Summer Camp '77

Ames Forestry Club
During the summer camp of 1977 in Greenough, Montana, we students did not limit our education to the four subjects being taught by the instructors. Besides being well versed in forest ecology, wood ecology, wood utilization, forest resource measurements, and multiple use operations, we also became familiar with the use of axes, knives, potato peelers, closets, and Dodge van windows.

Gary Stephan and Dave Johnson were considerate enough to take time from their studies in order to demonstrate to the rest of us the extended use of the hatchet and 3/4 axe. The purpose of Gary's demonstration was to show that a sharp hatchet works as well on calculators as it does on wood. Dave, however, seemed to value his calculator more than his foot and proved that a foot could be cut even through the formidable protection of a tennis shoe. It cost him several stitches and two weeks on crutches, but the rest of us thought it was well worth the lesson learned.

Knife safety was demonstrated to us by Mark Woolley during Dr. Thomson's visit to camp. Dr. Thomson was generous enough to provide several large watermelons in order that we might have an after
The idea of a warm cozy cabin into his Ames Forester interpreted the phrase a little differently, as she changed a chipmunk's the two cabins.

Those attempts at 'keeping our humor' must have been fairly successful since no reports were made of permanent insanity due to 'booking it' too hard.

Weekends became quite a treat for us while we were at camp and it would have been a next to impossible task to keep tabs on all forty-nine of us. Saturdays and Sundays were perfect for short camping trips, during which some of us even discovered the art (pleasure) of skinny dipping in 40° stream pools without causing any serious damage to ourselves... like our health. Warmer blooded people preferred the solar heated Blackfoot River, upon which they rode down in inner-tubes. Of course, the cooler of beer had an inner tube all its own, and while the journey started out being one big water party, it ended up being one big body-fry, as the temperature reached well over 80° that day.

The Holding Company, a discothèque in Missoula, was a popular place to meet on weekend nights on the town. In fact, it wasn't long before we were no longer 'carded' at the door since everyone knew who we were. Popular music, however, wasn't our only choice to dance to. On one occasion many of us met, quite by chance, at the Flamingo Room of the Park Hotel in Missoula to listen and dance to the hand clappin', foot stompin' music played by the Salt Creek bluegrass band.

Homework and weekend activities were not the only things that kept us busy during our six week session. Each of us was assigned one week of KP duty which entailed assisting the cook in food preparation, serving the food, and cleaning up after the meal.

Potatoes were a favorite vegetable for the evening meal, and needless to say, this required the peeling of hundreds of pounds of them; a job which was delegated students on KP. This job was not a favorite of Gary Bosch's (who often got stuck with it anyway), and in an imaginative effort to relieve himself of the duty, he sliced off the tip of his left index finger. The injury, however, was not so serious that Gary couldn't serve out the rest of his KP week mopping floors and wiping tables.

On the fourth Saturday evening meal the score was: Diners-4 and Servers-6, during an all-camp post-meal foil fight (from the baked potatoes); another attempt at keeping our humor. The servers didn't normally have trouble like this, and this particular uprising was attributed to the mounting tensions of four weeks of homework and not the food.

While working on KP we students became quite proficient at the sport of towel whipping, not as a means to aggravate, but in our own defense against the cook, Laura Schilling. Laura was an expert towel snapper who had a range of one half the length of a cafeteria, and often used her skills to keep the KP students in line and on their toes.

The cafeteria also doubled as a classroom/study hall which was utilized mainly for Dr. David Countryman's forest measurement class. The tables served well for spreading out our map projects (the

Ransom note: To whom it may concern: We have Koral. We demand one Woolley pillow in return. Drop it off at the big PiPo by the Royal Gem CLEAN!! the R.G's
map *must* have measured five feet by six feet!) on which we spent many LONG hours, sometimes completing our work just before breakfast. The actual drawing of the map, however, was only half the entire project. An entire week was spent in the field collecting data in crews of 5 students each. These crews ran a boundary traverse around a 30 acre plot, taking elevation measurements, and eventually laying out several sampling plots. Most of us used hand compass and pace to locate these sample plots, but Kim Coder decided against this method, and by calculating the circumference of his waist, located his crew's plots using the "hand compass and roll" method. He usually started by tripping over a strategically placed log.

These same crews of five often worked together in Ole Helgerson's forest ecology class. In this class several things were emphasized, including the importance of boots which was demonstrated by Ole himself when he purposely stomped across a creek to bypass slow rock-jumpers and log-crossers. Another topic which was stressed was the effects on a forest from "a four legged bovine which gives forth lactile, good for young and old alike."

Ole often lent his own brand of levity by performing his imitation of Floppy, a children's afternoon cartoon TV star. This not only gained our attention, but also our admiration for Ole since no one could do the imitation quite like he could.

We all felt fortunate to have Dr. Dwight W. Bensend as our wood utilization instructor since it was his last summer camp before retirement. We were especially impressed by his vast knowledge of wood processing for which he is well known. He often corrected and supplemented the information given to us by the tour guides during our trips through nearby mills.

At the close of our six week session we presented Dr. Bensend with a plaque in appreciation of his years of service to the forestry students of ISU.

Dr. Wendall Beardsley's multiple-use operations class involved trips to seven different forest management organizations, each with a different set of purposes and goals, giving us insight to the many aspects of forest management.

On one of these trips, Rich Straight, during one of his sessions of story telling for which he is famous, repaid a gas station attendant's courtesy by shutting the attendant's fingers in a Dodge van window. This happened as Rich pulled the pop-out window shut in order for the attendant to wash it. Rich, engrossed in his story, was unaware that the attendant's fingers were in the way.

On the last Sunday night of camp the instructors provided refreshments around a campfire where Ole Helgerson, accompanied by a few other students, provided banjo and guitar sing-a-long music, and the "Royal Gems" provided entertainment in the form of a skit which included impersonations of the four instructors.

All in all, the forestry camp of 1977 was an enjoyable, as well as educational experience, remembered fondly by all of us; the students, the instructors, and the cook alike.
Cooling off after a hot day of tours, the group makes use of the greenhouse fans.

Burlington-Northern logging operations near camp.

MEMORIES . . .

Chipmunks eating everything; apples, sandwiches, and those precious, rationed cookies.
Choking in the dust riding in the back of the truck.
Who could forget the time Bob P. peeked under the floorboards at Mikie's pet mouse and the poor thing jumped up, rolled over twice and died of heart failure. (Bob wasn't that ugly.)

Dan Hertel: (the night in the Bob Marshall Wilderness) "... Hes... Hes... sler... H.E.L.P!!! I think it's a bear!"

Remember the panic when we thought George would drive us over the side of the mountain?
Ole: "'Gul darn!'"
The coed buddy system works well on field trips. Instead of one getting lost in the woods, two can!

Wasn't somebody tied in the outhouse once?
How about the morning Dr. Beardsly sat down on that broken chair and landed in a heap on the floor? (Wonder who fixed that up?)

Some of the guys were pretty worried about their looks around all the girls. . . . All the mirrors in the guys john disappeared.
Don't forget how Dr. Countryman taught us to be graceful foresters. It's not everyone who can fall down in the swamp on the traverse.

Remember the big white horse who kept poking his nose in the classroom? No, you late night partiers, you weren't dreaming!!

Hey, Robin! Did you ever eat that moss you were stewing for four days?

I AM A LUMBERJACK
(REVISIEd VERSION)

Oh, I am a lumberjack and I'm okay I sleep all night and work all day I put on ladies dresses and go down to the bars.

Oh, I am a lumberjack and I'm okay I work all night, I sleep all day I'm up at six to do KP and get those 'taters peeled.

Oh, I am a lumberjack and I'm okay I work all night, I sleep all day I cut and fill and pace out chains I rot out all my brains

Oh, I am a lumberjack and I'm okay I work all night, I sleep all day I go to all the local mills and wish they all were stills.

Oh, I am a lumberjack and I'm okay I work all night, I sleep all day I follow Ole till I'm sick of Ribies and Kinnikinnick.

Gary Bosch hard at work despite his battle with the potato peeler.

"From the students of your last summer camp . . ."