



soon installed, the decorations were all in place and the bar was ready for business early in the afternoon.

The usual stream of interested spectators found their way through the maze of trees and foresters during the latter part of the afternoon. Many of the foresters brought their mothers and friends up to view the finished product before they left for dinner.

The dance started at nine o'clock and the crowd was prompt in arriving. In spite of the rush the check room handled the wraps without keeping the guests waiting in line.

The tickets of white buckskin cost three bucks and entitled one buckaroo and his babe to a good time. The programs were printed upon two pieces of *Pinus morticola* hinged together with a string of tanned hide of *Odocoileus hemionus*. The front cover was decorated with a snow-covered cabin in a wilderness setting drawn by Hector LaCasse. Inside were the names of the guests of honor and chaperons and spaces for dances and meeting places. An appropriate poem appeared on the back.

The favors were in the form of a bracelet made from *Juniperus scopulorum* with a white buckskin tie string.

The special features consisted of several old stand-bys: Johnnie Ink-slinger's desk, pen, and ink well, Paul's pipe and old boots. The new features were a completely new Paul Bunyan with a new axe, maul, set of wedges and a new and better built Babe. One antique of interest was Paul's crib. It was equipped with rockers, had a wrestling mat for a mattress and two large tarps for sheets. In fact it was large enough to hold Babe. Of course, after all, that's what cribs are for.

The extra-special special feature was a logging camp bunkhouse complete with a barrel stove and built-in bunks.

A smaller edition of Babe pulling a sled load of logs back and forth across the gym carried the numbers of dances. The dulcet tones of the bull fiddle and a circular saw being caressed with a pick handle subtly marked the end of each dance.

Instead of allowing visitors to view the dance from the running track, the dance was broadcast over KGVO from 10 to 10:30. This cramped the boys' style on the sound effects but they made up for lost time when the broadcast was over.

The eating period started at the sixth dance so the floor was never crowded.

As usual the lunch was served in the library and auditorium of the Forestry Building. Three dances were allotted each couple for the purpose of eating.

This year the lunch was an occasion rather than a part of the routine. Burt Hurwitz and his advisor, and innumerable assistants, set a mark that has never before been approached. Possibly the effect was not entirely in the old logging camp manner but the satisfaction of the guests reached a new high.

The food was fresh, attractive and well served. Guests entered the halls and their lunch was brought to their table. The crowds were so organized that everyone was taken care of quickly, quietly, and adequately. The cooperation of the dining-hall crews and the quality of the food alone would have made the 1937 Ball outstanding.

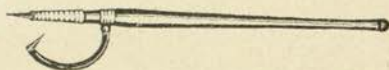
The one slip-up of the evening was brought about by the broadcast. The music was not broken up into the customary definite lengths and there was some confusion in determining the end of each dance. The Columbians, from the Winter Garden in Butte, were exceptionally good and their melodious syncopation was an added factor contributing to the success of the Ball.

A final touch, created by the Special Feature committee, was a very realistic snowstorm that started gently during the second encore of the last dance. A few flakes fell here and there at first and by the end of the dance, the storm was so heavy that the guests deemed it necessary to wander out after their wraps. The "blizzard" was extremely effective and (unless someone was watching us make the snow) entirely unexpected.

Due to NYA and school work, the turnout Saturday was not as good as it should have been, but the fellows that were there meant business. At 3:30 that afternoon, there was "nary" a sign in either the Forestry building or the gym that anything out of the ordinary had ever occurred.

In spite of the new features that were added this year and the increased cost of materials, the 1937 Ball netted about \$500 that will be added to the Loan Fund.

The Forestry School may well be proud of the ability, cooperation and organization that makes possible such a return from a student-handled function.



Nonsensical Newsy Names

By WILLIAM KREUGER, '38

Mixing Bolle	Truthful Falacy	Emperor Jones
Half Price	Future Farmer	Spider Weber
Easy Pickens	Phone Booth	Dog Trott
Fast Walker	Chirping Sparrow	Warm Summers
Isaac Newton	Farmers' Mahrt	Fence Poston
Babbling Brooks	Shock o' Wheatley	Wading Pool
Arcing Sparks	Stomach Akin	Drum and Pfeiffer
Oh Shaw	Trussell Sprouts	Roadside Parker
How Muchmore	Grinnen Barrett	Time O'Day
Lotta Noyes	All Dunn	Without Geil
Narrow Gage	Hay Cox	Have a Hart
Growing Payne	Dip some Dobson	Alfalfa Hay
Dream Castles	Cashen Carey	Monk's Hood
Et Quam	Fish Fry	Main Streed
Cold Winters	Clark Gable	Back Page
Running Watters	Coaloil Lamp	Wood Butcher

The Forestry Club

By ARNOLD BOLLE, '37

Forestry Club, the common meeting place of the school, was first organized a quarter of a century ago and formed for the purpose of creating a closer relationship between student and professor. In those days, all foresters were so closely bound as to almost constitute a clan.

In the last few years, marked changes have taken place. The school whose limit was to be 100, now numbers four times that amount. The



vocation no longer calls one type of man, it beckons to a wide array; the interest is not so centralized and the need for sponsoring fellowship between students is large.

The new attitude made more and greater demands on the Forestry Club which its former policy could not meet, so revisions were made. The establishment of a permanent entertainment committee consisting of two members from each class was one of the first innovations. Headed by Bob Newcomer, the committee "rounded up" some very pleasing presentations. Each class provided the programs which were staged in Main Hall auditorium on separate meeting nights. A wealth of talent was disclosed and the contributions were enthusiastically received. The Junior program was judged best by a committee of faculty members.

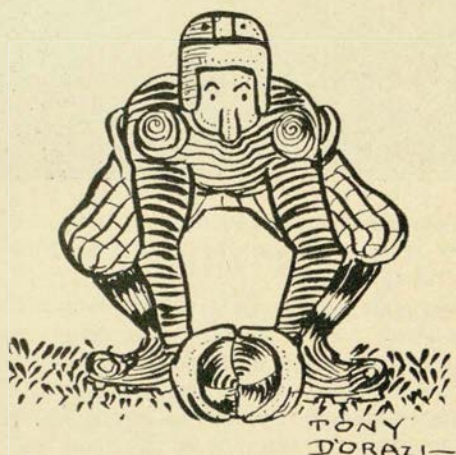
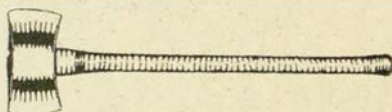
This year's activities also included all the traditional club functions. The club also decided to hold a spring initiation somewhere out-of-doors. The club also decided to hold a spring initiation somewhere out-of-doors. The club also decided to hold a spring initiation somewhere out-of-doors.

Commendable turnouts were evident at both the Fall Dance and Smoker.

The latter was held in the Loyola gym. A picture contest for club members awarded prizes and created considerable interest, also bringing in a wide assortment of interesting photographs for the album.

The last major change, one which is still not completed, is the plan to collect club dues from every forestry school student. These dues will be paid as part of the fees in the Fall quarter. A special convocation of the Forest School student body expressed itself unanimously in favor of the idea. This plan would allow a budget to be made in advance and will, it is hoped, take care of the ever-recurring *Kaimin* deficit.

Retiring officers are Arnold Bolle, president; Lou Demorest, vice-president; Bill Wagner, secretary; Arne Nousianen, treasurer, and Ralph Hansen, assistant treasurer. The 1937-38 officers-elect are Mike Hardy, president; Dick Williams, vice-president; Jim Ballard, secretary, and Bob Milodragovich, assistant treasurer. George Melby was appointed chief chef.



Forestry Athletics

By NORVAL BONAWITZ, '37

Football

The Forestry School was well represented on the gridiron last fall. Don Johnson, Archie McDonald, Leonard Noyes, Joe Pomajevichi and Joe Strizich saw plenty of action in the line positions while Norval Bonawitz saw action in the backfield. The Grizzlies got off to a slow start but ended

the season in a series of victories, winning six out of nine games. This was Bonawitz's last season on the varsity.

On the Cub squad was such promising material as John Emigh, a speed king; Lilburn Tate, Frank Popiel, Allen Chesbro and Glen Van Bramer. All of these men will probably see action on the varsity next fall.

Basketball

On the Cub basketball team were two tall speedy foresters, Bernard Ryan and Thurman Trosper. Both of these boys will have a crack at the varsity team next year.

Track

The track squad is well scattered with foresters. On the varsity are Phil Muchmore and Howard Wheatley in the jumps, Horace Godfrey in the distance runs, Bob Hileman, a hurdler of no mean skill and Horace Leithead and Bud Vladimiroff, weight tossers.

The freshman foresters out for track are Jack Pachico, Jim Quinn, Thurman Trosper, Bill Howerton, George Fritz and Frank Kirkpatrick.

M Club Tournament

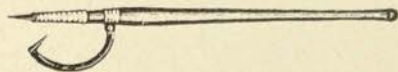
A record crowd turned out to see the "leather pushers" and "grunt and groan" artists present their stuff at the M club tournament. It seems Lady Luck was against the foresters in the boxing game but she looked with a little more favor upon the wrestlers, allowing Al Muchmore, Bud Kennedy and Harold (Strangler) Lewis to win their matches. This was the fourth consecutive victory for Lewis in this event.

Minor Sports Meet

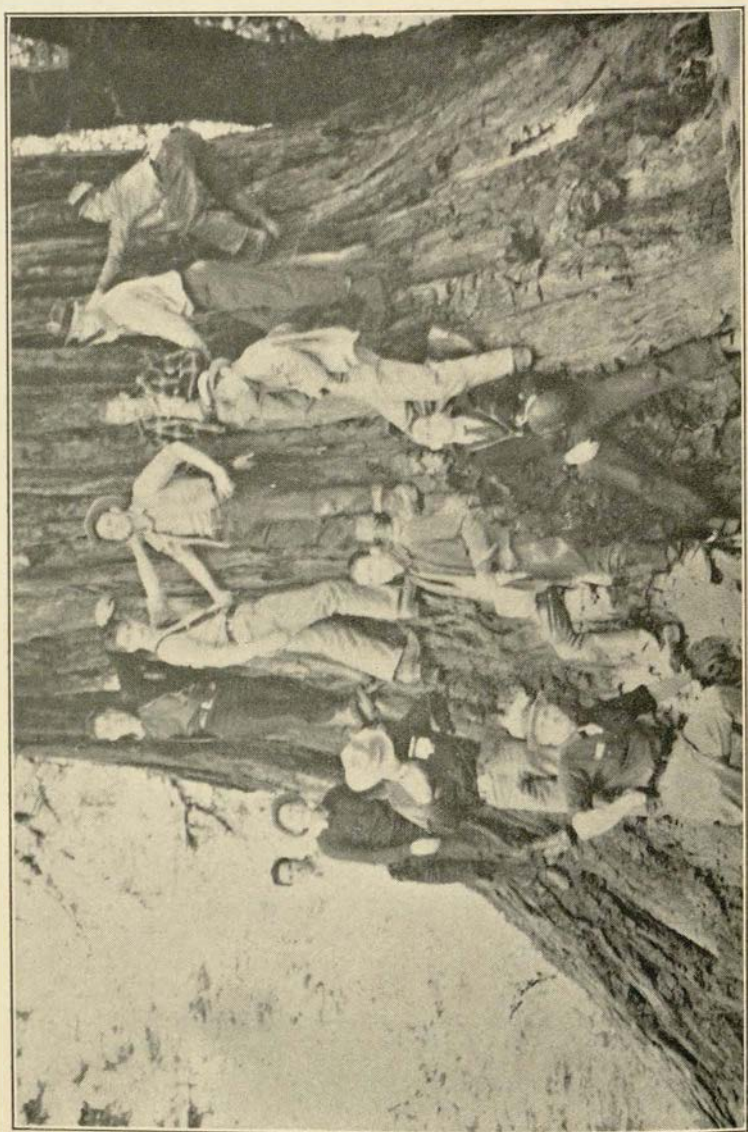
The Grizzlies again retained their crown in this meet. Harold Lewis won his wrestling event and in so doing won the only honors for the University in the wrestling events.

Intramural Basketball

After finally getting started, the foresters came from behind to split a three-way tie. If more time had been available for organizing the team, they would have undoubtedly taken the honors. Due credit must be given the Castle brothers, Norris Quam, Phil Muchmore, Howard Wheatley and Stacy Struble.



Young *slipp'ry* elm was *poplar* with a certain clinging *vine*,
 He liked to *cedar* lovelight in her *buckeye's* when she'd *pine*.
 Said he, "If I can have a *date* I know I'll fall *fir* yew.
 I'll *spruce* all up and meet you on the *beech* at half past two.
 He *elder palm* and said to her, "Oh, *willow* marry me?"
 I'll *balsam*, yes, and cry for you, if you'll be my Christmas tree.
 Her *coconut* fell on his shoulder as she vowed she'd be his wifey,
 Poor *slipp'ry* learned too late, that his clinging *vine* was *poison ivy*.
 —*Western Florist.*



Senior Spring Trip

By JAMES McLAREN, '38

Spring quarter is well underway; bud scales on acer and ulmus around the Oval have begun to swell with signs of life and the bluegrass and dandelions are already in competition.

Ordinarily at this time of the quarter, each graduating class makes a tour of the northwest—thereby enabling direct contact with activities connected with the forest. Unfortunately, this year's seniors are being deprived of this opportunity due to a conflict between the proposed date set for the trip and Civil Service exams.

In 1936, thirteen seniors with Fay Clark as supervisor, were not seen within the portals of the School of Forestry from April 25 to May 21. The Foresters' new Ford V-8 was "rigged up" to accommodate the sight-seers; bedrolls were provided by the Forest Service and nights were spent in tourist camps en route.

Outlasting even the personally told tales, is the diary that was kept and later mimeographed and bound. Progress of the trip, operations and sites observed and any items of interest were recorded each day.

Trailing the trucksters and their stops along the way, a halt was called at the Phoenix Logging Company of Quelcene, Washington. Clearcutting with "cat" and Fairlead arch skidding was seen. Selective cutting in Douglas Fir with donkey skidding and slack line is also practiced there.

At the Pacific Lumber Company in Eureka, California, the seniors were given a ride on the cars of a cableway incline to the scene of operations. A donkey engine was used to raise and lower the cars on a 25 per cent grade.

Various mills were visited which showed the manufacture of timber, shingles, plywood, boxes, paper, by-products and the processes connected with each. Experiment stations at Priest River, Idaho; Vancouver, Washington, and California showed them various experiments, instruments and the activities carried on by each station.

Conditions of grazing land were also examined along the Oregon coast and the Sierras. Sheep predominated the range and overgrazing was evident in most places.

Mt. Rainier, Golden Gate, Yosemite and Crater Lake National Parks were among the scenic and recreational places visited. The only active volcano, in Mt. Lassen National Park, was interesting and awe inspiring. Bridal Veil Falls and the largest western Yellow Pine (98 feet 3 inches DBH) were noteworthy.

So having covered over 4,000 miles by truck in little less than a month's time, the seniors again "hit" Missoula and ended their last trip together.

To our congenial but comical Bob Newcomer, we offer congratulations; his versatility has provided a lot of laughs. By the way the freshmen put over their first year, we've got to be watching them or else—

Ups and Downs on Game Patrol

By H. A. "CASEY" STREED, '39

It had been 20° below when I pulled out in the morning from Basin Creek cabin on the South Fork of the Flathead. It didn't seem so cold now—so I stopped. For three solid hours I had been "picking them up and putting them down" (which in other words is snowshoeing), this being the one and only effective means of getting over deep snows. The sweat stood out on my brow and big globules fell from the tip of my nose—it was tough going and each step made me sink in a foot or more; I heartily wished for a good crust.



On this day I was playing double role, not only carrying a pack but at the same time "breaking" my own trail. My pardner and I had decided to split our patrol, thereby gaining a few days on our circuit. An extra day or two came in handy as storms always retarded us in traveling. He was to go to the Sugarloaf Mountain

tent camp and I was bound for the tent camp located on the west side of Hoadley Reef. The following day we were to check "elk drift" on the Continental Divide, taking about three miles apiece "on top of the world" and then work our way back to camp. The third day we were to meet at Basin Creek cabin again and there work up our field notes.

The scarcity of game tracks in the country through which I was traveling proved one of two things: either the drift was over or else heavy storms had been in progress higher up. An ominous silence hung over the wilderness and except for the swish-swish of my "webs" I would have taken it for a world apart.

At noon I stopped for lunch—namely a sandwich, candy bar and an apple (which by the way wasn't frozen, either, thanks to a pair of woolen sox!) I pulled the hood of my parka back, but a minute or two made me decide otherwise. It was nipping cold and as I munched on my sandwich thoughts raced through my mind like steel-tipped darts. What if I broke a "shoe"? What if I broke a leg? What would happen if I broke through the ice on the creeks and rivers in sub-zero weather? A broken shoe could be mended by use of splints and rawhide lace. A broken leg spelled one of two things, terrible suffering or else death. Getting soaked in zero weather would be a tragedy—and so on I mulled over the age-old question, carry on in order to survive. To fail meant "curtains."

Lunch over, I hurried on. A mile from my camp Hoadley Reef loomed up on the grey horizon. On its slopes I could see that there'd be heavy snows to buck in that country on the morrow. I also knew that I'd experience new adventure, and adventure in the high country is unsurpassed.

I finally made camp. It was a small 10x12 tent under a bough and shake lean-to, which protected it from the heavy snows. The snow was fully four feet deep and with considerable milling around I finally got my "webs" off. Opening the flaps of the tent, I entered into what was home to me—and what a home! The little Kimmel stove, grub boxes and small bunk all looked like a million dollars; to top it all, a goodly supply of firewood had been put in. It's a chore to rustle wood in deep snows.

I started the fire and the next question was water. It was necessary to cross a creek a hundred yards below camp so I went there with my bucket and axe. I chopped through two feet of ice and no water; on down I went hacking and scratching but still no water. I finally hit rock—the bottom of the creek. So I filled the bucket with ice and melted it on the stove.

I rolled in early and got a good start the next morning at the long grade leading to the top. It had snowed during the night and the wind howled as it blew "flurries" against my tent. Looking out I didn't have to wonder *why* a large white weasel had spent a greater portion of the night in camp with me. He appreciated the warmth, though at times by the rays of my flashlight, I did think he looked kind o' bloodthirsty!

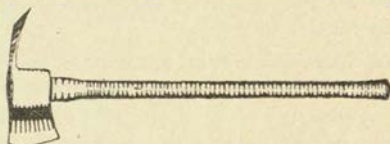
It finally became light enough to travel. Pulling on heavy sox, pacs, an extra wool shirt and finally the parka, I was ready. My webs were outside, so grabbing my gun and slipping a few extra clips in my pocket I bore out into the frosty air, which seemed to be filled with so many ice crystals they jabbed my lungs like spears. After getting the webs on I started up the trail. And up it was. Several hours passed before I finally reached the top. It was ample reward to get there; all around was snow and more snow, and such figures as the trees made under their burden of white! To the east and west the expansive wilderness rolled, to the north and above me Hoadley Reef raised up in majestic silence, while towards the south Sugarloaf Mountain added its gigantic structure to Nature's design. It was then I thought about Bill, my ranger pardner, as I well knew that somewhere to the west of that huge mound of rock, he also was having his trials and tribulations.

I started south on the Divide. The snow was deep and the going bad. Often I'd fall down, much to my sorrow; then and there I'd voice my sentiments and then "heave to" again. At last I came to where the wind had a direct hit at the slope; shale rock was laid bare and what a razor edge to cut the strings of my webs! To avoid that, I kept close to the edge of the reef where the snow had started to "comb over."

Directly below on a long continuous slope snow lay packed 15 to 20 feet deep. The slope was gradual and stretched down for fully a quarter mile. In the distance an Alpine lake with its glistening surface gave more radiance to the scene. As I turned to go, I saw the snow upon which I was standing crack open with a sound like the tearing of heavy canvas. I had a vague feeling of sinking, and then with a *crunch* and a *crash* I was taken for a ride. I lost my rifle on my way down and cakes of snow bounced over me. Sometimes I was under and again on top, rolling like a barrel and bouncing like a rubber ball. In a few seconds it was all over. I lay with my head down the slope, the pack under my head and the snow-

shoes on my feet like two semaphores—the tail pieces being buried in the snow.

The place where I had broken loose was visible about six hundred feet up the slope. I squared myself around, felt for broken bones, looked for broken shoes, but luckily suffered neither. By good fortune my rifle was sticking in the snow about half way up my path of descent. After careful meandering it was recovered and then with considerable effort I snowshoed south and went up the Divide again, none the worse for my experience. That evening I spent in my tent camp and late in the afternoon of the following day, I once more "hoofed" it to Basin Creek cabin where Bill was waiting supper for me.



The Five-Year Plan

By GENE COX

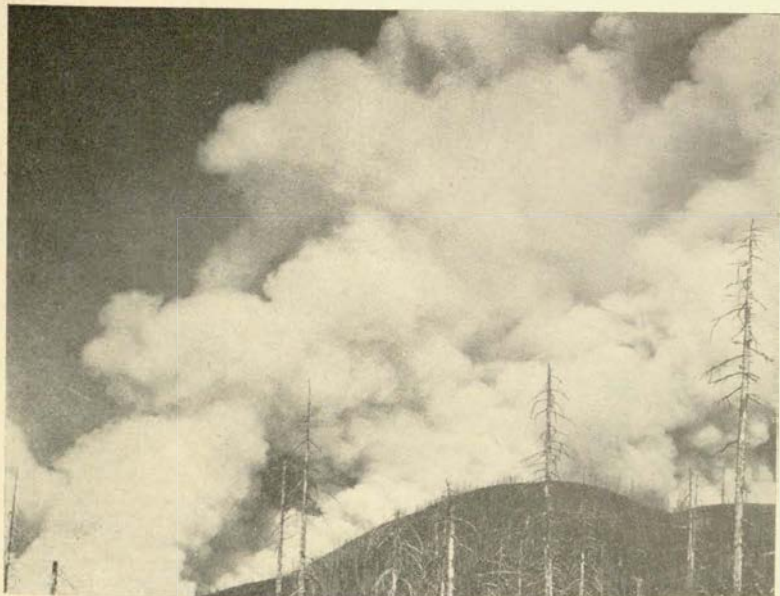
Both faculty and students of the Forest School have for several years felt the need for an extended curriculum to alleviate the strain of too many courses crowded into a single quarter. It has also been felt that the foresters' education is too strictly technical and lacks the balance of a well-rounded curriculum including more generally educational subjects.

With these needs in mind, a conference of educators on the staffs of northwest forest schools was held at Spokane last winter. The Universities of Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah and Montana were represented. All of the schools agreed to modify their curricula to include a five-year schedule. The University of California is ready to install the new arrangement next fall and Montana, although its curriculum is not yet complete, will start next year's freshmen on such a program.

The new course will include more English, Economics, Physics, a full year of Chemistry and other selected subjects. It is planned to concentrate the technical forestry courses in the fourth and fifth years and devote the underclass training to a broader and more general foundation. The degree of Bachelor of Science is to be granted at the end of the fourth year, with the fifth year's work leading to a master's degree in Forestry. The degree of Master of Science in Forestry will not be used in the new system.

It is felt that the new plan will turn out a better equipped forester and a more generally educated professional graduate. Quoting Professor Ramskill, "It is a step forward in forestry education; we have always recognized the impossibility of equipping the forester in a four-year curriculum. Instead of turning out a purely technical forester, the object is to turn out a forester with a better rounded education."

There would be fewer forest fires if the only sap present were in the trees.



Crown Fire

By ALBERT MUCHMORE, '39

Smoke, flames, heat—the whole universe, it seems, is burning. I look up just as a horror-stricken expression crosses the foreman's face. Across a green neck of timber below us, red streamers of flame are shooting up over the trees.

"Let's get out of here, she's crowning," he shouts above the increasing roar.

As if that were the signal they have awaited, the flames surge up, leap toward us in a solid wall. Fifty, a hundred, two hundred yards at a bound they charge up the slope.

"We're trapped," someone screams.

Waving a signalling arm to follow, the foreman dashes directly toward that awful wall of fire. Blindly, trusting his judgment, we follow, crashing down the mountain side, running for our very lives. Hot sparks and burning twigs shower around us. The air is scorching, like the superheated blast from an open-hearth furnace. A man falls. Before I reach him he is up running again. Overhead, tree tops are bursting into flame. Above the din, trees explode with thunderous detonations. We race on, veering to the right around the slope, away from the path of the fire. Suddenly we come out into a meadow. Safe! A slow, stagnant stream meanders aimlessly through it, with here and there a green scummy pool.

And there was the Timber Mech. student who thought that the Wheatstone Bridge was a type of truss construction.

Night Work at the Lookout Station

By BOB HILEMAN, '38

A storm is in the air. The lookout, sensing that "stormy feeling," waits—disregarding all weather reports to the contrary. The sky is as blue as the ocean, yet to him the humidity and air currents in the atmosphere furnish telltale evidence. As the sun sinks slowly toward the last visible range of mountains, a dark haze can be discerned in the southwest. Time hangs heavy. The telephone rings, giving the unwritten signal for the fire guards to finish their evening chores and put on their earphones for the after supper social hour. Minor topics of discussion give way to the ever popular subject—the weather. Static and a crackling over the earphones becomes more and more pronounced as the storm draws nearer. By now the sky is completely overcast by a thin sheet of clouds, and the approaching darkness turns the searching eyes of the lookout to the



southwest. No characteristic thunderheads are visible as yet, merely a dark mass of clouds slowly gathering volume. Faint flashes in the distant sky indicate that lookouts in another forest must already be busy. The ranger station is notified "it won't be long now." Other stations are questioned. In a few minutes the approximate distance and direction of the approaching storm is charted. Small flurries of rain are now visible against the western skyline. Sharp clicks in the earphones accompany the distant lightning flashes—indicating to the listener that it's almost time to get off the line.

A tense feeling is instilled in the lookout who has watched the storm approach the edge of the district. Deep rumblings of thunder, following each flash of lightning, reach his ears. Other similar nights are recalled—nights which found smokechasers hurrying toward fires, lookouts peering intently into the darkness for flare-ups, and telephones burnt out by lightning bolts.

By all outward appearances, the storm promises excitement. Darkness, save for lightning darting to the ground and between the clouds, has enveloped the area. Azimuth readings are now being recorded on the most prominent strikes still several miles away. Unnoticed by the lookout, another cloud is forming only a few miles to the south. It is dropping tiny streaks of rain and gathering electrical charges as it sweeps northward.

Suddenly without warning a streak of lightning darts from the cloud, making contact with the earth two thousand feet below. For a split second the surrounding mountains stand out in clear profile. His back turned to the cloud, the observer is unable to locate the strike. Minutes drag on, only the deep rumble of distant thunder breaks the stillness. Flash! A second bolt streaks downward from the tiny cloud, now directly overhead. Jingles from the telephone indicate that the bolt had grounded somewhere close. Overhead the sky is reverberating from the sudden expansion of air in the path of the discharge. Flash! Another thunderbolt strikes, illuminating the surrounding territory as though the sun had shone for the

fraction of a second. Simultaneously another light appears—hideously out of place in the darkness below. Tiny flames leap skyward. In a few seconds the lookout has recorded the azimuth of the fire. Now he is busy attempting to judge the distance to the flames, thereby locating the fire on his map. The telephone rings. A voice from headquarters reports that a fire can be seen by another lookout in this territory. In five minutes a report on the fire is turned in and with azimuth readings given by another lookout, the dispatcher accurately locates the fire. The flames have reduced to a tiny point of light barely visible to the observer. The voice from headquarters is again heard. This time no questions are asked, but instructions are issued. In five minutes the lookout is on his way to the point below. Another man is being sent to the station to fill the temporary vacancy.

The cloud has passed northward leaving in its wake a tiny point of light now reduced to a few dying flames, while distant flashes in the northwest indicate that the remainder of the storm has swung beyond the district. Stars are peeping through the openings where the last remnants of clouds are dispersing. Somewhere under these stars a lookout is heading for a spot on the earth corresponding to a point on his field map. If all goes well he will be back to his station by dawn. The lonely vigil is now broken; the days of watching and waiting have not been in vain.

Nomenclature

By THE OFFICE CREW

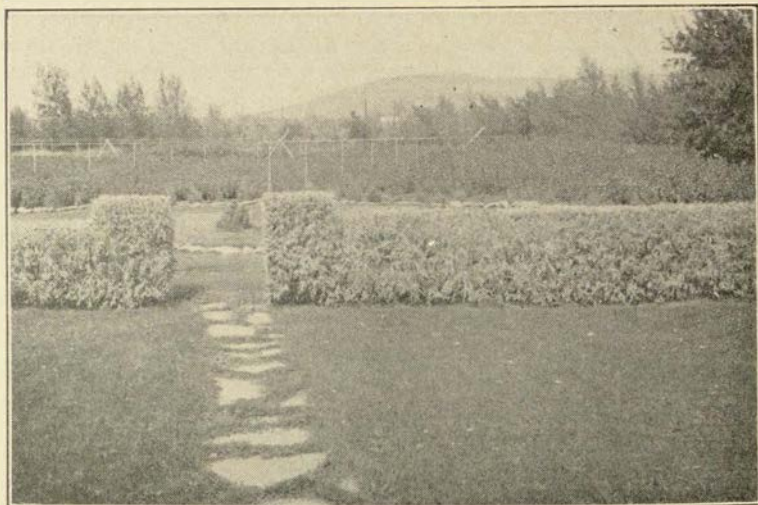
Weary and *Akin*, the *Newcomer* got off his horse and taking his *Flint* made a fire at the *Bottomley* of the *Greene Forest Hill*.

"*Bernhard*, little fire," he *Schaertl*-ed as the *Sparks* flew, "and *Fry* my *Bokum* (bacon) for I am *Muchmore* hungry than a *Choate*." Then as he sat in the *Lee* of a *Hardy* fir *Duncan* a doughnut in his coffee, he thought of his *Polley* and that he would soon *Cyr*. At the break *O'Day* he rolled out to give his *Dunn*-colored horse *Limpus*, some *Hay* and *Watters*.

Then he began to *Trott* down the trail singing of "Those *En-Doering* Young *Charms*" and "*Hurwitz* are dull but she's *Fuller Geil*." Hearing a *Noyes*, he looked *Beck*. "*Moy Godfrey*," he cried, with a *Quam*, "*A Bauer* is *Comminges*! I must *Lash* my horse's *Seidensticker* with my spurs and *Schramm* out of here or he will *Koch* us!"

"*Quanbeck*," he yelled, "afore I *Butcher* yore carcass and throw it over the *Brink* of the *Cliff*." On they raced until he could see the *Gable* of *Polley's* house with the *Barnwell* in the rear, set in a *Goodacre* of *Mead* fringed with *Underwood* and surmounted by a *White Peak* called *Mt. Hood*. Here all was peaceful. A *Martin* splashed in a *Little Lake*, *Robbins* sat on a *Poston* sang, a *Dusty* little *Sparrow* bathed in a *Pool* and a dog ran to meet *Timm*, *Wagner* tail.

"Hi, *Polley*," he called, "How is my *Besst* girl?" Soon the *Campbell* rang to *Collum* to eat and drink some *Goodale*. The *Lamp* was lit, and as she *Preston* to her *Hart*, they built *Castles* in the *Ayer* (s). The *Graesser* had come home!



Forestry School Nursery

By ROBERT JANSSON, '38

The Forestry School Nursery, under the directorship of Professor J. H. Ramskill, has just finished its most successful year since its organization in 1927. Tree sales and distribution approximated 700,000 trees, 88 per cent better than the previous season, which was the best year up to that time.

In order to handle this increase in production, many changes in policy, supervision and operation were necessary. In spite of the lack of preparedness in handling large orders requiring crating and special packing, the culmination of the shipping season was two weeks earlier than usual. This extra time is needed for ground preparation for the tremendously increased planting program.

Much credit is due Clarence Muhlick, the new nurseryman, in handling the shipping and planting, and to Professor Ramskill in obtaining large sales, thereby enabling the nursery to purchase new equipment and supplies heretofore impossible on a well-narrowed budget.

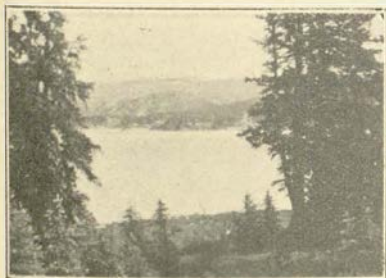
Orders were shipped to 10 different states. The largest purchaser of nursery stock was the Soil Conservation Service, which ordered 353,000 trees for the Great Plains region. Two hundred eighty thousand trees were distributed to the farmers and ranchers of Montana; 27,000 went to other government projects. Ten thousand trees were used for game bird refuges and experimental work, while 30,000 went to miscellaneous agencies and corporations.

Therefore, it can be seen that the Montana Forestry School Nursery is actively engaged on a national scale in producing trees for the important work of soil preservation and reclamation. The work as carried on by the nursery has given Montana student foresters a glimpse into the future as to the research work that must be done and the practical need for the development and conservation of the nation's primary resource, the forest.

Summer on the Flathead

By RALPH HANSEN, '38

My preceeding summer was spent with several others from the Forestry School in one of the most primitive parts of the United States. I had been scheduled to become a part of the Flathead National Forest's protective



force but the middle of the summer found me on a timber survey party instead. With the exception of the chief of party and the cook, all the members were forestry students hailing from four different schools. Two of them were seniors from Washington State College, one a senior from Utah State, another a junior from the University of Idaho and the remaining two, Hamilton Hough and myself, from the Uni-

versity of Montana. Most of our summer work was centered around Swan and Flathead Lakes and some up the South Fork of the Flathead.

Swan Lake is located east of the Flathead and in my estimation is one of the choicest spots in the Forest. The beauty of the lake is further enhanced by the many pretentious summer homes bordering it. Several millionaires from the east spent their summer "roughing it" in what appeared to be palatial log castles. Many times we industriously worked within the vicinity of these homes, not of course to tally tree diameters, but tallying the DBH of some fair dudette who happened along!

Another spot of interest near the lake was a small logging operation on a National Forest timber sales area. All the logs within a mile of the lake were skidded to it by caterpillar and later towed to a portable mill at the end.

We were also fortunate, while working here, to be close to a large forest fire without having to go out on it ourselves. All of one Sunday was spent in watching the fire crown, as it swept through 2,000 acres in a few hours. A well-timed rain brought relief to both the fire and the Forest Service officials in charge.

Working on the east shore of Flathead Lake for most of the remaining summer, placed us within "reachable" distance of town and again in the heart of the summer home district. A government boat, placed at our disposal, became very convenient as a fishing launch although its primary use was for patrolling.

The last two weeks of the summer was spent in virtual isolation on the South Fork of the Flathead near Spotted Bear Ranger Station. The big attraction of this territory was the abundance of wild game, including bear and elk.

So all in all, I had a great summer seeing a wonderful country, meeting a bunch of swell fellows and above all getting some valuable experience.

How much can you get for a pelt of Douglas Fir? How many pelts would it take to make a warm coat?

Blister Rust Control

By ARNE NOUSIANEN, '37

Most destructive of white pine in the United States is Blister Rust by which eight native five-needle pines of the country are affected. Today the rust (*Cronartium ribicola*) is found in the east, throughout the Lake states, and as far south as Maryland and northern Virginia. In the west it is found in Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho and Montana. As yet it is not of great economic importance in Montana, but nevertheless extensive eradication is being carried on.

Control of the rust has been based on the destruction of *Ribes*, since the fungus needs two hosts to complete its life cycle. Local control has been developed in both the east and west, based on the fact that the rust is unable to spread from *Ribes* to pines for more than a few hundred feet. In the east over 800,000 acres are being protected annually. During the decade 1918-1928, more than 6,000,000 acres of white pine were cleared of infection. Since then, the work has spread to nearly all white pine areas of commercial importance and with the growing need of this wood, the work will undoubtedly continue for years to come.

Species of most economic importance in the northwest are *Ribes petiolare*, *R. lacustre*, and *R. viscosissimum*, the former two being found along streams, and the latter on uplands in dry areas. The most serious rust carrier has practically been removed. This was the species *Ribes nigra* (domestic black current) upon which a quarantine was placed in either 1923 or 1924. With a cooperating public, most of the existing berry bushes have been destroyed. This particular type of eradication required contact with all ranchers and farmers throughout the country and a convincing delivery of "sales talk."

Hand eradication has been and is in common practice where *Ribes* are accessible, easily detected and not too numerous. Direct burning, the bulldozer and chemical means are also employed. The bulldozer is used in a fairly level country, where the alternate host of disease composes most of the ground cover. Chemicals are used on heavily inhabited areas of *Ribes*.

Pre-eradication work, consisting of locating infested areas and *Ribe* concentration, is generally done in the fall of the year. In doing this, strips are run at 20 chain intervals across drainages in white pine areas. In areas where the *Ribe* concentration is great, camps are established. The regular work starts in the early spring, as soon as the snow is off the ground. Camps of from 30-60 men are generally maintained, supervised by one camp boss and an assistant.

One checker works in connection with the camp superintendent. His job is to map the timber types, drainages and *Ribes* concentration. He goes through the area at every 10 chain interval before the crews start actual eradication. On worked areas he runs strips every 5 chains, making a 4 per cent check of the work on upland and an 8 per cent check on streams. Twenty-five feet of live stem are allowed on any worked area. The area is re-worked until it passes the check. The checker can cut out

much of the area by stripping, as in the case of dense pole type where *Ribes* are only found in wet patches at distant intervals.

Crews work in three-man units, one being in charge. By the aid of string lines, narrow strips are worked, the width depending upon the concentration. Streams are worked and checked separately to insure greater efficiency. All *Ribes* are pulled by hand with the aid of "hoe-dags" or short handled picks. Care is always exercised to get all main roots of the bushes, especially in wet areas. Crews work from one and one-half to four acres per day depending on *Ribe* density and roughness of terrain.

Ribe eradication is becoming more important every year. To many, this work represents "just so much money spent for nothing" or just another "alphabet" project—something to do for the relievers, but by considering Montana as an example, the efforts already made have not been in vain. Infection hasn't increased or spread to any great extent since eradication began. Because control methods were started before the pine stands became affected, it is possible that many of the areas will be protected from all rust infestation.

New Buildings

By OSCAR GUTTORMSON, '39

Because of the necessity of maintaining satisfactory classroom conditions, the University has made a sudden spurt in the construction of buildings to house its rapidly increasing student body. At present there are upwards of 2,200 students, and the enrollment has been boosted tremendously each successive quarter. Until the new buildings are ready for occupancy, classes will continue to be greatly overcrowded.

Construction was begun last fall on the new Journalism building, between the Forestry School and the old hockey rink, which alums will remember (and which has since been torn down); somewhat larger in size, it will match the Forestry building.

Southwest of Craig Hall, on Maurice avenue, work is proceeding on an art museum, built by Missoula Woman's club and WPA funds.

Mr. Swearingen of the Maintenance department, recently announced the OK of plans for a new women's residence hall. This hall, to be ready for occupancy around October 1, is to be located south of Corbin Hall and facing North Hall. It will be built so that more wings may be added to it in later years, filling out the quadrangle of residence halls to University avenue.

Plans have also been going ahead for a new Chemistry-Pharmacy building. Although nothing definite has been done, promises of federal money to complete the project have been made, and it is fairly certain that work will begin when the final plans are drawn up. It will be erected in the present ROTC field, south of the new Journalism building.

In addition to this, there are rumors of constructing a new armory for the ROTC corps here. However, as yet, nothing certain has been done.

And in the Forestry School there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, for next year there will be a *new and larger* campus map to be made by the surveying class!

Lesson in Conservation

By ROBERT COOMBS, '38

Possibly many of us westerners are a bit inclined to take a "for granted" attitude about conservation. We have our forests and are willing to take all manner of methods to protect them. Yet we only distantly realize what a lack of this conservation would mean.

My own understanding of the value of conservation was decidedly vague until I spent some time with the Forest Service in the Lake States region—in the great White Pine graveyard of Michigan and Wisconsin. Seeing the lonesome white tombstones of wood still sticking up, monuments—not to the greed of early lumbermen but to an unseeing public that knew not the value of conservation. Seeing mile upon mile of scrub oak brush, valueless, thriving at the expense of more valuable species that could not compete upon sand robbed by repeated fires of its rich, thin top layer.

Traveling through towns deserted since the sawmill stopped. Passing by acre after acre of submarginal farms wrested from the forest by hard labor; farms that are continually blowing away, that should never be robbing the



THIS WAS ONCE A FARM IN MICHIGAN

soil of its meager food; only enough to grow trees, not orchards and potatoes. Seeing streams—the Au Sable, Pere Marquette, Mainstee, once the best for trout fishing in the country, now warm and murky.

Perhaps noting from time to time a lone veteran White Pine towering majestically aloof above the lowly oaks and aspen. One rarely sees any progeny under these old ones. Maybe still remembering the fate of their brethren, they hesitate bringing new life into this grasping world.

Also one sees many people; campers and fishermen trying so hard to find solitude and escape from the heat of the oppressive Detroit and Chicago summer. Their tents can be found in every available clearing on the lakes

and streams. This is their vacationland, their escape, and they enjoy it; but I think how much more they would enjoy the coolness and beauty of large pines, of good fishing and hunting—their real heritage which can only be regained by their indulgence and the efforts of conservationists, the Forest Service and state agencies.

I was surprised to find that these agencies, especially the Forest Service, stress a continuous policy of Public Relations work. They had found that to be able to really practice conservation, to build up this decadent land, the public must show interest and cooperation. Here the objectives differ entirely from ours in the west—*our* big job is to protect what we already have which people can see and appreciate. Theirs is a problem of bringing forth something that most people have never seen, never realized and therefore must be educated to.

Also recreation, fish and game work was being stressed. I was told that the public could be shown acre after acre of young planted seedlings, an excellent thinning or release job, even mile after mile of truck trails and firebreaks without becoming enthusiastic. But show them an improved stream where you have made it possible for them to catch a few trout or give a nice place to camp with fireplaces and a beach and they will be an eternal friend of the Forest Service and all its policies—policies which will some day bring back the White Pine to the Lake States.



Sleigh-Riding Without a Sled

By ED SHULTS, '40

At the headwaters of the Selway river in Idaho, between it and the famous Salmon river, is a watershed in the form of a loop at an elevation of nearly 9,000 feet. Along this high ridge, the Forest Service has a main telephone line with branches here and there leading to the various look-outs. The line is always broken in several places by heavy snows and it is almost an impossibility to repair the breaks until July. The job of its maintenance has traditionally become known as "the trip around the horn."

A few years ago, I had a crew of men on this location doing reconstruction and maintenance work. We were lounging around camp on the evening of July 3 when the telephone rang. It was the District Ranger; his orders were to take one man, saddle horses, a pack horse and a light outfit for the "trip around the horn."

We put out outfit together that evening and early the next morning wrangled the horses and were on our way by 7 o'clock. Our chief anxiety

was to get through one of the passes before the snow became soft, as the only way one could get the horses over it was by skirting the base of a rock cliff. It was very steep and if the snow was crusted, the horses were better able to keep their footing. Hurrying along, we repaired line as we went and arrived at the pass around noon. With considerable difficulty, the horses were worked through the niche.

This point of the ride became so rough it has been named the "Knife-blades." The trail drags over a rim, switches back down about a 70 to 80 per cent slope for half a mile to a mountain lake, and then on down Dark Canyon, grading out to a low saddle on the main ridge. The snow stays there all summer and when we made our trip, there was a continuous sheet of it from rim to lake.

The telephone line was buried, so after safely getting the horses through, we went back to dig it out—not a successful venture as the snow was mostly ice. I decided to work my way to the edge where the line emerged again. With one man at each end, we were going to try sawing the wire up through the barrier. Just reaching the edge, I lost my footing and proceeded to travel in a downward direction, sitting, with my feet going on ahead!



Skimming along (and getting warm in spots) I tried to make up my mind whether to dive in the lake or go in feet first; my mental debate was interrupted by a break in the snow in front of me. A portion had melted and left a strip of slide rock directly in the path I was pursuing and from which I was unable to alter my course. Very soon I was bumping along the rocks, unhurt, not even bruised; the only damage being to my tobacco can in a hip pocket—and it was badly bent! Just to have finished that perilous descent was a distinct relief, and at that moment the slide rock was quite as welcome as a pile of hay.

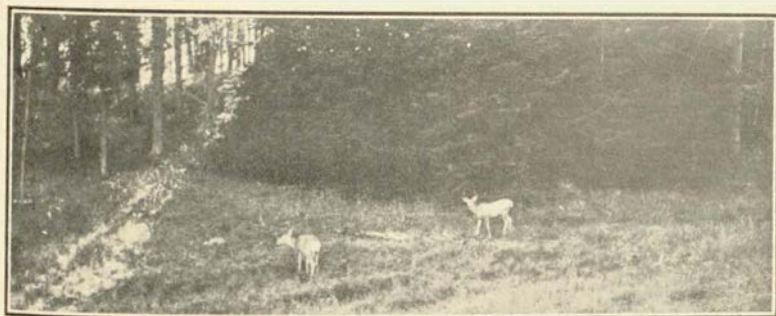
Working my way along the stretch I had so hastily come down, I returned to the top and we finished removing the line.

The lake was our camp for the night. As we rode down Dark Canyon early the next morning, we could look back and see the sunlight shimmer upon the waterfall at the lake's outlet—a truly beautiful sight. The field of snow above the lake was oddly marked with a whiter strip starting at the rim and ending abruptly in a strip of slide rock. The trail rounded a point in the ridge and the head of Dark Canyon was lost to view. There remained just the memory of another experience.

Twilight

By RUDY PEDERSON, '39

Tired of the smell of cattle, the dirt and dust, I was glad when a cool damp breeze carrying the smell of wet wood from the river below started gently to flow past me. The light from the sun now gone down was reflected from the atmosphere, and flooded the canyon in a red haze of light. The high spires of rock on the canyon walls took on new color; the road unfurled before me like a ribbon in the bright red sunset. The sighing of the wind in the trees mingled with the gurgling of the stream



below. All that disturbed these sounds was the constant clip clop, clip clop of my horse's hoofs striking the rocks. Gradually the red light faded into a dark shadowy twilight purple; only the highest rocks held the brighter red light.

While starting around a long bend, I noticed that my horse had raised his head and pricked up his ears, giving me, I thought, his old sign that other horses were near. Upon rounding the curve I saw standing, about fifty feet to my left, five deer. There were two does, their heads lifted, and one hoof held in mid-air as if stopped on its downward motion, standing in front of three fawns. The fawns, their heads held to one side in a curious manner, the brown of their hides sharply contrasted with the lighter gray of their mothers, posed not unlike a proud little boy for his first picture. I had stopped and was enjoying the scene when my horse, impatient and wanting to get home, pawed the dirt; the deer vanished in one jump. The sound of rocks rolling down the hill ceased; twilight gradually faded into night.

And then there are those who think that the Cascara tree produces that cosmetic used by women to make their eyes attractive.

"Hi" Lyman, a junior in the school, gleaned 54 grade points winter quarter—or in other words, an *A flush*.

Breathes there a student with head so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"Would that I too might brilliant be
And in my handbook straight A's see!"

The Organization of Foresters'

By ORVILLE SPARROW, '37

Foresters' Ball is the biggest annual dance put on by any University organization. The crowd is the largest, the tickets sell for the most and the net income alone is greater than the gross return on many University dances. The foresters attract much attention and have a lot of fun putting it on.

Then there is the loan fund. This fund, built up over a period of years now amounts to around \$3,000. It is continually assisting Juniors and Seniors over the rough spots.

The dance is known all over the Northwest and is excellent publicity for the Montana School of Forestry.

These things are all more or less tangible and recognized values but there is another value that is equally important which undergraduates frequently overlook. That is the opportunity the dance presents for training in cooperation and organization.

Every student in the forest school is given a chance to participate. Freshmen, transfers and graduate students are all assigned to the various committees. To feed, entertain and care for 900 people requires thought and effort. The size of the dance and the urge to improve it each year makes the training of everyone connected with it that much more thorough.

The general plan has become pretty well organized by years of experience but there is still ample opportunity for originality in ideas and ways of putting them into effect.

Freshmen are usually assigned to committees alphabetically and to the chairman, they are just so many names. It is up to the freshman to become an individual. Here the training begins. He learns to cooperate with his fellow crew members in a way that gets things done. There is always the opportunity to suggest new ideas or short cuts in the work.

In their sophomore year the men who stood out as freshmen are picked as assistant committee heads. Here, under the guidance of the more experienced chairman, he gets his first opportunity to handle men. By the time the Ball is organized, staged and cleaned up, he will have seen his mistakes and how they should be remedied.

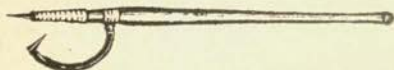
The chairman of a committee is pretty much on his own but if he has profited by his experience, he knows what to do. He organizes his work and directs the men. There are supplies to be purchased. He must buy where he can get the best for the least money and still "play ball" with the *Forestry Kaimin* advertisers. He is responsible for borrowed property and after borrowing it must see that it is returned in proper condition.

The Chief Push job is pretty well cut and dried although he must pick his committee heads with care and be able to help them organize their work.

During the preparations of four (or five) dances, with which each student assists, he learns to work, cooperate, sell himself and to have others work for him. He learns to plan his work and to use his men on jobs for which they are best fitted. Volunteer help is the hardest kind of labor to

use. When a student learns to get results with it, he need have no qualms concerning his ability to handle hired labor after he is out of school.

So while the Ball is a grand dance and a lot of fun, it is also an important part of the training of all Montana foresters. The advantage they take of this opportunity is reflected in their standing in the Forestry Club and Druids. It also has a direct bearing upon the summer employment they obtain while in school and their success in the profession after they have graduated.



Hell's Half-Acre

By ALBERT MUCHMORE, '39

We walk along in single file, heads bent, faces sweaty. Seeming cons pass; the acrid odor of smoke is heavy in our nostrils. Word is shouted down the long line of men that we are nearly there. That which at first seems only the sighing of the wind grows in volume till now it is an ominous roar. We trudge slowly up another tortuous pitch; a sudden bend in the trail reveals a thick murky cloud of smoke, like greasy yellow wool, boiling venomously over the ridge directly ahead, obscuring the sun. I think of home. My eyes are glued to that towering mushroom of smoke. I am brought back to earth again when the men around me start silently forward. We file along under a pall of smoke that casts a somber, yellow shroud over the landscape. An old burn, spotted here and there by gray and black skeletons of once majestic trees, has been selected as our campground. The foreman, a tall, raw-boned man with tanned, weather-beaten face and a shock of blond hair, announces that we will eat a lunch here and then "have at it." I can't eat. In a few minutes we'll be over in that inferno. As we start over the ridge to the fire, my throat is dry and constricted.

"There's nothing to worry about, son," consoles the foreman.

"I know it," I replied. I do not "know it," however.

For some inexplicable reason that menacing column of smoke has ceased to pour up. Can it be possible? As we break over the ridge we see a small, comparatively level valley. Steep slopes covered with brush and timber rise abruptly from three sides, falling away at the lower end to a long, rugged gulch—Hell's Half-Acre. It is black, black and smoking; black smoking logs, black charcoal that was once grass and brush, covers the ground. Across the valley there is a ragged line of fire licking at the underbrush, crawling up the slope, now and then igniting a thickly limbed, moss-covered balsam that flares up in a pillar of dense, oily smoke, the vicious roar heard even at this distance. My curiosity finally overcomes my youthful pride.

"Where is that big fire we saw as we came up the trail?" I asked the foreman, who seems to be a decent sort.

A good-natured grin wrinkles the corners of his eyes as he points. "See that clump of burned spruce and balsam? When that stuff starts—whoosh! Had me fooled at first, too."

A Day on G-Survey

By ARNOLD BOLLE, '37

It's ice-cold outside your warm kapok when the cook's voice interrupts your dreams. The sun's rays haven't yet touched the frost on the ground. You're tempted to stay in bed a few moments longer but experience has taught that unless one dashes out there won't be any hot water left for you to wash. After a hurried toilet, which leaves most of the dirt on the towel, you huddle around the kitchen stove until the cook gives the final word.



A G-SURVEYOR

Breakfast is a pleasure and also a darned serious business because it's going to mean a lot to you before the day is over. Not much is said as the crew eats its way through fruit, mush, eggs, bacon and stacks of hot-cakes. The day's plan of action may be discussed over a last cup of coffee or the time may be taken up with good-natured banter. Then lunches are hurriedly thrown together, instruments gathered and you all jump into the "hoopië" for another day of running line. The chief-of-the-party drives you as close as he can get to your country and you hike to the starting point.

The sun is just getting above the mountains and the mists in the valleys are being dispersed. It's a fine time to see game and you keep your eyes open. Maybe you'll meet a doe and her fawn feeding on the succulent weeds or it may be something larger, a moose, perhaps, or a bear—and when you do, vivid memories of the stories you "pooh-poohed" storm your mind.

You find your control after hunting around a bit and orient yourself on the map; then start down the section line clicking your "talley whacker" with each pace. The morning is cool and you can make good time. You keep careful check on the type changes, draw each one in carefully and make your write-ups of the vegetation. You're going uphill but you've been doing it every day and can keep up a pretty good pace; experience has taught you the number of paces to drop with each steepness of grade.

About noon or a little after, you reach the top of the ridge. The trees grow in open stands and a cool breeze is blowing; it feels good to stretch out on a patch of upland sedge before eating the lunch you brought along. Most likely it has been sat on several times but you like it; and so do the chipmunks and chicadees that invariably appear!

The course back down the hill, a half-mile over from the morning's course, is easier but it seems to take just as long. You have to take more compass shots on the way down since you're running through the center of the section and there are no blazes to follow.

You may come to a little knoll which presents a view of the country covered and stop to get the shapes of your types. You may shoot in some types with your compass or perhaps do a little triangulating. You use every method at your disposal; even sketching in some of the country you're going to map the next day, or seeing a type you've missed and may have to go over and write up.