I was born on November 24, 1919, in the town of Bingham into a logging family who had been logging Kennebec waters for probably 200 years (5 generations). I was fourth in a family of seven, with three brothers and three sisters. In early June I graduated from Bingham High at the top of my class. Upon graduation, I took my 20-foot canoe and went to work and guide at The Birches which is located some four miles north of the confluence of Moose River and Moosehead Lake. These were the best sporting camps on Moosehead at that time. I was trying desperately to earn enough money to attend the University of Maine at Orono and study Forestry in the fall of 1938. I guided sportsmen and worked around the sporting camps about 15 hours a day. Maine was in the grip of the Depression and there were at least ten men for every job. I knew of only two secure jobs in my home town of Bingham; one would be a conductor on the Maine Central Railroad and the other was woods superintendent for the S.D. Warren Company.

In late September, 1937, I had a call from a representative of the Augusta Lumber Company. He wanted to know if I was interested in clerking or scaling for a large woods operation they were conducting in Mayfield Township. I said I was interested and was ready to go as fishing season ended September 30. He made the observation that I was young for the job (17) but that he had heard that I was very capable. He never mentioned what they were paying and I never mentioned what I was asking. Hell, I would have gone to the Moon if there had been a job there. He finally said O.K. and would like to have me go to Camp No. 5, from Deadwater Station the first week in October. Upon arrival I was to report to Ted Quigley. I got back to Bingham, pulled together a few clothes, bought a new pair of boots (wrong kind) and was ready to go to Deadwater Station the first week in October.

Deadwater Station was located on the old railroad bed spur from Bingham to Kineo Station. This railroad spur was taken up about 1932, and the bed was converted to a roadway.

I left home early one morning with my mother's warning in my ear not to stay overnight at Deadwater Station because she had heard that there were both lice and bedbugs there. I started walking from Bingham to Deadwater and somewhere along the line a truck driver picked me up as he was going to Deadwater Station to get a load of lumber. The road passed over Gulf Stream Trestle which was some half mile long and 180 feet in the air. There was just room enough for the truck, but my driver was nonchalant as he kept only one hand on the wheel and the other hand busy with a five-cent William Penn cigar. I was scared to death going over the trestle and I thought “Oh, my God, there’s not even a guard rail between us and certain death.”

We got to Deadwater Station a little before 11:00 a.m. and the station was a beehive of activity. The buildings around the station were old with the exception of the Augusta Lumber Company sawmill which was new. It was a steam mill with a twin engine feed and a big circular saw. The whistle blew at 11:00 a.m., everything stopped and everyone descended on the cook house which was part of the main old boarding house. I stashed my pack on the porch and went in to eat lunch with the men. The food was fair but I did not sit with my back to the wall remembering my mother’s warning. During lunch I learned the makeup of the sawmill crew. Jack MacDonald was the mill manager and they said he was a hell of a mill man when he was sober.

After lunch I found Jack MacDonald and asked him how I would get to Camp No. 5 near Palmer Pond. He said, “Sonny, I’ve never been there but you take that muddy road right out there and go to the other end of it and that is Camp No. 5.” I hoisted my pack, left Deadwater Station, not knowing just how far I had to go. When I got to Camp No. 5, it must have been about 3:30 and it surely was a scene of action. There probably were 25 men constructing the bunkhouse, palisade type, (easy to build but colder than hell in the winter). Nobody had his hands in his pockets. The first fellow I saw in the camp yard was Ted Quigley who I knew only slightly but he recognized me. Ted said “God, am I glad to see...
you. I've got the days the different men started work but I know nothing about bookkeeping and they tell me that everyone has to have a Social Security card as the law was passed last year." Ted was a big man, perhaps 225, with one gold tooth in front and a smile that lit up the whole world. He was quick and agile for his size and there never was a nicer fellow to work with. I can see him now with Johnson black wool knee pants and a plaid jacket and an old hat set at a comfortable angle. He was a great woodsman and he knew it but never said anything about his ability. They had a team there and they were just swinging the logs for the office camp which was constructed of horizontal logs. To give you some idea of the timber, three logs made one side of the camp and four logs made the other side. In the office there was to be Ted Quigley, foreman, Reed Sawyer (Jackman), scaler, Alonzo Johnston (Greenville), scaler, and the writer Morris Wing, clerk and scaler. Ted Bunker was cook and James Duncan was cookee. There were about 50 men in the total crew; Kennebec woodsmen, men from labor agencies in Bangor and Boston, Visa Canadians could not talk English and I could not talk French. Ted Quigley accused me of renaming half of the Canadians in Beauce County when I sent for their Social Security numbers.

Mayfield Township (T2R2), they said, was previously cut by "old Haines" in the early 1900's with Lombard log haulers. At any rate we had a big stand of timber to work with as I remember it nothing was cut less than 12 inches d.b.h. The timber to be cut was spruce, fir and white pine, and all wood was cut double length; meaning the entire tree was cut in two once; two logs each tree. Mayfield is a flat town with very little gradient and nearly all of the yards were made by parbuckle. There were seven teams of horses in the camp; one team being owner-teamster. All wood was yarded on a scoot, one end up on a bunk (a small wooden sled). Each team was yarding for one cutting crew which consisted of two choppers and a sled tender. The sled tender limbed the trees and helped the teamster to load each time he came back from the yard. They yarded up to about 1,000 feet in distance and good average day was 5,000-6,000 b.f. per crew. We had one exception to the three-man crew and this crew was Joseph and Leon Pinette from Jackman who refused to work with a third man and claimed their output would equal three ordinary men. Ted Quigley was reluctant, at first, to go along with their desire but finally agreed to try them two or three weeks and he put the small grey team from Richmond to yard their cutting. This turned out to be a hell of a mistake as they consistently cut more than the three-men crews. One day they cut 9,000 b.f. and this was all done of course with cross-cut saws and buck saws. This work was awful as there was a lot of fall rain and snow didn't come until late. It was also tough on the horses yarding and there was no let-up until around Christmas. As I remember, the cutting ceased around the middle of January when we reached five million b.f., which was the goal of Camp No. 5 and the hired teams were let go.

I guess I should mention pay rates; day men and swampers $1.40 per day, choppers $3.00 per MBF, teamsters $2.00 per day, Morris Wing $2.00 per day (straight time meaning six days per week). Board was $.75 per day for any day not worked, i.e., Sunday or a big, big storm.

Camp No. 5 was some six to seven miles from Deadwater Station which was considered too far for team hauling. The company had a lot of log hauler sleds and decided they would truck the logs from Camp No. 5 to Deadwater Station by hauling the sleds behind trucks. They had never done this but they saw no reason why it shouldn't work. They hired trucks and ended up with some six or seven plus one company V-8 1935 Ford. The pay rate for the hired truck and driver was $6 per day and the company furnished gasoline, anti-freeze and oil.

We left with the first load down to Deadwater Station about 7:00 a.m. Ted Quigley and I went along with the first load. We left the camp with about 3,000 b.f. on the sled and when we hit Deadwater Station that night at 6:00 p.m. we only had 1,000 b.f. on the sled and everybody was disgusted. However, Ted Quigley was not a man to give up. With a lot of road work and good freezing weather, he soon had the logs moving well. All trucks had to go the same way at the same time as there was no go-back roads and only a small number of turnouts. Surprisingly not many people could drive a vehicle...
and although we had a camp full of men nobody could qualify to drive the company truck. Ted Quigley said to me “You’re it. Because we have only a small crew, scaling is done, and you can clerk morning and night and earn some extra money.” I knew how to drive all right but this business of never touching your brakes and the load pushing you from behind was a new experience. There were no 4-wheel drive vehicles and each truck had a small box of rocks over the rear wheels to give them traction. Each truck had two sets of sleds or more with one set being unloaded at Deadwater Station and one loaded set en route.

Unloading at the mill was simple and took less than two minutes. A donkey engine hoisted the whole load with one lift and conveyed the load via a high line to the top of the storage pile. A Mr. Sirois (nimble as a cat) unhooked on the pile.

Our main truck road was on an old log hauler road which was mostly down hill with only one bad uphill pitch. The main problem was getting the truck away from the yard loaded. We had good cantdog men, probably the best was Mike Landry or Joe Perry from Madison. They were only a matter of minutes fully loading a set of sleds. The sleds were hooked to the trucks by two wooden reaches with metal ends forming a V. When you hooked on at the yard, you had to ding your clutch but not spin your wheels and slip your clutch gradually until the load was moving. If everything worked well, it was a great arrangement, but occasionally you could not start the load and needed help. There was a roving company team and a small Cletrac tractor constantly traveling between yards. The tractor would push the load from the rear to get started but the team would have to be hooked on front of the truck and unhooked “on the fly.” The company team was a pair of horses named Tony and Sandy. Tony was a liver colored chestnut and a pulling fool. He did not know when to quit and would never let go. He probably weighed 1,750 and was as well muscled as any prize fighter. This particular day we had a small foulup and I was sitting in my truck No. 2 waiting for the truck ahead to leave the yard. It was a hard chance to get away with the snow road sloping upward slightly. The driver ahead had tried it several times but couldn’t start the load. About that time coming down the road was the horse Tony and his teamster. I don’t know why they split the team up that day as it seemed like a foolish procedure as you needed the steady draft of a good team on the front of the truck to give you a boost. I had been around horses since I was born and I felt bad when I saw Tony coming down the road as I thought he had a hopeless task. After all I was supposed to be a truck driver and had nothing to do with the horses. I did go along to the driver of the other truck and said “you want to be on the ball when they hook Tony on because something is going to start and I don’t know what.” The other driver looked at me and said he understood. He had his motor running and one foot on the clutch and other foot on the gas when they hooked Tony on to the front bumper. Tony squared away and squatted down and the first time he hit it, he took the bumper off the truck and the bumper flew about ten feet through the air and struck him across the ass. For about two minutes there was a busiest horse teamster I ever saw trying to untangle Tony from the brush, trees, etc., along side the road. Finally, to my relief, they brought the small tractor over and got the truck and load started.

All logs were hauled by March 9 and the camp closed the morning of March 10 and it was 10 degrees below zero that morning. Ted asked me if I wanted to come back on the log drive in the spring and I said yes, and just to let me know the date.

I cannot remember the exact date but about the third week in April, 1938, I received a telephone call that the drive would be starting the following week. I was to get to the camp at the dam at Palmer Flowage (Baker Flowage). I can’t remember how I got to Deadwater Station, but when I got there, they said there was a man going up to Palmer Dam with me. The man was in the back seat of a car and he had been on a long drunk. He was hung over so bad that I did not see how he would be of any use in the drive. Anyway they told me he was a A-1 river driver and I was to deliver him to the river driving camp at Palmer Flowage. The only way to get to the camp was going up the stream and the ice was still running out. There were five or six inches of snow in the woods and the south branch of the Austin Stream was running bank full. I had been to the Palmer Dam camp the winter before but I had gone overland getting there and had never been up the stream. We started out about 11:00 a.m. from Deadwater Station. The fellow was so rum sick he would walk a little and then sit down. They said it was probably closer to twelve miles. They told me
I was supposed to take a field telephone up and when I went by the Falls to install the phone on a tree, hook one wire to the woods line and throw the other wire into the water. They said you can't miss the falls because the water drops some 30 feet. I understood about the telephone but I didn't know what to do with the river driver. He'd walk less and less and cry more and more. He was a lot bigger than I was and I couldn't lug him and I knew if I left him, he would die. I figured we had got nearly halfway and I kept urging him on until we got to the Falls. I put the telephone up as quickly as I could and then rang the phone. I could hear someone at the other end but they couldn't hear me because of the sound of the Falls over my voice.

We got to the dam long after dark and I dragged the river driver up to the cook's camp which was the only building with a light on. The cook was the same Ted Bunker that was at the winter camp. Ted probably weighed 300. I opened the door to the kitchen and dragged the river driver over the doorstool. The cook looked down at him and said, "Hell, Boy, you did well. That's old Emile and he'll be all right after a few days." He picked him up with one hand and threw him in a bunk. It turned out of course that Emile was one of the best drivers on the river. It was just that he lived according to the old school. He would receive his paycheck and roll one around the other until the end of a job. Then he would hit town and stay drunk for a month.

Those who sold him booze just took the checks as they were owed. A month or so later, he would be back and the people that knew him would take him back to the company. You can be sure there was no booze in camp although there was an occasional card game and there were several fellows that could sing pretty good and play the harmonica. Some of them had good singing voices and they would sing such songs as "The Jam at Gerry's Rock." The men from New Brunswick had a way of keeping rhythm with their feet and hands shuffling almost like tap dancing. They were good at it.

Little Palmer Pond has an elevation of 1,272 feet and Bingham is 400 feet where Austin Stream runs into the Kennebec. It's probably 12 to 13 miles from Bingham to Little Palmer Pond but certainly over 20 to 25 miles the way the stream ran. There are two main branches to Austin Stream; one being the south branch which we were driving and the other coming out of Austin Pond. I had a pair of used Bass Caulk Boots which fitted pretty well and I had done some work on logs before. A man has to make up his mind either to stay on top of the logs or to stay wet all day along the shore. Inasmuch as the ice had just gone out, I preferred to stay on top of the logs and I patterned my movements after the two best river drivers—Eddie McIntire, and Emile Lozier. Short, quick steps, and churning forward; long handled peavey in front for balance, dog up. Then if you hit a small log or a sinker, your momentum would carry you on through. The amount of logs in the drive was about 12 million feet as I remember it. This figure would be the total of the contractors Murray and Frye who were up in the north-
east corner of the town; Sanderson who went broke in January, who logged east of Palmer Flowage, and Joe Pellerin who landed his logs between Weeks Basin and the Falls. The dam at Palmer Flowage had been reconstructed the summer of 1937 by Trevor Howes and a small crew of men. He apparently was much sought after as a dam builder in those days. When the main gate was up for sluicing, the whole dam trembled with the force of logs and water going through. Two good men were at the dam sluicing or directing the logs through the sluice gate. They said I was sightly with a sharp axe (for a kid); but the hand hewing in that dam was something else. The dam was wooden, of course, and slanted back hard so that the weight of water on it held itself back, much like a beaver dam only more so. There had been an old dam here for generations.

At first I was working on a bateau herding the logs down to the sluice gate. I can't remember how long we were at Palmer Flowage but as I remember it, it was about a week or ten days. Meanwhile my uncle, Ralph Wing, drowned below the dam. Nobody was with him when it happened. He was an excellent swimmer and a good man on logs and there was no answer to what happened. When he was missed, they shut down the gate and he was found in about six feet of water at the first still water below where he had fallen or gone into the stream. This really sobered up the crew and they lugged his body out to the Ben Adams Field which is on Route 16 between Bingham and Abbott. Meanwhile life went on and the drive worked on down nearly to the Falls where Joe Pellerin had landed his logs. It was a God-awful mess with the entire cut jackstraw-like at the foot of the gorge. The landing as I remember it was supposed to be skidded between each layer of logs but somehow Pellerin had got away with it and nobody knew how. Anyway unraveling that mess was a feat for all concerned and it held us up for four or five days. It was at that point that I learned something about fate. Either your number is up or it is not. The same Sirois who was at the mill unloading logs the winter before was on the drive and he was nimble and quick. At that particular time he was breaking down the face of one of the big landings. The landing was steep but there seemed to be no danger from above. Suddenly, and unbeknown to Sirois, one big log, scaling perhaps 250 feet, was dislodged perhaps 20 feet above his head. Nothing else moved and everybody was screaming at Sirois to move out of the way. He looked up and saw the log coming and began to run desperately for the outside of the landing. We all saw that he would not make it. The log struck about two feet above his head and then bounced completely over his body never touching him. Everybody sat down and laughed with relief and that night Sirois was a hero. We walked back to Palmer Flowage Camp each night until we were down about halfway to Deadwater. It was there that a bear came out of the woods at night and knocked a ham off the outside of the camp. I had an end bunk next to the wall and could hear the pounding on the wall but by the time I got up the bear and the ham were gone. As we got closer to Deadwater Station, the stream flattened out considerably and slowed down and the driving was easier for all concerned. Finally all of the logs were in the calm water above Deadwater Station and the sawmill and the drive was finished. I was not much older but I was a hell of a lot wiser and had seen a lot of things happen during the month to six weeks I was on the long log drive. By this time the water was getting warmer, the air was changing, small buds were appearing on the trees, and the promise of spring was in the air. It beats hell how quick you forget the hardships a man can endure.
Under Grads

[Images of people and animals]
Freshmen
Remember always that you have not only the right to be an individual; you have an obligation to be one. You cannot make any useful contribution in life unless you do this.

Eleanor Roosevelt
(L) Mervin Pierce, Fred Forester, Don Colombe, D. Tape, Jim St. Clair.
(R) Dan Beaudoin, David Lombard, Greg Frohn, Dennis Finkel, Gary Fetteroll, Elizabeth Moore.

(R) The Unknown Foresters, Don Cameron, Selena Tardiff, Jennifer Radcliffe, H. Hat.
Melvin Pierce, Don Colombe, Heather Hill, Terre, Mike Spellman, Harley Dwelley, Jeff Davis, John Salvatore, Jim Rodrigue, Scott Wilkerson, George Meyer, Craig Maclean, Chris Maute, Justin Kristen, Grady Thurlow, Jim Baker, Todd Richards, Mike St. Germain, John Bryant, Dennis Goulet.
First-Year Technicians

Whenever you are asked if you can do a job, tell 'em, "Certainly I can!"—and get busy and find out how to do it.

Theodore Roosevelt
For the first year Forest Management students it could be said that, "never have so few covered so much material in so little time." As this article is being written, only seven months have elapsed since we committed ourselves to this challenging course. During that brief span of time, we have been subjected to hundreds of botany terms, memorized formulas, learned the inner workings of engines and power trains, memorized formulas, practiced forest mensuration, and memorized formulas. Thus far in the second semester, for those of us who have followed the established curriculum, we are advancing past the trembling knees of speech, the frozen fingers of surveying lab, the shaky lines of forestry drawing, the look-alike blocks of wood identification class, and the oil stained clothes of hydraulics lab.

Little green men aside, our forestry labs have been the core of the forest management program. Under the watchful eye of Professor Kimball we have advanced from awkward attempts at an open terrain traverse on the USDA field through block traverses, strip cruises, and point sampling; to marking, thinning and tallying a plot. Along the way Professor Kimball instructed us in the nomenclature of forest mensuration and provided an opportunity for hands-on experience in the use of various measuring devices from D-tapes, calipers, and hand compasses to bark gauges, increment borers and numerous height measurement instruments. He even brought out a stepladder so that he could demonstrate the methods of getting the DBH (diameter at breast height).

On a lab conducted at the UMO sawmill, we were introduced to the procedures of scaling using several different log rules. The methods of sawing logs were demonstrated and we had an opportunity to compare the number of board feet actually sawn to the total volume of wood in a given log.

Also worthy of mention is the effort that was made in the stem analysis and volume table measurement labs. These sessions turned out to be a proving ground to test the durability of pocket calculators. The next step was a lab using electronic data processing and volume table construction accessing the UMO computer center via the terminals located in Nutting Hall.

Over the past few weeks we have covered stand succession, stand structure and stand marking. Most recently we used bucksaws and pruning saws to fell trees on our marked plots. This particular exercise turned out to be drudgery for those of the chain saw generation, but a labor of love for at least one old-timer.
(B-F) Pat Lackey, John, Sean Healy, Dennis Goulet, Scott Wilkerson, Mike Bulgajewski, Mike Spellman, John Bryant, John Colannino, Jim Baker.
Ron Farr, Chris Martin, Chick Crockett, Scott Bosco, Rob Messenger, Pete Hasler, Tina Stillings, Steve Peary, Chris Mund, Chris Deane, Jon Brady.
BIOMASS IT ... Once you cut a tree down, you can't put it back . . . trails make it easier to walk in the woods . . . Al on timber marking: "You live, you die, you live, you die" . . . L.B.B. . . . six of one, half dozen of the other . . . Wanna go navigating? . . . How many ticks today, Jake? . . . Sam, let's go for beer . . . Al, is there much local attraction in a dump? . . . mountains and mountains . . . Potatoes anyone? . . . How much do you know about forestry in Britain? . . . Putting black tar on tree wounds is like creating little superdomes for decay fungi . . . CHIPPY!
Sophomore summer camp '85 was many things. It gave us a chance to discover not only what we could already do, but also how much we have to learn. It gave us a chance to meet many of the professors of the College and a chance to work intensively with very special members of the faculty. It showed us how difficult it is to retain one’s sanity and maintain one’s motivation during three weeks of virtually perfect weather. It provided us with the opportunity to build on old friendships and begin new ones. Most importantly, it gave us the sense of professionalism in the profession.

Our fearless and peerless leader for the experience was Professor Al Kimball. In Orono, Al is disguised as merely a professor in the two-year technicians program. In Bridgton, however, his true colors shone through and we found him to be a jack-of-all-trades. From soil profiles to throughfall, from wildlife to social stereotypes, Al always had a pertinent and valuable opinion. The emphasis of this year’s summer camp was forest ecology, a very broad topic, well suited to Al’s extensive interests. The Bridgton experience was also enhanced by two teaching assistants: Eric Sorenson and Steve Salisbury. These two graduate students were perfect complements for one another, one picking up where the other one left off. The teaching staff taught us a lot about forestry and about being human.

We also had our recommended daily allowance of wisdom from Orono. The visiting faculty gave us either a preview of our junior and senior years or made us painfully aware that even when we get our degree, we still wouldn’t know everything. Professor Hale’s mill tours convinced us to stay in school while Professor Ostrofsky’s dynamic lecture on decay made many of us question his research-only assignment. Professor Bill Mitchell and Dr. Newby made a great impression by taking us to Sebago Lake. Dr. Carter’s presentation on diversity enlightened many of us to the true meaning of diversity, while Dean Knight’s discourse on the wide world of bugs taught us a few of the basics—like ticks and black flies. Dr. Fernandez came down, played in the dirt and then tried to get us to call it soil. Dr. Griffin also joined us for a day or two and did a number of things for us: he threw a multitude of terms at us, introduced us to Dr. Duncan Howlett (whom we later voted tree farmer of the century) and laid the groundwork for Silvics.

Bridgton ’85 was more than all work and no play. The happy campers relaxed by doing all sorts of things from hacky-sacking to climbing Bear Mountain, from canoeing to playing frisbee, from doing laundry to doing the dishes.

Of course, the highlight of the week was Saturday’s barbeque and softball game which was followed by small social gatherings. All in all, Bridgton was a good time to use what we had learned in the classroom, a good time to meet people and to experience new things, a good time to look to the future of the profession and our role in it. In short, it was a good time to learn.

Martha L. Wood
Juniors
(B) Jeff Kelly, Dave Fornier, Dave Clapp, Mike Mannuzza, Andy Sheere, Paul Geyster, Kurt Swengle, Gary Chandler, Bob Bradbury, ?, Erich Pfalzer, Jeff Slahor, Pat Lackey, ?.
(M) John Conomy, Tim Flannagan, Rick Ellsmore, Rocco Pizzo, Pat Adams, Jim Miller, Parnel Hesketh, Sam Langley, Dave Libby, Mary Kay Meiman, Don Grebner, Todd Massey, ?.
(F) Glenn Gordon, Andrea Sutton, Martha Wood, Maynard Wilson, Pete Coutu, Tom Breen, John Sawyer, Fred Martel, ?.
Junior Forestry Summer Camp

Forestry summer camp, 1985, was blessed with prime weather for most of the three weeks. You could count the rainy days on one finger. Classes were held in 100 Nutting, as usual, and it was there that we received our instructions for the day. Camp was especially fun this year for the harvesting sequence was lengthened from one day to an entire week. Under Chuck Simpson’s care, we practiced chainsaw wielding and maintenance while felling and bucking trees. We also learned to operate the Kubota tractor and skid trees from the forest with a Timberjack cable skidder. Nothing beats hands-on experience to better understand forestry and harvesting practices. A week was also spent surveying and mapping; another week for doing specific inventories in the University Forest.

For our special project, we constructed a sixteen-foot bridge in LaGrange. A few days prior to this we had been taught the techniques and then put to the actual test. The resulting bridge slowly fell into place and looked quite pleasing. Unfortunately time ran out before construction was complete. Throughout the day, demonstrations of U.M.O.’s own Yankee Yarder were also provided.

Camp was not all work, however. Tom Brann invited us over to his house one Saturday for a cookout with food and beer aplenty. An intense volleyball game prevailed throughout the entire day (six hours!!). A great time was had by all. We left that evening a bit lame, but in extremely good “spirits.”

Lilly Leonard
The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt
Wildlife Summer Camp

It is a wholesome and necessary thing for us to turn again to the earth and in the contemplation of her beauties to know the sense of wonder and humility.

Rachel Carson
When some of us first came to the College of Forest Resources at the University of Maine, Orono as freshmen, we came filled with romantic visions of Thoreau. It seems that those ideas have been altered somewhat during the course of the past few years. No longer do we see ourselves frolicking about the woods sniffing for wildflowers and watching for wildlife. Rather we envision walking on a compass bearing and cutting flowers to use as indicator species; wildlife is now for trapping and inspecting to see if an herbicide had a significant effect on some aspect of the animal’s existence.

For us, now is a time for reflection — reflection on the years past and the years to come. What comes to mind most often is not the grades earned, or all of those lab reports that got handed in (with the possible exception of the Silvics report). Instead, it’s the ridiculous events like when, in cartographies class, a student dropped a full cup of Red Man juice into a trash can only to have it splash back on him — changing forever the design on his new white sweater.

Some other events on the all-time ridiculous list must be:

* Prof. Greg Reams saying before giving a statistics lecture to a class of apathetic students, “Oh well, let’s torture ourselves.”
* Measuring the diameter of every stick in two cords of pulpwood for Biometry.
* Doing physics homework with the aid of an HP43C and a box of 64 Crayolas.
* And does anybody really believe that wild hogs eat longleaf pine roots? Sure, now let’s hear the one about Goldie Locks and the Three Bears.

Soon, the shelter of academia will come to a screeching halt and those ridiculous episodes will seem distant. Our focus turns toward tomorrow. What does the future hold? Will the education we received here at UMO carry the weight we had hoped? The uncertainty is both frightening and exciting. For us seniors the spell is cast — what is done cannot be undone.

To borrow a passage from Shakespeare’s Macbeth,

“I am in Pulp Chips! Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o’er.”

by Sean McAuliffe
Arte Choke, Paul Geyster, Tish Carr, Sue Glenn, Linda Rosenberg, Matt Stamp, Scott Estey, Duane Snell, John Augustine, Andy Pottle.
(B) Tom Monroe, Mark Chamberlain, Sarah McMahon, Glen Ginter, Dan Sullivan, Chris Martin, Terre Pearson.
(F) Chrissy Spurr, Ken Cote, Mike Lally, Terry Thomas, Tim White, Steve Bumps.

Jeff Farrin, Steve Parent, Doug Rishton, Paul Merrick, Walter Haines, Ralf Platte, Andrea Sutton
Tracy Fee, Fred Martel.

Maynard Wilson, Dennis Verge, John Boucher, Pat Bates, Dan Clapp, Brain Peters, John Stanton, . . . Tim Post, Mark Vermeal, Stacie Ramsay.
What remains beyond us to know
Is sought as meaning and reason
And the obsession to open the universe
Is excused as understanding nature.
In order to use life well
We must surrender our importance
And open ourselves to nature
To discover the universe there.

from War Cry On a Prayer Feather—
Prose and Poetry of the Ute Indians
by Nancy Wood
Forest Technician Seniors
After we ended our first year of Forest Management Technology we were to go on our one week field experience in May. Upon calculating the cost, the leaders decided to postpone it until after we graduate. We will go this year with the first year techies. I guess we will have to teach them what being a techie is all about. We all hoped that maybe, just maybe, some women might enroll this year; well tough luck guys, two years in a row and no women!

When we returned in the fall we found out that over the summer our friends had been working anywhere from New Mexico to Fort Kent and many places in between. All of us had many different experiences and stories. Also we noted that we had lost one third of our original class. You can't help but notice when people leave when you are a class of 15 to start. At this point we were down to nine with one more to join us in a week.

We did the usual fall camp requirements like tour mills, wildlife reserves, and the Great Northern cutting operations with the Koehrings, cruise 1000 acres, cut timber, drive the skidder, and buck up wood in the yard. We were trying a new idea for our management property. The town of Mattawamkeag asked us to come in and cruise the wilderness park in their town, so we had four days in Mattawamkeag to do the complete cruise. On the fourth day we heard rumors of hurricane Gloria on her way, but that didn't stop us. We were prepared if we did have to leave. It rained all day and we didn't think too much of it. On the way home it started to rain so hard we almost had to stop. Upon our arrival on campus we noticed that the place was desolate; you would have thought a hurricane was supposed to hit! Come to find out they had cancelled classes. Just goes to show you nothing stops a techie at work, not even Gloria!

During our last spring semester in Professor Kimball's silviculture class we had learned a good reason why some forests are in such bad shape. The reason was ACID RAIN. This came to be the standard answer for any question anyone on any of our tours was to ask us. The other thing that followed us through our five weeks of camp was a hacky sack. It came out every spare minute we had. It didn't matter if we were at the Great Northern Telos Camp, in the Maine Forest Service parking lot, or on lunch break from harvesting with chaps and all on.

We had happy times and sad times, wet days and dry days. We had times of work and times of play. Overall we enjoyed the five weeks and learned many things. One of us even learned that dipping isn't for everyone! Thanks, College of Forest Resources!

Grant B. Sorterup
Believe one who has had experience, you will find something more in woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you that which you cannot learn from masters.

St. Bernard