is made up of private citizens, environmental groups, and whitewater and sports outfitters. It maintains that the section of the West Branch affected, a four-and-a-half mile stretch including the Ripogenus

Gorge—reputed to be the best whitewater in the northeast—is unique. Every year more than 12,000 people raft through the Ripogenus Gorge. There is also a thriving population of landlocked salmon which lives and breeds in the river.

The Coalition is arguing that the area is a national treasure and should not be flooded as the result of dam construction. The Coalition considers the area to be a public trust, and does not feel that Great Northern should be able to limit access to that part of the river.

Sandy Neily, coordinator of the Penobscot Coalition, said the Maine Office of Energy Resources had issued an evaluation of the Great Northern plan. In it she said, the OER questioned every figure Great Northern gave on the cost effectiveness of the dam versus the biomass boiler. Neily said the figures submitted for the dam were too low and those submitted for the boilers were too high.

An analysis by LURC disagreed with many of the arguments made by Great Northern during the public hearings that were held on the project in the spring of 1985.

In addition, LURC analysts reached conclusions differing with those of Great Northern regarding dam safety and the ability of the dam to solve the company's problems with the productivity of its older machines and Canadian competition. LURC concluded that if a biomass boiler were profitable and if Great Northern were willing to provide the energy needed to run its marginal machines with a biomass boiler, more jobs would be available in Maine than if the Big A dam were built.

Under the terms of its conditional approval, LURC would like Great Northern to guarantee future employment levels, and to do an energy audit to see if the dam is needed.

On February 26, the Energy and Natural Resources Committee of the Maine Legislature voted 10-2 in support of a bill that would bypass any action by the Board of Environmental Protection, including denial of water quality certification.

The bill is a rewritten version of one submitted by Gov. Joseph E. Brennan, who had said the bill's intention was to clarify a cloudy provision in the state's 1983 River-Protection Act. He denied the bill was drafted to help the Big A project; it is intended to apply to future applications. The second version submitted would automatically grant the water quality certification for the proposed dam.

Paul McCann, spokesman for Great Northern, said the company was encouraged by the committee's decision, and that Great Northern would not write off the

dam project despite the BEP's 6-2 decision not to reconsider its earlier denial of a water quality certification the project needs to proceed.

The BEP maintains that in order to satisfy environmental standards at the federal level, it could not grant certification if the project were to diminish water quality. The BEP applied standards for rivers in evaluating Great Northern's application, which are different from those applied to great ponds.

FERC cannot approve the proposal to build the dam until it receives state certification that water quality will not be diminished.

Great Northern has announced that it will lay off at least 1,200 people over the next several years to cut costs. The company cites an oversupply of paper in the world markets as the reason.

On Thursday, March 13, 1986, Great Northern Paper announced it was dropping the "Big A" dam project.

Great Northern spokesmen cited state regulatory and political setbacks as well as continued environmental opposition as reasons for discontinuing the process.

Two crucial points were the conditional approval of Great Northern's application by LURC and the Maine State Legislature's failure to overturn the permit refusal by the BEP. Great Northern could not promise that it could maintain a work force of 4,000, and that most likely it could not re-create the 1,400 jobs that were discontinued by the construction of the dam.

By continuing the project, Great Northern would have had to spend millions of more dollars—on top of the \$6 million the project has already cost—to fight environmental and governmental red tape.

"The immense drain on our resources of pursuing this project is more than we can continue to support."

—Great Northern President Robert Barlett

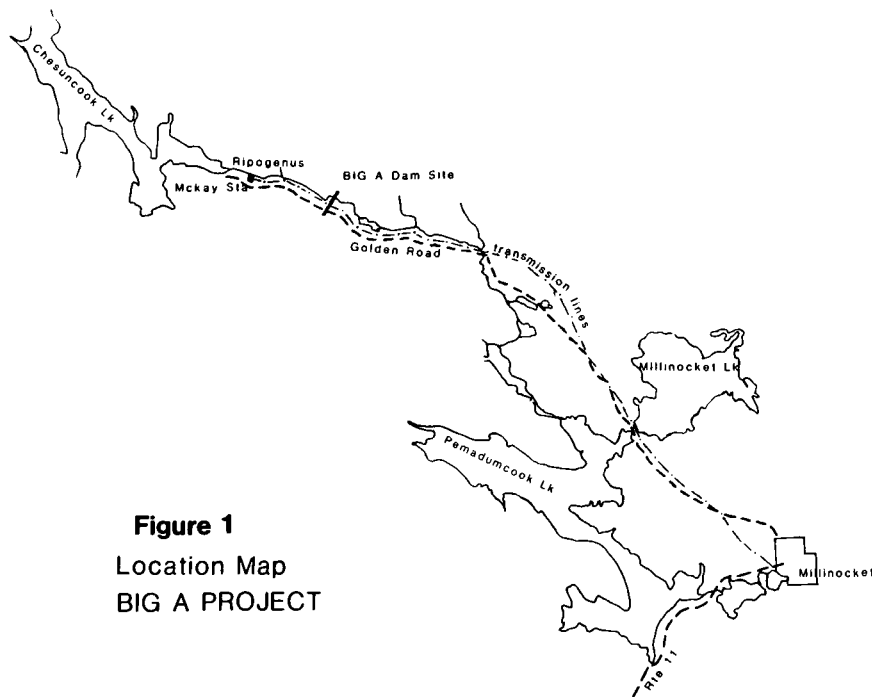


Figure 1
Location Map
BIG A PROJECT

Water, Wetlands, and Wildlife

by Dr. Patrick Brown

Wetlands have played a prominent role in North American history. Vast wetland resources were found in almost every corner of the New World, and offered an abundant supply of shellfish, fish, birds, and mammals. Native Americans and settlers both found wetlands to be important providers of food. As the methods of transportation and harvest improved, market hunters and commercial fishermen exploited wetlands to help provide food for the growing urban centers, and continued to do so into the 20th century.

The economic values of wetlands are even more evident today. In the extensive coastal marshes of Louisiana and Texas, the sale of shrimp, shellfish, fish, alligator meat and hides, furbearers, and leases for sport hunting and fishing provide millions of dollars annually. Similar benefits are derived from marshes in such diverse areas as California, Missouri, Maryland, and Maine.

The values of marshes are not limited to the fish and wildlife resources they provide for consumptive use. The abundance of birds and mammals found in wetlands is a great attraction for people, and many people now recognize wetlands as producers of fish and wildlife. These resources provide many economic and recreational benefits derived from either sport harvest or by the pleasure they provide through observation. Less widely recognized, but no less important, are the values of wetlands in recycling nutrients, flood control, and atmospheric stability.

After ecologists documented the incredibly high productivity of many types of marshes, their value as "nutrient sinks" and nutrient recyclers became clear. Many towns have used these characteristics to their advantage by creating marshes that trap or recycle nutrients from domestic sewage. Such sewage treatment areas provide low-cost, reliable, and efficient sewage treatment, and habitat for many marsh-dwelling animals.

A more subtle value, protection from floods, has been documented most clearly in the lower Mississippi Alluvial Valley. In pristine times when this 25 million acre area was forested, the flooded basin could store an amount of water equivalent to a 60 day discharge at the mouth of the Mississippi River during the peak of the highest flow ever recorded.

Clearing of these lowland forests for agricultural production of soybeans and other cash crops reduced the forest to 4.8 million acres, and similarly reduced the water-holding ability to only 12 days. The devastating floods that ravaged Louisiana during 1982 and 1983 illustrated the unexpected costs of converting the lowland forests to agricultural fields. The reduced water holding capacity of these lands resulted in tremendously increased flood peaks immediately after heavy rains. A study of the eastern Arkansas region has shown that the conversion of enormous acreages of lowland hardwood forests has also had effects that were detrimental to the lives, economic and otherwise, of people living in this area.

The importance of wetlands for atmospheric stability is less well known, but current evidence suggests that production of methane in wetlands acts as a regulator of the ozone layer in our atmosphere. This layer provides vital protection for plants, animals, and man by preventing harmful levels of ultraviolet radiation from reaching the earth.

With all of these and other values of wetlands known, it is mystifying that wetland destruction continues at a rate as high as 50,000 acres per month. Millions of acres of our best agricultural lands were once our most productive wetlands. These wetlands produced a variety of resources (including forest products and wildlife) that have been replaced with record surpluses of agricultural products. Loss and degradation of wetlands continues because of human activities related to urbanization, transportation, industrialization, agriculture, and other activities.

As wetland area continues to decline, the need to inventory and identify wetlands is critical for wise decisions to be made in acquisition, protection, and manage-



ment of these habitats. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has developed wetland classification systems and is conducting a detailed inventory of remaining wetlands. Wetland maps are now available for many parts of the country.

Historically, wetlands were poorly protected legally, but now through the efforts of private "duck clubs", and private groups such as the National Audubon Society and The Nature Conservancy and other groups, a fair degree of legal protection exists from laws dating as early as the Rivers and Harbor Act of 1899 and as recent as Section 404 of the Clean Waters Act of 1977. Ducks Unlimited, Inc., an organization that is funded primarily by hunters, has protected a wetland area in Canada equivalent to the area of the entire National Wildlife Refuge System in the lower 48 states through long-term easements, and their program has continued to grow and diversify. Although legal protection is important, and private organizations can play important roles, no single approach is likely to succeed in protecting wetlands. A combination of tax

benefits and incentives for private landowners, acquisition, protection through easements, education, and regulations is needed.

Wetlands are complex communities with many interactions between their physical and biological components. Wetland quality and type depends on the soil, water chemistry and quantity, climate, hydrology and hydroperiod (timing and quantity of water), and herbivores, such as beaver. All of these factors, and some others, interact to structure the life of each marsh and make them extremely dynamic systems. Vegetational communities may be completely altered in some wetlands in as little as 2-3 years, and return to the original state in just as short a time. In fact, dynamic wetlands are thought to support a greater number of wildlife species than those that are stable and have their nutrients locked in the anaerobic bottom sediments. Ironically, wetland productivity re-

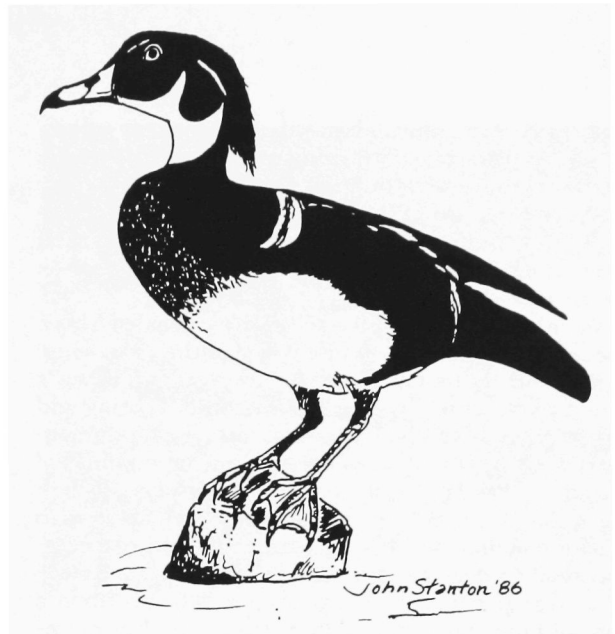


quires periodic drought to renew the wetland and recycle nutrients.

Nearly all wetlands undergo annual and long-term fluctuations in water level. Wetland wildlife must be adapted to cope with these fluctuations. For example, waterfowl are long-lived and highly mobile, allowing them to exploit these habitats when basins are filled and to move to better basins as the quality of old ones diminishes.

The colorful Wood Duck typifies many wetland species. It requires a complex blend of habitat characteristics including different types of wetland basins for egg laying females and growing ducklings. These habitats range from ephemeral wetlands that are a few centimeters deep, to relatively deep, permanent wetlands. But even though the Wood Duck is tied to wetlands, it also requires specific-sized and shaped cavities in snags (dead and dying trees). Because Wood Ducks are migratory, they require similarly complex wetlands in their southern winter homes.

At the turn of the century, many people believed that the Wood Duck was on the road to extinction. Num-



bers were reduced to perilously low levels primarily by overharvest, but the elimination of beaver from the landscape and unwise land use practices that destroyed and degraded wetlands were also detrimental to wood ducks. Numbers of wood ducks steadily increased after enactment of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918 and now the wood duck is really quite abundant. It is hard not to think there is a lot to learn from our history with wood ducks. Lessons on the effects of overexploitation, health of the land, the results of cooperation by people concerned about a resource all come to mind. The result was that a valued part of our wildlife heritage was protected so that people could enjoy them for as long as we resolve ourselves to manage their populations carefully. Maybe that's the greatest lesson of all.



LET'S PARK AND RECREATE!

Susan Glenn

Increased recreational demands are being felt nationwide. Our parks are overflowing with visitors, private businesses and adventure programs are flourishing, and the fitness craze is accenting an out-of-doors orientation. This increased demand has placed pressure upon our natural resources and raised questions about the value of recreation and aesthetics.

Water-based recreational activities have invaded Maine in an exemplary manner—white-water rafting, canoeing, kayaking, and let us not forget leisurely tubing down a stretch of river, scuba diving as well as other boating and fishing interests. These activities are creating environmental impacts on our natural resources. Growing numbers of users lead to greater pressures upon the waterways which in turn can lead to more frequent travel into remote areas to degradation of the resources. Increased numbers of recreationists tend to degrade the quality of an experience because a large portion of the experience depends upon a certain solitude and communion with nature. For example, passing a number of different parties while canoeing a stretch of river syphons from the wildness and specialness of the experience.

Recreation has become important economically as the result of the increased recreational enthusiasm among the general public. People are investing time and money into wilderness expeditions and enrolling in outdoor leadership and adventure programs in search of the coveted wilderness experience. Large corporations have become involved because of the positive benefits to their employees, therefore the corporations are investing significant amounts of money to send executives to gain confidence, leadership traits, and reduce stress. In addition, military affiliates are actively pursuing and developing the fitness and recreational assets to their organizations because of improved personnel performance.

State and Federal agencies face a different problem. The difficulty of assessing the value of aesthetically pleasing resources is prominent particularly to conservation groups. Conservationists have been forced out of the realm of emotional defenses because the terms “wilderness” and “pristine” do not easily translate into dollar signs. Enormous strides have been made to qualify the value of certain experiences and the willingness of consumers to pay. Resource preservation has dramatically swung from the original criteria for national parks; “land with no commercial value,” to the high regard held for the natural phenomena of Yellowstone, the Rocky Mountains, and many other gems of lightly developed grandeur. These public agencies are also finding themselves competing with specialized profit-oriented private interests, battling fiscal cutbacks,

understaffing and virtual threat of closing such attractions as a campground in Acadia National Park. Emphasis is being diverted to marketing strategies and other incentives.

Recreation associations are experiencing additional problems of significant magnitude. Both public and private recreation agencies are battling the increasingly detrimental effects of insurance and liability. Programs from the community level to high risk adventure programs are faced with the inability to afford and to even acquire insurance. Liability is a fuzzy area in many state statutes. Until states establish definite standards of negligence, liability, and assumed risk, federal and state park systems, recreation facilities and private organizations must assume the responsibility of inevitable law suits. Insurance companies are cancelling policies and raising premiums to the point where every program down to the local town park and recreation departments are struggling.

These obstacles arise against a backdrop of the traditional difficulties of park vandalism, resource protection and park access. A fine line must be drawn between compromising the wildness of the experience to allow access to a greater number of visitors. For example, must those who decide to hike down into the Grand Canyon deal with helicopters and other aerial sight seekers? Exponentially increasing numbers of park users are impacting the resources by compacting the soil and degrading the vegetation.

Commercial development is impinging upon skylines, air, and water quality and creating conflicts which pit economic benefits against recreational and aesthetic values. Maine's proposed “Big A” hydroelectric dam demonstrates the strides that recreation interest groups have made in terms of power and influence. The economic value of Maine's tourism is being realized as is the drawing power of Maine's waterways. The numerous lakes and rivers entice outdoor enthusiasts including hikers, boaters, campers and fishermen. In addition, the sundry islands off of the coast of Maine are heaven for sea kayakers and whale watching tours.

Increased demands on public and private recreation agencies are compounded by difficulties of obtaining insurance, controlling environmental impact, and dealing with preserving resources, in particular recreational experiences. Similarly, studies which define the financial capital growth brought into a state through recreational activities, travel expenditures and other economic benefits need to be incorporated into the analyses of the consumers' willingness-to-pay. In particular, the forest and water resources decorating the State of Maine represent an enormous wealth and provide a vast opportunity for recreation enthusiasts.

LOGGING AND RIVER DRIVING—UPPER KENNEBEC

by Morris Wing

I was born on November 24, 1919, in the town of Bingham into a logging family who had been logging Kennebec waters for probably 200 years (5 generations). I was fourth in a family of seven, with three brothers and three sisters. In early June I graduated from Bingham High at the top of my class. Upon graduation, I took my 20-foot canoe and went to work and guide at The Birches which is located some four miles north of the confluence of Moose River and Moosehead Lake. These were the best sporting camps on Moosehead at that time. I was trying desperately to earn enough money to attend the University of Maine at Orono and study Forestry in the fall of 1938. I guided sportsmen and worked around the sporting camps about 15 hours a day. Maine was in the grip of the Depression and there were at least ten men for every job. I knew of only two secure jobs in my home town of Bingham; one would be a conductor on the Maine Central Railroad and the other was woods superintendent for the S.D. Warren Company.

In late September, 1937, I had a call from a representative of the Augusta Lumber Company. He wanted to know if I was interested in clerking or scaling for a large woods operation they were conducting in Mayfield Township. I said I was interested and was ready to go as fishing season ended September 30. He made the observation that I was young for the job (17) but that he had heard that I was very capable. He never mentioned what they were paying and I never mentioned what I was asking. Hell, I would have gone to the Moon if there had been a job there. He finally said O.K. and would like to have me go to Camp No. 5, from Deadwater Station the first week in October. Upon arrival I was to report to Ted Quigley. I got back to Bingham, pulled together a few clothes, bought a new pair of boots (wrong kind) and was ready to go to Deadwater Station the first week in October. Deadwater Station was located on the old railroad bed spur from Bingham to Kineo Station. This railroad spur was taken up about 1932, and the bed was converted to a roadway.

I left home early one morning with my mother's warning in my ear not to stay overnight at Deadwater Station because she had heard that there were both lice and bedbugs there. I started walking from Bingham to Deadwater and somewhere along the line a truck driver picked me up as he was going to Deadwater Station to get a load of lumber. The road passed over Gulf Stream Trestle which was some half mile long and 180 feet in the air. There was just room enough for the truck, but my driver was nonchalant as he kept only one hand on the wheel and the other hand busy with a five-cent William



Penn cigar. I was scared to death going over the trestle and I thought "Oh, my God, there's not even a guard rail between us and certain death."

We got to Deadwater Station a little before 11:00 a.m. and the station was a beehive of activity. The buildings around the station were old with the exception of the Augusta Lumber Company sawmill which was new. It was a steam mill with a twin engine feed and a big circular saw. The whistle blew at 11:00 a.m., everything stopped and everyone descended on the cook house which was part of the main old boarding house. I stashed my pack on the porch and went in to eat lunch with the men. The food was fair but I did not sit with my back to the wall remembering my mother's warning. During lunch I learned the makeup of the sawmill crew. Jack MacDonald was the mill manager and they said he was a hell of a mill man when he was sober.

After lunch I found Jack MacDonald and asked him how I would get to Camp No. 5 near Palmer Pond. He said, "Sonny, I've never been there but you take that muddy road right out there and go to the other end of it and that is Camp No. 5." I hoisted my pack, left Deadwater Station, not knowing just how far I had to go. When I got to Camp No. 5, it must have been about 3:30 and it surely was a scene of action. There probably were 25 men constructing the bunkhouse, palisade type, (easy to build but colder than hell in the winter). Nobody had his hands in his pockets. The first fellow I saw in the camp yard was Ted Quigley who I knew only slightly but he recognized me. Ted said "God, am I glad to see

you. I've got the days the different men started work but I know nothing about bookkeeping and they tell me that everyone has to have a Social Security card as the law was passed last year." Ted was a big man, perhaps 225, with one gold tooth in front and a smile that lit up the whole world. He was quick and agile for his size and there never was a nicer fellow to work with. I can see him now with Johnson black wool knee pants and a plaid jacket and an old hat set at a comfortable angle. He was a great woodsman and he knew it but never said anything about his ability. They had a team there and they were just swinging the logs for the office camp which was constructed of horizontal logs. To give you some idea of the timber, three logs made one side of the camp and four logs made the other side. In the office there was to be Ted Quigley, foreman, Reed Sawyer (Jackman), scaler, Alonzo Johnston (Greenville), scaler, and the writer Morris Wing, clerk and scaler. Ted Bunker was cook and James Duncan was cookee. There were about 50 men in the total crew; Kennebec woodsmen, men from labor agencies in Bangor and Boston, Visa Canadians could not talk English and I could not talk French. Ted Quigley accused me of renaming half of the Canadians in Beauce County when I sent for their Social Security numbers.

Mayfield Township (T2R2), they said, was previously cut by "old Haines" in the early 1900's with Lombard log haulers. At any rate we had a big stand of timber to work with as I remember it nothing was cut less than 12 inches d.b.h. The timber to be cut was spruce, fir and white pine, and all wood was cut double length; meaning the entire tree was cut in two once; two logs each tree. Mayfield is a flat town with very little gradient and nearly all of the yards were made by par-buckle. There were seven teams of horses in the camp; one team being owner-teamster. All wood was yarded on a scoot, one end up on a bunk (a small wooden sled). Each team was yarding for one cutting crew which consisted of two choppers and a sled tender. The sled tender limbed the trees and helped the teamster to load each time he came back from the yard. They yarded up to about 1,000 feet in distance and good average day was 5,000-6,000 b.f. per crew. We had one exception to the three-man crew and this crew was Joseph and Leon Pinette from Jackman who refused to work with a third man and claimed their output would equal three ordinary men. Ted Quigley was reluctant, at first, to go along with their desire but finally agreed to try them two or three weeks and he put the small grey team from Richmond to yard their cutting. This turned out to be a hell of a mistake as they consistently cut more than the three-men crews. One day they cut 9,000 b.f. and this was all done of course with cross-cut saws and buck saws. This work was awful as there was a lot of fall rain and snow didn't come until late. It was also tough on the horses yarding and there was no let-up until around

Christmas. As I remember, the cutting ceased around the middle of January when we reached five million b.f., which was the goal of Camp No. 5 and the hired teams were let go.

I guess I should mention pay rates; day men and swampers \$1.40 per day, choppers \$3.00 per MBF, teamsters \$2.00 per day, Morris Wing \$2.00 per day (straight time meaning six days per week). Board was \$.75 per day for any day not worked, i.e., Sunday or a big, big storm.

Camp No. 5 was some six to seven miles from Deadwater Station which was considered too far for team hauling. The company had a lot of log hauler sleds and decided they would truck the logs from Camp No. 5 to Deadwater Station by hauling the sleds behind trucks. They had never done this but they saw no reason why it shouldn't work. They hired trucks and ended up with some six or seven plus one company V-8 1935 Ford. The pay rate for the hired truck and driver was \$6 per day and the company furnished gasoline, anti-freeze and oil.

We left with the first load down to Deadwater Station about 7:00 a.m. Ted Quigley and I went along with the first load. We left the camp with about 3,000 b.f. on the sled and when we hit Deadwater Station that night at 6:00 p.m. we only had 1,000 b.f. on the sled and everybody was disgusted. However, Ted Quigley was not a man to give up. With a lot of road work and good freezing weather, he soon had the logs moving well. All trucks had to go the same way at the same time as there was no go-back roads and only a small number of turn-outs. Surprisingly not many people could drive a vehicle



and although we had a camp full of men nobody could qualify to drive the company truck. Ted Quigley said to me "You're it. Because we have only a small crew, scaling is done, and you can clerk morning and night and earn some extra money." I knew how to drive all right but this business of never touching your brakes and the load pushing you from behind was a new experience. There were no 4-wheel drive vehicles and each truck had a small box of rocks over the rear wheels to give them traction. Each truck had two sets of sleds or more with one set being unloaded at Deadwater Station and one loaded set en route.

Unloading at the mill was simple and took less than two minutes. A donkey engine hoisted the whole load with one lift and conveyed the load via a high line to the top of the storage pile. A Mr. Sirois (nimble as a cat) unhooked on the pile.

Our main truck road was on an old log hauler road which was mostly down hill with only one bad uphill pitch. The main problem was getting the truck away from the yard loaded. We had good cantdog men, probably the best was Mike Landry or Joe Perry from Madison. They were only a matter of minutes fully loading a set of sleds. The sleds were hooked to the trucks by two wooden



reaches with metal ends forming a V. When you hooked on at the yard, you had to ding your clutch but not spin your wheels and slip your clutch gradually until the load was moving. If everything worked well, it was a great arrangement, but occasionally you could not start the load and needed help. There was a roving company team and a small Cletrac tractor constantly traveling between yards. The tractor would push the load from the rear to get started but the team would have to be hooked on front of the truck and unhooked "on the fly." The company team was a pair of horses named Tony and Sandy. Tony was a liver colored chestnut and a pulling fool. He did not know when to quit and would never let

go. He probably weighed 1,750 and was as well muscled as any prize fighter. This particular day we had a small foulup and I was sitting in my truck No. 2 waiting for the truck ahead to leave the yard. It was a hard chance to get away with the snow road sloping upward slightly. The driver ahead had tried it several times but couldn't start the load. About that time coming down the road was the horse Tony and his teamster. I don't know why they split the team up that day as it seemed like a foolish procedure as you needed the steady draft of a good team on the front of the truck to give you a boost. I had been around horses since I was born and I felt bad when I saw Tony coming down the road as I thought he had a hopeless task. After all I was supposed to be a truck driver and had nothing to do with the horses. I did go along to the driver of the other truck and said "you want to be on the ball when they hook Tony on because something is going to start and I don't know what." The other driver looked at me and said he understood. He had his motor running and one foot on the clutch and other foot on the gas when they hooked Tony on to the front bumper. Tony squared away and squatted down and the first time he hit it, he took the bumper off the truck and the bumper flew about ten feet through the air and struck him across the ass. For about two minutes there was a busiest horse teamster I ever saw trying to untangle Tony from the brush, trees, etc., along side the road. Finally, to my relief, they brought the small tractor over and got the truck and load started.

All logs were hauled by March 9 and the camp closed the morning of March 10 and it was 10 degrees below zero that morning. Ted asked me if I wanted to come back on the log drive in the spring and I said yes, and just to let me know the date.

I cannot remember the exact date but about the third week in April, 1938, I received a telephone call that the drive would be starting the following week. I was to get to the camp at the dam at Palmer Flowage (Baker Flowage). I can't remember how I got to Deadwater Station, but when I got there, they said there was a man going up to Palmer Dam with me. The man was in the back seat of a car and he had been on a long drunk. He was in the worst shape I had ever seen a man. He was hung over so bad that I did not see how he would be of any use in the drive. Anyway they told me he was a A-1 river driver and I was to deliver him to the river driving camp at Palmer Flowage. The only way to get to the camp was going up the stream and the ice was still running out. There were five or six inches of snow in the woods and the south branch of the Austin Stream was running bank full. I had been to the Palmer Dam camp the winter before but I had gone overland getting there and had never been up the stream. We started out about 11:00 a.m. from Deadwater Station. The fellow was so rum sick he would walk a little and then sit down. They said it was probably closer to twelve miles. They told me



I was supposed to take a field telephone up and when I went by the Falls to install the phone on a tree, hook one wire to the woods line and throw the other wire into the water. They said you can't miss the falls because the water drops some 30 feet. I understood about the telephone but I didn't know what to do with the river driver. He'd walk less and less and cry more and more. He was a lot bigger than I was and I couldn't lug him and I knew if I left him, he would die. I figured we had got nearly half way and I kept urging him on until we got to the Falls. I put the telephone up as quickly as I could and then rang the phone. I could hear someone at the other end but they couldn't hear me because of the sound of the Falls over my voice.

We got to the dam long after dark and I dragged the river driver up to the cook's camp which was the only building with a light on. The cook was the same Ted Bunker that was at the winter camp. Ted probably weighed 300. I opened the door to the kitchen and dragged the river driver over the doorstep. The cook looked down at him and said, "Hell, Boy, you did well. That's old Emile and he'll be all right after a few days." He picked him up with one hand and threw him in a bunk. It turned out of course that Emile was one of the best drivers on the river. It was just that he lived according to the old school. He would receive his paycheck and roll one around the other until the end of a job. Then he would hit town and stay drunk for a month.

Those who sold him booze just took the checks as they were owed. A month or so later, he would be back and the people that knew him would take him back to the company. You can be sure there was no booze in camp although there was an occasional card game and there were several fellows that could sing pretty good and play the harmonica. Some of them had good singing voices and they would sing such songs as "The Jam at Gerry's Rock." The men from New Brunswick had a way of keeping rhythm with their feet and hands shuffling almost like tap dancing. They were good at it.

Little Palmer Pond has an elevation of 1,272 feet and Bingham is 400 feet where Austin Stream runs into the Kennebec. It's probably 12 to 13 miles from Bingham to Little Palmer Pond but certainly over 20 to 25 miles the way the stream ran. There are two main branches to Austin Stream; one being the south branch which we were driving and the other coming out of Austin Pond. I had a pair of used Bass Caulk Boots which fitted pretty well and I had done some work on logs before. A man has to make up his mind either to stay on top of the logs or to stay wet all day along the shore. Inasmuch as the ice had just gone out, I preferred to stay on top of the logs and I patterned my movements after the two best river



drivers—Eddie McIntire, and Emile Lozier. Short, quick steps, and churning forward; long handled peavey in front for balance, dog up. Then if you hit a small log or a sinker, your momentum would carry you on through. The amount of logs in the drive was about 12 million feet as I remember it. This figure would be the total of the contractors Murray and Frye who were up in the north-

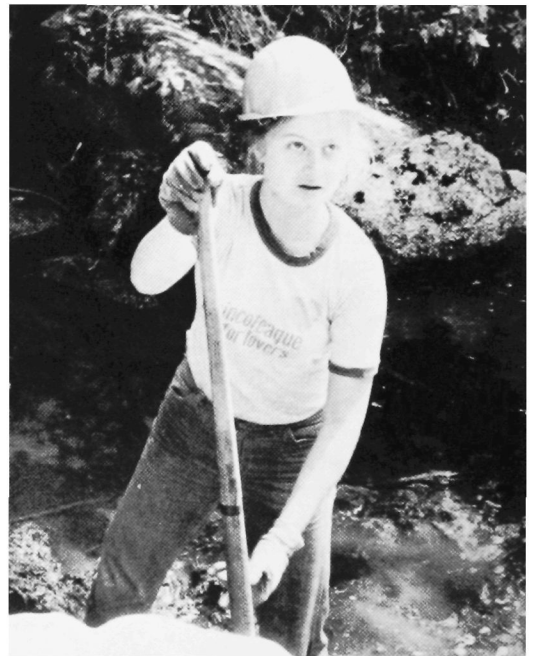
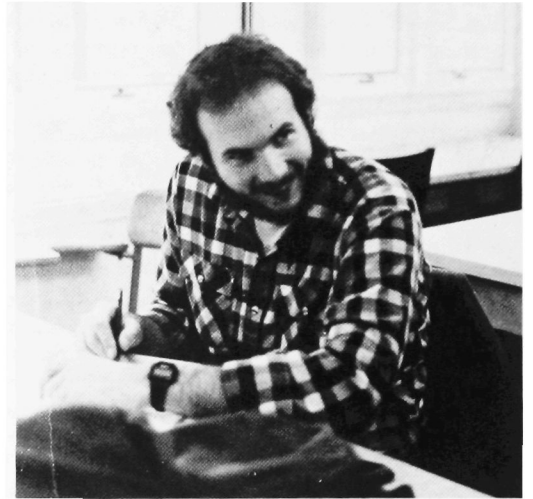
east corner of the town; Sanderson who went broke in January, who logged east of Palmer Flowage, and Joe Pellerin who landed his logs between Weeks Basin and the Falls. The dam at Palmer Flowage had been reconstructed the summer of 1937 by Trevor Howes and a small crew of men. He apparently was much sought after as a dam builder in those days. When the main gate was up for sluicing, the whole dam trembled with the force of logs and water going through. Two good men were at the dam sluicing or directing the logs through the sluice gate. They said I was slightly with a sharp axe (for a kid); but the hand hewing in that dam was something else. The dam was wooden, of course, and slanted back hard so that the weight of water on it held itself back, much like a beaver dam only more so. There had been an old dam here for generations.

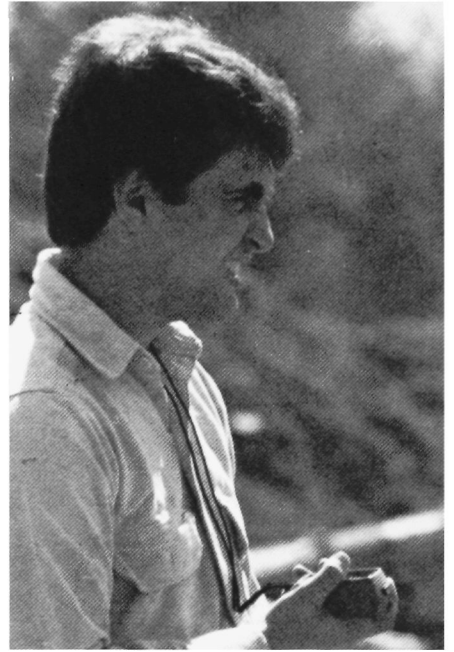
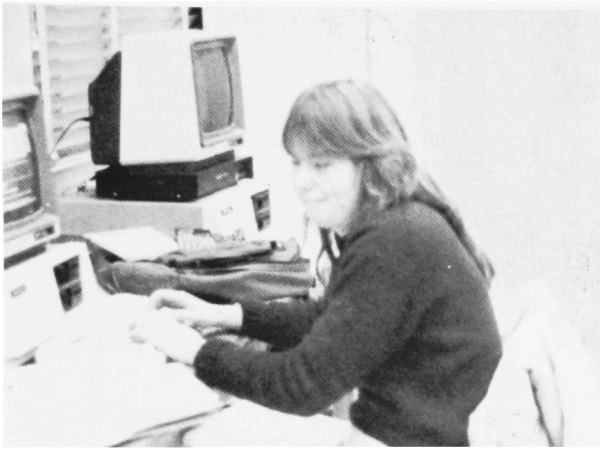
At first I was working on a bateau herding the logs down to the sluice gate. I can't remember how long we were at Palmer Flowage but as I remember it, it was about a week or ten days. Meanwhile my uncle, Ralph Wing, drowned below the dam. Nobody was with him when it happened. He was an excellent swimmer and a good man on logs and there was no answer to what happened. When he was missed, they shut down the gate and he was found in about six feet of water at the first still water below where he had fallen or gone into the stream. This really sobered up the crew and they lugged his body out to the Ben Adams Field which is on Route 16 between Bingham and Abbott. Meanwhile life went on and the drive worked on down nearly to the Falls where Joe Pellerin had landed his logs. It was a God-awful mess with the entire cut jackstraw-like at the foot of the gorge. The landing as I remember it was supposed to be skidded between each layer of logs but somehow Pellerin had got away with it and nobody knew how. Anyway unraveling that mess was a feat for all concerned and it held us up for four or five days. It was at that point that I learned something about fate. Either your number is up or it is not. The same Sirois who was at the mill unloading logs the winter before was on the drive and he was nimble and quick. At that particular time he was breaking down the face of one of the big landings. The landing was steep but there seemed to be no danger from above. Suddenly, and unbeknown to Sirois, one big log, scaling perhaps 250 feet, was dislodged perhaps 20 feet above his head. Nothing else moved and everybody was screaming at Sirois to move out of the way. He looked up and saw the log coming and began to run desperately for the outside of the landing. We all saw that he would not make it. The log struck about two feet above his head and then bounced completely over his body never touching him. Everybody sat down and laughed with relief and that night Sirois was a hero. We walked back to Palmer Flowage Camp each night until we were down about halfway to the Middle driving

camp which was more than halfway to Deadwater. It was there that a bear came out of the woods at night and knocked a ham off the outside of the camp. I had an end bunk next to the wall and could hear the pounding on the wall but by the time I got up the bear and the ham were gone. As we got closer to Deadwater Station, the stream flattened out considerably and slowed down and the driving was easier for all concerned. Finally all of the logs were in the calm water above Deadwater Station and the sawmill and the drive was finished. I was not much older but I was a hell of a lot wiser and had seen a lot of things happen during the month to six weeks I was on the long log drive. By this time the water was getting warmer, the air was changing, small buds were appearing on the trees, and the promise of spring was in the air. It beats hell how quick you forget the hardships a man can endure.



Under Grads





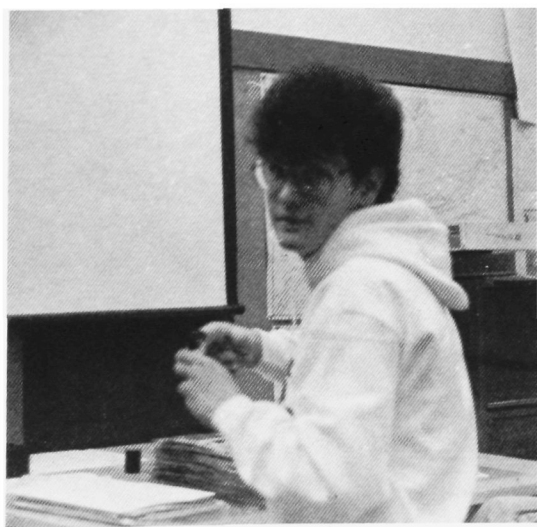


Freshmen



Remember always that you have not only the right to be an individual; you have an obligation to be one. You cannot make any useful contribution in life unless you do this.

Eleanor Roosevelt





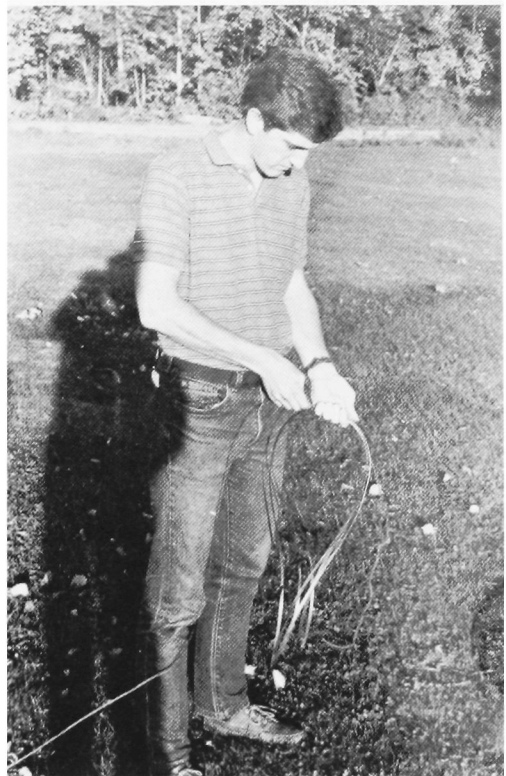
(L) Melvin Pierce, Fred Forester, Don Colombe, D. Tape, Jim St. Clair.
 (R) Dan Beaudoin, David Lombard, Greg Frohn, Dennis Finkel, Gary Fetteroll, Elizabeth Moore.



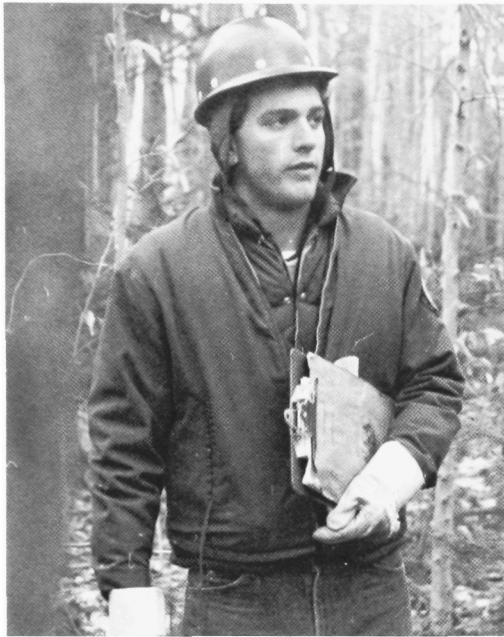
(L) Michael Buljajewski, ?, Drew Cooney, Jim Baker, Dan Waugh, Larry Poulin, Jason Bouchard.
 (R) The Unknown Foresters, Don Cameron, Selena Tardiff, Jennifer Radcliffe, H. Hat.



Melvin Pierce, Don Colombe, Heather Hill, Terre, Mike Spellman, Harley Dwelley, Jeff Davis, John Salvatore, Jim Rodrigue, Scott Wilkerson, George Meyer, Craig Maclean.
Chris Maute, Justin Kristen, Grady Thurlow, Jim Baker, Todd Richards, Mike St. Germain, John Bryant, Dennis Goulet.

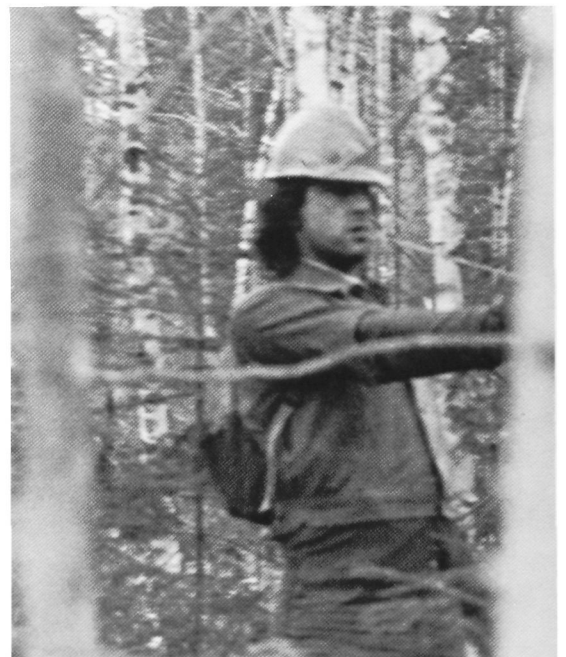


First-Year Technicians



Whenever you are asked if you can do a job, tell 'em, "Certainly I can!"—and get busy and find out how to do it.

Theodore Roosevelt



For the first year Forest Management students it could be said that, "never have so few covered so much material in so little time." As this article is being written, only seven months have elapsed since we committed ourselves to this challenging course. During that brief span of time, we have been subjected to hundreds of botany terms, memorized formulas, learned the inner workings of engines and power trains, memorized formulas, practiced forest mensuration, and memorized formulas. Thus far in the second semester, for those of us who have followed the established curriculum, we are advancing past the trembling knees of speech, the frozen fingers of surveying lab, the shaky lines of forestry drawing, the look-alike blocks of wood identification class, and the oil stained clothes of hydraulics lab.

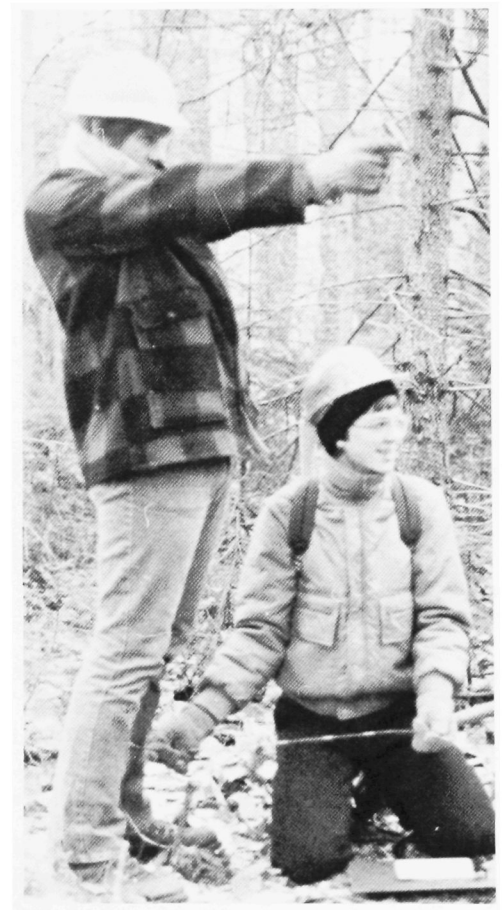
Little green men aside, our forestry labs have been the core of the forest management program. Under the watchful eye of Professor Kimball we have advanced from awkward attempts at an open terrain traverse on the USDA field through block traverses, strip cruises, and point sampling; to marking, thinning and tallying a plot. Along the way Professor Kimball instructed us in the nomenclature of forest mensuration and provided an opportunity for hands-on experience in the use of various measuring devices from D-tapes, calipers, and hand compasses to bark gauges, increment borers and numerous height measurement instruments. He even brought out a stepladder so that he could demonstrate the methods of getting the DBH (diameter at breast height).



On a lab conducted at the UMO sawmill, we were introduced to the procedures of scaling using several different log rules. The methods of sawing logs were demonstrated and we had an opportunity to compare the number of board feet actually sawn to the total volume of wood in a given log.

Also worthy of mention is the effort that was made in the stem analysis and volume table measurements labs. These sessions turned out to be a proving ground to test the durability of pocket calculators. The next step was a lab using electronic data processing and volume table construction accessing the UMO computer center via the terminals located in Nutting Hall.

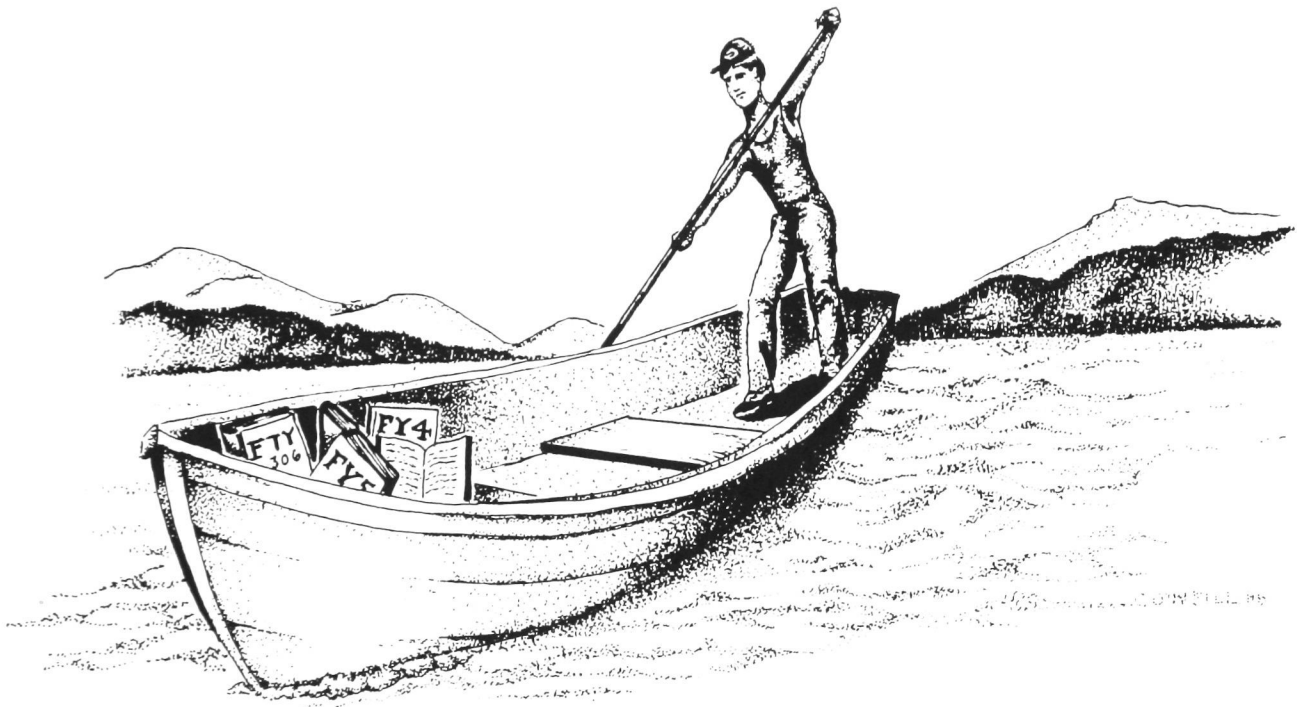
Over the past few weeks we have covered stand succession, stand structure and stand marking. Most recently we used bucksaws and pruning saws to fell trees on our marked plots. This particular exercise turned out to be drudgery for those of the chain saw generation, but a labor of love for at least one old-timer.





Front: Paul Ivey, Stan Ellis, Bill Weidner, Brent Goodine, Franz Alvarez, Nick Taxiarchis
 Back: Michelle Benedict, Bruce Pelletier, Mark Rousseau, Dana Quincy, Rick Grover, Mike Valliere,
 John Theborge, Dan Gilpatric, Daniel Ginn, Eric Street, Ed Melcher, Jeff Bartley, Scott Hanson, Nick
 Carter





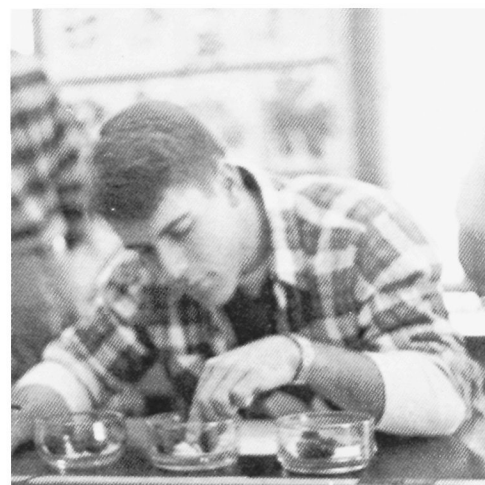
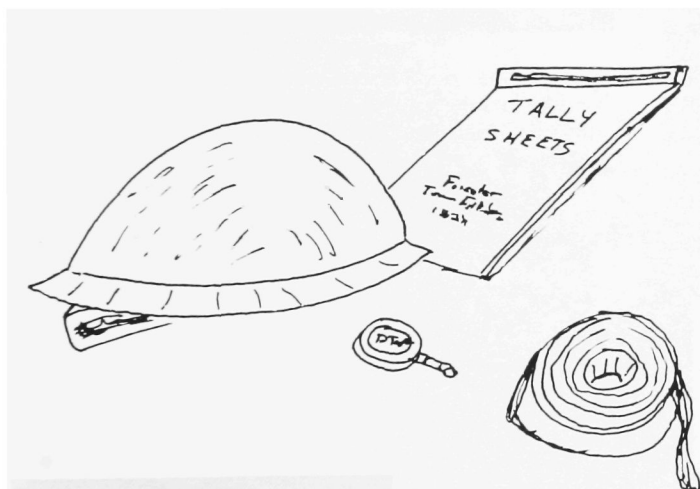
Sophomores



(B-F) Pat Lackey, John, Sean Healy, Dennis Goulet, Scott Wilkerson, Mike Bulgajewski, Mike Spellman, John Bryant, John Colannino, Jim Baker.



Ron Farr, Chris Martin, Chick Crockett, Scott Bosco, Rob Messenger, Pete Hasler, Tina Stillings, Steve Peary, Chris Mund, Chris Deane, Jon Brady.



Sophomore Forestry Summer Camp



BIOMASS IT ... Once you cut a tree down, you can't put it back ... trails make it easier to walk in the woods ... Al on timber marking: "You live, you die, you live, you die" ... L.B.B. ... six of one, half dozen of the other ... Wanna go navigating? ... How many ticks today, Jake? ... Sam, let's go for beer ... Al, is there much local attraction in a dump? ... mountains and mountains ... Potatoes anyone? ... How much do *you* know about forestry in Britain? ... Putting black tar on tree wounds is like creating little superdomes for decay fungi ... CHIPPY!

