



Prexy Jim Sykes.



Amid winter splendors Dave McClay drinks.



Skiers' Paradise.

Immediately after Christmas vacation, the Ski Club was organized for its fourth year of active work. Lack of snow near Missoula, prompted Jim Sykes, president, to take his band of young mountaineers to more distant places. Numerous trips were taken up the Blackfoot and to the smooth white slopes of

the Rattlesnake. During spring vacation, the club took an extended trip into the snowy peaks of the Mission Range; Gibbons, Lookout and MacDonald passes were also visited. Each trip was a grand success, filled with thrills and spills and always topped with Holte's welcome "cup corrosive."



Spring vacation's Mission Range trip brought enthusiasts to country's best skiing.

The Bunyan Sharpshooters of '41 inhaled their first acid powder fumes at the R. O. T. C. rifle range on January the eighteenth at the first practice match of the year. A mad scramble for guns, sight adjustment sheets and places to shoot from resulted with "Big Abe" Bailey in leadoff position. In spite of the hubbub, each man secured his fill of shooting, thanks to the fine cooperation of Colonel Jones in loaning the range and rifles.

During the quarter, twenty-seven men joined the club, which resulted in excellent turnouts for each

Saturday afternoon practice. The team for competition during the following week was chosen from the six highest scorers in each of these practice sessions.

Under the leadership of Burton Edwards, the Rifle Club had a season filled with keen competition. In their matches they won two and lost six. They averaged scores of 904 as opposed to their opponent 927 in eight matches.

PREXY EDWARDS



Left to right, back row: Moe, Cahoon, Bailey, Nelson, Green, Mackenzie.
Second row: Meigs, Glaus, Edwardas, Snead, Robinson, Zimmerman, Nicholas, Estey.
Front row: Giffen, Conn, Van Dusen, Boe.
Not present: Yaggy, Bye, Thielen, Duke.





Foresters, this year as in the past, despite their heavy scholastic schedule are sprinkled generously through the major and minor sports ranks.

Football—The pigskin parade is on the upgrade at Montana with our re-entrance into the Pacific Coast conference and it's up to us to prove that we should be there. Drahos, star tackle and Daems, sophomore guard as well as four yearlings, Hill, Ferris, Roberts and Barbour, will go far to relieve Coach Fessenden's worries on this count.

Basketball—In the casaba sport, varsity representatives are lacking but men who show prominence from the freshmen squad are Ferris, Roberts, Hill, Jamison and Buffalo, all numeral winners. These boys will help make a fighting squad for Jiggs to whip into shape next year.

Track—Outstanding among Harry Adam's proteges is Timber Topper Phil Yovetich. He is not only A-1 as a hurdler but is a broad jumper of no mean ability. Close on his heels comes Al Hughes, distance man, who showed up well in cross country runs last fall. Yet to prove their mettle from the yearling class are Hill and Ferris in the weights, Canup and Jamison, runners.

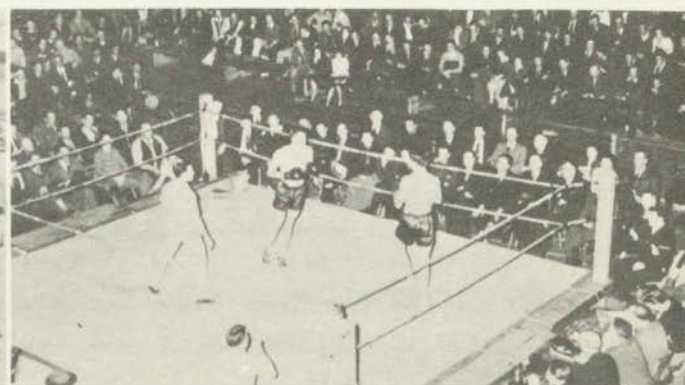
Minor Sports—The highlight of the minor sports' parade was the M Club tournament when the foresters waltzed home with a shiny gold loving cup for amassing the most points. Instrumental in this

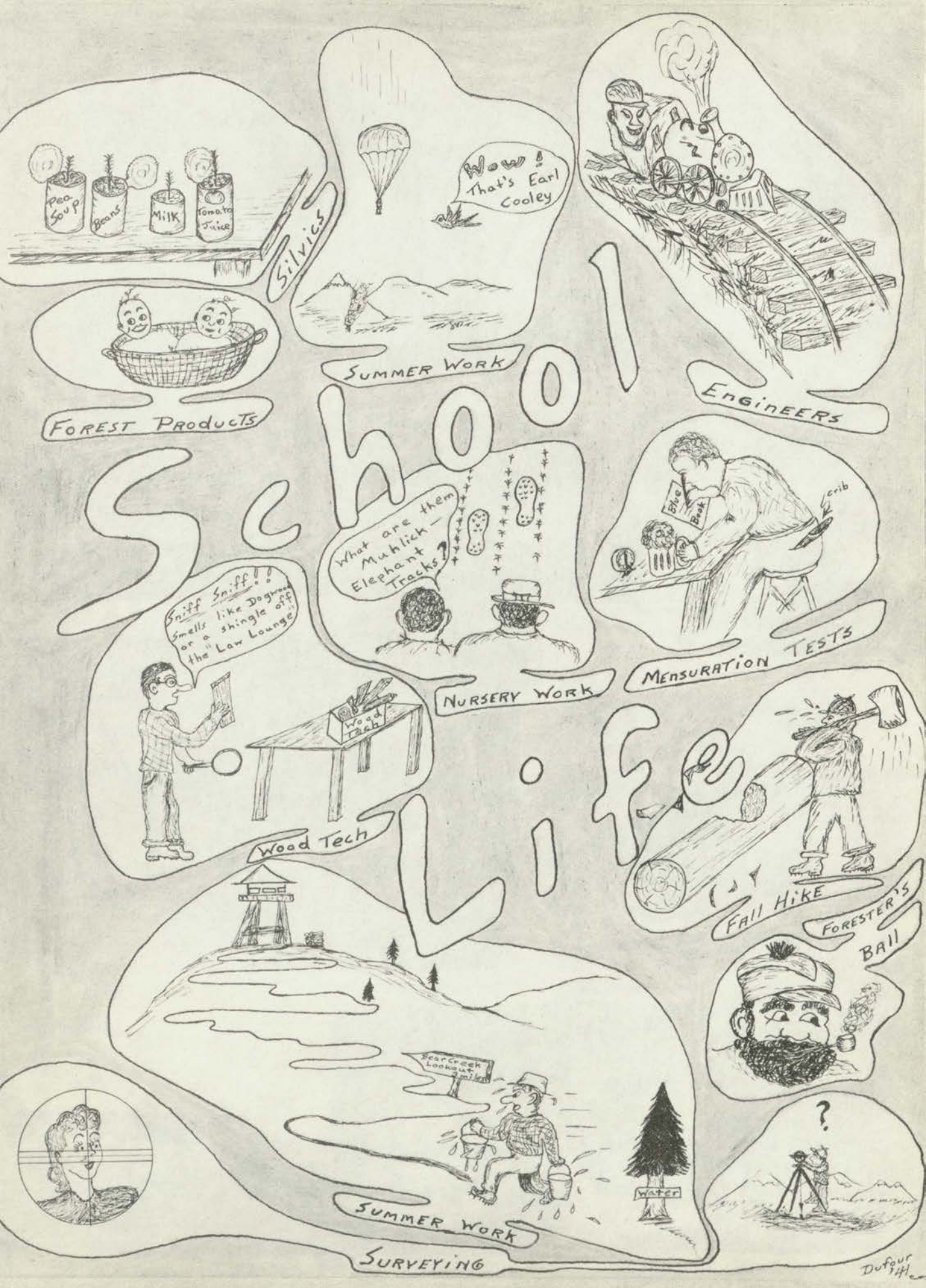
victory and also in the success of the tournament was Karl Nussbacher. Entered in both wrestling and boxing, the twice M Club winner again successfully defended his grappling crown while showing that he could take it and a little more in losing a close decision in his boxing match. Another sterling performer was Washington's Ken Drahos, substituting for Frank "Shorty" Nelson, the defending heavy-weight champ, who tore ligaments in his shoulder shortly before the bout.

Defending middleweight champ, Rud Jennings, lost a close match while Santistabon and LaPine, both underclassmen, reached the finals in wrestling. Defeated in the preliminaries were Fieblekorn, Lewis and Dufour, an ex-champ.

Traveling to Bozeman to represent MSU in the minor sports matches, Nussbacher for the third time successfully defended his state wrestling crown and Greathouse, a consistent utility man, made his final bid in a victorious varsity swimming team.

This year's intra-mural basketball team had a fairly successful season, winning three and dropping two. The team was ably captained by Helgeson with support from Yaggy, Dailey, Nicholas, Warren, Burdick, Evanko, Buffalo and Lindberg. These boys played outstanding ball, supported by a number of fine reserves.

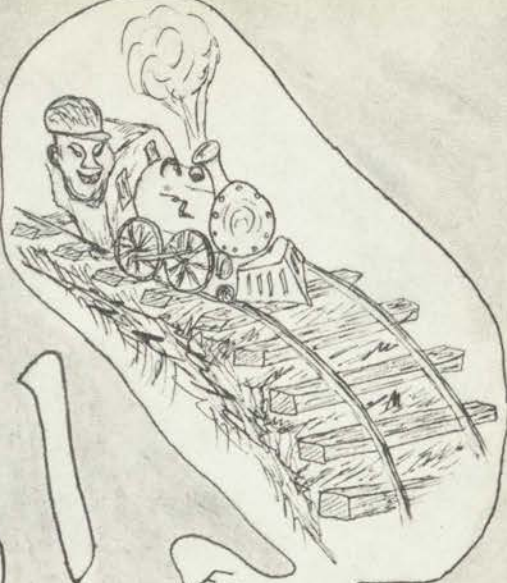




Silvics



Wow!
That's Earl
Cooley



ENGINEERS



FOREST PRODUCTS

SUMMER WORK

School

What are them
Muhlich
Elephant
Tracks?



NURSERY WORK



MENSURATION TESTS



Sniff Sniff!!
Smells like Dogwood
or a shingle off
the "Low Lounge"



Wood Tech

Life



FALL HIKE

FORESTER'S
BALL



SUMMER WORK

SURVEYING



Dufour
#41

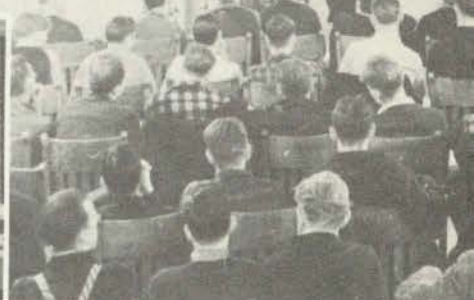


"Time out" on that famous spring gulch problem.

Bradeen surveys south campus flats while Boe spots a pretty girl.



Physiology and Ecology lab. inside and out.



"Prof." Ramskill talks "products" in Survey of Forestry class.



Ecology trip to Miller Creek burn with Kramer.



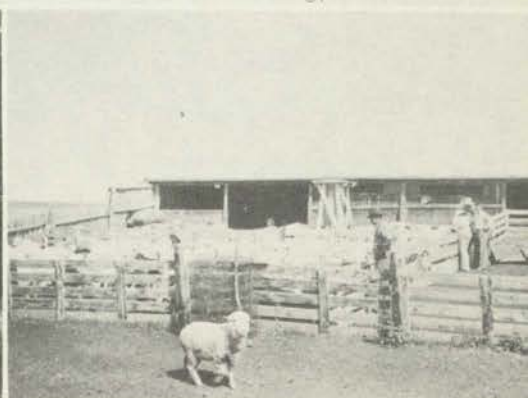
Egleland delves into "de woim" in zoology class.



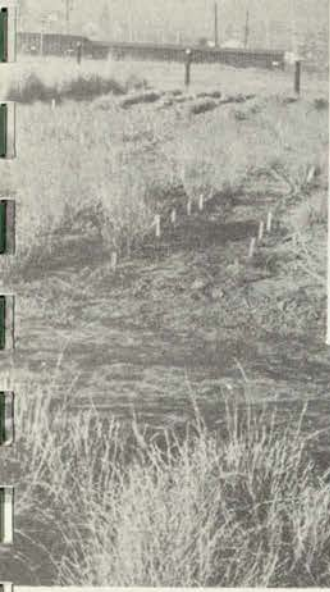
Doc. Diettert and class botanizing.



First school forest camp.



One of the grazer's **close** friends. Baa . . .



Under shadow of Sentinel students learn dendrology and silviculture at school nursery.

School's grass nursery utilized for research.



Cruising timber on new school forest up Blackfoot valley.



"I can hardly believe it myself."



The flock anxiously awaits for the shepherd to call range management class.



Recreation trip to Echo Lake known as Fay's lark to the tourist centers.



"Robin Hood" with increment borer.



Engineer Dailey ponders a spiral curve.



"My Gawd, that ink blot."



Three large conks in Waters' Path. lab.



South Trip



Type writeups of western range land.



Cooking breakfast somewhere "West of Pecos."



Morris, "King of range managers."



Weight method of determining utilization.

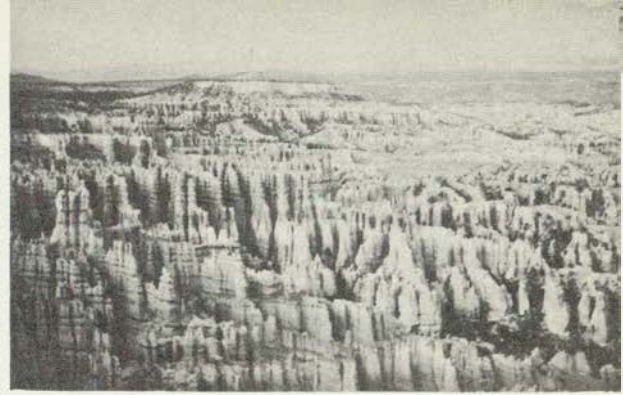
At 7:00 A. M., April 27, the Range Management Senior Trip got officially under way. Several stops were made between Missoula and Dubois, Idaho, and type writeups were made, although the weather was damp and cold. Beds were rolled out at the Dubois Experiment Station and lots of food was consumed; afterward a discussion was held on the Idaho sagebrush type. The next morning was spent examining results of burning practices on the sagebrush type, and afternoon found Mr. Pehanec of the Station summarizing the experiments on sheep breeding, range practices, and feeding. The M. M. (Mutton Men) Songsters entertained on the way to Pocatello where the night was spent in quiet.

The next morning the bus headed out through the old Bonneville Lake beds. Upon arriving in Logan, Utah, the boys looked over the campus and got looked over by the campus coeds. Mr. Keller of the U. S. D. A. explained certain genetical experiments in the breeding of drought-resistant plants. After lunch the bus left for Ogden, where Dr. Pearce joined the group and explained the ecology of the vegetation of that portion of the country. Flood areas north of Salt Lake were examined that evening, where the results of erosion were seen to have made worthless, land ordinarily valued at \$300.00 per acre. The erosion and runoff were blamed directly to overgrazing in the high Wasatch Mountain areas. The same evening we reached Salt Lake City where there was plenty of time to look over the town (in loggers and mackinaws). The evening was spent "beefing" about the injustices of life; Doull penned the following to his "heart beat": "Having a wonderful time; wish you were here instead of me."

The morning of April 30 found the sun shining and after eating breakfast and painting a sign for the bus stating, "Montana State University—Forestry Senior Trip" (we did not wish to be mistaken for C. C. C.'s), we took many pictures of the capitol. At 11:00 A. M. we were in Provo, where an inspection of Brigham Young University was conducted. The girls make Montana coeds look ill; the sex ratio is the reverse of that on our campus. At Nephi dark glasses began to pop out; Mr. Hutchings of the Desert Experiment Station joined us here and explained various aspects of the juniper type in this area. The evening and night were spent in Beaver, Utah, where Hutchings and Morris shot pool for a while. Several of the boys attended a Mormon church dance where Duncan entered with a lit cigarette—the heathen!

Arrived May 1 in Milford where we studied an Atriplex-Artemesia type; a few lizards were caught at this point. Driving into the Desert Experiment Station we were in time for lunch and a supervised tour of the station, which lasted until six o'clock that evening. It was well equipped for tennis, horseshoes, softball, and croquet, and the fellows availed themselves of the opportunities presented. We stopped in Cedar City for lunch, where the group was joined by Arnold Heerwager, Area Range Examiner, S. C. S., who continued with us to Zion. Sun helmets became popular here, and the accepted greeting came to be, "Dr. Livingston, I presume." In Zion National Park we camped next to a group of junior college girls from Utah. The evening was spent singing to each other.

The next morning Park Ranger M. V. Walker explained the geology of Zion and mentioned the Virgin River as "one virgin that gets away with plenty of dirt." A bus trip through the park followed, and a side hike was taken up to the arch from where we obtained a



Above: Beautiful Bryce Canyon.

Right: The gang poses on the rim of Grand Canyon



A little footwork at Desert Range Experiment Station.

superior view of the park. The first Joshua tree formations were seen early in the afternoon; at 6:00 P. M. we rolled into Las Vegas, and everyone was prepared for a swell time, especially Mueller. By mid-night most of us were in the Apache Club where Prof. Morris threatened to flunk outright anyone who did not applaud the very pretty and impressive singer. All the fellows and at least one professor observed "nature in the raw" at the Lido, where celebrities such as Buck Jones and Curly Fletcher were also seen craning their necks for a better view.

On May 4 we left Las Vegas with pleasant memories and throbbing heads; stopped at Artesian Wells where Morris and Severy explained the geology and geography of the area. Looked over Boulder Dam for a short while, ate lunch, and then headed toward Kingman, Arizona, with many type writeups on the way. When we arrived in Kingman some of us went to town to buy souvenirs. We were asked to leave a refreshment parlor as the local yokels didn't seem to appreciate our singing. May 5 we ate lunch on the desert and hurried on to Blythe, California; camped that night on the desert. The next morning after breakfast we had a short lecture by Severy on ecological associations. At Salome, Arizona, all the boys doffed their clothes for a swim in a private pool, but Mart persisted in wearing a tie, shirt or no shirt. Morris smoked woven flax in the bus, and managed to get another rotten cigar every now and then by shrewd betting with the other profs. Arrived at Cactus Gardens in the evening.

May 7, Dr. Barkley held a "dumbbell" session for the exam to be held that day. The exam proved to be a three hour nightmare; we left for town (Wickenburg) as soon after that as possible. May 8 was spent botanizing in the vicinity of the Weaver Mountains. The men were mutilating "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" as we pulled into Flagstaff, Arizona, for the night. The morning of May 9 was given over to observation at the Fort Valley Experiment Station where Mr. Wadsworth discussed the handling of yellow pine reproduction in relation to grass competition and grazing. Arrived in Grand Canyon early in the afternoon; more lectures, and later the floors were cleared for dancing. All the Montana boys were accused of dancing alike. One of the best sports of the trip was "Doc" Barkley who did all right for himself that same evening.

Range depletion on the Navajo Indian Reservation was studied May 10 while on the way to Kaibab National Forest. The entire day of May 11 was spent in trucks on a supervised inspection of the Kaibab Forest where the deer problem was discussed. Later that evening the gang "shot-gunned" Bryce Canyon and then went on to Richfield where we spent the night. At noon the next day everyone dressed up to see Salt Lake City but was disappointed to find the typical Mormom Sunday—no dancing, no this, no that. More fast traveling on May 13, with the evening spent at Craters of the Moon National Park where baseball and poker predominated.

May 14 we rolled into the campus with memories of fifteen days of work and play stretched over a 3,196 mile trek of the western United States.



Co-leader, "Doc" Barkley.



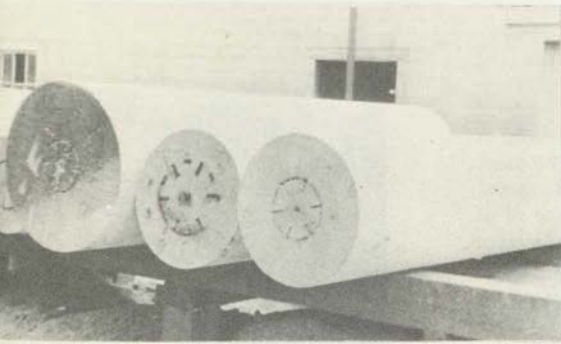
Deer damage to Picea.



West Trip



Howard and Erickson recoup from previous nite.



Prime peeler logs on the deck.



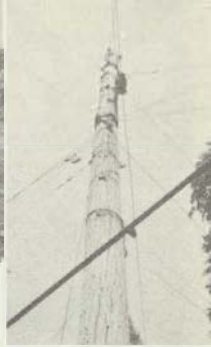
Much gawking and gasping at Crater Lake.



Photographer Gajan gets log-washing operation.



The boys' first glimpse the great Pacific.



Spar tree.

On April 27, thirty-four foresters embarked on a cruise of the west coast forests via bus. We passed a cleanup crew for a log drive by the Ohio Match Co. and watched the procedure; many of the boys had never seen a drive before, and there was a great amount of camera clicking. We arrived at the Priest River Experiment Station in mid-afternoon and were greeted by "Chuck" Wellner and Mr. Gisborne—Silviculturist and Fire Research Man respectively. "Chuck" took the gang in tow and showed us the typical white pine stands with the white pine and larch overstory, and the understory of fir and cedar. We took in the white pine seeding tests which were begun in 1911 by Zon and are being continued today. Conclusion was to use local seed wherever possible. The beginning of a pruning experiment with the "deep" and "branch" types of pruning was studied, and also a shelterbelt experiment showing a stand of cedar and white pine on 150 year rotation. The meteorological tower was visited, and an interesting fact was noted—that the hottest spot in summer is at forest canopy, and hottest point on ground is just below the surface. "Chuck" Wellner's talk at the meteorological tower dealt with silviculture in white pine and the practicability of thinning and pruning as a possible answer to successful commercial growth of white pine. During the evening Gisborne and Wellner illustrated their talks with pictures; this ended a long and busy day.

April 29, a trip was made up stream to see a streamflow recording dam and various thinning experiments dealing with reproduction and accelerated growth; also some seed tree practices, broadcast burning, and shelterwood method of silvicultural practices. We returned to station at noon, and that afternoon were shown through the fire research experiment plots. During the evening Mr. Gisborne was in his office to interview the fellows and answer questions. On April 29 left Priest River and drove to Grand Coulee and after lunch and a hasty inspection of the dam, we headed down the dry bed of the Columbia to Dry Falls. The stop was worth while just to listen to the Barker, who injected biblical phrases with modern philosophy, spiced with "dry" humor, into his talks. April 30, the bus left Ellensburg at 8:45 for Mineral via Tacoma. The only time it stops raining in this country is when they want to refill the storage tanks. Had a talk that evening by Mr. Murray on silviculture. On May 1 we visited the W. Fork logging operations which includes about 175,000 acres owned and an equal amount controlled—estimated to have five and one-half billion feet of merchantable timber; we rode up on a scooter a distance of about ten miles. On the road to operations, stopped and inspected timber bridges of heavy construction. In P. M. left for Kelso and Longview.

In Longview there were several stops of note, chiefly Weyerhaeuser Mill, Docks, Pulp Plant, M. & M. Plywood, and a paper mill. The Weyerhaeuser plant is one of the most efficient mills viewed on the trip; everything is utilized under the same roof. The pulp mill was interesting, but it was too noisy to hear what the guide had to say; anyhow, the plant makes only paper stock by the sulphide process. The M. & M. Plywood Plant was next, where we got our first glimpse of peeler logs and veneer made by the cold process. May 3, we left Portland and arrived at Wind River in the A. M. There we were shown over the nursery; they have a unique system of storing seeds in crocks—some seed is years old. Here we saw the Shasta fir which is being developed for an ornamental Christmas tree—retails at 75c per foot; during the A. M. went over the arboretum and saw all species of conifers, and then to lunch. In P. M. watched the C. C. C. training crew teaching the one-lick method of fire control. Heavy underbrush in this area and old burns are particularly hazardous. After this we saw their fire research, carpentry shop, and went up Panther Creek to their experimental forest—a pure stand of second growth D. F. 18 inches in diameter; this forest has about 3,000



Not Dean, just one of the fellows.



The lineup of Forest Management majors who trekked the West under the leadership of Spaulding and Bloom.

acres—2,500 of old growth and rest in reproduction. That evening we had a discussion of fire problems and other items of interest, including game management and silviculture.

Left Wind River May 4 and started down the Columbia River, a beautiful drive; crossed the river on a ferry and traveled west on the south side of the river. Stopped at promontories for views of the river and also at Multnomah Falls. Drove to Bonneville Dam and were guided through the exterior workings which include the locks and fish ladders. Then into Portland and spent the afternoon. May 5, had breakfast at Oregon City and drove toward Coquille; enroute we stopped at Cascade Head, the home of the West Coast Experiment Station. Here we saw the natural propagation of alder after a fire; bracken fern is plucked as a by-product in this area. At Coquille on May 6 we saw the Port Orford Product Mill (Smith Wood Co.), and the manufacture and processing of Port Orford cedar. Here they make battery plates, venetian blinds, etc.; estimates indicate they have enough cedar to last twenty-five more years. They also make plywood; capacity is 65,000 B. F. per day of cedar and 145,000 B. F. of plywood. After this we drove down the coast to Eureka.

On May 7 we traveled south to the redwoods and saw the famous Bull Creek Flat. Here are forty acres that cruise one million feet to acre. The trees are all over 300 feet and diameters average about ten feet. This plot is a state park. In P. M. we drove up to see the highest known tree in the world, height 364 feet, with the lowest branch 194 feet from the ground; this also is in a state park along the Redwood Highway in Humboldt County, California. That afternoon we covered the logging operations just out of Scotia; redwoods logged by the Pacific Lumber Co. They practice a government-helped depletion system, in which certain redwoods are left standing, and for these they are reimbursed by the government. May 8, from Eureka we trekked to the Pacific Logging Mill at Scotia and watched them saw up the redwoods. This mill has a capacity of 350 M per day, can cut special orders up to 44 feet. In conjunction, they have a factory where they make ties, grapestakes, siding, shingles, cigar and candy boxes; also do considerable lathe work for interior and porch finishing. Here also is a bark processing plant, where bark is hand-peeled, chopped, shredded, blown fluffy, cleaned, and baled for insulation.

May 9, we left Eureka bound for Willows via Ukiah, California. Had a last glimpse of the sea, then through redwood groves and inland through five major range types to the citrus groves around Willows. On May 10 drove up the Sacramento Valley through Dunsuir at the foot of Mount Shasta, passing again from cultivated and grass land, woodland, and chaparral to montane forest and subalpine around Shasta. On the road to Klamath Falls we passed through the Shevlin-Boken experimental area in ponderosa pine (this experiment is primarily to appease public sentiment against forest devastation). Arrived in Klamath Falls about six o'clock into a bedbug-infested suite of cabins. Traveled from Bend to Walla Walla May 12, the important feature being the engineering of the road.

May 13, we went from Walla Walla to the Potlatch Mills in Lewiston, which were similar to the others except for slash sawing and the grades built up through resawing, trimming, and edging. The mill is a high speed operation, and efficiency in output is high. The Prestolog plant was visited and is the original plant. Logs are driven down the river each year, about 47 million B. F. of logs over 125 miles. We were entertained with lunch and drove on to Spokane, where we arrived at 4:00 P. M. and stayed at Regina suburb. At 9:00 A. M. we pulled out for home—"Whoopee!"



Inside shot of the weary travelers.



Example of railroad transportation used in N. W.



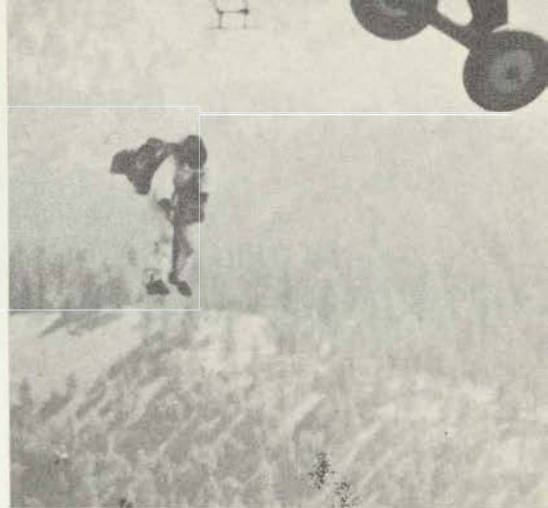
Watching single tong boom handle big stuff.



Collom calculates that's some tree.



Front, rear view of special jumping suit . . .



A perfect takeoff . . .



Final once-over . . .



Fire is spotted . . .



Hand on ripcord . . .

After attending ground training school at Seeley Lake for three days, the time had come for the big take-off. Since there were five of us making our first jump, we drew numbers to decide who was to bail out first. I drew number five, hence was the last to jump. As Pilot Dick Johnson had the "Travelier," only two jumpers could go up at a time. I watched the reactions of the others as they landed and was very surprised to find them all wanting to go right back up to see if they couldn't go better.

My turn finally came. My nerves were tense; my mouth got exceptionally dry before we gained over 2500 feet elevation. Because I had thoroughly made up my mind to jump, regardless of everything, it was not difficult to do so when the time came. As we approached the target, I climbed out on the step with a firm grip on my rip-cord. The instructor said "go." Automatically I crow-hopped off and was amazed to feel myself floating in the air with no sense of falling whatsoever. After clearing the plane, I jerked the rip-cord and set myself for the opening shock. I certainly felt relieved when the chute opened for then I was able to descend in a more natural position. Aside from that tense second or two after leaving the plane until my chute opened, I could rightfully say that I was greatly thrilled and really enjoyed the first jump. If I had not been wearing the heavy suit required of us, I could have easily hit the ground standing up; as it was, I could not stay on my feet on finally landing.

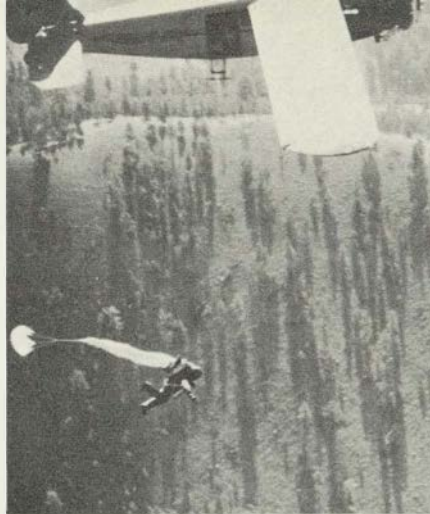
After completing ten days' training, we moved to Moose Creek Ranger Station for actual fire suppression service. On July 12, 1940, Rufus Robinson and I were scheduled to jump on the first actual fire to be fought by parachute fire-fighters. Rufus jumped first, but due to bad air conditions missed his spot, a small alder patch near the fire, by about a quarter of a mile. I tried to compensate by going further against the wind, but had to cross a ridge. By doing so, I was caught in a different ground current and was carried almost a quarter mile to one side of our target. Rufus landed in a short tree, his feet nearly touching the ground, while I got hung up in a 150-foot green spruce, about ten feet down from the top. The chute caught on the side of the tree as I was drifting westward from the fire at a rate of about fifteen miles per hour. My momentum carried me through the limbs on one side of the tree. On my return swing I caught a broken branch and pulled myself toward the trunk of the tree. From here I unsnapped my risers, coming down the tree which had limbs clear to the ground.

Rufus had contacted the plane by the use of his small radio. On getting my exact location he walked toward me. The plane then came down to within 500 feet of us to drop our fire packs by means of an old condemned army chute. We shouldered our packs and were ready for immediate action. It was just forty-five minutes from the time we left the Moose Creek Ranger Station until we started to build fire line. This remote spot was about twenty miles from any available ground crew. To reach the area by foot would have meant a long, strenuous hike, requiring possibly ten hours' travel time.

EARL COOLEY.



Montana's Earl Cooley . . .



Floating on air . . .



"Guiding" to fire . . .

The use of parachutes by the Forest Service drew much attention during 1940, even though experimental work had been under way for nearly a year before Europe headlined parachutists in their phantasmagoric warfare. Skilled fire fighters dropping from wilderness skies to control back country fires gripped the imagination and dramatized a principle as old as fire fighting. Fire control management has always striven to reduce travel time to the minimum and to increase the effectiveness of the fire fighter to the maximum. The principle remains the same whether the men go on foot, horseback, by motor vehicle or parachute.

Parachuting should be regarded simply as a method of transportation. Formerly parachutes were used for life saving only. Their use in fire control demands integration of the fastest known methods of detection, communication and travel. The lookout, radio and telephone, the airplane, parachute and a good pair of legs all have their part to play.

If the use of parachutes is to be kept in perspective it must be emphasized that they are only one means to an end. That end is the placement of highly skilled, well organized and splendidly equipped men on fires while such fires are small enough for a few men to control. The **man** is the important piece in this game of chess. Youth, good nerves, physical perfection, woodmanship and fire fighting skill are needed. There is potentially no lack of this material among young foresters of today.

From an economic standpoint the adaptation of parachutes to fire control work promises to solve a large problem. For the first time there seems to be a way to get speedy action in the control of back country fires where there are no roads. In many such areas public policy requires permanently keeping them roadless. In others the cost of road building for fire protection alone, is likely to far exceed the cost of development and maintenance of a small but select parachute corps.

Greater speed in the integration of men and swift machines for fire control will require increasing skill and knowledge on the part of managers of those facilities. Training in the use of parachutes and of parachute fire fighters will be valuable for all of the field of fire control.

Immediate plans for the future are still in the "lap of the Gods" and Congress, but a small project of two or three smokejumper squads seems assured. The rates of pay remain to be finally worked out but apparently will remain higher than wages for comparable fire protection work which does not require parachuting.

Several years will be required to determine the full value of the parachute method of transportation. He who will risk prophecies had better take heed of the forces in man's nature which have caused him to adopt ever faster methods of travel. Men would be lacking in vision who would set limitations on the future of a method, useful over much of the earth's surface, which turns days into hours and hours into minutes.

AXEL G. LINDH,
Chief, Division of Fire Control,
U. S. Forest Service, Region One.



"Feather-bed" landing . . .



Hung-up . . .



Officials inspect rigging . . .



Many a forester finds summer work here.



Typical U. S. F. S. Blister Rust camp.



Guard school, Tacoma Creek, Washington.



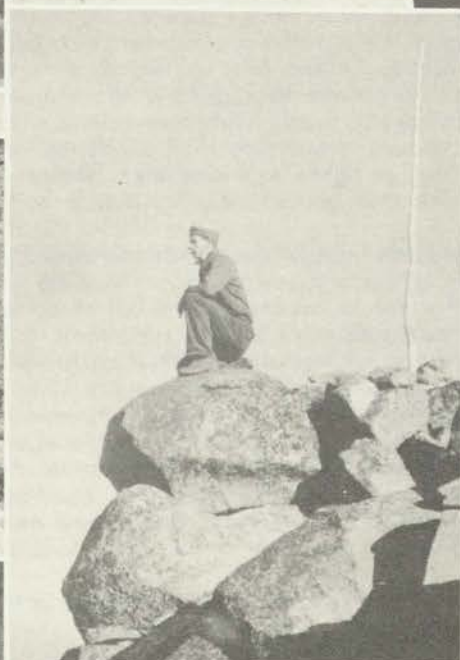
"The Duke" does Saturday afternoon washing.



Pack string in South Fork country.



Sheep Mountain triangulation.



Lord over all he sees.



Afternoon study in silhouette.



Predator control on the range.



North Idaho flume.



Ernie Pfister's crow's nest.



The heavens opened their bowels.



Bald Eagle Lookout.



Smoke eaters.



Nite.



Glacier's Upper St. Mary's Lake.



Hunting party crosses top of Swan Range.



Huckleberry Mountain Lookout.



Patrol L. O. in Sun River country. Lewis and Clark National Forest.



Sophomore Bailey bags goat in the South Fork.



Forest Service standard.



Come and get 'er.



Trosper bags a beauty.





Evanko rides the Beaverhead.



Big Falls on Snake River.



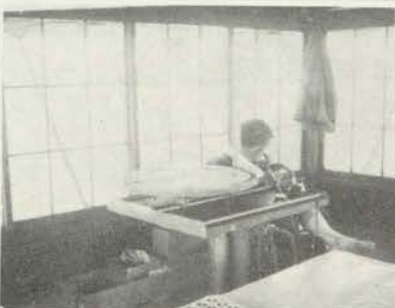
Frozen Falls, Dearborn Creek.



Typical Absarokee Range.



Nice cookie-duster, Schaeffer.



Thus the summer passes.



Range inspection by Robinson.



Way station on primitive South Fork.



Ice on Seeley Lake in early spring.



Prizewinning shot, Sawtooth Range, by Newcomer.

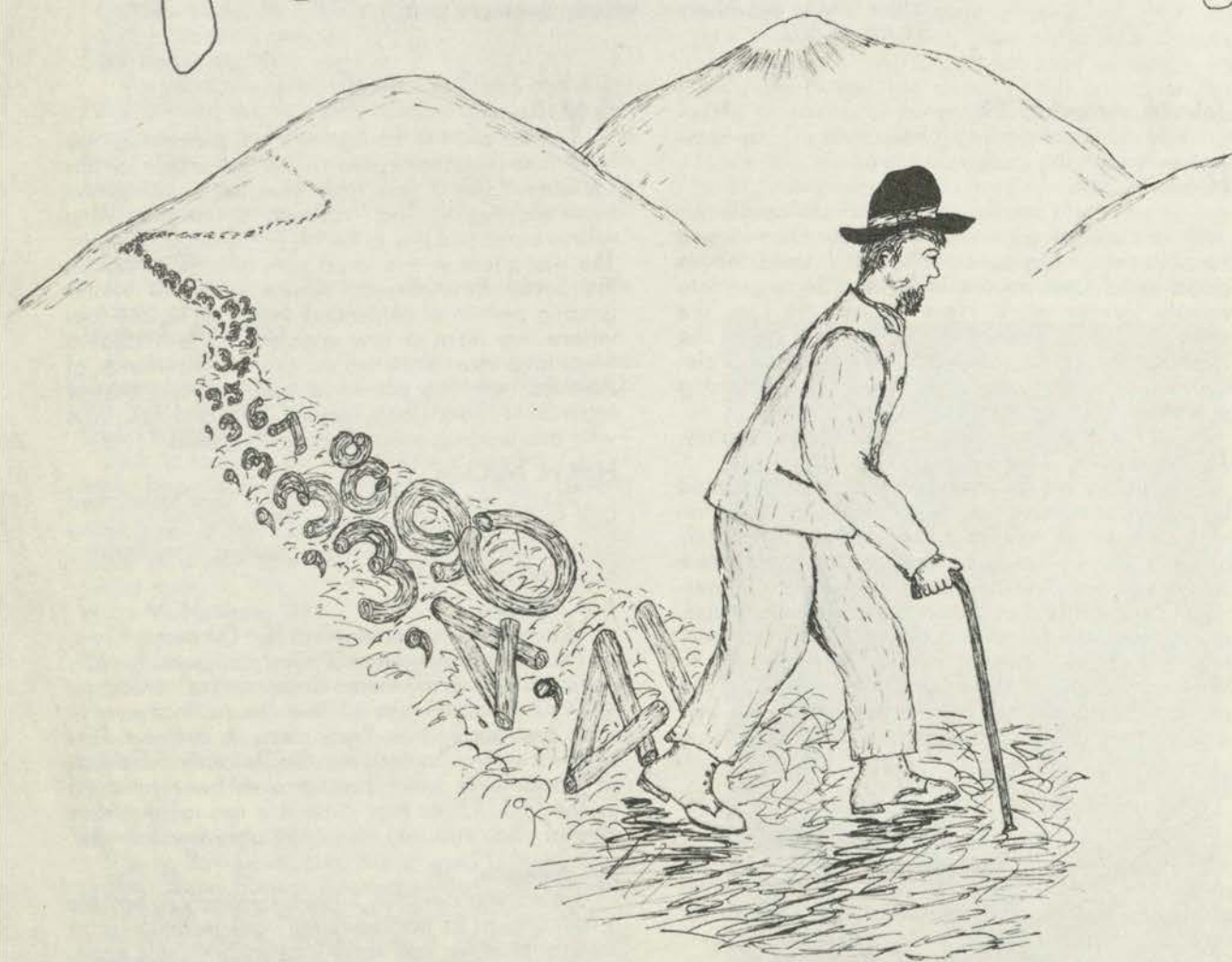


Nyack Creek.



Eight mile bridge camp on Boise Forest.

Alumni



Lest We Forget



Editor tries to get Alums to write in. Box score to date
34 out of 362.

John M. Antonich, '39

"I do a lot of traveling for the state . . . my occupation is with the Bridge Division."

Nelson H. Fritz

" . . . I would say that a few years in connection with a state or government agency gives one a background of experience that will stand him in good stead later on should he decide to get into private forestry work. Here through the East, the amount of private forestry work seems to be on the increase and quite a few of the boys from Yale, Cornell, Michigan and other schools are obtaining pretty satisfactory positions."

Nelson is with the Asplundh Tree Expert Company.

Jim MacLaren, '38

"I certainly am interested in the 'spanking good book' recommended for the mastication, digestion and assimilation of the alumni. I am alternately range examiner, range supervisor, and range clerk as the seasons permit for the Agricultural Conservation Associations of Blaine and Phillips Counties; also specialize in surveying reservoirs for stock men. I spanned the continent last fall from Seattle to Washington, D. C., during a brief vacation off the range. The local draft board has applied a low number to my frame and that should be good for a good meal ticket during the coming winter."

Ernest Perry, '40

"Last July I received an appointment in a C. C. C. camp in the Chippewa." He says he has been doing surveying, tree planting and logging and at the present: "We are pruning and liberating white pine and Norway pine. 300 trees per acre left for final crop trees."

Glenn Mueller, '40

He writes from the north woods where he is cruising and lumberjacking. "Slash is left where it falls and there is no limit on stump heights."

Clinton Wilmsen, '40

"Sounds like you fellows are putting out another good Forestry Kaimin . . ." Expects to resume work with the Forest Service in the spring.

C. M. Rector

"I came over to Enterprise as Supervisor of the Wallowa National Forest about the middle of last October. Like it fine here and am enjoying the work thoroughly. The Wallowa is just short of a million acres and lies in the N. E. corner of Oregon. The elevations in this forest vary from 2200 feet in the Snake River canyon where we have winter grazing permits of cattle and sheep to 10,034 feet where we have a few glaciers." The Wallowa Mountains are often called the "Switzerland of America" and the scenery is really superb. Best of regards to Tom, Jerry, Faye Clark and the boys who are working towards their sheepskins."

Hall H. McClain

"Due to reorganization No. 4, I was transferred from the S. C. S. to the Grazing Service. Since being here I have been gradually moving from forestry to range work."

J. A. Wagner

"At present I am stationed at Fort Duchesne, Utah, on an Indian Reservation. I have charge of forestry and grazing on six Indian Reservations, containing 1,000,000 acres. Five of the reservations are in Utah and the Kaibab Reservation in Arizona. Part of one reservation includes the Desolation Canyon of Green River which has not even been surveyed by the G. L. O. as they claim it is too rough. After several pack trips into the area I agree with them."

Bob Hileman, '38

"I'm a camp clerk for J. Neils Lumber Co. Besides a fair amount of bookkeeping I get in on a lot of scaling, cruising, and road locating. Am still single but will not call myself a confirmed bachelor for a few years yet."

Gene Landt, '40

"At present I am working for the Nekoosa Edwards Paper Company at Port Edwards, Wisconsin, as a beater control chemist. I like the job even if it is not very close to forestry."

John T. Loucks, '40

"Please send my Kaimin to Brookings, South Dakota, as I have just received an appointment with the State Extension Forester. Since graduation have done everything from surveying, drafting and farming to clerking in a store."

Don Lynch, '39

"Still single, working as a research assistant on the Duke Forest; plan to resume school here next fall to start working on a Ph. D. degree. I like the South and southern forestry, but my heart is still in the West."

Fred C. Kibler, '40

"I am still working in the Bureau of Census, and at present am classified as an examiner in the Livestock Division. I am still single and probably will be for some time yet."

Dick Robinson, '40

"Am on active duty with the Air Corps and enjoy the work very much. I am on ground duty and receiving special schooling in base supplies. Looks like I will have a job when maneuvers arrive that will compare in work to that of a 2,000 acre fire in maintaining supplies, etc." He reports Montana well represented down there.

James F. Brooks, '17

Assistant Regional Forester, Region 8. Family; wife and daughters, age 8 and 20.

Walter E. Pool, '33

"I am still at Delta, Colorado, ranger on the Uncompahgre National Forest; was married March 28, 1940, to Miss Eva Blore of Delta."

Dick Griffiths, '39

Dick is logging for the J. Neils Lumber Co. "I have been doing everything from setting chokers to scaling logs in the woods. Right now Bob and I are working with another fellow laying out logging roads in a new drainage the company is planning to log soon."

Bruce V. Newton, '39

"August 9, 1940—I received a Civil Service appointment as Junior Engineering Draftsman with the War (ordnance) Department at the Watervliet Arsenal, Watervliet, New York. March 3, 1941, promoted to Assistant Engineering Draftsman. I like this part of the coast and expect to see more of it this summer. No hits (wife), no runs (kids), no errors (?)."

Merle Brunsvold, '40

"Jerry, Bob Doull, Fred Kibler, and I are working at the Census Bureau. I have an iron in the fire and hope to be in the Bureau of Labor Statistics soon as a statistical clerk. Boyd Price is working for the Department of Agriculture. They had a baby a couple of weeks ago. Mel Akin is here working as a draftsman in the War Department, and incidentally got married to a government gal from Wisconsin on New Year's day. Ben Martin was called to the Army and is located at some Fort close to here. I think it is Fort Monroe, Virginia. Chuck Dobson, Russ Lockhart, and Winnie Howard are in the

Marines at Quantico, Virginia. They come most every week end and spend it with us. We sure do have some real bull sessions."

George M. DeJarnette, '21

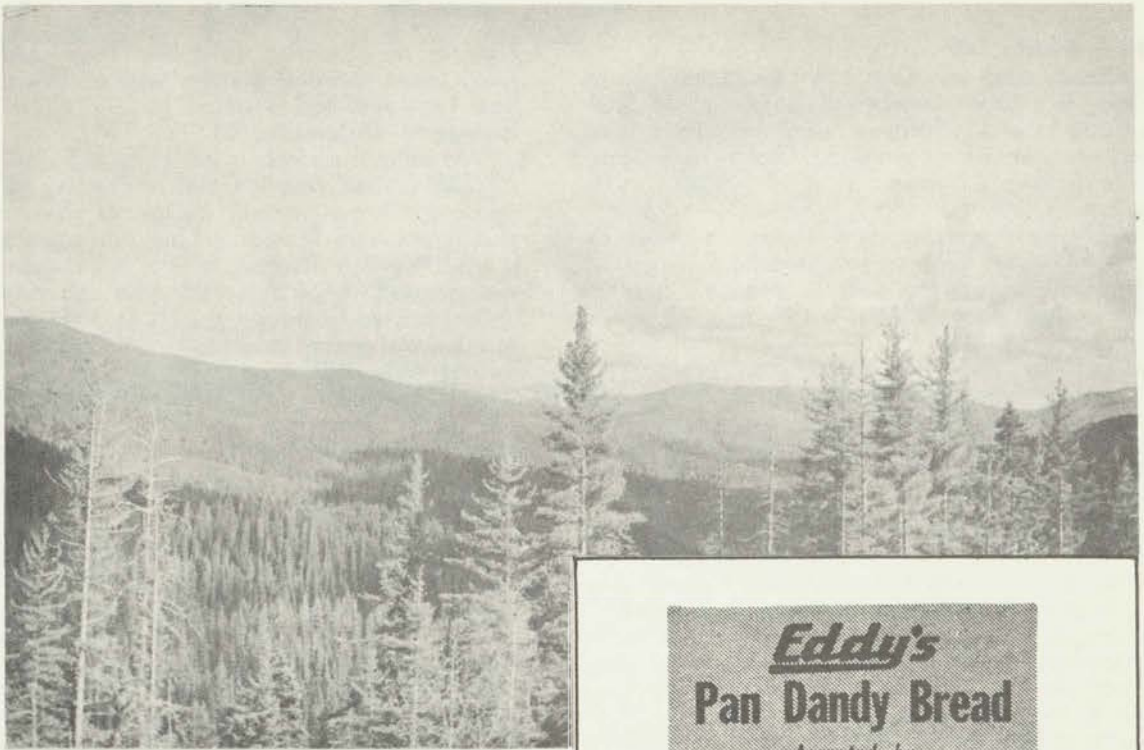
"My official address is still U. S. F. S., Missoula. . . . My official title is Chief of Planting in which capacity I have general charge of planting and nursery activities in Region One. My home address is 800 Hastings Avenue, which is located on the same ground where almost 25 years ago some other green capped frosh and I used to 'tally pins' and 'turn angles' under the eagle eye of 'Dick' Henska."

Sterling Wardell (not yet)

Guess where? "At 5-45 A. M. the bugle awakens a man from his dream of a beautiful brunette to the realization of army life. From then on it is routine of eating, close order drills, lectures and training in the particular lines in which you will have duties. The duties of this particular company consisting of keeping the communications between Division and Regimental Headquarters. There is a lot of wire stringing, pole climbing, telegraph, telephone, radio and message work. All-in-all it is very interesting and one doesn't have any time to loaf, what's more when 'retreat' is sounded at 5:00 P. M., you know you've done a very reasonable day's work for that 21 'bucks.'"



Mr. D. Merriman
Janitor—Forestry School



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