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Forestry Summer Camp 1949

Ames Forestry Club

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IT Forestry Summer Camp 1949

IOWA STATE COLLEGE Summer Camp had five instructors this summer. Professor Bendsend was in charge of the camp with Professor Kellogg instructing Silviculture, Mr. Thomson with Mensuration, Mr. Herrick taking care of Utilization and Professor MacDonald handling National Forest Operations.

The camp was located in the Kaniksu National Forest on the experimental forest. It was an old abandoned CCC camp, F-127, located 15 miles north of Priest River, Idaho.

Former students will remember one of the cooks, Ethel Rukers, who was assisted by Faye Kelly this year. They were excellent cooks, supplying us with plenty of jelly on our peanut-butter sandwiches.

Weekly campfires helped to break the monotony of writing reports. Each week, on Thursday night, one of the barracks would supply the entertainment, consisting of skits, jokes and songs. One of the most successful campfires was held the last week of camp when all of the barracks combined talents to present a going-away show.

Although fishing remained poor this summer, many trout and sunfish were fried on the old cookstove. Chase Lake also furnished excellent bass fishing.

The students took advantage of several trips during the summer. Over the Fourth of July weekend, two trucks went to Grand Coulee Dam in eastern Washington. Several trips were made to Cavanaugh Bay and Coolin on Priest Lake. Other points of interest visited were Spokane and famous Coeur D'Alene Lake. Some of the fellows were even fortunate enough to get into Seattle one weekend.

Volleyball and softball games were a regular feature in the camp's recreational program. An intramural volleyball tournament was held with cherry pie and ice cream for prizes. Every Sunday there was a softball game with ISC coming out on top with a 100 per cent winning average.

Only one real accident happened during the summer besides numerous cuts, bruises and bee stings. When the second course
of Utilization went to see E. C. Olson's logging operations on East River we nearly lost two of our Foresters. Watching a two man felling crew in action, several of the men were standing on a pine log on the side of a steep hill. The log gave way and Albert Taube found himself being chased down the hill by it. Fortunately for him he tripped and fell in a small depression and the log rolled over him leaving him none the worse for his experience. Less fortunate was Fred Moepler, who was standing on the log. He dove for safety when the log started rolling but was hit in the back before he reached safety. Although it was nothing serious, he was mighty stiff in his joints and will carry the scars for many a day.

Another great problem during the summer was the dry weather. Dusty roads were a daily occurrence which kept everyone very unhappy. Also, the fire problem was the worst since 1918.

1. "Dave" and "Benny" thinking up a hard problem.
2. The "Ponderosa Five".
3. He's getting practice for Paul Bunyan Day.
4. Sure is a big log.
5. You guessed it! Priest River Summer Camp.
6. We made it and didn't even need the ax, but where does this go?
7. Where did all these logs come from?
Now it can be told! Written especially for the "Ames Forester" the true story of the Iowa State College Forestry Summer Camp of 1949. This authoritative article has been carefully compiled by two "Forester" reporters who disguised themselves in red hats, dirty tin pants, faded work shirts, and loggers' boots and mingled with the campers in order to get the true facts. Unfortunately, these courageous workers must remain anonymous, as they are still in school here and wish to remain. Here, then, is their story.

* * * * *

A few days after we had been informed of our secret mission out to summer camp, my colleague and myself decided to really see the West and save a little gold by riding out to camp on the trucks. As you may know, the Forestry Department maintains a fleet of five, 36 passenger, forest green convertibles for the sole purpose of transportation to and about camp. It was in one of these deluxe limousines that we left Ames one sunny morning in the early part of June. The trucks rode thru three rainy mornings and arrived in Idaho one sunny morning five days later. After the trip we felt just like the guy that joined the Navy to see the world; here we ride out West in the open trucks so that we can see the country and it is just like riding in a submarine.

The camp itself was an old C.C.C. camp that was used during the war to house prisoners of war. It now serves as a winter home for rats, mice, coons, ground squirrels and other assorted denizens of the woods. We shared our quarters with some of the regular winter residents and paid tribute to them all during our stay in the manner of cookies, candy bars and the remainders of yesterday's lunch. Several of these little fellows breathed their last during our stay and I can honestly say that their passing was smelt by all.

The barracks were beautiful little cottages number more or less four. They measured about twelve bunks long by about

1. We were amphibious also.
2. The "cooks" even helped out with the campfires.
3. It sure is a long climb up.
4. The famous flume again.
5. Bear-face Haskill.
6. Those logs will sure make a lot of matches.
two bunks wide. The distance from the center beam was a scant T. J. Bauer . . . hence the absence of many of the light bulbs along this beam in barracks one. The outside of the barracks was done in peeling green and white while the inside was tastefully festooned with dirty clothes, half dirty clothes, and foresters’ dainties which just recently had been exposed to the gentle cleansing action of Chlorox and Oxydol. All these added a woodsy aroma to the already woodsy atmosphere. Each of the barracks side walls was decorated with a full length mural. These two murals were more or less in a modern vain, their design having been worked in such unorthodox mediums as grimy fingers, knives lumber crayons and the like. Since the work on this mural was done by a number of artisans it was only fitting that they all sign the work, and some even went so far as to write tender inscriptions to lady friends and others on the wall. The woodsy occupants of the shack played an important part in the completion of the mural in that they served as moving targets for an almost endless stream of boots, whose prints made delightful patterns on the wall.

But as to the real purpose of our stay in scenic Northern Idaho—Most of our time was taken up in such uplifting occupations as: eating, reading (westerns and other high type slush), sleeping, shooting the bull, eating, writing T. S. stories to loved ones, sleeping, going to town for that occasional soda (well, anyway, it had froth on the top!) and last but not least, sleeping. Optional with those who wished to remain in school, the department set up four courses more or less pertaining to forestry and designed to take up our slack time.

Each of the courses was about 12 days in length and was as follows:

Forestry 214; picnic sites, their location and utilization. The work in this course consisted of riding around in the limousines for four hours in the morning inspecting various likely picnic sites in the general area. At about noon, we chose a suitable site and utilized it. The rest of the day was spent in promiscuous burping, and studying other sites that we might have stopped at and often wished we had. Entertainment was frequently provided by Prof. Kellogg who required that we chew down a tree

1. Valentine-Clark-Pole treating plant of Newport, Wash.
2. Boom logging—E. C. Olson operation.
5. One of our future “Foresters”.
6. Diamond Match Co.—Newport, Wash.

Nineteen Fifty
now and again (with a double bitted axe), dig holes and make notations on various things. Prof. Kellogg, realizing that most foresters are most proficient in the art of judging and interpreting curves of various sorts, had us transform our daily observations into curves for quick easy interpretation . . . whatever that means.

Next was Forestry 242; a snappy little course in natural and applied fudge factors. This course may also be sub-titled "taming the wilds", for it was here that we learned how to transform the timber in a 7 million acre tract of completely untamed wilderness into a nice neat row of figures copied in a round hand on a clean sheet of engine problems paper. The whole process called for skill with the compass, accuracy in judging, fluency in "french", accuracy in fudging, the patience of Job, a mathematician's brain, and just a hell of a lot of a lot of luck. 'Nuff sed!

Ahhhhh . . . and then there was Forestry 250; N. F. O., which stands for National Forest Operation. We did lots of things in this course. One time we spent a whole afternoon fighting a string stretched thru the woods. We hacked down trees, grubbed out underbrush, dug down to mineral soil and sweated blood for three hours to keep the string from advancing across our fire line. I might add that the contest was successful, and so far as I know the string has not advanced a single inch since we left it. Another day the whole camp, seated comfortably in the limousines, toured the whole of scenic Northern Idaho looking at various forest developments . . . and playing pinochle. The crew saw Canada that day, or at least a mountain that was reputed to be in Canada.

Last but not least came Forestry 234; utilization or something. This was a course to end all courses. Each day the class visited a wood utilizing industry (usually this meant a saw mill). Upon arrival at the mill, the class divided themselves into three groups. The first group, consisting of about half of the class members, immediately dispatched themselves to the log pond. Here they spent several happy hours at an occupation which they called log burling. They frolicked about in the pond, falling on and off logs, ducking and splashing each other for the whole length of our visit. The child-like cries of this crew warmed the heart of many a mill worker. Of the remaining half, one large portion went into a group, which, on arrival at the mill, would seek out some nice, quiet place to sit and lounge. Here away from all the rush and bother of the civilized world, they (or perhaps better, we, but this is a story, not a confession) would smoke a home roll, eat their lunch and otherwise bide the hours until it was time to return home. The remaining two or three
students were the ones that went thru the mill. They took notes on everything, made sketches of machinery and asked all manner of pertinent questions of the employees (and invariably got, "I da-know, 'ass that fella over dare,' he's-ah boss" for an answer). Later that night, back home, these workers carefully transcribed their notes and wrote up big fat reports on the day's activities. As soon as they had finished, they would be besieged with all sorts of requests.

"Say, Sig," one of the requesters might be heard to say, "let me check my data with yours, huh?" or maybe, "I'm a little confused on this carriage detail, Sig, can you let me see how you did it for a sec?"

All these fancy words mean the same thing—let me copy your report will you? (Copy is such a cruel word!)

These utilization boys were the boys who got to go to town almost every day. It was quite a sight to see one of the I. S. C. pseudo-loggers, his lustrous beard and his red hat, strolling down the streets of one of the nearby towns. More than one of the little town kiddies was heard to remark to his mother, "Oh, mommy, look at the funny man!"

* * * * *

All joking aside we had a great bunch of men out there in the wilds of northern Idaho this summer, and our profs can't be beat. To attempt to tell about all of the good times that we had last summer would be sheer folly in itself. So I am afraid that I will have to leave the tails of Canoe Shoe Clark, Hungie Georgegate, Toby, the barracks "wars", of our camp fires and all the other real goodies to the fellows that lived them . . . after all, I guess I have to leave them some stories to tell their grandchildren.

And while I am still rambling, I want to be sure and mention two of the greatest gals in the world. Known for their good humour and for their understanding of a guy's stomach, Ethyl and Kelly, the camp cooks, will long remain dear in the memories of all.

A toast to the summer campers of 1950, "May your camp be one-half as riotous as the immortal one of 1949!" And as one final bit of advice . . . when you go out to camp, leave the silk pajamas at home 'cause you will hardly ever use 'em.
Forestry Club Members

Front Row: Ramsey, Evans, Grimes, Ewing, Gallagher, Neveln.
Fifth Row: McCrory, Hensel, Finley, Wiant, Maynard, Gates.
Top Row: Schlotter, Gill, Potter, Dose, Haas, Hansen.

Second Row: Kuefner, Smith, Riddle, Anderson, Jones, Keister.
Third Row: Sapousek, Barnes, Stamy, Ehrlich, Rush.
Fourth Row: Kenneally, Wahlgren, Hartman, Merritt, Lang, Marsh.
Fifth Row: Connor, Jahnke, Lodge, McMillan, Hennings.
Top Row: Brabham, Merriam, Schadt, Simon, Jensen.

Ames Forester
SENIORS


Juniors


Nineteen Fifty
SOPHOMORES


FRESHMEN