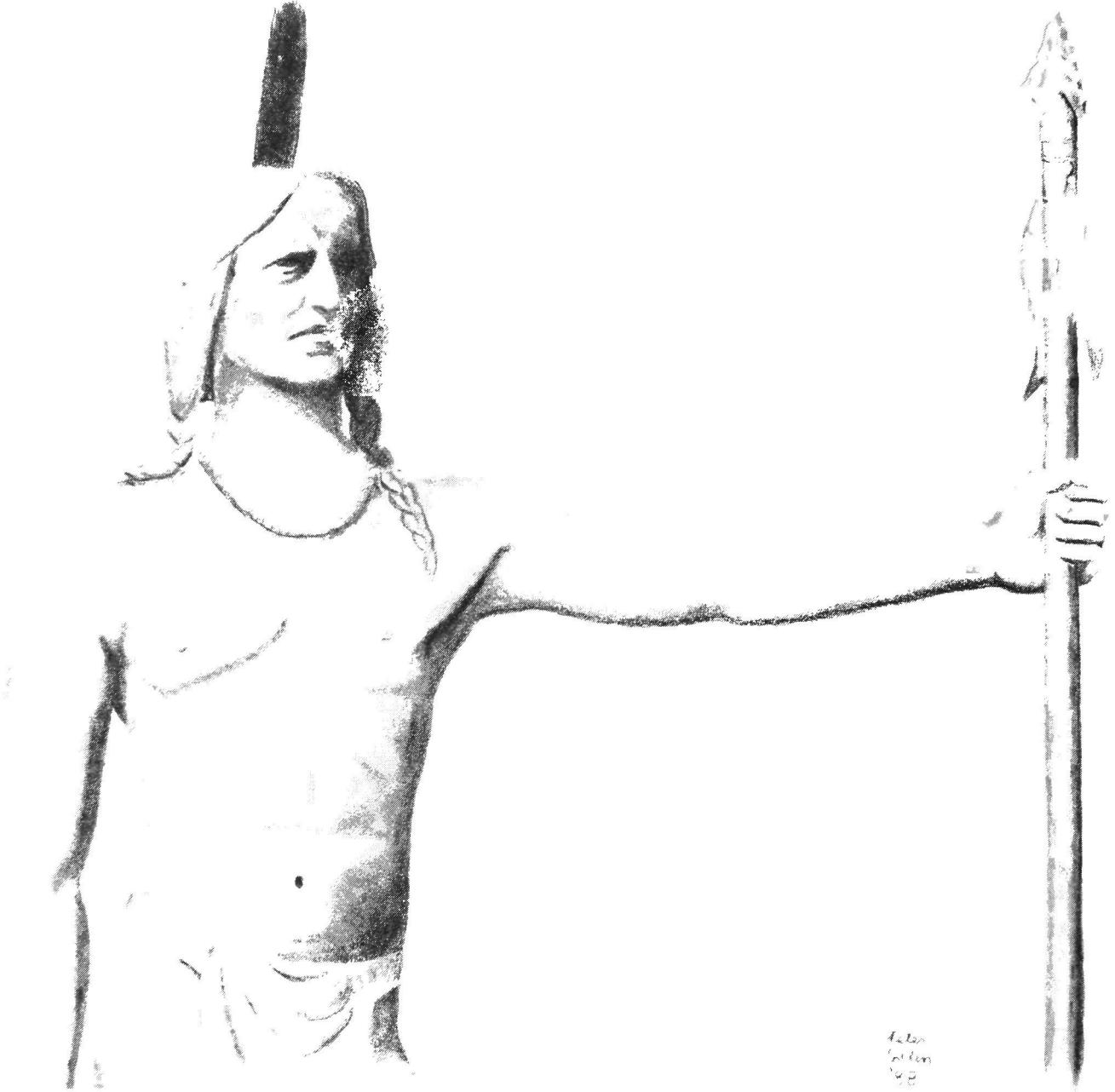


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SUPPORT STAFF



TOM NEWCOMB



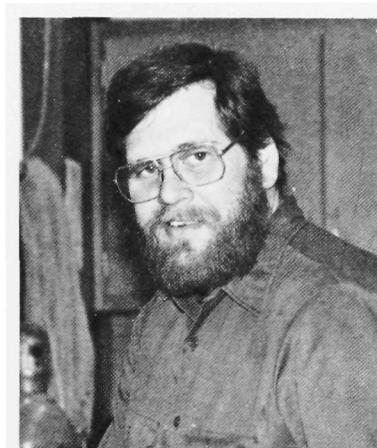
EVA COLE



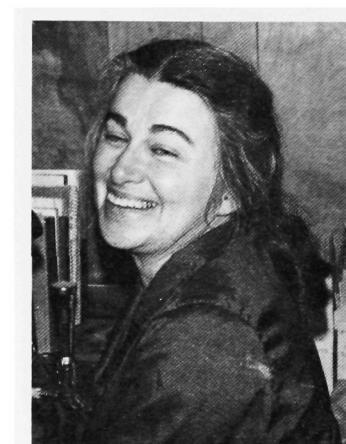
SUSAN SERREZE
RESEARCH ASSISTANT



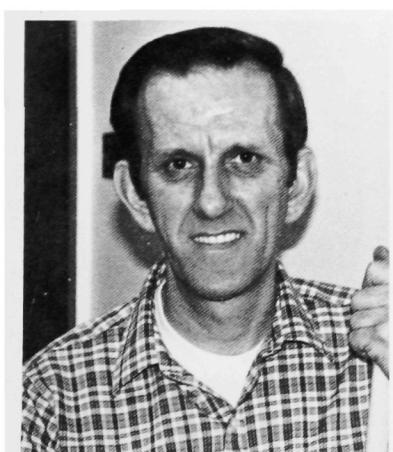
PEIHFANG TSAI
RESEARCH ASSOCIATE



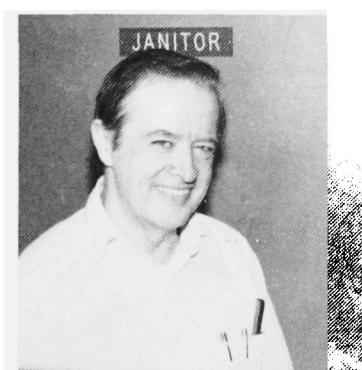
KIM ADLER
TECHNICIAN



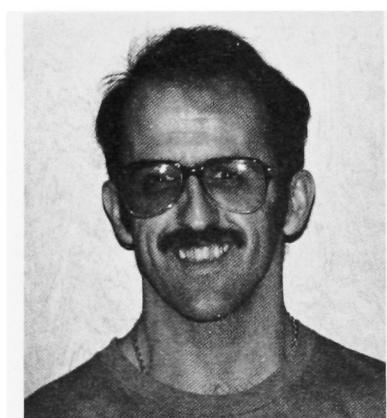
ULMA HOMOLA
RESEARCH ASSOCIATE



PAUL BERTRAND



BOB DUBEY



ARTHUR JOAQUIN

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF



MARY LOU HODGE HELEN BELYEA DOLORES STONE



NORA ACKLEY



PEGGY SMART



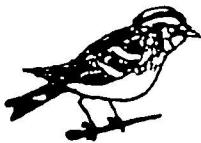
LINDA HAWKINS



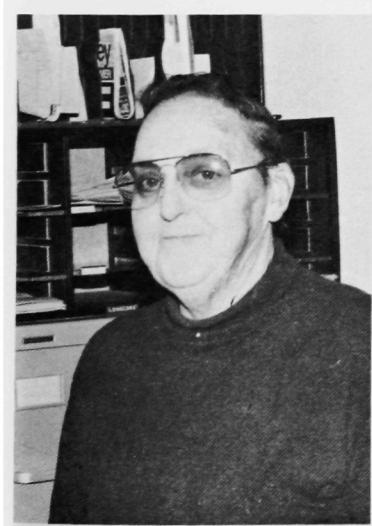
MARIE ROY

CINDY PASCHAL

ELEANOR HEINZ



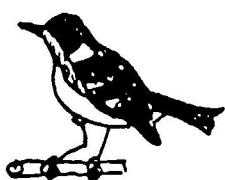
SHIRLEY MOULTON



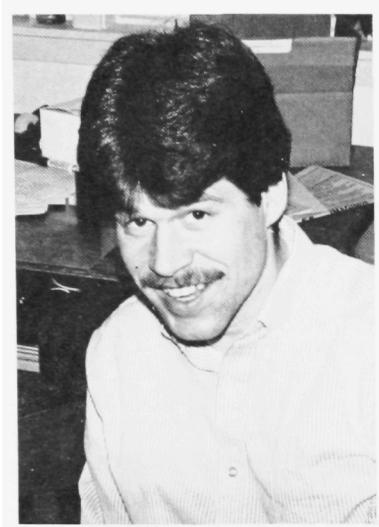
MAXINE HORNE



CAROLE HALSTEAD



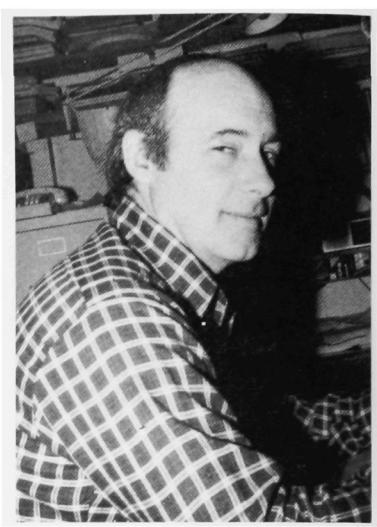
PROFESSIONAL STAFF



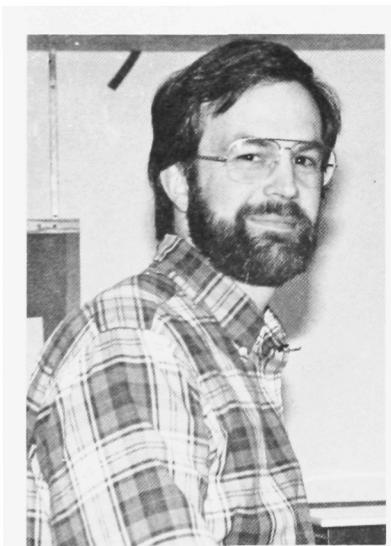
RONALD LEMIN
Research Associate



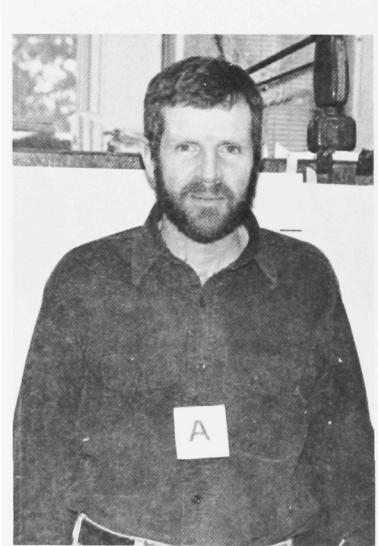
JILL WEBER
Research Associate



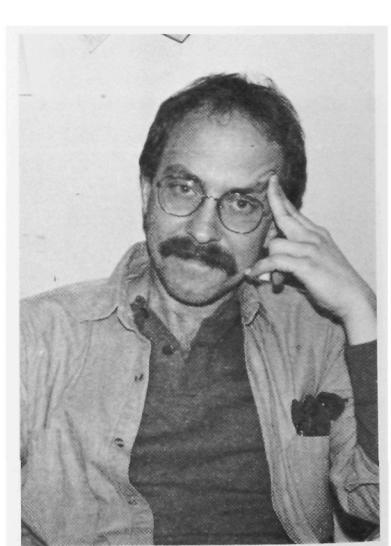
PETER CARON
Research Associate



JONATHAN CARLISLE
Research Associate

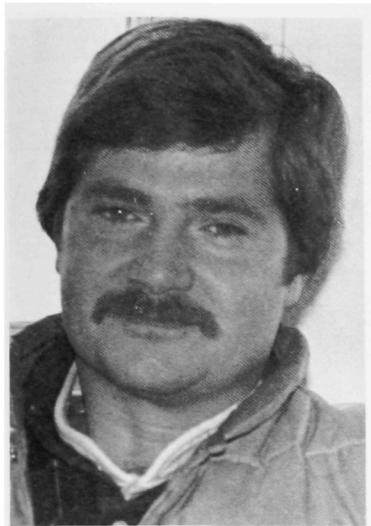


R. A. LAUTEN SCHLAYER
Research Associate



SHAWN CARLSON
Research Associate

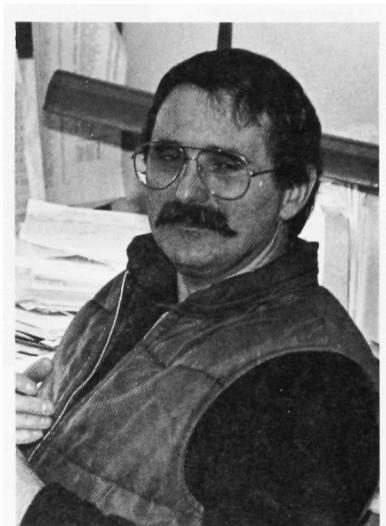
PROFESSIONAL STAFF



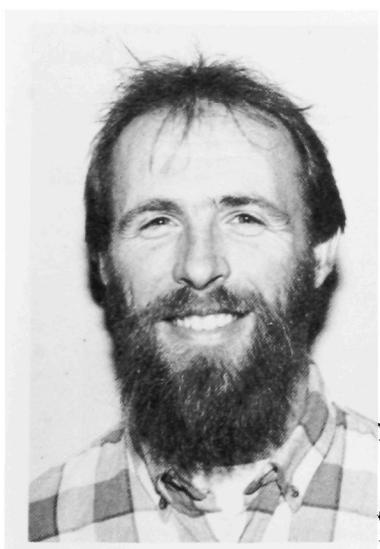
DAN McCAULEY
*U.S. Fish and Wildlife
Service*



CHUCK SIMPSON
Forest Superintendent



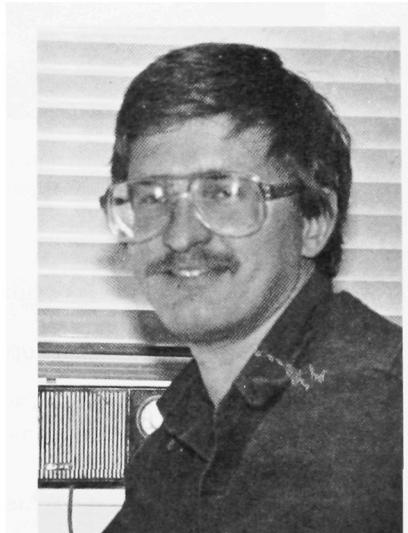
JERRY LONGCORE
*U.S. Fish and Wildlife
Service*



JACK WITHAM
Research Assistant



CATHERINE ELLIOTT
Assistant Scientist



MARK McCOLLOUGH
Caribou Project Leader

QUOTABLE QUOTES

"I ask you if you plan to go for a walk in the woods do you bring a rabbit with you just in case you get lost?"
Laurie Shaw

"I'm going to make lots of babies and give them for Christmas gifts."
Katherine Webber

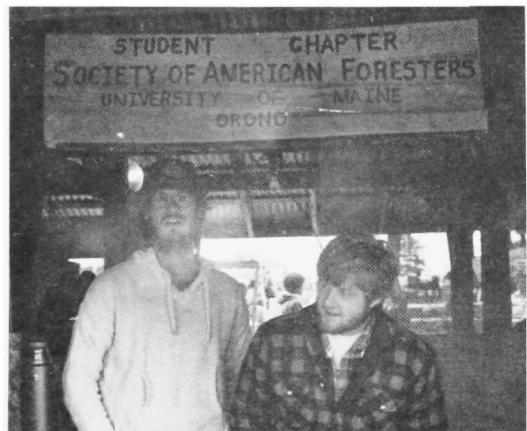
Question: "If I said mussels, what would you say?"
Answer: "Muscovite."
Sarah Kemzura

"Spring . . . Oh What a releaf."
Dan Long

"Tom has no leaves, so he must be a hardwood."
Louis Morin

"In fact, any oversight on your part would be appreciated."
Dr. White

"I'm wimpy."
Laurie Shaw



"I'm so funny!"
Ted Gamron

"Ohhh, I lost my bulb."
Professor Hale

Question: "Why do microorganisms want carbon?"
(Ivan Fernandez)

Answer: "So they can grow up, too!"
Craig MacLean

"I know I'm right."
Mac Hunter

"Doesn't Gary Hart have his own talk show?"
Mark Deschencs

"Goddamn flatlanders."
Phil Janes

"The only good fire is a big fire."
Brian Curtain



"If you think the stock market has any problems, just take a look at my checkbook."
Jim Edelbut

"Pretty muchly."
Dr. Fields for the nth year

Question: "How do you generate insect saliva?"
(Craig McClean)

Answer: "Excite them with other insects."
Dr. White

"I'm not going to become a member of the faculty unless I get their salary and benefits."
A paraphrase from Fall Field Day 1987.

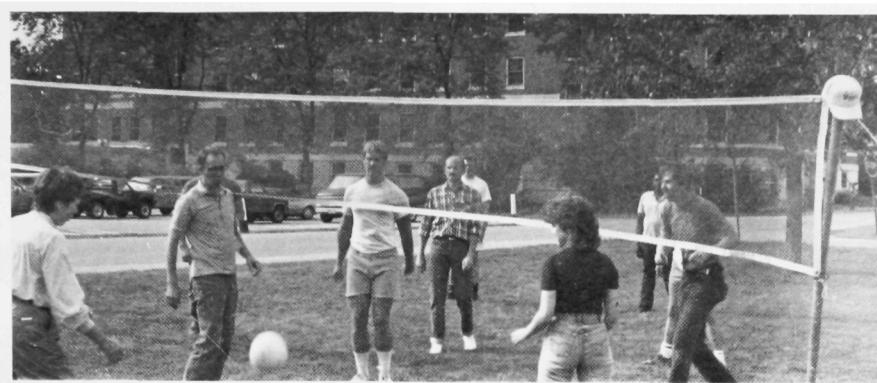
Laurie Shaw

"Have your partner measure you."
Louis Morin

"That is not correct."
C. Z. Westfall



QUOTABLE QUOTES



"Woodcock, Woodduck, same difference."

Sarah Kemzura

"If I wasn't so lazy, I'd have came out and set up plots."

Bob Seymour

"A tree takes character when it's horizontal."
Brian Curtain for the nth time.

"It doesn't have any leaves so it must be dead."
Craig MacLean

"Medic!" Peter Moulton and Brian Curtain

"All spawned out!" Sophmore Summer Camp

"Look, it's got branches and everything."
Craig MacLean

"These numbers are trite." Dr. Corcoran

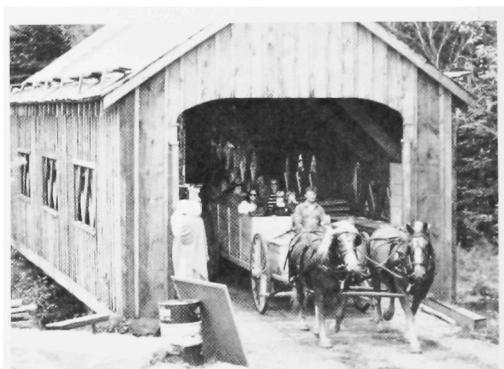
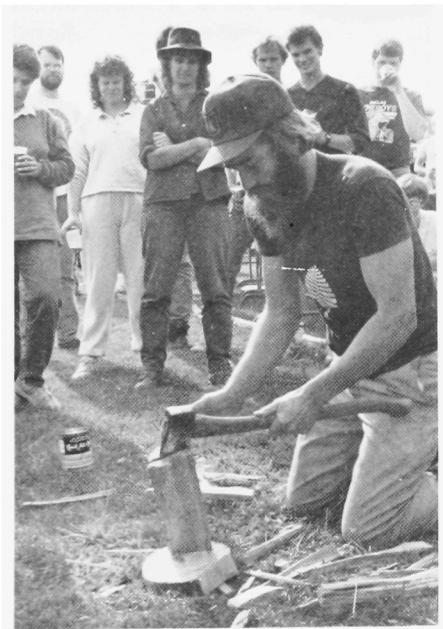
"If you have to chose between organization and breakfast chose breakfast every time!"
Professor Kimball

"Hey Laurie, can I borrow your ruler . . . thats nice, I'll trade you two Pepsis and a Kit Kat for that ruler." Scott Wilkerson

"A lot of us don't have much in common with life sciences, to me wood is something that comes from a freight car." Dr. Shottaefer

"What's the matter with him?" "Hoffman's grad student." Kris Alterio

"I thought you said you were playing cribbage . . . or is cribbage played with cards?" Sharon Abrahms





"Can you help me with my economics homework?"
"Sure, what are you having trouble with?" "Putting
the disk in the disk drive." Cindy Gamron

"If yesterday was today, I'd be here tomorrow."
Laurie Shaw

"Work together on this, but no damn cheating!"
Ben Hoffman

"This machine takes longer to warm up than I
do." Dan Licht

"I study too much to remember so little."
Scott Wilkerson

"I didn't show up for lab yesterday because it was
raining."
freshman lab

"I'm leaving because it's too cold out."
FTY 101 lab student

"We couldn't complete the lab successfully
because it was too cold."

Source of error in freshmen lab

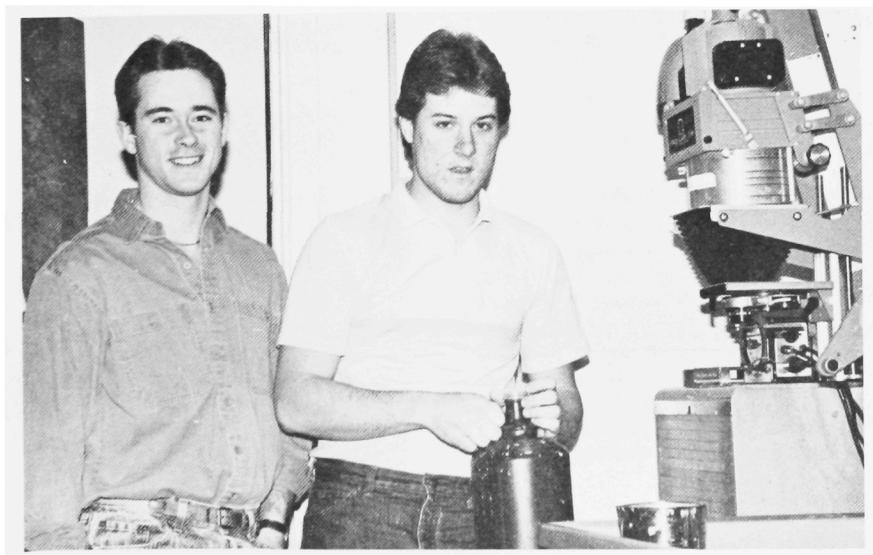
"Has anyone seen Hale today?" (Shottafer) "Yes,
he's out roaming the halls sniffing out building violations."

Kris Alterio

"Wow! a 36" dbh." Dan Long

"Boy this is a dense class . . . I mean you are sit-
ting so close together."

David Field



Jeff Bergeron
Debbie Soule
Eva Cole
Cindy Gamron
Louis Morin



NATIONAL CARTOGRAPHICS INFORMATION CENTER

The NCIC Maine affiliate office, which is located in Nutting Hall is part of a network of offices nation wide assisting the U. S. Geological Survey to collect and distribute cartographic information to the general public.

The NCIC office in Nutting Hall is staffed by students who are prepared to provide customers with various types of cartographic products including maps, charts, and photographs for sale. The staff respond to over 2,000 inquiries per month by mail, phone, and walk-ins.

NCIC Services . . . Selling Map Products

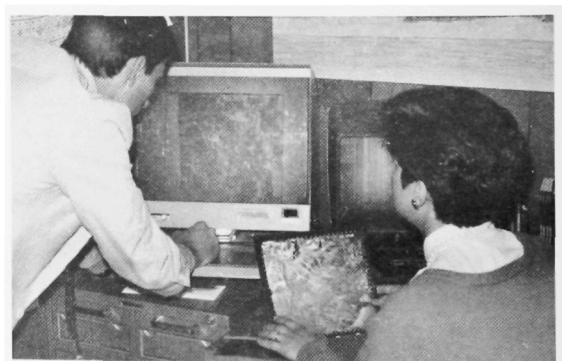
NCIC has over 3,000 maps of Maine and eastern Canada in stock and can order maps, charts, and photographs for Maine, all U. S. states, as well as other parts of the world. Digital map data and satellite imagery is also available.

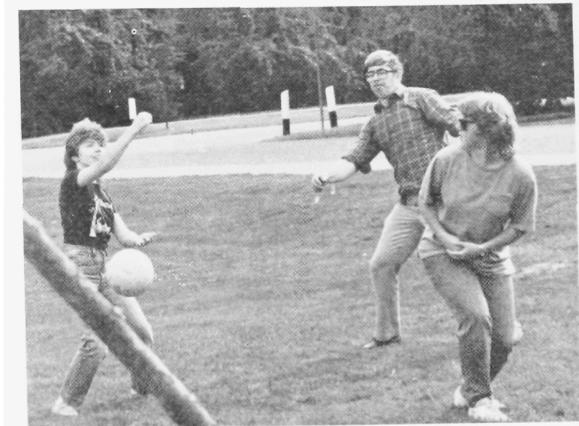
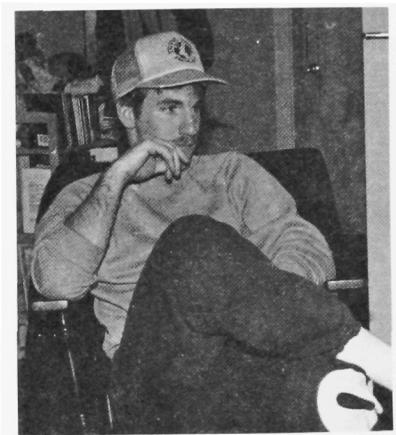
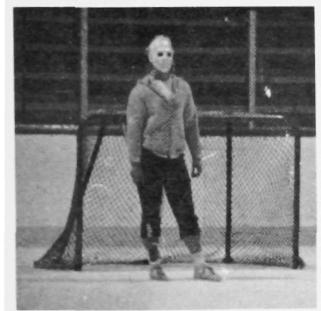
NCIC - Services . . . Information

If what you need is information rather than a cartographic product, such as an aerial photograph, NCIC staff will try to respond as straight-forwardly as possible. Perhaps a return telephone call will be enough to answer your question. Other times you may receive a detailed letter. It all depends on the nature of your request. The NCIC staff uses four major search systems that provide rapid access to details about millions of hundreds of thousands of maps and charts. From the mass of data, NCIC staff can help you find the one item you may be seeking to fill a special need.

NCIC - Services . . . Research

The NCIC staff can research information for customers. For example, NCIC is sometimes asked for information about an original path of a dismantled railroad line. In this case, staff researchers might track down an old Geological Survey map showing the rail line, or perhaps contact colleagues at the Library of Congress, the National Archives and Records Service, or associations of railroad historians to find the necessary maps or information. The NCIC staff can also answer mapping inquiries dealing with such matters, for example, as technical specifications of a computer file of elevations. If your question can be best answered by a leaflet or a simple handout, it will be sent to you free of charge. Most of NCIC's research services are free. If a charge is necessary, you will be informed before the research is started.

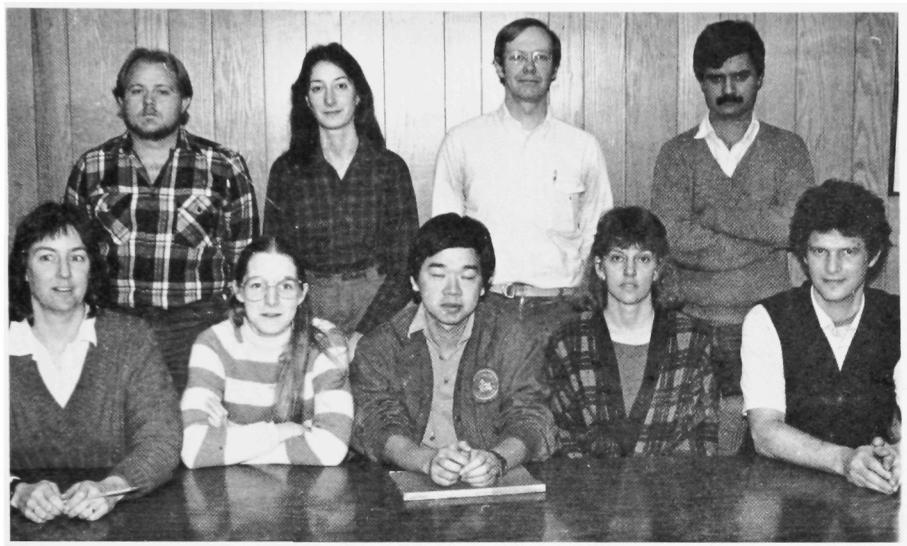




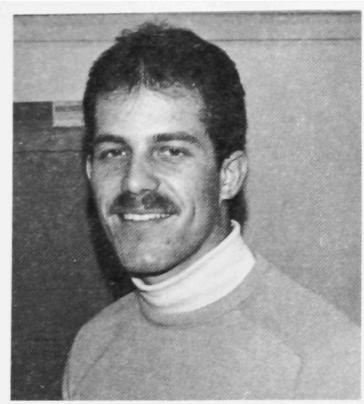
GRADUATE STUDENTS



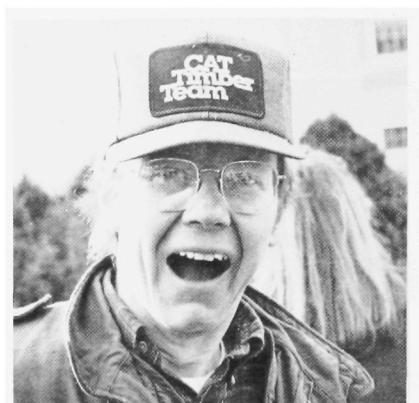
Peter
Collins
'88



THROSTER EYSTEINSSON, MARY ANN FAJVAN, WILLIAM BRAGG, VIKAS CHADDOKE
DEBORAH SUGERMAN, LINDA MOSLEY, BIN—MIN SUNG, KATHERINE ELLIOTT, BRUCE WATT



DONALD GROSSMAN



WILLIAM BRAGG



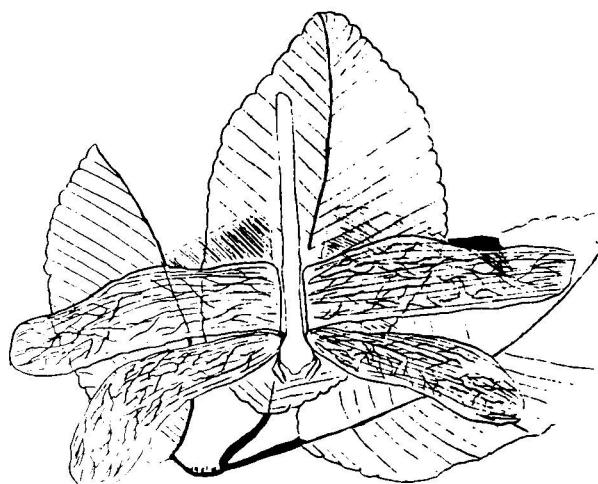
JUDY GATES

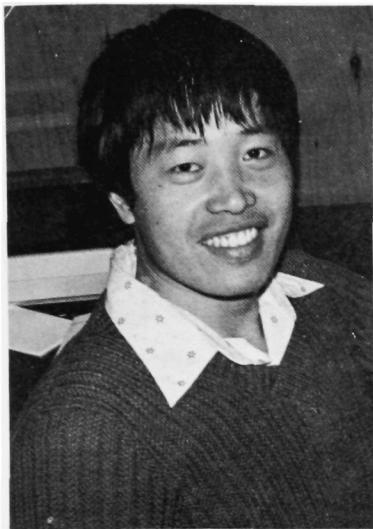


DEYOU GUO, KEN ROOS, HARRY ZINN, JIM DEXTER, MARY HENNESSEY
STEVE OLIVERI, CHARLES KRASKE, MICHELE YADE, ROGER GREENE, TIAN-TING SHIH



KEVIN A. FLYNN



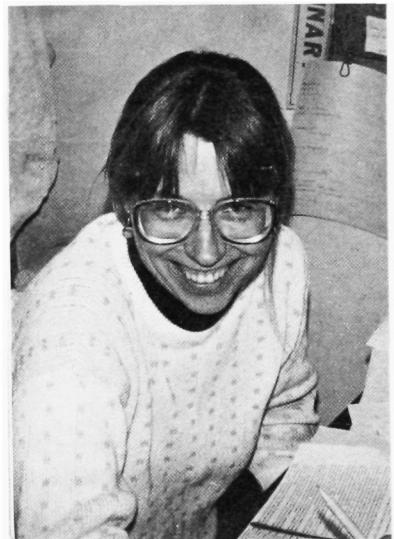


XIANDONG MENG



MATT VANDERHAGEN

CATHERINE FRAZER



DONNA JOHNSON



NEW DAY OF LIFE AT THE MARSH

By Dennis Kingman

It is an early mid-spring morning as I arrive at the stream bank. The sun has not risen above the treetops yet. The air is still and cool. There is a ghostly mist hanging over the water. The sky is clear and a very bright blue. As I look at the sky I can see a white vapor trail of a large transcontinental jet heading east toward Europe. It is so high I cannot hear the roar of the engines, but I see a tiny silver speck leading the vapor trail. The sound of a large pileated woodpecker, banging on an old dead maple at the water's edge, startles me and brings me back to earth. Again I can search out the different sounds that signal a new day starting at the stream.

I stand at the water's edge just listening to all the sounds coming together in a symphony of life. The water gurgles as it moves around a large rock, a brook trout rises to slurp a mayfly off the top of the water, several frogs are calling to one another. The birds of the surrounding forest are flying over the water searching for insects, calling as they go.

I can hear a partridge back in the woods starting to drum. He is calling for a mate to start a brood with him. The pileated woodpecker continues to bang away searching for insects. When he is done making a large hole in the tree, it will soon become home for a pair of woodducks and a nest for their young.

I decide I must get the canoe in the water and start downstream toward the marsh. I can feel the cool air surround me as I settle into the canoe and gently push off into the calm waters of the stream. I paddle just enough to keep me on course and let the slow, lazy current do all the work. Now the sun is rising above the trees, lighting everything with a touch of gold. The green of the trees, the yellows and reds of the flowers are illuminated now.

I am approaching a long, slow turn with a large, gnarled, ghostly-looking maple leaning over the water. As I round the turn I see the top of a beaver's head floating near the bank. He was aware of me long before I saw him. He decides I am an enemy and, with a quick turn and slap of

his tail, he dives under the water heading for the opening of his house. This is an old beaver house and has been used by many different generations of beavers. I have passed by here many times, often seeing the beavers or muskrats sitting on the sides of the great mound of sticks and mud.

The sound of the beaver's tail slapping the water brought an eerie quiet to the forest. The animals and birds recognize this as a warning of danger. After a short while, everything will be back to normal as the forest creatures realize it is safe.

I am entering the marsh now and can see a group of red-winged blackbirds flying and landing in the tall grasses and alders. They have a distinctive call as they go about claiming their territory and building their nests for a new generation.

I can here a loud grunting and thrashing up ahead of me. I put the canoe ashore and slowly stand up to peer over the top of the tall grass. As I suspected, a large moose is wallowing in his mud hole. His antlers are large and covered with velvet at this time of the year.

He is rolling in the mud to cover his coat so that he will be protected from the biting flies and mosquitos. Picking up my scent he stands to look in my direction. What an awesome sight this king of the marsh is. I wait and watch as he decides to move back to the darkness of the forest, where he feels safe. As he disappears behind the trees, I hear another familiar sound. It is the call of a drake woodduck. In a minute I can see him

swimming up the stream toward me. I wait quietly so that I may get a good look at this brilliantly colored duck. He is the most colorful of all the waterfowl. After he comes into full view, I continue to sit in the canoe and watch him paddle by me.

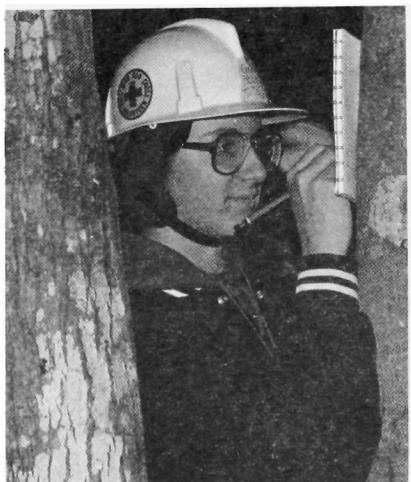
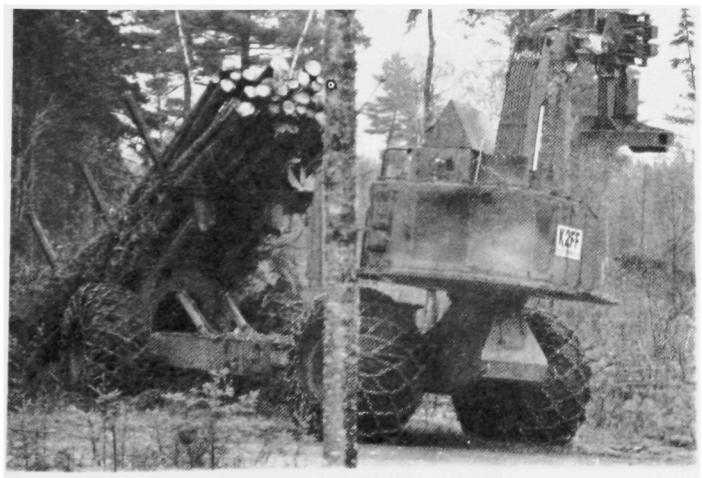
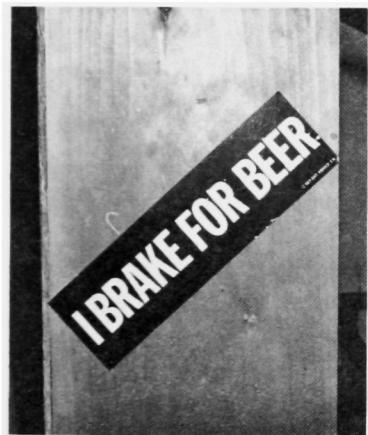
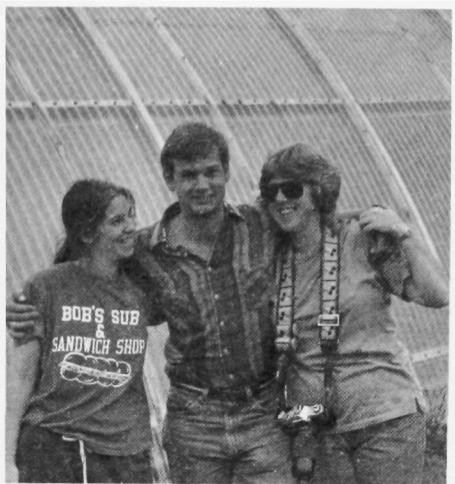
Before returning to the clamor of civilization, I will linger here for a time just listening to the song of the marsh and watching its tenants. I will return again and again to this place to enjoy this picture of life.

Dennis is a non-traditional student in the Forest Management Technician Program.



UNDERGRADUATES





FRESHMEN



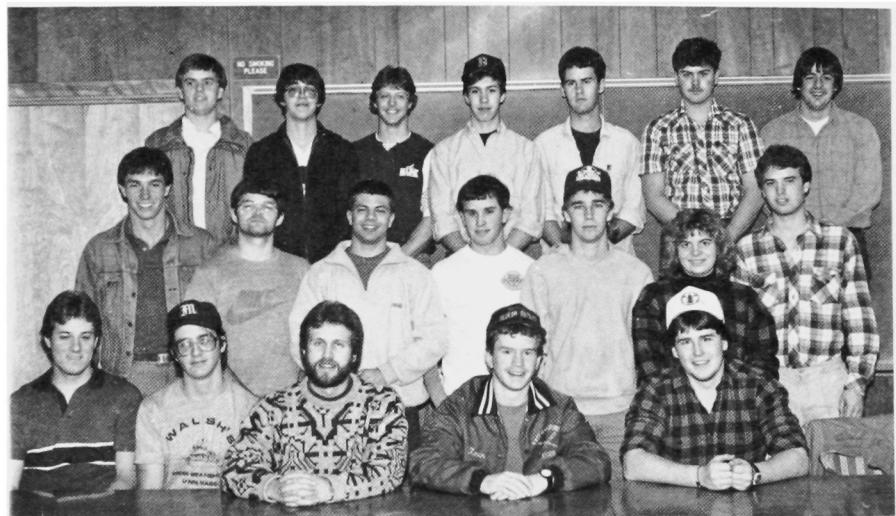
Chris, Gwendolyn Moris, John Michniewicz, Mike Jurgiewich, Gavin Gleeny,
John Blackstone, George, Greg Shriver, Todd



Tom O'Shea, Mike Maglio, Scott Cummings, Rick Farnsworth, Josh Ewing,
Todd Lemieux, Rebecca Matheny, Lisa Ross, Jim Fareau, Lisa Comely,
Ed Draney, Dennis, Lucy Newton, Kathy Murphy, Willy Pacheco



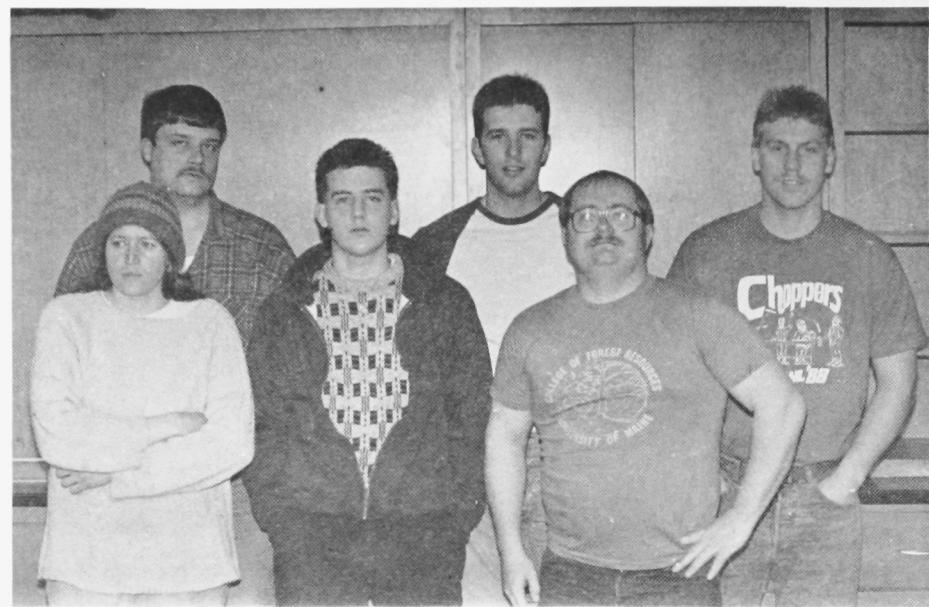
Steve Bodkin
George Sylvester
Beth Anstett
Christine Liros
Tina Semekis
Peter Forester
Mike Topchik



Pat Daly, Ralph Currier, Ryan Thiblodeau, Tom Cushman, Joe Beaulieu, Taylor Gouldsberg, Mark, Bob Curtis, Matthew Leblanc, Beth Bartlett, Ted Gamron, Roland Pinalt, Bill Jewell, Clifford Crosby.



FOREST TECHNICIANS



BACK ROW:
Jeff Boudaugh
Sam Monteith
Ed Gignac
FRONT ROW:
Michele Benedict
John Ford
Richard Perry



STANDING: Georgia Mitchell, Dennis Kingman, Jim Edelblut,
Bob Kelso, John Ballew
KNEELING: Dan Barnett, Jerry Thompson, Brewster Heatley,
Steve Bogiorno

WILDLIFE SUMMER CAMP

WILDLIFE ECOLOGY (May '87)

The eager excitement on that first morning could not be hidden from the faces of the wildlife students who were about to partake in a challenging three weeks of intensive study. Our fearless leaders, Pat Brown, Dave Cinto, and of course, Roger Applegate, bravely guided us down the paved game trails of education during our first week of camp.

The agenda began with an investigation of several wildlife management areas throughout the state. Swan Island demonstrated the devastating effects of an over abundance of deer in one area. Rain greeted us at Pond Farm where we learned the potential hazards that a waterfowl manager can face: burning to death or being blown up! By day three, we could hardly bear the thrill of visiting the metropolis of LaGrange and witnessing the proper methods of live trapping. Then came Bud Levitt Wildlife Preserve, where we learned about woodlot and woodcock management and the use of prison inmates in our field. On Thursday, in spite of the pouring rain, we canoeed our way to duck boxes to check clutch sizes and to band new nesting females. On the fifth day we were overwhelmed by the mouth-watering aroma of the Pittsfield sewage treatment plant. Following this breath taking experience, we were greeted by the friendly Oliver LaRouch at Hirundo Wildlife Refuge.

Monday morning at 7 a.m. we began our trek up to Cobscook Bay for the last two weeks of fun filled adventure. During our first weeks stay, we drove frequently to Moosehorn Wildlife Refuge to observe woodcock manage-

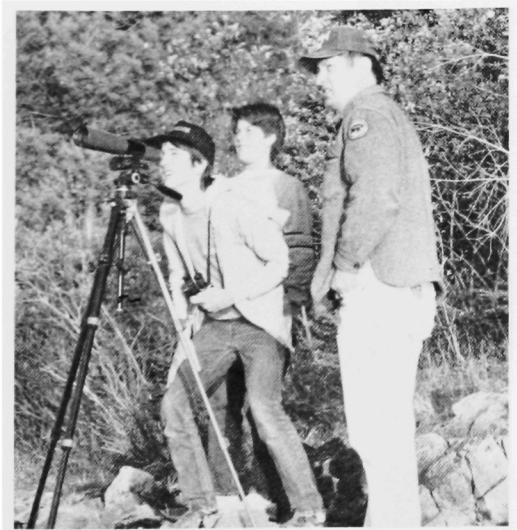
ment at 2 a.m.! We also ran transects on Moosehorn to make song bird analysis and pellet counts for an on-going study conducted by Pat Brown.

The porcupine staring up from under Pat Brown's bunk proceeded to set the mood for an unforgettable trip down the St. Croix River. We began the trip with a quick two minute course on white water canoeing from "Bucky" and then we were off! We weaved in and out of the fierce ripples and pulled our canoes over low spots as though we were true river guides. In all this excitement we saw bald eagles, beaver lodges and...more song birds!

The final week had all of us engrossed in our independent study projects. We did manage to enjoy ourselves by playing volleyball and softball, visiting the woodshed and of course swatting black flies. On the last day of camp we bid farewell to beautiful Cobscook Bay.

Those three weeks of May proved to be exciting and humorous, but most of all they were a wonderful way to experience wildlife management from a realistic and practical point of view.

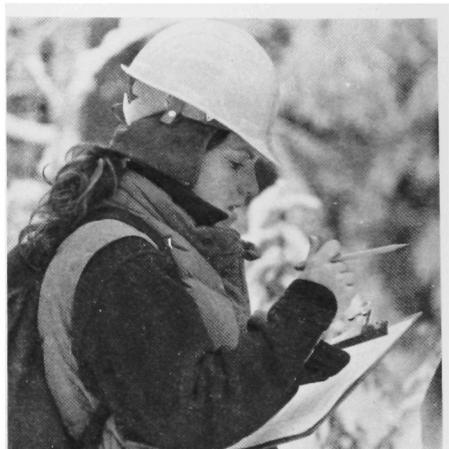
Peter Reamen
Kim Figlar



SOPHOMORES



Karl Stuart, Rich Henderson, Pete Forester, Bill Jewell, Willy Pacheco, Bill Winchester, Andrew Torelli, Dereck Binding, Jeff Miserne, Alec Vincitorio, Pete Migliaccio, Chuck Gaura, Joe Beaulieu, Eric Studer, Greg Fuller, Sarah Kemzura, Dave Russell, John Mcgeechan, Bill Burnam, Dave Spicer.



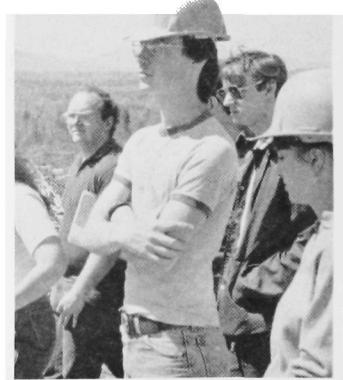
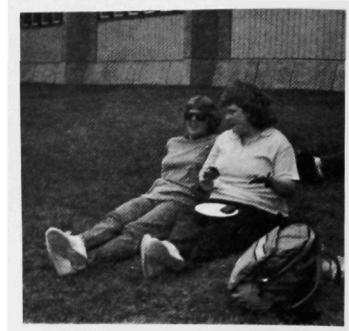
JUNIORS



Mark Deschenes, Dan Waugh, Steve Long, Kevin McGlaufin, Peter Norris, Todd, Jen Boyce, Mel Pierce, Kim Figler, Rachel Beemer, Cliff Curtis, Gordy Grant, Salena Tardif, Elizabeth Moore, Pete Reamer, Brent Fewell.



Thruster, Jen Levy, Dereck Davidson, Michele Yade, Sharon Abrams, Laura, Craig Maclean, Joe Thoreau, Don Berry, Dan Osterman.



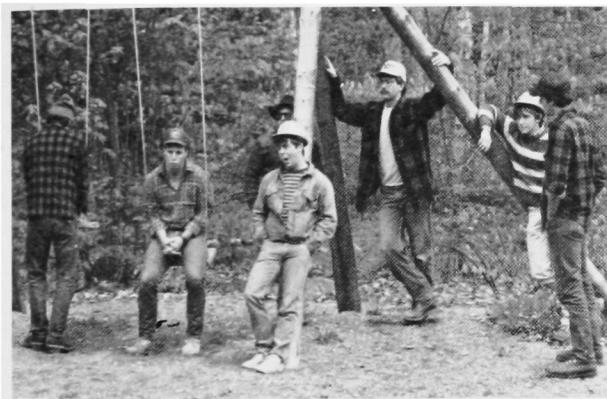
ROW 1: Greg Frohn, Cindy Gamron, Karol Worden, Sarah Kemzura, Steve Goller, Larry Poulin.

ROW 2: James Dexter, Eben Beever, Kyle Stockwell, Brian Curtin, Roger Coryell, Phil Janes, John Feeman, Malcolm French.

SOPHOMORE SUMMER CAMP 1987



Sophomore Summer Camp embarked early one morning on buses full of Nutting people. These individuals who previously traveled in their own small circles were to eventually open up and expose their true Nuttingness. To aid in this unfolding king Nutt., Mr. Al Kimball, introduced the group to unique personalities such as the mad chemist of Austin Pond and the linguistic keeper of New Hampshire's eastern mountains. Through it all a sort of new culture developed, new eating habits emerged, definitely new drinking methods, a language spawned, and living conditions changed. The most worthy developments, however, were the friendships formed and the vast forestry knowledge everyone was privileged to experience.



The group, comprised mostly of the college's unique class of '89, was accompanied by some two year tech's for the first week. These first five or six days took the group over many miles of northern and eastern Maine. With a touch of apprehension regarding certain driving skills and some uneasiness over exactly where the Nuttingites were to overnight, the journey pushed on precariously. As the days passed, however, it became obvious that this would prove to be a priceless venture in terms of knowledge gained and experience had. Scott Paper land was visited and impressed upon everyone the great potential of this vital profession. Then it was on the Great Northern Paper, Baxter and Mattawamkeag Parks, Moosehorn National Wildlife Refuge, and much more. Through it all, the long miles, flat tires, hard beds, heat, and black flies perhaps

only one true regret could be noted by certain participants...having chosen to travel with the Sarah and Sharon duet who seemed to be perpetually composing their latest campfire album entitled Annoyance I.

Soon it was time to settle down and a small colony was created at Bridgeton Academy in southwestern Maine. Here more practical forestry knowledge was introduced and hands on experience gained. This, together with visits by certain COLLEGE instructors such as Dean Knight, began to tie together and organize the recently acquired information within the students' minds.

In celebration of these realizations the Nuttingites began displaying their true colors. Softball became a favorite early evening activity followed by a refreshing drink from the community hard hat. The dormitory hallways became



social centers as certain rooms such as the "Sickness Dome" proved unliveable for many. Through this the group became close as shower taking became a fully dressed team sport drawing large crowds of spectators. Strangely, some Nuttingites became so close that they found it necessary to refer to one another as relatives. Even today some of these individuals can be found calling each other "uncle". One uncle who apparently felt he was not receiving his fair share of family attention displayed his affinity for consuming Speed Stick (an act leading to his disownment to Montana). Yet another individual taught nocturnal porcupine hunting and oral tick decapitation.

As we can see this was no ordinary group of budding forestry personnel. In fact the seemingly inherent conservative nature of foresters may indeed be jeopardized by this up and coming group of Nuttingites. Need not worry, however, these are some of the best people I know.

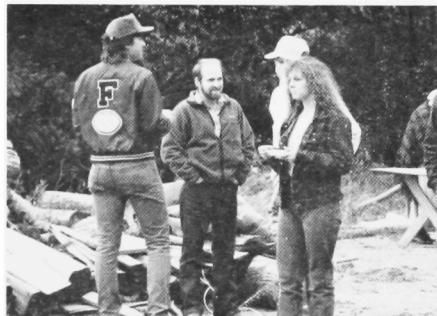
Mark Deschenes



JUNIOR SUMMER CAMP

In the spring, following either the second or third year, most forestry majors are required to take FTY 341, Field Practices on Large Forests, during May term. This class is one part of a two course series, the other being FTY 241 which is taken the previous summer. These courses are designed to enhance your field experience in forestry by giving you the opportunity to utilize material we have learned in the class room. In the Junior camp, we dealt with basic surveying, covertyping, and harvesting.

Surveying was interesting, and that's putting it mildly. The information put to use is very beneficial. Most forestry students employed by the forest industries stand a good chance of using surveying at some point. Our exercise was to perform boundary surveys of three forest blocks in the University Forest with the data later to be used in ground truthing. What we received from this exercise was the chance to complete a basic boundary survey with some degree of precision. For some, however, this wasn't super easy because our data was balanced and adjusted for precision by a computer program developed by the instruc-



tors, but most people felt it was the computer that needed adjusting.

This data was later combined with data generated from the covertyping part of the course. By determining distances and directions, we delineated the forest cover into types based on percent of three species present and produced a covertype map for the three blocks we surveyed (this info later to be compared to similar satellite data to check ground truthing).

For most the map came out well, providing of course the survey data came out accordingly, but then why shouldn't it after we surveyed it three times. The maps included not only the covertype data but locations, directions/distances, mapping symbols and other information presented neatly and professionally, so don't sell your pens if you've taken Photogrammetry.

The third portion of the course was harvesting exercises with an emphasis on care and safety. We had the opportunity to fell trees, skid the trees to the landing, and perform decking duties. This was by far the best part of the course, unless you consider the occasional long lunch or the few "just doesn't matter" exercises. I mean you just don't drive a skidder every day!

This course is most certainly a benefit to all that take it, that's no question. It's the closest we'll get to cooperative education for the actual experience so vitally necessary in this field. You'll find the days are long and often too hot or wet, but keep a stiff upper lip, you can always hack or play nerf softball by the glow of the setting sun as this group did. And be nice to Tom and Louis, after all, they have the most toys.

See you in the woods
Scott "Crib" Wilkerson

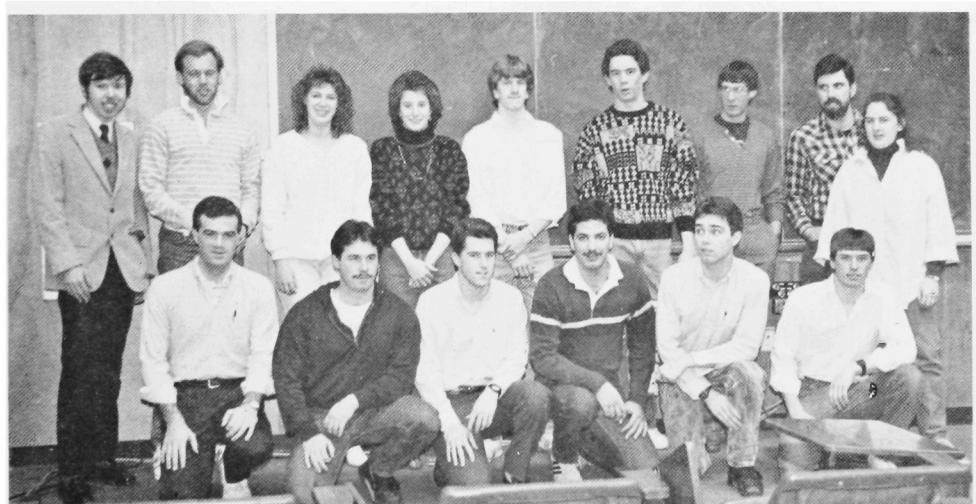
SENIORS



Row 1:
Dave Peterson
Pete Hasler
Duane Bunker
Don Berry
Merrick Mugnier
Row 2:
Ken Ferguson
Jim Baker
John Stewart
Chris Martin
Kyle Stockwell
Joe Thoreau
Larry Hall



Dave Hall
Tom Seuch
Katherine Beal
Debbie Soule
Matt Lewis
Ron Farr
Pat Boyd
Bob McGinnes
Tina Stillings
Terry Gordon
Tim Flanagan
Adam Kelley
Chris Deane



TUESDAY AFTERNOON

By David P. Fournier

Monday morning wake up is over. Not only is "Coffee Day" done with, it is already Tuesday afternoon. I spent a good part of the weekend preparing myself for it and it has passed me by. Tuesday Afternoon: now I'm on my way.

The Monday morning we started as freshmen, did we know what we were getting ourselves into? Even, did we know what forestry or wildlife was all about? And, did we even know who we were and what we were capable of then? Perhaps some of us had an idea of what the big picture should look like, but we have all grown in ways we hadn't thought possible that first Monday morning. I'm just beginning to see, but now I'm on my way.

The weekends. Those blessed two days following five days filled with classes. For many of us they were the much needed release when we would head for Pat's or Yanni's or sometimes Margurita's or the Den (if we missed Thursday night). For some they were a continuation of the previous five days because we simply couldn't stay up until two or even three in the morning during those five days to complete our work. Weekends for all of us were the necessary precursor to the following week.

On Monday morning, we struggled to wake up at 7:00 a.m. because on weekends we didn't wake up until 10:00 a.m. or even noontime. Shuffling off to our 8:00 class or workstudy job, we rubbed the sleep out of our eyes and kicked ourselves for forgetting to bring a quarter for the coffee machine. Making it through the day and heading



home we wondered how we would ever complete the assignments that professors love to give out on Mondays. Fighting off pressures to attend a sporting event or play a pickup game or do something off campus, we succumbed to the rigor of study.

Ours is not a profession of few demands, whether as students or alumni. Rather, we entered into a four year career in which we had to prove ourselves daily to the standards of the profession we hope to enter into. Our accomplishment could be easily thought of as our own, but when you reflect on those years of Monday mornings, you realize that you couldn't have done it without the help of professors, staff, and fellow students. Now it's "Tuesday Afternoon". I'm just beginning to see, now I'm on my way: it doesn't matter to me, chasing the clouds away; something calls to me, the trees are drawing me near, I've got to find out why; those gentle voices I hear explain it all with a sigh. I'm looking at myself reflections of my mind. It's just the kind of day to leave myself behind.



So Long Nutting Hall

