

SUMMER JOBS



LM



Summer Cruising

by

Beth DeHaas

There are two things freshman foresters learn from stumbling through their first year of school. The first is that you can do more things to a tree than we ever thought possible. The second is that one should seek summer employment in a forest-related industry.

Stacks of applications are filled out and sent, but the majority of us become waitresses or bus-boys for the summer. Occasionally, a few of us are employed by a forest industry.

It was in this position that I found myself last May, hired for the summer by Georgia-Pacific Paper Company in Woodland, Me. Finals week came along with the consolation that school would be over in five days, no matter what. Unfortunately, the end came four days early for me with an emergency appendectomy Tuesday morning (another undetected victim of the Ch 12 final). Five weeks later I started work.

The freshman year in Forestry teaches only the most general and basic concepts so I spent the first week learning to cruise and started a summer-long acquaintance with alder swamps, wet fir thickets, and hidden wasp's nests. Split-up into two three-person crews with a full-time cruiser and two summer people in each (in this case two girls), we learned the fine art of forest inventory.

After a week of work, the G-P mill closed down for the twice annual check of the boilers. Normally this takes only one week, but due to a fire which damaged one of the boilers, the mill stayed closed for another week. All the summer crew except for tree planters and forestry students were laid-off during this time. The first few days were spent doing such odd jobs as spraying crew alders and planting yards. When the greenhouse crew found only 33% germination on half of the seed they'd planted, all the girls still working were sent to reseed.

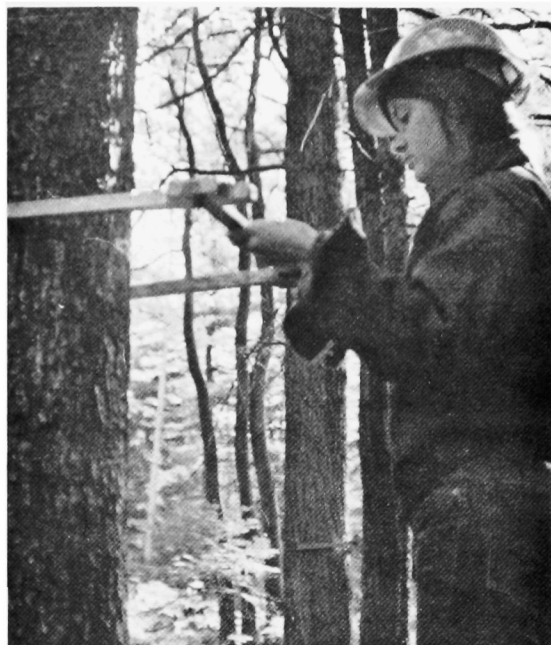
G-P has a planting system different from any other in the state. No bare root-stock is planted at all. Instead, styrofoam blocks approximately 6" x 15" x 7" deep are used. Each block has forty-eight holes in it which are filled with peat moss with a layer of granite grit on top. It was these we had to reseed by hand. For three days, jar lid filled

with seeds in one hand, tweezers in the other, we poked tiny seeds into the holes. It was a strange sensation to return from work in dry boots.

Raking, painting, stacking lumber, and worst of all weeding the grafting pit all had to be done. Over the summer, the grafting pit had become a mass of weeds with only a few cowed spruce seedlings poking through. It was the hottest week of the summer and there were frequent breaks for water in the cooler storage shed. At least I thought it was cooler until someone told me a few days later the thermometer had read 98. We got our reward though. The last day the G-P officials were coming at 2:30 to inspect. After finishing last minute clean-up, we were allowed to go swimming in the St. Croix for the rest of the day.



The next week it was back to cruising. This time we were in four crews of two, cruising the Lambert Lake district. G-P was planning on cutting it over that winter. Each morning after an hour's drive to where we were to cruise that day, we were treated to a safety talk by Mark Armstrong, our crew leader. He would expound to us the company policy on such things as bears, and slippery logs, and his own philosophy on the avoidance of yellowjackets. After this five minute interlude we would all be sufficiently awake to start our cruise lines. Off we would go at ten chain intervals taking our plots and stopping for a picnic lunch at noon with the mosquitoes, blackflies, horseflies, and no-see-ums. I found my tallyman (person?) Becky was allergic to swamps. She sneezed anytime we approached alders, not that we could avoid them. After almost five weeks of this, we finished the Lambert Lake district. After this we did a little inventory cruising and I found out what it was like to cruise cut-over. At last we didn't have to think about being check-cruised for those lines. Piles of slash and the ever present raspberries, typical of any clear-cut would have made anyone's estimates into questimates.

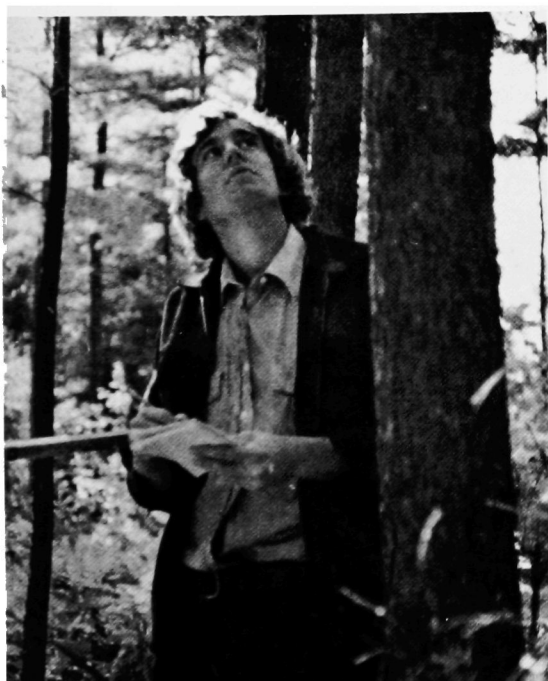


The next two weeks there were only six or eight of us working. The rest of the summer crew had left about mid-August when the tree planters were finished. Most of the time was spent picking white spruce cones. White spruce fruits heavily only every five years, so enough cones had to be picked to obtain seed to last for that interval. It was an easy sit-down job because the tops were cut out of the trees by one person, and the rest of us picked the cones off it.

At the end of this two weeks, I returned home to get ready for school. Perhaps the following, which was found in the back of a G-P tallybook this summer would best summarize the whole ten weeks:

If you aren't comfortable
till your feet get wet,
If you can sink to your eyebrows
in mud and keep going,
If you feel compelled to stroll
through a fir thicket whenever it rains,
If you can remain calm
after a thousand angry yellow-jackets
have flown up your pants leg,
If a million malaria-infested mosquitoes
descend on your peanut-butter sandwich
and you eat it anyway,
If you always wear "Old Woodsmen's"
even to bed in the wintertime,
Then you may truly call yourself a cruiser.

Anonymous



"Oh, say three, no four, . . . oh say five logs."

CRUISING IN 'BAMA

by

Jim Gillespie

Following forestry camp in 1976 I worked for Champion International in Alabama. This was my first employment with a forest products company and the first time I had been in the Deep South. It was a good experience and I recommend similar work for students in the School of Forest Resources.

Under the direction of company foresters I took part in an inventory of twelve thousand acres of forestland in North Central Alabama near Tuscaloosa. The individual tracts ranged in size from 20 to 1500 acres and were scattered over an area the size of Rhode Island. For the cruises point samples were taken every two acres with a ten-factor prism. Tree diameters were ocularly estimated to the nearest two-inch class. Pacing was used to measure distances and a hand compass was used to find direction.

One seven hundred tract (swamp) we cruised I remember well. Here I came face to face with a cottonmouth, a poisonous snake. Very carefully I took a detour and did not discover if the "snake-proof" leggings I was wearing really worked! Happily this was my only encounter with poisonous snakes. On this same tract while wading a water sluice, we joked about having to start counting the number of breast strokes instead of paces if the water got any deeper. Some joke!

There is a tremendous diversity of tree species in this area. They include six kinds of Southern Pine, several hickories, sweet and black gum, a dozen oaks, tupelo, yellow poplar, and more. When cruising, the trees had to be identified by bark characteristics most of the time. Dendrology came in handy!



Besides cruising, I was exposed to several of Champion's harvesting operations and other programs. These included pine and hardwood plantation establishment, "pocket wilderness" program, and the "champion tree" program. The pocket wildernesses are areas of land owned by the company which are set aside because of a unique or irreplaceable quality. These areas are much like the wilderness areas of the National Forests but on a smaller scale. The Champion tree program of selecting high quality trees on company owned land and testing them to see if their genetic qualities mirror their physical appearance. If the tree tests positively it is reserved for future seed collection. A loblolly pine champion tree I saw had a d.b.h. of 24 inches and a clear, straight bole to nearly 60 feet.

The trees in the South exhibit a high rate of growth due to a long growing season and abundant moisture. Rotation age for pulpwood in pine plantations is only 20-25 years and about 45 years for sawtimber.

I gained a lot of practical field experience while working for Champion and strengthened my goal of becoming a forester. Alabama also gave me a new perspective on the diversity of natural resources in America.

Youth Conservation Corps Camps

by

Beth Kladviko

One possibility of summer employment for wildlife majors is through the federal government. Breaking that down even farther are the many crew leader positions at Youth Conservation Corps camps (YCC) which are spread throughout the United States. These camps are carried out on National Parks, Forests, and Wildlife Refuges. The purpose of these camps is three fold. First is to provide employment for a limited amount of students ages 15 to 18. Second is to provide a work force for the maintenance of national public lands. And third is to provide an environmental educational experience for these working students.

During the summer of 1976 I served as a YCC crew leader at the Great Swamp National Refuge in Basking Ridge, New Jersey. This was the first year of the camp which consisted of a Director, an Environmental Education Specialist, three crew leaders, and twenty YCC'ers. Our YCC'ers ranged in age from 15 to 18 and lived all over the northeast section of New Jersey. The camp brought together blacks, whites, boys, girls, and students from various income levels.

The staff started one week prior to the arrival of the students in order to become familiar with the Swamp, the program, and each other. Initial organization of the camp was performed during this first week.

Our YCC camp began on June 28th at eight o'clock in the morning. A shuttle was run every day to a nearby train station to pick up those YCC'ers coming in from Newark and Orange, N.J. The first day consisted of an introduction and the usual (or unusual) amount of federal forms to be filled out. Crews were picked of approximately seven workers and one crew leader. All equipment including hard hats, goggles, gloves, canteens and tin cups was issued.

The first working day was started off in high fashion with an environmental educational program consisting of two standard goose drives. Both goose roundups were held on privately owned and maintained ponds. The YCC'ers were taught how to drive the geese so not to over excite them. Once penned in, these geese were picked out one by one as the kids got to hold them. The YCC'ers were instructed by the refuge personnel in aging, sexing, and banding of the geese. For many it was their first chance to work with 'real' wildlife.

'Real' work began the following day and continued throughout the eight week camp. Initially the home camp had to be built up which meant

skirts on the two trailers, four sets of stairs, and a fence to enclose it all. Our trailers served as a headquarters (and hide-away for the staff) and an environmental study center for the YCC'ers.

Other work projects included marking, clearing, blazing, and mapping fifteen miles of trail. A pole bridge was constructed to connect two trails by cutting down three trees and laying them between the banks. Unfortunately the bridge was not quite steady enough as one of the crew leaders took a plunge.

House painting, sign maintenance, bird feeder construction, and cleaning old barns kept us all busy during the rainy days after environmental education programs. On more pleasant days seeding and mulching a new dike line was top priority. Maintenance on public facilities (no, not cleaning the bathrooms) were also carried out. The more educational work assignments consisted of duck trapping and banding and the formulation of a public interpretive trail.

'Camp Muskekunk', or more commonly called 'Patschke Prison', was not all work. An hour of softball filled what was supposed to be only a half hour break for lunch and an occasional afternoon when we played our rival YCC camp. Field trips took us to Stokes State Forest, Hackettstown National Fish Hatchery, and Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge.

But the best trip of all was really a vacation for some. After working two hard days at a local park, we were allowed to borrow a number of canoes for our journey down the Delaware River. Practice was held on a few warm afternoons in one of the back ponds so to acquaint everyone with his/her future partner, the paddle, and the water. Two days in late July were spent paddling up, down, and across the river, the rocks, and other various forms of debris (a few bodies of YCC'ers and staff may be included in this category). Outdoor camping was a first for most of the kids. The second day of paddling proved to be tougher than the first as we almost lost a few sleeping souls off the sides of the canoes. Eventually we all completed the twenty plus miles in one piece.

Most memorable to me and many of the YCC'ers were the extremely close ties of friendship which grew within our diversified group. I never thought the kids' tears would end on that last day in August. Occasionally still, the refuge personnel will get a call from one of the YCC'ers who has travelled the train back to visit 'their camp'.

Summer of 1976 in Baxter State Park

by

Tom Kass

Finding a summer job in the field of forestry is the goal of most undergraduate forestry students in the months before the warm weather returns. Some start early in the year sending out applications. I was determined to do some forestry related work in 1976, so I started right off in January looking for a job. By May, none of the firms I applied to had accepted me because, for the most part, they had all their summer help returning.

The last week of spring semester found me still without a job and things started to look grim. However, a notice was posted in Nutting Hall during finals week that a project crew was needed in Baxter State Park to help clean up some 20,000 acres of blown down forest trees. They had fallen in a major storm during the winter of 1974.

After talking with Prof. Giddings and the Park Director, Mr. Lee Tibbs, I finally found myself a summer job. It started the week following finals.

The work day began at about 6:00 in the morning. This meant getting up at about 4:30 to 5:00 a.m. After eating breakfast and putting up a lunch, we travelled to the work site. For the first few weeks part of the crew boarded at Roaring Brook Campsite which was fourteen miles from the job.

The job began just below Abol Campground on the Nesowadnehunk-Tote Road. The project crew worked with the park trail crew and Park Rangers. We cut and cleared all blowdown wood 50 feet back from each side of the road. The blow-down trees were cut, chokers attached, and then twitched out to the road where they were limbed and bucked into pulp and logs. The brush was also piled on the roadside, moved to central locations, and burned on rainy days. Pulp trucks from Great

Northern Paper Company came and removed the wood regularly. In other parts of the Park contractors were working to clean up the blowdowns.

This job provided a great service to the Park by greatly reducing the fire hazard caused by the downed wood. In dry, hot summer months it all could have gone up in fire and smoke from many possible sources.

Working in the Park is a great experience for a forestry student, as it shows many of the things that go along with being a forester. Not only the work, but the rest of the environment has a strong effect. There were enough blackflies to drive one insane, not to mention the deer flies, horse flies, and No-see-ums. Isolation of the Park governed the crew's activities. Millinocket, the nearest town, is 25 miles away. A trip was made there once a week to pick up a paycheck, some supplies, and another case of beer.

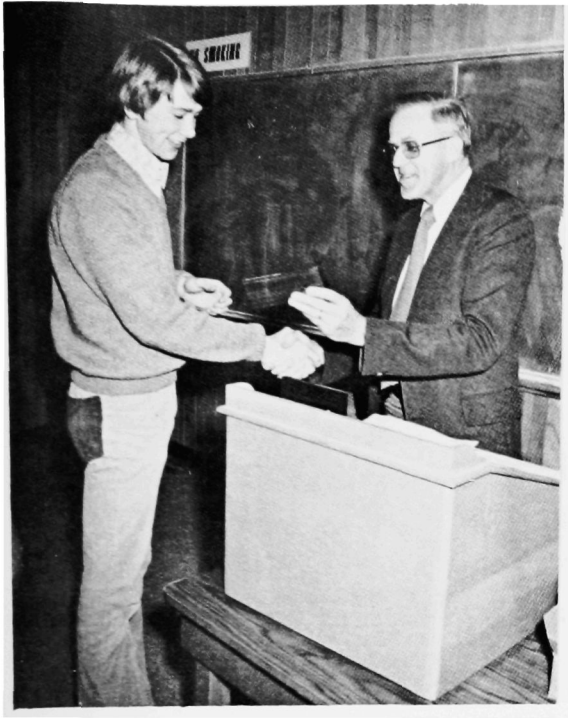
The wildlife is very interesting. On a single day one can see a bear, some deer, a moose and her calf, or if you were lucky, a bobcat or bald eagle.

On the weekend the park offered plenty to do. There is canoeing, swimming, and of course climbing Mt. Katahdin. Daicey Pond, where we lived for awhile, is the point where the Appalachian Trail enters the park from the south. Every other day somebody would come through who had walked all the way from Springer Mtn., Georgia and tell many tales as well as highly recommending walking the entire trail.

Baxter Park is an experience never to be forgotten. The people, places, and animals all combined to make an enjoyable summer in the woods.



Recipient of the Robert I. Ashman Award



Jan P. Nyrop

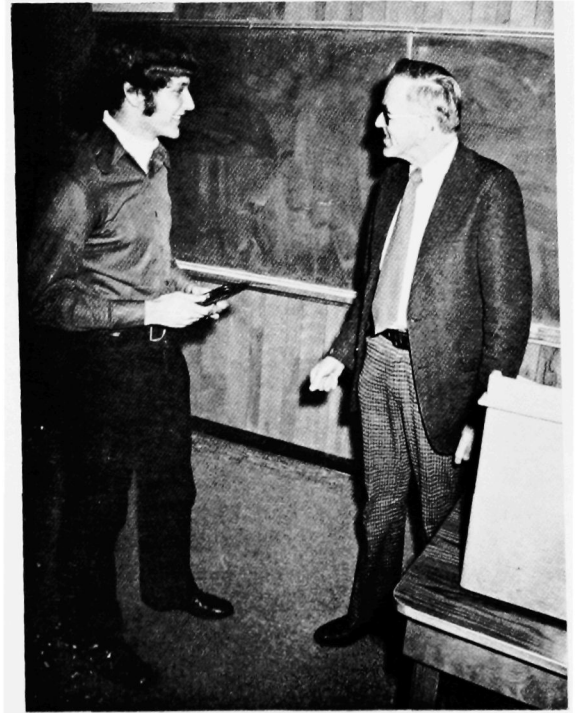
The Robert I. Ashman Award is presented annually to the senior in the School of Forest Resources who most nearly represents the character, judgement, scholarly attributes, and devotion to the profession of forestry and to the welfare of his students and colleagues as portrayed by Professor Robert I. Ashman.

The award was established in 1957 by friends and students of Professor Ashman, a member of the Maine faculty from 1930 to 1957.

Recipient of the D.B. Demeritt Award

Randall J. Super

The Dwight B. Demeritt Award honors the late Dwight B. Demeritt of Orono who was head of the Forestry Department from 1934 to 1946. This scholarship is awarded to a Senior majoring in a professional curriculum in the School of Forest Resources who in the opinion of the faculty is "academically able, has good personality and character and has good leadership qualities."



Quotable Quotes

"Foresters nowadays don't play with their crayons as much as they ought to."

Edwin Giddings

Referring to forest inventory

"You can make a mistake in taking too much dope"

Edwin Giddings

"If you live in Connecticut or New Jersey... heaven help you!"

Edwin Giddings

"The legislature knows less than you do, what do they know about Douglas Fir?"

Edwin Giddings

"Whats the harm in stimulating a damned dandelion to death, anyway?"

Edwin Giddings

"What does the Sierra Club know about what redwood should be cut or left — they don't know any better than you do — or hopefully not as much."

Edwin Giddings



"Sites. . . it's either a good site or a bad site, it either grows trees or it doesn't."

Edwin Giddings

" . . . Women and children are risks."

Arthur Randall

"Sierra types are the guys with the white hats, the foresters are the guys with the black hats."

Anonymous

"If you can't do research you teach, if you can't teach you do research, if you can't do either you become an administrator."

Anonymous



"If it flies, it dies"

Terry May

"Finished it yet?"

Bill Lilley

"I may not have taught you to think what I want you to know in this course, but at least I've taught you to think together."

Tom Corcoran

"Statistics don't lie, but statisticians do."

Lloyd Irland

"No matter what the cost, get a job out west."

Edwin Giddings

"The only time I've seen enough labor in the woods was during the depression, then even logging looked good."

Edwin Giddings



"I guess that's about all I've got. . . except. . . one small reel of slides."

Richard Hale

"With the kraft process you *can* start with anything, the paper ends up brown anyway."

Richard Hale



"Speaking of Prof. Hale, he's so old, he should be carbon-dated."

Anonymous

"Policy class is probably the most boring class you'll have."

Floyd Newby

"In the progressive method of fire-line holding there is no swapping of lies or tobacco."

Arthur Randall



"The speakers will be these three scientists, so called"

Edwin Giddings.

"It grows trees, reptiles, and insects like you won't believe"

Edwin Giddings



"You know how Professors deal with students, they steal the materials and use convict labor."

Dick Hill



"For all you guys from Aroostook County, *that* is a girl. — for all you guys from New Jersey, *that* is a tree."

James Shottafer

"Forest Engineers don't wear hard hats, God is very favorable to them."

Norm Smith

Illegal Lumber Trafficking

For months now the Phantom has been the focal point of conversation in and around the hallowed halls of Albert D. Nutting hall. His exploits of illegal lumber trafficking, too numerous to mention, have been an integral part of our esteemed family of foresters!

His candor and wit have given us a frown, a smile, a chuckle, or maybe a hardy Ha! Ha! and so the Phantom's fame spread at a time when things were at a low ebb during the semester here in Nutting. Were you tired? Were you uptight? Were you bored? I'll be willing to bet it was one of those times you remembered the Rosewood bookcase that didn't have long to live, because the tree surgeon said it was suffering from the dead disease "scummy jungle swamp-rot fungus fever", which only occurred in transplanted Rosewood trees.

Didn't you ask questions: "Scummy jungle what?", or "Home grown Rosewood?" Who ever heard of Rosewood growing in the state of Maine?

Then there was a series of poems that spoke of the Phantom tiptoeing through the shadows of Nutting Hall, (the shadows, dummy, not the tulips) tauntingly saying "Catch me if you can."

The allegations against the Phantom were equally wild and absurd, like mixing scotch (good scotch) with grape soda. Yech!

Say, do you remember the Gommie Goon supposedly representing the Phantom, who was being hunted down for riot, rape, and being a registered democrat? Ridiculous!

How about the time he said, "Sow a few wild oats to help the progress of agriculture," and how about the time he said he'd like to see some wild-life in the dark corners of Nutting Hall?

All of this may not be funny to some — to others it may be downright obnoxious, but to the Phantom, it was a real ball. "Funniest thing I've seen in years", we've heard some to say. Others have stated, "I look forward to coming in every day just to look at the bulletinboard. You never know what's going to happen next."



Do you remember the friends of the Phantom who went to great lengths to host a fund-raising drive that was a huge success? Their contributions as we know it were as follows:

1. 17¢ the grand total collected
2. 5 slugs that were used in the coke machine for refreshments
3. 4 obscene poems and riddles that were turned over to the campus police for fingerprints

or how about their smash hit "Superstar" that asked the \$64,000 question, "Do you think you're who the Phantom says you are?"

And what of the shadow? In defense of the Phantom, he exposed secret double agent 002 late.

And who was the "Hey diddle diddle" note signed "Guess who" written by?

Did the Phantom have an accomplice? Who was he? Where did he go? To these and many other questions we may never know the answer. But his charm, humor, and literary exposé have been like a cool stream that caresses the mountain as it flows to the bottom.

Anonymous



ACTIVITIES



The Maine Forestry Club 1975-76

by

Stephen C. Coleman

After returning from a long Christmas break, the Forestry Club finally held its first meeting on March first. Lester Decoster from the American Forestry Institute gave a very informative talk concerning forester's need to communicate with people rather than trees. He stressed the need for foresters to be able to handle public relations.

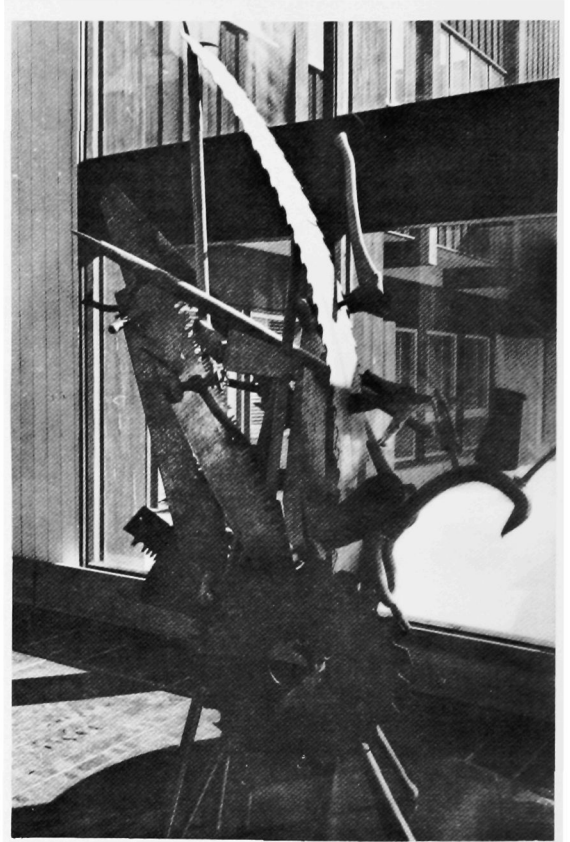
Many other informative meetings were presented. These included an interesting talk by Austin Wilkins, entitled "How We Got This Way," which gave a history to Maine Land Ownership and was later reproduced in the Maine Forest Review; and an educational and humorous slide show by Dr. Smith from our neighboring school of Agricultural Engineering which dealt with forestry in England.

With a new academic year started, the first fall meeting gathered all interested students and various committees were formed in order to program and advertise meetings, as well as arrange for refreshments. During the fall two guest speakers were present. Lloyd Ireland enlightened the students on alternatives for Budworm control and Duncan Howlett, President of Small Woodlot Owner's Association of Maine, presented an excellent history of reforestation in Scotland.

With finals fast approaching, the December meeting was filled with much activity. Dr. Knight presented the R.I. Ashman and D.B. Demeritt Awards to Jan Nyrop and Randall Super respectively. He also outlined the history, formation, and purpose of the new Cooperative Forestry Research Unit. New club officers were then elected. Filling offices for the coming year are Charles Johnson, President; Jim Gillespie, Vice President; and Carol Havens, Secretary-Treasurer.



Jim Gillespie, Carol Havens, Dr. Newby
Dr. Canavera, Chuck Johnson



Considerable time was spent in the December meeting discussing the objectives and effectiveness of the club. In the future the club must stimulate more interest and reach out to encompass more students. In order to further the club's professionalism, it is planned to form a student chapter of the S.A.F., tour the Diamond International Mill in Old Town and hold a talk session on job placement. Also a tour of the Logging Museum in Patten, Me. and a talk by Sandy Ives, Director of Northeast Archives, on the History of Logging in Maine are planned for early fall. These, along with a square dance and a spring outing, should bring club members together. It is planned to have an early fall feast where students and faculty will have an opportunity to talk to freshmen and sophomores, getting them involved within the School of Forest Resources, giving the club more depth and stability. It is with this hope that I leave the club and wish the new officers the best of luck.



The University of Maine Student Chapter of The Wildlife Society

581-7388

253 NUTTING HALL

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

ORONO, MAINE 04473

by
Jan Nyrop

The Wildlife Society is a professional association dedicated to the sound management and preservation of our wildlife resources. The objectives of the society are: To develop and promote sound stewardship of wildlife resources and of the environment upon which wildlife and man depend. To undertake an active role in preventing man-induced environmental degradation. To increase awareness and appreciation of wildlife values. To seek the highest standards in all activities of the wildlife profession.

The Charter of the University of Maine Chapter was accepted in 1964. In working to meet the objectives of the Society, the University of Maine Chapter has developed and expanded a number of programs and activities.

Monthly meetings feature a variety of subjects and provide a forum for distribution of information to members, the campus, and surrounding communities. Guest speakers spoke on topics including Wildlife Photography, An Inventory of Breeding Sea Birds Along the Maine Coast, and Spruce Grouse Management in New Brunswick. As an additional effort toward improving the flow of ideas the Chapter scheduled a number of noon seminars within the School of Forest Resources.



Dr. Terry May, Jan Nyrop, Gordon Batcheller
Edie Miles, Phil Bettoli

One of the objectives of the Society is to increase awareness and appreciation of wildlife values. In order to strive to meet this objective, the University of Maine Chapter originated and has actively supported the Environmental Awareness Committee. Not only does this provide an educational service to the surrounding community, but it provides wildlife, forestry, and biology students with the opportunity to use knowledge gained as undergraduates. Also, during National Wildlife Week, the Chapter hosts scouts from the surrounding area for an evening of education, demonstration, and fun.

The University of Maine Eastern Student Wildlife Conclave team is supported each year by The Wildlife Society. The U. of M. team has never been defeated in competition.

Each year the Chapter hosts the Annual Game Banquet held at the Penobscot Conservation clubhouse. In the past over eighty students, faculty and friends have gathered to socialize and feast upon such delicacies as moose, venison, hare, woodcock and grouse. The annual field trip to Schoodic Point during early March is another high point of the year. Rusty skills of field identification of sea birds are given the opportunity to be improved upon.

Dr. Terry May became the new advisor to The Wildlife Society late last year. We wish to extend to him our thanks for all the help he has provided.

In the future the University of Maine Chapter of The Wildlife Society will strive to continue to meet its objectives. However, this goal cannot be reached without the cooperation and participation of students and faculty. It is our belief that wildlife, in all its many forms, is basic to the maintenance of a life and culture which provides quality living and a variety of experiences for all. In addition, we wish to continue stressing the goals as previously expressed by this chapter of increased student involvement in their education and professional development, and to develop an ecological conscience in all citizens.



Environmental Awareness Committee

240 Nutting Hall

Orono, Maine 04473

by

Susan Graham and Janice Littlefield



Organized in 1969 by the UMO Student Chapter of the Wildlife Society, the Environmental Awareness Committee continues as a working solution to the need for better environmental public education.

This year, EAC offers 15 slide programs and three movies. *Introduction to Ecology*, *Sharing our Land with Wildlife*, and the *Beaver* are among the favorites. To improve program presentation and content, the rewriting committee, headed by Jan Littlefield, revises the old programs and makes plans for new ones. These programs suit any age group, ranging from first grade to senior citizens; EAC also presents programs to conservation and nature-study groups in the Bangor area.



Jan Littlefield and Sue Graham

Just as important as the slides and the script of the program is the adaptation of the program by the EAC presenter to a particular group. Enthusiasm, patience, and ability to improvise are essential elements of experienced presenters, allowing the program to follow the interests of the audience. Sue Graham and Mike Dove are careful to schedule leaders who feel confident in presenting the particular program.

This year we have given approximately 90 programs to over 3,500 people. Several of the programs have been rewritten and a few will soon be introduced, including a marine mammal program and a bog, marsh, and swamp ecosystems program. We now use more visual aids such as bird and mammal charts, an animal track poster, and even a mold of a bear's paw.

Through the help of many students working together, the Environmental Awareness Committee has become a well known organization, unique among many college campuses. We sincerely hope that natural resource students will continue to hold an interest in this type of program, replenishing its innovativeness and enthusiasm.

Xi Sigma Pi 1976-1977

by

Richard Carbonetti

If you've walked past the undergraduate reading room this fall you've probably noticed a change. For the first time in four or five years, the Xi Sigma Pi Bulletin Board has been redone. This was one of many changes brought to the Society this year by a concerned and active group of members.

Over the years XI Sigma Pi had grown increasingly less active. This in turn was leading to an apathetic membership who were losing interest in the Society. This year's student membership has worked hard to turn this around and increase the Society's service to the school, the community, and its members.

Projects were started to bring the Society into action. A roadside bottle clean-up to support the Maine Bottle Bill, work on the Society's Christmas tree plot, the construction of signs for the Orono bog and the Fay Hyland Botanical Garden, and the Christmas tree sale gave members and initiates a chance to become involved and display their interest in the Society.

The initiates this year were required to demonstrate not only academic excellence, but also a desire to work with the Society to make it more active and useful. We provided ample opportunities for participation, and the students responded by working on the projects and showing their desire to become members of the Forestry and Wildlife Honor Society.



Chun K. Lai, Mary Jane Good, Bill Seekins, Richard Carbonetti

This year was a big step in changing the Society's reputation as well as purpose. Those of us who have worked hard can only hope that next year's members will carry on the new system and therefore Xi Sigma Pi will become a significant, as well as a beneficial part of its member's education at UMO.



The 1976 Wildlife Conclave

by

Gordon Batcheller

The Eastern Student Wildlife Conclave is an annual gathering of wildlife students from university chapters of The Wildlife Society throughout the Northeast. The 1976 Conclave was hosted by Cornell University on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of April at the Arnot Forest, a Cornell University research/teaching facility, located about twenty miles from the main campus.

Including Cornell, wildlifers from nine schools and universities were in attendance at this year's Conclave. The Universities of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and West Virginia along with Penn State and the New York State School of Environmental Science were represented. Eleven University of Maine students and our faculty advisor, Dr. Terry May, made the long trip down to New York.

After a somewhat belated start, the University of Maine delegation proceeded south on Friday morning. A few pit stops and about twelve hours later, we managed to find our way to the Arnot Forest. This was no easy proposition either, because the Arnot Forest is very nicely tucked away in an obscure corner of Van Etten, New York. Perseverance paid off, and we were soon sipping hot apple cider and coffee in the mess hall at Arnot. After getting acquainted with fellow wildlifers from the other schools, we gratefully went to bed in anticipation of a very busy weekend.

Saturday morning, after an ample breakfast, buses carried us to the main campus of Cornell University where we were given a very interesting guided tour. Later, we visited the world famous Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology at Sapsucker Woods. Here, a short lecture on Cornell's work with predatory birds was heard. Some students went on a brief hike, admiring the diverse plant and animal life in the area. But we had a schedule to keep, so the buses were loaded up and we headed back for Arnot.

The feature event held at the Conclave is of course the Wildlife Bowl itself. This is an inter-collegiate contest patterned after the old "college bowl" television show. The only difference being that the questions asked are wildlife oriented.

In the six years since the inception of the Eastern Student Wildlife Conclave, the University of Maine has been undefeated in Wildlife Bowl competition. The only time that the University of Maine did not win the Wildlife Bowl was when Maine hosted the Conclave. Since the host school writes all the questions used in the Bowl, they are obviously not eligible for competition.

With a perfect record to maintain, there was a great deal of pressure on the Maine team composed of Steve Oliveri, George Schlosser, Steve Tuttle, and Pete DeSimone. But weeks of diligent practice under the strict guidance of Coach Terry May paid off, and the University of Maine went onward for an impressive victory.

Many people often wonder what type of questions are asked in Wildlife Bowl competition. However, the answer is as diverse as the science of wildlife conservation itself. For example, questions could run the gamut from "what animal has twenty-two fleshy projections on the end of its nose?" all the way to "who was the author of *Michigan Fox Squirrel Management*?" Both these questions were asked at this year's Conclave. The answers, are of course, the Starnose mole and Durward L. Allen, respectively.

Speaking of Durward Allen, we were very fortunate to have Dr. Allen as the keynote speaker for the Conclave. Dr. Allen is a professor of wildlife ecology at Purdue University. He has participated in many fascinating studies and is particularly well known for his work with wolves and for writing the book *Our Wildlife Legacy*. After a delicious banquet following the Wildlife Bowl, Dr. Allen presented an enlightening slide-talk on his work with wolves on Isle Royale, an island national park in northern Lake Superior.

The Wildlife Bowl is a memorable event and it makes one feel proud to belong to an institution that is undefeated in Bowl competition. However, the real value of the Conclave is in meeting wildlifers from other schools and in exchanging views on various environmental issues and programs in our respective states. Thus, it becomes a valuable learning experience. The 1976 Wildlife Conclave was definitely a success to all concerned. We are looking forward to the 1977 Conclave at the University of New Hampshire.



Dr. Terry May, Ellen Johnson, Peter DeSimone, Steve Oliveri, George Schlosser, Steve Tuttle

The Maine Woodsmen's Teams

by

Al Schaeffer

In late April of 1976 the Maine Woodsmen's Teams came out of the woodwork of the newly constructed Roger Taylor Hall to compete at the Spring Intercollegiate Meet at U.N.H. Under the leadership of Dave Parker, Maine A, B and the newly formed C teams headed down to Durham, New Hampshire.

After a day and a half of sawing, chopping, log rolling, canoeing, "chawing", and girl watching, Maine A placed second, topped only by Paul Smiths College. Maine B placed thirteenth while Maine C, the girls' team, place third in the girls' division. The teams consisted of the following:

Maine A	Maine B	Maine C
Dave Parker Capt.	Al Belcher Capt.	Beth Kladvko Capt.
Dick Bradbury	Chris Wetherby	Terry Curtis
Steve Coleman	Al Schaeffer	Patricia Davis
Dana Hall	Tom Kass	Colleen Bryson
Harry Webb	Ray Koziupa	Sue Solenburger
Marcus Hale	Scott Johnston	Cynthia Sever

In addition to placing second, Dave Parker and Dick Bradbury brought the trophy home for Doubles Canoeing. Together with Steve Coleman, they also came in first in Speed Chopping. Dick teamed up with Dana Hall and won the Felling event. Chuck Gadzik, normally an enthusiastic B team member was unable to compete in this meet due to an accident he had earlier with a speed chopping axe.

The Fall of 1976 brought a few changes to the team as they prepared for the fall meet to be held at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton, on October 29th. New faces appeared on the team as those who graduated the previous spring were replaced and last minute changes were made when Sue Solenburger cut herself during felling practice. The teams were reorganized into the following:

Maine A	Maine B	Maine C
Steve Coleman Capt.	Al Schaeffer Capt.	Patricia Davis Capt.
Dick Bradbury	Chris Wetherby	Mary Hall
Chuck Gadzik	Tom Kass	Beth Kladvko
Scott Johnston	Patrick Strauch	Colleen Bryson
Harry Webb	Kevin Murphy	Beth DeHaas
Hal Laskowski	Eric Gustefson	Betsy Martin



When the competition was over, Maine A placed fourth, Maine B placed seventh, while Maine C came in second of the girls' division. However, Maine B did bring home the "Whiffle Tree" trophy, making it the second year that the felling and twitching award was won by a Maine team. The team also brought back many fine memories. At U.N.B. a few of the team members developed a taste for Canadian whiskey, dump coats, and orange, yellow, and red suspenders. The weekend brought out the best in everyone as evidenced by the rumors of a mad flasher flashing the U.N.B. campus. It was curious that the sitings stopped when the Maine team left, but no connection was ever established. A good time was had by all, well, almost all.

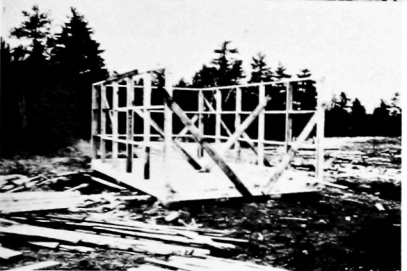
On January 30, 1977, a week after returning from semester break, the team traveled to MacDonald College in St. Anne de Belle Vue, a suburb of Montreal, for the winter meet. After an eight hour bus ride, the weary team emerged only to discover that they were not in Miami, Florida as they were led to believe. They decided that since they had travelled so far, they might as well stay for the competition.

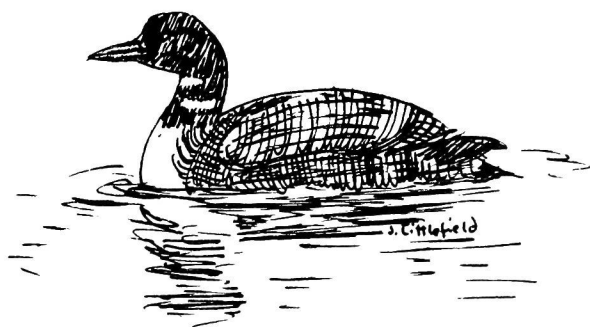
The day was probably one of the coldest, and longest the team ever competed in. The mercury huddled around -14 while the wind drifted snow across the competition field. When the results were tallied, Maine A, changed only by Dana Hall replacing Hal Laskowski, placed second, topped only by the home team, MacDonald A. Maine B came in tenth. This time it was Maine C that brought the trophies home. The girls' team placed a well deserved first in the girls' division, amongst some very tough competition. Patty Davis also won a medallion for coming in first overall in one of the toughest events, the snowshoe race. The team consisted of:

Patty Davis Capt.
 Mary Hall
 Beth Kladviko
 Colleen Bryson
 Lisa Turnbull
 Sue Solenburger

With the coming of spring, the team looks forward to the Spring Meet to be held at Dartmouth College in Hanover, N.H. With the experience of the fall and winter meets under their belts, the team speculates an equally good time along with a victory at Dartmouth.







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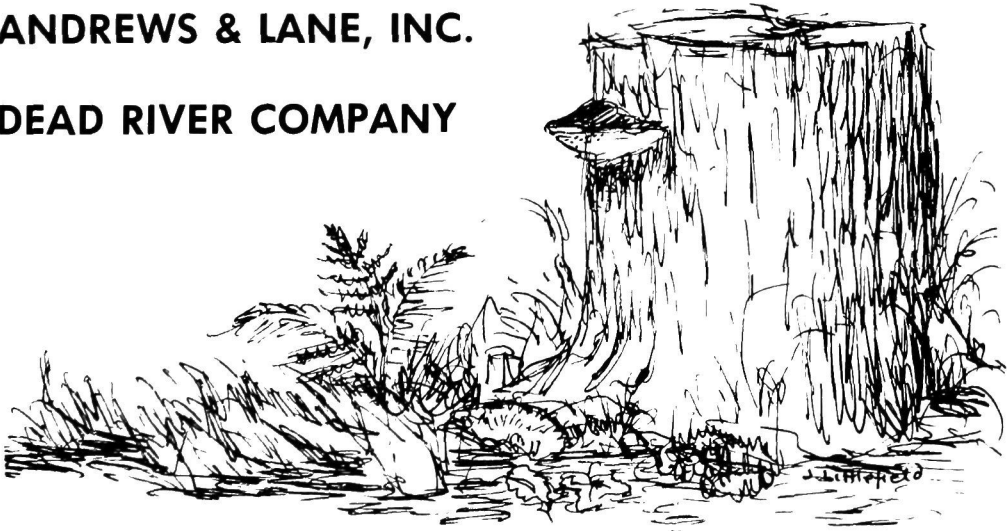
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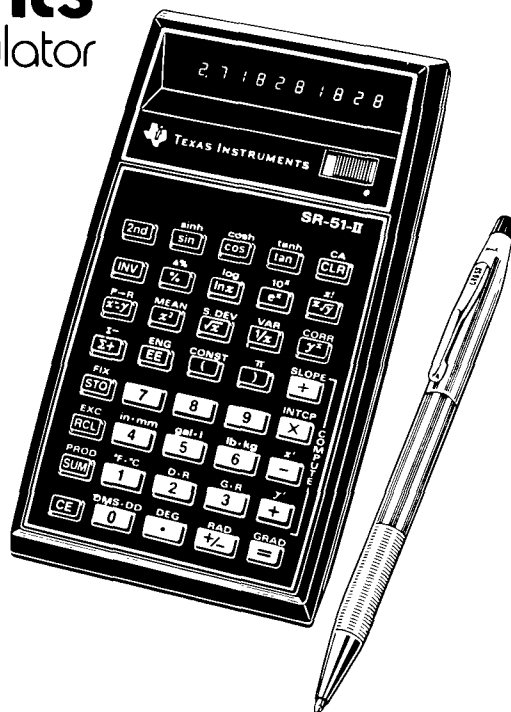
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What America's forests mean to you.

Many people thoroughly enjoy forests. They enjoy fishing and hunting and all the other recreation forests can offer. Other people simply like to view a huge tract of trees and marvel at one of nature's most beautiful creations. Still others take a strictly utilitarian viewpoint—forests are watersheds, trees produce oxygen, wood is a raw material. But whatever their point of view, all Americans have this in common: they rely on forests in many ways.

Jobs and a Payroll

Many people rely on America's forests directly for a livelihood. In 1975, the forest products industry—including wood, pulp, paper and furniture—employed an estimated 1.15 million people whose paychecks for the year totaled nearly \$11 billion. But that's just the initial value of the paychecks. The sawyer in the lumber mill spent some of his paycheck for groceries. The grocer used part of the same money to buy clothes. The clothier used a portion of the money which he received from the grocer to pay the plumber. And so it goes. A single paycheck spreading out to purchase a wide variety of goods and services. And all of it ultimately derived from forests. In addition, several million other people in thousands of companies earn their livelihood selling products and services to the forest products industry.

Taxes and Services

Privately owned forests also provide tax revenue. Last year, taxes paid by companies in the forest products industry amounted to many millions of dollars. Part of these dollars went to the federal government. The rest helped to support local schools, fire and police departments, sewage disposal systems, and other services provided by state and local governments.

So the government relies on forests for tax revenue, and people, in turn, depend on the services which are provided by the taxes.

There are thousands of companies in the forest products industry. These companies manufacture a variety of products ranging from plywood and lumber to pulp, paper, and chemicals. Georgia-Pacific is one of these companies.

Georgia-Pacific employs over 33,500 people. The Company owns more than 4.5 million acres of timberlands in the U. S., Canada, and Brazil; and has exclusive cutting rights to another 1.5 million acres, mostly in Indonesia and the Philippines. G-P's significance is reflected in some revealing statistics: In 1975 Georgia-Pacific's assets amounted to \$2.4 billion. Sales totaled \$2.36 billion. And the Company paid out a total of \$525 million in payrolls to employees and taxes to the federal government, and state and local governments.

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wood and wood by-products. So, even if you are not directly affected by the forest products industry, you still rely on America's forests.

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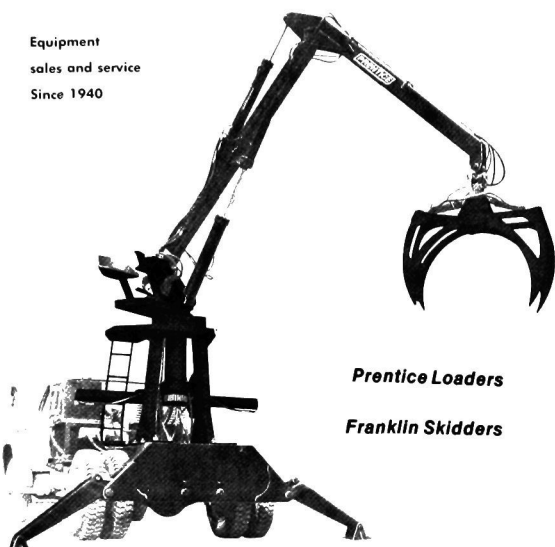
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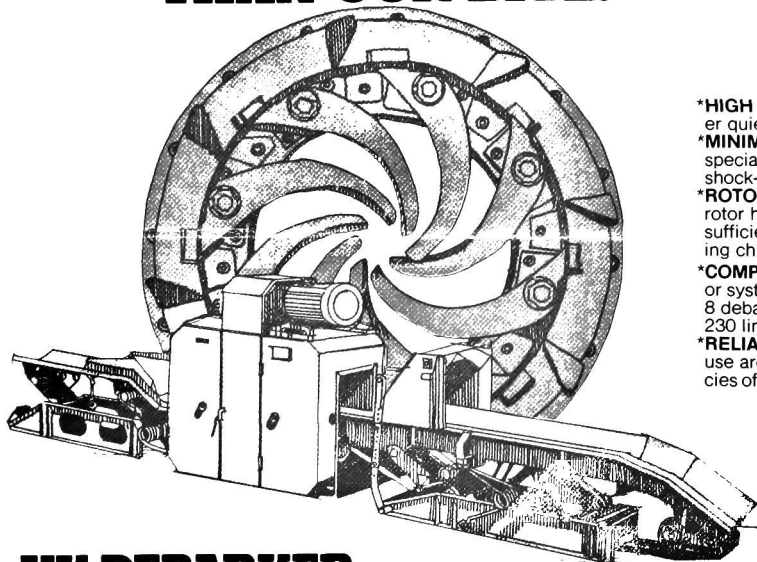
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We hope that with this year's publication of *The Maine Forester* students of the School of Forest Resources realize the important part the school plays on their future. As the editors, we took on the challenge given to us from last year's editor, that was to publish another *Maine Forester* with improvements. We can not say whether this is an improvement or not, all we can state is that another year in succession a *Forester* was published. We pass the same message on to the class of 1978 and hopefully with enough successive issues, the yearbook will grow, the format change, and a more complete coverage and a better overall view of the School will be presented.

As seen throughout the book, there have been many changes around the School this year, new faces on the faculty, upcoming retirements, and new programs. During the past year, the School has acquired within its building a Cooperative Forest Research Unit. Student organizations have strived and succeeded in becoming an important and active force in the School.

Through working on the *Forester* we have realized the great worth of the School outside of the studies themselves. It is the involvement in "outside" activities found within and around the School that has contributed the greatest to our education. It was through the publication of this book that we attained a close relationship to many of the faculty and first realized the true dedication of many who throughout the past three years were simply "Instructors" to us. Teaching is only part of our professors' responsibilities. They all show us the true meaning of Professionalism through their research, society activities, and optimistic attitudes toward their work. We only hope the students of this school have gained from this and will carry a high standard of professionalism into their particular fields.

We would like to thank all of the people; students, faculty, and alumni alike, for their help in the gathering of information and layout toward the publication of the 1977 *Maine Forester*. Much time was donated by our photographers, illustrationists, writers, and layout people for which we are truly grateful. An additional thanks to Bill Lilley who always lifted our spirits on those late nights with his question, "Is it done yet?" We present the School of Forest Resources with the 1977 *Maine Forester* as a memory of all those who passed through the life of the School.

Steve Coleman
Beth Kladvko





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