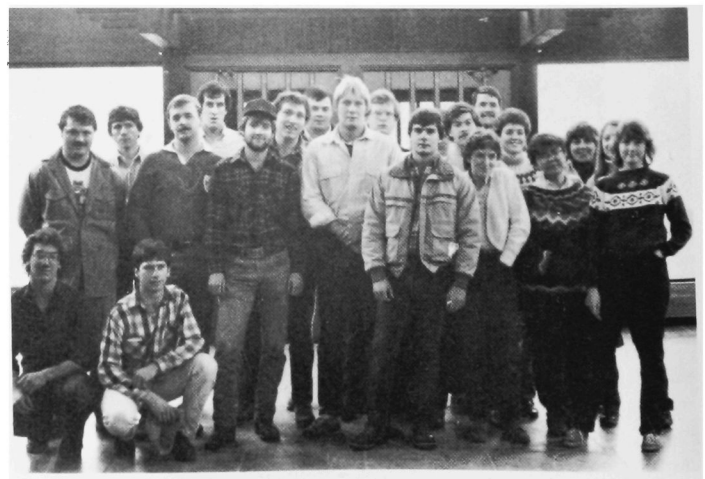
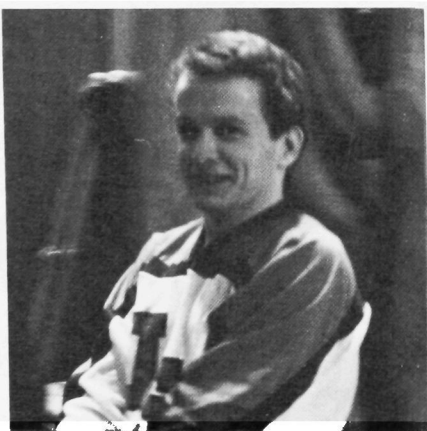
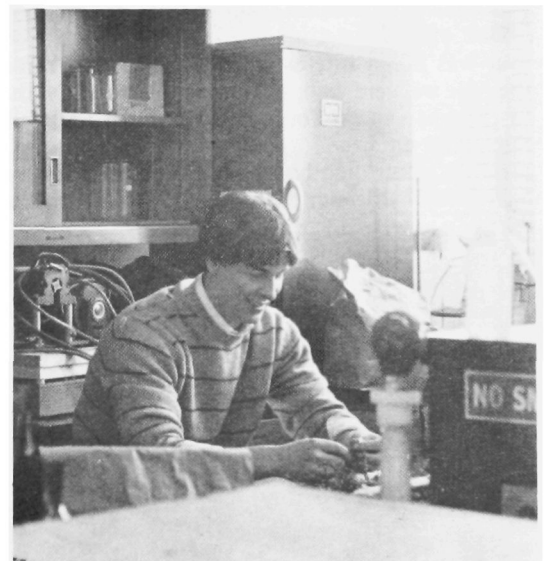
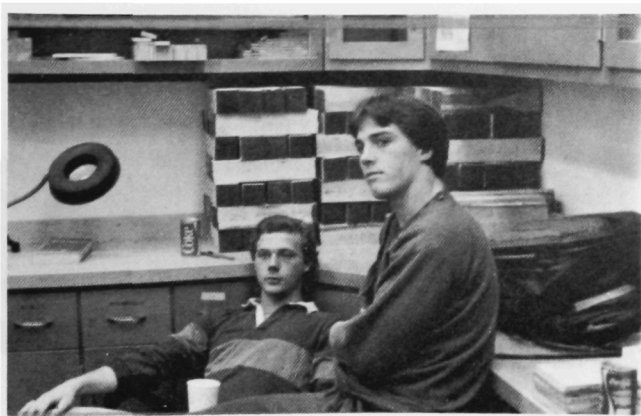
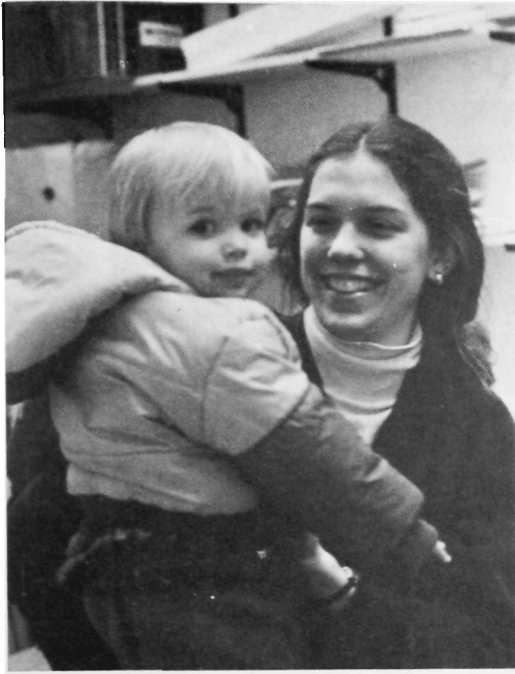


Juniors





Junior Forestry Summer Camp

The main project of camp involved surveying the familiar University Forest. Each three-person crew was assigned two 10-acre blocks from which they were to prepare a boundary survey and topographic map. As survey camp progressed, getting the traverse to close with reasonable accuracy seemed to be a common problem. Our camp also had the unique headaches involved with using the Cromemco computer to calculate boundaries and elevations. According to the computer, problems ranged from one in one accuracy to infinitely spiralling traverses that would never close.

After a busy day of surveying and hacking on the Cromemco some crews let out their frustrations by throwing axe till sundown and playing cribbage till sun-up. When the baseball team hosted the Northeast Regionals at the Mahony Diamond more than one forester could be found in the bleachers surveying the Bears victories.

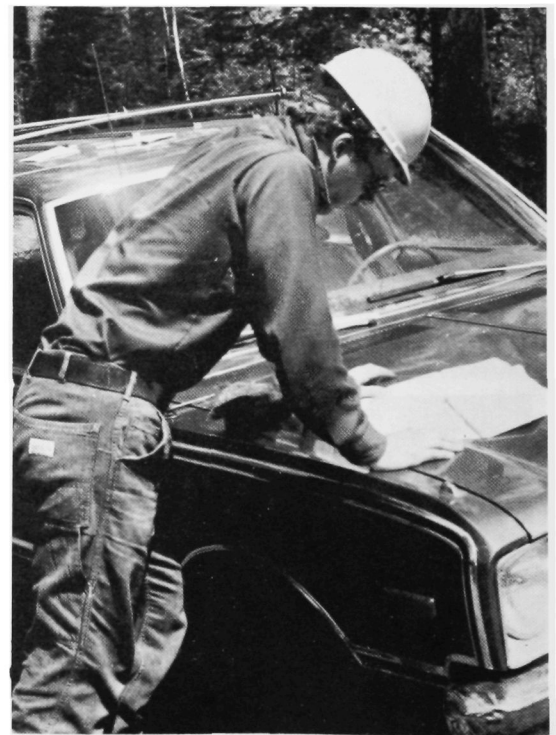
During camp we did get a break from surveying by going on several mill tours. Our first trip was to a stud mill. Our second trip was to a pulp mill in Bucksport. However, because only half the group could tour this mill at one time Louis brought the other half of us across the river to look at Fort Knox. Timber harvesting with Chuck Simpson also gave a break from surveying. Most people thought this was an interesting and enjoyable part of camp. Crews got hands on experience felling trees, driving a skidder, and bucking logs.

Tom Brann was most hospitable by inviting the summer camp over to his house one Saturday for a picnic. Plenty of food and beer was provided. While there some people played volleyball and frisbee while others played one of the few sports you can play and drink beer at the same time.

Several people came to summer camp and gave equipment demonstrations. One demonstration was given by Sven Husquarvina from Sweden. Sven demonstrated how to use a brush (oops) clearing saw by dancing through the woods. Another demonstration showed the use of a radio controlled winch for thinning. A third was given by the inventor of a four-wheel-drive woodchuck. More interesting than the invention was some guy in a red coat who asked lots of questions. Nobody, including Louis, knew who he was or where he came from.

One of our last trips was to a Christmas tree farm. The tour was pretty interesting although it was raining most of the time we were walking among the trees. On the walk back to the bus several foresters "slipped" and fell into some rain-filled ditches.

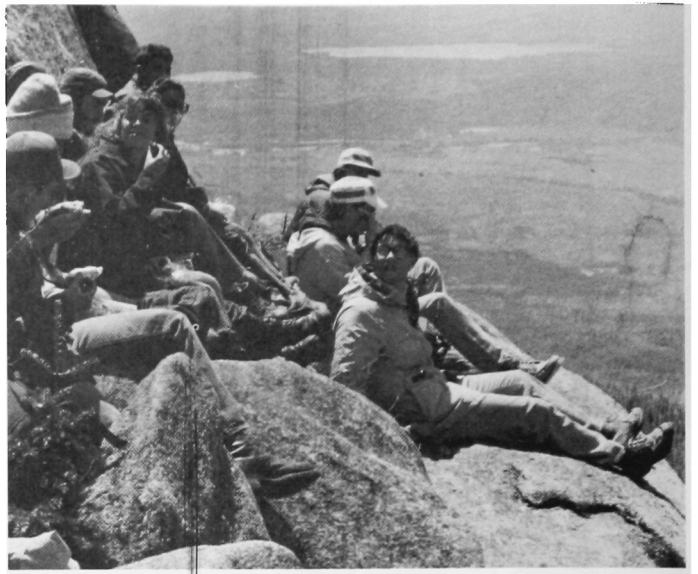
In all, Louis' good humor and the hands on experience of harvesting made summer camp 1984 worthwhile.



FROM 1970 SUMMER CAMP HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

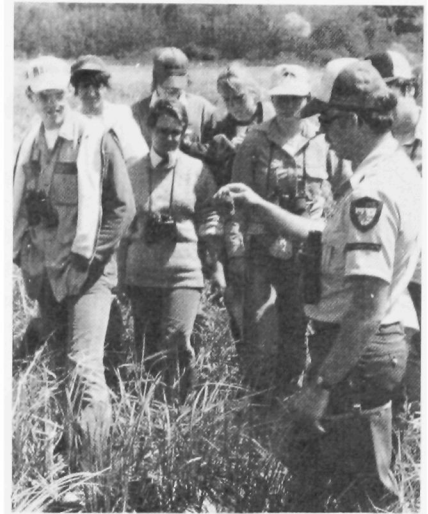


Wildlife Summer Camp



Pat, what are we doing today__ When in doubt get horizontal . . . B-Bu-Buc-Buck-Buck-Bucky!. . . Let's go to the woodshed! . . . He squirted me with reproductive juice! . . . Prescribed fire watching at Moosehorn . . . Hacky-sack virgins converted to Hacky-sack sluts . . . The phone rings -uh oh Pat . . . Pat, when is the absolute last day it's due__ . . . I love ya honey cause you're wicked good, you start a fire in my heart of wood . . . Be careful of that tide when you're canoeing . . . Bob, Quit throwin' rocks . . . Whose got some fly dope__ . . . What's for dinner__ LETS GET OUT OF HERE!





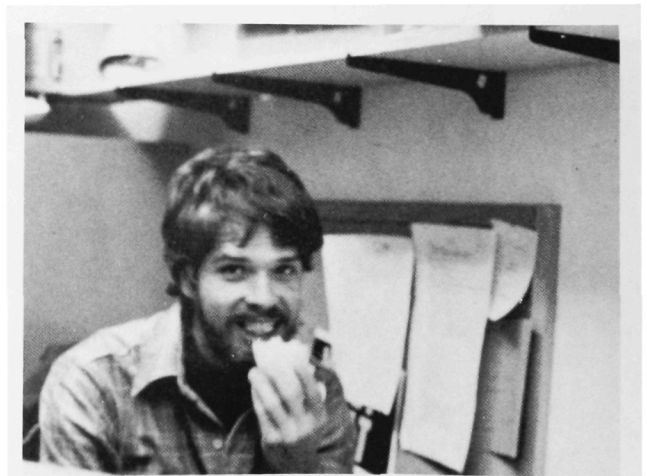
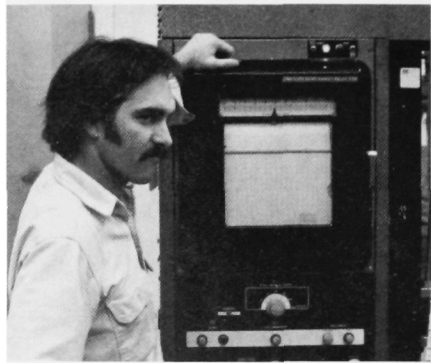
This year's wildlife camp started off with three weeks of fun and studies at Orono. Between endless, joyous hours in the vans and swatting black flies we managed to learn all about habitat analysis, plant and bird identification, bog ecology, black bear research, wetland management and woodlot management for biting insects, and waterfowl nest box programs. We also learned to identify the cheep of a woodpecker one mile away. Our rainy day adventures included a trip to Swan Island, sewage treatment plants, and a whitewater trip down the Narraguagus river (Watch out for that low bridge!). The hike up Katahdin more than made up for those rainy days. What a view, huh Pat__

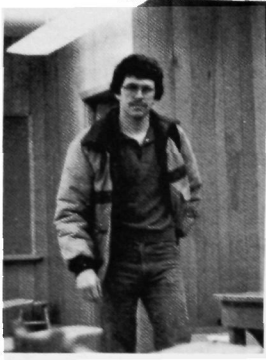
Then the wildlifers migrated to beautiful Camp Cobscook to observe seals, bald eagles, and a very nervous father to be. Highlights of our stay included more early morning bird walks (raven sized mutant blue jays), grass slipping, independent research projects, numerous field quizzes, wetland ecology in 110 degree weather, stream wading ecology, more biting bugs at Moosehorn, a two day canoe trip on the St. Croix, experiencing an acid rain downpour with Jerry Longcore, and tidal flat food sampling. How about the six hour road trip to watch the Veazie dam! How about the final practical . . . was that corn flakes and grape juice or red algae__ Good time wildlifers!

Many thanks to our tour guides Pat Brown, Bill Harvey and Paul Rego. Good job guys!



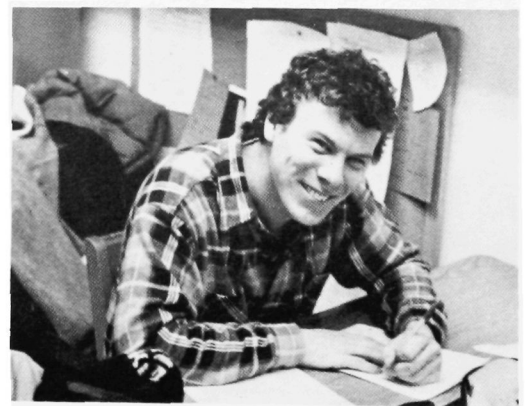
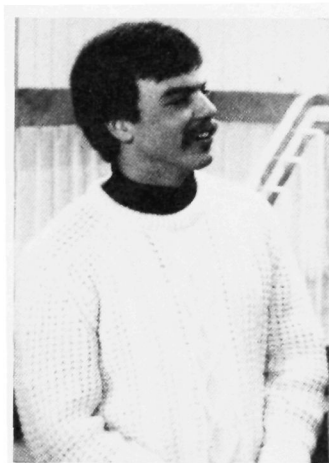
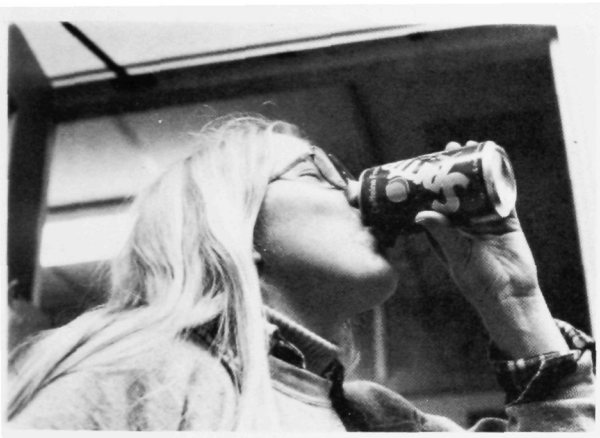
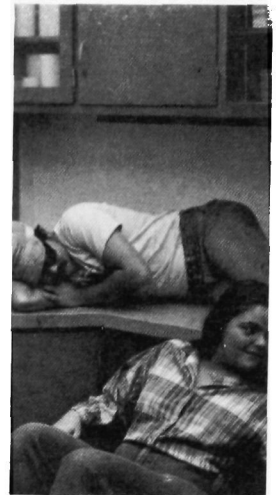
Seniors

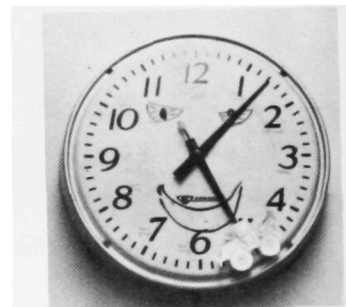


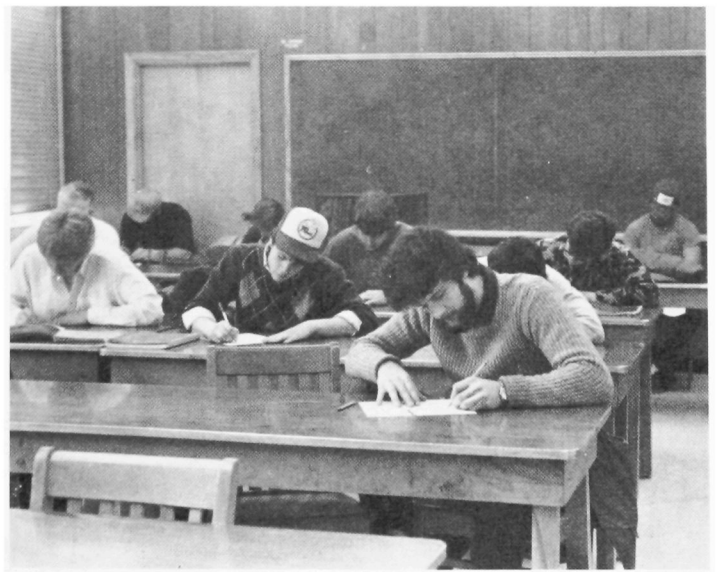
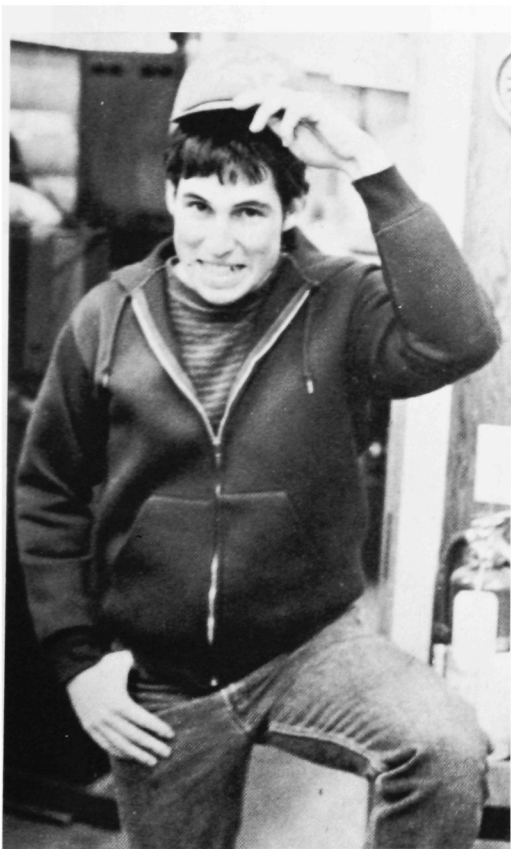
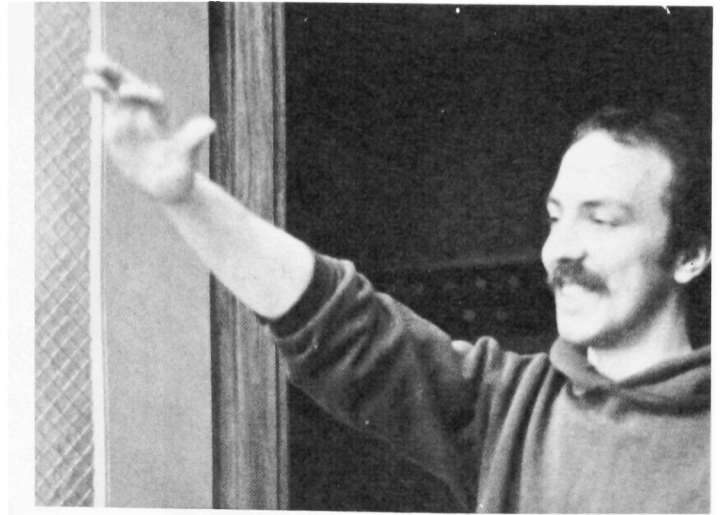
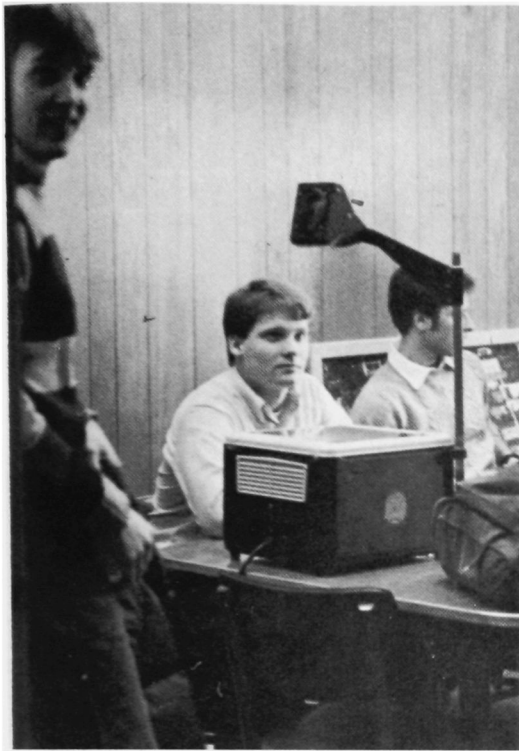


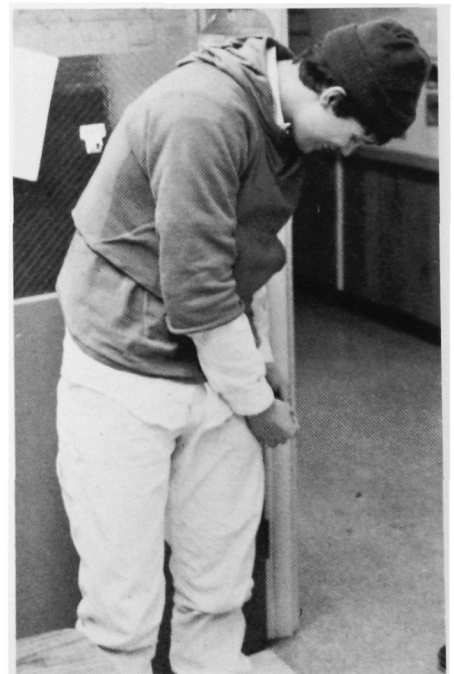
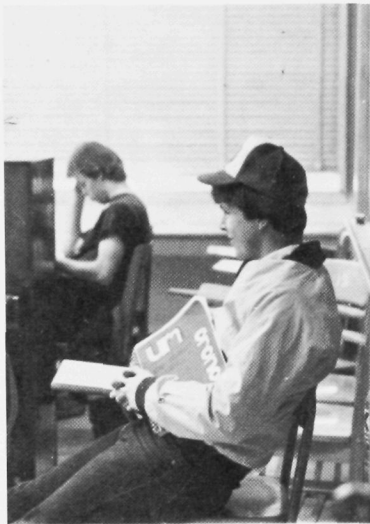
I want to go soon and live away by the pond, where I shall hear only the wind whispering among the reeds. It will be success if I shall have left myself behind. But my friends ask what I will do when I get there. Will it not be employment enough to watch the progress of the season—

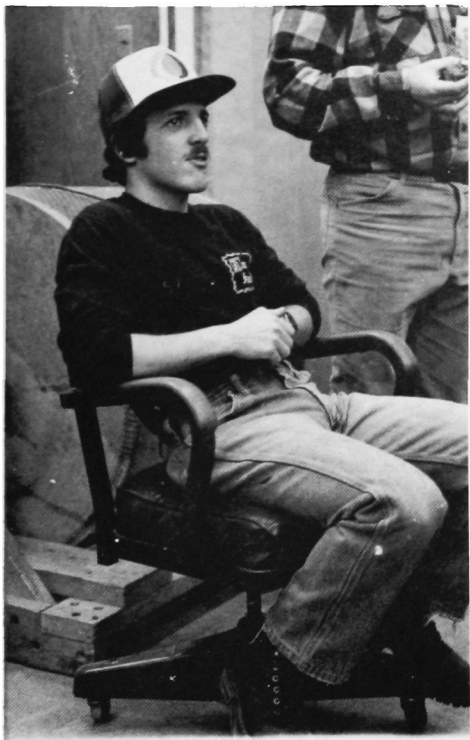
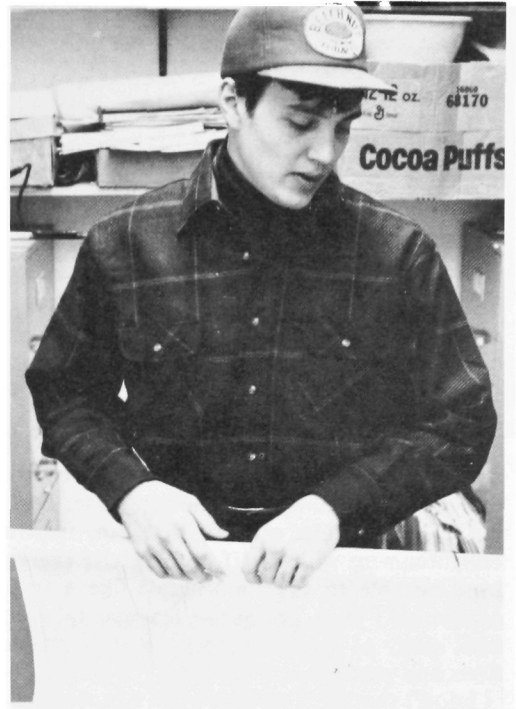
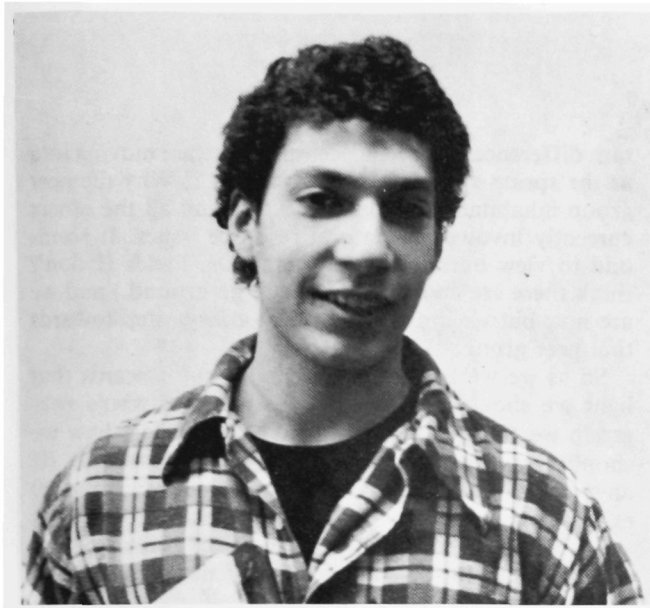
Henry David Thoreau











Spring 1985. Six months too late to associate with George Orwell's **1984**. Many months too late to associate with the inception of our College, and several months too early to enjoy the new performing arts center! so what's so special about the Spring of 1985? Well, (as you probably guessed since this is a yearbook) it is the end of the road for alot of Wildlifers, Foresters, Parks and Recreation majors, and Wood Technologists. After four years (a bit more for others. It seems some of us have taken Dr. Brann's N^o1 to heart.) of fun, frustration, and enlightenment it's all over.

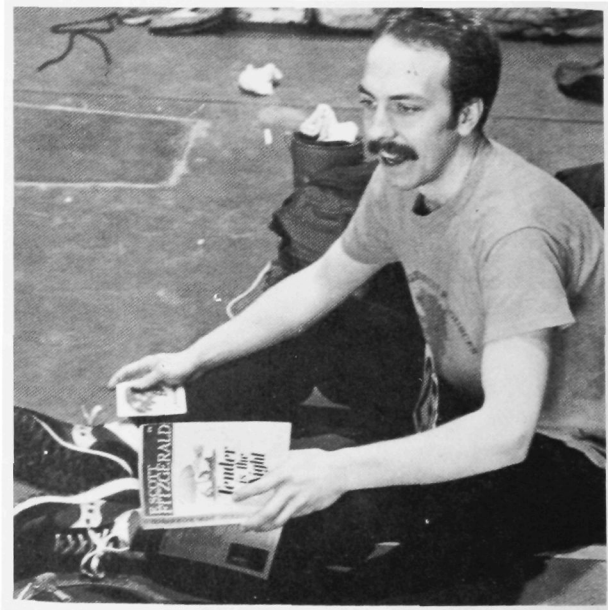
Or is it__ I guess it depends on how you view things. Some may view this spring as that old proverbial light at the end of the tunnel and nothing else. But, I suspect we'll all take quite a bit of that fun, frustration, and enlightenment with us (If nothing else everyone will at least be able to say "morning" like a true southern gentleman.) Thus, though we leave we take, for good or bad, many of our lessons with us to influence our actions and reactions to the "real" world.

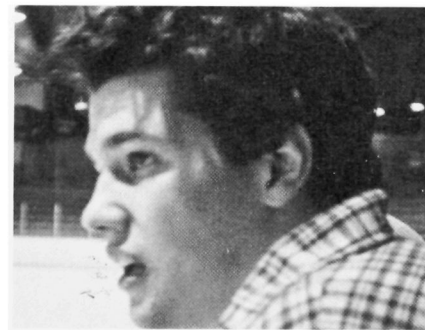
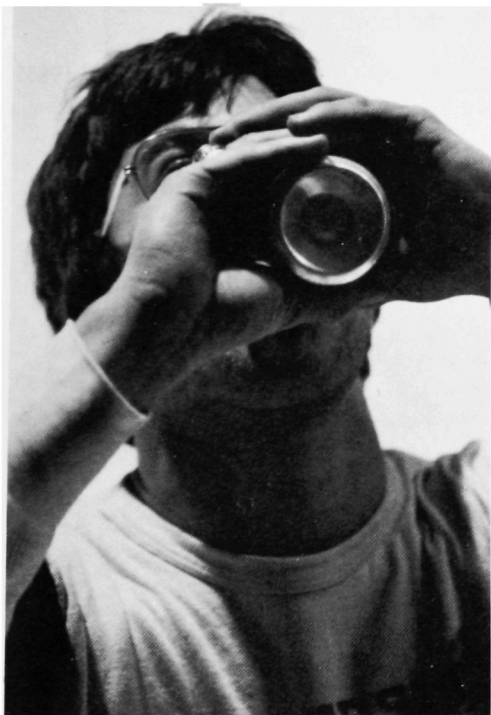
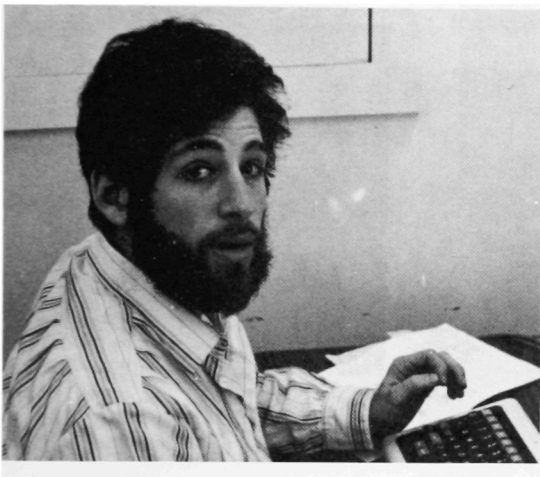
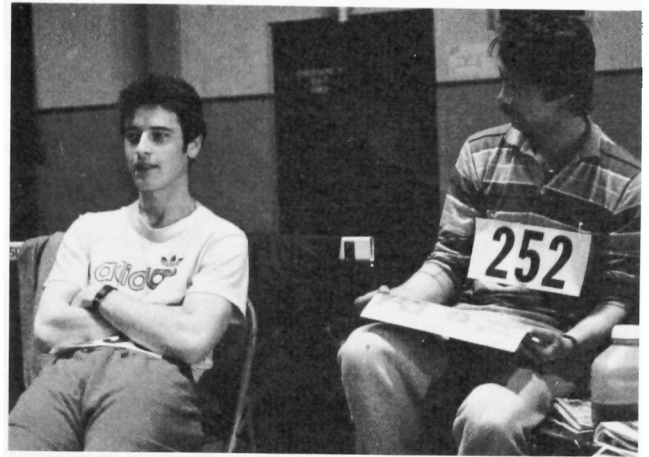
I don't think it is all over but it has changed. No more answers to the odd numbered problems (Geez, starting to sound like Dr. Corcoran.), no more recipes (I mean coobooying.), and no more tests. But, the most impor-

tant difference is the new peer group we are moving into as the spring approaches. Who is that__ Why the peer group inhabited by our professors and all the others currently involved in natural resource issues. It seems odd to view ourselves as so many Dr. Fields (I don't think there are enough galoshes to go around.) and we are not, but we are about to take a large step towards that peer group.

So as we walk, crawl, stumble, or run towards that light we should remember several things; who's peer group we are entering (and then ask ourselves how we should act amongst them), Dr. Fields handouts (If anyone has an extra copy of the handout: "The 20 million factors influencing stumpage prices after a 631B sale when the land is under the threat of condemnation and the owner has just died." I could use it. Seems I've lost mine.), and finally how to think and reason intelligently. If our education has done nothing more it should have prepared us to think.

Good Luck,
Shawn Carlson





TWO YEARS AS A "TECHIE"

by Geneva Duncan

It was an unusually warm September morning back in 1983, as 32 anxious students sat in 102 Nutting Hall. Very few of us knew each other at all, but by the end of two years we would have many lasting friendships. Little did we know that the short instructor who was to enter the room and introduce himself as Prof. Alan J. Kimball, would have us running (literally) to keep us with him through the woods for the next two years.

As "Junior Woodchucks" we struggled through Forest Measurements and Al's infinite overheads and his enlightening but somewhat lengthy labs. We were all certain we had measured everything possible in every way imaginable at the end of the course. And how could we ever forget Wally's Intro. to Forestry or Wood and Tree Identification?

The spring semester brought such joys as surveying in -50 degree temperatures and the nomenclature of a theodolite. It was most assuredly a character-building experience to "try" and level a theodolite when the legs of the instrument kept settling in the ice and snow. As if surveying wasn't bad enough, we were also blessed with CZW and Forestry Drawing. There was no doubt by the time we had finished up Wood Products Utilization that Prof. Robbins had escorted us to every mill in the state in the "Wally Wagon". Little did we know that on our spring field trip Wally and Al had five more exciting mills for us to tour. "I'll tell you mister, we know our mills and utilization!"

The Fall of 1984 brought half of us returning as "Senior Woodchucks" and we had five weeks of camp to tackle. Camp was great! We had the chance to cruise a thousand acres of timber and to brush up on our point sampling and fixed radius plot techniques. There were only minor injuries sustained in the ordeal and we were joyous when it was time for the wildlife lecture - all we had to do was listen.

We each learned how to properly fell a tree, skid it to the yard and buck it up thereafter. Once camp was over we returned to regular classes on campus and the fun

really began: soils with Dr. Fernandez, a management plan for Prof. Kimball and ariel photos with Prof. Robbins. Somehow we all survived and the last semester challenged us with accounting, economics and technical writing. We felt lost without Al's overheads and John Nored's folklore at lunchtime over pizza and beer. (John graduated a semester ahead of the rest.)

As graduation nears we want to express our appreciation to Professors Kimball and Robbins who have earned much respect. We feel that the *Forest Management Technology Program* is a quality one and our training has been excellent. It has been a time for all of us to grow and learn about Maine's most valuable resource.

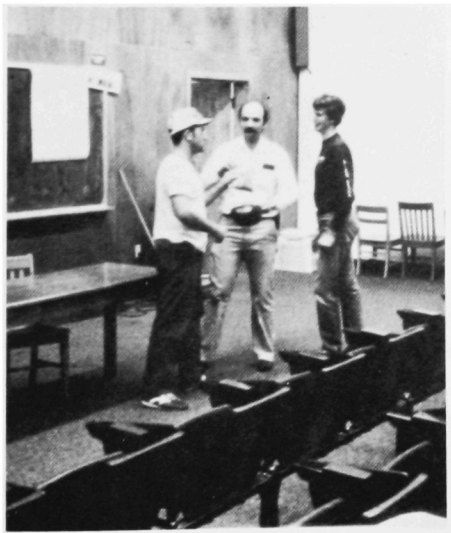
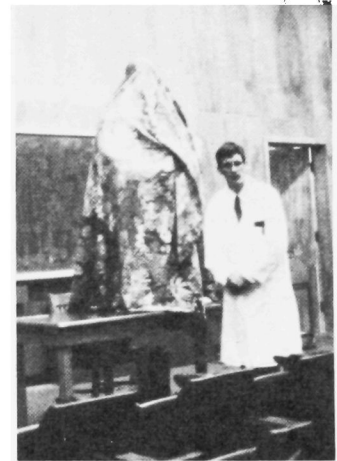
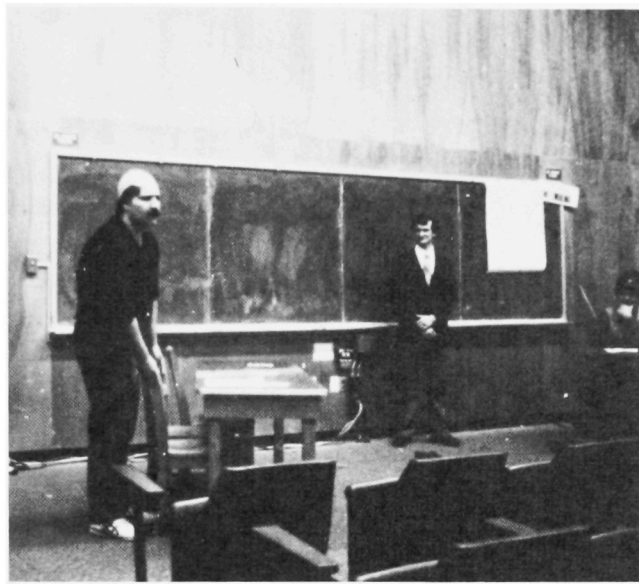


As we receive our degree and become part of the working community (hopefully), we do so with pride in UMO and our education, and last but not least with great RESPECT for the forest itself.

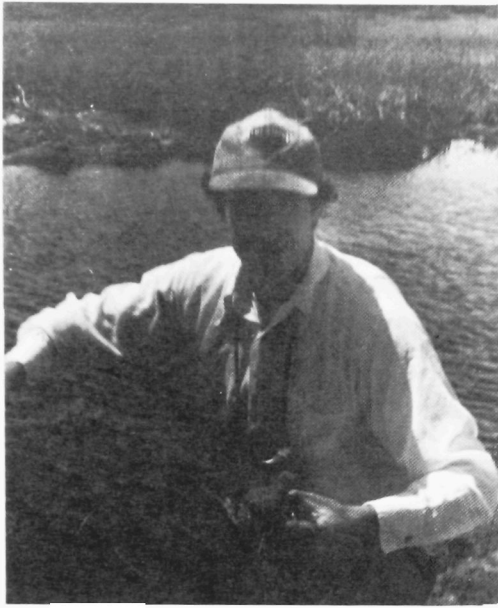
GOOD LUCK TO ALL THE "TECHIES" OF 1985!



SENIOR NITE



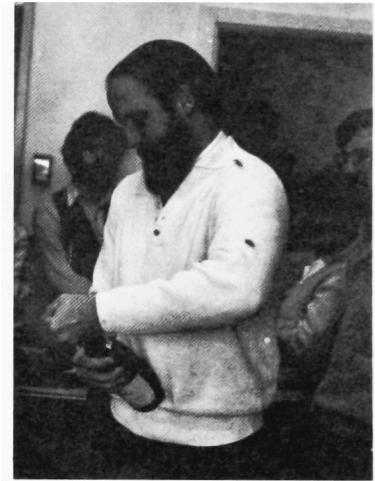
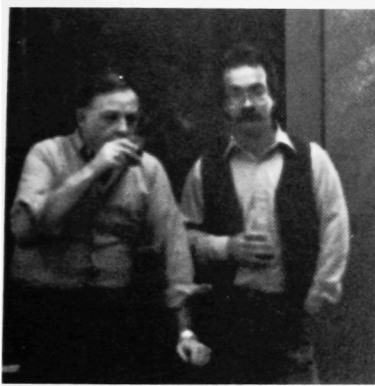
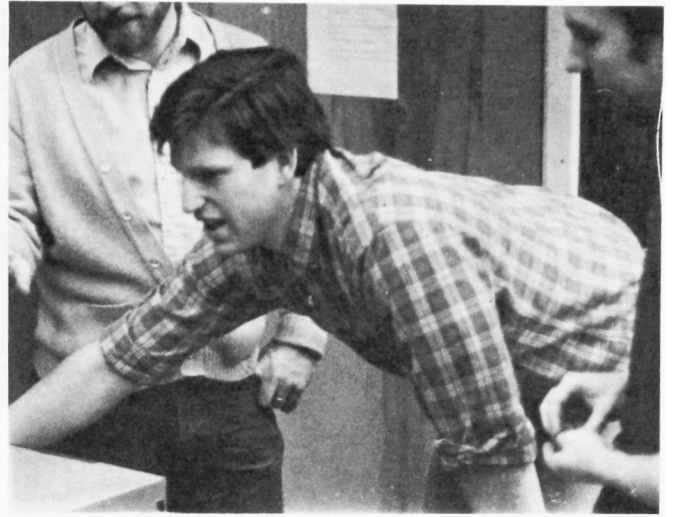
Grad Students

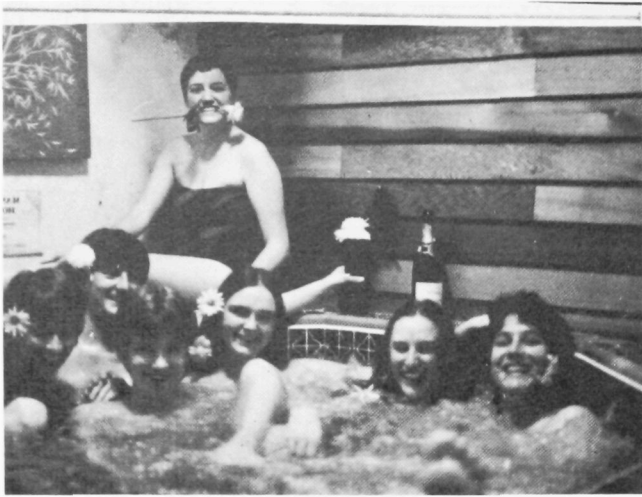


The power to see straight is the rarest of gifts: to see more and no less than is actually before you; to be able to detach yourself and see the thing as it actually is, uncolored or unmodified by your own sentiments or prepossessions. In short, to see with your reason as well as with your perceptions, that is to be an observer and to read the book of nature alright.

John Burroughs



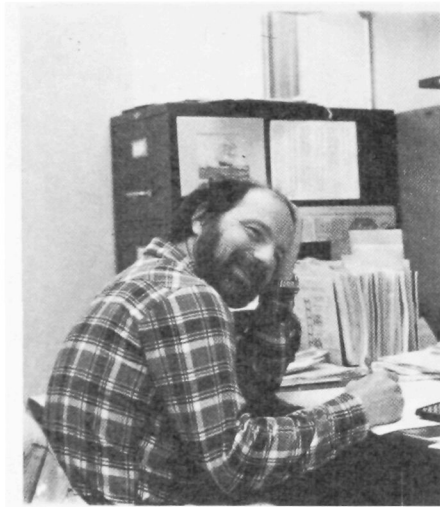




Kate Wynne, Carney McRae, Sally Stockwell, Joyce Snyder, Diane Eggeman, Jody Jones, Mary Small



Jim Steinman, Roland Dupuis, Trish Sastrom, Dave Schmidt, Dave Stevens, Jennifer Riefler



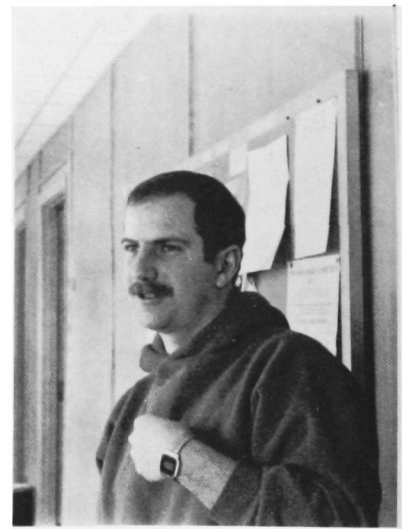
Lee Eavy



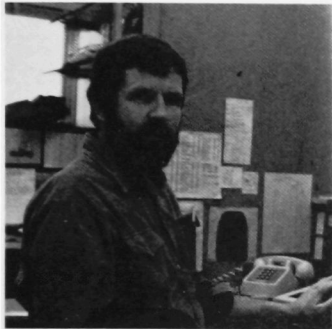
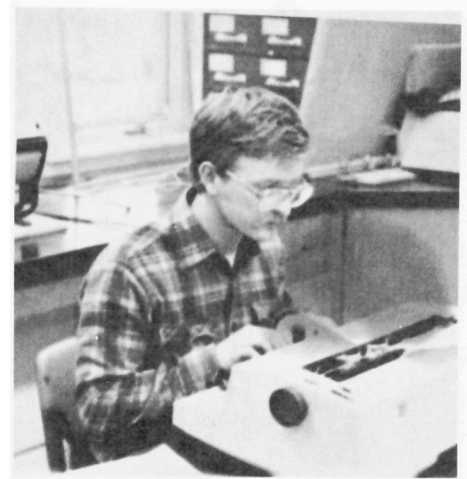
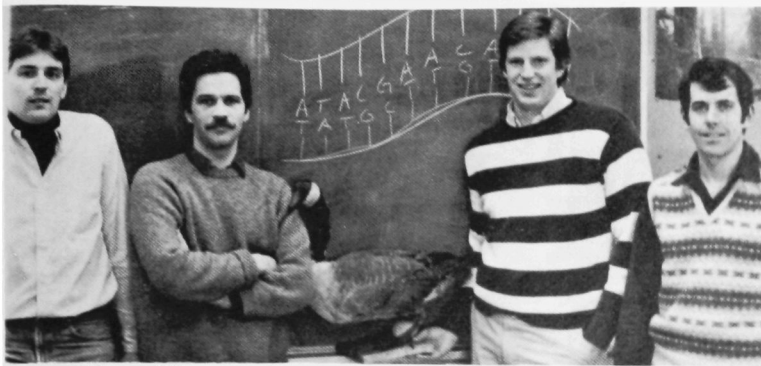
Brian Hobbs, Carney McRae, Fred Hathaway, Andy Alexson, Roger Williams



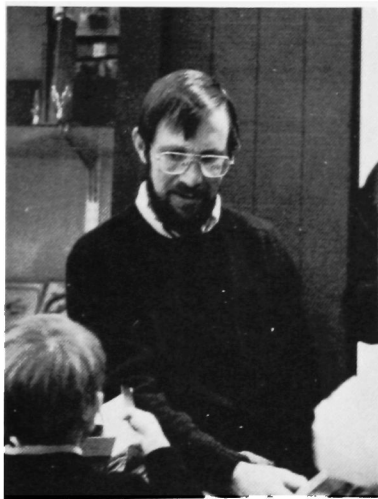
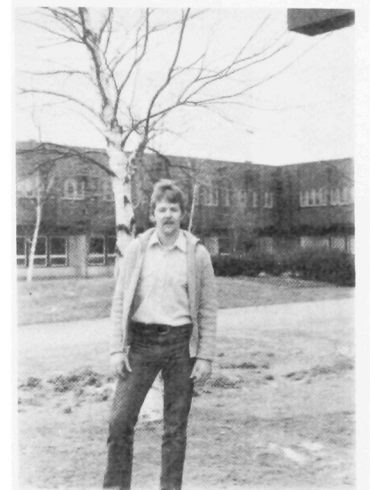
Paul Strong, Joyce Snyder, John Ault, Dennis Jorde



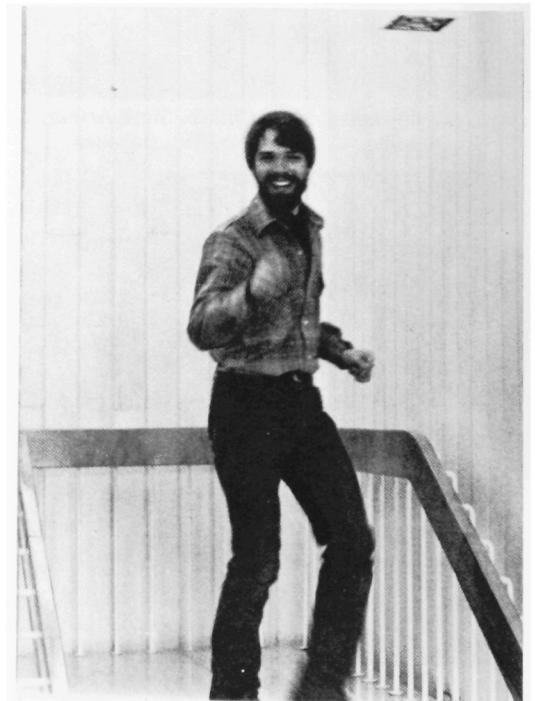
John Pietroski

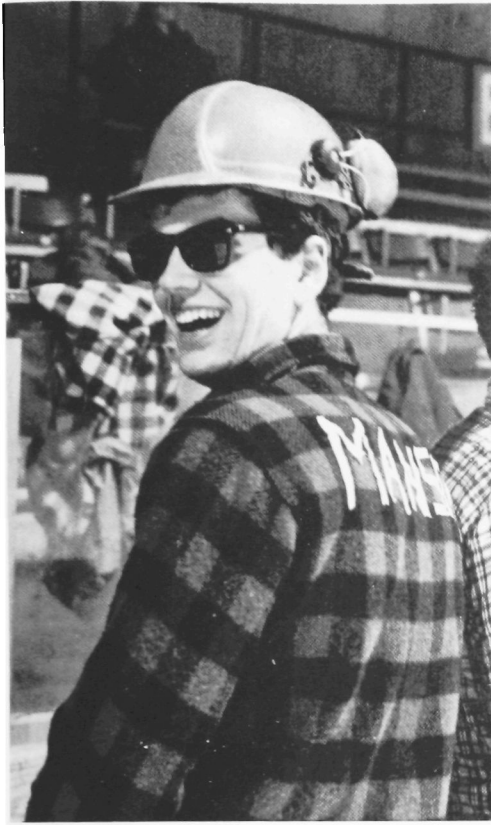


Not Pictured
Don Engelhart
John Lones
Dan McAuley
Mike Thompson



Activities





For knowledge of this kind one must dwell with the trees and grow with them without any reference to time in the almanac sense.

John Muir

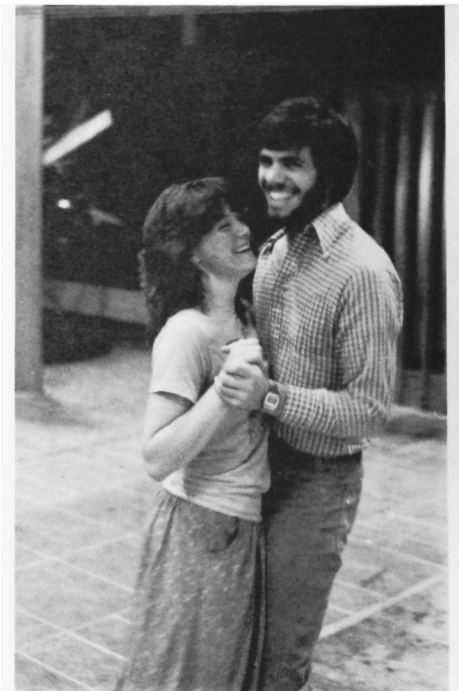
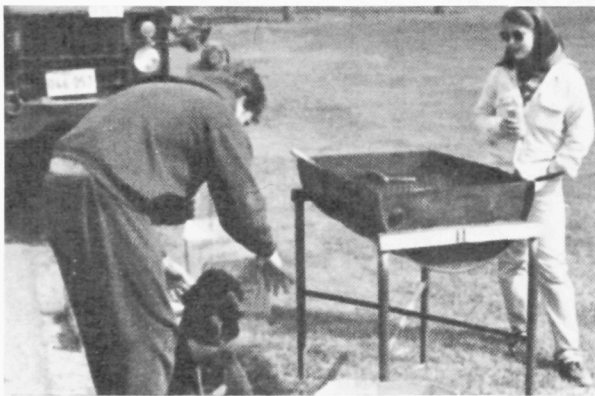


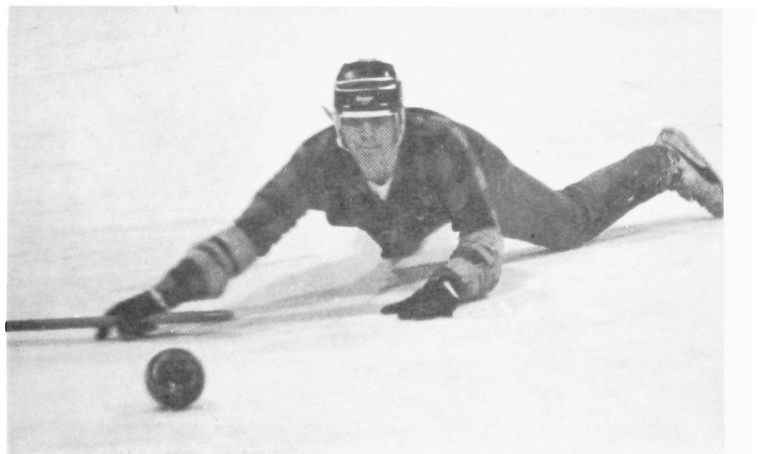
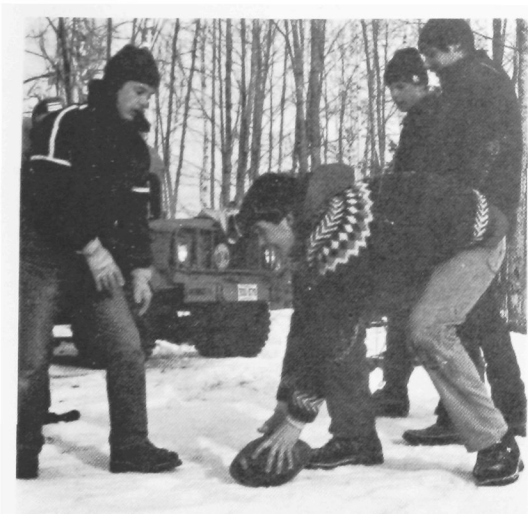
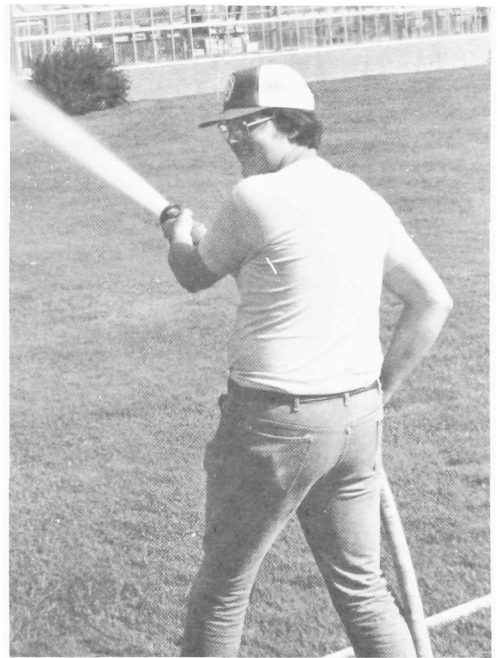
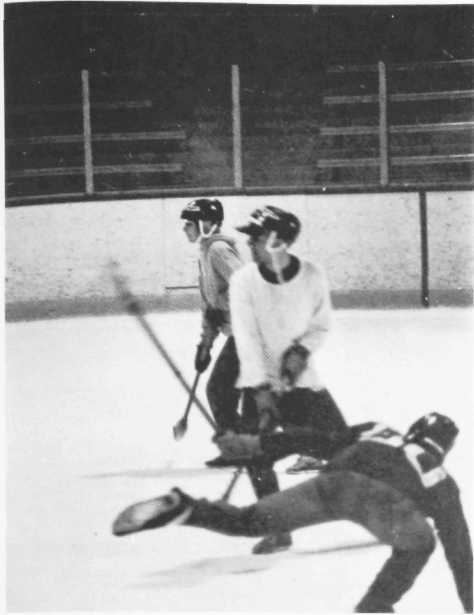
FOREST RESOURCES CLUB



We figure that by the time you read this, whoever you are, friend, mother, father, or student from one school or another you will have missed everything. I mean you missed this year's bright orange day-glow hard hat sale, the magnificent outdoor organizational fair, the fall field day hot dogs, ketchup, and free buns, the high velocity water hose shootout, the all to infamous T-shirt contestant games and the pulled groin syndrome, ice fishing derbys with lots of fish and thick pond ice, more hot dogs and ketchup, snow softball and ice football, speakers, tree-marking, white pine stand thinning and the "lets see how much yellow paint we can get on our hands" competition, bonfires with foot stompin', cookie breakin' side entertainment, the more famous T-shirt sales, spring fling, senior night, the potting of 1500 white pine seedlings for all those bright eyed graduating youngsters, and the May Appalachian Trail trip planned ahead to bring more action and fun per blowdown.

Whether in a pine stand that needs to be thinned by eager Forest Action Programmers or in an ice rink that need to be abused by our bodies, the Forest Resources Club has one goal, to provide the setting to learn, play, and work together outside the classroom. The Forest Resources Club is for everyone!



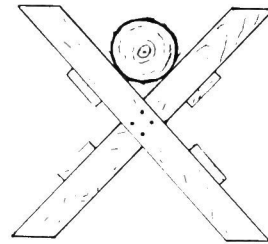
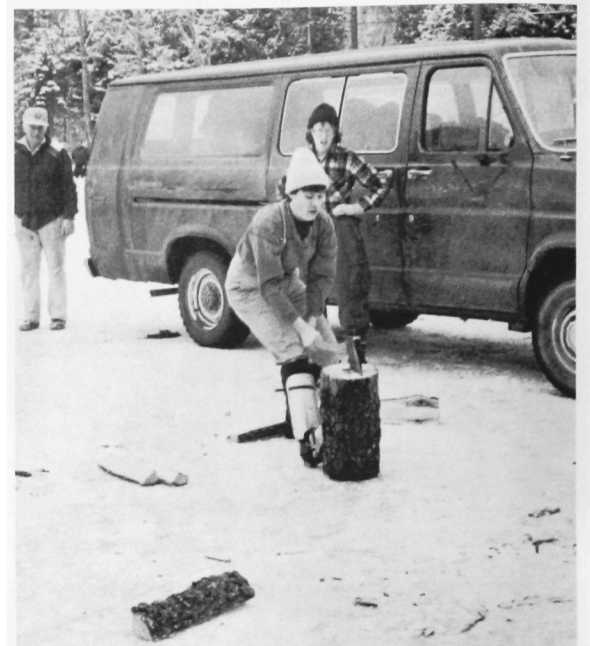


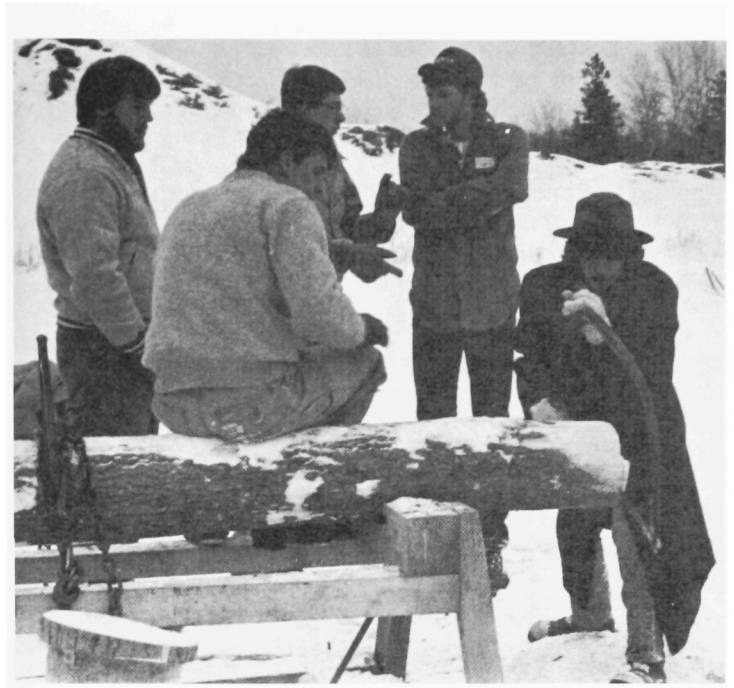
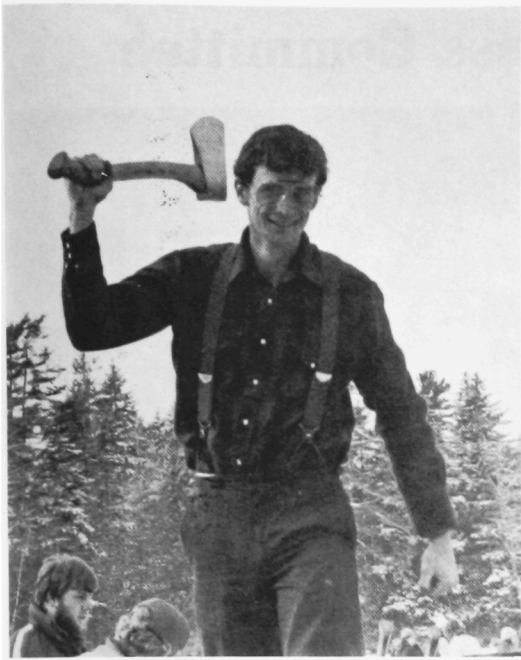
WOODSMEN'S TEAM

This year the Woodsmen's Team is as strong as can be expected, with the addition of six enthusiastic and crazy freshmen to the team. But strong leadership and experience from the "veterans" helped us put up respectable showings in the meets of the fall semester. The team travelled to Unity College first, then later went to the University of New Brunswick to compete. Everyone had a good time, in spite of the fierceness of the competition. And of course, everyone remembers the annual ritual of Hammerfest.

The spring semester saw some demonstrations being put on by the team, one of which was at Mount Desert Island. At the annual winter carnival put on by the MDI Lions Club we showed spectators what the team is all about. Another demo was put on for the UMO basketball team. Following spring break the team traveled to Durham N.H. for the University of New Hampshire meet. Everyone had a good time both at the meet and at the Wildcat Pub the night before. The highlight of the semester, however, will be Spring Meet which is the northeastern championship meet to be held here at Maine in April.

The team is not restricted to students in the College of Forest Resources. Anyone is welcome to stop up at the "Stump Dump" and see what's cooking. It'll probably be beans!





Environmental Awareness Committee

We may not be visible to everyone in the College, but school teachers in the area know us as the Environmental Awareness Committee (EAC). Our organization consists of a core group of students from the College of Forest Resources who are interested in natural resources and education. This year we gave programs to over 1,000 children and adults.

Members are greeted by enthusiastic kids eager to learn about birds, mammals, ecology and other environmental topics. We have fun listening to children's stories and trying to answer their simple yet challenging questions:

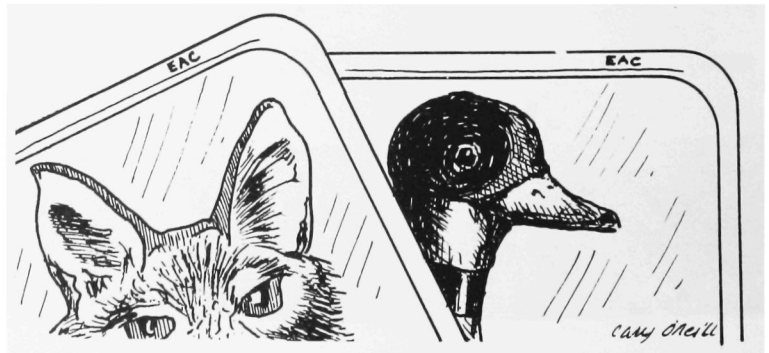
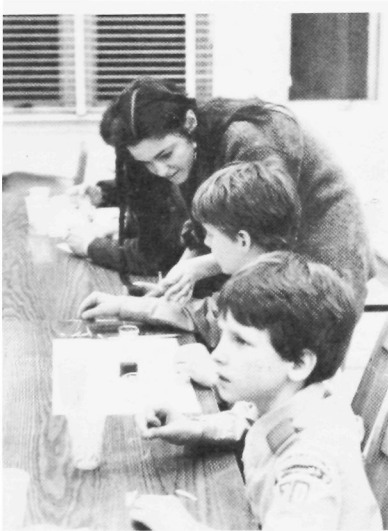
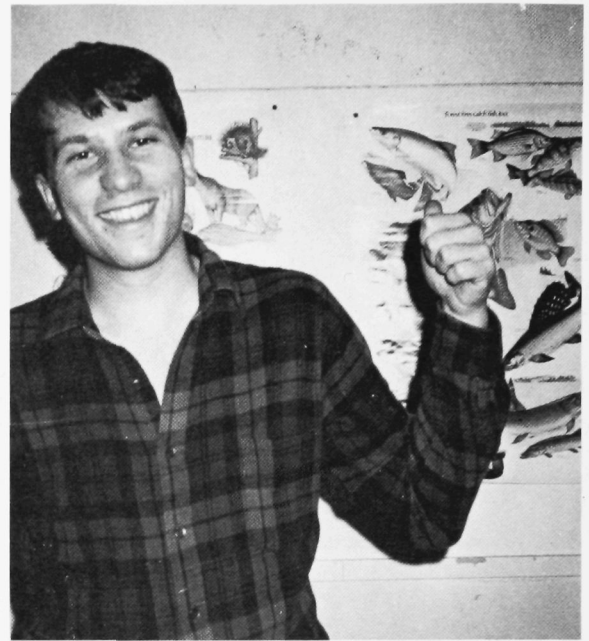
"How come Moose have hair under their neck?"

"How do you get to a fire, and where do you get the water?"

How would you answer these questions?

This spring we kept busy with Scout Night, which as always, was success. Imagine over 100 scouts invading Nutting Hall and exploring topics about the soil and forest ecosystem. We also participate in an after-school enrichment program. Members attended taxidermy classes and visited the College of the Atlantic to see their "Whale on Wheels" program.

If someone ever "volunteers" you to present an EAC program, accept the challenge and join the fun!



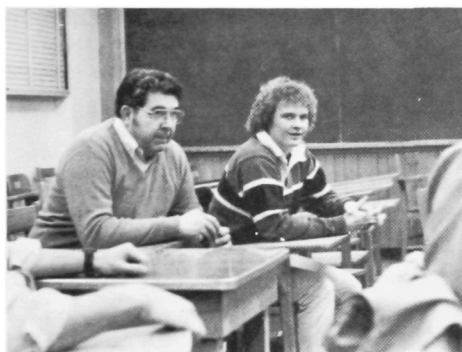
RECREATION CLUB

The Recreation and Park Management Club has been in existence since the fall semester of 1984. We are becoming more and more involved within the College of Forest Resources. The club brings together students of various majors to an out-of classroom informal atmosphere, by participating in recreational and educational activities.

Some of these activities include: a visit to a local hospital where we put on a Halloween skit; a reception for Dr. Paul Risk, a new faculty member; fund raisers for other groups; and club-member outings. We meet twice a month and we'd like to have more join and participate with us.

We wind down the semester with a trip to the College of the Atlantic, cooking at the Woodsmens Spring Meet, and picnics. Many of us look forward to next semester and continuing with planned activities and fun!

The Recreation Club would like to thank Dr. Newby, Prof. Mitchell and our newest advisor Dr. Risk for their time and enthusiasm throughout the year.



UMO Forest Fire Attack Team



The UMO Forest Fire Attack Team is an active organization that offers hands on experience in fire fighting and prescribed burning to anyone willing to learn. Everybody who gets involved with the team usually has a good time.

The second Big Burn was held last fall in Bradford, with hopes of a third burn there next year. Several afternoons last spring were spent with the Orono Fire Department doing some prescribed burning in the area. The fire department was impressed with the team's truck, and we expect to be burning with them again this spring.

Unfortunately the tank truck became incapacitated after the Big Burn and was sent to the Maine Forest Service for repairs. A replacement for the old truck is expected sometime in the spring. In the meantime we were notified that we would be receiving a second truck, (through Dr. Brann) from government surplus.

Now that the team has a fleet of vehicles, work has to be done on the building that will house the trucks. A foundation should be under the existing structure by the end of the semester, then the building will have to be expanded to hold the additional truck.

Other activities the team participates in are the Organizational Fair, Fall Field Day, First Aid and CPR classes.

We thank Keith Paschal and Kevin McCarey for their assistance in the construction of the equipment boxes. The team is fortunate to have two active advisors. Dr. Tom Brann was very instrumental in obtaining our "fleet" of trucks and Prof. Alan Kimball runs the fire simulator. These two men deserve recognition for the amount of time they put into the team.

