

1936 Seniors

ANDERSON, LEIF, Portland, Oregon

Logging Engineering

Forestry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Druids, 4, President, 5.

Bear Paw, 2.

Silent Sentinel, 5.

Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 4, 5.

Student Assistant, Forest Protection, 5.

Summer work:

Fire Guard, Beaverhead National Forest, '30, '31, '32. Dispatcher, Mt. Hood National Forest, '33. Assistant Road Locator, Kaniksu National Forest, '34. Assistant Road Locator, Clearwater, Chipewewa, '35.



BRIERLY, TOM, Missoula, Montana

Grazing Management

Forestry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Druids, 3, 4.

Phi Sigma, 3; Vice-president, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 1, 2, 3; Chief Push, 4.

Rifle Club, 1; Treasurer, 2; President, 3.

Instrument Room, 4.

Summer work:

Silvicultural Thinnings, Lolo National Forest, '33. Grazing Surveys, Absaroka National Forest, '34. Fire Guard, Cabinet National Forest, '35.



BUCKHOUS, JACK, St. Ignatius, Montana

Grazing Management

Forestry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Druids, 3, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 2, 3, 4.

News Letter, 3; Editor, 4.

Rifle Club, 2, 3.

Student Assistant, Mensuration, 4.

Summer work:

State Range Reconnaissance, '34. Grazing Survey, U. S. F. S., '35.



CHRISTENSEN, GEORGE, Pomeroy, Washington

Logging Engineering

Forestry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Rifle Club, 2, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 4.

Student Assistant, Darkroom, 3, 4.

Summer work:

Missoula National Forest, '26, '27. Insect Control, U. S. F. S., '31. Type Mapping, Yellowstone Park, '31, '32, '33. Apache National Forest, '34. Assistant Forester, Yellowstone National Park, '35.



1936 Seniors

DRESSKELL, WILFRED, Rosalia, Washington
Logging Engineering, Grazing Management

University of Idaho, 1.
Forestry Club, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer, 5.
Druids, 4, 5.
Foresters' Ball Committee, 3, 4, 5.
Kaimin Staff, 4, 5.
Loan Fund Committee, 4, 5.
Student Assistant, Logging and Silviculture, 5.
Summer work:
Fire Guard, Lolo National Forest, '30. Fire Guard,
Cabinet National Forest, '31, '32, '33. Grazing Sur-
vey, Helena National Forest, '34. Technical Foreman,
Coeur d'Alene National Forest, '35.

HENNINGS, JAMES, Evanston, Illinois
Logging Engineering

Northwestern University, 1, 2.
Forestry Club, 3, 4, 5.
Druids, 4; Treasurer, 5.
Foresters' Ball Committee, 3, 4, 5.
Swimming Team, 3, 4; Captain, 5.
Student Assistant, Swimming, 4, 5.
Summer work:
Fire Guard, Deschutes National Forest, '34.

MILLER, STANLEY, Missoula, Montana
Grazing Management

Forestry Club, 2, 3, 4.
Druids, 3; Secretary, 4.
Phi Sigma, 3, 4.
Kaimin Staff, 3, 4.
Foresters' Ball Committee, 3, 4.
Rifle Club, 3.
Student Assistant, Silvics, Soil Erosion and Systematic
Botany, 4.
Summer work:
Lolo National Forest, '33. State Range Survey, '34.
Blister Rust Control, Kootenai National Forest, '36.

MYERS, ROBERT, Missoula, Montana
Logging Engineering, Grazing Management

Forestry Club, 1, 2, 3; Treasurer, 4; President, 5.
Druids, 4, 5.
Phi Sigma, 4, 5.
Foresters' Ball Committee, 3, 4, 5.
Kaimin Staff, 3, 4.
Rifle Club, 2, 3.
Minor Sports, Wrestling, 1, 2, 3.
Student Assistant, Botany, 5.
Summer work:
Grazing Survey, Deer Lodge National Forest, '33.
Grazing Survey, Helena National Forest, '34. Fire
Guard, Flathead National Forest, '35.



1936 Seniors



ROSKIE, GEORGE, Billings, Montana
Logging Engineering

Montana State College, 1.

Sigma Chi.

Forestry Club, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 4, 5.

Student Assistant, Mapping, 5.

Summer work:

Blister Rust Control, '30. Glacier National Park,

'31. Experimental Studies, Forest School, '34. Priest

River Experimental Station, '34.



STEVENS, TERRIL DRYDEN, Los Angeles
California

Grazing Management

University of Southern California, 1.

Forestry Club, 2, 3, 4.

Druids, 4.

Phi Sigma, 4.

Kappa Tau, 3, 4.

Executive Board, 4.

Foresters Ball Committee, 4.

Student Assistant, General Botany, Survey of Forestry
and Conservation, 4.

Summer work:

Construction Foreman, Angeles National Forest, 29-

'33. Grazing Survey, '33. State Grazing Survey,

Chief of Party, '34. Botanical Experiments, '35.



VARNEY, RICHARD, Jackson, Wyoming
Logging Engineering

University of Idaho, Southern Branch, 1, 2.

Forestry Club, 3, 4.

Druids, 4.

Phi Sigma, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 4.

Student Assistant, Plant Physiology, 4.

Summer work:

Road Location, Clearwater National Forest, '34.

N. R. M. Forest and Range Experiment Station, '35.



WILKIE, STEPHEN, Rosebud, Montana
Logging Engineering

Forestry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Druids, 4.

Rifle Club, 2, 3, 4.

Foresters' Ball Committee, 4.

Summer work:

State Grazing Survey, '34. Cabinet National For-
est, '35.



BUCKHOUS

MILLER

ANDERSON

HENNINGS

GABLE

The Montana Druids

By LLOYD BERNHARD

Vice-President

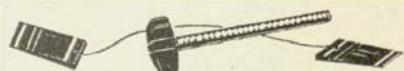
Druid activities started on October 9. The officers for this year were: President, Leif Anderson; vice-president, George Gable; secretary, Stanley Miller; treasurer, James Hennings, and corresponding secretary, Jack Buckhous. At the second meeting in the fall, initiation was held for Arnold Bolle, Ted Falacy, Arne Nouisianen, Hans Roffler, Terrill Stevens, William Trosper and Dick Varney.

Meetings during the scholastic year were held at the Forestry school and at the homes of Tom Brierley, Mr. Swearingen, Dean T. C. Spaulding, Professor Ramskill, Professor Nelson and Professor Cook. The entertainment committee of Professor Cook, Hub Zemke and Arnold Bolle provided many good speakers for the meetings. Professor Thomas of the foreign languages department gave a talk on "Mexico." Professor Phillips of the history department gave an interesting talk on "The Fur Trade." Mr. Elers Koch, assistant regional forester of region one, United States Forest Service, spoke on "Montana History." Mr. Stacy of the Soil Conservation Service gave a short talk on "Soil Conservation Work."

At spring elections George Gable was chosen president, Lloyd Bernhard, vice-president; Harold Lewis, secretary, and Bill Williams, custodian. Spring initiation was held up Pattee canyon for Tyro James MacLaren.

The Druid dinner dance was held at the Happy Bungalow with music by Bill Preuss' orchestra, and was an entertaining success. The last reg-

ular meeting of the year was held up Pattee canyon with Fay Clark as host and a Dutch lunch was the center of attraction. Guests at the last meeting included the mensuration class, and all seniors who were not Druids.



DRUIDS



The Rifle Club

By DICK WILLIAMS

Officers: *President*—DICK WILLIAMS
Secretary—ARNOLD BOLLE
Treasurer—RONALD WATTERS

A large number of men enjoyed rifle practice with the Rifle club this year. Several new men in the club proved themselves to be old hands at handling a rifle. We can look forward to turning out a real rifle team next year with the material that we have. Several of the club members shoot with the University and R. O. T. C. teams.

Due to the courtesy of the R. O. T. C. the club has again enjoyed shooting on the new R. O. T. C. range. This has proved much more satisfactory than the range in the Chamber of Commerce building. In addition to 4,500 rounds of .22 ammunition the club also received 1,200 rounds of .30/06 shells and many of the members are anxious to try their hands at the big rifles.



Some thirty forestry students in Dr. Hitchcock's junior and sophomore botany classes, accompanied him on a four-day field trip over the weekend of the Interscholastic track meet. They traveled through northern Washington and Idaho, and were in Canada for part of a day, collecting various plants of the region.



THE FORESTRY CLUB



GABLE, MYERS, BOLLE, DRESSKELL

The Forestry Club

By BOB MYERS

Nearly twenty-five years have passed since the Forestry club was organized at the University of Montana. Through the years it has grown from a mere handful of forestry students to one of the largest and most active groups on the campus.

The purpose of the club is to further the interests of forestry and to promote a feeling of good-fellowship among the students of the School of Forestry. The common interest in club activities, and the spirit of fellowship which prevails at all times, have always been successful in breaking down any barriers that may arise between the different classes.

In late years the freshmen have had very few classes in the School of Forestry and the club has been the only common meeting place where all the foresters can get acquainted.

Meetings are held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, where plans for activities are discussed, as well as other topics of importance. In these discussions the youngest freshman may express his opinion with the same confidence as may the oldest faculty member.

The activities of the school year began with the initiation of new members. Bob Jansson, Paul Bunyan's own disciple, conducted the embryo foresters through the ritual. This consisted of an Uncivil Service examination (correct answers to any questions punishable by instant death), followed by untold tortures, from which only those best fitted to follow in Paul's footsteps may survive.

Later in the fall, preparations were completed for the annual Fall hike.

This event is greatly anticipated by the older men, since it is their first chance to spin long and brightly colored yarns relative (more or less distantly) to their summer's experience. Last fall the hike was held again in Marshall Gulch, this site having been free from our invasion for three years. The party was accompanied throughout by fairly bad weather; its conclusion, however, was hurried by a snowing exhibition which took place much easier than did the other contest winners of the evening.

On the eve of Thanksgiving the club put on its annual Fall dance. This party, due to the excellent planning of Bill Wagner, and the fine co-operation of the club members, was unique in many ways. It was the first club function to be held in the Student Union building and it was a financial success. Everyone had an exceptionally good time.

Around the first of December the murmurings that had heralded the approach of the most important event of the school year, took the form of increasing activity. Work had begun on the Foresters' Ball. Chief Push Tom Brierley, true to his title, put his men into action and by the end of Christmas vacation the boughs and trees were piled behind the gym, ready for their entrance. Then followed those days immediately before the ball that no forester ever forgets. On February 7th, the long awaited night arrived, thirty below, with a blizzard that threatened to be remembered longer than the dance. Inside, however, the cold was forgotten and the followers of Paul Bunyan, in a true forest atmosphere, enjoyed the dances announced by the bellows of Babe the blue ox.

Due to the excellent turnout the next morning, 4 o'clock in the afternoon saw the gym as clean as North Dakota after Paul's logging operations, with the boys as tired as our hero was after his long fight with the big Swede foreman.

From the proceeds of the ball the club has built up a loan fund which enables students of junior and senior standing to borrow money which is so necessary during the last three months of the school year.

In addition to these activities the club sponsors a Rifle club, whose team competes in matches with other teams in the surrounding country.

Late in the winter quarter a decrease in business and discussion in meetings were replaced to some extent by an extremely interesting lecture by Professor Ramskill on his experiences in Burma, India, and at a later meeting of the club entertained by a three-reel movie presented by the Forest Service. As the spring quarter progresses plans are being made for a spring picnic, and some rumors are being heard concerning a spring dance. Those of us who remember those events in the past are looking forward to them with keen anticipation.

During the past year the offices of the Forestry club have been filled by the following men: President, Bob Myers; vice-president, George Gable; secretary, Arnold Bolle; treasurer, Wally Dresskell, and a newly-created office of treasurer's assistant has been filled by Arne Nousianen.

The Forestry club executive board is composed of one member from each class. The men on the board during the past year have been as follows: Senior, Terrill Stevens; junior, Charles Schramm; sophomore, Walter Shaw; freshman, Bob Stoebe.

The Ski Club

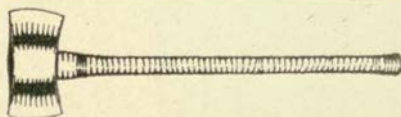
By ARNOLD BOLLE

The king of winter sports is coming into his own at Montana State University. This winter a group of skiing enthusiasts, mostly foresters, organized a ski club dedicated to the advancement of the sport at Montana. Their aim is the formation of a team for competition with other schools.

The team entered no outside competition this season but spent the time practicing "Christies" and telemarks and downhill running on the slopes around Missoula.

In conjunction with the Missoula Mountaineers the ski club is working toward the development of a good permanent course somewhere in this vicinity where regular workouts may be held.

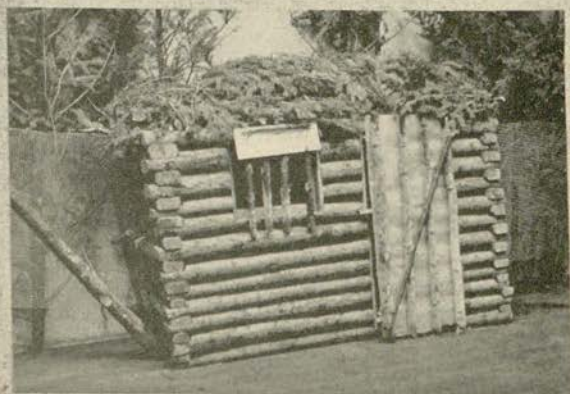
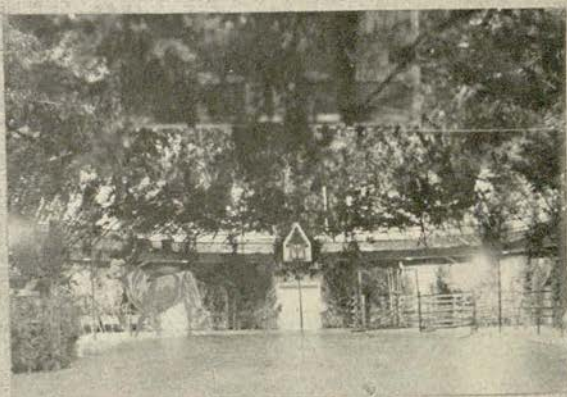
Although the club is an all-university group, by far the greater number of its members and all of its officers are forestry students. The officers for the last season were A. Bolle, president; Larry Rees, vice-president, and Louis Demorest, secretary-treasurer.



Things We'd Like to See

1. McKee on time to class.
2. Steve Wilkie with a date.
3. Clemow being quiet.
4. Demorest getting the Kaimin out on time.
5. Bob Myers in a hurry.
6. Bolle leaving North hall early.
7. Stevens in overalls.
8. Trosper chewing — gum.
9. Fay Clark in knickers.
10. Everyone passing the slide-rule test.
11. Cliff Pool without his hat.
12. Harold Lewis excited.
13. Bill Pruess at Forestry club.
14. Domineck leading a riot.
15. Max Ennis sing "The State Flower of Indiana."

FORESTERS



BALL

The 1936 Foresters' Ball

By TOM BRIERLEY

The Foresters' Ball came of age this year, when the twenty-first ball was held on the State University campus. It was an occasion for real celebration and success, and no one was disappointed. The 1936 ball was one to be proud of, even though in the course of its planning and preparation much happened that brought the committee chairmen a few gray hairs. But tradition was successfully upheld again. During the course of the twenty-one years of its existence, the Foresters' ball has become the principal social function of the winter quarter on the State University campus. Each year it has been the aim of the Forestry club to give the students a bigger and better ball, and success has been their reward. From a private club dance of twenty-five or thirty couples, the Foresters' ball has become the leading all-school function, with a capacity attendance of four hundred couples. In spite of the many dances on the winter quarter social calendar in recent years, the Foresters' ball has retained its reputation as the best and most enjoyable, a fact that forestry students are proud of.

During its history the expanding income of the Foresters' ball brought forth the idea of using the profits for a loan fund. This was done, and year by year, with steady additions, the loan fund has grown to quite a usable figure, benefiting more eligible juniors and seniors in the School of Forestry each year. The gross income of the 1936 ball was \$1,197, and after all expenses of the ball have been paid, a considerable sum will be added to the loan fund. The ball costs quite a bit itself, but nevertheless, it is rapidly building up the loan fund to an amount that will meet the needs of forestry students from its establishment and on throughout the years to come.

As always, the work on the ball began in November, when the first meet of the committee chairmen, appointed by Chief Push Brierley, was held. Plans were discussed and rediscussed, always looking towards improving the ball and making it more enjoyable for the guests of Paul Bunyan. By the Christmas vacation most of the plans were complete and only details remained to be decided. During the holidays the forestry students staying in Missoula collected the cedar boughs needed for the decorations, these coming from near the Jocko river, as the old sites on Hayes creek were exhausted last year. During January the wood butchers made the necessary trips up Pattee Canyon for the fir and spruce trees. Other committees were busy throughout January securing tickets, programs and favors, music and other property. The ticket sale opened two weeks before the ball, and few tickets were left by the day of the ball, these being sold by that night.

With the new Student Union building on the campus, some thought was given to holding the Foresters' ball in the available ballrooms there, in accordance with the campus agreement to center University social functions in the new building. However, it was not possible to decorate, and after much discussion, permission was secured to hold the ball in the men's gymnasium as in the past.

All of the day of the ball, February 7, and the evening before, members

of the Forestry club hauled trees, carried furniture, chopped logs, cooked food, washed dishes and searched here and there for property in twenty below weather. The snow piled up, but the foresters pushed through. The program committee had its difficulties, but put on a large crew of men that final day, and attractive favors of small lacquered logs being cut by a circular saw, programs attached, were ready for the ball that night. The eats committee joined their troubles with the others, and a wiser bunch of cooks worked furiously in the afternoon making sandwiches to replace the chili planned but cooked in too large quantities that burned on the bottom and soured on the top. The music committee also tore its hair, for trains were not on schedule, being held up by huge drifts, and the orchestra was on its way from Salt Lake City. However, the train arrived at 7:30 o'clock that night. During the course of the day the men's gymnasium was changed from a barren hall to an ethereal park in the woods, and by 9 o'clock all was in readiness for the four hundred couples of Paul Bunyan admirers. Worries were cast aside for the remainder of the evening.

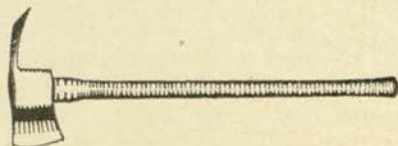
Through an entrance arch of poles and fir trees, rolled the melodies of Don Tibb's Saltair band to welcome the guests of Paul Bunyan. Distributed through the woods around the edge of the dance floor were various features, including our old friend, Babe, the Blue Ox, a lookout station, branding corral, Johnny Inkslinger's desk, and various personal articles of Paul Bunyan. The old Diamond Dot bar outclassed the censored Rangers' Dream in popularity, as everyone lined up at the bar for straight cider drinks. Some barflies started old barroom melodies, and with a tinny piano for accompaniment, could not have been beat even in olden times.

Paul's bull fiddle and dinner gong heralded the end of each dance with such a din as never before had been heard. At the same time a replica of Babe and a sleigh-load of logs pulled across the sky the number of the next dance.

During the course of the evening the cooks and flunkies served grub to the guests of Paul Bunyan in two large dining rooms in the forestry building, where the diners were entertained by accomplished accordian players. After such a repast as was served, everyone was able to last out the rest of the evening in fine shape.

Guests of honor at the 1936 ball were Governor and Mrs. Elmer Holt, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Swain, Major and Mrs. E. W. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lubrecht, Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge Parker, Dr. and Mrs. George Finlay Simmons and Dean and Mrs. T. C. Spaulding. Chaperons were the Deans on the campus and the faculty of the School of Forestry and the Department of Botany.

At 1 o'clock Paul said goodbye to the guests of the 1936 Foresters' ball and promised to return from the North Woods next year for another fling with the students of the State University.



The Forestry Club Smoker

By HAROLD LEWIS

The Forestry Club Smoker, an annual event sponsored by the club, was held on December 4. Over two hundred persons attended the smoker given as a courtesy to members of the Forest Service, lumbermen of the community and Forestry Kaimin advertisers, in return for the support they give to the Forestry club.

A boxing ring and bleachers had been set up in the School of Forestry auditorium for the event. The crowd was entertained by no-decision bouts by club members, as follows:

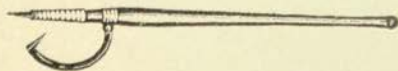
Boxing: Bill McClure vs. Cliff Carmody; Dick Poston vs. Earl Dunahay; John Price vs. Bill Wagner; Floyd Decker vs. Bill Krueger, and Kenneth Lewis vs. Clarence Biehl.

Wrestling: Ted Falacy vs. Arne Nousianen; Norval Bonawitz vs. P. D. McNamara, and Joe Crisafulli vs. Horace Leithead.

Following these bouts was a free-for-all in which Paul Mast, Fred Fitzloff, Charles Thielen and Bernell Brink fought blindfolded with a glove on one hand and a baby rattle to advertise their whereabouts in the other. Two of the participants suffered black eyes, but the feature proved to be very entertaining to the spectators.

After the bouts, the forestry building was opened for inspection by the visitors. Cigars were passed out and a lunch was served in the forestry library.

Harold Lewis, Hubert Zemke and Cliff Pool were in charge of arrangements for the smoker, which each year becomes a more successful event in the Forestry club's yearly program of activities.



The Fall Dance

By BILL WAGNER

The Fall dance, held on November 25, 1935, was an event which warrants more than just a passing line. Acting upon a suggestion of Professor Cook, the annual struggle was held in the Gold Room of the new Student Union building, being the first dance held by a campus organization on the largest floor of the new edifice. Hal Hunt and his Rhythm Kings furnished the music for the best attended fall dance in the memory of the foresters. More than one hundred couples were in attendance, with members of the Forest Service as guests and the faculty of the School of Forestry and Department of Botany as chaperons. The dance was made a program affair to promote contact between faculty members and old and new club members.

The Fall dance was such a social as well as financial success that a spring quarter "frolic" has been planned by the Sons of Paul. Bill Wagner was chairman of the dance committee, ably assisted by Hub Zemke, Ralph Dobbs and Tom Brierley.

THE FORESTRY KAIMIN



IN THE OFFICE



TIMBER MECHANICS



SURVEYING



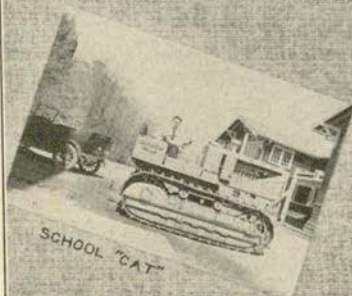
"DUSTY"



WOODSMEN



PHOTOGRAPHY



SCHOOL "CAT"



ENGINEERING

Forestry Athletics

By LOU DEMOREST

Football

Three squad members were the School of Forestry's contribution to Doug Fessenden's football machine last fall. Leonard Noyes, guard, and Joe Pomajevich, tackle, played all fall as regulars and were named on several honorary teams at the close of the season. Norval Bonawitz saw considerable action as a halfback.

Joe Arlee, Joe Strizich, Don Johnson, Ed Halland and Frank Cortelloni showed well as members of "the best frosh team in history." John MacDonald, a transfer student, is an outstanding lineman who should do much on the varsity squad next fall.

Basketball

Walt Keithley, rangy forward, and Tom Mitchell, guard, showed enough basketball playing their second season with the varsity to be listed among the lettermen. John Castles, a sophomore forward, put in his first year on the varsity squad, and Ed Cook received his letter as varsity manager.

Members of the freshman basketball squad from the School of Forestry were Wesley Castles and Joe Strizich.

Track

Lloyd Bernhard, veteran Grizzly distance runner, is back after a year's absence. Horace Godfrey and Ted Garlington, two of the best numeral winners, will run the mile and two mile. Three more of last year's frosh team, Howard Wheatley, Bob Hileman and Phil Muchmore, are to make their bid for varsity letters in the hurdles and jumping events this spring.

Cecil Musberger and Bud Vladimiroff are having their first try at the sport.

Joe Arlee, a fine sprinter; Al Muchmore, weight tosser, and Frank Cortelloni, who heaves the javelin, are making good marks on the frosh track squad. Leithead and O'Brien are out and are possible comers in their events.

M Club Tournament

As usual, the School of Forestry had a good number of finalists in the M Club tournament this winter. John Williams took the bantamweight boxing title. Ken Lewis, last year's welter champ, lost a hard fight for the championship. Clarence Biehl easily won the light-heavyweight title of the campus.

In the wrestling events, Harold "Strangler" Lewis defended his title against Joe Crisafulli. Norval Bonawitz successfully battled again for his junior-welterweight crown.

Minor Sports Meet

Led by Jim Hennings, who was both coach and captain, the Grizzly swimmers defeated the Bobcat aggregation for the first time in the history of the meet.

In the wrestling events, Joe Crisafulli, substituting for injured Harold Lewis, won the welterweight championship.

Boxing winners were John Williams, bantamweight; Ken Lewis, welter-

weight, and Clarence Biehl, lightweight. The University won the meet this year in all three divisions by considerable margin.

Intramural Basketball

In intramural basketball, the only sport where the School of Forestry could not act as a unit, the boys came out with a three-way tie for the championship. In the first game of the season, they took a lacing from the Jewish Engineers, due to a misunderstanding in the eligibility rules. The Business Ads ran a combination of Notre Dame, School of Mines and Grizzlies against the foresters, but not to be outdone, Manager Bill Wagner retaliated with a full-strength Grizzly forestry team and from then on the foresters were never headed. Due praise must be given to the following players: The Castles brothers, Wheatley, Noyes, Muchmore, MacDonald, Robinson and Manager Wagner.



Fall Hike

By ARNOLD BOLLE

An all-time record for attendance was set at this year's Fall Hike when approximately two hundred twenty-five people assembled around the huge campfire in Marshall Gulch. The number was about equally distributed between the sexes. An efficient date bureau which had perfect co-operation from North hall can be thanked for a share of it.

Another reason for the large attendance might have been the declaration that the hike would be held rain or shine, thus leaving nothing to the individual's judgment as regards the weather. Fortunately the storm, which had been threatening all day, held off until the last guest had departed.

About seven-thirty on the evening of October nineteenth the crowd began to arrive. Cars, motorcycles, a bus that had been chartered especially for the occasion, and two trips of the truck finally brought everyone to the scene of activities.

The usual sawing and chopping contests were held. Allan Erickson came off victorious in both. Teamed with Manford Hickel he sawed through a 14-inch fir log in 23 seconds. After a short rest he hacked a 12-inch pine log in 1 minute and 55 seconds to win the main events of the evening.

The hard-tack eating contest which followed must be called a no-decision bout. However, from the standpoint of interest shown the posies must undoubtedly go to Leif Andersen, who ate a whole box of stuff with apparent relish.

Following the contests the line formed at the grub pit to partake of Sourdough Hansen's offerings. Because of the unusual size of the crowd it was a full hour before everyone had "thirds" and as a result the Tall Story contest which had been anticipated had to be called off. Instead, impromptu skits were given by members of the group and the night ended with songs around the campfire. Everyone reported a fine time.

The Spring Picnic

By CLIFF POOL

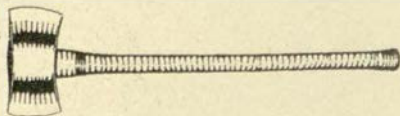
The Spring Picnic of 1935 was an outstanding success from start to finish. The weather was perfect, the program was well planned, and there was plenty of food for everyone, which is all anyone could ask for.

The picnic was held at the traditional place, the spot on the cliff near the Milwaukee tunnel above Milltown. The grounds had been prepared for the picnic by a willing crowd of workers the day before, the barbecue pits made ready, and everything was ship-shape for the big event. The guests arrived in a continuous stream of cars and other conveyances early in the afternoon, and when everyone was there, the count was more than 250. In addition to a large majority of the School of Forestry students the crowd included members of the Department of Botany.

The program did not take long to get in full swing. Log-rolling contests and pillow fights attracted much attention. No outstanding feats of log rolling were performed, it is true, but the boys furnished some very interesting entertainment for the spectators. Guessing the height and age of a yellow pine tree attracted attention for some time, and the peeled aspen pole had everyone stumped until a small boy entered the contest and walked away with the honors. The packing contest showed that there are still a number of fellows in school who can throw a "diamond hitch" with the best of them.

The barbecue pits had claimed the attention of Dad DeJarnette for some time, and when he called that everything was all set, dealing out grub looked like and created a near-perfect riot scene. Dad again proved his hand at barbecuing meat. Mutton, beef and pork, tastefully barbecued, were included with all the trimmings on the menu. Seconds, thirds and even fourths were dealt out, indicating that there was no scarcity of food. Blanket tossing served to settle the meal.

As the sun sank behind the Sapphire range, the campfire was lighted. The crowd gathered around, and after a hilarious pinecone fight, settled down to sing songs and tell stories. At a late hour, as the fire burned low, a few old favorites were sung, marking the end of another perfect day. As the crowd gradually disappeared, pleasant memories lingered in the dying embers of the campfire, as the Spring Picnic of 1935 ended.



The annual senior spring trip will begin on April 25, thirteen men and Professor F. G. Clark planning on going. Letters have been sent to Regional forest officers to get ideas for mapping the itinerary. Tentative plans call for a longer trip than heretofore taken, due primarily to the plans to visit recreational areas and national parks, as well as the usual operations observed in the past.



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Up Zion Canyon

By ARNOLD BOLLE

The Indian name for it is Mukuntuweep which means "the great canyon." Another Indian with a sense of humor called it "the canyon from which you come out the way you go in."

We had accompanied the park ranger to the end of the trail. The canyon walls which lower down had been nearly a mile apart had drawn together to a scant sixty feet and rose almost perpendicularly to 1500 feet. There was no more room in the canyon for both trail and river.

"There is where our hike ends," remarked the ranger. Then he added with a smile, "If anyone wishes to continue he's welcome to do so." It did look inviting. But when he added, "It's thirty-five miles up and no one's been more than seven," it drew irresistibly.

I asked the ranger if he minded my trying it. He looked at me a moment, "No — go ahead," he replied, "go hike all you want to."

So I set off. I splashed through knee-deep water to the first bend. When I could no longer see the group of people at the end of the trail, I removed all my clothing with the exception of my boots and my belt from which I hung my sheath-knife and a note-book done up in a bandana.

The canyon floor was not entirely covered with water. On the insides of the bends there were usually gravel bars covered with animal tracks. I hiked fast, for I knew it would take some tall hiking to get beyond the seven miles and back before nightfall. But even at that I honestly believe that my neck-muscles received as much exercise as my legs, for as I hiked I stretched my neck in every direction so as not to miss a single particular of the glorious scenery.

The walls of the beautiful red and gray sandstone rose sheer to enormous heights and away up, between the two walls, there was just a narrow strip of sky visible.

There were places where springs would break out of the side of the wall and come tumbling down into the canyon. Columbines and ferns had found footing in rock crevices and, living in the spray of the waterfall, formed beautiful hanging gardens.

For the first mile or so I noticed a few human tracks on the canyon floor. A fall of rocks from the side of the canyon blocked the way except for a small opening through which I squirmed — above that point I saw no more evidence of human beings.

There were rather many places like that. A huge slab of rock had fallen from the wall and in falling had broken up, sometimes nearly closing the canyon. There was usually a way to get through, if no other way, by swimming. But occasionally the place would be so narrow and the current so swift that it was impossible to swim. In those places I had to dive and that usually worked.

Water ouzels kept flying up just ahead of me squirting with their tails, and a few times I saw lizards scurrying off the rocks ahead.

Once I heard a rumbling noise that sounded like thunder. I looked around and found a subterranean waterfall which must have fallen a considerable distance before it splashed into the Virgin river through a small

opening in the rock. The water was cold and clear, so I drank some of it.

Corners were so enticing—I always expected to run into a deer, a mountain lion or two, or anything else, and the mere fact that they never were there didn't disturb my faith that I would see them around the next corner.

Another fall of rocks—a pool covered with bits of driftwood was the only way through. I expected that the pool was about three feet deep—the water was muddy—so I slid down a rock into it. Just at the water-line my heels caught and I went into the pool head-first—and down way over my head—about ten or twelve feet deep—I began to swim and soon reached the other side, though my boots made me feel as if my legs were shackled to some enormous weight. After the first dive I stuck the notebook in my mouth, and it still bears the semi-circular row of teeth marks. A bit farther on I saw a robin—I don't see how he could fly out of the canyon—I can't see either why he should want to. The walls receded again and trees grew in the bottom of the canyon. A small side-canyon to the left smelled strongly of decaying meat—and together with some tracks about the size of saucers—tracks that belonged to some member of the cat family, undoubtedly a mountain lion. I concluded that there was a mountain lion's lair up in there somewhere. I left investigation for a later date. I picked up a club about three feet long to keep up the old courage, when I felt a shiver run down my spine. From that place on there were cougar tracks all the way.

A bit farther on five Stellar's jays started up a racket that I felt would work on the walls of the canyon similarly to the noise of Joshua's trumpets on the walls of Jericho. The noise was jarring enough. After they'd stopped, the sound echoed and reechoed up and down the canyon. It was at this place that I saw the sun striking the rock about twenty feet up—that's as close as I got to it all day. Again the canyon grew narrower. The rock instead of forming spires and lofty steeples seemed rounded more—in the Baroque style rather than Gothic. The wall didn't slope evenly but in some places hung over or formed cave-like indentations. At one corner I stood about one-third of the distance of the width of the canyon floor from the west bank and looking in every direction I couldn't see a bit of the sky. I felt that I was in a subterranean passageway. The water splashed over a hundred rapids and made a ghostly gurgling. There was a sort of semi-darkness. Even in the center of the canyon only small bits of sky were visible. I expected all the while to find the canyon end in a blank wall with the river gushing out from a subterranean tunnel—but instead the canyon again became wider and on some wider curves trees grew on the bottom of the canyon.

The composition of the rock walls seemed to be of a softer material—there were small hollows washed into them and in one I found the nest of a water ouzel—I was delighted. It was the first one I'd seen. The nest like the oven bird's and marsh wren's was globular and though built of coarse materials it felt soft inside. It was perhaps eight to twelve inches in diameter and was built above the high water mark, but near a rapid which supplied the cradle-music for the young. I found two more nearby and the remains of a fourth. None of the nests contained eggs.

I continued on up and in a tree which had evidently fallen from on top, for it was all twisted and smashed, I saw my first varied thrush. He was silent and retiring, but very beautiful.

Then I came to a fork in the stream. Where the two streams joined, the walls had been washed away and formed a sort of amphitheatre about thirty yards in diameter. There was a large sand-bank of fine sand and I sat down to remove the gravel from my boots. My socks were worn out in a number of places and my feet sore.

The sand was covered with tracks of deer, mountain lions, birds, and small cat-tracks the size of a house-cat which I learned later belonged to the ring-tailed cat.

I stretched out on the sand bar and gazed straight up. I lay there on my back trying to absorb some of the grandeur of the place—to translate it for my own senses. Those enormous rocks of red and gray sandstone—beautifully carved by the water! And the enormous height to which those walls rose! Fifteen hundred feet hadn't meant a thing, but as I lay there I could realize a little of the immensity by slowly climbing the walls with my vision. Then trying to realize that the fringe of green on top, which looked like little more than moss was in reality a forest, which I took to be western yellow pine by the cones that had dropped into the canyon.

I didn't know which stream to take; they both looked so inviting. The one to the west was clear blue, while the one to the east had a greenish muddy color. The eastern one was larger and the stick I dropped pointed that way, so I went.

The walls were much closer in this canyon. There wasn't a place where two men could not have touched both walls. They rose just as sheer as ever and fully as high. I came to one place where I could touch one wall with my hand and the other with my three-foot club. That was the narrowest it had been.

There were no mountain-lion tracks and very few deer tracks. The river covered the entire canyon floor except for a few small patches of gravel. I was walking in belt-deep water continually, and I frequently came to pools through which I had to swim.

Then suddenly I pricked up my ears. Somehow I was aware of a low thunderous noise. There hadn't been an instant when the canyon was not filled with the sound of rushing water, but this noise rose above the gurgling and splashing of water. I increased my gait and rounding a curve I came upon the most glorious sight I've ever experienced in rugged scenery. There directly ahead of me was a waterfall. The walls had drawn close together and the waterfall gushed through the opening. I stood there marvelling for some time. Standing to my belt in water, I could touch both walls with my outstretched hands. Imagine a spot—a cut six feet wide and fifteen hundred feet deep—and this waterfall at the bottom of it! A waterfall—in that dusky nearly subterranean canyon. The roar of the water was terrific, augmented by its own echoes—a full thunderous roar! I felt that I'd discovered the secret entrance to the garden of Eden—something I had no right to gaze upon—and I felt so wonderfully alone in my discovery.

If that meant the end of my hike I was content to let it be. I certainly could find no ending which would leave me with a better taste in my mouth. It certainly would not have been defeat to mark the end of my hike with this spot. To scale the waterfall would have been well-nigh impossible and there was no way around. I drank my fill of the beautiful scene and finally turned to go, reluctantly. Every few feet I would turn for a last look.

Perhaps a hundred feet below the fall I came upon a small patch of gravel and on it the imprint of a single deer hoof—headed up! How did he get beyond the falls? He might have come up this way by mistake and then gone back walking in water—but still, deer usually know where they are going. I decided to investigate. I headed back up toward the falls.

I searched the west wall—it rose sheer without a break. Then the east wall—there—it looked like a crack. I scrambled to it over a little gravel mound covered with deer tracks. It was just a small crack, but I squeezed into it and followed it along. I clambered up a hill of shale that had fallen between—it was only a short passageway but when I emerged from it I was above the falls! I felt like a conqueror.

The cave-in that had formed the waterfall had been merely a huge slab of stone perhaps seventy-five feet high, which had broken free from the wall proper and had moved forward but remained erect. It hadn't moved far and just enough of its top had crumbled off to form a waterfall.

I felt like a true discoverer—an explorer of distant regions. I continued, but it had begun growing darker and I knew I'd soon have to be starting back. I entertained ideas of hiking all the way through and telephoning from the upper end. I might have done it if I'd known how far I had come or that there was a telephone on the upper end. I hurried and when I figured I'd gone about a mile I stopped, rested and erected a mound of rocks and stuck up my staff or club in the center and tied my bandana to it so I'll know how far I went when I hike up there again. The water may wash it away in a storm, but I'll know the place anyhow. I found that the air had turned considerably colder, and that I had to walk fast to keep warm. I hiked steadily for well over two hours without pause, sometimes even running. I came back on familiar ground and finally to the spot where I'd left my clothes. I pulled on my clothes, rounded the last bend before civilization, and walking on the west bank I crossed the Virgin river on a log to get to the trail on the east bank. Halfway across I noticed the ranger hurrying up the trail—I admired and envied a man who could enjoy this spot continually. He seemed to slow his pace when he saw me. I thought perhaps he was coming up here for a lone hike or something and resented my intrusion. Then I thought if it was to find something he might let me help him. When I drew up, however, he stopped and turned about, so I walked with him. It was the chief ranger. First thing he said after greetings had been exchanged was: "Did you have a nice hike?" I figured it was merely to keep up conversation so I answered: "You bet—had a peach!" I was going to tell him all about it but a fountain interrupted me—I drank long and deep.

When I stopped and wiped my mouth he said: "Tastes pretty good, eh?"

"Mm—I'll say!" I answered. Before I could get started on my hike another ranger came galloping up the canyon on a beautiful black horse. When he saw us he stopped—"Well, I see you found him!" I looked up surprised—"Found him?"

"Yes. You were considered lost."

"Well, I'll be—"

"We didn't seem to think there was anything to worry about but—it's nearly seven and a hundred things might have happened."

I rode back with the rangers and they took me to their headquarters. When we arrived the ranger that conducted the morning hike laughed, "Ha! I told you I wouldn't a'been worried if he hadn't come back for two more hours."

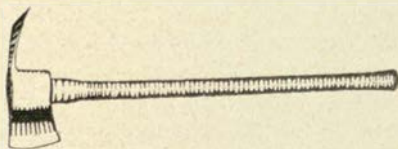
They asked me all sorts of questions about the hike. I told them of the waterfall. The chief ranger said, "You must have been in a side canyon, there are no falls in the main canyon. Did you take the one to the right?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," he said, "you hiked about eight miles."

"Eight miles?" I asked—"It felt nearer twenty."

Back at the tent I removed my boots. There were no socks on my feet—the feet were lacerated and beginning to swell where the skin had been pulled off. I fished around in the bottom of my boot—pebbles, sand, a piece of sock about an inch wide and two long, pieces of thread, shreds of wool—all that was left of what once had been a sock. We left the next day; so I had a chance to study a map of the park. I purchased one on the way out and I knew immediately upon studying it that I'd made a mistake. The ranger had called the side-canyon the Orderville Gulch. I remembered then a stream coming in from the right not much over a mile from where I'd started. It had only been a small stream so I'd forgotten about it. I sent the ranger a letter describing my hike carefully. I received an answer telling me that in reality my hike had been nearer twenty than eight miles. My bandana, he answered me, would very likely remain where I'd left it until I returned for it.



This year the senior class edited a journal of the senior trip. About eighty-five pictures were taken, illustrating the different points of interest. Each senior will have a copy of the journal as a permanent record of the spring trip.

Night Riding

By JOE CLEMOW

I like to ride on moonlight nights! When one becomes accustomed to the illusive light, he can see very well—except that stumps sometimes look much like bears. If I am riding a gentle horse that knows the way, Old Duke, for instance, I might even doze and not realize that I am traveling, until I am awakened by a jolt as he steps into a hole, or by a limb swatting me between the eyes.

At night I find it is quite a task to read a watch, or more so, to roll a cigarette. There is a blind fumble for tobacco and cigarette papers. Then I trust to luck that at least a shred or two of tobacco lands in the paper. Then to roll it and light a match without having Duke jump from seeing the sudden light behind him, is as bad as breaking a stud to ride.

I like to see the reflection of the moon on beaver ponds and listen to the splashing of a stream at night. The sound of horseshoes clanking on rocks and the sparks that fly are more noticeable in the dark. Perhaps Duke has a loose shoe, and then I hear the ker-lop ker-lop of the iron every time it hits the ground. When crossing a stream, I recognize the hollow sound of hoofs on rocks underwater, and the noise made by pebbles as they roll downstream with the current. I hear the jangling of my spur rowels as I hold my boots near old Duke's withers, and I pray that he does not jump into a shoulder-deep pool.

Often while riding at night I have come close to cattle that looked like rows of tombstones in midair as they turned with their white faces toward me. After I passed, they followed with a series of short rushes, never coming closer than a hundred yards. Yet I knew they were there because I heard their breathing and the sound of running hooves.

I live over today some of the experiences I have had while riding at night. I distinctly remember one exceedingly nerve-racking night. My partner and I had been to town over the week-end and were coming back to the cow camp Sunday afternoon. He, after promising to be at camp by nightfall, waited at a logging camp to talk over some business with the boss. I rode on to camp, cooked supper, and rode out before dark and looked at the cattle in the draw near at hand. Night fell about eight o'clock, and about nine it started to rain. At nine-thirty, my partner had not arrived, and I decided to go look for him, as anything might have happened to him or his horse.

I put on all the clothes I had, even my new Steson, and started down the canyon in the blackest night I have ever seen. The only way I knew I was on a horse was by feeling him and knowing the ground was not under my feet. I rode along the trail virtually feeling my way in between the times when lightning flashed. The going was slow and very disagreeable. Water ran off my hat brim into my coat collar, and every time I brushed by a willow bush (it was impossible to see them), water soaked my chaps and ran down into my boots, until they were overflowing. The incessant beat of the rain and the plop-plop of the horse's hooves did not help calm my nerves.

Five miles down the canyon I found my partner's horse against the drift