

FEATURE ARTICLES



Of Moose and Men . . . and Politics

By
Jon Simms

Squinting in the wind-driven rain, Gary Lamb and Jim Webber place their rifles into the weatherized cap of Jim's '74 Ford pick-up. Above them, silhouetted by the stormy dawn, spruce and fir tops bow and heave in the wind like orchestra conductors leading a grande finale. Beneath them, ankle deep on the dirt road, rain-fed puddles fizz like ginger ale. Their camp in T10R8 is only minutes from where they intend to spend opening day of Maine's first moose season in 45 years.

Gary's brother Bruce, 29, hurries out of the cabin clutching a camera beneath his raincoat. He is not entitled to hunt under Webber's permit, but has decided to come along for the ride. He squints at his brother and at Webber. "Let's go."

Webber drives the Ford into the headlighted darkness with adrenalin alertness. At least 13,000 hunters had applied over the summer for 700 available permits, and when the winning names were drawn in a lottery, Sanford Police Officer James Webber was among them. Today he feels "lucky."

Several pages of rules, regulations, and other strings had arrived in the mail with the permit. The permittee must be a Maine resident with a valid hunting license. He must hunt only on land north of the Canadian-Pacific Railroad between sunrise September 23 and sunset September 27. If successful, he is to bring his kill to the nearest check station where biologists will weigh the animal and take hair samples, blood samples, antler measurements, and a rib bone. Webber was sent a kit with a pamphlet on how to draw blood from a freshly killed moose. He would have to pay a registration fee of \$10 on top of the \$5 application fee and \$10 permit fee. Other pages explained how to field-dress, butcher, and prepare the meat.

Webber was entitled to shoot only one moose of either sex, but should choose a partner to hunt with. He chose Gary Lamb, who at this moment was indicating beyond the rainswept windshield that their destination was just ahead. Lamb, a masters student at the University of Maine at Orono, had worked in this area the previous summer as a research assistant for the State Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife Big Game Project. He knew the area well. He knew, too, that the largest bull moose he had ever seen lived in the section of forest they were now driving through. Webber had made a wise choice.

Centuries ago Maine had — as northern Maine does now — a thriving, healthy population of moose. But that was before "commercial hunting," "exploitation," and "population explosion" became household terms. Prior to 1830 the season on moose had always been open with

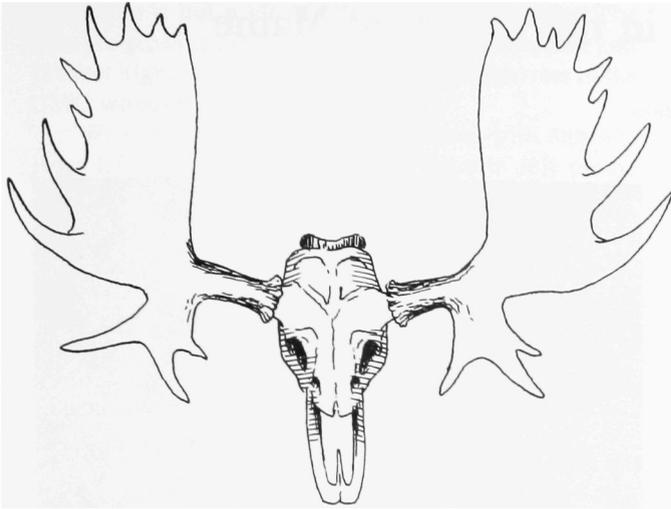


This cow and calf rest safely at Chimney Pond in Baxter State Park.



no restrictions on the number an individual could kill. In 1830, the season was limited to the months of September through December, but no bag limit was imposed. Seasons and bag limits became progressively more restrictive during the next 105 years, even to the point of being completely closed in some years. Still the herd declined. When only 48 bulls were harvested in a three county "bulls only" season in 1935, Legislative Decision Makers declared Maine's moose season permanently closed until now.

Lamb signals and Webber stops the truck. A skidder trail leads into the woods on the left. On the right is a seven year old clearcut containing birches, aspen, maple, cherries, raspberries, and small softwoods. Webber and Lamb load their rifles and follow the skidder trail. Bruce decides to remain in the truck and sleep; it is not a good



Click. Webber's second shell is also a dud. He jacks in another.

The DIFW refused to give up. Two years after the 1977 veto another bill was introduced that would establish an experimental season on moose for the fall of 1980. There was much debate. Pro-hunting groups argued for the season biologically, citing numbers and percentages. Anti-hunting groups disputed them. Pro-hunters pointed to the potential economic benefits of a season. Anti-hunters accused DIFW of "raffling off" moose in order to boost an ailing budget. Pros argued on behalf of recreation for Maine hunters. Antis said hunting would hurt the recreational opportunities of moose watchers. DIFW said there were enough moose for both looking and hunting, and anyway most of their profit would be funnelled into moose management programs. Lobbies pushed and shoved. Tempers flared. The bill passed the House then the Senate and finally Governor Joseph Brennan signed SP42 LD 28 into law.

morning for picture taking. A small swamp punctuates the trail after 200 yards and the hunters space themselves 30 yards apart and wait for legal shooting time. Ten minutes to go.

The comeback of Maine's moose herd had a lot to do with changes in forest cutting practices. The formula was simple: large clearcut areas plus time equals more food for moose and deer; divided by deep snow equals inaccessibility to deer; factoring to prime yields more moose, less deer. In 1941 Maine's moose population was estimated at just over 2,000. In 1975 a helicopter survey counted 22,000. Webber and Lamb would settle for seeing just one right now.

Gary Lamb raises a tar-paper cone to his lips and utters what sounds like a cross between a mooo-oo and a baaa-aa. It is supposed to represent a female moose in heat, and is not a bad impersonation. Lamb calls again; and again; 15 minutes; half an hour. Webber starts to wonder about the call's effectiveness in the wind when a movement 50 yards away catches his attention. Webber turns and his doubts disappear. The sheer immensity of the approaching cervid leaves no question unanswered; this is the animal; now is the time. Webber jacks a shell in his automatic .30-06 and raises the gun to his shoulder.

The Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife had no doubts that the moose population of northern Maine could withstand a hunting season. Neighboring New Brunswick had had a season for over a decade with a smaller population. Convincing the public and the legislature was a different matter. In 1951 a bill introduced into the Maine legislature to reinstate moose hunting was defeated.

Webber aims and firmly squeezes the trigger. *Click.* The moose stops and listens. Webber can feel the blood drain from his face; "damn reloads," he thinks. Carefully he ejects the faulty shell and jacks in another as the moose begins to walk away.

Moose hunting bills were introduced at each legislative session beginning in 1957, with one finally passing in both the House and Senate in 1977. It was vetoed by then Governor James Longley.



Gary Lamb, Bruce Lamb and James Webber display their trophy, a bull moose with a 56 inch neck.

Bang! Webber's bullet strikes the moose in the shoulder and passes through both lungs. *Bang!* Another contributes its damage to the first. Fatally wounded, the moose lunges frantically forward for fifty yards, dying virtually in mid-stride and crashing to the forest floor. It may or may not be the first legal moose killed, but it is the largest of the 635 eventually taken. Its 1,070 field-dressed pounds will fill several freezers this winter. The 56 inch antlers will solicit much human admiration. Webber admires the animal from where he stands, unable — for the moment — to move. The 1980 moose hunt had begun.

A Journey Through Time in the Woods of Maine

by
Chris Billis

As you, *Maine Forester* reader, bop around campus or tromp through the Maine woods, do you ever imagine what those woods looked like before your time? How they were when the glaciers receded, or when European explorers strained their necks to view the tops of the giant conifers? Care to take a trip into the past? Come to the forest, and I will show you 14,000 years of change in the woods of Northern Maine.

We start out 14,000 years ago, watching the glaciers melt. All we have to worry about now is staying warm, for it is a long time till exams. So jump around, look around, check out the plants. Disappointed? This is tundra. You can't expect this climate and poor soil to support a forest yet. These plants are mostly grass-like herbs of families called Cyperaceae and Gramineae. They are tough.

Keep an eye out; with 10,000 years to go we will have to choose our steps more carefully. There are more plants growing now, including mosses, ferns, and little shrubs like sagebrush. These will evolve fairly quickly in geologic time. In 1000 years there will be trees for us to climb. It is getting warmer; we can feel it. The soil has been accumulating humus and supports more growth now.



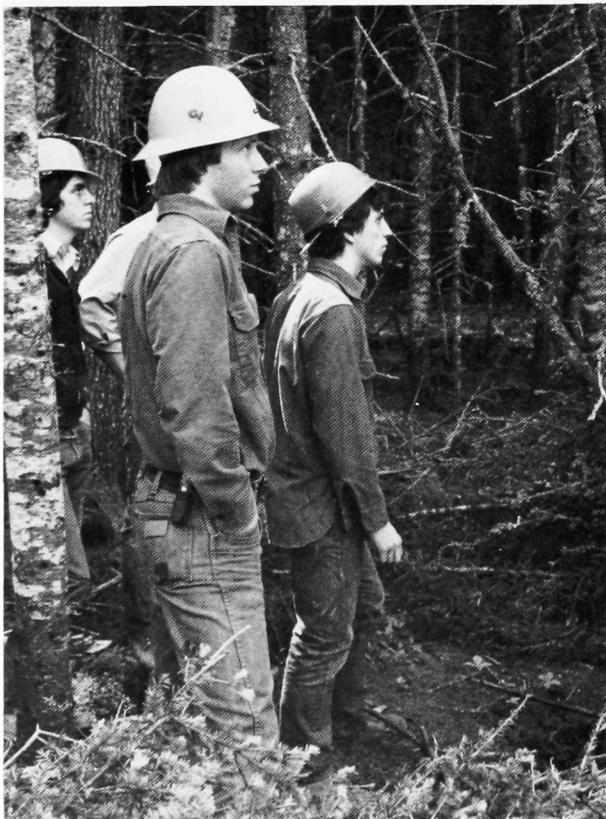
With 9000 years left in the woods we are in a "woodland", not as dense as the forest we are used to. The grasses and shrubs are still here but now there are some familiar trees! They are mostly Jack pine, spruce varieties, larch, cedar, yellow and paper birch, and alder. These woods will become much more varied in the next 3000 years as new species migrate in.

With 6000 years left we are now in a real forest, though it still is not as dense as it will be. White pine has finally arrived, and dominates with Jack pine. That is because we are in a warm, dry period, and the soil is sandy, where pine grows best. Hemlock and fir are appearing; hardwoods are mostly oak, alder, birch, beech, and ash.

Now for about 4000 years the woods will slowly become even more dense and varied. The grasses are choked out by a forest that includes every variety of tree that we will see in the time we have left.

We can look back on 12,000 years, since the glaciers melted. We have been slowly closed in by the forest for quite a long period of time as trees have migrated and spread, the soil has improved, the climate has stayed warm. People are pretty civilized around the world, although besides the Indians, we are the only ones in northern Maine right now. Jesus will be born any time. We have 2000 years till finals. Does that sound like a long time? Put it in perspective. It has taken this land over 12,000 years to produce this dense forest.

With 2000 years to go we feel another change coming on. The weather is getting colder. Watch the forest respond. The spruce love it, and since they grow better in the climate and soils of northern Maine, they will dominate over the pine. The forest resembles more and more what it did when we first left UMO. We see more fir and birch, less hemlock and oak. There will be more of these further south with the pine.



There is not a lot of change happening now. The trees are growing bigger, some 4 to 5 feet in diameter and 150 feet high, nothing like the wimpy 29 inch trees in the UMO woodlot.

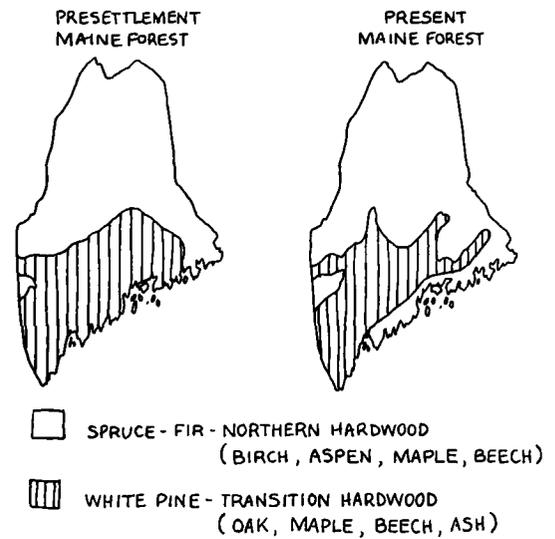
We will have to slow time down now, with only 400 years left. The woods will change more in this period than they have in thousands of years.

In the early 1600's folks are starting to come over from Europe. Their written accounts will help future historians, but they misidentify many trees and exaggerate their size because they differ from European forests. In most areas white pine is the dominant species. Southern Maine forests are almost 100% pine, and up here and further north more spruce and fir grow (see map).

The trees are cleared more and more for agriculture and lumber so that as 1860 draws near the "pine era" has ended. The giants are almost gone and pine is being decimated. As we look around we can see cleared areas sprouting seedling spruce and fir. They are the first conifers to grow in this area after a plot has been cleared. And with folks abandoning their farms and heading west, there is plenty of room for them to grow. The number of hardwoods has increased, too. They are more quick-growing than conifers and tend to take over cleared areas that the settlers and loggers leave.

What we have in northern Maine, as we head back to school from our prehistoric view of the woods, is mostly spruce-fir-hardwood forest. In southern Maine white pine still dominates, though certainly there are not vast acreages of pure giant pine as there once were. All of Maine's forests are second or third generation now. The giants are gone; rarely do diameters exceed 30 inches.

Have you gained an appreciation for these woods we walk in? It is easy to assume that the magnificent forests of the 1600's had always been there, and that white men

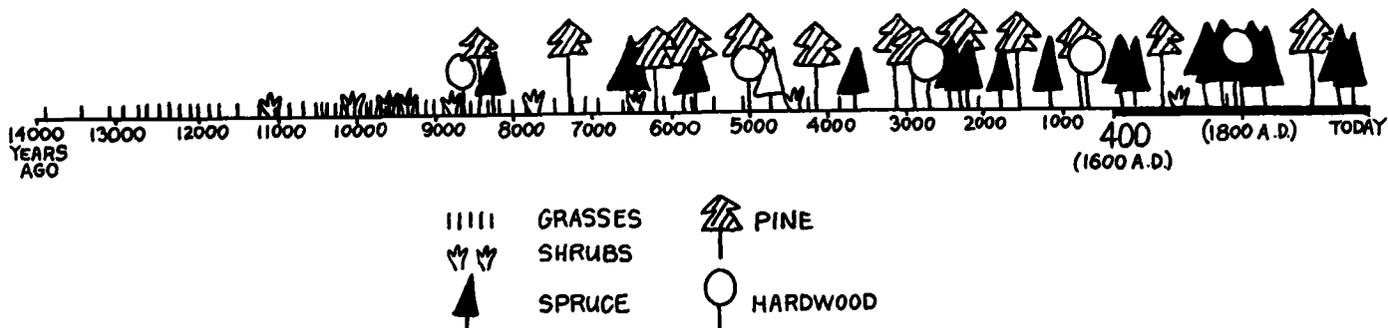


Figures are based on maps from:
 Carrol, Charles F. 1973. *The Timber Economy of Puritan New England*. Brown University Press, Providence. 221pp.
 New England Section SAF. 1956. *Natural Vegetation Zones of New England*. *Journal of Forestry* 54: 332-338.

changed them when they came from Europe. Certainly the most drastic changes occurred during the period since then, but the forest before men had been constantly evolving for 14,000 years.

How will the Maine woods appear 14,000 years from now? It will be the year 15,981. They may appear much as they do now, or they may not exist at all. The messages that the Earth and men have left give clues to focus our view of the past. Care to look into the future?

GENERALIZED GROWTH PATTERNS OF PRIMARY PLANT TYPES



A Legacy from the Past

by
William S. Warner



NAFOH Photo

The lore of the woodsmen, the tradition of the lumbercamp, and the legacy of the river drive in the Northeast during the 19th century is a fascinating study. Perhaps the fascination stems from the romance associated with the Maine woodsmen. The romantic figure of the woodsman is an image that has been created through Maine's literature and the oral traditions—legends, tales, poems and songs. As a result of the woodsman's lore, Maine has one of the richest heritages to be found anywhere in the United States. And thanks to libraries, archives and museums this heritage has been—and will be—preserved for generations.

Preserving one's heritage is not the responsibility of a government agency or an educational institution. Yet the University of Maine has committed itself to such a task. Students are fortunate to have resources on campus devoted to the preservation of their heritage. Two resources available to students are the Northeast Archives for Folklore and Oral History, and the Raymond H. Fogler Library's Special Collections.

The Northeast Archives of Folklore and Oral History is a part of the Anthropology Department. It is a research facility and a repository for tape recordings, transcripts of tapes, and photographs and manuscripts relevant to the folklore and folklife of Maine and the Atlantic Provinces of Canada. Presently it holds over 1400 collections, 2000 hours of tape recordings, and over 4500 photographs. The most extensive collections

center on the lumberman's life, emphasizing the common woodsman and containing detailed accounts of every aspect of the lumberman's daily life. These collections have made the Northeast Archives of Folklore and Oral History perhaps the largest repository of Northeastern lumbering information in North America.

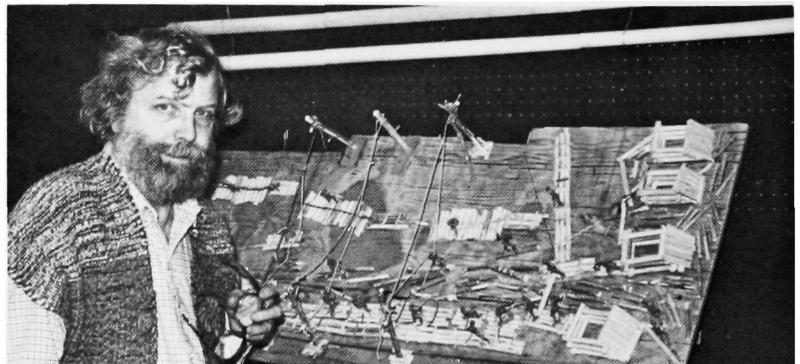
The Archives is not simply a repository but a research facility, and in this capacity it is well and fully used. It has provided information for eminent scholars, inquiring school children, cultivated laymen and undergraduates curious about every phase of the lumberman's life in the Maine woods.

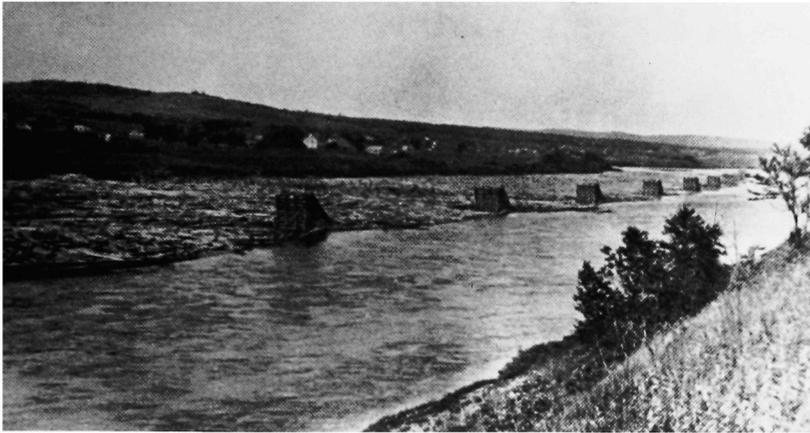
In addition, the Archives provides office space and staff for the Northeast Folklore Society. With the help of the Department of Anthropology, the Society issues an annual publication, *Northeast Folklore*. Subjects of past issues have ranged from the autobiography of a Maine lumberman to the actual operations in lumbercamps and the Argyle boom. For further information about the Northeast Folklore Society and the Northeast Archives contact the Director, Edward Ives, Room B, South Stevens Hall, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469.

The Library's Special Collections Department offers a broader scope for the study of Maine's past. In this department may be found the State of Maine Collection (8,000 titles by Maine authors or about Maine); the Maine State Document Collection (4,500 items published by state government agencies); the Manuscript Collection (800 cubic feet); the University Collection (UMO publications and records, theses and dissertations); and the Verticle File and Archives Collections (24 file cabinets of pamphlets, photographs and other material requiring special handling). With the aid of the card catalog a serious student can explore a treasure chest of primary research material—whether it be a river driver's diary, a paper company's scrapbook, or a hand drawn map of the Maine woods in the 1840's. Located on the third floor of the UMO Library, the Special Collections Department is open 8 a.m. – 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, and 1 p.m. – 5 p.m. on Sunday.

While the University provides facilities for serious students the curious layman can enjoy the various muse-

*Edward (Sandy) Ives, Director of the Northeast Archives of Folklore and Oral History, with the model of the Argyle Boom in his office in South Stevens Hall. *Northeast Folklore*, published by the Northeast Folklore Society, was devoted to the Argyle Boom in 1976. This was where sorting of the logs headed for the mills between Old Town and Bangor took place.*





Boom cribs down through a river in northern Maine. Their purpose was to confine logs to one part of the river, leaving the rest open for travel. The square pilings of rocks seen in the Penobscot River are remnants of such boom cribs. NAFOH Photo

ums that tell the story of the Maine woodsman — all within a two hour drive of the Orono campus. Some of the most extensive collections of lumberman artifacts on display are at the Patten Lumberman's Museum. The Lumberman's Museum — located on Route 159, which leads to the Northern entrance of Baxter State Park and to the Allagash Waterway — exhibits several collections of logging artifacts collected from northern Maine.

The Museum's collections are housed in nine buildings. The main building is a log structure made with hand hewn timber salvaged from two log houses built around 1860. It contains models and dioramas of the camps used in various periods of Maine lumbering, tools used in cutting timber, hauling it to the water, and driving it to the mills. There are two buildings holding heavy equipment used in the woods: Lombard log haulers, a water cart, snubbing machine, early logging truck, horse drawn logging sleds, wagons and batteaux. In addition, a picture gallery contains a large collection of photographs and paintings showing life in the Maine woods. Other buildings include a logging camp used in the early days of lumbering — reproduced in every detail and equipped with tools and utensils used 150 years ago. There is also a full sized double camp with bunkhouse, dingle and cook's quarters. To complete the setting there is a blacksmith shop, a camp office and a portable sawmill.

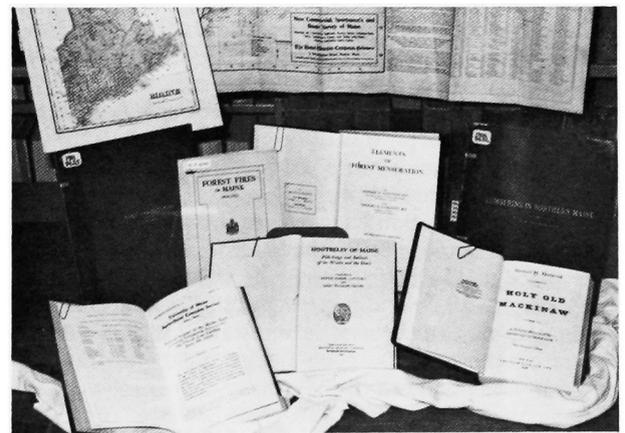
The museum is open daily from Memorial Day through Labor Day. Hours are 9 to 4 Tuesday through Saturday and 1 to 4 on Sundays. From Labor Day through Columbus Day the Museum is open on weekends only or by appointment.

The Maine State Museum is another fascinating visit. This new facility, located in Augusta's Cultural Building, exhibits a Lombard log hauler and several dioramas depicting a sawmill, river driving, and cutting tools from axes and cross-cut saws to the chain saw. Highlights to the Museum exhibits are the superb displays of the natural history of the state showing the seasonal changes in the Maine woods. The Museum is open daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday, and 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday.

Soon an additional museum will be added to Maine's cultural resources — the Maine Forest and Logging Museum in Bradley. A full scale water-powered sawmill is being constructed, and hopefully this facility—and others —will be open to the public in the near future. Directors of the Museum envision an entire living history settlement of a typical logging camp.

These are just a few of the many cultural resources available in Maine. One does not have to visit a library, an archives or a museum to enjoy Maine's heritage and forest history. Scattered throughout the state one will find boom cribs along the river banks and abandoned rail road lines and lumber camps in the woods. But for those who wish more than an exploratory experience it is worthwhile to visit and use the facilities mentioned. They are your heritage — a legacy from the past.



Just a sample of the numerous books, maps and pictures that can be found in the Special Collections Dept. at UMO's Fogler Library concerning forest history in Maine.

Changes in Maine's Wildlife

by
Chris Billis and Beth Swartz



The land is everchanging. And as it changes, all that grows and lives upon it changes too. It may take a thousand years, or a hundred, or one but it does happen. There are forces, both natural and man-made, which alter the way things are. Maine has not always been characterized by the familiar rocky coastline and the deep wilderness forests inhabited by deer, moose and bear. It took many thousands of years to shape this land in a natural way — through the movement of glaciers and changes in the climate and plant and animal community. And the arrival of man has added its own flavor to the land.

Unlike the heavily forested state we know today, Maine was once a tundra — characterized by sedges, grasses, herbs, and shrubs. The wildlife that lived here was also very different from today, and included species more typical of the tundra ecosystem such as ptarmigan and caribou. Gradually, as trees were able to pioneer the land, a tundra forest transition zone evolved. With the passing of thousands more years, Maine was eventually blanketed by a closed forest.

As the vegetation changed, so did the animal community. For some species, the land became a less favorable place to live. For others, the changes which took place created a new and better habitat. Both caribou and ptarmigan no longer exist in the state, yet they can be found on the tundras much farther to the north. The caribou, an inhabitant of the lichen-woodland, was able to hang on in Maine until the early 19th century when the combination of change in habitat and overhunting finally resulted in their disappearance. An attempt to reintroduce the animals to the Mt. Katahdin area in 1963 was unsuccessful.

Though Maine has lost animals which are more characteristic of a northern environment, a few, such as the lynx and arctic three-toed woodpecker, still inhabit restricted areas which are suitable to their lifestyles. And from our southern boundaries, we are witnessing an invasion of new species such as the opossum, mourning dove, and cardinal—species which previously could not survive Maine's climate.

Man has also had a part in the shaping of the land and its wildlife populations. Historically, the patterns and practices of land use in Maine have had an impact on the animals that live here. As white man first pioneered the state, he brought about new changes. The forests were cleared for farming and wood-cutting, and openings were created in the dense woodland. Many species were affected by these changes. For example, during the colonial period in Maine, the principal range of the white-tailed deer included the coastal regions and major river valleys where winters were mild and a mixture of wooded cover and small clearings provided the natural "edge-effect" that deer require. However, as agriculture and lumbering opened land in the interior of the state, the distribution of the white-tailed deer shifted in response and the animals moved into the new habitat created by man.

Unfortunately, the man-made changes did not benefit all wildlife, and while some species gained habitat, others lost it. Perhaps most greatly affected by man's activities were the larger predators such as wolf, cougar, and black bear. Not only did they lose their wilderness habitat as man moved into the forests but they suffered from the early, unfavorable attitudes of humans towards predators. The occasional killing of livestock did not make these animals any more welcome, and they were heavily persecuted through bounty hunting and overtrapping. Today, the wolf no longer occurs in Maine, and the presence of the cougar is questionable. The black bear, however, with its more generalized food and habitat requirements, succeeded in remaining in the state. In fact, Maine is unique in the eastern United States for having a large, healthy population of bears.





During the late 1800's and early 1900's, Maine's people were joining the westward expansion. The deserted farmlands they left behind were to become the most valuable wildlife habitat in the state. On the abandoned fields and pastures, succession took over and started the long, natural process of change in the plant community. As the vegetation matured, new opportunities were created and different species of wildlife were able to move in and utilize the different stages of change. White-tailed deer, in particular, benefited from this new habitat, as did many of the small mammals and songbirds.

Today, the abandoned farm is a vanishing habitat of Maine. The once open fields and shrub-lands are now mature forests. With the decrease in agriculture in Maine, forestry operations are becoming more important in clearing lands and providing for wildlife species the openings and earlier stages of succession which many of them require. But, like any change which takes place on the land, whether it be natural or man-made, the results will always be beneficial to some species and unfavorable to others.

Man's impact on wildlife populations in Maine has not been simply one of altering the land. On many species, his influence has been more direct. Before the idea of conservation was realized and accepted, the overharvest of animals was, for some species, a serious threat to their existence in the state. As an example, the beaver was once almost completely trapped out of Maine. Its pelt was in high demand, and little consideration was given to what might happen if too many were killed. Today, after proper management and tighter regulations, the beaver is again plentiful in the state. Not only does it remain a popular furbearer but the beaver has finally been recognized for its valuable ecological role in creating wetlands. The potential that beaver ponds have for supporting a host of other animals, such as waterfowl, trout, and otter, is tremendous.

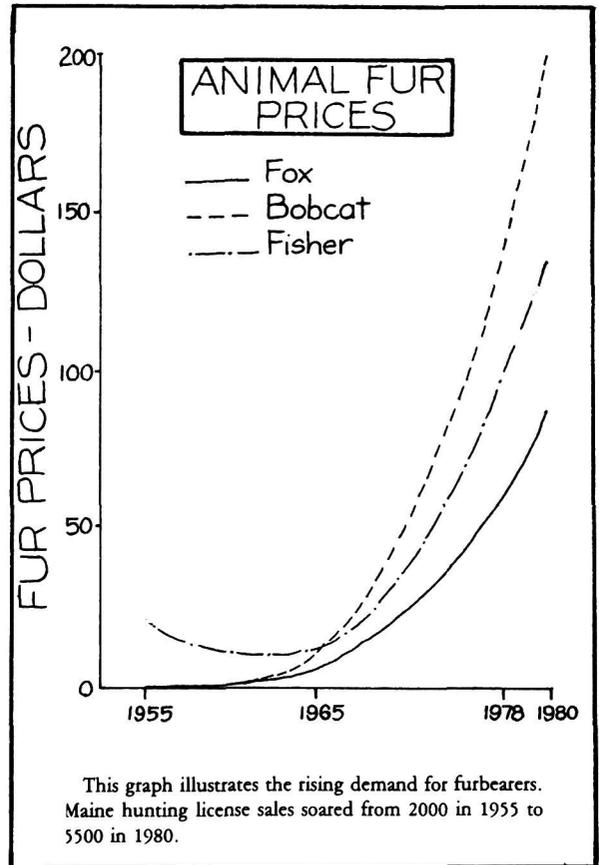
Still today, the commercial use of wildlife can exert a significant impact on wildlife populations. In recent years, the value of furbearers has climbed tremendously (see figure). With this dramatic rise in fur prices, the demand has also increased, and so the price goes even higher. It has become worthwhile for sportsmen to increase their hunting and trapping efforts. Just how much

the populations of these animals will change in response to this economic pressure is uncertain.

The future, too, will bring changes to Maine's wildlife. In this 20th century, we must deal with many of the same environmental crises as does the rest of the world. Urban sprawl continues to consume the natural landscape, agricultural and industrial toxins pollute our resources and poison the lives of many wildlife species such as the bald eagle and the osprey. Acid rain poses a frightening new threat to the state's wildlife. It is a more complex world we live in now, and Maine is not separate from it. Man and his activities, as they have in the past, will continue to affect and change the land and its wild inhabitants.

Nor has nature given up on us. Though it happens much more slowly and is harder for us to see, natural changes still take place. Maine, for instance, has been going through a "cooling trend" for the past decade. The result has been more severe winters and deeper snows. How will this affect wildlife?

And what about the movement of the eastern coyote into Maine — a new species to fit into the scheme of things. The animal has certainly become well established here in the state. What changes might the coyote's presence bring? The questions are endless and perhaps will remain unanswered for a very long time. But there is one certainty — the land and wildlife of Maine will be everchanging.



The Demeritt Forest, back when. . .

by
Patrick Strauch

The Dwight B. Demeritt Forest is a tract of land with a rich history. Trees now standing as giants were once mere saplings in pasturelands. Man has been carving and shaping the vegetation of this forest for at least 200 years, and the intensity of change on the forest has increased since the University's purchase in 1939 through the efforts of the late Professor Demeritt. Roger Taylor has supervised the management of this land since 1946, and his recollections of incidents and events are an important part of the land's history.

What better way could there be to illustrate the dynamics of the Demeritt Forest than to walk down Sewall Road and view the land's present and past. Perhaps we can also gain an understanding of what the future may bring.

The tour begins at the entrance of Sewall Road off College Avenue Extension. Both sides of the road were planted with white pine and spruce around 1950. The past 10 years this stand has been thinned by classes of technicians, yielding merchantable pulpwood. Looking further back in time we would see open fields pasturing horses in one area, and crops of corn and oats for feed raised in the other. Apparently a logger owned and worked these animals here, while through his occupation he made history on other tracts of land.

Further down the road there is a clearing on the north side. From 1953 to 1968 this was the site of the school sawmill, now located on the extension, and the



center of operations for the forest. The area reminds us of man's nomadic tendencies up in this country. Roger can recall building a much-needed pole barn in 1955 for housing machinery and equipment, and then tearing down the same, but now weathered and obsolete, structure in 1975. Large red pines now stand uniformly planted on both sides of the road.

Several minutes down the road there is a path on the right leading to an intensively managed piece of land. This area was managed by the shelterwood method with an initial cut in 1946. As Roger recalls, there was an exceptionally good seed year in 1947 that may account for the successful establishment of pine regeneration. In 1972 the remaining seed trees, averaging 110 years in age, were removed. The present regeneration has been thinned this year to allow for increased growth and a future timber harvest.

This is an amazing piece of land because the present regeneration represents the third forest supported on this soil since the history of man in the area. The seed source of this stand was a forest that had been established on agricultural fields abandoned during the civil war. The forest carved into to form these fields was part of the lands harvested as the original exploration of timber progressed up the Penobscot River country.

Fire is a part of the history of this forest. Between 1905 and 1910 fire crossed the road in a narrow band at the Spring Road intersection. Apparently the aftermath was quite devastating; one old-timer can recall standing



Roger Taylor, just a tad younger.

on this very spot and viewing the woolen mill in Old Town. Clues to this event can still be found in some remaining charred snags. If you look closely enough, you will see rows of softwoods that were planted to rehabilitate the land, but were overcome by more vigorous natural regeneration.

As we continue walking, the road rounds several bends and the giant Sewall Pines dominate the skyline. These trees, named after the former owners of the land, are between 110 and 130 years old and are growing on 34 acres of land. This land was also pasture at one time. Barbed wire found embedded in the butt log of one harvested pine dates the tacking-up of the fence back 90 years.

Growth potential of the land is easily demonstrated in this stand since logging has occurred every year for the past 25 years as a part of Dr. Griffin's silviculture exercises. The area has been managed under the shelterwood method, but regeneration is predominantly spruce and



The pole barn, built in 1955, then torn down in 1975.

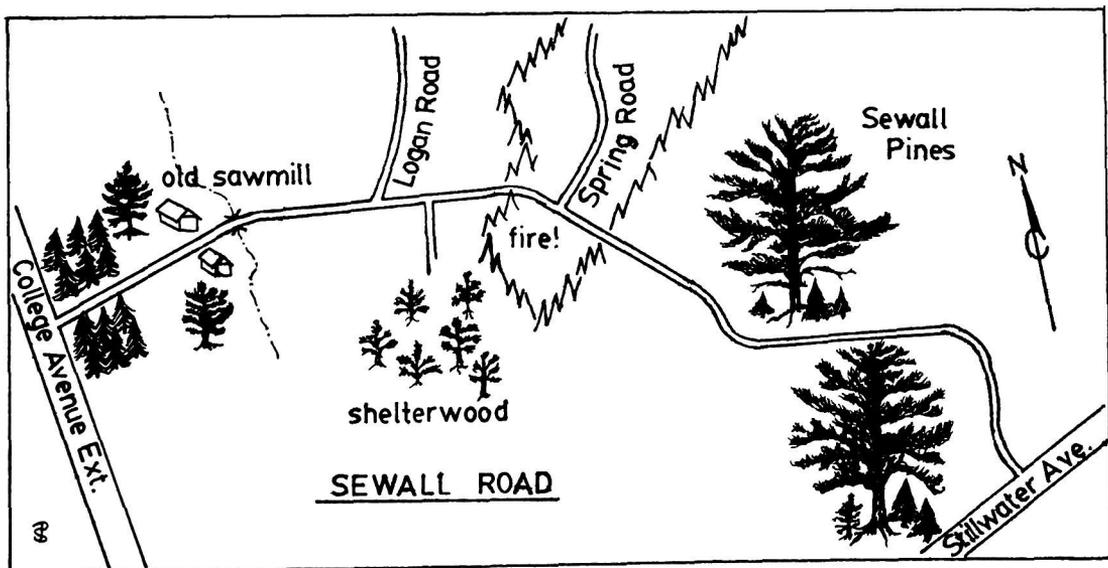
fir rather than white pine. What are the dynamics of this stand; what makes it different from the shelterwood cut back down the road? There is great value in understanding the past.

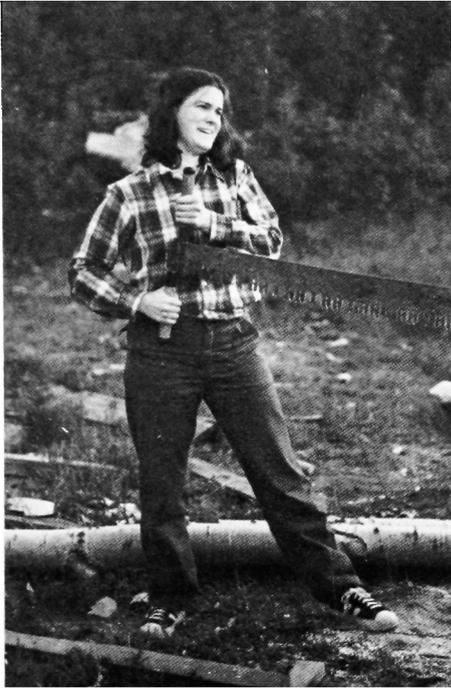
Hopefully this afternoon's walk through the forest has inspired some of you to view land and trees in the dynamic light that they change and grow in. One should take many walks through the forest, observing changes over time, for what good is a forester if he lacks the foresight developed from a good sense of the past?

I know I have learned much through many a thoughtful discussion with Roger about the history of the land I have worked on as part of the crew of the University Forest. As I put aside my chainsaw and pull up a sitting-stump, we talk. Productivity drops to a minimum for several minutes, but invaluable knowledge flows through the mind, and I dare say that I consider these moments to be the other half of my forestry education.



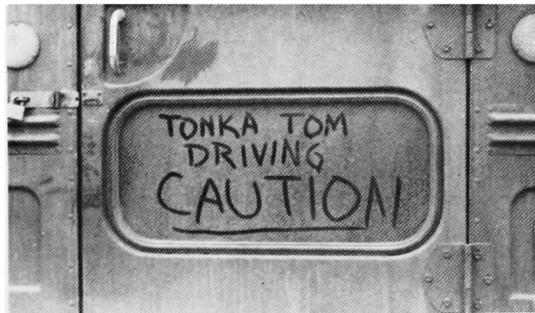
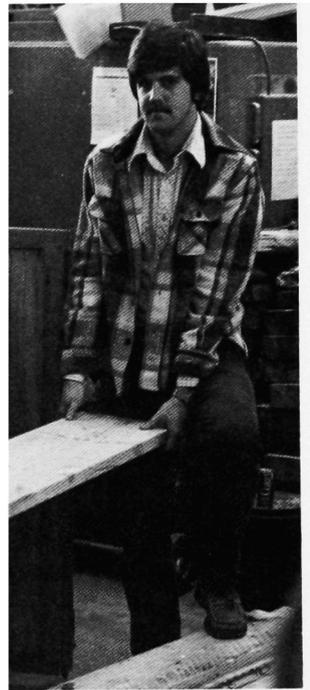
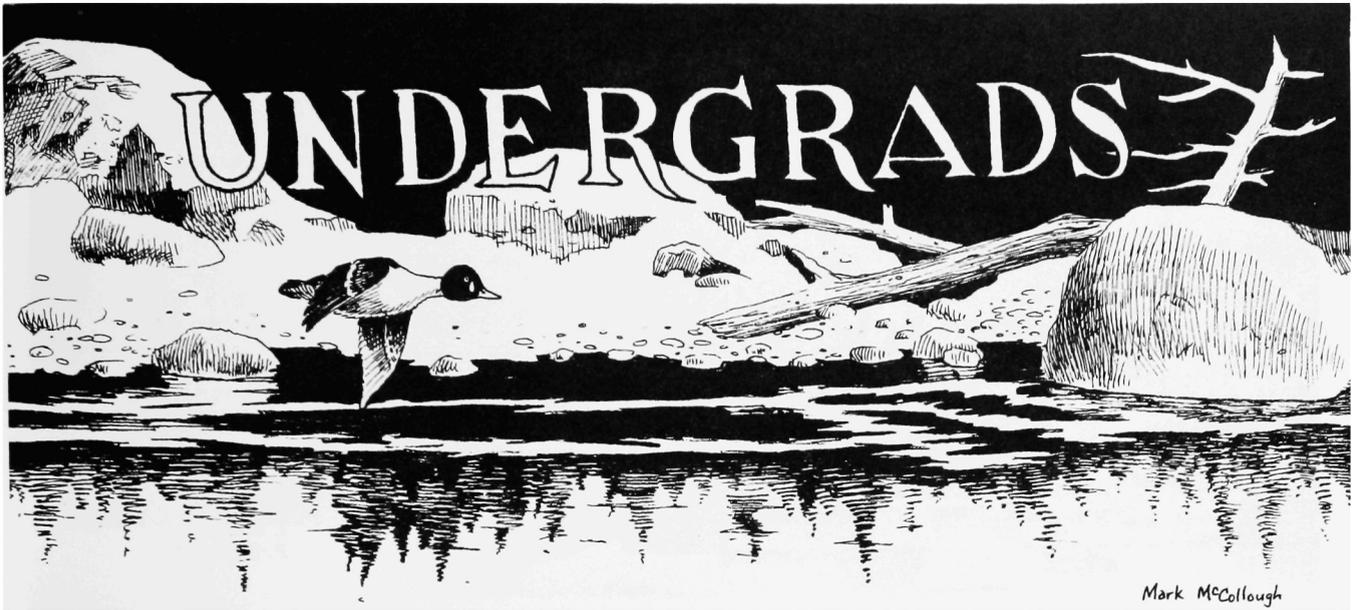
Summer camp '42: walking through the newly-planted field between College Ave. and the old sawmill.





"I have read many definitions of what is a conservationist, and written not a few myself; but I suspect that the best one is written not with a pen, but with an axe. It is a matter of what a man thinks about while chopping, or while deciding what to chop. A conservationist is one who is humbly aware that with each stroke he is writing his signature on the face of the land."

— Aldo Leopold



Freshmen



T. Hall
R. Platte
L. Maurais
C. Balduf
R. Megson

D. Harvey
T. Smith
D. Toohey
J. MacCormick
S. Tonnesen
R. Turner
C. Varney

D. Abbott
A. Thompson
K. Fischer
I. Sobel
P. Raymond

J. Mills
S. Obermeyer
M. Ray
P. Bottomby

M. Murphy
S. Mahoney
C. Burke
L. Cardone

M. Poole
K. Hollenbeck
C. Nollstadt

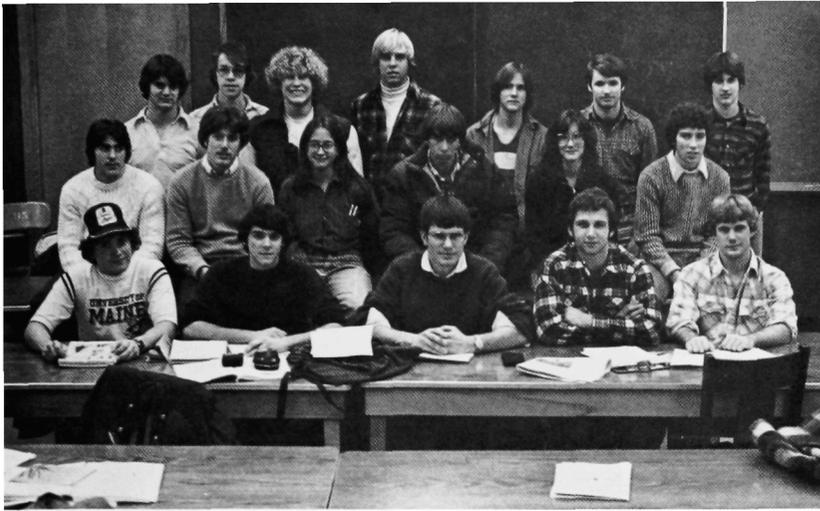


M. Murphy
P. Prescott
D. Russell
J. Bernatowicz
D. Maddocks

M. Hunkins
J. Collins
K. Brain
R. Plourde
T. Krzyna

C. Birch
B. Costa
K. Pennell
C. Graham
S. Cook





D. Sullivan
 M. Deden
 J. Bogdan
 N. Frederick
 D. Kane
 P. Keefe
 P. Volkernick

R. Ashley
 G. Neary
 M. Murphy
 S. Fribance
 L. Craven
 J. McNamara

P. Baker
 C. Arsenault
 J. Miller
 C. Springer
 B. Hannabach



Only 10 chains off; not bad! . . . Donna, how do we sign out equipment for the weekend? . . . I'll do the field notes when I get back to the dorm . . . Why do I always have to drag the chain across the swamp? . . . don't worry, Dick's not looking . . . of course we oiled the chain! . . . how do we put the staff compass in the road? . . . it's borderline — skip it . . . of course you don't need to wear your hardhats to lecture . . . since when are there Purdue tags on woodcock wings? . . . John, can we go in if it's too dark to read the compass? . . . I thought you had the relaskop . . . I must be late; John Lesley is already in class . . . "Let me emphasize this point" . . . twenty dollars for three lousy pens? . . . I'd like to change my major from forestry to cartography boy, are my feet cold!



I. Broadwater
D. Krueger
M. Vannah

E. Grant
P. Towle
C. Terry
D. Yacko
D. Sott

T. Mathieu
H. Gordon
P. Zudek
T. Cisco
M. Woodruff

W. Whittaker
A. Thibeault
P. Pancoast
D. Smith
S. Johnston

D. Richards
D. Ziegner
D. E. Johns
P. Mutchnik
S. Doane
B. Pollock

D. Sargent
S. Whiting
C. Kish
K. Hilton
K. Klavuhn



V. O'Donald
B. Stratton
R. Fogler
N. Graves

K. Ost
D. Liner
T. Ward
M. Sinderson

M. Rinaldi
T. Jenkins
J. McNally
J. Marcoux





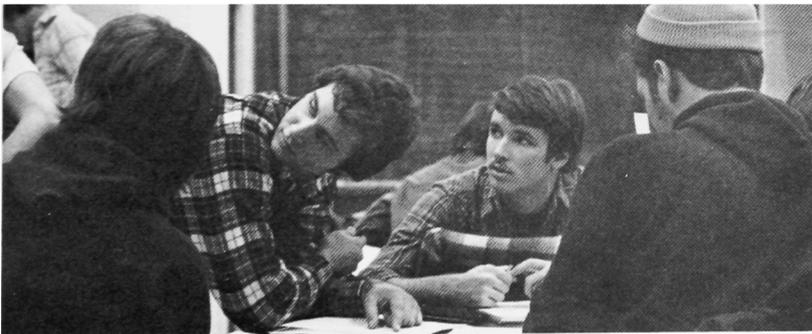
C. Bessette
 T. Brouwer
 E. Peowski
 J. Fortunata
 M. Bradstreet
 R. Kenp
 S. Christenson

B. Benedict
 P. Bickford
 J. Cofske
 T. Deliberto
 D. Hickey
 J. Cornish

J. Conlen
 E. Brown
 C. Billis
 S. Ginn
 D. Doherty

P. Wolff
 B. Joyce
 R. Wentworth
 C. Klingler
 J. Leslie
 E. Wurzburg
 T. Small
 P. Harty
 W. Johnson

T. Babb
 L. Whited
 A. Vannozzi
 D. Hutchinson
 P. Domino
 E. Wendland



First-Year Technicians



BACK: M. Ritchie, T. Costello, D. Redman, K. Adler, R. Dean, J. McAree, J. Lord, J. Laitres, K. Kenny; FRONT: D. Soctomah, K. Farrar, S. Warcohl, P. Clark, B. Alafat, S. Hoyt, M. Roy, K. Hockman.



getting the bus stuck and walking back to campus from the University Forest . . . 8:00 a.m. classes . . . drive a skidder? — okay . . . “a car ran over my chain!” . . . now that the engine’s apart, what are the parts? . . . I’m confused . . . 2½ hour prelims . . . measure the height? but where’s the top? “this swamp’s not on the map” . . . throw a chain? okay — where? . . . are we looking for woodcocks or woodchucks? . . . tally sheets won’t burn . . . Black Jacques . . . Yunker’s sleeping bag . . . “Relax, boys and girls, and leave the driving to me” . . . black flies . . . no salt? where are we?? . . . Ron: “uh, Melissa — about those pictures of the bus . . .”



J. Hoffman
 J. Gray
 D. Seekins
 S. Ingraham
 T. Dennehy
 A. Brooks

S. Hardy
 D. Cough
 Sam
 R. Carlson
 T. Christopherson
 J. Lobley
 B. Shaffer



P. Wheeler
 C. Sprague
 M. Gilchrist
 C. Richardson
 R. Banks
 J. Petit
 S. Tudor

T. Santaguida
 L. Roebuck
 T. Bowman
 P. Kelley
 M. Lariviere



D. Newman
 C. Dumont
 R. Walton
 J. Davis
 R. Leclair
 A. Meister
 J. Swennes
 C. Bagnall
 D. Georgia
 P. Marcinuk

P. Devlin
 P. Jeffcoat
 G. Foss
 A. Roberts
 C. Buzzell
 J. Moulton
 P. Forte



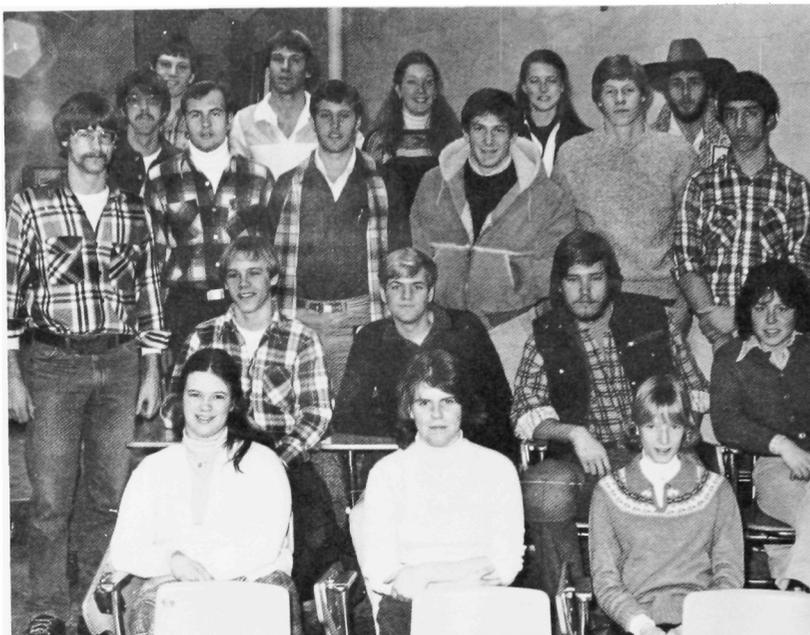
Sophomores

T. Chamberlain
S. Fletcher
S. Perin
C. McCoy
P. Jodice

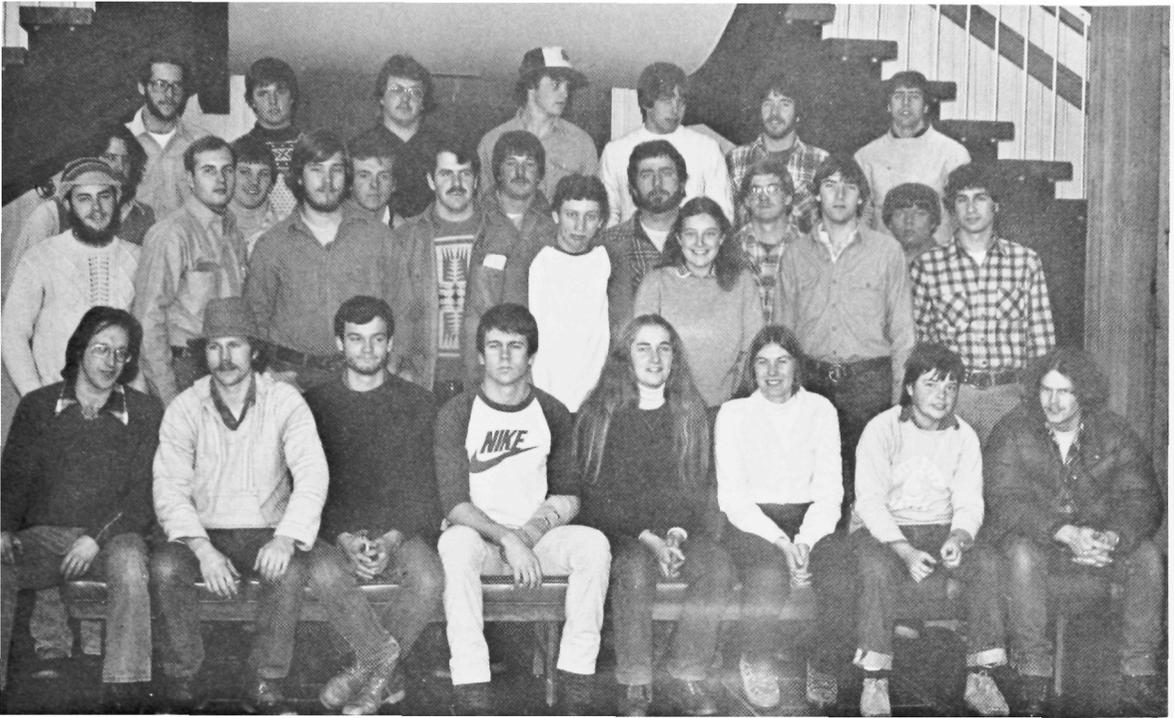
S. Hamilton
D. Kingman
M. Fitz
J. Passman
B. Roeblen
C. Dyke
J. Kelley

S. Lowell
B. Nichols
C. Foster
missing

D. Porter
W. Moynihan
C. Shaw



Do you remember . . . Tom Brann's styrofoam forest . . . or the time the screen came crashing down on him! . . . studying fish for three weeks in ZO 131 . . . Lindsay at 9:55 saying, "Just give me a couple more minutes" . . . eating grapes and having snowball fights during dendrology lab . . . ecology movies starring hoodlum penguins . . . getting out of statistics for sophomore pictures . . . how inaccessible the point in surveying lab was . . . Frank Howd's pencils poking through his pockets during geology lectures . . . Dr. Richards' unforgettable slides of: "lily-of-the-valley", "a dead elm", "my rose" . . . smoking pencils and writer's cramp after Dr. Richard's classes . . . and, speaking of writer's cramp — the ecology final!! . . . "can't we use a tape-measure instead of a d-tape?"



BACK: M. MacDonald, M. Moser, D. Hopkins, C. Gerard, T. Saucier, D. Pooler, M. Brown; **MIDDLE:** B. Jarvis, P. Day, M. Fitz, T. Chamberlain, C. Foster, D. Smith, D. Walsh, P. Hedrick, D. Graves, D. Barrett, C. Ferreira, T. Burrall, R. Fitts, B. MacGregor, K. Hillemeir; **FRONT:** M. Hammond, K. Weatherbee, J. Peach, E. Perron, L. Schmidt, L. Craig, P. Ashton, A. VanWert.

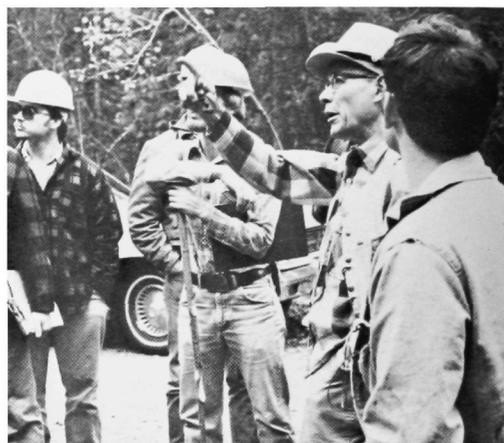
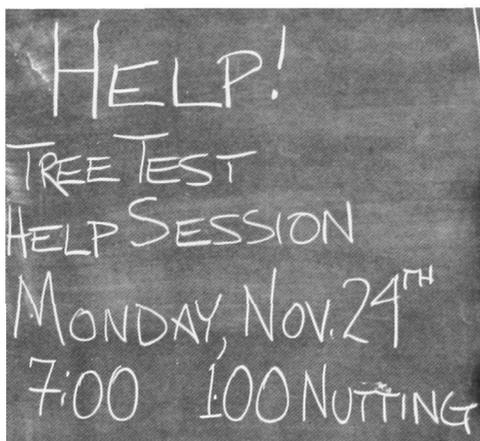


BACK: S. Hambleton, P. Hancock, K. Hutchinson, P. Hoefele, L. Greco, B. Boardman, R. Berthiaume, missing, M. Martorella; **MIDDLE:** C. Purvis, J. Celia, G. Galing, missing, P. Porada, M. Michaud, E. Garcia, R. Gelting, missing, J. Gates, J. Stewart, S. Leinweber, L. Balduc, L. Durkin, T. Boudreau, M. Ladstatter, C. Lane, B. Blye, B. Reed, C. Hill; **FRONT:** C. McCoy, J. Rand, K. Allcroft, R. Johnson, J. Lentsch, F. Allen, T. Doten, C. Lynch.

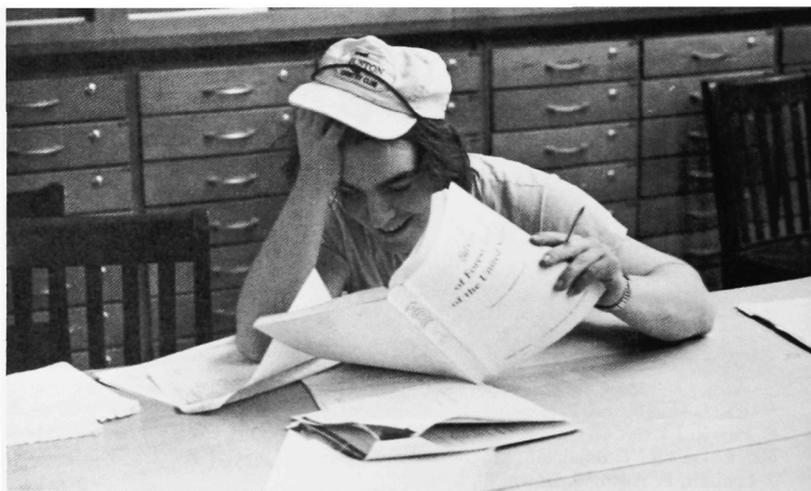
Juniors

L. Thomas
K. Moore
P. Pelkey
B. Schubert
E. Witt
D. Andrade
M. Wolcott
R. Thompson
S. Tibbles
hiding face
P. Baglione
R. Nelson
S. Clark
D. Perrine
B. Grimm
S. Hadley

G. Fish
J. McBride
W. Morrison



"Is there life after Silvics?" . . . Dr. Griffin: "And so, of course, I had a copy stenciled up for you." . . . remember, a vertical sketch-master "and if I ever find out who the wise guy is who didn't clean the pens, I'll break his arm! I'll break both arms!" . . . beep, beep — time for Fy 19 . . . Freddy Forester . . . does removing dead wood improve growth of the stand? "That's like shooting a dead rabbit!" . . . hardwoods lose their leaves because it's an inherent trait of the organism.



B. Turner
A. Weingartner
B. Slack
P. Polanski
J. Coleman
M. Woodbury
J. Benoit
C. Davis
C. DuPerre
L. McCaslin
B. Woodcock
G. Ferkol
V. Sirogce

D. Fosbroke
J. Esden
M. Richards
M.K. Allen
Sheena



J. Carlisle
E. McCarthy
M. Paglierani
R. Teat
K. Pelletier
D. Burn
P. Engel
A. McPherson
A. Wood
M. Duschene

T. Brubaker
J. Quigley
D. Simonds
D. Hatton
M. Reidy
P. Horne
S. Akucewich

J. Albert
Sheena
D. Danner

S. King
F. Tighe
R. Kuhlberg
K. Bernier
E. Snyder
M. Hutchinson
C. Donnelly
P. Beaver
J. Mehan
T. Fredrison
L. Moon
R. Hughes
J. Churchill

C. Roberts
T. Powers
M. Gaudette
C. Raymond
C. McRae
D. Wyman

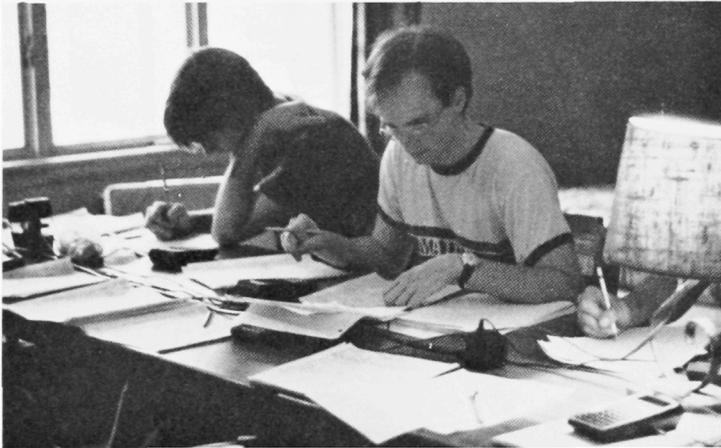


Forestry Summer Camp

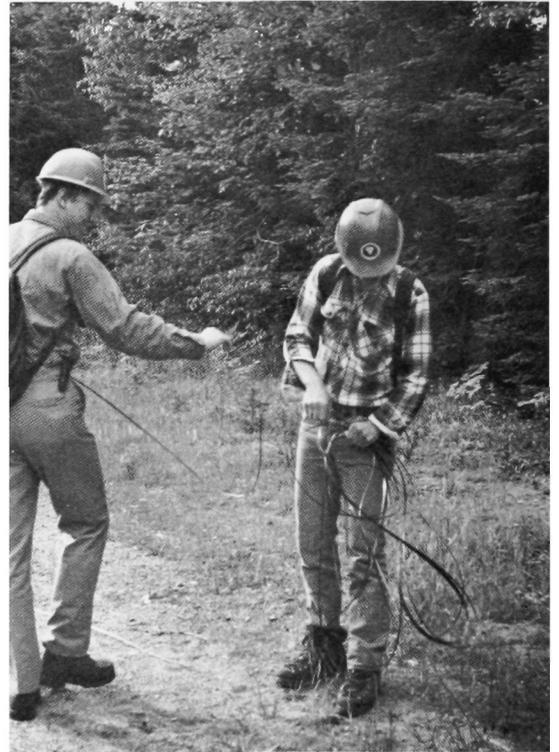
Once again forestry camp was held at Bridgton Academy for three weeks and at Capricorn Lodge, for the last time, the other three weeks. At Bridgton, groups were assigned a woodlot to survey and cruise, the culmination being a written management plan. In addition there were many field trips to places such as the White Mountain National Forest, S.D. Warren Paper Mill, and the Western Maine Forest Nursery. Other studies included C.F.I., forest entomology and forest biology. At Capricorn, the group was faced with the task of preparing a forest inventory of Wyman Township. Cable-logging, forest recreation planning and harvesting rounded out the three weeks. The summer of 1981 will mark the moving of the Capricorn session to Nicatous Lodge, on Nicatous Lake.



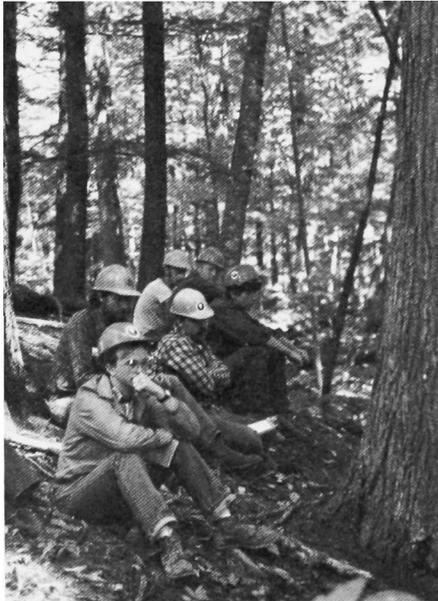
I've got the summer camp blues.



Another Confidence Interval???

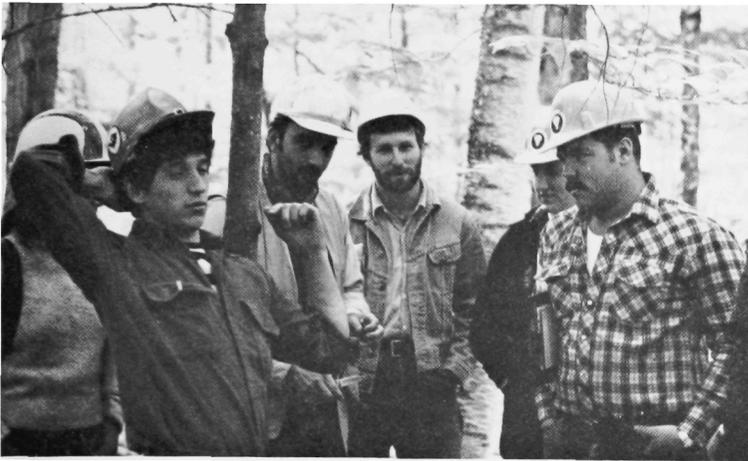


Ah, what a tangled web we weave!



The 23rd stop today.

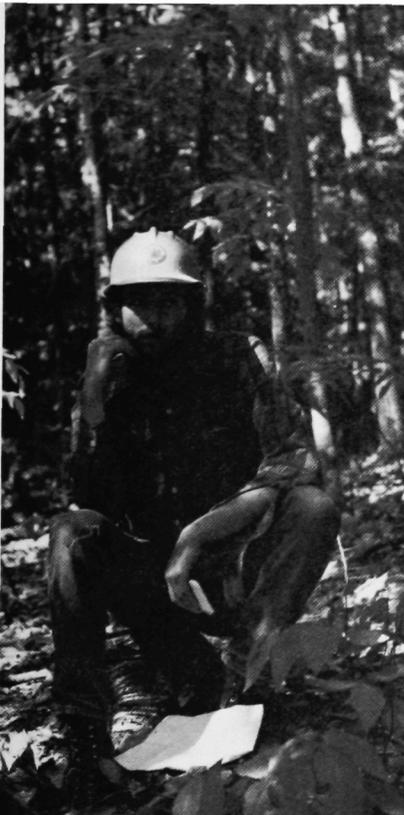




We're talkin' . . . Yawn!



Are we crazy?!



You've got to be kidding!



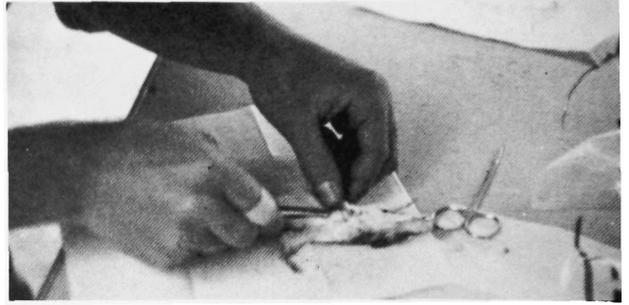
the Ron Tebbets' summer look



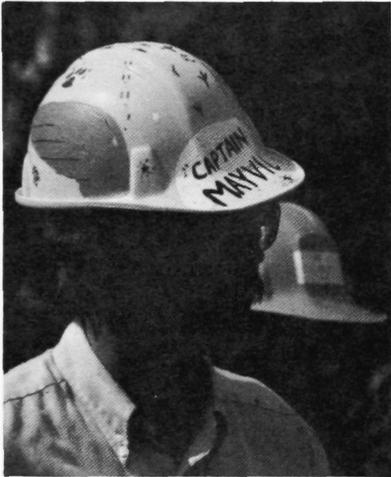
"We're talking" ahhh. . . Lemon meringue pie. "Facts do not matter". . . 1 cord of wood is equal to 7.5 million toothpicks. . . mayonnaise can kill! . . . "the hardest part of camp is fitting the sandwiches into the bag" . . . Brador. . . "My father makes counterfeit money". . . Is Ferkol here? . . . CFI (See if I care) . . . "Fire!". . . Jacuzzi-time. . . In China they do it for chili. . . B.C.. . . "This isn't the way to Flagstaff Lake!". . . Supercruise. . . Ray McDonald's mosquitos. . . "I'll show you how it works" . . . due at 8:00 am. . . "You lost your spare tire!"; "We'll get it on the way back". . . Pink Floyd. . . Where's Tom? . . . Tom Brann-"It's ok to throw range poles, as long as you don't break them". . . "How far will you drive for a Pepsi?" . . . Canada. . . order 5 kegs??. . . 5 weeks, 6 days — Yipee!

Wildlife Summer Camp

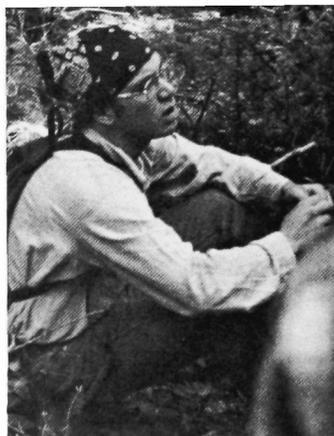
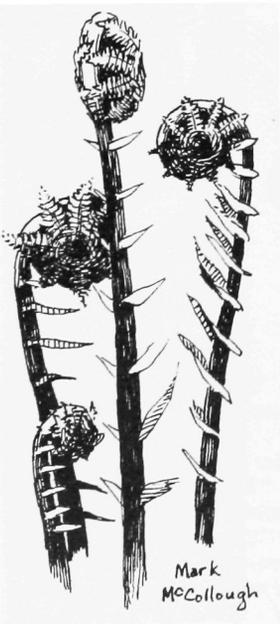
Wildlife summer session was again held for six weeks at Maine Central Institute in Pittsfield, Maine. The thirty students attending last summer were joined by four students from Colorado State University: Dan DeSoussa, Bill French, Pat Tucker and John Baas. The six weeks were spent in the classroom, working in the field, and on field trips to observe the operations of others. Some of the field trips were to Acadia National Park, the fish hatchery, St. Regis and I.P. harvest operations, sewage treatment plants, and a visit with salmon fishermen along the Penobscot.



"Do we really have to do this?"



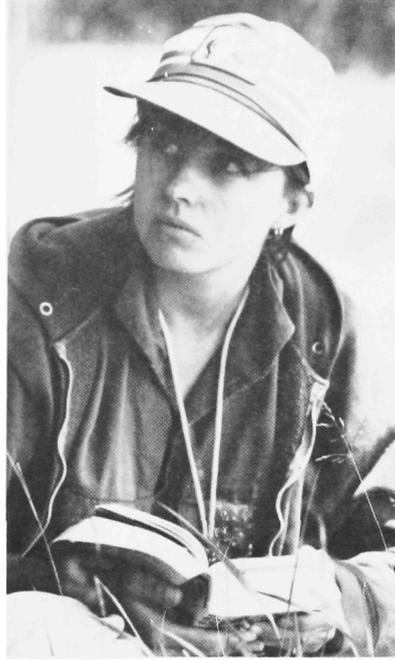
THE ROAD — *Another day, another bootful of mud.*



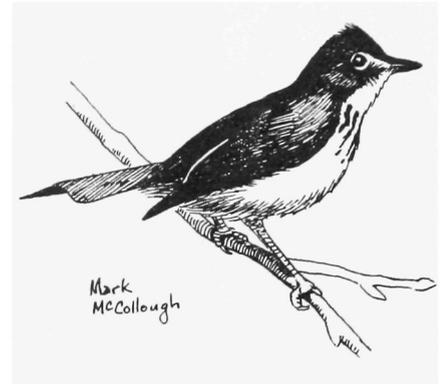
New use for hardhats — filling radiators!



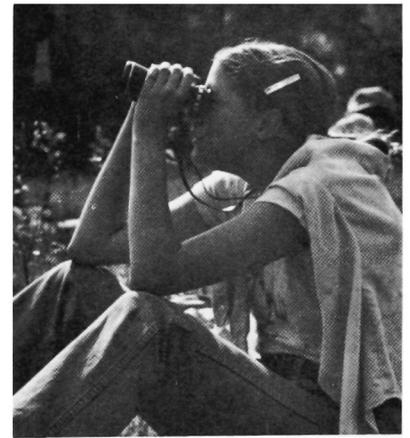
Jimmy Dorso: "At last! a woodduck!"



Kate and the THE BOOK.



Afterlunch siesta at MCI.

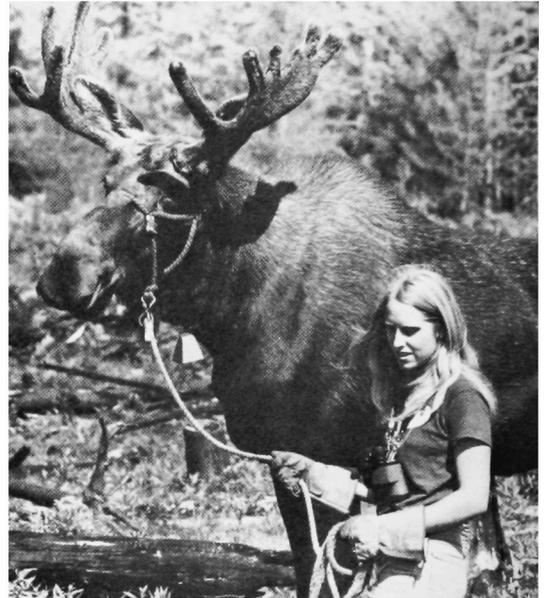
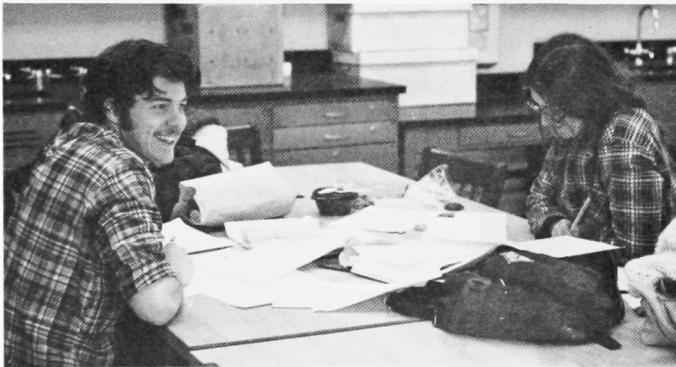
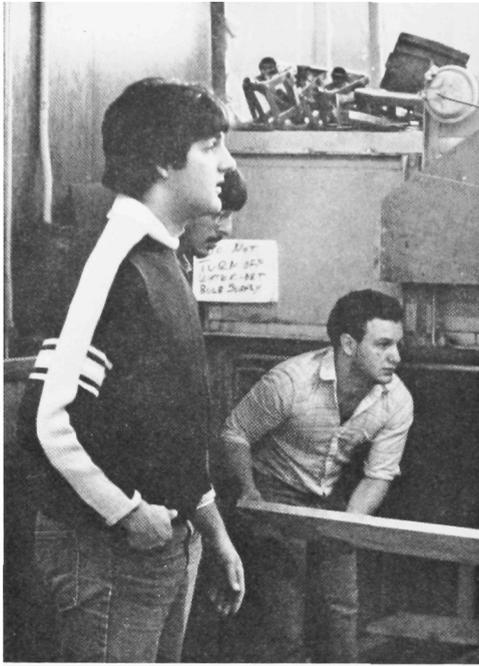


Can you notice the broken wing?



Scott: "Okay, who knows what this is?"

. hey, you aren't taking pictures of the dump, are you? .
 poison ivy!!! look for the fat globs . . . cruising dandelions?
 they say there are a lot of grouse there . . . Day one: Dave & Hendrics lost . . . scrambled egg sandwiches?
 here come the mosquitos — light up those cigars! . . . Quigley's late again . . . Scott, when are you doing your whooping crane dance? . . . Wayne: "Got any jobs?" . . . you hang out at the laundrymat? . . . All Sports Club . . . that's a parade? . . . Dr. McCormack: "no wonder everyone sleeps on this bus!" as we were just missing the logging truck . . . the Carnivorous Forest . . . soccer with MCI . . . stranded in Greenville . . . what's the world population of otters? Dr. Gilbert: "Healthy!" . . . *&!@ Mt. Abraham — Charlie's favorite . . . Carney-bird broke her wing when the black jelly bean came up . . . "life ain't no bed of roses and the forest is one big garden . . ." mud fights in the swamp . . . YEEHAW!



Next to those basic traits of personal character, without which no man is worth his salt, the Forester's most important quality is the power of observation, the power to note and understand, or seek to understand, what he sees in the forest. It is just as essential a part of the Forester's equipment to be able to see what is wrong with a piece of forest, and what is required for its improvement, as it is necessary for a physician to be able to diagnose a disease and to prescribe the remedy. . . No man can be a good Forester without the quality of observation and understanding which the French call "the forester's eye". It is not the only quality required for success in forestry, but is unquestionably the first.

—Gifford Pinchot

