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Forestry Summer Camp
1983

by Jane Riesberg

This article is dedicated to the few, the chosen, who actually know that there is a Sheffield, Pennsylvania in this vast world in which we live. Yes, I am talking to you, 1983 forestry summer camp members. Don't deny it. I saw you there, for I too was among the chosen.

It all began innocently enough on June 12th when thirty-one students entered the old YCC camp, nestled in the midst of the Allegheny National Forest. Awaiting our arrival were Dr. Jungst, Dr. Colletti, and Dr. Hall, each with grins on their faces as they anticipated the grueling weeks ahead.

In the weeks that were to follow, we all learned many things from each instructor.

From Dr. Jungst we learned:
1) That mensuration and rain were synonymous — one could not be done without the other.
2) That a dog (Ginger) isn't really a man's best friend but really a student's warning signal of its approaching master.
3) That "mensuration" isn't a dirty word after all and is a vital part of forestry.

From Dr. Hall we learned:
1) That three-foot wide trails along the side of a steep hill were meant for five-foot wide vans, not goats.
2) That white pine CAN and WAS on many occasions, identified from a distance of 3 miles.
3) That counting the needles on a western hemlock wasn't a waste of time, nor were the many other experiments and projects we conducted during our stay.
From Dr. Colletti we learned:

1) That there was no such thing as "too many mill reports."
2) That Hammermill Paper Company believes that robots are the next best thing to God.
3) That if you've seen one lumber mill you haven't seen them all (if you don't believe me, I've got a BIG stack of mill reports to prove it).

In our spare time there were horseshoes and volleyball to be enjoyed by all. An evening trip to Sheffield's Pour House was said to work miracles for the spirit. Deer were easily viewed during long walks after dinner. We even had a mother bear and her cubs visit us occasionally. A final visit to the "pod" to share a few bad jokes with friends by the campfire ended most summer days.

By the time we couldn't digest yet another peanut butter sandwich and realized there were no more cookies to raid in the kitchen, it was time to go home. Another summer camp had ended, leaving us with our memories and new found friends.