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Summer Camp 1948

Ames Forestry Club

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Summer Camp 1948

June twenty-first, nineteen hundred forty-eight. This is the date. On this day the Kaniksu National Forest found it had one hundred and eight potential foresters eager to learn about the practices of forestry and the ways of the birds and bees.

To orient ourselves we'll catch a glimpse of Priest River.

The village of Priest River is located on U. S. highway 10 A and the main line of the Great Northern Railroad at the mouth of the Priest River Valley which extends north into Canada. It is the trading center for a large lumbering and agricultural area and is the gateway to beautiful Priest Lake. Industrial activities include 7 sawmills, 3 cedar pole yards, 4 shingle mills and large logging operations.

One of the most important things we learn at camp is to enjoy the full benefits of good fellowship. Students and faculty are well known to each other, and thus form the basis for this communal attitude in the affairs of the school. There are, of course, smaller groups within the body of students, but we are all tied together by the common bond of forestry, whether we are interested in the industrial wood technology, wildlife, or government aspects of our field. Thus, we see that the foresters present a large integrated body which has both needs and opinions, and further we see that the mode of expression is through this fellowship that exists at summer camp.

Beyond the technical matter of books we learned to appreciate the beauty and precepts of cultural subjects. You have heard of the man who couldn't see the forest for the trees—well, I'm sure that we saw much of the forest and by so doing acquired knowledge that was integrated to form a basis for the understanding of—"Why I Became a Forester."

While at camp I overheard a story which seemed to fit in with some of the conversion about the local loggers. I'd like to relay this story to you now—

It was Sunday afternoon in a small logging camp, just out of the grasp of civilization. Most of us had done nothing all day—sleeping and eating took much of our time. Mac was sitting on the brow-log at the landing, rolling a cigarette.

1. I'd. give a million bucks for that. 2. They don't grow that way back home. 3. A letter to the wife at the end of the day. 4. "A sailor told me before he died—" 5. Did you ever walk over a bear? 6. Monday morning. 7. You get hungry once in awhile. 8. He just found out he got two peanut butter sandwiches.

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"'Bout time the boat came up from town," he said. "Hope we get some mail. Guess there should be a new chokerman comin' up too."

No sooner had he finished than I could hear the roar of the V-8 which announced the arrival of the small boat—and in a few minutes it came around the point. Men came out of the bunk houses to get their mail, laundry and supplies. Mac and I stood to one side and watched. Sure enough, out stepped a pale faced chap about twenty-four. "That's the kid all right," said Mac. "Probably one of them varsity fellows."

He looked around until his gaze finally rested on us. "Where can I put my stuff?" he yelled.

"Over there," returned Mac, pointing to our bunk house. Ye Gods, so that kid would be bunking with Mac and me. Well, I guess we would take him under our wing; he'd probably need our help.

"Let's saunter over to the bunk house, Mac," I said. "We might as well put the kid straight." "Okay," retorted Mac, as he threw away his cigarette, "Let's rub it in."

As we came stomping in through the doorway we noticed the kid took the bunk in the corner opposite us. He had taken out a new pair of caulk boots and was busy finding the tops of his pajamas.

I laughed. "Pajamas, eh, kid? We don't bother with those things around here."

"Hope you didn't forget your gloves," chirped Mac. "You'll need them."

The kid didn't say a thing, just looked at us and smiled, and continued unpacking.

"Pretty tough boss we got here," I said. "Tom don't stand for no layin' around."

"Foods pretty awful," added Mac. "You gotta—Ouch!"

I kicked Mac, for standing in the doorway was Tom Mathews, the boss of the operation.

The kid brightened up. "Hi Tom," he said. "I was hoping to see you soon."

"Hello, Jake," said the boss, "I see you've already met the two chokermen." Then he turned to us. "In case you don't know it, this is Jake Saunders. He'll be taking my place for a couple of weeks. He's alright, Jake is—."

"Been in the bush all his life."

1. Off for the week end. 2. Bear-hair Muhm. 3. A short walk along the river. 4. A cool summer day. 5. The serenaders. 6. Well, does he—or doesn't he? 7. Ye olde' swimmin' hole. 8. We lost.
A Day At Camp

The clanging of the railroad iron calling the camp to breakfast, served to awaken the boys in barracks five. As I slipped slowly out of my sleeping bag I reviewed the activities which the coming day had in store for me. It wasn't so bad to think of the noon sack lunch, the bumpy ride in the truck, or the long wait for the afternoon mail, but the fact that we were to start a timber estimate was definitely depressing. After splashing the cold water on my face and dressing I started for the mess hall. I really should say I got as far as the door and found what I had thought to be a light drizzling rain was in reality a cloud burst. Rain—it was not only raining cats and dogs, but it was hailing taxi cabs. After putting on my leather jacket (which was more or less waterproof) I again started for the mess hall. On arrival I fell in behind the other late comers, hardly able to wait for my helping of burnt toast, dry cereal covered with condensed milk, and weak coffee. With breakfast over I trudged back to the barracks, eagerly peering into my sack lunch to see if I was issued two peanut butter and one egg salad sandwiches or one peanut butter and two egg salad. Upon finding two "egg salads" I immediately asked the nearest person if he'd like to trade one peanut butter for an "egg salad"—love that peanut butter.

Eight o'clock finally rolled around and we met in the recreation hall for a lecture concerning the problems facing us in the days work ahead. I got one big thing out of the lecture—the direction in which the compass lines were to be run—and then confident that the rest of the crew would get the rest of the information, I was over-taken by sleep.

Ten minutes after I was awakened by the rushing of feet denoting the end of the lecture, I found myself riding north on the road to Coolin. The fact that we were going toward Coolin led me to believe that I had missed out on an important bit of information. However, I had not, for the trucks came to a stop five miles short of the resort town. We unloaded, decided the best way to tackle the problem and then proceeded to sit down and have a smoke.

1. Northern Idaho. 2. Looking Glass look out. 3. Some lost their notes—some their courage. 4. Yes, roll is checked here too. 5. Albeni Falls. 6. Practical forestry. 7. Our Prof's. at work.

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The notekeeper was eager to get underway and hurried our smoking session with the words "here comes Goodspeed". We were soon off into the woods in an effort to avoid the embarrassing questions that the good professor might ask our thoroughly confused crew.

Noon arrived to find our efficient little three-sum working on its seventh plot. After devouring our yummy-crunchy lunches, we resumed our weary march through the woods. About three o'clock we decided we were lost, for there was no sign of the boundary we had layed out previously. Each of us went in a different direction in an attempt to locate the boundary. Upon finding it, we located the stake which we were to "tie in" on and proceeded to guide the compassman to the exact location. From the distance I heard footsteps followed by the sound of a loud voice yelling, "Just what do you think you're doing?"

Prof. Goodspeed himself came through the thicket. After a feeble explanation of my actions, I received full instructions as to how a crew should "tie in" on a stake.

After the sound of the great footsteps was no longer heard, we lured our notekeeper from under a nearby tree assuring him that the rain had ceased and that a little water would not hurt the notes. Three-thirty found us on the way back to the road where we were to meet the trucks.

On the trip back to camp we decided that more speed and efficiency was needed. Arriving back at camp, work was forgotten and I trudged toward the little green barrack bearing the number 5.

A Foresters Field Trip

This little yarn is a factual account of the happenings at ye olde I.S.C. summer camp near Priest River Idaho. Camp to many brings back memories of coolie labor, mosquitoes, and sack lunches. To the new Forester it means the getting close to nature and her wonders, trees and more trees. Not to discourage any dreams or memories this little gem article will dwell lightly on a Futilization trip to the Diamond Lighter Company’s fluming operation at the head of Priest Lake, look on any map for the darn place.

On this particular day camp was routed out of the sack at 6:54 to the tune of taps on Finley’s magic rail xylophone. A delightful breakfast of brown sugar and mud, Latin for coffee, was served cafeteria style by our happy cooks and cheery eyed KPs. We then grabbed our binding sack or lack lunches and piled into the trucks all set to ride with Prof. Whipcrack and his rough drivers. As usual the trip was dusty and rougher than h—l, but accomplished without a moan of any sort, foresters are gents at all times.

After two hours riding, slide rule computations, Priest Lake was sighted simmering through the trees like Nylons on a blond’s gams. At the lake shore we shoved off on a boat for the upper end of the lake for the flume and a shot of needed knowledge. The boat trip was fine only the guy running the boat wasn’t so hot compared to our truck drivers as he didn’t grind the gears to fit, hit the shore or any of the other cute tricks of a good driver. The landing was even smooth and no one was lost in the mad dash to get ashore and into more damn trucks. These trucks were what we finished the last leg of our drudge journey in.

At last we arrived at the flume where we were to be turned loose like a grasshopper plague. After a few instructions from Prof. Whipcracker such as; short report of this operation to include: a. speed of all water including toilet water. b. where the foreman got his false teeth. c. if Kilroy had been there. d. how fast a Biltmore stick would travel in the flume. With these very important things in mind everyone scattered from the evil eyed ones.

Our small party headed for the flume, scientific name, to get an idea what it looked like as one of us might want to build one from Ag. Hall to the Onion to speed up that cup of coffee. We made some plan drawings but weren’t TOO hopeful for success as Iowa water is hard and might break. We did make a Biltmore speed test by sending Spook running down the flume along side...
the stick. Took Spook six days to get back to camp but he had the pertinent poop. Further down the flume a landing strip was found but nothing even came close to landing there. This finished our quest of flume knowledge so we headed up the hill to watch the men work. This was the best part of the trip, being students a knowledge of work was lacking.

Men were scattered all over the hill, some were lost and getting gyppoed we found out, cutting down trees, roping them to be dragged by tractors to the flume. Along here I sure messed up on the report as some of the things were left out, but I still didn’t see a bucking log, any sort of cat, anyone choking while setting or felling down trees. Some day when I become a wheel, senior, these and the grading system will come to me.

This finished our knowledge quest at the flume except for an experiment conducted by Dean on leverage. He tried to find out if his falling body would break his leg if it were firmly wedged in the flume, yes, it broke.

The most interesting thing about the trip was the mess of logs that had erroded to the lake via the flume all in nice lengths from rubbing against the flume. One of the guys had seen pictures of Paul Bunyan, Foresters’ Frank Sinatra, walking on logs, so being unbalanced out he goes like in the pictures. Things went swell until Whipcrack’s voice lilted across the water, “get the hell off those logs,” he did and drowned.

This wound up the trip except the traveling back to camp via the dust bowl route. This is a days grind in itself. Boy, even the sight of our solitary confinement was tops for us after our little tramp over hill and dale.

Now this last isn’t part of the field trip, just a sermon in general about camp. Things weren’t so bad except for the reports that had to be written covering the rise and fall of humanity and Foresters in particular. Slaveculture was another “SCHWELL” as from the first day on we counted and recounted all the trees in Idaho, drew curves and charts that proved that growing trees do grow. Mensuration or marsh trudging was one continual fight to survive against mosquitoes, drowning, or being caught breathing by the prof. Futilization was trip after trip to see men riding on a moving platform waving silly to another by a big saw, or J. Beerstein helping drive logs through mill walls. I never did find out what the other course was because when lecture started some smell nearby had me out cold, seemed to come from cans filled with brown stuff. One thing they can’t take away from me is the dirt ground into my pelt or the nights that were free for us to ex-lax.

*Nineteen Forty-nine*
Hope to see everyone at junior camp. Lodgepole 12-3; lodgepole 12-3; lodgepole 12-3; steady old man now you can forget camp as this article is finished.

Iowa State College Forestry Department Issues Statement About Excessive Fatalities at I.S.C. Forestry Camp During Summer of '48

A statement issued by the I.S.C. Forestry Department explained the ten most prevalent causes of fatalities which were incurred at the '48 camp. The ten reasons were claimed to be listed in the chronological order of importance as follows:

1. Cerebral hemorrhages due to "cramming" for silvicultural quiz, reports, etc.
2. Bodily exhaustion from efforts to study Dr. Bensends class of wood utilization at the weekly woodpile "exercises".
3. Shock from thinking of hats ($2.98 and down) lost off of trucks enroute to morning classes in the woods.
4. Instantaneous death from vibrations received when the "chow gong" goes off.
5. Delayed death due to frustrations—(truck drivers).
6. Suffocation from dust inhaled from trucks up ahead.
7. Slow death from severe bruises received by sudden stopping of trucks.
8. Fatalities due to "water-on-the-knee" from excessive immersion of logs in swamp areas while hunting for Goodspeed's transect boundaries and underwater algae.
9. The "Black Death" disease resulting from the absorption of ink.
10. Over-exertion from pre-supper relaxation, swimming, letter reading, log burling, sun bathing, horseshoes, and vociferous griping.
Members of the Forestry Club

Front Row: Robertson, Reynolds, Evans, Oilschlaeger, Schmidt, Young, Johnson
Second Row: Haygreen, Crellin, Conger, Einspahr, Sapousek, Criswell
Third Row: Rezeboom, Paiton, Doolittle, Ehrlich, Timko, Drexler, Stoppel
Fourth Row: Hartman, Clay, Gossard, McAndrews, Hertel, Zeinert
Fifth Row: Jahnke, Haack, Buchholz, Lodge, Johnson, Rymer, Hanna
Top Row: Galgano, Edwards, Bonson, Sprick, Love, Jordan, Posekany, Gates

Front Row: Peterson, O., Fixsen, Landman, Taylor, Sherbring, Anderson, Popp
Second Row: Goddard, Mohler, Pietsch, Willason, Grimes, DeKalb, Grist
Third Row: Kiemle, Hadacek, Webber, Enos, Horton, Hasek
Fourth Row: Takes, Hammond, Potter, Homan, Hills, Horak, Gaffney
Top Row: Wicks, Brabham, Petersen, E., Campen, Martin, Merriam, Kiewel

Nineteen Forty-nine
FRESHMEN


SOPHOMORES


JUNIORS


SENIORS


Ames Forester