THE 1956 MICHIGAN TECH

Forester

Published annually by the
Forestry Club

MICHIGAN COLLEGE OF MINING & TECHNOLOGY

at

Houghton, Michigan

Volume VII May, 1956
He who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, 
the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come to 
these enchantments, is the rich and royal man.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Painted by the greatest Artist and framed by nature, the beauty 
of Bond’s Falls deep in the Ottawa National Forest can be photo­
graphed by any free man. Scenes like this are more and more an 
antidote for the tired minds, frayed nerves, and lagging muscles of 
our modern age. Almost thirty-three million Americans visited the na­
tional forests last year. As the pace of industrial life increases so, 
also, does the need and importance of the recreational facilities of 
our state and national parks, forests, and wilderness areas.

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The 1956 edition of the Michigan Tech Forester is our seventh issue. The entire staff has contributed generously of their time to make this publication the best ever produced.

This has really been a heavy year for the entire school. A new club feature was the Fall welcome for Frosh foresters. Then, in November, the Club was pleased with a most successful Lumberjack Ball. This year keen interest was shown in intramural sports. The Club had men participating in all sports—we even took several trophies. After Christmas, Winter Carnival was on us, with the foresters running off with the first place in snow statues.

The biggest interest of the whole winter was the Michigan Tech Huskies on the ice. They showed other schools we could play hockey up here in the North country, winning second place in W. I. H. L. competition and going on to Colorado Springs for the tournaments. The College held exams a week early so that a train-full of Huskie rooters could be organized to accompany a fine team to the games at Colorado Springs.

Come spring, the foresters will start a project they have been trying to earn money for all year—repair of the Otter River Camp. The Field Day, another new event of your Michigan Tech Forestry Club, was again held at Otter River. The senior spring banquet topped off the fullest year in club history.

To the many Foresters who have contributed work to the Annual, our sincere thanks. Now the ink is dry on your copy of the 1956 Michigan Tech Forester. We hope you like it.

—NORMAN F. SLOAN,
Student Editor

. . . The Staff

STUDENT EDITOR . . . . . . . . . . . . . Norman Sloan
FEATURE EDITOR . . . . . . . . . . . . . Ralph Colberg
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AND FACULTY SPONSOR . Dr. Gene A. Hesterberg
Ernie Townsend has spent his entire professional career as a member of the Michigan Tech staff—first as an instructor, then as head of the Department of Engineering Administration until his appointment as controller and treasurer in 1949.

During his twenty-five years as a staff member, he has earned the respect and confidence of colleagues and students. Fair and forthright, he has put the good of the college above individual or departmental interests and thus has best served an institution that is fortunate to have him on its team.

In recognition of the quarter-century of devotion to what is right and good for all, this Forester is dedicated to Ernest J. Townsend.
CLASS OF

Enzio Bacia
Houghton

Roger Edmonds
Sault Ste. Marie

Vernon Fitzpatrick
Beaverton

Lionel Freese
Hillsdale, N. J.

Arthur Hamman
Battle Creek

David Lee
Clarkston

Dick Lindberg
Muskegon

Robert Roach
Muskegon

Ken Robert
Marinette, Wisc.
Donald Scott
Dearborn

Joseph Shaw
Dearborn

John Stewart
Saginaw

Louis Verch
Wakefield

SANS PHOTO:

James Bailey, Chicago, Ill.
Ralph E. Colberg, Oscoda
Paul R. Haarala, Chassell
William J. Kallio, Chatham

George J. Krawchuk,
Chicago, Ill.
Richard J. Langlois,
Marinette, Wis.
John N. Kressbach, Monroe
Faculty Award

On Friday evening, June 3, 1955 over two hundred students, along with administrative officials and faculty members of the College, and guests, gathered at the Memorial Union Ballroom for the annual Honors Convocation ceremonies. The Faculty Association Award for 1954-55 was presented to Professor U. J. Noblet, Head of the Forestry Department, by Grover C. Dillman. In presenting this award, Dr. Dillman said, in part, "... his colleagues have selected him in recognition of his long service, courage and enthusiasm in the establishment and development of the educational and research facilities of the Department of Forestry; for his patient missionary work on improved forest management resulting in conservative cutting practices to further enhance the conservation of Michigan forests; and for his establishment of leadership for the College in the field of forestry which has resulted in the donation to the College by the Ford Motor Company Fund of the sawmill, timberlands, and facilities at Alberta now known as the Ford Forestry Center."

Professor Noblet, affectionately known by Tech foresters as "Bert", was instrumental in the establishment of the first forestry classes in the fall of 1936. In addition to an impressive list of contributors to both local and civic organizations, he has contributed much service to a number of forestry and conservation committees. He was chairman of the Wisconsin-Michigan Section of the Society of American Foresters in 1950. Currently, he is a member of the board of directors of the Timber Producers Association. Also, Professor Noblet has been named as one of the five foresters which constitutes the Board of Registration for Foresters in the State of Michigan.
The Department of Forestry

PROFESSOR U. J. NOBLET
Head, Forestry Department

LOCATION OF THE SCHOOL

The Michigan College of Mining and Technology is located at Houghton in the heart of the major timber-producing district of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and of the Lake States in general. Because of this ideal location for teaching forestry, it has been possible to combine the advantages of class instruction with practical field work during the entire school year.

Forestry students at the College have the opportunity of getting their training in an area which has the most extensive stands of virgin northern hardwoods left in the Lake States. There are many thousands of acres of pine, balsam, spruce, and cedar which have never been logged. But there is, in addition, another side to the opportunities for the student. Not only can he appreciate and familiarize himself with relatively unexploited wild land, but he also is able to see practical forestry at work. Three large private timber-owning companies in the vicinity have committed part or all of their lands to selective logging. Similarly, the nearby Ottawa National Forest is a vast study area of forest management on abandoned cut-over lands and in second-growth timber. Frequent field trips are taken to selected locations to study this practical forestry at first hand.
EDUCATION AND TRAINING FACILITIES

The summer following the freshman year is devoted to a complete course in field surveying. During the next summer, sophomore foresters attend the regular forestry summer camp at the Ford Forestry Center of the College. Here, at Alberta, ten weeks of intensive instructions are given in the several phases of forestry which cannot be treated adequately in the field laboratories during the regular school year. The summer camp is located in the heart of a 1,700 acre tract of northern hardwoods which have been under forest management for 15 years. Accent is placed on timber cruising, forest type mapping, timber marking for partial cutting, log scaling and grading, forest land subdivision, and allied work. The practical experiences gained at the Ford Forestry Center summer camp are an invaluable asset to the student when he takes a job in the profession of forestry.

Located within one-half mile of the main campus are 524 acres of forest land acquired by the College from the Isle Royale Mining Company. Much of the tract is oak-sugar maple forest, but part of the land is in pine plantations. Additional plantings are made in this area each spring by the entire forestry student body. A small piece of this land is reserved for the College Arboretum.

Near Baraga, Michigan, the College owns 150 acres of aspen-balsam fir pulpwood forest. This tract provides ample opportunity for field work and training in the silviculture and management problems associated with this important forest type. In another area is the Clarence B. Randall Research Forest which comprises 241 acres of land and half-million board feet of old-growth northern hardwood timber. This latter unit serves a dual purpose. It is set aside as a "museum forest" of this valuable timber type; it also serves as a training ground for student instruction in cruising "virgin" timberlands of inaccessible areas.

Besides the College-owned forest lands so essential in the training and development of competent professional foresters, the Forestry Department maintains a lodge on the Otter River, about 25 miles from the campus. This modern log camp and 20 acres of forest land, embracing one part of the area's best trout waters, was a contribution of the Michigan Department of Conservation. The Otter River Camp serves as the center for student outings throughout the four seasons. Use of the lodge by foresters is encouraged; it is believed such camp-life experiences yield excellent lessons in social development of the students and in their maturing to more responsible citizenship.

Emphasis throughout the training program is on work afield. Although accent is placed on giving Tech foresters all the advantages of practical "know-how", the curriculum is adjusted to provide a broad, well-rounded background in the field of forestry. The student is required to take such courses as those in soils, silviculture, forest pathology, logging, aerial photogrammetry, wildlife management, forest law, and forest management. The course of study enables the
student to comprehend the complex and finely interwoven problems which face the forester. He is taught to appreciate and to understand problems of the game manager, the soil conservation man, and the production forester. The objective is to train the young forester so that he can truly make the forest provide the greatest good for the greatest number of people.

Students interested in Wildlife Management may arrange their program to provide basic educational needs in this phase of conservation work. Botany, Plant Ecology, Soils, Zoology, and Ornithology can be included in the schedule of electives. In addition, research on a wildlife management problem of local importance may provide excellent training for upper classmen. The College does not, however, offer the Bachelor of Science degree in Wildlife Management.

RECREATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES AT THE COLLEGE

Hard work is not the only outlook for the Tech forester. Since the main campus is located deep in Michigan’s north country, the out-of-doors man has an unparalleled opportunity to enjoy good hunting and good fishing. White tail deer are plentiful; black bear are fairly common. The vast timberlands of Upper Michigan support the last remaining colonies of the timber wolf in the Eastern United States. Small game is plentiful—snowshoe hare, ruffed grouse, sharp-tail grouse, spruce hen. The College is within seven miles of the Sturgeon River Marsh, one of the largest waterfowl marshes in the western part of the Upper Peninsula. The most productive trout streams are within a short driving distance of the campus. Adjacent streams yield brook, brown and rainbow trout; big rainbows ascending streams on their spring spawning “run” provide unusual sport fishing. Portage Lake, at the edge of the campus, yields excellent pike, walleye, and perch fishing.

The Michigan Tech Forestry Club is the “ignition system” which sparks organized recreational activities of forestry students. All foresters are encouraged to join the Club, which asks a nominal membership fee. Each fall the Club sponsors a “buck shoot” and “bear shoot” contest; each spring the Annual Trout Fishing Derby is held. The Club is active in most campus affairs: Intramural Sports, Winter Carnival, Homecoming Parade, and Engineering Show. Each fall the foresters sponsor their “Lumberjack Ball”, a most unique social function. Shortly after the deer season the Forestry Club treats the membership to a free venison dinner at the Memorial Union. In season, the “rabbit booyaw” and the “smelt feed” are prepared as a function of Tech Foresters. Each May, the Forestry Club arranges a “Farewell” banquet in honor of the graduating senior foresters. Throughout the year, all club members are encouraged to use the facilities of the Michigan Tech Forestry Lodge on the Otter River.

GENE A. HESTERBERG
Forestry Department
Associate Professor,
VERNON W. JOHNSON

Assistant Professor
GENE A. HESTERBERG

Assistant Professor
HELMUTH STEINHILB
Assistant Professor
ROBERT T. BROWN

Graduate Teaching Assistant
JOHN R. HORNICK

Instructor
C. RICHARD CROWTHER
Hardwood Logging Residue Survey

During the summer of 1955 the Forest Products Research Division conducted a survey of hardwood logging residue. It is well known that a considerable volume of every sawlog tree cut is left in the woods. Until now, however, it was not known just how much volume was wasted. This survey is the first phase of a larger project in which the Forest Products Research Division is attempting to develop methods and equipment for harvesting this logging residue.

This past year’s field work was designed to answer the following questions:

1. What volume is left in the woods per thousand board feet of merchantable materials?
2. What volume is left per acre in cuttings of various intensities?
3. What is the relationship between amount of residue material and (1) tree size, (2) species?
4. What is the classification of residue material by size of pieces of usable form and quality?

It was determined that logging residue falls into two major classes — Class I—that which is tree-related; Class II—that which is job-related. In the former class are limbwood, top-butts, long-butts, and other portions of the bole which are cut out and left behind as unmerchantable. In the latter are such things as trees pushed over or broken off by falling crop trees, trees cut in road and trail construction, and logs and trees which are cut but for one reason or another are left behind after the operation is finished.

Measurement of the residue left after the harvesting of 500 hardwood trees in eight scattered locations in the Upper Peninsula revealed that for every thousand board feet (Scribner Decimal C, gross scale) of sawlogs cut, there is produced 55 cubic feet of Class I material, and 15 cubic feet of Class II material. Since we were interested in the volume of bark-free wood fiber which is potentially available to industry, these volumes are based on inside-bark measurements.

It was further found that Hard Maple, Yellow Birch, Soft Maple, and Red Oak produced comparable amounts of residue, but Beech produced significantly more. This situation is attributable to the growth characteristics of the species.

We now have at hand reliable information upon which to base plans for the next phases of the project, which will entail field testing of harvesting methods and equipment.
Progress at Alberta

On July 1, 1956, the Ford Forestry Center will complete its first full year as an educational, research, and demonstration agency of the College. The permanent staff, as currently authorized, consists of the director, a forester, a mill technician, two general maintenance men, and an office assistant. During the warm months, two to three additional men are engaged to forward the Center’s programs. The staff constitutes a self-sufficient group capable of performing the varied tasks necessary to maintain the property, to modify the sawmill, to plan and develop an experimental forest, and to prepare facilities for forestry summer camp. The staff also includes key personnel for operating the sawmill. Five families are permanent residents of Alberta.

The mill formerly was steam driven, with line shaft and belts transmitting power, but electric motors now run most of the sawmill machinery. Electrification of the bull chain, live deck, log wash, edger, trimmer, cut-off saw, lumber transfer, lumber conveyor, wood-box conveyor, sawdust chain, and all saw-filing equipment represent a good start on a “push-button” mill. We expect to convert the bandsaw, carriage, and nigger next year. In the future, new or experimental machinery will be tried at the mill and new sawmilling techniques will be tested. Improvements will be made on the machinery we have. Modification of the cut-off saw to produce an automatic...
A machine that is simple as well as workable will be one of the first projects. As the cumbersome and space-demanding steam engines, steam pipes, and steam power transmission machinery are removed from the ground floor of the mill, a work area will be created where students, the Center's own staff, and others may work on forest products problems.

A long-term experimental tree quality study is being conducted in co-operation with the Lake States Forest Experiment Station. The initial run involved the sawing of ten thousand board feet of carefully graded logs during the month of May. Each face of every log was photographed before the log was sawed. Every board cut from each log also was photographed to provide a record from which further studies can be made. The project is expected to continue for several years, other studies of similar nature are contemplated.

Also begun in May was a 40' x 60' laminated arch frame building which will house the maintenance shop and garage. It is the Center's intention that any utilitarian construction undertaken here should serve other purposes as well. Therefore, this building will be built solely of native hemlock, even though eastern hemlock never before has been employed in laminated arches or unit roof decking. All of the lumber (over 30,000 board feet) and all the fabrication of arches, wall panels, and roof decking was donated by Upper Peninsula forest industries.
Work on the experimental forest is progressing satisfactorily. The boundaries and all surveyor’s corners of the three sections comprising the Ford Forestry Center have been re-established. Work is well started on an accurate inventory and map of the property. Permanent sampling plots are being established so that a record can even be kept of the development of those areas which were commercially clear-cut or where experimental work cannot be initiated for some time. Nine compartments totalling almost 60 acres have already been laid out to demonstrate and study the effect of different kinds of cuttings in stands which once were partially harvested. Permanent one-acre plots have been established in each compartment, and marking of the trees to be removed is complete. Logging will be done this summer. As time goes on, the Ford Forestry Center will become a focus for studies in silviculture and management, where students may see demonstrated the theories they learn, where students themselves may occasionioly participate in the work being done, and where industries and others may gain useful information.

Maintenance of the town of Alberta has been a big project during the past year. All of the houses and the Reception Building have been painted both inside and out. The roof of the mill had to be renailed and repainted because of the leaks which developed during
the time it was idle. The 100-foot smoke stack of the mill was scraped and painted in aluminum and black. The log deck inside the mill was completely rebuilt and seven 12" by 12" fir timbers were installed to replace members that had become unsafe during the twenty years the mill was in operation. A large, attractive sign to identify the Center is being prepared for erection at the entrance to the town.

Forestry Summer Camp is now conducted at Alberta. Students will live in three roomy houses. In time the Center plans to build other quarters for them closer to the classroom building and mess hall, thereby creating even more compact and convenient summer camp facilities. The classroom building and mess hall have been renovated and new equipment installed. New electric stoves, two deep freezers, a 6' x 8' walk-in cooler, and other equipment, now furnish a modern kitchen. A small building between the two schools has been completely renovated to provide showers, wash basins, and additional toilet facilities.

This first year at the Ford Forestry Center has been a year of great activity, heightened by the successful effort to activate the sawmill and arrange buildings for summer camp. Assuredly, the effort has been worthwhile. The physical plant and records of the Ford Forestry Center now are fully available to the staff and students of the Forestry Department and the Forest Products Research Division for such instruction, demonstration, or research as any may wish to undertake either in conjunction with or in addition to the Center's own work. Thus few forestry schools have so good a location and opportunity for field instruction and research in forestry.

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**REUNION IN AUGUST**

It's no fun driving up here by yourself. Tell us your route and we'll try to suggest a few people who would like to share the ride . . . . and the gasoline bill! You'll be helping another Techman make the Reunion and cutting costs at the same time.
The Memorial Union Building Ball Room wore a new look last November twelfth. Gone were the usual formals and blue suits—the dress for the evening was plaid shirts and jeans. Need I say more? This was the scene of the Forester's Lumberjack Ball, one of the most popular events on the campus. As usual there was a large crowd, which indicates the interest the student body holds for this type of event.

Lilting music was once again provided by the Starliners. Their enjoyable tunes provided an evening of entertainment for all of those who attended.

Forestry Club members had previously scoured nearby swamps for cedar boughs and wintergreen. From these, with the aid of the wives of club members, corsages appropriate for the occasion were made.

The highlight of the evening came with the drawing for the rifle given away each year by the Club. This year's holder of the lucky ticket was Mr. David Robert of Marinette, Wisconsin, father of "Ken" Robert, a senior forester in the department. Mr. Robert was the proud winner of a new .30-.30 deer rifle. — Ralph Colberg.
WINTER CARNIVAL

The 1956 Winter Carnival got under way during the week of February 4th to 11th. The weather was the finest in a long time, with bright sunny days all week.

Miss Claudette Simons, a forester, was honored by becoming a member of the queen's court. Miss Simons was sponsored by the girls' sorority, Theta Chi Epsilon.

Again this year a group of students got together and entered a skit for the Forestry Club. The skit, a take-off on a local radio program. "The Ben Miller Show", featured Dick Lindberg as Ben Miller and Bruce Whitmarsh as "Miss Ann". The dialogue for the skit came mostly from the pen of Ralph Colberg.

"Bernie" Mayer displayed a talent hidden, by his many fishing and hunting experiences, when he helped produce a winning snow statue. His ability to sculpture bear cubs and praying Frenchmen must have intrigued the judges. Anyway, they couldn't leave the statue site without granting the Forestry Club sculpture a first place award.

"Bud" Spiroff displayed his skiing ability when he brought home points for the Club by placing in that event on Ripley Hill.
S P R I N G  F I E L D  D A Y

It is said that each spring the woods around Isle Royale echo with the hoarse barking call of the bull moose. Such may be the case on Isle Royale, but the sounds by Foresters uttered around the Otter River Camp last May were just as loud. The sounds made by several score of budding foresters as they hit the woods for the first time after a long winter’s hibernation in Hubbell School were long and loud. The event was the 1955 Foresters’ Spring Outing.

The 1955 Field Day was the first of such events to be held by the Michigan Tech Forestry Club. It proved to be such a success that it will no doubt be an annual event in future years.

This outing consisted of a series of competitive events, with teams representing each of the four college classes—Frosh, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Last year’s field day included such events as log burling, log rolling, chopping, a trout fishing derby, canoe race, sawing with power-, bow-, and cross-cut saws. Points were scored for the first three places in each event and the class with the greatest number of points at the end of the day was considered the winner. Last year the juniors swept the slate clean of all competitors and emerged the undisputed 1955 champs. Seniors took second place.
One of the most interesting events of the day was the canoe portage race. Although the course of the race is short, this event is packed with action and excitement. Last year the canoe portage was won by the freshman team in a last minute race with the clock and much flailing of paddles. However, Wayne Leitner’s gallant dive into the Otter River provided the spice to the whole affair.

Who would ever think that three eight-inch rainbows could win a fishing contest? Such was the case, however, and the juniors took all three places in this event. This could only happen during the Foresters’ Field Day. The fact that the winning fish were so small could very well indicate that we have some pretty poor trout fishermen in the Forestry Department. Let’s all give ourselves the benefit of the doubt and say that the stream was too high, the barometer was wrong, or the trout just weren’t hungry. Let’s just say anything—so long as it’s an excuse!

The team of “Bill” Kallio and Paul Haarala took another important event for the juniors when they sawed through a large spruce log in record-breaking time. Another junior team, Ralph Colberg and “Dick” Lindberg, managed to cut their way through the same log in six minutes for the slowest time of the day. Their excuse “The log was wet at our end.”

At the end of the day, after all the heavy exercise, food was a welcome item. A fine meal of hot dogs, potato salad, chocolate milk, coffee, cake and ice cream was served and everybody enjoyed a big meal—with “seconds for most”.

All who were present at the 1955 Spring Outing had a bang-up time and those who will be around for awhile yet look forward to future events of this nature. — Ralph Colberg.

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REUNION IN AUGUST

Vacation schedules have kept a lot of Tech men from attending past reunions. Get your bid in now for August 9, 10 and 11.
HOCKEY

For the first time in a few years, the Foresters fielded a hockey team this winter. The team didn't actually burn up the league. In fact, they didn't win a single game. But they were in there with the old college try at every game, and a good time was had by all.

Hockey was one of the most popular sports among the foresters. While the team was short on skill, it was long on manpower. At some times, Manager "Bud" Spiroff had as many as four complete lines to call on.

The pucksters went out of the department to fill some key spots. They picked little Archie Poisson, a Business Administration major, to guard the nets. Two Metallurgists, Jim Smart and Phil Johnson, were used on one of the lines.

The starting line-up usually found Poisson in the nets, Art Ham­mon and Bob Roach on defense, and Smart, Dick Hitesman and Bud Spiroff on the line.

There was only one serious injury to the squad during the season. Ray Hendrikse bumped heads with Bob Roach in center ice and opened a gash over his right eye that required three stitches to close.

Bud Spiroff was the top scorer on the team, but the great crowd pleaser was Tom "Where'd They Go" Smith. Tom was plagued by an infliction peculiar to hockey players called "Slipping Headgear." Tom played half of the season in the dark because of a helmet that kept slipping down over his eyes. In fact, it happened so much in one game that he had to read the next day's paper to find out who won.
SOFTBALL

The spring of 1955 saw a few of the foresters lay aside their fly-rods and for awhile to do battle on the dusty infields for the honor and glory of the Forestry Club. As a whole, it was a fairly successful season for the team. We ended up in third place in the intramural tournament behind the H & T’s and the KD’s.

The team, a well-balanced club, showed good strength in every department except pitching. We had one top-notch pitcher in Bill Kallio, but he was forced to carry the entire load. Bill was at his best in the clutches, however. In the semi-final game against the KD’s, Bill, pitching his second game in two consecutive nights, turned in a magnificent performance as the Foresters bowed, 4 to 3.

Bill’s battery mate was the heavy hitting “Yogi-man” Lindberg. On first base we had the tallest player in the league, Dick Norlin. Manager Bruce Whitmarsh held down the second base spot. Short-stop was manned by Ron Sadler, while on third we had that aging veteran of many campaigns, Ray Hendrickse. Ray, incidentally, was the only left-handed third baseman seen in these parts in many a moon.

The outfield was ably patrolled by Bernie “Poosh-em-up” Mayer in left, Chris Peterson in center, and Dave “Gypsy Rose” Lee in right.

The prospects for 1956 seem very bright indeed. Virtually the entire team will be back. With some added help on the mound staff, we could go all the way.
BASKETBALL

During the winter term of 1955, we noticed a revival of interest in basketball among the foresters. The foresters came up with a squad that was highly respected in intramural circles on campus.

The team finished in second place with a 15-1 record in league play. In the post-season playoffs, they beat the Argonauts in the first round, and lost to the Sirs in the semi-finals by a 49-36 score. This gave them an overall season record of 16 wins and 2 losses.

The team showed a great affinity for the fast-break offense during the season. The Foresters were probably as fast, collectively, as any other team in the league.

Our starting lineup varied from game to game. Senior Ray Hendrickse was a fixture at one of the guard spots. Ray didn't rank too high in the scoring column, but his aggressive ball-hawking more than made up for this deficiency. Young Al Olson, a freshman, usually started at the other guard spot. Al was the most versatile player on the squad. He played center and forward, as well as guard, during the season. Al features a deadly one-handed jump shot. We look forward to having Al around for another three years.
For the first five games of the season, Dick Norlin handled the center post. After his departure to Verdie Cox’s varsity, Art Hamman took over. “Big Red” is a former varsity ballplayer here at Tech. Art scored well on sweeping hook shots and one-handers from the outside. Art was spelled at center, at various times during the season by Big Jack Zarek, an electrical engineer.

At one of the forwards we had Sophomore Horace LaBumbard. Horace was deadly on a one-handed push shot from 15-20 feet out. Horace probably had the best shooting percentage on the squad. In the opening game of the playoffs against the Argonauts, Horace dropped in 4 straight buckets on one-handed stabs from the corners late in the game to put it on ice for the Foresters. Horace’s running mate at forward was Ron Sadler, the team’s leading scorer.

There is an old saying among basketball men that a team is only as good as its bench. We were fortunate in having very good bench strength this season. Roger Edmonds was always there whenever we needed him. Dick Lindberg and Bill Kallio were ready to fill in at the guard spots, while Dick Madison came out and gave us a hand at the end of the season.

**BASKETBALL STATISTICS**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Games Played</th>
<th>Total Points</th>
<th>Avg. per Game</th>
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BOWLING

The 1955-'56 edition of the bowling team had a fairly good season. They ended up in fifth place in the league, and just missed getting a spot in the playoffs.

The squad was built around a nucleus of veterans returning from last year's championship team. These returnees were Seniors Don Scott, Dick Lindberg, Bill Kallio, and Junior Bernie Mayer. The rest of the spots on the team were filled by men brought up from the Lumberjacks. These men were Senior Stan Freese, and Juniors Dean Price and Al Schaffer.

Bill Kallio, one of the best bowlers on campus, had the best average on the team. He was unable to bowl regularly, however, because of conflicting work commitments. Had Bill been able to bowl every week, the Foresters would have made a much stronger bid for first place. When Bill was absent, the anchorman spot was filled by southpaw Bernie Mayer. Bernie bowled consistently well throughout the season and Manager Dick Lindberg did a fine job of keeping his crew in contention throughout the winter.

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Isle Royale Journey

The quiet starlit morning of May 19, 1955 was a perfect calm on Lake Superior when our covered fishing boat, the Eagle, left Copper Harbor. The small craft navigated by the colored harbor lights, and headed north and west for Isle Royale National Park. This excursion was primarily for Doctor Brown’s plant ecology class; all extra space was taken by three geologists. Nineteen foresters composed the remainder of the 22 people aboard.

The first few hours were uneventful. Almost everyone tried to find a comfortable place to “sack out”. Dick Hitesman, Ed Lange, and a few others were well prepared ahead of time to assure they wouldn’t be bothered with anything—including the rough going which was yet to come. The boat was not equipped with cots but there was one bunk behind the pilot’s position. Emily Divinyi occupied that luxury.

Those who remained awake will never forget that Lake Superior boat ride. Nor will a few forget the many times they felt the uneasiness to their floating stomachs. Even Bob Brown joined the unhappy crew of seasick. Norm Sloan, John Dunn, and Fritz Schunke seemed to feel the upset most. Carl Johnson’s request for a candy bar did not make matters any better.

As dawn approached, the mainland was still visible behind us; while the Island seemed to rise up and up from the water. About 10 a.m. we finally passed through the outer reef. We were safe in the sheltered entrance to Siskiwit Bay after seven hours on the frothing surface of Lake Superior. We moved along the coast before landing on a large rock where the parties’ supplies were unloaded. The site for our three day stay on Isle Royale was at the Siskiwit Falls.

We were very hungry. So, after suitable locations were established throughout the grounds, fires began blazing and everyone soon had his fill.

Getting settled took up most of the afternoon which left time for only a preliminary examination of the area. Siskiwit Lake provided excellent fishing. Most of the fellows explored their first day on Isle Royale.

The average temperature on the Island during the days of late spring average about 79 degrees. But in the evening the mercury frequently drops to near freezing. All nights during our stay were
near freezing. With morning, the cold evening breezes were forgotten and each day the sun came out bright and warm. After breakfast Brown took the class on an investigation of the plant life on part of the island. Our first stop was in a spruce-fir forest type. Here we cruised five 1/5 acre plots to determine the percent of species present, from the seedling stage to the veterans. After sufficient data was gathered we continued our hike and examined a beaver kill area.

Here we saw this semi-aquatic animal’s work of skill. Beaver dams have destroyed many birches on the Island. He has been of great aid in the construction of dams, canals, and hauling trails. The area we saw was devoid of living trees. Only stumps of a once forested land remain. In its place the reservoir of water provided suitable conditions for a flourishing swamp plant succession.

We found one family of bald eagles which did not abandon the site along with beaver, but found excellent housing quarters in a tall dead tree. These huge raptors with a wing spread of 6—7½ feet, objected rather loudly to our presence when we approached the nest tree.

Next we moved up a ridge between Siskiwit Lake and Siskiwit Bay. The class was dismissed here. Some of the fellows returned to the camp for their fishing gear while others continued to explore this section of the Island.

During that afternoon Jerry Byrd, Chris Hauge, and Fritz Schunke surprised themselves with their amazing ability to climb up a tree unaided even by branches. Doc and a few of the fellows caught sight of a moose cow. She headed into a cedar swamp at full speed. Here is where the trip of “ecologists” and the frightened moose met—face to face. The boys turned and each “ran up” the nearest tree he could find. As for the moose, she also turned and headed in the opposite direction.

Near evening Wayne Leitner and Al Schaffer found a small rowboat in the tag alder. The oars were missing so they used both sticks and hands to get a little ways out on Siskiwit Lake. The boat was fine except for one detail—it scared the fish away.

All too soon another day came to a close. Everyone was well prepared for the cold night with either more shirts or more blankets in the bedroll than the night before.
Since our stay on the Island was quite limited, it was impossible to travel any great distance where other plant successions could be observed. Therefore Doctor Brown gave us permission to spend the remainder of our time hiking, fishing, or doing whatever we wished. Stan Freese, Ken Roberts, Paul Haaraia, and Delano Harma built a small cedar raft that could be used along the lake shore for fishing. Stan and Ken pulled in some good sized trout. Cleaning the fish was no trouble for Paul and Delano, but trying to keep their home-made cigarettes together was. The exact size of the catch was not recorded, yet there must have been quite a few for everyone in the camp ate a good sized piece.

Another group went to Ishpeming Point—the highest land on the Island. Wesley Niemi had good intentions of going, but halfway there he couldn’t resist stopping at one of the streams to fish. This trip provided a chance to observe a part of the excellent trail system set up by the National Park Service. The start of the five-mile trail to Ishpeming Point was about an hour’s walk from our camp at Crow’s Point, where a fire observer’s cabin is located.

This trail is well brushed out and marked with bright yellow metal tags placed on the trees in the forested area. The ascent to the top requires one to climb up and down six or seven ridges which extend northeastward for the length of the Island. Starting out at Crow’s Point, the trail leads through a stand of virgin white birch. Some trees were two feet through. The first part of the trail follows the shore of Siskiwit Lake for almost a quarter of a mile. Along the lake shore the Park Service has located caches of light-weight aluminum boats and fire fighting equipment to be used in case of emergency. Raised walks of natural timber have been built through the swampy area at the southeast end of the lake. Also bridges are found over most of the streams.

As our trail leaves Siskiwit Lake, we get the last glimpse of the virgin white birch stand. In contrast, the adjacent burn, with its young birches seven to ten feet tall, is a sorry looking sight. Most of these trees have been browsed by moose and they are crooked and spindly at best.

Although it was quite cool hiking along the lake the rest of the way up and down hill seemed very hot. Around noon we found one of the valleys had an old beaver working backed by a large pool of quiet water. We stopped here and ate lunch. Some of the group soaked tired feet in not too warm water. Even though the
pool was quiet it was still quite cold—typical of all the streams on the Island. Finally we reached the ridge. Here a view of two states and two nations could be seen, even though the sky was a little hazy. Michigan’s Copper Country lay to the East, the “north shore” country of Minnesota to the southwest, and Canada to the northwest. Most of Isle Royale could be observed from this point.

On the return trip down to the camp three sets of moose antlers were found.

Wayne Leitner, George Krawchuk, Ed Lange, and Dick Hitesman managed to keep busy fishing. Others looked for greenstones along the ridge. No matter how the day was spent everyone had an enjoyable experience. Even the geologists found the island exciting and beautiful—too pleasant to want to leave. We knew that evening would be the last, and early the following day our fishing boat would call for us.

The morning was clear and bright with the Eagle piloting into the Bay on time. We ate breakfast, packed our gear, and were ready to leave. The bottom of the Eagle was scraping gravel because of the heavy load she was carrying.

Lake Superior was on her best behavior for our ride to the Ke-weenaw. We were tired and quiet. The only noise was made by a few fellows playing cards. The Eagle docked at Copper Harbor in mid-afternoon. The die was cast for many pleasant memories of an Isle Royale journey.

**Otter River Camp - First Year**

During the past year the Forestry Club has made good use of the Otter River Cabin which it received from the Fisheries Division of the Michigan Department of Conservation. A few Club functions were held at the cabin, but its greatest use came from small groups of foresters who used it as a week-end retreat.

The cabin is ideally located for the sports-minded forester. Duck, deer, rabbit and grouse hunting are only a stone’s throw from the cabin door, and the Otter River offers some of the finest rainbow and German brown fishing in the Upper Peninsula. Last fall the Conservation Department took a trout census of the river in the immediate vicinity of the cabin, and in the large pool behind the cabin they shocked a thirty inch “brown” to the surface. There are quite a few foresters who have their eye on that trout and this spring that pool will be alive with French spinners and flies.
The foresters who use the cabin are not fair-weather sportsmen for they use it the year around. When the snow closes the road to the cabin, the provisions and gear are packed in from the main road which is three-quarters of a mile away. Snowshoes are standard equipment from November to April. During the cold winter nights the fireplace, kitchen range, and pot-bellied stove are kept burning at full capacity.

Along with the pleasures of the cabin comes the job of maintenance. The Forestry Club is solely responsible for its upkeep and maintenance, and the Camp Committee has worked up several projects for improvement. These are to be completed this year. The Camp Committee comprises: Dave Lee, Chairman, Bernard Mayer (Junior Class), Fred Lintelman (Sophomore Class), and Norman Bloom (Freshman Class).

The most important project is the removal of the bottom logs around the cabin. The present bottom logs which lay on a two-foot high foundation of field stone are rotting and decaying. It is practically impossible to jack up the cabin and replace these logs because of the cabin’s size, 45 feet by 36 feet. The best solution worked out by the Camp Committee so far is to replace the logs with cinder blocks. The cinder blocks can later be faced with half-logs or field stone so as to maintain the rustic appearance of the cabin.

The porch is also in need of repair. The Douglas Fir tongue and groove flooring is in good condition, but the joists underneath are
very weak. New timbers have already been obtained and this spring they will replace the old joists after being treated with a wood preservative.

The main reason for the rotting of the bottom logs and the porch joists is that the drain from the kitchen sink flows directly into the ground beneath the cabin. The high moisture content of the dead air creates ideal conditions for rotting of the wood. To rectify this the kitchen drain is going to be tiled down to the river.

Two other tentative projects have been discussed. One is to erect a rustic type gate at the entrance of the camp property to keep the public from driving all the way down to the cabin. A parking place has already been provided above the camp, but some people insist on driving all the way down. The second job is to build a picnic area on the island adjacent to the cabin for the public’s use. The Forestry Club was given the property with the provision that it would allow the public to use the area, and it urges the public to do so as long as the property is respected.

All phases of these projects, such as the planning, layout, organization, and work will be done by the members of the Forestry Club. Part of the work will be done by the Seniors during the laboratory classes of their Recreational Forestry course, and other classes, and the rest will be done on week-ends by all interested club members.

The Otter River cabin is an ideal place to spend a free week-end, and it is educational in the fact that the student forester can correlate what he has learned in the textbooks with the actual growth of a northern hardwoods forest. Once more the Forestry Club would like to express their gratitude to the Michigan Department of Conservation for making this camp possible.

We want to welcome you as guests at Otter River when you visit Houghton.

"If a tree dies, plant another in its place."
—Carl Sinnaeus.
Few things are more pathetic in war than the many refugees that flee before the enroaching armies. Such has been the sad fate of people trapped in the path of invading enemies since time began. The Korean war was no different. However, humans are not the only things which must suffer—the animal kingdom has its fatalities and refugees as well. This is the interesting story of a feathered refugee.

By May of 1951, the Communist armies were in full retreat as U. N. forces pounded them with revengeful might, hopeful that a sound victory could be gained so we could save face after our defeat along the Yalu. One of the main objectives in the U. N. drive was the city of Chun-chon. This small Korean city lies approximately seven miles below the 38th parallel and is a vital link along the main east and west road from Seoul. In addition, it lies along the Pukhan River, the valley of which forms a natural road into the heart of North Korea. Needless to say, Chun-chon was shelled continually and by the time our outfit entered the town few landmarks were left standing. Fire-gutted buildings and rubble was all that remained of a once proud city of about 50,000 souls.

Such was the situation as Jo-jo led his patrol through Chun-chon’s narrow streets in order to rid them of all remaining resistance. Jo-jo was a small Italian lad, raised in the States in the toughest section of Brooklyn. Jo-jo was the last person in the world you would expect to show pity to a member of the bird kingdom. The only animals Jo-jo had been aware of, before entering the army, were the migrant cats and dogs which frequented the alleys around his home, and these critters were often caught and tied securely tail to tail just to see them suffer. It must have been that Pete struck some sort of a soft spot in Jo-jo’s hardened heart.

Jo-jo was in the process of investigating a pile of rubble, which at one time had been the local telegraph office, when he noticed a slight movement in a small clump of bushes nearby. Jo-jo flopped to the ground and lay silently for a time surveying the situation. Now he was a very cautious man, and presented a menacing posterior as he crept, rifle poised for action, toward the clump of bushes.

A slightly squelched off-chord “peep” came from the bushes.

Jo-jo sprang into a position for firing, but for some reason never pulled the trigger.

Another discordant “peep” rose from amidst the brush.

“Well I’ll be darned,” uttered Jo-jo, “so this is the enemy.”
There in his nest huddled a fledgling Magpie. Its look of dismay seemed to ask, “What’s been going on around here the last few days, a fellow can’t even get any sleep?”

This younger—Pete—seemed to be the only one in the magpie brood to remain alive. The other fledglings were all dead and the mother had deserted the nest. Jo-jo presented a most unusual picture as a look of gentleness passed over his usually rough features. He lifted Pete from his nest and gently placed him in his shirt pocket. Pete was mustered into our squad.

During the following months he became one of the most distinctive mascots in the whole Eighth Army. Many outfits made mascots of dogs, cats, and even monkeys, mules, or in one case, a Korean deer. But to my knowledge, none could claim a refugee magpie as a mascot.

It was rather amazing to find that one so small as Pete had been able to survive the massed artillery fire that Chun-chon received. The fact that Pete had survived was considered a good omen by some. A few individuals even looked upon Pete as a good luck piece more than a living mascot.

Pete soon became the friend of every man in the squad. At first none of us knew just exactly what to feed Pete so he was given everything remotely resembling bird food. Often the men in the squad spent a great deal of their time on their hands and knees searching for worms, beetles, and other forms of insects. Pete enjoyed milk from an eye dropper, crumbs of G. I. bread, weed seeds, and on one occasion a dropper full of Schlitz. The fact that Pete survived at all is a credit to the stamina of the species.

Within a few days, however, Pete was able to make short flights. He then started to scout for his own food. It has always been my opinion that Pete learned to fly prematurely just so that he might escape our over-zealous care.

Foot soldiers departed and new men came into the outfit, but no matter who they were Pete soon made friends with them. He greeted each new arrival with a flourish of wings as he settled on their shoulders and unaffectionately squawked in their ears.

Pete could make things a lot more cheerful for all of us; he was a great morale booster. He was always up to some sort of high-jinks. All shiny objects seemed to hold a special fascination for him, and he could spend many happy hours playing with a dogtag or a newly-minted copper. His only serious habit lay in the fact that once he got hold of a choice piece of shiny ware he refused to give it back. He was just like a feathered pack rat. In the months Pete was with us we were never able to find where he cached his “loot”.

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Many a man in our squad woke up to find that the dogtags, or watch, or even a ring he had neglected to keep under surveillance, were missing. On rare occasions the booty could be recovered, but generally once Pete got his beak on something, it was gone forever. I doubt that Pete himself could remember where he had hidden his booty.

One of Pete’s most peculiar habits was his very unbirdlike manner of discarding body wastes. Unlike other magpies, he didn’t prefer to perch on a branch; instead he thought a human head to be the ideal spot. A sleeping man just wasn’t safe with Pete around. He could sweep out of the air, squat, and before one could lift an arm to give him a swat the damage was done. Needless to say, many tempers flared over this undesirable habit.

Any army infantry squad is always on the move, but no matter how far or fast we traveled, Pete could keep up. He often would perch on some G. I.’s shoulder and try desperately to hang on as the truck bounded over the rough Korean roads. More frequently, however, he preferred to follow the truck from up in his own element. No matter how far we traveled, Pete would always be with us when we arrived.

Now I don’t want to imply that Pete was any smarter than any other member of the bird world, but he seemed to appreciate a good movie. He could cheer at the hero or boo the villain as hard as any foot soldier. And not only that, but he raised as much fuss as anybody when the film broke or the camera refused to operate properly. Pete seemed to know just whose shoulders would be receptive for perching and whose would not. He would only perch on the shoulder of one who appreciated his company—all others he
avoided. I shouldn’t say exactly avoided, the word “pestered” would be more appropriate. The refugee magpie seemed to be able to determine in advance just which individuals about him would be most annoyed. He would seek out these men each time he got the opportunity.

They say that birds are able to keep clean through means of their own. Somewhere along the line Pete must have forgotten this art, or possibly he enjoyed getting just as dirty as he could. My opinion of the whole thing is that he just didn’t want to make the rest of our squad feel self-conscious. At any rate, by mid-July Pete was about as dirty as a Magpie could possibly get. Some culprit, whose identity was never discovered, decided to give Pete a bath. Nothing has ever looked so pathetic to me than our mascot did when he got his first bath. He came waddling up to my bunker, dripping water and covered from beak to toenail with soapsuds. Pete came close to his end that day. He shivered and shook for more than an hour even though the temperature was well up in the eighties. I believe the fact that I put him in my shirt and kept him warm assured his survival.

Pete finally met his end one sunny September day. Sergeant Baker was laying on his back under the warm sun eating an apple. Pete, always in a playful mood, swept out of the sky and let one fly, right in the middle of Baker’s next bite. Sergeant Baker was one of those non-coms who never seemed to be bothered by much of anything and I don’t believe that he was particularly irritated over Pete’s little joke. However, he more or less nonchalantly pegged a stone in Pete’s direction. Now the chances are probably close to one in a million that Baker could ever have hit Pete with that stone. But he did just that! He clobbered poor old Pete right smack in the head! Pete fell to the earth, lost a feather or two, gave a few final flutters, and lay over dead.

Thus ends the story of Pete the refugee Magpie. Pete was dead, but I feel sure that the memory of his presence is still with those infantrymen who considered him as our friend. Pete was given the finest military funeral Army tradition would allow for a Korean Magpie.
Winter Carnival Trip

All Frosh Foresters met on the steps of the old Hubbell School Building at eight on Wednesday morning during Carnival Week. Snowshoes and skis lined the walls and steps of the building. Engineering students passed with envious stares as they entered the building to engage in their daily struggle with economics and business law.

The General Forestry class was preparing to embark on its annual Winter Carnival field trip. Our destination was the Porcupine Mountains State Park. Presently all of the students were assembled and snowshoes supplied to those of us who did not have our own. They were bear-paws—standard Forestry Department issue. We loaded all of our equipment in the big carryall and departed for the Porcupine. Gene drove the carryall with skis, “shoes” and lunches, and the rest of us doubled up in four automobiles.

Don Nickle found a State Highway Patrolman somewhere along the way, but by using a good sales talk, he managed to arrive in Ontonagon without a citation. By prior arrangement, the class met in Ontonagon for coffee before continuing on the last leg of our trip. We completely filled two coffee shops and made a deep inroad on the local supply of doughnuts. Our Winter Carnival beards seemed to be a source of amusement to the townspeople.

After leaving Ontonagon, a twenty-minute drive took us to our destination. We could see the Porcupine Mountains when we reached the White Pine Road. Forest flecked hillsides covered with clean, white snow, rose on our left. On the right side of the highway was Lake Superior’s Union Bay. Ice filled the pockets along the shore, but for the most part Union Bay was open and the sun shone out of a clear sky and brilliant blue Lake Superior lay as far as an eye could see. Soon we turned into the Porcupine Mountains State Park and drove straight to the ski shelter. This rustic log building was built several years ago by prison labor, as were all other buildings and improvements in the park. The shelter has a large community room complete with rustic furniture and a huge stone fireplace in the center of the wall. The front wall facing the ski hill to the south is composed of twelve-foot high picture windows which extend the full length of the building. We left our lunches, snowshoes and skis at the shelter.
Our next stop was a shingle mill operated in the park by prison labor. It is one of the few white cedar shingle mills operating in the north central part of the United States. Leaving the main Park, we drove through second-growth timber on the None-Such Mine Road. Not far from the mill were several near-tame deer that were wintering in the Union Bay deeryard. They were plump and gave the impression that at least here, the deer were enjoying a good winter season with plenty of forage and shelter.

The shingle mill was flanked by stacks of bundled shingles on one side and logs cut to shingle length on the other. Several outbuildings nearby are used for equipment storage. Six men are kept busy inside the mill, cutting, sizing and grading and packing the shingles. Three more men work in the yard keeping the mill supplied with raw, sized belts. This mill is by no means modern and up-to-date in its methods, but it is ideal for the achievement of its purpose. It keeps a good-sized crew occupied with work during the winter season. But most important, it supplies all of Michigan’s Conservation Department buildings with sufficient white cedar shingles for construction and repairs.

After parking our cars we entered the building to watch the men at work. One man, in the front of the building on an elevated platform, sliced the cedar bolts into shingle slabs with a “tilt-top” table and a large circular saw. These slabs dropped down a slide where another man sorted out the good pieces. Culls were discarded and good stock was allowed to pass on to the men operating two table saws. These men trimmed the slabs into finished shingles which they graded and passed to two men who tied the finished stock into bales. These were stacked outside according to grade. Al Olson found himself helping to bind bales while we were there.

The shingles were graded according to width and imperfections in the first eight inches of the thick end. Arnie Tapani, who was in charge of the shingle mill, turned out to be a relative of “Jerry” Haataja in our class. It was the first time that they had met.

After leaving the mill, we returned along None-Such Road to the ski shelter—our base of operations. We ate lunch and drank as much chocolate milk and coffee as we could hold, then settled down to some serious relaxation. February sunlight passing through the picture windows and a man-sized fire on the hearth made the shelter pleasantly warm and cheerful—forestry students were sprawled all
over the building. Some slept on benches and tables while others sat in small groups and talked. Several of the fellows retired to the ski equipment room where they waxed their skis and studied course maps in preparation for the coming afternoon of sport. Two enterprising students, Jack Horck and "Al" Olson, donned their snowshoes and went up the ski hill in search of good picture material.

After our siesta, Mr. Knox Jamison, the Park Manager, gave us a short and interesting review of the history of the Park. He said that the Porcupines were set aside ten years ago to be made into a wilderness park. Also, he mentioned that the use of prison labor had saved Michigan taxpayers a great deal of money and that the prisoners seemed to respond very well to their work while they were there. A new ski tow is to be established here for next winter.

The big Diesel motors started the ski tow in operation at one o'clock. Eight of us skied while the rest of the crew took a snowshoe trip into the "bush". Conditions for snow-shoeing were very good. Back of the ski hill we all found hills that were suited to our individual tastes and abilities. Also, we found slopes that were too tough for us, but no bones were broken. "Charlie" Schack spent the first hour skiing on his posterior, but by the end of the day he was sailing along under full steam. The only difficulty that he couldn't overcome was that of changing course while on the move. He often solved this problem by falling down, untangling arms, legs, skis and poles, then aiming his skis for the next leg of the trip.

All good things must come to an end, and so it was with our brief visit to the Porcupine Mountains. At three-thirty the snowshoe party returned and we packed the cars for the return trip to Houghton. The trip must have been just enough of a good thing, because we all were present in our classes the next morning.

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TECH FORESTER

Freshman—That is a tree.
Sophomore—That is a maple tree.
Junior—That is a sugar maple tree.
Senior—Cut th' damn thing down.
Standing, left to right: Ronald Daynard, Robert Becker, Robert Utter (Asst. secretary), Corey Lewis (Vice-chief), Joy Wright, James Depew, Douglas Watson.
Kneeling: Ed Sturgeon (Advisor), Charles Coppler (Representative to Student Council), Robert Mattson (Chief), Lee Kuizenga (Treasurer), Wesley Hunt (Secretary).
Sens photo: Gilbert Bauman, David Wise, Paul Kilmer, Jack Smith.

Forestry Club Activities — 1955-1956

The Forestry Club cabin project got off to a good start in late October when the Men’s Faculty Club turned out about ten professors to lend a hand in erecting the cabin. The day was an excellent one—deep blue sky and yellow aspens—a kettle of chili and a pot of coffee simmering on the camp stove and plenty of “trimmings” from Lucy’s larder to finish up on. The faculty enjoyed the day so much that they offered their help another time to put on the vertical exterior slabs and roof shingles.

The framing for the cabin was put up and most of the sheeting nailed on the roof and walls. In the three weeks before the snow came, we managed to set in the windows and door, temporarily at least, and tack tar paper on the roof and outer walls to keep out the weather.

Movies on forestry and wildlife were shown during several of the fall club meetings. We look forward to more at a later date.

Just before Christmas vacation, the club members and some of the co-eds were invited to Dr. Sturgeon’s house for a party. After trimming the tree, the group had a good time playing charades. Enthusiasm for this parlor game was so great that everyone was reluctant to take time out for lunch—but then, you know foresters when tasty food is offered.

On February 26 the club enjoyed a trip to Tahquamenon Falls. With 30 inches of “white” on the ground, snowshoes were a must. The Chief, however, thought he could stay on top with big boots. No doubt he has gained weight!
Inch-thick, two-pound T-bone steaks were almost as popular as the call of the Falls. It wasn’t long before the smoke of camp fires was spiralling up through the trees up-stream. Everyone pronounced the steaks “the best” and “the most”. Again, Lucy’s “trimmings” helped make the meal complete. The ice formations around the Falls were most interesting and lots of pictures were taken. Everyone headed for home well relaxed.

Sault Branch foresters produced “Smoky Bear” in ice for the Winter Carnival and took second place. Guess we can’t take first place ever year, fellows!

The big show for early spring is the Smelt Jamboree sponsored each year by the Forestry Club for the entire campus. Bob Utter, St. Ignace’s gift to the sport of fishing, has been unanimously appointed chairman of that boisterous affair.

We are presently making plans for the annual banquet, which will probably be held off the campus this year. It will be the last event on the club calendar. Alas, we have no venison this year!

Editor’s Note—What is Lucy’s “trimmings”?

Conservation is merely intelligent cooperation with nature.
The Escanaba Field Trip

This field trip, a requirement of our work in Forest Products and Industries, is taken in the spring term of the junior year and is at times very interesting—especially the night in Escanaba.

The trip usually begins with the Dow Chemical Charcoal plant in Marquette. On our excursion we all made it that far on time except for the fellows riding with Bill Kollio. We never did find out what delayed them and your guess is as good as mine. After finishing the tour of the plant we were to meet at Munising for a go at the Munising Pulp and Paper Company, which is a subsidiary of Kimberly-Clark. On the way from Marquette “Hammer” darn near burned out his Chevy trying to keep up with Professor Noblet, but again we arrived with a semblance of order.

After leaving Munising we were to gather in Escanaba at the House of Ludington for the night. That evening will be one many citizens of Escanaba will remember quite well—the “boys” really had a time for themselves. After all, that’s quite a tiresome drive from Houghton. One thing in particular all will remember was Dick Lindberg strolling down the main street in the wee hours of the morning quite alone. He said he was heading for the “sack”, but somehow he never made it and finally ended up back with the “boys” in town.

In Escanaba and vicinity we visited the Escanaba Pulp and Paper Co., the Birdseye Veneer Co. in Gladstone, and the American Veneer Company. These tours were quite informative if you could hear what the guide was saying above the roar of the machinery—and roaring that must have been going on inside some of the fellow’s heads. That’s all part of what makes a field trip interesting.

We left Escanaba early in the afternoon and got back to Houghton that night. In all, we all had a great time with quite a variety of activities to go along with it.
One of the first activities sponsored by the Forestry Club was the fall “get-together” at the Otter River Cabin. The foresters arrived, more than seventy-five strong, in the assorted conveyances of their upper classmen “Big Brothers”. The freshmen and Sault transfers were promptly initiated into the rigors of manual labor. A miniature log jam was broken up in a style equal to that of Paul Bunyan days. Several sterling exhibitions of cross-cut wizardry and axe manipulation were staged by some of the “more experienced” old hands.

Chef Gene Hesterberg’s call to chow produced a stampede, the likes of which the Otter River site had never seen. Great kettles and pans of hot dogs, potato salad, and cake were emptied in less time than it takes to tell about it. Sometime later, to an accompaniment of groans produced by too-full “woodsmen”, President Don Scott rendered a well-received word of greeting to the incoming foresters.

Much later in the evening, a peaceful calm settled over the Otter River Camp, but even this was interrupted only too frequently by Bill Kallio’s squeals of delight as he won another hand of poker, a game which has, ever since, been low on the popularity list of several upper-classmen.

The enthusiasm which accompanied this event has proved its value as an excellent method of “breaking the ice” for the incoming foresters.
The 1955 session of Forestry Summer Camp commenced on a hot, bright June day along the famous Powerline Road. The news of our plans for the day had somehow leaked out for we were given a warm welcome. Stretched across the road was a huge sign. On it, printed in blood red letters, were these words: "Welcome Tech Foresters". It seems that the sign had been erected by a committee of local residents representing the mosquitoes, black flies, and other forms of chomping and stinging insects in the area. It was here along the Powerline Road that we learned to pace without losing count while fruitlessly trying to avoid our insect tormentors.

From these elementary exercises we progressed to the higher levels of forestry field work. Soon we were learning how to measure tree diameters, estimate tree and stand volumes, learn the operation of the Jacob Staff Compass, and to scale logs in the mill yard.

It was during the period devoted to the study of the "Jake Staff" that the battle cry of all Tech Foresters was born. It took place on one of those dark and ominous days when it threatened to rain at any minute. However, a call to the Houghton County Weather Station had revealed that it was clear in Ontonagon and that the wind was from the Southwest. Certain individuals claimed that this would result in clear skies by mid-morning. We therefore took to the woods despite the inclement weather. A few hours later the woods were spewing forth soaking wet foresters dragging their equipment behind them and screaming at the top of their lungs "it ain't raining in Ontonagon".

One of the highlights of the 1955 summer session was the running feud between the two "Toms", Smith and Gelb. These two jolly fellows often arrived home at night covered with orange seeds or lunch meat, with tomatoes jammed in their hair, or with ice cream smeared over their faces. It was also these two who engaged in a duel with Nelson Paint Guns loaded with a bright yellow marking paint. It can never be said that this type of paint isn't lasting, and rather becoming at that.

It seems that "Smitty" was the target for all sorts of pranks. Take for example the day that somebody tied a rope to "Tom's" belt and thence to the truck. It was quite a show when Tom tried to jump from the truck and ended up hanging in mid-air about three feet off the ground. On another occasion some culprit found a dead bat in the woods and placed it in Tom's lunch box.
Last summer the type mapping problems were carried on in the area of the Otter River Camp. It is a well established fact that all type lines should run perpendicular to the drainage pattern. This made it necessary to cross the Otter River several times during the course of a day. It was a common sight to see Ray Hendricksen, with water swirling about his chest and compass held high, wading through the stream on one of his cruise lines. A more devoted forester there never was.

Type mapping along the Otter brings back other pleasant memories in the form of “Suzy”, Gene Hesterberg’s big Labrador Retriever. Each afternoon the boys would take a quick dip in the Otter to cool off. Suzy would always join in the fun. As those on the bank would throw bits of wood for Suzy to “fetch”, the fellows in the water would race her to the floating objects. I feel sure that Gene had never seen her swim quite so fast. Nor, from the way Gene laughed, had he ever heard such sounds as those uttered by Suzy when she thought the troops might beat her to the booty.

All in all summer camp brings back many pleasant and a few unpleasant memories but as time goes by it is expected that the unpleasant memories will fade as the pleasant ones grow even more memorable. To those of you who haven’t taken S-16, a word of advice from those of us who have. Buy a good supply of insect repellent.

The wild things of this earth are not ours to do with as we please. They have been given to us in trust, and we must account for them to the generations which will come after us and audit our accounts.

—William T. Hornaday.
Just What is Summer Camp?

Each of the upper classmen has at one time or another been asked by one of his younger brother foresters to explain what he will be doing, and what he will be expected to learn during Forestry Summer Camp. In addition, prospective students who are thinking of coming to Michigan Tech for their study of forestry often ask the same question. The staff of the 1956 annual therefore thought that it might be appropriate to answer this question for all of you who are prospective “Tech Foresters”.

The Forestry Summer Camp actually serves a dual purpose. It is first of all a practical application of classroom knowledge. By the time the student is ready for summer camp he will have completed two or more years of college work. During this period he has studied a multitude of subjects which seem to be more or less theoretical, unrelated, and of little real value. It is the purpose of summer camp to actually apply this theoretical knowledge to practical woods problems. In this way the classroom knowledge is tied together in such a manner that it takes on meaning.

The student will learn by doing. He will soon master the arts of timber cruising, mapping, scaling, and numerous other subjects necessary to the modern day forester.

The second function of summer camp is the development of certain social values. One of the most important prerequisites of a good forester, possibly even more important than an unchallenged knowledge of forestry, is his ability to get along well with others. Public relations is a big item in any forester’s life, whether he works for private industry or for a public administration. A summer of working and living with a group of fellows in the woods will go a long way towards development of this quality so necessary to the success of a modern-day forester.

All in all the purpose of the Forestry Summer Camp is the development of the type of foresters our future employers desire.
EASTERN HEMLOCK

This modernistic study by Albert Clouthier portrays the life story scene of eastern hemlock. The painting has been commissioned by the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association and is printed with their permission.
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