

1935 Seniors

ALBERT DALE STEPHENSON, Pierce, South Dakota
Grazing Management

Forestry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 3, 4.

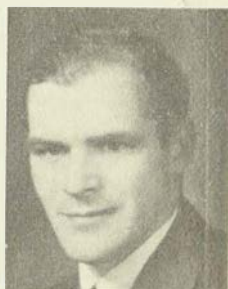
School Tractor man, 4.

Summer work:

U. S. I. F. S. Montana and Arizona, '30.

U. S. B. S. Montana and Oregon, '33, '34.

U. S. F. S. Wallowa National Forest, Oregon, '34.



WALTON H. PETSCH, Spokane, Washington
Logging Engineering

Sigma Phi Epsilon.

Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington, 1, 2.

Forestry Club, 3, 4, 5.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 5.

Summer work:

Blister Rust Control, Cabinet National Forest, '34.



LESTER T. ROBBINS, Circle, Montana
Grazing Management

Forestry Club, 2, 3, Secretary, 4.

Druids, 3, Vice-president, 4.

Phi Sigma, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 2, 3, 4.

Forestry Kaimin Staff, 3, Business Manager, 4.

Student Assistant, Surveying, 4.

Summer work:

U. S. F. S. Grazing Survey, Gallatin National Forest,

'33, '34.



JOE A. WAGNER, Missoula, Montana
Grazing Management

Sigma Nu.

Forestry Club, 1; Executive Board, 2; Secretary, 3, 4; President, 5.

Druids, 3, Treasurer, 4.

Forestry Kaimin Staff, 4.

Montana Masquers, 3, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Rifle Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Student Assistant, Survey of Forestry, 5.

Summer work:

U. S. F. S. Blackfeet National Forest, '31.

U. S. F. S. Grazing Survey, Deer Lodge National Forest, '33; Beaverhead National Forest, '34.





Standing—DEMOREST, DRESSKELL, COOK, HENNINGS, MYERS, BRIERLEY, GABLE, ANDERSEN, MILLER, BUCKHOUS. Sitting—LAWRENCE, CLARK, ROBBINS, GALLUP, HARDIN, WAGNER, HAGUE, NELSON.

The Montana Druids

By E. WESLEY HARDEN, '35

The Montana Druids are an honorary society composed of junior and senior students of the School of Forestry who have better than a "C" average in the university and who are active in extra-curricular activities of the school. Druid meetings are held twice a month at the home of some member. Speakers are obtained for the meetings who talk on some subject which is outside of the field of forestry, thereby broadening the vision of the Druid members. These meetings form a common ground where students and faculty members may meet and discuss any problem. Difficulties are ironed out and fellowship promoted thereby. This is highly desired, as a closely knit unit is produced with students and faculty working together toward a common end. On account of graduation and the fact that



GALLUP

several of the fellows stayed out of school to work during the winter, there was a dearth of membership in the fall. However, the ranks were swelled by the initiation of the following men: Leif Andersen, Tom Brierley, Jack Buckhous, Wilfred Dresskell, Louis Demorest, James Hennings, Stanley Miller, Robert Myers, Terrill Stevens, William Wagner and Howard Welton.

One of the most important Druid activities, from the standpoint of contact with alumni, is the publishing of the School of Forestry News Letter. This mimeographed letter goes out from the school five or six times during the school year, depending upon how the news breaks, to all alumni of the forestry school. Part of the expense of the letter is borne by the

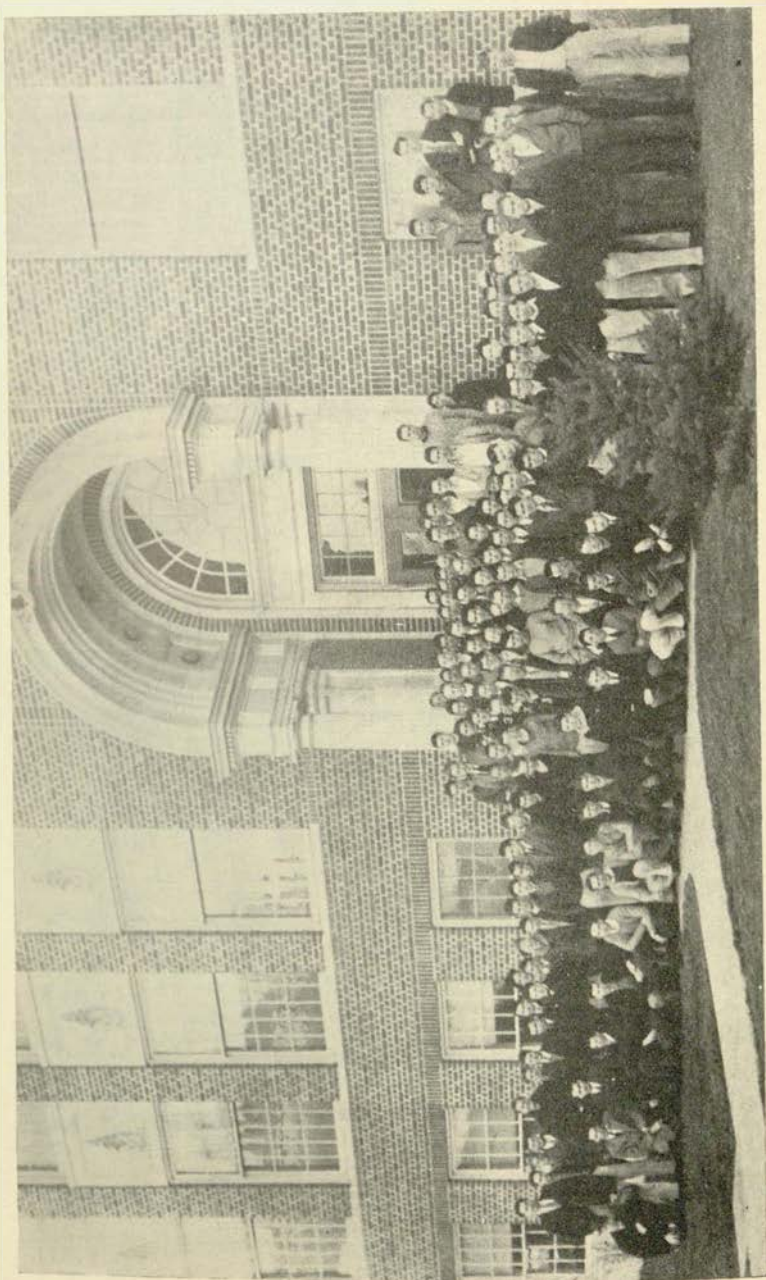
Forestry Club, but the work of collecting material, editing and circulation is done entirely by Druid members. The News Letter is now in its fourth year of publication, and the reception which it receives, as given by letters written by graduates, makes it well worth the while of the group to issue it.

This year's officers were: President, Richard Gallup; vice-president, Lester Robbins; treasurer, Lloyd Hague; secretary, Wesley Harden; corresponding secretary, Jack Buckhous; custodian of the records, Robert Myers. Next year's officers are named in the same order: Leif Andersen, George Gable, James Hennings, Stanley Miller, and Jack Buckhous.

This year, as always, the motto "Give full measure of service," was faithfully carried out. Every member pitched in and did his share, regardless. The school is justly proud of the Druid organization and expects it to grow and prosper in the future as it has in the past.



AT FORESTERS' BALL — THE OUTDOORS IN MINIATURE



THE FORESTRY CLUB

The Forestry Club

By JOE WAGNER, '35

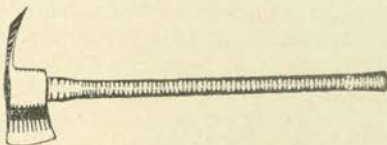


The Forestry Club, composed of students enrolled in the School of Forestry and faculty members of the school, was founded some twenty years ago with the supreme purpose of producing a closer relationship between students and faculty. Meetings are held on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in the forestry library, a well-equipped library reserved explicitly for the use of forestry students and faculty. Here everyone meets on an equal basis, the views and opinions of the youngest freshman bearing as much pressure as those of the senior or faculty member. At the club meetings, following the business session, a program is usually given. The Executive Board of the club arranges these entertainments, which consist of lectures by members of the Forest Service, University faculty, or travelers. Many times these programs are supplemented by lantern-slide or motion pictures. Several meetings are held during the year in conjunction with some other professional club on the campus—a splendid “get-acquainted” plan.

The club sponsors many social events throughout the school year, including a fall hike, fall dance, smoker, the Foresters' Ball and spring picnic. *The Forestry Kaimin*, an annual publication, is also sponsored by the club, and the club maintains a student loan fund derived from the proceeds of the annual Foresters' Ball. Lloyd Hague, Chief Push, and his crews put on an excellent reproduction of Paul Bunyan tales, plus good dancing and refreshments at this year's ball. It is an accepted fact that the Foresters' Ball is the leading social event of the campus year.

The officers of the club during the past year have been: Joe Wagner, president; Lloyd Hague, vice-president; Lester Robbins, secretary; Bob Myers, treasurer. The Executive Board is composed of, in addition to the officers of the club, one member elected from each class. The board this year consisted of Richard Gallup, senior; Tom Brierley, junior; Wesley Pickens, sophomore; Walter Keithley, freshman.

The newly elected officers for the coming year are: Bob Myers, president; George Gable, vice-president; Arnold Bolle, secretary, and Wilfred Dresskell, treasurer. New members of the Executive Board will be elected at the beginning of the fall quarter, and next year promises pleasure and entertainment to everyone again.





The Rifle Club

By WESLEY PICKENS, '37

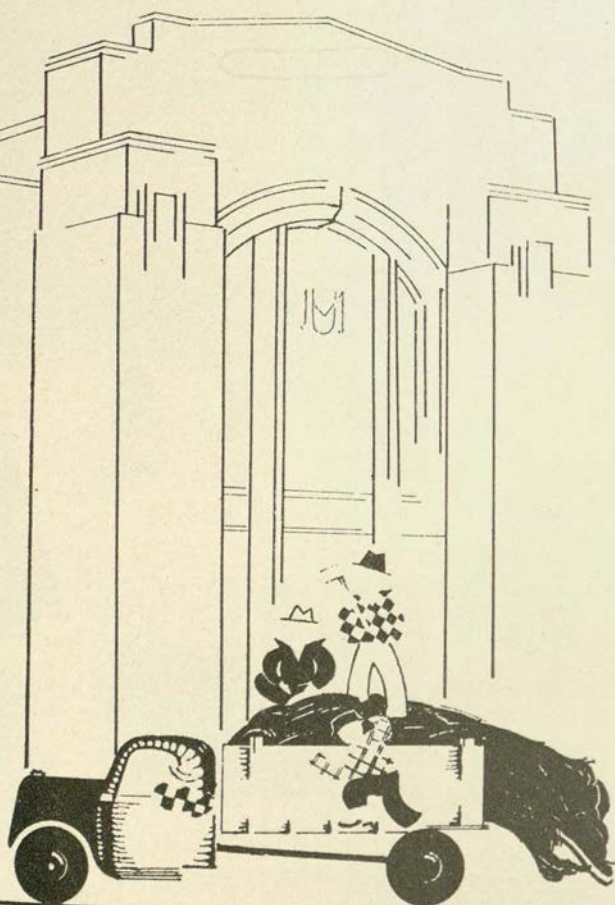
The usual spirit and enthusiasm were again characteristic of the Forestry Rifle Club this year. In all, there were forty members, a larger membership than in any year preceding. A large number of the men were new to club membership, but not new to the game, for some of them proved to be excellent shots. Four of the club members qualified for the R. O. T. C. rifle team, and ranked with the best on that team.

The club uses four .22 caliber rifles, Springfield and Winchester, and owns two of the rifles itself, the Winchesters. The other two are government guns. It also has the use of four .30/06 caliber government rifles, which are used on the outdoor range in the fall and spring. The club, being a member of the National Rifle Association, is furnished with ammunition, also, and in return for these considerations, submits to the Director of Civilian Marksmanship an annual report of firing.

Formerly, the Rifle Club has used the Forest Service rifle range under the Chamber of Commerce building, but this year, through the courtesy of the Military Science officials, the members had the use of the R. O. T. C. range on the campus.

The members of the club shot several "telegraphic" matches with teams of foresters from other schools, most of which belong to the National Rifle Association. The rifle teams of the forestry schools at Ames, Iowa; Seattle, Washington, and Corvallis, Oregon, were among those with whom matches were held this year. Four positions, prone, sitting, kneeling and standing, were shot in all of the competitive shooting.

Officers of the club this year were: President, Tom Brierley; secretary, Wesley Pickens; treasurer, Bob Myers.



ACTIVITIES

SWAN



Cook



Summer Home



Goin' Places



Ride-'em

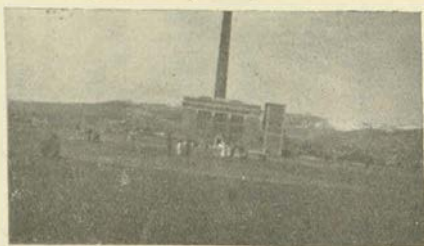


"Cat" - School



Grub

Surveying



Wood Butchers





FORESTERS' BALL COMMITTEE

The 1935 Foresters' Ball

By LLOYD HAGUE, '35

Enthusiasm was evident at the first Foresters' Ball committee meeting, held late in November. The fellows had great spirit and were determined to put on the biggest and best ball ever attempted. General plans were discussed, new ideas were brought up for better organization, different and novel decorating features were talked over, and by the end of the meeting, which lasted until well after dark, the wheels had started turning for the big dance of the campus year. By the end of the fall quarter, orchestras were contracted for, and favors and programs had been started. During the Christmas vacation, the fellows in Missoula made the necessary trips up Hayes Creek for the cedar boughs, and if any skeptic doubts



that they had fun on those trips, he should ask some of the boys about sliding over the bank with a load one evening. With the boughs all in, the Wood Butchers started the excursions up Pattee Canyon for trees, the first week in January. After ten loads of trees had been cut and brought in, with some darned good snowball fights between times, the ball was in good shape as far as the decorations were concerned.

Although odds and ends of things to be done kept everyone busy, favors and programs occupied the spotlight during the rest of January and until the date of the ball rolled around. Falling wedges and hammers moulded from lead were chosen as favors this year. The ticket sale, started a week earlier than usual, was a satisfying success, for the small replicas of Paul

Bunyan's boot sole went like the proverbial hotcakes and maple syrup.

Finally, the date of the Ball, February 1, was but a few days away, and the work of winding up the preparations began in earnest. After a pep



convocation of the School of Forestry students Thursday, the gang started decorating the gym. Into the hall went, first, wire by the roll, then cedar boughs and trees by the truckload, then the music stand, lighting equipment, barroom fixtures, a sheep wagon for the sheepherder's camp surrounded by a drift fence at the edge of the forest, tents, camping and telephone equipment

to depict a Forest Service smoke-chaser's camp, giant ear muffs used by Paul Bunyan during the winter of the blue snow, and other articles of his personal apparel which he loaned to the club for the ball, and last but not least, Babe, the Blue Ox himself, with salting grounds nearby for his convenience. A checkroom for the convenience of the guests at the ball was constructed on the first floor of the gymnasium this year, and this added feature proved to be a real addition to the dance, well worth the effort of constructing it. Friday evening at five o'clock, all was in readiness, and the last worker had gone home to get himself ready for the ball, with the satisfying knowledge that all was well.

By nine o'clock that night, Lee Black and his orchestra, the best to be obtained, were playing to a crowd that might have been present at a dance fifty years ago. Indians, cowboys and cowgirls, miners, missionaries, gamblers, prospectors, and many others made up the crowd that filled Paul's forest. The Diamond Dot saloon had been opened again for business, and coming out through the swinging door could be heard the rattle of glasses and the tunes of old times, played by prospector Zadra on his accordion. The Ranger's Dream and the special decorations, especially the sheepherder's and smokechaser's camps, were all inspected and enjoyed by the crowd, which by ten o'clock was in jolly and enjoyable mood and continued so for the rest of the evening.



SHEEPMEN WERE PRESENT

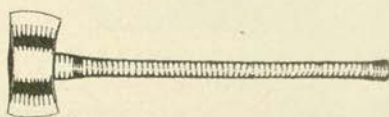


FORESTERS FROLICKED HERE

The Eats committee should be congratulated on the lunch for hungry guests which was served as usual during eating periods in the Forestry School library and auditorium. In these dining rooms, the Garden City Hillbillies and Farnsworth's Pirates added to the pleasure of the evening with entertaining songs and music.

A rather unique and unlooked-for surprise was added to the ball this year, when near the end of the dance the hall lights suddenly winked out, due to a broken light pole which was snapped by a speeding car on Higgins avenue, leaving the gym in complete darkness. The band, however, finished the program and played Home Sweet Home without lights, and so, with flashlights playing over the departing crowd, ended the 1935 Foresters' Ball.

Those who attended this year's ball claim the dance a most enjoyable and well-managed one, and eagerly look forward to the one next year. The 1935 ball was a financial success, also, paying all expenses and adding a considerable sum to the Forestry Club Loan Fund. But one of its best achievements, outside of the pleasure it brought to those who attended, was that it did a great deal to create a better feeling of good fellowship and comradeship among students of different classes in the School of Forestry.



During the past several years the mensuration and management classes in the School of Forestry have, under the direction of Professor Fay Clark, carried on a program of obtaining complete mill scale data on the mills of the Inland Empire region. So far the mills at Bonner and Somers, Montana, have been studied, the mill at Bonner representing the ponderosa pine type, and that at Somers representing the larch-Douglas fir area. This year the class plans on making a mill scale study of the western white pine mill at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.



Fall



Summer

THE SEASONS



Any Time



Spring



Winter

The Forestry Club Smoker

By HAROLD LEWIS, '37

The Forestry Club smoker, an annual event in the Club year, was held on December 11, and about one hundred and fifty guests gathered in the clubroom on that evening. The smoker is held as a token of appreciation for the support of the Forestry Club's activities by Forest Service men, lumbermen of the community and *Forestry Kaimin* advertisers in Missoula.

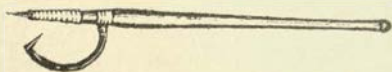
A boxing ring had been set up in the School of Forestry auditorium, and at eight o'clock, the bouts started. The card was as follows:

Boxing: Joe Crisafulli vs. Ronald Watters; Wesley Pickens vs. Louis Forgey, and Bill Krueger vs. Hubert Zemke.

Wrestling: Ted Falacy vs. Arne Nousianen; Ray Scott vs. Norval Bonawitz, and Sol Pickett vs. Bob Myers.

The winners were presented with bronze medals. After the regular matches, a free-for-all was staged in which Leonard Peterson, Tom Brierley, Leonard White and Clarence Biehl boxed blindfolded, with a glove on one hand and a baby rattle to advertise their whereabouts in the other hand. Two of the boys suffered black eyes, but the fight was the comedy highlight of the evening.

After the bouts, the forestry building was inspected by the guests. Cigars were then passed and a lunch of sandwiches, coffee and doughnuts was served in the forestry library.



The Fall Dance

By MILLARD EDGMOND, '37

At the November 21 meeting of the Forestry Club, one of the members brought up the question of the annual fall dance and it was decided that it should be held again this year. President Joe Wagner appointed a committee of four, consisting of Louis Demorest, Bert Hurwitz, Cliff Pool and Millard Edgmond, chairman, to take charge of the arrangements.

After several meetings the committee set the date of the dance as December 1, and by dint of considerable argument and promises to prevent smoking in the building, secured the use of the women's gymnasium for that evening. The dance was scheduled as an informal one, and "Andy" Anderson's orchestra was secured for the occasion. The faculty members of the School of Forestry and Botany department were chosen as chaperons and parents of forestry students who were in Missoula for the Thanksgiving Parents' Day on the campus, members of the Forest Service, and officials of the A. C. M. mill at Bonner were honored guests.

A good orchestra, a congenial crowd, both aided and abetted by a considerable supply of Cliff Pool's punch, could only mean that the dance would be a success. In the words of the social columns, a good time was had by all.

The Spring Picnic

By LESTER KEILMAN, '37

Fine weather! In fact, it couldn't have been finer. But the date changed again. What was wrong; couldn't the club make up its mind? Foresters were pacing up and down the forestry halls awaiting future changes and developments. Confusion reigned, while the hike committee patiently awaited more telephone calls and telegrams which might indicate the returning date of the seniors from their spring trip. Finally, the committee, consisting of Lester Keilman, Jack Oliver and Edwin Rauma, decided that due to the University calendar it would be necessary to hold the hike during the seniors' absence.

Early on Saturday morning of May 5, a large and enthusiastic group of foresters were at the picnic grounds, above the Milwaukee tunnel across from Bonner, busily engaged in preparation for the annual picnic for the sons of Paul Bunyan. One crew was engaged in digging the barbecue pit, another provided for the amusement and recreation centers, and a third crew "selectively" logged three sections in order to secure ample wood for the barbecue and camp fires. The greatest event of the day, and one upon which the success or failure of the morrow's picnic depended, took place during the afternoon when the annual roundup was held. It started near Bonner, where a nice fat steer had been in pasture. However, when the pasture was reached, it was discovered that the steer, which had observed the morning's preparation and declined to be involved in any manner, had fled in anticipated terror. His tracks were discovered shortly and several hours later he was sighted near Missoula. The chase became fast and furious. In confusion the "critter" strayed into the School of Forestry's new grazing pasture and became so thoroughly absorbed in the choice of species to be selected for the evening meal that he did not discover he was completely surrounded until it was too late to escape. Eventually a compromise was reached whereby the "critter" was allowed to have an evening meal of *Agropyron tenerum* and then was led away and slaughtered. That night, Cliff, Steve and Les kept watch on the scene of the morrow's "fete." When the first red streaks of dawn crossed the eastern skies the barbecue fire was lighted. Bright and early "Dad" DeJarnette was there, with provisions seemingly large enough to feed an army. All was in readiness for the picnic.

About two o'clock the students and faculty of the School of Forestry and the members of the Forest Service began to arrive. A baseball game was soon in progress and horseshoe pitching, log rolling, transit gazing and various other entertainment provided amusement for countless numbers.

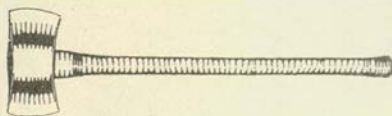
At five o'clock "Dad's" cry to "come and get it" rang out, and the line that formed surpassed even previous high marks. The barbecue was declared by one and all as "the best ever."

After lunch, sack racing, sawing, chopping, tree age and height guessing, and bucking contests were held. A new feature, "the strawberry roan," remained unconquered, although several worthy riders made her do all she could to pitch them for a high dive. Prizes were awarded to all worthy winners. Due to the ability of several contestants to drive nails so efficiently,

duplicate prizes had to be awarded. Some "viper" appeared on the scene and after a theft of the winners' bottled beer vanished into the somber shadows. A searching party headed by Curly Robbins was organized but their efforts were without successful results. Dame Rumor has it that the fair winners really attempted a hoax in order to secure more beer.

As twilight fell, a large campfire was lighted. President Clapp, Tom Lommasson of the Forest Service, and members of the School of Forestry faculty exchanged greetings and stories. Dean A. L. Stone, loyal friend of the Forestry School, was unable to attend.

As shadows deepened and the campfire died to a few glowing embers, the hike was climaxed by singing new and old songs, and to the strains of "College Chums," another spring hike became Forestry Club history.



The Fall Hike

By TOM BRIERLEY, '36

The foresters' usual good luck did not hold out so well last October. For three days prior to the evening set for the annual fall hike, rain poured down intermittently. Even so, it was difficult to persuade many of the foresters and their feminine companions to wait until the following weekend, and it proved to be an excellent group that drove up Pattee Canyon through a heavy fog to the picnic grounds. The blazing campfire that greeted them was indeed welcome.

George Gable acted as director of music, as the merry company gathered close around the fire and sang with much volume, accompanied by Augie Zadra and his accordion.

After an hour of story telling and singing, the traditional contests were called in order. The sawyers meet attracted the most attention, with over two dozen contestants entered, including two teams of girls. Although the girl sawyers had quite a struggle with the tough old fourteen-inch Douglas fir log, they showed the boys they were not a great deal inferior in this woodsmen's game. However, the team of Shaw and Zuber attacked the log with the greatest zest and made the best time by slashing through in thirty-one seconds. This record was equalled by Sanders and Horn in their second try. The log-chopping proved to be a gruelling contest, although Leonard White won the title of champion axe-man by cutting through the log in two and one-half minutes.

The call of Cliff Pool to "come and get it" was greeted by a rush to the cook-fire, where hot dogs, doughnuts, coffee and beer were served. At ten o'clock, a majority of the company left for town, to be in time for the dormitory deadlines, but the others stayed on for awhile, telling stories and enjoying the campfire until the dying embers blinked out, and the 1934 fall hike took its place in the foresters' memories.



Hurwitz
New York

FROM FAR PLACES



McKee
New Zealand



Horn
Norway



Hennings
Illinois

Brooks
California

Forestry Athletes

By LEIF ANDERSEN, '38

Basketball

For the first time in a number of years, the foresters were well represented on the varsity basketball squad this winter. Walter Keithley, Leonard Noyes and Tom Mitchell saw much action during the season, Keithley being among the first string men. Coming up to the varsity next year from the Cub squad will be three more foresters. Norris Quam, Fred Currie and John Castles were awarded numerals for their work with the Cubs.

Track

Three forestry students were members of the varsity track squad during the 1934 season. Bill Wagner, John Price and Lloyd Bernhard were active members of the squad all season, Wagner and Price being outstanding in the 440 and half mile, while Bernhard ran in the one and two miles.

Louis Demorest, a graduate of the University of Illinois, now taking forestry at Montana, helps train the distance men on the track. Demorest is in training for the next Olympics.

M Club Tournament

Ten men from the forestry school took part in the M Club tournament this year. In the wrestling bouts, W. P. Cunningham, Norval Bonawitz and "Strangler" Lewis won their bouts in their respective weights. George Neff and Herbert Wheat lost close decisions in their matches.

Five foresters took part in the boxing matches, four of them losing by small margins. Kenneth Lewis won the decision in his weight, while Jesse Grantier, Melvin Akin, Lloyd English and Clarence Beihl lost decisions. Akin and Beihl fought extra rounds in their respective fights before a decision could be reached, and these two fights were considered among the best of the evening. Hub Zemke, last year's champion, was boxing instructor for the tournament.

Minor Sports Meet

In the minor sports meet held at Bozeman this year, eight foresters took part. In wrestling, Cunningham, H. Lewis and Bonawitz were entered, but lost decisions to their opponents.

In boxing, K. Lewis won his bout easily, but Akin lost a hard fought extra-round decision.

James Hennings made good time in the swimming meet, to place first in the 40-yard free style, and second in the 100-yard backstroke.

The rifle match, which did not count in the tournament, was won easily by the University. Three foresters shot in the match, Lumby shooting high score, while Preston and Holding were close behind.

Football

Playing his third year on the varsity football squad, Leif Andersen, guard, was one of the outstanding men during the fall season, 1934, and was named on the all-state football squad at the end of the year. Norval Bonawitz, Sol Pickett and Hub Zemke, sophomores, were also members of the varsity squad last fall.

Charles Carpenter, Donald Smart, Charles Robins, Joe Pomajevich and Leonard Noyes, freshmen, were among the outstanding players on the Cub football squad this year.—Louis Demorest.



HALL, QUINLIN, HARRIS, HANCOCK, STEPHENS, WELTON, CLARK

The 1934 Senior Trip

By LESTER HARRIS, '34

Because of the Civil Service examinations to be given in May, it was decided that the 1934 senior spring trip should be shorter than usual. As a result, Rufus Hall, Sandy Hancock, Lester Harris, Carter Quinlin, Virgil Stephens, Earl Welton and Professor Fay Clark packed their baggage. The only grazing specialist in the senior class, Jack Hinman, found it necessary to forego the trip and leave the party to attend a Forest Service grazing training camp.

The seniors, on the morning of April 22, could have been seen running around the forestry building looking for Fay Clark and the new School of Forestry truck, which was being used. The truck and Fay located, it was but a moment until all the baggage, Red Welton's dog house, and the seniors were loaded. Soon Missoula was far in the rear, for Fay Clark demonstrated his well-known driving ability.

Arriving at the Priest River Experiment Station late that afternoon, the boys found what looked to be a reunion of Montana and Idaho Forestry School graduates. The following morning, J. B. Thompson showed the group the thinning plots and other experiments on the forest including the test on the source of yellow pine seed. From the test, it looked as if the Lolo forest had the option on yellow pine seed. The boys next inspected the weather instruments, which were explained to them by Evans.

From Priest River to Spokane was a short jaunt. Virgil Stephens and Rufus Hall spent part of their time there looking for a sheep dog, as Les Harris had turned shepherd. They found one fine specimen accompanied by a pretty maiden, who diverted their attention to such an extent that they forgot all about the dog. After the brakes on the truck had been fixed and lunch eaten the gang headed west through the Palouse country.

There it was found that wind can blow all day long at the rate of what seemed to be about 75 miles per hour.

Finally the mighty Columbia came into view, and along its course the boys saw some nice ranches and beautiful scenery. Late in the evening, Vantage Point was reached and finding that Vantage Point consisted of an auto camp, the gang decided to spend the night there. First, however, they looked for some eats but the best to be had were thin, cold sandwiches and coffee. The "cabins" consisted of one cabin and a chicken coop. Fay, Steve, and Les drew the cabin. The rest of the boys roosted in the chicken coop. The next morning everybody was up early and Steve almost broke up camp by laughing at the boys emerging from the chicken coop. It did not take long to get started for the nearest town and a decent meal, then on to Seattle by way of Snoqualmie Falls and Snoqualmie Pass with its beautiful scenic drive, where the remains of the winter snow were fast disappearing. In Seattle, a few of the boys went visiting while the rest spent the evening sightseeing.

The following day, Wednesday, Everett was the first stop and there the Weyerhaeuser mill B was visited. Next came Edmonds and a ferry trip from there to Port Ludlow where a saw mill and a shingle mill were inspected and the boys saw, for the first time, the fast moving lumber carriers. Then, on to Port Angeles where the Olympia Forest Products plant was visited the next morning. This is one of the finest paper mills on the coast and through Fay's influence everything was seen from blowing a cook to packing the paper for shipment. It was a wonderful opportunity for the group to see the workings of a pulp and paper mill, and the cordial welcome extended to them was appreciated.

The next stop was the Bloedel-Donovan logging camp. This trip took the boys past beautiful Lake Crescent, where the native rhododendron was in bloom. On the same day at LaPush, most of them gazed upon the Pacific ocean for the first time, and Welton lost his official ranger hat.

The following day the boys saw the big firs cut down and the various types of logging apparatus that were used in handling them. This was the boys' first view of a coast logging camp, and they agreed that it was quite different from the logging of the Inland Empire. It was a wonderful camp and served marvelous "eats," and Steve almost deserted for a pretty waitress. While at this camp, the group was shown fine hospitality, which they appreciated. A little later, a large log rafting operation on the Sound was witnessed, and the boys enjoyed several log spinning contests.

Since the next day was Saturday, most logging operations ceased, due to the code, but Steve and Harris visited a one-horse shingle mill. On their way home they passed a bus station and Steve weakened, and for the second time went to Tacoma to visit "friends," whom he later married.

Sunday was spent in traveling to Kelso and Longview, two cities separated only by a river. It was at Longview that Steve was supposed to meet the boys at the one and only auto camp Monday morning, but he found that while there was only one auto camp in Longview, there were seven in Kelso, and he did not find the gang until they were entering the gates of the big Weyerhaeuser mill. In this huge mill the boys saw for

the first time how Pres-to-logs are made. The plywood mill, which was also visited, was very interesting.

The travelers continued along the Columbia River through Coulee City, the site of the Coulee Dam, to the Wind River Experiment Station. Collinder of the experiment station met them and informed them that the CCC camp there had just had the measles. The next morning, Collinder showed them around the station and the group visited their virgin stand, the nursery and arboretum, and looked over a lot of experimental work. After a short visit they left, having decided while they were at the station to continue the trip to California. En route they drove over the bridge of the Gods, stopped at Multnomah Falls and went on down the Columbia River highway to Oregon City, where the Crown-Willamette pulp and paper mill was visited. After dining, they drove to Albany, Oregon, where the night was spent. The next day, Wednesday, the Port Orford and Incense cedar mills at Marshfield, Oregon, were the point of interest. Many uses were demonstrated for Port Orford cedar besides its primary use as a separator in batteries. It seemed strange to the Montana boys to see so many women working in a mill instead of men. After a short visit there, the boys pushed on down the coast and stopped for the night at Gold Beach, Oregon.

The next day, everybody was up and ready to go early for they expected to see the redwoods in California soon. This was a red letter day of the trip as it was the last day that fogs and afternoon rains were encountered, which had been daily occurrences since leaving Seattle. Finally, in the afternoon the redwoods were sighted, the truck was stopped and everybody piled out to see if the redwoods were as large as they were reported to be. After several observations, the truck was again moving, with Eureka, California as its aim.

Eureka proved to be a very enjoyable stop-over. After Fay had seen to it that all the boys had washed behind their ears, they looked over the town. Fay parked the truck in front of a confectionery store; but after the pretty store keeper came out and smiled the truck was moved. Steve reported that the bums of the town bought treats for visitors in the fair city. However, all good things come to an end. The following morning Fay rounded up his boys to visit the Pacific Lumber company operations. Huge electric logging donkies were witnessed hauling in the large redwood logs, logs so large that one often made a carload. It was quite a contrast to Montana's logging methods. The logged-areas looked as if they would have to be replanted, for not a live tree could be seen. However, on the way back to Eureka, an area that had been cut over 60 years before was looked over and it had a fine stand of redwood, showing good growth and a good volume. If the entire redwood region reproduces like that area, they need have no reproduction worries.

The next morning the School of Forestry truck and its seven passengers started toward Missoula. A redwood stand was first visited which showed a volume per acre that seemed almost impossible. The Trinity River Canyon was the next point of interest, an area which afforded a good concept of California's forests, with its groups of oaks and chaparral. CCC boys were working on the road, and someone had run the grader over the edge.

This held up the truck for a few minutes as the grader was hauled out of the canyon by block and tackle. Hydraulic mining, a chief industry of this region, also proved very interesting. Weaverville was reached in time for lunch, and it was a short jaunt over to Reddings, where the boys spent the night.

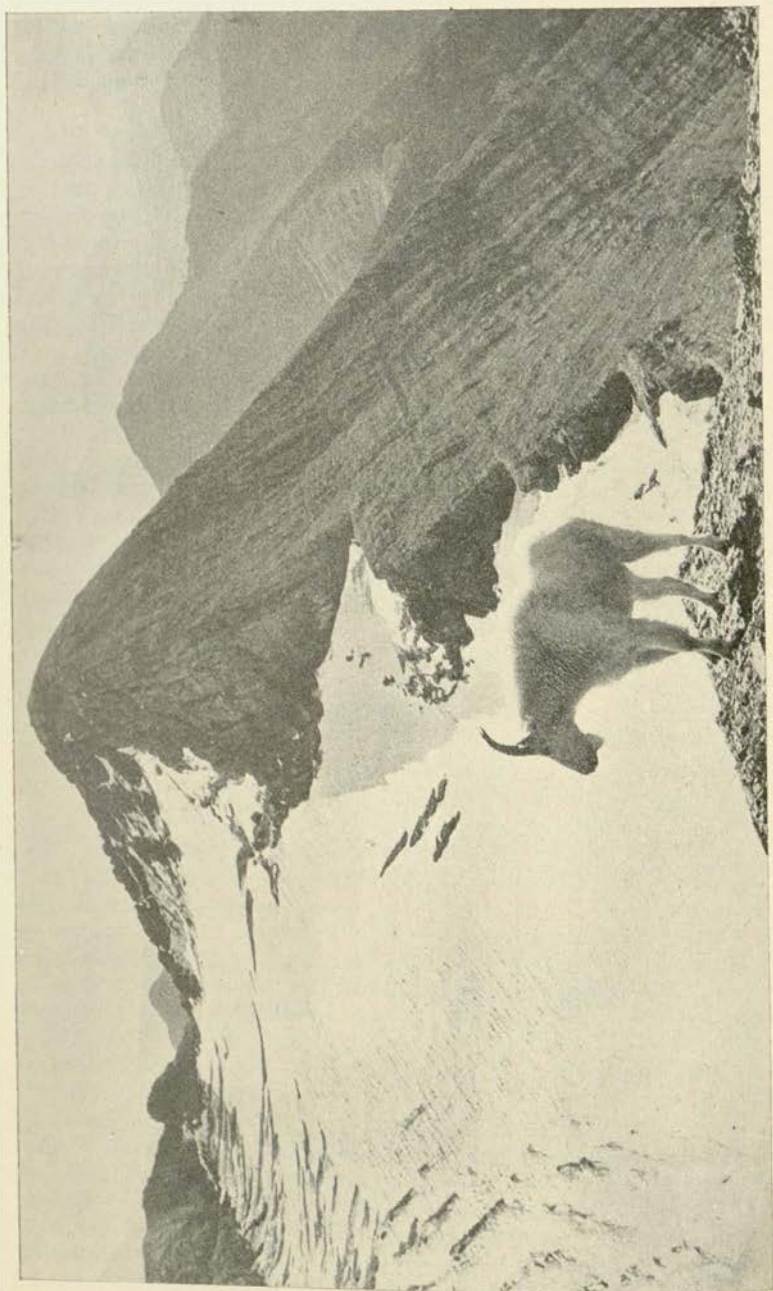
The following day, Sunday, the trip went through a lot more of typical California forests, and soon Mt. Shasta was sighted. It was a magnificent picture with its heavy mantle of snow three-fourths of the way down its sides, and it was a long time before it faded behind. Soon California was also behind and Klamath Falls, Oregon, was a stopping place for the night.

Monday began early for the boys and stops were made in succession at Crater Lake, the yellow pine stands, and the Lava Caves. The boys had intended to go to Bend and spend the next day watching some logging operations, when Fay spotted the Shevlin-Hixon Lumber Company camp. They were cleaning up around the main camp and were expecting to move in a few days. This was lucky, for the boys could see the entire operation within a few hundred yards. The logs were hauled in by "cats" and high-wheels. The high-wheels were of all sizes and ages, but the one that aroused the boys' interest was the one that could haul in the most logs—a new "cat" with a new fair lead. This, to the boys, was the ideal outfit. After seeing everything, the bunch went to Bend for the night.

The next day the outfit started towards Spokane on one of the last laps to home. Late in the afternoon a hunt began for a place to stop overnight, but a decent place could not be found until at last Spokane was reached. Soon the boys were seeing the sights, for tomorrow was the last day of the trip. Everyone was ready early the following morning and soon Washington and then Idaho was behind them and the end of the trip was in sight. In too short a time, the whole thing was over, never to be forgotten. Many memories remain—the dust eaters at the start; the fight for a comfortable place to sleep, although nobody ever got to sleep in peace; the afternoon showers on the coast; the white caps which cost twenty-five cents in Missoula, although Welton paid thirty-five cents in Oregon City, and last but not least, Steve's trip to Tacoma.



Due to the fact that from all indications the Civil Service examinations for junior forester and junior range examiner positions will be held earlier this year than last, and because many of the boys have been requested to report at Forest Service training schools, the senior class will not take its usual spring trip this year. The boys and the faculty regret the press of circumstances which make the trip impossible. The educational and other values of this trip are recognized by the boys, and it is hoped that the trip will not be discontinued indefinitely.



—Photo by Hileman, Glacier National Park

Our Mountain Goat

By BILL ALEY, '37

The mountain goat should have been considered a beast with a lot of religion in his make-up, and so held sacred. He lives far up in the sky, as close to the Heaven of the Bible as man or beast has ever existed, and like the Hebrews, he considers hell far below. Maybe the man with his rifle represents the devil to the mountain goat, for man is his only enemy in the whole world. Danger can only appear from far below, and through all his life, the goat keeps a keen outlook that the devil and his "hell's fire" may not steal up on him.

The goat is a hermit, a contemplative philosopher, a monk, with his monastery the whole top of the world, where none can easily intrude, for the gates are of solid rock thousands of feet high. Play and the pleasures of recreation are not in him, because he has had no chance to learn. How much playing could a kid do on the ledge six feet wide where he was born? Instead, he has developed courage, resourcefulness, muscles of iron and nerves of steel. Whatever the danger, he is unafraid, for danger was woven into the woof of life. He lives his own life, thinks his own thoughts, is unsocial, because his home is where nothing plays except the lightning, the winter wind, the hail and the snow. Perhaps, when he remains motionless on a ledge for hours at a time, he is thinking of all of these things.

Our white goat has little fear, even of the hunter, and no fear whatsoever of any other animal. He is very much of a gentleman, unaggressive, tolerant, interfering with nobody, molesting none; but if a fight is unavoidable, he fights. I have never heard of a mountain lion killing a goat. I have seen the results of a fight between a huge bear and a goat, both dead, the bear with the horns of the goat driven deep into his chest, the billy with his back broken and beaten to death. The presumption is that the goat, knowing that he had no speed of foot which would permit him to escape in retreat, elected never to turn his back on a foe. Neither would the great bear run from any living animal. So they met and fought it out.

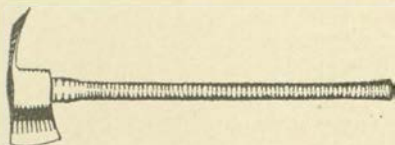
Notwithstanding his deadly horns, the white goat lives in perfect amity with his fellows, his only real neighbor being the mountain sheep. I have watched mountain goats for hours at a time and have never seen two billies fight. Maybe, like the old-time duelist, the first preliminary to sword play was to find a suitable bit of level ground. The goat cannot find any ground to fight on. Possibly the results of a fight could rarely be seen, for if one goat thrust another off a cliff so high that a mountain boulder would be shattered when it struck thousands of feet below, not much would be left of the defeated billy to tell the tale.

The white goat is no great trophy. In the first place, his horns, though highly useful to the goat, are from only eight to eleven inches long, and no particular pride can be taken in them. His hide, considered from the standpoint of the furrier, is a total loss, for the man with a coat made of goatskin would soon appear a veritable tatterdemalion. Furthermore, he lacks the quality considered requisite in a game bird or a game animal; that is, he is not edible. If a man got into hell and the devil fed him on old billy goat meat, it would be punishment enough.

Mountain goat hunting is not difficult, as far as seeing him is concerned. His favorite position is on a ledge, traversing a sheer precipice, most likely on the north side of the mountain where the snow will not cling. Against such a black background, his snowy whiteness will betray him to glasses miles away. Perhaps a dozen goats may fall under the field glasses at the same time, every billy in his favorite resting spot, from which he well knows the line of retreat. The question now is, which goat can be stalked and killed in safe territory; that is, where can he be retrieved? That cannot always be foretold from a position a mile or two distant, below the mountain.

Our billy will not move until the hunter approaches suspiciously close, and even then he does not become panicky nor hurry himself. Most likely he is aware of some hidden niche, entirely out of sight of the stalkers, in which he can readily hide. He might be seen to enter such a place and disappear, but that would not do the hunter any good, for no man could get to him or get him out. Shooting him there on the side of a vertical cliff would be useless and inhuman. Half the skill in goat hunting consists of finding the beast in such a position that he can be recovered when shot, and the other half lies in a long range rifle, almost scope-sighted, with a trained marksman back of it.

All of this means, essentially, that a mountain goat as a game animal is to be classed with a lobo wolf, just a trophy, valuable because it is difficult to secure. The man who bags a mountain goat has performed more or less of a feat, and he who kills a mountain goat will have to climb very much like the goat himself. Moreover, that kind of thing is going to be much more difficult for him than it is for the goat. During the hunting season in the fall of the year, when the coat of the game is in its prime, the hunter will find himself in the land of everlasting snow, of everlasting cold, of everlasting silence, save when a boulder breaks loose to bound down the mountain side, or a snow slide roars until the air trembles. Where a horse can no longer go, where back-packs take the place of horse-packs, where the feet rebel bitterly, where the wind blows and the cold penetrates and there is no wood for fires, a man must prove his manhood. The white goat is always above, a speck of white picked up by his glass. The hunter must get above him, sometimes by means of great circles and the climbing of mountains higher than that on which the goat rests. There may be climb after climb before man conquers, and the head of the picturesque hermit of the snow-clad mountains finally finds a resting place in some alien land.

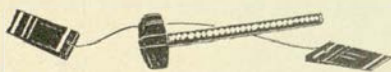


Last fall when the fellows got together for the school year, a number were missing. Linc Landall, Jack Fager, Edwin Rauma and Dusty Sparrow were assigned to the Forest Service game survey in Region One. Some of them have finished their detail for the winter and report a mighty interesting and profitable season.

Cycle

By J. MAYNOR BREEN

These gentle fragrant breezes
 Fill my soul with peace and quiet;
 Tiny buds are bursting forth
 Into the air;
 Larks are calling high above me,
 Flowers nodding at my passing
 And the harvest time is coming,
 Golden fair.
 Great brown bursting chestnuts
 Falling to the ground in clusters
 Through the dying leaves of red
 And green and gold;
 Chilling mistrals blowing southward
 With the birds in groups of hundreds;
 Skies turn gray and landscape barren
 With the cold.
 Days are short and nights are blizzards,
 Sometimes white and still and lonely,
 Without changing, color, sound,
 Nor music rare;
 'Till the gentle fragrant breezes
 Fill my soul with peace and quiet,
 And tiny buds are bursting forth
 Into the air.



Arabesque: The Leaf

By J. MAYNOR BREEN

A million tiny unseen hands will grasp
 Thee, Leaf, whose shadings have turned red and gold,
 And snatch thee from thy mother tree, they fold,
 To send thee on, no one knows where. Thy clasp
 Upon all solid things is broke'; you drift
 With no control o'er distances or time,
 Away from all thy mates who made sublime
 Thy life. You're carried off, relentlessly and swift.

You're swirled about in ugly monstrous gloom,
 Then roughly dropped, unerring, to thy doom.
 At last they set thee down among thy mates
 And in the churchyard, you escape the Fates
 To sleep forever, without cares or strife.
 Let it suffice to say "Thou art my life."