Hawkeyes in Columbine State

C. H. Greef
Iowa State College

Follow this and additional works at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester
Part of the Forest Sciences Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol12/iss1/8

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ames Forester by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact digirep@iastate.edu.
Hawkeyes in Columbine State

By C. H. Greet

Place. Grand Central Station, Colorado Springs, Col.
Enter. Ten would-be foresters with duffle bags, knapsacks and various imedimenta. The curtain is rung up. The show is on. Please keep your seats until the show is over.

Council is held at the station and the orders are to move out to the Fremont experiment station one and one-half miles from Manitou. The distance is not great but it is up hill all the way. The gang arrives at 11:00 P. M. hungry and tired. Beds are made on the hard floor and all hands turn in.

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

After a sleepless night Dr. Bates, who is in charge of the station, directs us around and shows us the interesting equipment and explains the latest experiments. Time is short so we hasten thru the station and hit out for Pikes peak. Our guide is a man of about "Andy’s" size. He is a glutton for punishment and tells us to do our resting on the down hill traveling. We are pretty green but we stick with him
and reach the foot of the mountain that night. The next day we go to the peak of the magnificent old mountain that guided the early pioneers across the great plains in former days. The climb and the scenery were indescribable but a bed felt mighty good that night.

After our mountain climbing trip we struck out for Fraser which was to be permanent headquarters for the rest of the summer. Fraser is a typical two garage town, with a fine highway running thru it. We ran right thru with the highway to a spot six miles from town. Here we offset a quarter of a mile into the timber and established camp.

The camp was a model one. Six army tents with running water in each tent. Chief Engineer Coville established the water system. The running water was important but the spruce beds will always command the warmest spots in our memory when we think of Fraser Camp. Ensconced in one of these it mattered not if mountain storm did rage. Nothing could disturb a snooze in a spruce bough bed.

Our social activities in camp were also of major importance. The leading club was the polar bears of which his highness Sam Battell was chief Woof Woof. Sam was aided and abetted by Svendby who saw to it that all the
good polar bears did their morning plunge in correct style. "Was the water cold? You tell 'em my teeth chatter."

Then also the wonderful nights of good fellowship around the campfire. A place to write letters and read around the cheery blaze. A place to write letters and read around the cheery blaze. A place to write letters and read around the cheery blaze. A place to write letters and read around the cheery blaze. A forum where we heard great tales of "I remember—etc." The campfire was also the seat of learning where Dr. Kaufmann told us how he built the Moffat Tunnel and Ranger Johnson told us how to run a national forest.

The serious side of summer camp was well cared for by our field trips. The mountains offered marvellous opportunities to study silviculture in its various phases. They also served as obstacles for us to hurdle after Perkins Coville had run a base line along their foot. However we enjoyed hiking up and down them in our cruising and mapping. There were also many small mills in the near vicinity of camp which we studied.

During the latter part of camp President Pearson and Dr. Pammel visited camp. President Pearson entertained us with the story of his trip thru the Yosemite National Park and spoke of meeting our chief, Professor MacDonald out there. Dr. Pammel opened our eyes to the beauty of
the wild flowers which were so abundant around camp. We kept Doc busy telling us what this and that flower was.

Thus the summer passed. A merry succession of morning dips, porridge, field work, peanut butter sandwiches, afternoon showers, and glorious sunsets. Then,

The campfire’s glow, the open sky,
A bed beneath the trees,
The solitude where embers die,
The forest scented breeze.

The deep dark woods where wood folk dwell,
Where rivers dash and foam,
The out-of-doors holds me in its spell,
And there I feel at home.

The duffle bags are packed. Reports are in. The curtain rings down on Camp Fraser.
JUST AS HARD-BOILED AS THEY LOOK
Foresters in the Tall Uncut 1916