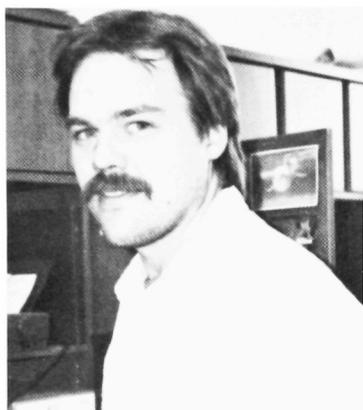


GRADUATE STUDENTS



J.B.

GRADUATE STUDENTS



PETER BERINGER



HARRY DWYER



THROSTUR EYSTEINSSON



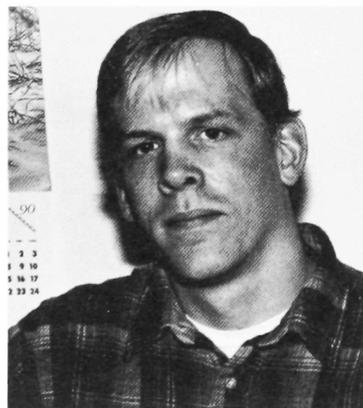
KITTY ELLIOTT



MARY ANN FAJVAN



PETER FORESTER



DAN GILMORE



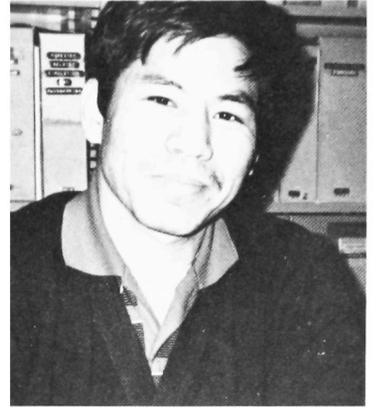
DON KATNIK



DAN KUSNIERZ



RAYMOND LAMBERTON



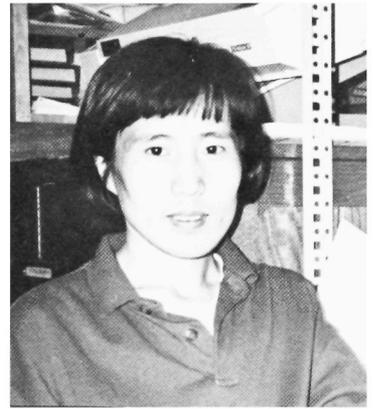
JINYE LI



PETER LINEHAN



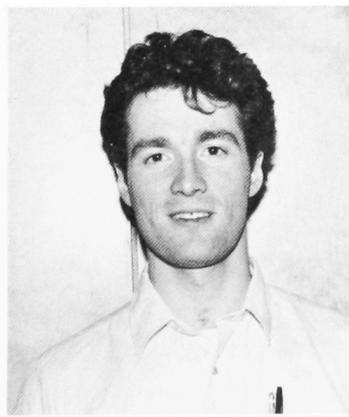
SKIP LISLE



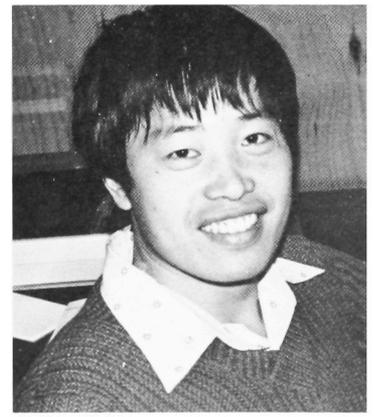
SUPING LIU



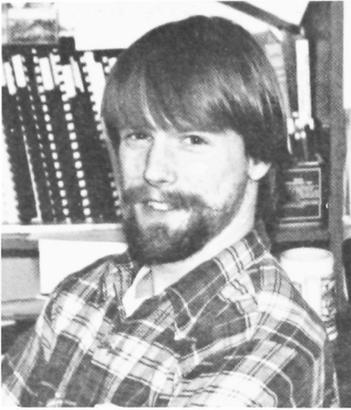
TINA LYNN



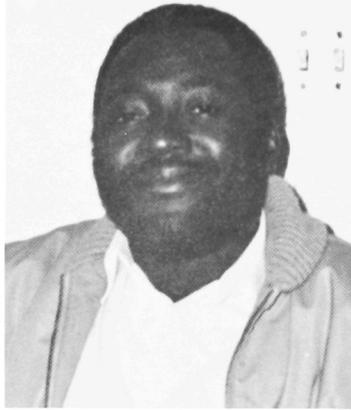
CRAIG MacLEAN



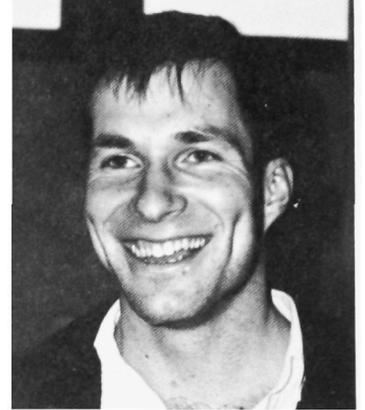
XIANDONG MENG



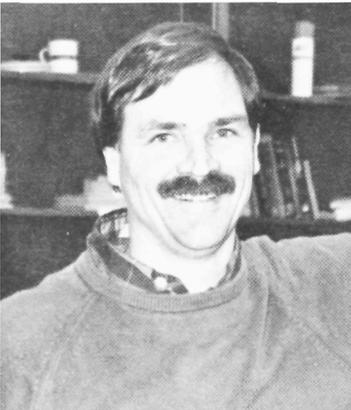
MORTEN MOEHS



MAMA NSANGOU



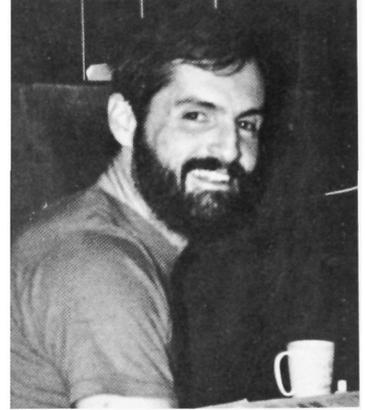
JOE PITCHERALLE



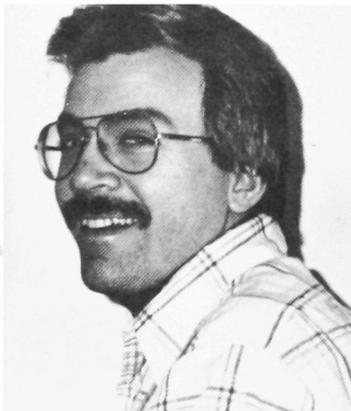
ROBERT ROHDE



JAMES RUDNICKY



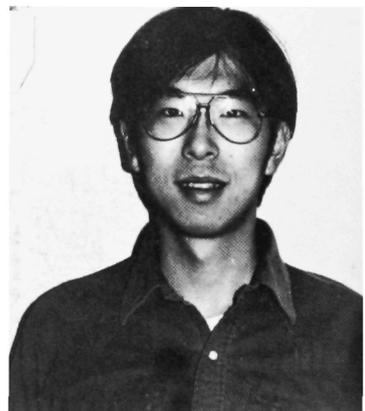
RON SMITH



STEVE SPATZ



AUDREA SULZER



YASUO TAKEMOTO

SENIORS



SENIOR ARTICLE 1991

Can you believe it? The time has come for many of us to leave. But, leave what? Certainly, as graduation approaches we are inclined to reflect upon our past four years. Before we reflect though, let's remember why we came.

Most of us were seniors in high school or graduated and looking for some direction in life. For whatever reason (and there were many) we all had a vague interest in forest resources. We came from all over the country just to be here at the University of Maine. But what were we really here for? Surely, none of us can honestly admit that we were aware of what the devil forestry was all about? So off to freshmen year we went.

Here we were - freshmen, or should I say first-year students, without a clue as to the arduous, frustrating, exciting, and sometimes rewarding experiences ahead. How can we forget the FTY 101 Labs in the bitter cold with our old dear friend Louis Morin, the three-hour Vansteenberghé calculus tests, chemistry, and the unforgettable, infamous, and hellish GEE 116 Cartographics class with Claude Z. Westfall - "Wouldn't that be correct?" A veritable plethora of tedious work and new ideas was thrown at us before we could make sense of any of it. Consequently, confusion and frequently poor grades resulted. Many of our peers dropped along the way-side as they realized that forestry was not for them.

Year two came and went with memories of Barry Goodell's WoodTech class, Tom Brann's inventory class, and rain-soaked Dendrology Labs with the speed demon A. C. Dibble. Then came summer camp with hot dusty excursions on the blue "Magic Bus" with our fearless leader, Al Kimball. It was Al who started showing us what the skills we had amassed for the past two years were for, and made us all probe and question ourselves as to why we were in forestry. Summer camp wasn't just an academic experience, but a time in which many friendships were made. Our jokes, parties, bus rides, and timber cruises all contributed to fond memories, and helped to form an esprit de corps unrivaled by any other major in the University.

By year three, most of us knew we were going to stick it out. The next two years we would spend long nights studying forest ecology and silviculture, linear programming and wood supply models till you drop. Dave Field surely awakened us to the fact that a forester must be well-rounded, informed, and a "jack of all trades" which for some of us was a rude awakening.

As we look back, we certainly cannot neglect to thank all of the faculty for their knowledge, generous help, and guidance through our educational journey. We are all grateful for the undivided attention to our problems that secretaries and staff have given us. We thank all of you for your patience, care, and help from all of those in the College of Forest Resources. We particularly appreciate Dean Knight and all he has done for the students in Nutting Hall. Dean Knight will always be fondly remembered by all the students who knew him as being genuinely concerned for the students. Dean Knight was the first person I met from the College. His charisma and enthusiasm inspired my decision to come here which many of us can relate to. We will all miss him greatly!



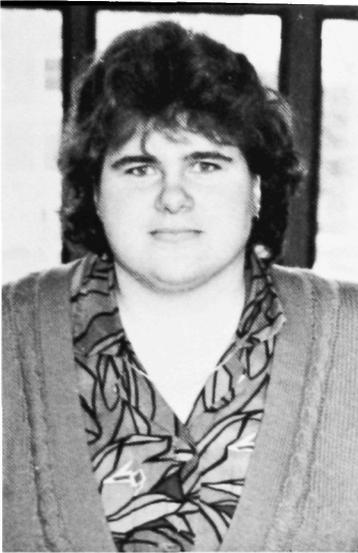
Finally, we await the day of graduation when we all go our separate ways, and whether it be forestry or McDonald's we can never forget our experiences as students of the College of Forest Resources. Surely, we are much different in thought, opinion, and perspective than before our arrival to Nutting Hall, but we must question why we came in the first place. Will you go on to contribute to your profession? to society? You must decide. Perhaps it is fitting to close with a well-known quote from Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken"

- ' . Two roads diverged in a woods, and I -- I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference."

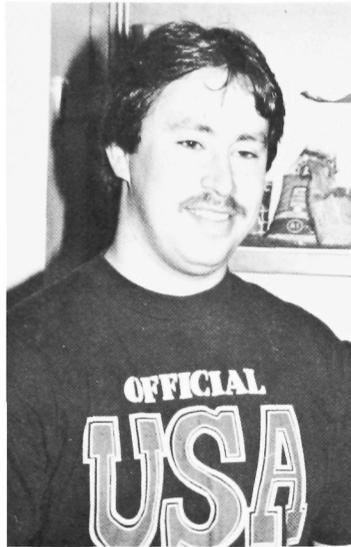
I believe there is much to be said for those of us who endured and persevered through good and bad to one day graduate with pride. I wish the Class of 1991 happiness and success in the future! Good luck, and may the force be with you!!

Tom O'Shea

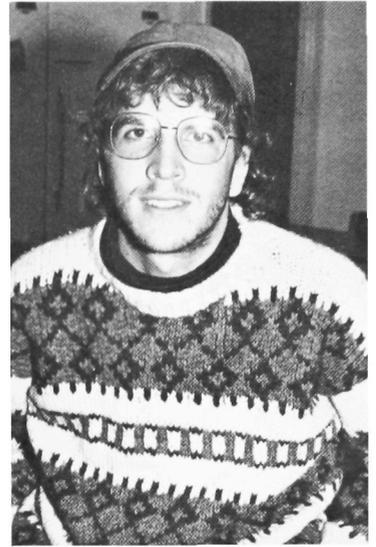
CLASS OF 1991



Beth Anstett
Winsted, CT
Wildlife



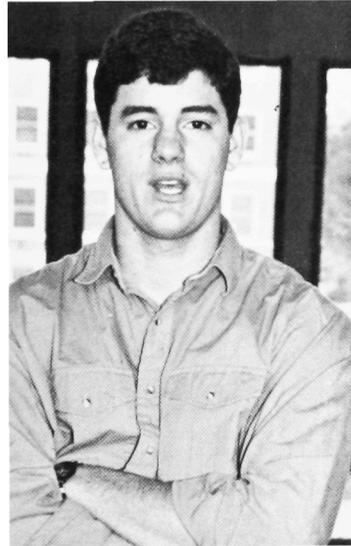
Bryan Beaucage
West Newfield, ME
Wildlife



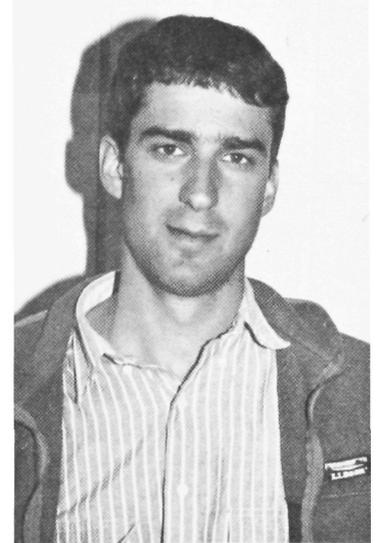
Chris Bernier
Gardiner, ME
Wildlife



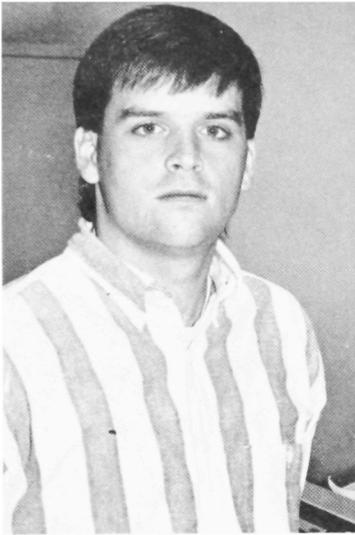
Sarah Cebulla
Shapleigh, ME
Wildlife



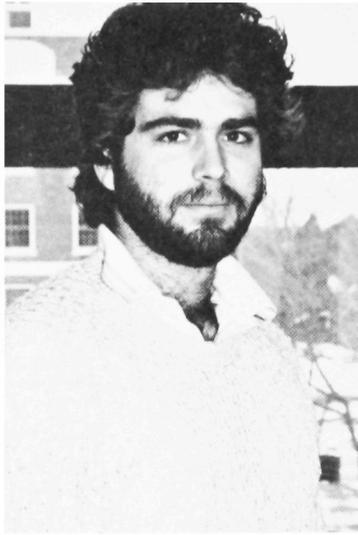
Joe Dion
So. Woodstock, VT
Forest Management



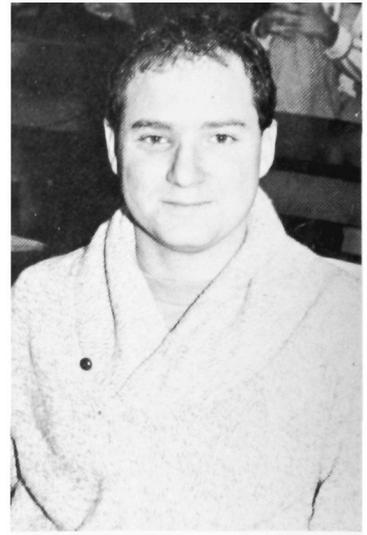
Jeff Dubis
Forest Management



John Gunn
Maplewood, MN
Wildlife



Brewster Heatley
Pompano Beach, FL
Forest Management



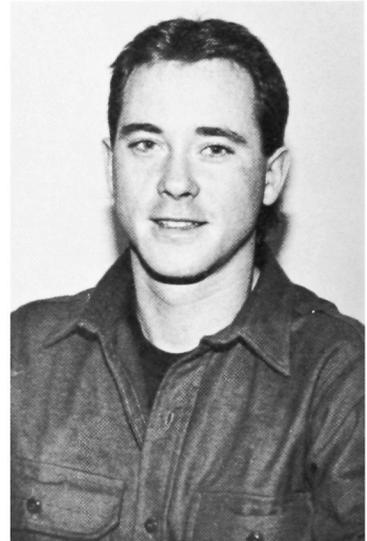
Richard Henderson
Sparta, NJ
Wildlife



Tammy Herbest
Milo, ME
Wildlife



Christina Liros
Greenville Jct, ME
Timber Utilization



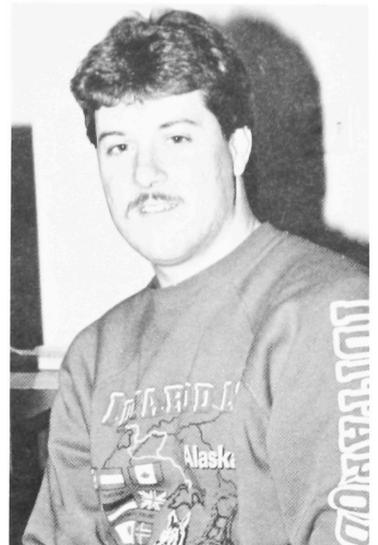
Dan Long
Stillwater, ME
Forest Management



Karen Fortier
Norwich, CT
Wildlife



Frank Frost
Caribou, ME
Wildlife



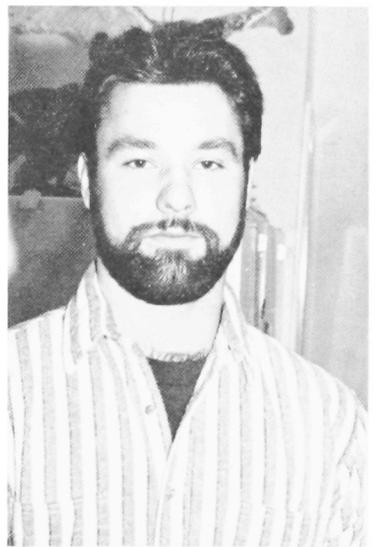
Ted Gamron
Va. Beach, VA
Forest Management



Gavin Glenney
Norwich, CT
Wildlife



Anita Grover
Bethel, ME
Wildlife



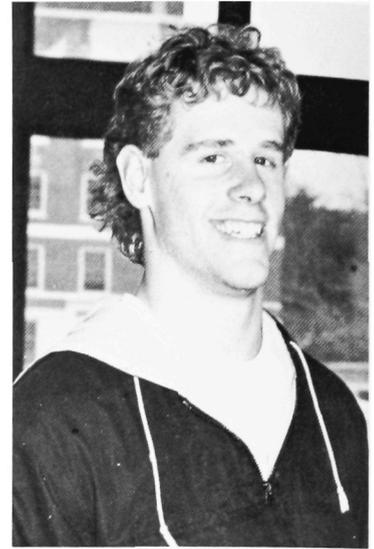
John Grustas
New Hartford, CT
Wildlife



Amy Meehan
Windham, ME
Wildlife



Jeff Meserve
Biddeford, ME
Forestry/Wildlife



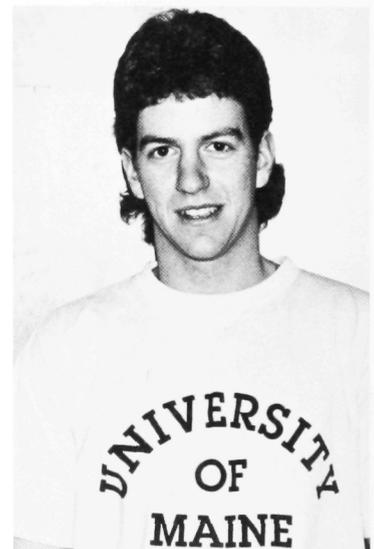
Tom O'Shea
Tyngsboro, MA
Forest Business



Dan Phillips
Schenectady, NY
Forest Engineer



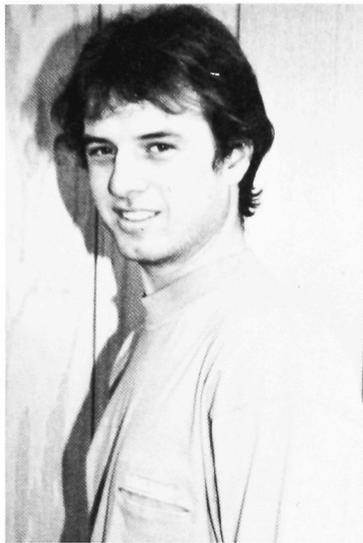
Stacy Proudman
Essex Jct, VT
Wildlife



Stephen Richardson
Orrington, ME
Forestry/Wildlife



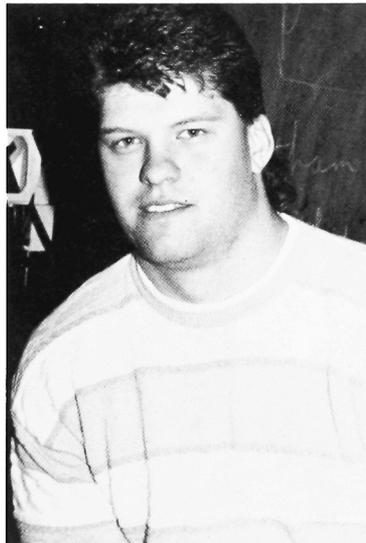
Tina Semekis
Lowell, MA
Forestry



Glenn Sheehan
Wakefield, MA
Forest Management



Greg Shriver
Cardville, ME
Wildlife



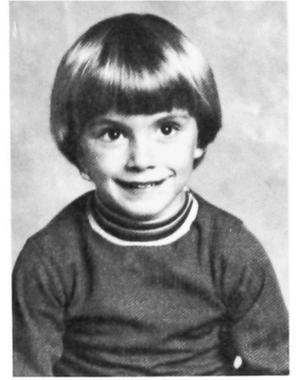
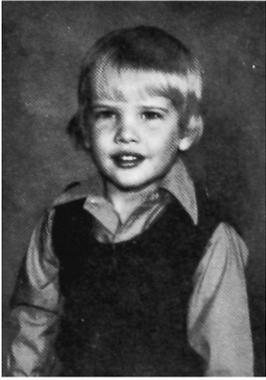
Greg Wrighter
Hancock, NY
Wildlife

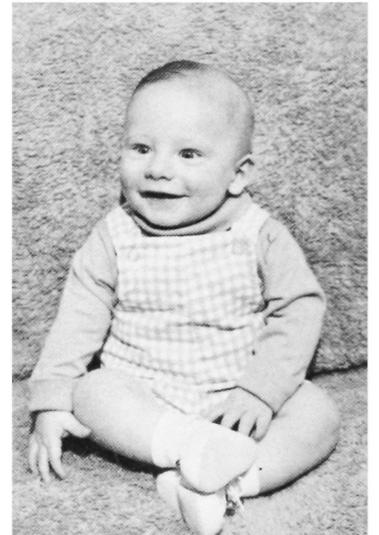
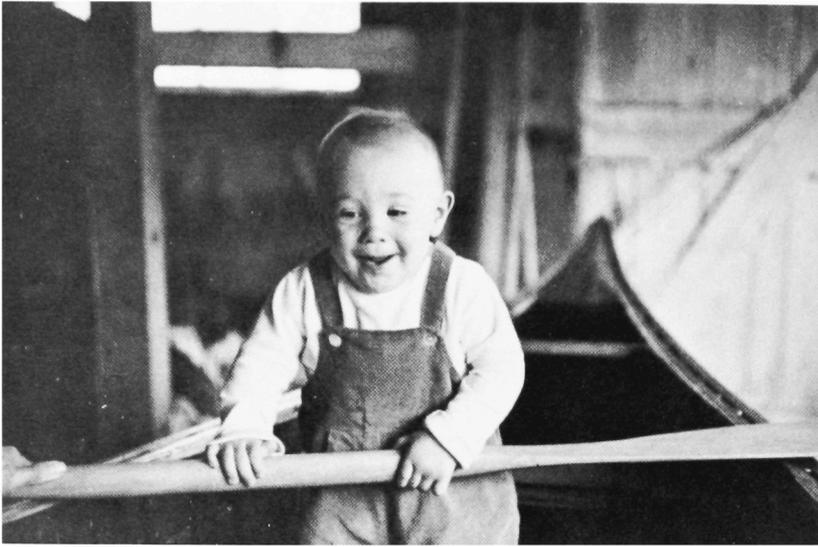
SECOND YEAR TECHNICIANS



Back Row: (L-R) G. Bruce Woodin, Dan Gilpatric, Dan Sprague, Chad O'Connor, Doug DeLong
Front Row: (L-R) Steve Miller, Stuart Gardiner, Dave Landry, Brian Baharian







ANSWERS TO BABY PHOTOS

| | | |
|-------------------------|---|--------------------|
| BLAINE MILLER | | REBECCA MANTHEY |
| AMY MEEHAN 1970 | JEFFREY MESERVE "Jeff Tastes Coke" | MARK D'ONOFRIO |
| TINA SEMEKIS 1970 | SEAN O'CONNOR | |

| | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| GAVIN GLENNEY | GLENN SHEEHAN | DEREK BINDING |
| PATRICK AMES | CHRIS LIROS | |
| KAREN FORTIER | JOE DION | ROLAND GODBOUT |

JUNIORS



JUNIORS

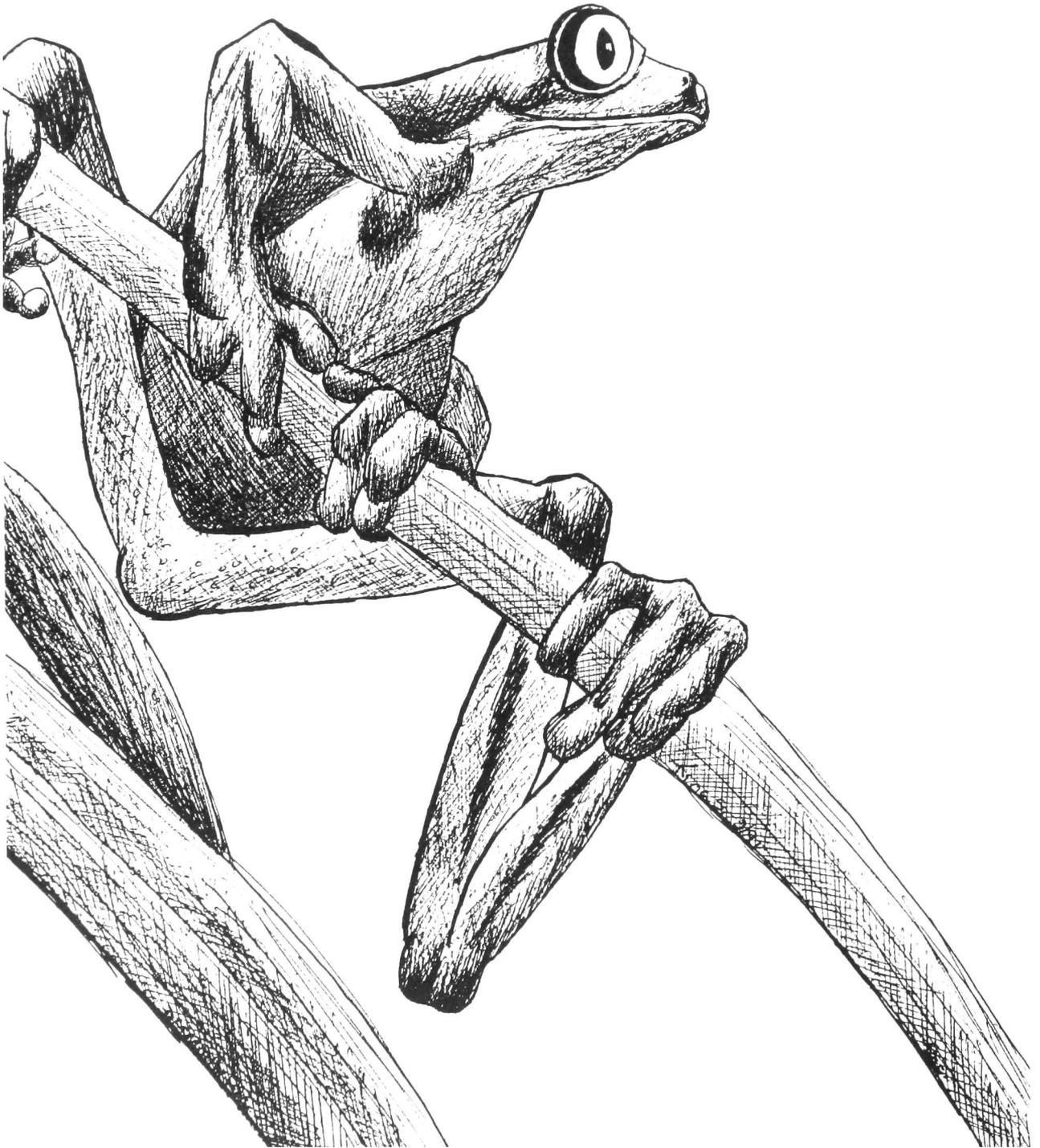


(L to R) M. Wahl, R. Dionne, P. Pelletier, J. McGeechan, T. Blake, E. Orrell, M. Tomassone, C. Allen, J. Michniewicz, K. Yankus, C. Dirk



Back Row: (L to R) R. Vodra, K. Gredner, D. Ludden, J. Lindberg, C. J. Cole, D. Maxsimic, N. Chiappone, B. Bennett
Front Row: (L to R) F. Frost, T. Pelletier, J. DeDuyscher

SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORES

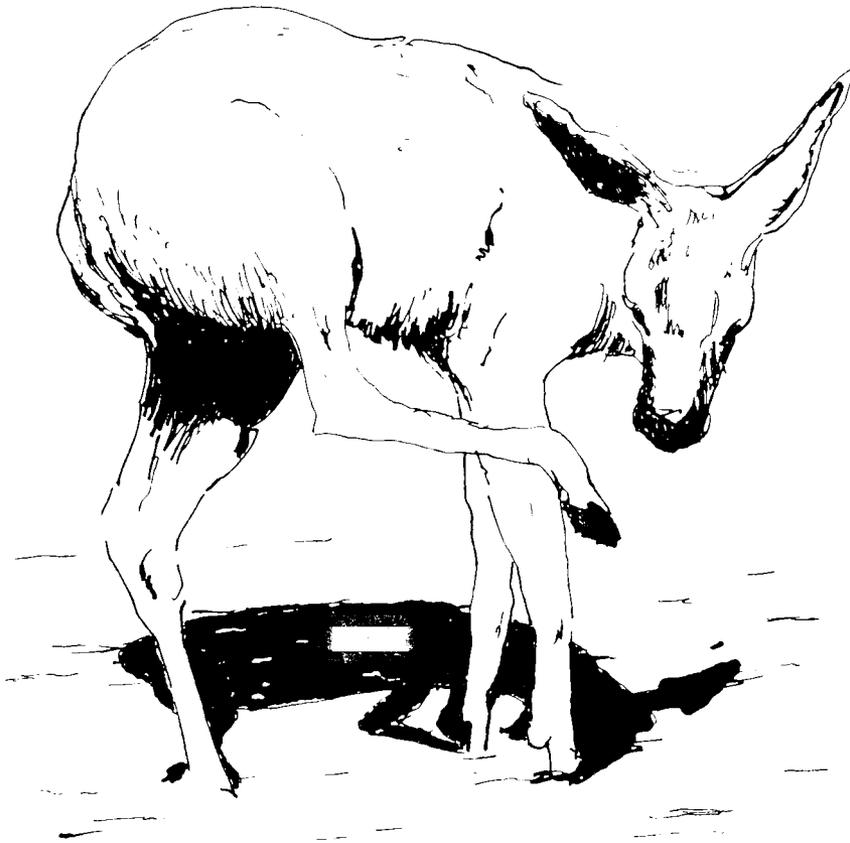


**Back Row: S. Whitter, A. Loblong, C. Hall, R. Geredien, S. Duclos, J. Peipher
Front Row: J. Jenest, J. Williams, J. Sabbag, M. McLaughlin, D. Bonner-Ganter**

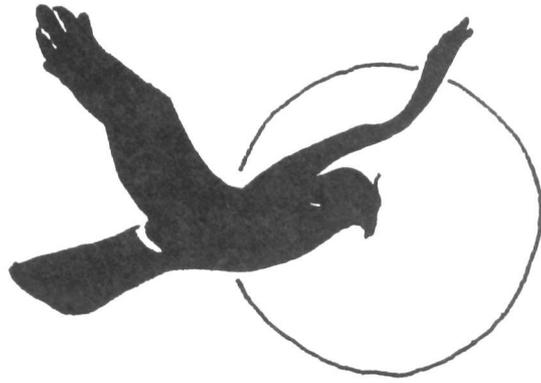


**Back Row: T. Jones, J. Rabbit, A. Vashon, G. Parquette, J. Hoon, J. Cherip, T. Foster
Front Row: W. Duck, D. Davison, A. King, K. Steward, J. Higgins, A. Roberts**

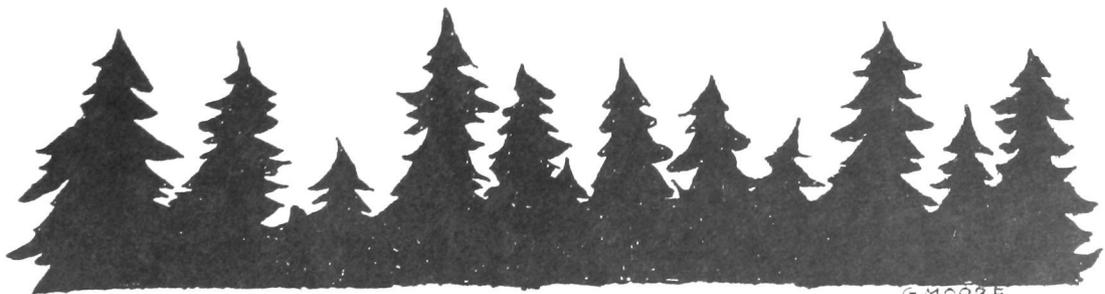
FIRST YEAR STUDENTS



D.M.



Back Row: D. Fanell, L. Lee, L. Sanborn, M. Parish, R. Cronne, M. Knox, E. Caputun,
M. Powers
Middle Row: K. Cooper, C. Lorenz, J. Pine, P. Sawyer, A. Fecors, T. Gray
Front Row: R. Patterson, J. Vreeland, P. Strobus, L. Osgood

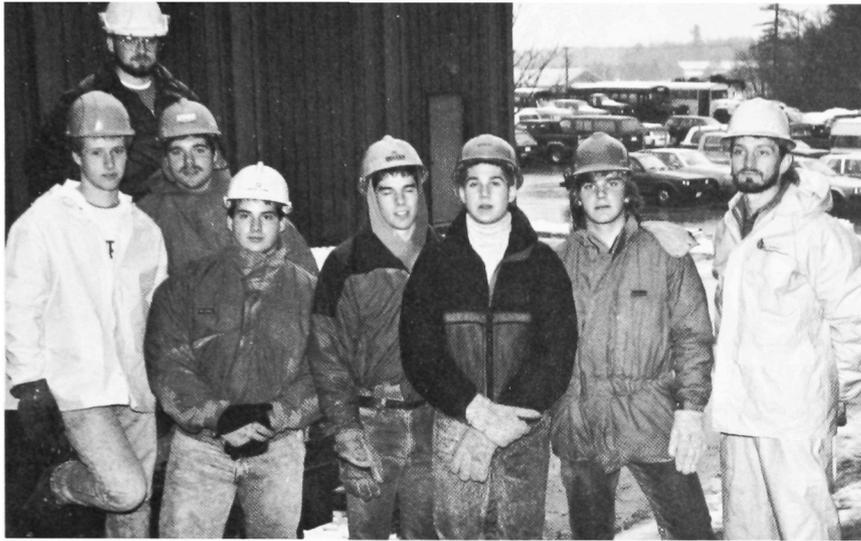


GMOORE

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS



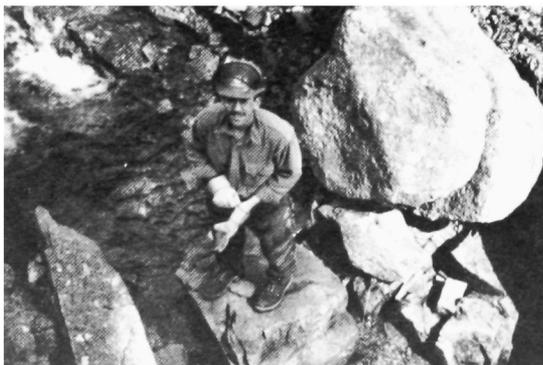
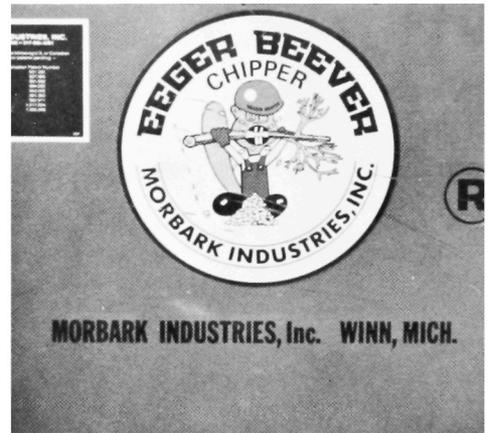
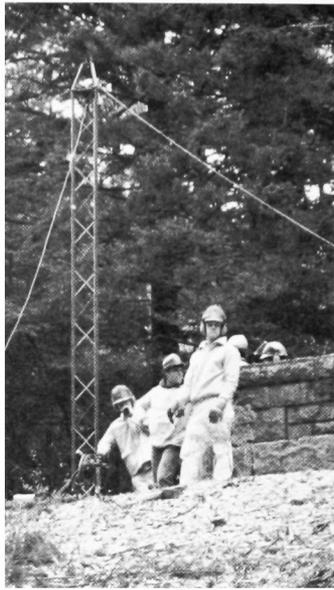
FIRST YEAR TECHNICIANS



K. Wormwood, S. Marden, R. Hafford, G. Wagner, P. Doughty, C. Carlson, C. Evers, S. Bates.



**Back Row: D. Rhinebolt, S. Rector, K. Daigle, A. Brackeh, J. Blake
Front Row: D. Stanhope, S. McNeil, E. Theriault, M. Warnock**



QUOTABLE QUOTES



"It must be lying in the fetal position"

Anonymous

"No good deed goes unpunished"

Harry Dwyer

"Get married and you don't need spell check anymore."

unknown

"Those who say truth is the first casualty of war are incorrectly assuming the government tells the truth in peacetime."

Harry Dwyer

"Forest management is not wandering around the woods wondering which tree to cut."

Bob Seymour

"I'm thinking ahead of my mouth, that's not unusual."

Dave Field

"I haven't given you a handout in a long time."

Dave Field

"So here's a book!"

Pete Forester

"How do you feel when you shoot the big one?"

Dave Field

"Talk about sedimentation and erosion, that's all the Grand Canyon is."

Dave Field

"Trees would be great if they didn't have branches"

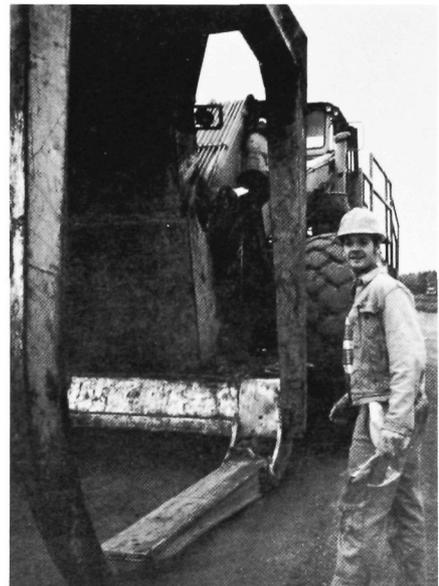
Bob Seymour

"Is when your grandparents go to Florida for the winter the same thing as migration?"

Wildlifer in WLM320

"Foresters put on hard hats and wool shirts, go out in the woods, and take credit for the trees growing."

Norm Smith



"Wrong class"

Dave Field

"That's the other course."

Dave Field

"That was the last class."

Dave Field

"What class is this?"

Dave Field

"My last name really means clearcut."

Dave Field

"Just like a grad student, answer with a long answer and say nothing."

Ted Gamron

QUOTABLE QUOTES

"Are you doing a skit tonight?" Jeff Meserve

"No, I am a skit." Bob Forester

"Don't ask me where mine is, but where are your hard hats." Louis Morin

"I think Tom Brann has mange, he's going bald." Janette Staeger

"Give the baby to Tom, he'll make him throw up." Alex - the chainsaw guy



"Morton, spank my monkey." Tom O'Shea

"The girls are designated drivers." An infuriated student from Sophomore camp.

"Look, Craig is trying to be Dave Field, Jr." Some Juniors from summer camp.

"I was dead on, the wrong post" Matt Parish

"The IRS is not on your side, They are not your friends." Dave Field

"I didn't make this up, that's the way it is." Dave Field

"You know, you would be a perfect Delphic orator." Dave Field

"I know what I was thinking of when I wrote these down." Dave Field

"Believe it or not, we always read the text book." Bob Seymour

"I talk too much." Dave Field

"Is there a term when a hybrid is not superior to the parent?" Dan Long

"Yea, that term is Dan Long." Ted Gamron



QUOTABLE QUOTES



"Duck tape fixes anything."

Troy Pelletier

"They're just teaching us how to be a Mainer today."

Mike Briggs

"Has anyone ever seen a one horned, one eyed, flying purple people eater? Cause we've got one right here."

Stump

"Do we have to listen to the stupid bird tape at breakfast, too?"

Krishna Castello

"Can we listen to the bird tape again?"

Anita Grover & Karrie Coleman

Someone shoot that G__ d__ ruffed grouse!"

Wildlife Summer camp 90'

"I got it, I got it, Chris. . . I don't got it!!!"

Barry C.

"Hmm, where's Nino?"

Darren

"Hmm, where's Hector?"

Nino

"But the chain jumped the track!"

Bill Langmaid

"Hmm, where's Jerimiah?"

-Anybody

"Out spiking trees."

-Everybody

"Where the hell is the Cherokee?"

"Wherever the girls are!!!"

-The Guys-

"Bill, take a walk!!"

Louis Morin

"Awesoommmme"

Tom Brann

"No, I don't need any help guys . . . Ya Alex, the chain really did jump the bar and cut itself."

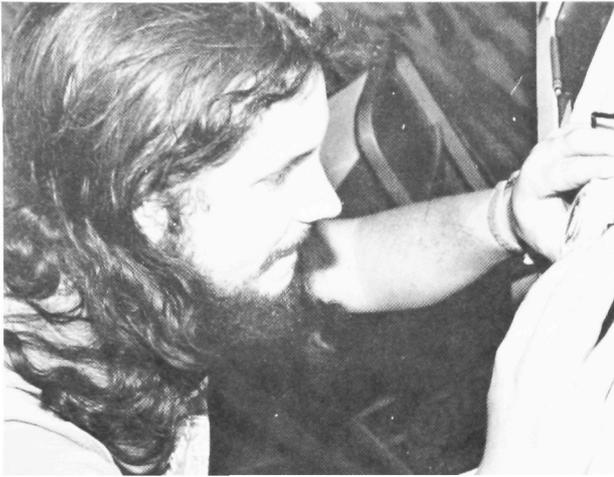
Bill Langmaid

"Is that a spruce or a maple?"

Anonymous wildlifer



QUOTABLE QUOTES



"Where are you going Ron?"
"I'm going crazy want to go along?"

Ron Lemin

"Nobody made a buck selling fifty-nine cent hamburgers."
Bob Forster

"Dan, Dan the coyote man."
Anonymous wildlifer

"Thanks for all the help, Midori and Alita."
Anonymous wildlifer

"What an experience." Anonymous wildlifer

"I am ironman." Tom Blake

"I just wanted to be with the chipper." Keri Yankus

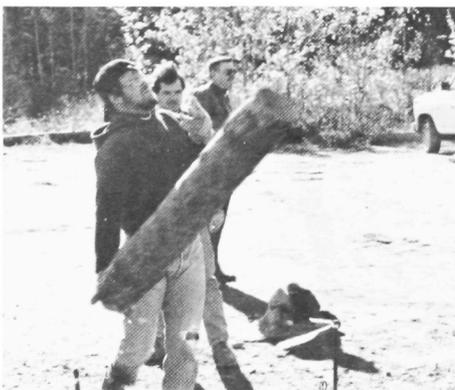
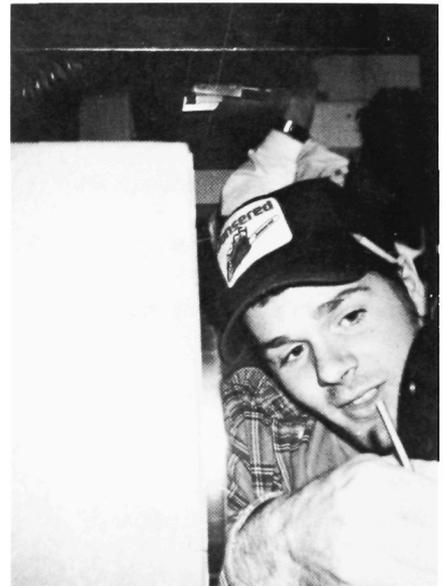
"How would you like it if a tree cut you!" Jeremiah

"I'll do it, Alex!" Mike Maines

"Let Alex do it, I don't think these kids really know what they're doing!!" Jack Hauptman

"This is a millionaire's driveway!!" Jack Hauptman

"Hey, the four wheeler is out of gas." The Girls



"Sorry I'm late, I ran into Shottafer by accident."
Doug Settele

"Trees are funny things." Dave Field

"Do trends only go down?" Jeff Meserve

"I just want to ask if that was a genuine question."
Dan Phillips

"Apparently I haven't spent enough time with computers to be a forester, I've spent too much time with trees."
Harry Dwyer



SUMMER CAMP 1990



Acadia National Park will never be the same again after the College of Forest Resources Summer Camp. Restoration of the forests along the carriage trails, with U. S. Park Service and private blessings, was and will be the goal. Juniors were responsible for the huge task of inventorying and preparing silvicultural plans of the trailside stands. These management plans, after official review, were given to the sophomores, who harvested and processed that unwanted biomass under prescription outlines. This created aesthetically pleasing stands of timber and improved site quality for all the public to enjoy (vista cuts).

The Juniors' time was supplemented with the always enjoyable field trips and mill tours, while the sophomores were taught proper equipment safety and use. Both groups enjoyed the ozone damage on Isle-Au-Haute (even if the boat was beached when we tried to leave) and KUBOTA rides around the Loop Road.

Room arrangements were provided by Brookside Motel, as well as some free camping at Blackwoods Campground. (I'm not confident that we left a good impression.) Food was provided (actually, purchased for a few dollars per meal) by the fine fast food establishments of downtown Ellsworth. Beer was the only thing that the campers could keep the 'coons from stealing, so they were forced to live off of the stuff.

This unique opportunity for the forestry students and the Park Service, hopefully, will continue because you're sure to learn stuff that you couldn't anywhere else.



JUNIOR SUMMER CAMP 1990

Forestry summer camp let go of its conventional ties in 1990 and ventured into a unique area of forestry applications. We were given the privilege of spending three weeks on Mt. Desert Island within the boundaries of Acadia National Park, trying to beautify an extensive network of carriage trails through the application of forestry techniques. Everyone realized that this was our chance to shine and show the world how useful forestry can be outside the realm of high production timber management. Thus, in the second week of May we began our journey into the uncharted waters of landscape management through the use of conventional forestry concepts.

Each group had laid upon their shoulders the heavy task of drafting a management plan for a small parcel of land that held within its boundaries some unseen beauty. Each group spent days roaming their respective parcel looking for the special hidden features that could be opened up and revealed to the public. Since we have very little experience in seeing the hidden beauties and opportunities, a consensus was reached that in order to manage our little piece of the park effectively, we had to get the big picture into focus. So we donned our packs and went on walkabouts around the beautiful national park within which we were working, exploring its natural beauty and essence. These little walkabouts put an end to some of our curiosities; the spruce tree in the distance did not contain a gigantic eagle's nest in its crown, rather it was just a witches broom, that when rocks the size of a Volkswagen were let loose from high altitudes they seemed to roar very violently to lower ground, that there was not an ample supply of fish in the mountain lake that was found near one of the peaks, that when one hiked the George one had better be prepared to jump off cliffs into the crowns of trees in order to survive the difficult hike, that if one hiked to the top of the eastern ridge of the amphitheater the wind blew hard enough to keep Maine's state animal, the black fly, from sucking all one's blood from their body, and that one should not feel guilty for not working on their project because everyone else was out capturing all of the scenic beauty found in Acadia.

After a few days of walkabouts, we all decided to spend a little more time around our management parcel because we were getting close to our management plan presentations to our peers and park staff. Hours were spent sprawled out on rocks, soaking up the sun, and playing the part of some twelfth century philosopher. Others spent their time more actively by playing stick ball with rocks, whittling branches into cattle prods, playing hemlock tag, or just plain running around to avoid the black flies. All of this may have seemed blatantly unproductive to our mentors, but contemplation was needed in order to do an efficient job. Many of us were trying to sort out some of the new landscape management terms. For example, it was requested that our harvesting activities not be abrupt but rather they should undulate around the boundaries. This confused a group of us since we did not see the connection between the lifetime roofing and our harvesting regimes. Well, we thought long and hard, we carried out an inventory of our parcel, and we finally came up with a management regime which seemed to fit the National Park Service's objectives. We then spent time drafting up maps and all the other frills that we could think of to make our presentations professional and complete. The day of reckoning finally came, and everyone successfully and professionally presented their scenario to the park staff.

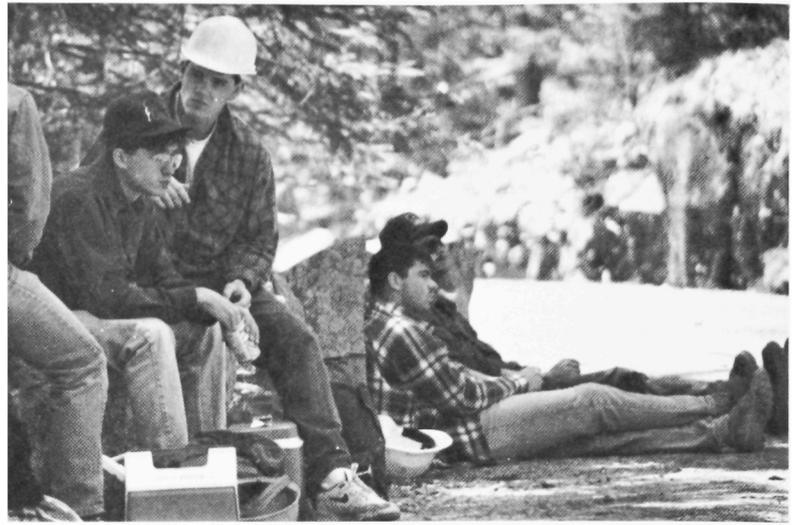
Once our projects were accepted, the camp organizers thought it fitting for us to travel around the state in one of their finely tuned buses with the lead singer of the Village People as our driver, to get some culture. We all enjoyed the finely done piece of artwork at the Robbins Lumber sawmill entitled *"The Chewing Tobacco Mosaic"* that decorated an entire wall in one of the sorting rooms. We were also treated to a boat ride to Isle-Au-Haute with Reggie, the living dinosaur, as our ship captain, tour guide, and fatherly advisor. Although we thoroughly enjoyed our travels, we all became quite anxious to return to the park to witness and supervise the harvesting activities on each of our sites. Although not all the sites were completely finished by the time our stay had ended, it was very gratifying to venture back to Acadia later in the summer to actually see our management regimes being carried out.



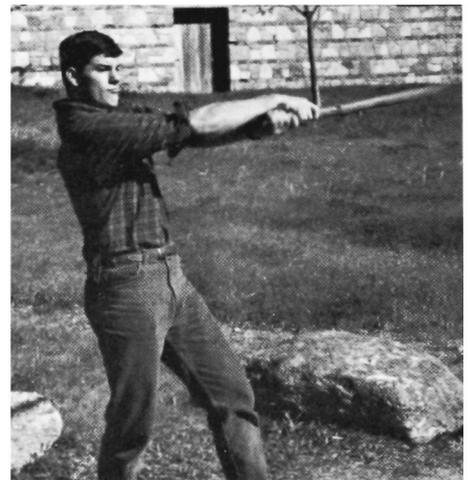
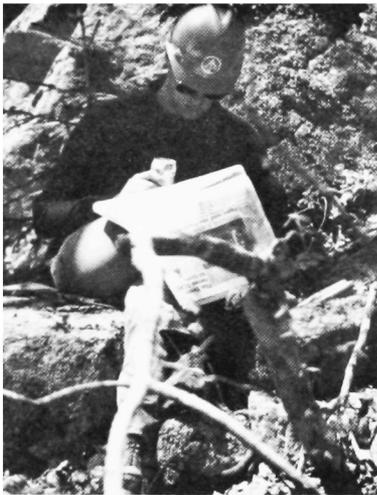
Summer camp provided each and every one of us the chance to possibly be on the cutting edge of the vegetative management policies of the National Park Service. It is, and can continue to be, an invaluable experience for our profession to work more closely with the park service and other organizations who are not altogether interested in high production timber management but whose objectives involve managing the vegetation for aesthetic or ornamental purposes. I am sure that we will all remember our summer in Acadia with great joy, and hopefully sometime in the future can return to Acadia and witness the growth and success of our endeavors from our junior year at the University of Maine.

Pete Forester





ALL IN A DAYS WORK



JOE STRIKES OUT AGAIN!

SOPHOMORE SUMMER CAMP

This year's summer camp was unique in the respect that it was held at Acadia National Park. Restoration of scenic vistas was the first management plan implemented by forestry students in the national park under the supervision of college advisors and park officials.

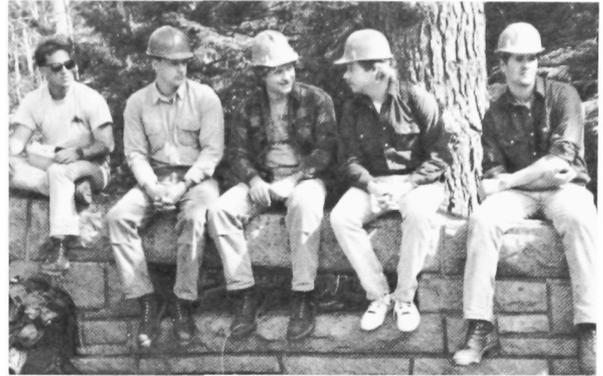
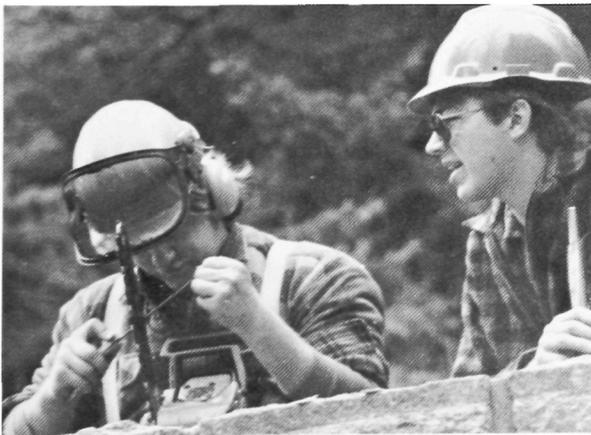
I think this excerpt from "Acadia National Park" beaver log best describes what we were up against.

"From their completion until his death in 1960, Mr. Rockefeller provided 100-man work crews to maintain the roads. Over the past 30 years, dwindling park funds led to minimal maintenance. The original carriage roads were hard surfaced, well-crowned, "broken-stone" roads. The roads have lost their crown shape, which promoted good drainage. Once-bare ditches and road sides have filled with plants and tree seedlings, causing washouts. Thousands of cubic feet of surface binder soil have washed away, and many vistas which once greeted horse back riders, carriage drivers, and walkers, are obscured by 30 years growth."

The purpose of the sophomore summer camp was to gain hands-on experience along with knowledge needed to enhance the beauty and scenic vistas of the park. Through the use of chain saws, brush saws, chipping equipment, and various cable harvesting systems we executed the management plans which the junior "silviculturists" provided us.

The first week of camp consisted of instructions on safety, maintenance, and usage of the forestry power equipment we were to use. We also had an enjoyable slide presentation given by Floyd Newby on undulating lines and scenic vistas. After a few days of getting acquainted with our equipment and the park, we began our mission of restoring the carriage trails.

The restoration, for the most part, went well just as long as we kept our chain saws from cutting chain saws, and our body parts out of the chipper. We all got a chance to run the chain saws, brush saws, tractors, cable logging systems, woodchuck and four wheeler, but by far the most enjoyable part of camp was hauling brush to the chipper.



During the second week of camp we took a boat trip to Isle-au-haute with Dr. Jagels. While on the Island, we got a chance to observe acid rain studies and see some of the effects that acid degradation had on the trees. This was also around the same time we were using the cable logging system. This was the first time most of the students had seen or run such a system. We quickly found that not only was a skyline cable logging system good for yarding wood but it was also a useful tool to elevate people off the ground, especially by their belt loops.

The third and final week everything started to come together. Waterfalls, stone bridges and views of the ocean could be seen for the first time in years. The park officials were so pleased with our work they threw a party for us on our last day in Acadia.

The final week ended with a day of forest fire training. This was the day everyone was waiting for. It was the day we got the infamous helicopter ride plus it was the last day of camp and we could start our much needed summer break. The helicopter ride took us from the Maine Forest Service headquarters in Old Town to Pickarel Pond. At the pond, while fighting the black flies, we learned how to use several forest fire tools. We ended our day and summer camp by watching videos of actual forest fires.

Summer camp, for most of us, was more than just restoring the carriage trails. It was a chance to spend time, and work with fellow students. Many friendships were made and memories created.

Darren Maxsimic
Jim Morin
Keri Yankus



TECHNICIAN SUMMER CAMP



May Term 1990 for the Forest Management Technicians could be summed up with one word, busy! In a three-week period each one of us cruised between 350 and 450 acres of land, took a five-day whirlwind tour of five different woodlands operations in northern Maine, and spent one day learning about harvesting techniques and operations.

Week one found us preparing to set up our cruising exercises on an unmanaged parcel of land within the Penobscot Experimental Forest. After determining the location of cruise lines, it was off to what proved to be a most humbling experience. For the remainder of the first week and much of the third week we attempted to determine stand volumes on our tracts of land. On a lighter note, some of the more interesting fiascos that were endured by the troops include the following. One group, which shall remain nameless, decided to create a boundary line through a fir thicket that could be mistaken for a runway, and it only took two days to construct. Another group spent the first three and one-half days trying to run a boundary line that would never come out where it was supposed to. It seems that even though the arrow on the map said true north, it meant magnetic (just a small detail). Of course, no adventure into the woods of Maine in the month of May would be complete without everyone's buddy, the BLACK FLY. These little critters seemed to be on everyone's mind. This proved to be bothersome and the three most spoken words were "pass the Ben's"

We temporarily put cruising on hold during the second week as we jumped aboard the little gray bus for a tour of the "big woods" of Maine. At sevenish on Monday morning we all met behind Nutting Hall. It's amazing how much stuff fourteen people need to survive for one week. By eight o'clock the bus was packed and we were on our way. Our first stop was at Scott Paper Company for a tour of their operation. During the tour we learned many things about their ideas on corporate forestry, especially artificial regeneration. That night we stayed at Great Northern's (now G.P.'s) Lobster Camp. The next morning we toured their land and again learned alot. We saw machinery like K2-20's, delimiters, and even a sludge spreader used for a field study on spreading sludge back onto the forest. What a lovely smell that was! We had three more stops during the week including Baskahegan, and the Mattawamkeag Wilderness Park. By the end of the week we were all glad to be back home, and looked forward to a hot shower and a good meal for a change.

The last day of summer camp it was time to earn our green cards for forest fire fighting. I didn't attend this part because our group was up from 10:00 am to 4:00 am the next day completing our cruise report, and I just couldn't stay awake any longer. In all, summer camp 1990 proved to be a most rewarding experience for everyone, and as the saying goes, "a good time was had by all".

David Landry



WILDLIFE SUMMER CAMP 1990

Welcome to WLM 250 where the days may be long but the work is always rewarding.

The week starts off with a canoe trip down Pushaw Stream, banding ducks. This was followed by another fun-filled day of the same thing at Pond Farm. Pond Farm did have the added extra of mud and muck with the pleasant aroma of a city sewer. Hey Bob - want to play frisbee?

Craig McLaughlin took over from here. A full day of compass and map work followed by one (or was it two) days of tracking black bears through LaGrange. There were enough meals to make it two days, but the amount of sleep dictates otherwise. The most important information we learned from this is that bears commonly cross the interstate and Karrie and Anita don't like water beds.

The second week starts off at Cobscook Bay where the first night we got a couple of inches of snow (remember this is **summer** camp). It wouldn't have been bad if we had packed our winter clothes! This first day was definitely an indicator of the weather to come that week. The wool blankets borrowed from Suffolk University were much appreciated. This week was also devoted to learning all about the black flies in the Moosehorn Refuge. This was done under the pretense of comparing an unburned and a burned area.

Carl enlightened us on the invertebrates species found in the area and took us on an early morning nature walk showing us everything from clams to seaweed.

Spare time was spent doing important scientific studies. Velocity and trajectory of a volley ball as well as the probability of a good hand in spades were studied at great lengths.

Karrie and Anita again showed their affection for water. During the long awaited white water canoe trip, these two decided to pin their canoe against a rock in fast moving water so that they could get out and look around.

The three weeks ended with the final independent projects. These were done over a period of about three days where oral presentations and very late nights followed. The hot chocolate and coffee took a beating those nights. Everything ended (finally) with the final exam (remember your bird calls and vegetation!)

Though we had little sleep, the company of classmates and a down-to-earth professor made the trip worthwhile. Memorable moments for all those who went are Alex and her trees, Midori harassing the domestic wildlife, and the terrific driving skills of the TA's.

Jeff DeRuyscher
Troy Pelletier
Sarah Cebulla



