

CHAPTER III

FORESTRY CAMP

"Let the trees be made, for
Earth is bare,"
Spoke the Voice of the Lord
in thunder.
The roots ran deep and the trees
were there,
And Earth was full of wonder.

Arthur Guiterman

One early soft May morning, when new tree and shrub leaves looked like tiny heads of lettuce, Professor M. and Professor D., with eight of us forestry students, making three cars of us, headed for the Adirondacks to absorb some practical knowledge of forestry conditions and problems. Our first goal was a big tree nursery at Saratoga Springs, going west by way of Westfield, Mass. and up over Jacob's Ladder in the Berkshires. Paper birches, numerous on their hills were at their best in this latitude and season; they painted the scene with soft, baby-fuzz, silvery-green leaves just coming out. At higher elevations we ran into dark spruce mixed with some hardwoods which were still snug in their winter buds.

As it was raining and dark when we arrived, we chose to eat in a restaurant that night, and the tree nursery put us up in their workmen's cabins, I with one all to myself. The next day we had an intensive forestry lesson in the tricks of successfully tree-seed storage, and how extractors work; then we watched one hundred and twenty-five men set out thousands of red pine seedlings. Most of

the seeds had been collected from places like northern New England and the Great Lakes. Large funds were spent in this Saratoga nursery on experiments with both seeds and seedling trees, ever trying to improve the stock and the cultivation methods.

From there we traveled to a pulp mill where they used the grinding method of making pulp instead of the chemical process used in many mills. Professor M. unwittingly revealed the quiriness of the English language by telling us our next stop was at a fur farm. All of us, with this tree nursery still so prominent in our minds, expected to see a nursery where nothing was grown but balsam fir, with maybe some Douglas or other western fir. We were all astounded to walk into a building full of large cages in which were foxes, fisher and marten. Animal fur farms were relatively new then and most of us had mixed feelings about animals being raised for their skins, though we knew that under such management they were killed more humanely than happens with wild creatures in traps.

Our first night out was uneventful. We slept on the ground, in sleeping bags improvised with blankets. There is a trick to putting three blankets together, which works if not too cold or windy. To supplement them you can always throw another blanket over them, or wear your clothes to bed. Or, as I soon learned, you can fold a tarpaulin under and over the improvised sleeping bag.

It was that first night out that I learned to wear socks to bed, a boon and comfort that I adopted for life. I also learned on that trip that pajama bottoms make a good lining for jeans; that I discovered by wearing my jeans atop my pajamas to bed, then in the morning leaving them on as was. Such ignoring of convention made some things quite convenient. I quickly got over, once and

all, some prescribed ~~matinee~~ ladylike notions about nightclothes.

We stopped at several sawmills the next day, then at a pulp-log supply center for a big paper mill. There were thousands of cords of pulplogs, mostly dumped into massive piles which looked as if some giant had dropped them there and intended to play with them as if they were matchsticks.

As we were constantly traveling northward we were back in winter, again, the soft new leaves of spring fresh in our memories but far behind us. There had been heavy frost on the ground in the morning, and ice on any puddles around. We were now up in the Adirondacks.

What happened between that Bloomfield runaway night when I was twelve, and this required forestry trip into the Adirondacks? When I was new in high school, my father, typical of the working people of his generation, decided it was a waste to educate girls. He obtained working papers for me as soon as I was fifteen and through one of his Spanish American War buddies, got me a job at the Royal Typewriter Company which was only a few blocks from where we lived. There I sat, and vegetated, on an assembly line until I was twenty-one, the year I had promised myself freedom from the city.

By then, however, some people in the Hartford YWCA, where I had become active in their club and swimming programs, recognized that I was more the scholar type than a factory worker. When, under their questioning, I admitted I longed to go to college, they decided to help me get back into school. It was almost unheard of in those days for anyone to return to the classroom in their late teens, let alone in their twenties. Through arrangements made by the "Y" people with the high school principal, I was allowed to study the freshman

and sophomore years at home, with peripheral help from tutors in English literature and French.

Home, by then, was with a family with two small children, where I earned room and board as mother's helper. That got me out from under my father; not that he was ever unkind to me as he was a quiet gentle man. But it was his old fashioned notion that girls should not be educated; they should stay home and help with expenses until they married. I put his ideas down to his having been born in, and went to school in the 1800's. Though much of the world hadn't caught up to my own thinking, I knew I was capable of standing on my own.

My new employers allowed me ample time for study. By the spring of the year that I left the factory I sat in the principal's office, took, and passed, the freshman exams. I started studying the sophomore courses right way, so I sat in with the sophomore classes in June to take the exams along with them. Those I also passed. In the summer I studied algebra and French, so that by fall I was entered into the ^{high} school as a junior with the college-oriented classes. I looked young for my age and the students just thought I'd come in from another school. I had to go right home after school to my mother's-helper job so I never had any social problems with classmates.

It was 1928 when I enrolled in the junior class. I graduated in June, 1930, having made the National Honor Roll. It wasn't that I was smarter than those around me, just that I was much more motivated. Most high school students have been in school since kindergarten. They have no concept of the uneducated work-a-day world out there where I had gotten stuck for six years.

I told my "Y" supporters that the only thing I wanted to study in college was forestry. There was some talk for awhile about botany but I was afraid of getting stuck in a laboratory with a microscope, when all I wanted was to be out in the woods. I assumed that by majoring in forestry I would learn how to earn my living off the woods.

My friends considered getting me into Bryn Mawr, or Barnard College, or even Mt. Holyoke, for being in the upper quarter of my high school class I was qualified. They were sure they could find scholarships for me. They remained dubious about my choice of studies but in the end they made the right choice for me. They went ~~x~~ out to the Connecticut Agricultural College at Storrs, and consulted with the head of the forestry Department. They were surprised when Professor M. encouraged them to advise me to go to Storrs; he insisted that anyone my age with such a definite outdoor interest should go to an agricultural school. They made other visits out there, and consulted with me each time. In the end they arranged for me to study my chosen subject of forestry.

I had grown up still naeive and trusting in many ways, but I had come to re cognize it wasn't economically possible, and no doubt unwise and unsafe for a girl to live alone in the woods. An education would show me the options and ^{open} doors which would otherwise remain closed. When I finally got onto the campus, and conferred with my department head, Professor M., he assured me that I would eventually be qualified to use my training in state or federal work.

What neither I nor my "Y" advisors knew was that Professor M. was almost as naeive as I in some matters. He had unquestioned faith in educated women, having several in his own family. But no experience with the world off campus, which

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was to change my view of the world drastically, later. But all was made easy for me in the beginning. The "Y" gave me a loan to see me through my first year, with ample time to pay it back. I was given a part-time campus job right off, organizing a rather new but very jumbled forestry pamphlet library. This lasted the whole four years as new pamphlets and booklets kept coming in, especially on wildlife management subjects which was a new science at that time. There were other campus jobs, too; at one point I held down five of them at once. I considered myself very fortunate, though of course it left me no time for the social life which seems so important on a college campus. In my case, however, it seldom bothered me, chiefly because my studies seemed such fun, and also because most of the students, even the seniors, were younger than I. They seemed a bit kiddish to me, giving no thought to the time they wasted in foolishness. I knew I couldn't afford to waste any time; that not only did I have to earn ~~xx~~ almost every minute, but I was beholden to the many people who had made it possible for me to change over from a factory worker to a college student.

I was given a room in an old dormitory which had been a large farmhouse, known as Valentine House. Not only was campus rent less there, but those of us privileged to live in Valentine could cook our own meals. With bananas at 5¢ a lb., graham crackers around 15¢ a box, the best hamburger still only 19¢ a pound, many vegetables finding their way into our kitchen from local gardens, and cracked eggs only ten cents a dozen at the campus dairy for students, I got along fine, having an appetite at that time which could well have considered tree bark.

I looked upon it as fortuitous that my forestry professor

had come from a household of many intelligent women. That was no doubt the reason for his unfamiliarity with the male ^{camp} Calvinistic world outside; but I have long felt his outlook was what had made it possible for me, in the first place, to earn a forestry degree. On almost any other campus the hurdles would no doubt have been insurmountable, at that time. I was to realize that at Cornell, and still later, after I had two degrees, when I tried to register for a graduate course at Yale which involved field trips. The rule at Yale was no women students in outdoor courses because of bathroom problems! Egad! I'd already had six years of field trip courses and no one had ever mentioned bathroom problems. But then, that was just one of the many ruses to block women from men's professional fields.

But while I was an undergraduate, there were other professors who were cooperative with women students, enough of them so that I was really fooled as to the place of educated women in the world. My professors in botany, the one in entomology, in horticulture, and in animal husbandry were congenial helpful teachers. So were those in English literature, to the extent they tried to win me over from science to literature. I was one day to ask myself if the Connecticut campus was, in my time, an island of agreeable educators, or did I never happen to see behind the scenes. For I never did encounter the professional jealousies, ^{and} road blocks put up for women students, which I was to walk into so innocently elsewhere.

So now I was camping in the Adirondacks in early spring, on a required forestry class trip. Several miles past Tupper Lake we stopped for the night at a campground in a large ~~praxxtandy~~ native white pine stand. It was the most primeval-looking place I had ever seen. The ground was hidden under lush, soft green moss. Many fallen rotting logs lay in all directions, dripping with layers of mosses and lichens. Much as I had yearned to witness such an undisturbed forest, I was surprised to feel that I was glad I was not alone. An overwhelming sense of the earth's ancientness and disconnection with humanity gripped me. And I felt smothered, and trapped. For only something with wings could travel over such a tangle. Anything with legs would be snared.

But there was a less ancient forest of balsam firs nearby, which must have been logged at least once in the last couple of hundred years as the forest floor was open, a delightful place in which to walk. Professor M. decided we should camp there for the night, and he would demonstrate how to make a balsam bough bed. This I'd heard of and in my forest fanatsies I often dreamed of sleeping on a balsam bough bed while I watched the stars through the tree branches. I eagerly observed every step of the process.

He marked out a rectangle on the ground with poles, which were smallish down trees which he and the foresters whipped up to the right size with their axes. These made a framework on the ground about six feet long and three feet wide. We all helped gather great armloads of balsam boughs, by pruning the lower branches of several standing, live balsams. From these boughs Professor M. broke off sprays of ~~ixx~~ balsam needles, about eight inches long, and beginning

at what was to be the head end, jabbed the butt end of each spray into the soft forest earth, with the convex back of the sprays uppermost. He made rows of these, all across the inner framework, all along down the full length of the bed. "These", he said, "are the bedsprings." He had arranged them like overlapping shingles.

Then he snapped off myriads of little balsam outer twigs from some of the collected boughs, with as little woodsy stem left as possible. "With these," he said, "we now feather the bed." We stuffed these small soft tips in among the large twigs, until the whole thing was thick and soft with balsam tips. Then a tarpaulin was thrown over the whole, ready to have a sleeping bag placed on it.

Somehow, I had assumed that our professor who had made the bed was the one to sleep in it, as there was no way in which it could be divided up amongst us. "So there'll be no arguments," he said, "Bobbie gets this bed," using the nickname my classmates had given me. I was astounded. I was truly worry for the boys. I wished there were some way I could take turns with them for the night. Then I realized there was nothing to stop them from building their own balsam bough beds, so I stopped feeling guilty. It proved to be probably the most comfortable bed I have ever slept in, and it was certainly the most fragrant. Like sleeping in a Christmas tree. I ~~remember that~~ at moments I felt giddily drunk from that winey, outdoorsy, redolent blasam incense en masse.

We were told that the springiness would last two or three nights; after that it had to be refluffed and more tips added. That hemlock and arbor vitae will also work; and so would spruce but it is coarse and scratchy and tends to smell a bit skunky. Green grasses and ferns are good substitutes to use as stuffing. But balsam is matched by none. We

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didn't get a chance to test the softness the second night; I had decided to have the boys toss a coin for it, but we had to move on. If I had left a bucket of green emeralds behind I couldn't have felt the loss more when walking away from that still usable balsam bough bed. I actually grieved over the live, green twigs which had been sacrificed for my one night's ultra comfort.

By day's end we got to within forty miles of Canada. Among other places we visited that day was a fish hatchery, a seed extracting plant, and another pulp yard. That became a red ~~ix~~ letter day for me as we saw a bald eagle, the first for all of us except Professor M. At Ft. Ticonderoga that night we slept on its open ball park which sometimes alternated as an overflow campground in summer. Although it was right in the center of the village, no one seemed to know we were there except one person at a gas station who had furtively suggested we try it. We even built a small campfire on which to heat our supper and make hot coffee.

The next day we traveled miles through wilderness country without seeing a house. As we rolled down into a small town one of our other cars tooted at us. They pulled up ~~x~~ alongside and said they were stopping at a drug store, and that we should wait for them. A half hour later, one of our boys, Horace, was in the hospital for an emergency appendectomy operation. Appendicitis is one of the few human afflictions I think much about when far from civilization. Many adventurers have been less lucky than Horace, who eventually arrived home safely long after we got back.

The following spring our trip was to the White Mountains in New Hampshire. This time there were ten of us students, and Professor M. and Professor D. Again we visited a fish hatchery, sawmills, and both kinds of paper mills. This time we also got into a wood

turning mill, a very old logging camp, and even a maple syrup camp. We had already recognized that seeing, hearing and smelling these forest activities gave us an understanding seldom gotten from books.

Waterville Valley in the White Mountains is a completely enclosed plateau, with high hills, and mountains, all forested, on every side. Osceola and Tripyramid Mountains loomed in the background like an exaggerated painting hanging in the sky. There were still several inches of old snow on the flat where we decided to camp for the night, and new snowflakes were beginning to fall rather seriously. Some of the boys had their eye on the frost-white summit of Mt. Osceola though the local forester had told them it was impossible to get up there because of deep snow. But some of the boys, refusing to be daunted, started out; sans snowshoes or skis. They made it to the top, and were lucky not to start any snow slides.

The rest of us floundered around in the almost hip-deep snow of the lower slope of Tripyramid. We came across an abandoned shack, half broken down, with unidentifiable pieces of iron strewn around, and the ubiquitous empty tin cans. I was to see hundreds of these cabins over the years; abandoned, falling to pieces. Most were originally built by adventurous young men who were going to subdue the wilderness and spend the rest of their lives there. But loneliness, or lack of cash for groceries conquered them, and they returned to civilization, dreaming of returning one day. But marriage, children, bank mortgages, and other exigencies of civilization trapped them. Now and then some loner took over a deserted shack. But, all having learned that food does not hang on trees in a northern wilderness eventually had to give up.

The logging camp which we visited near Tripyramid consisted

of a cook shack, a wash house and a long bunk house with a row of bunks along each side. The old lumber camps of the past, we were told, were a bad dream, where, in place of a wash house a man was considered a gentleman if he owned his own wash basin. Bunks back then consisted ~~consisted~~ of piles of straw, and the bunkhouses were stuffy because the airholes ~~was~~^{were} the chimney hole and the door. Only a curtain held up with two poles separated the bunk sleeping quarters from the cooking and eating end of the building. There was no means of entertainment other than that provided by the men themselves; always someone had a fiddle, and they all played cards.

That had all changed by the early 19~~0~~30's when we were in Waterville Valley. Some of the logging camps already had trailer camps, though not as modern as now. Some set in as permanent housing. But many were not yet that advanced, including the one at Tri-pyramid, where there were no families, only men. There were two long rows of double bunks, one row on each side of the big room. Some of the men preferred upper bunks for privacy. When we were there a half dozen pot-bellied cast-iron wood burning stoves were going full blast. The over-heated pungent air hit us like a wall as we walked in. There was a sickish, repulsive yet peculiarly attractive odor which we couldn't identify.

A few of the men were in their bunks, both upper and lower; all were in union suits or long johns; some were smoking. All had their bare feet stuck out over the aisle to get full benefit of the stove heat. They reminded me of pictures I'd seen of smokers

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reclining on shelves in opium dens. By the time we stepped out into the brisk fresh air, our breath steaming, we had identified the peculiar odor as a compound of delicious wood smoke fragrance and essence of bare feet.

The boss showed us through the large cook shack, which had a kitchen fully equipped with the best cooking utensils. The rest of the building was like a large dining hall, with long, sturdy tables. The tables were set with a knife, fork and spoon at each place, civilized amenities demanded by the men. And it was all immaculate.

Logging by then was a highly mechanized process, but water transportation was still used for moving logs to the mill, which is why most mills were built on streams. Operations began in the fall when obstructions such as driftwood, hung-up logs, and rocks were cleaned out of streams in preparation for the spring log drive. A chain of logs, fastened together, known as a boom, was stretched across a river bend where a log jam is apt to start, catching them and holding them in place. Booms were also used to hold a crowd of logs together so they could be towed by power boat for faster delivery.

In August special crews enter the woods to do any necessary road construction. By September the cutting crew enters the woods to begin felling trees. Then it was hand done, but now-a-days the cutting is all done with power saws, though the general technique is the same. A notch is cut on one side of the tree, about a foot above ground though higher if snow is deep; then the tree is cut from back of the notch, right through to the notch which forms a weak spot and over goes the tree. The first power saws I saw in the woods

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were attached by a long ~~xxxx~~ electric cord to a generator. It was clumsy though an improvement over hand cutting. Now, of course, portable power saws are common everywhere, not only in the woods. They have greatly simplified the work of harvesting a forest.

Before tractor tread machines and the snowmobile kind of vehicles were invented, making it possible to get into the woods in deep snow, all of the logs needed by a mill for the following year were cut in the fall. It meant close figuring for the log scaler both in the woods and at the millyard for the best marketing results. Before the motorized vehicles, a sled and team of horses taking the logs out could cover only a total of twenty-four miles a day, and their load was limited to the strength of the animals. Even then, with some care and consideration, a horse would last only three years; those with heartless drivers collapsed sooner. But as horses cost money most were given some modicum of care.

The most romantic phase of logging was the spring log drive. The logs were often spread out on a frozen river where they were in place when spring melt came. The crew was on hand with the first thaw of spring, ready to more or less control the downstream run of the logs. Feats of great strength and skill were performed by the log drivers. The crew was almost constantly in the water waist high, or a man balanced from log to log, just managing to stick on and keep from being crushed by the tremendous maelstrom rush of logs and water. It took years of practice. Some never made it, for one slip means a crushed human. Log rolling has become a sport; contests are often held at sportmen's shows, but it's a tame event for the crush of logs rushing down a stream behind the roller is not present at shows.

Cherwood

The big task out on a roaring rushing stream was to prevent the logs from forming a jam; the log rolling activity was to keep the logs moving. Both dams and booms had to be constantly watched, to make sure they ~~did not~~ held, and that loose logs must be kept on their way. Men were stationed at danger points to break jams, for a serious log jam could tie up a drive for a season. The spring flood lasts just so long, only a matter of days. Since contracts were signed to deliver the logs at the end of the drive, jams were broken up at the risk of men's lives. It was that risk and strain which made a colorful battle of river drive work. All hands were eager to win the battle against the river and see the contract through. Every log had its owner's brand on it; each owner took pride ~~in~~ and responsibility for what happened to them, and cheered their men on to win through.

Much river driving has now given way to truck transportation, but log drives still take place here and there; someday it may again be more profitable to use river transportation when gas for trucks becomes more scarce, or too costly. In recent years, logging by Great Northern in Maine, on the Penobscot River, has been abandoned for trucks. Some of that change was demanded by young people interested in cleaning up the environment, as sunken logs were strewn over the river bed.

When we first arrived in Waterville Valley, we created a fireplace out of stream rocks, and put our sleeping bags in place. Those who had not gone up Osceola cooked supper; those who did climb the mountain returned with only enough energy left to drop by the fire. By the time supper was over a real snowstorm swooped down on us, seemingly coming from the half circle of mountains. For extra pro-

Shelwood
tection our professors tied up the big tarpaulin between two trees back of the fireplace to form a windbreak, which not only cut out the wind but reflected the heat of the fireplace back at us.

Most of us had wet feet from snow that had melted on our shoes and down into sock tops. We erected a curving row of sticks in front of the fire, on which we placed our shoes upside down; they were soon steaming and drying in the warmth while we stuck our damp sock feet out in front of the cozy flames. I learned a lesson then and there by placing one of my hiking boots too close to the fire, having been courteously offered the best drying spot. Soon its leather was literally boiling in one spot of a toe area.

In setting up our sleeping arrangements before dark, Prof. M. had us lay our sleeping bags in a row, mine at an outer end. Then he and some of the boys moved the big, long tarp from the fireplace area, to trees at the bottom of our sleeping bag row. But ~~it was~~ it was soon obvious that the wind was whirling and swirling, and came in behind the tarpauling, and that it would do so no matter where we stood it up. So our professor had us pick up our sleeping bags while he dropped the tarp onto the ground, and pulled one half of it over the spot where the bags had been. Then we laid our bags in a row again, this time a little closer, and he folded the other half up over our row of sleeping bags. That way we would be all inside of a big canvas envelope, in out of the wind and the new snow would land on the canvas instead of the sleeping bags.

"Learn this fellows," Professor M. said, "never go camping in the woods in a northern winter without a tarpaulin." Since then I have been the beneficiary of his advice many a time. I have used a tarpaulin for everything from a windbreak, to ground cover, to a

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blanket, as a shelter over my stove or campfire, and even as a sack to drag things somewhere. Eventually, of course, I changed from a heavy canvas tarpaulin to the modern plastic type tarps which are much lighter in weight. Perhaps one of the most convenient uses I have put both to is as a cover over the opening of my kayak when raining, or as dew cover for the night.

When that snowstorm night began to get a little wild, Prof. M. had us collect five or six rocks apiece from the still running, unfrozen brook. He built up the fire and had us arrange the rocks rather close to it. When we went to bed each of us had the equivalent of a half dozen hot water bottles. We pulled back the upper half of the tarpaulin long enough for us to stuff the rocks down along the sides of our sleeping bags, and one at the foot of each. Most of ^{us} wore our jackets and caps to bed; in fact, we didn't undress at all, which was a novelty and lesson to me for I learned again that conventional night clothes don't fit the scheme of things in the woods in a winter snowstorm.

I don't remember which boy or boys were next to me, and I am sure they don't remember either. Each of us was wrapped like a mummy in good very old fashioned bundling manner. But those warm rocks had us so comfortable when we first snuggled down into our sleeping bags there was much laughing and joking. It's always such a safe, relaxed feeling to know you have used survival knowledge that is working.

We were comfortable all night. A little wind blew down our necks once in awhile, but the tarpaulin kept in first the rock heat then our own body warmth. The only moaning and groaning I remember is getting up and out into the real winter cold in the

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morning. Two adventurous souls had beaten our professors up and got the fire going before the sun was up. The storm was gone; the snow was blinding white. Water still trickling down the brook served to wash faces and brush teeth. Then that incomparable fragrance of coffee and bacon over the open campfire put all in the jolliest of moods. We were twelve miles from the nearest habitation, yet we were still alive, healthy and eager for some new adventure down the road.

The next real forest venture for some of us was summer forestry camp, which was required of all students majoring in Forestry. There were courses in forest surveying we had to take, as well as forest mensuration, which is the technique of finding the volume of lumber in a stand of timber or a pile of logs. Because it involved some mathematics, I was a little apprehensive. I would sure hate to flunk either of the courses.

Professor M. wisely felt there should be another girl in camp with me. Since no other co-ed would be interested in taking such courses the only thing left to do was to hire one to cook for us. Marion, one of my favorite classmates, was offered the job. I knew she wanted a summer job and that she hoped to stay in Connecticut. She was so sweet and girlish she reminded me of a valentine yet she could talk basic common sense. She had come into my class from northern New Hampshire so she was accustomed to the woodsy back country surrounding the Fore^Setry Camp in northeastern Connecticut. She wasn't a city girl, to start with, which made it all possible. She was going steady with Willard, a tall, handsome classmate who was President of the campus Grange. As he would be working in Connecticut all summer she didn't want to go back to New Hampshire.

Sherwood
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Marion admitted that all she knew about cooking was what she had learned helping her mother at home. But she claimed to be an expert pie baker and that clinched the deal

The camp was on big Lake Mas^hapaug, on land owned by a lumber company which cooperated with the college by allowing classes to be held during their quiet summer season. Our class work didn't involve cutting down trees, or doing anything to injure their property. At a more distant end of this large forested area, Yale also held its summer forestry camp, but on its own forest land.

We lived in large, portable, tent-like shacks which were stored at the college in winter. These structures had wooden floors, and wooden side walls at about waist height; the upper walls were ~~were~~ a combination of ~~a~~ roll up curtains over rolled down and secured screens. The roofs were canvas, tent-shaped, with a huge fly lashed to poles holding them. There were six of these buildings in a row, facing the lake, but back up the slope on dry land. The first shack was the cook's kitchen. Then came the study tent, with a canvas roof stretch over a long picnic table between it and the cook shack. Just beyond that was Marion's and my shack, then the one occupied by the professors, then the boys in the last two.

Marion and I had our own privy. The boys shared one of their own. Our washroom was the lake, where we had frogs and dragonflies and all manner of live things to keep us entertained while we washed oursel^lves and brushed our teeth. It was here that I learned that fish like toothpaste. It will bait them closer than you'd expect. Having discovered this I often in the future spit toothpaste over a bridge rail to find out what fish were present. The lake shoreline had many little indentations or bays with dense bushes which made

Shenwood
"private washrooms" for anyone's privacy.

We all explored around the lake outside of class hours, in the camp rowboat or canoe. When the boys tired of throwing horseshoes or of practicing for the big log-chopping contest at summer's end, they amused themselves by rowing around the lake, serenading the cottagers at the far end. It was a delightful experience for those of us who remained back in camp, listening to their voices rolling in at us from the surrounding hills. Many a moonlight night their soft, warm harmonizing voices floated in from out in the middle of the lake as Marion and I lay on our backs near the fireplace and watched the stars and the flickering campfire light on the treetops. Or, sometimes it was we who were out floating under the hazy summer stars, listening to the foresters back at camp singing cowboy songs and negro spirituals by the campfire. If we were close enough in we could see them swaying in unison as they sat in a semi-circle in the fire glow.

Lake Mashapaug, set in the heart of an evergreen forest, was never the same from hour to hour, day to day. During morning lecture hour I often sat on the study tent doorsill where I could watch the lake suddenly change from smooth glass to myriads of tiny sparkling ripples. Sometimes the water was pale blue; again it was cold-looking steel gray. Sometimes a strong wind whipped the whole lake into a frenzy of husky, threatening waves. A few would break into white caps, like on a miniature ocean. On cloudy days the water looked smoke gray and cold, but if I ran down and put my fingers into it, it was summer-warm. To live by a lake, I learned, is like being with a live, breathing, chameleon-like thing.

It was mostly when watching the color and character changes

of the lake when I was alone that I remembered the factory bench to which I had been changed so many years. But that was begining ⁱⁿ to fade; it no longer seemed very real. I was now living the life I had dreamed in the factory. The dream, come true, was now the only reality.

The primitive beauty of the surrounding woods was so beckoning that I sometimes made little exploration trips alone, especially on a Sunday when many of my co-students were off with their visitors. Willard got to camp about once in two weeks, and took Marion off somewhere. No one in my family had a car at that time; if they did they wouldn't have wasted a Sunday in a forestry camp. I did have opportunities to go back to campus for a week-end; there were even rides to Hartford and back possible. But I was where I wanted to be. Why return to civilization: when I had tried so hard to get away from it?

There was a small bay around a far corner at our end of the lake, where I discovered and kept many a rendezvous with wood lilies, the blue spikes of pickerel weed, wild ducks, kingfishers, a small green heron, huge frogs, and many other wildlings. It was for such as these that I had turned my back on my home town of Hartford. These could never be seen on city streets. When most of the campers were away I had my choice of the ^Wroboat or the canoe to slip into their midst.

Just beyond that birdy, wildflower cove there was a wild wooded area, which was a stand of very large hardwood trees. It was through this forest that our class hiked many a time, lugging ^{the} transit and other class equipment, to an old-growth white pine stand beyond, where the trees were so immense we felt like dwarfs beneath them. Until we grew used to them we talked in hushed tones. In this quiet, dark

old forest it seemed unbelievable we were in Connecticut. To this enchanted forest I sometimes escaped by myself, for here I heard the wood gods calling, a sound down the aisles of time which had haunted me since childhood.

We had brought a couple of small cages to camp with us. The boys had one for snakes; the other I had, and I kept a small frog, a salamander and some snails in it. In one corner of it I stood a twig which had an extra-large cecropia moth cocoon attached; I had collected it the previous winter and had brought it with me. I wanted to be around when it hatched. There it sat for about three weeks and every time I looked at it its mien was the same; I was almost convinced the contents of the cocoon was dead. But I returned from a class trip one late hot afternoon to find that my cecropia moth had come out, and because the cage had been in a patch of hot sun at the time of hatching, the creature's wings had dried in their folded position before they could stretch out. My beautiful moth! Which I thought I was protecting against hungry birds, was a cripple because of my carelessness in not choosing a better spot for the cage. I was deeply wounded with remorse.

I couldn't decide at first whether to let the cecropia out and place her on a tree in the woods, where a mate might find her, or to keep her sheltered and useless because of her helpless condition. While waiting to make up my mind I brought her into our shack and let her wander around on her good legs. In the morning there were moth eggs strewn like tapioca all over our shack. It was too late. Marion swept them out with a broom. "Might as well," she said pragmatically, "they weren't fertilized." Sadly I put the moth back in the cage but she was dead by the next day, her task done, as far as she was concerned.

Two cedar waxwings built a nest ~~built a nest~~ in a pine tree

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down by the lake. A pair of small warblers, which none of us was skilled enough to identify, set up housekeeping in a red maple over the professors' shack. The warblers had their troubles very shortly, for a cowbird, one of the parasites of the bird world, laid one of its ~~eggs~~^{eggs} in the warblers' nest. The young cowbird soon hatched and noisily disturbed the whole camp. It constantly screamed for more and more food as fast as its harried, tiny foster parents could collect and stuff bugs down its throat. Some of the boys made hopeless tries to get ahold of the young cowbird to wring its neck. But the nest was in an out-of-reach place, far out on a slender limb. While some warblers seem astute enough to push a parasitic egg out of the nest, this pair seemed to assume that this brute of a child was their own darling; we could only presume that the warbler eggs had been crushed or tossed out by the cowbirds. Cowbirds never raise their own young. While not as big as a robin, they are at least double the size of a warbler. I have come to realize every time I see a flock of cowbirds in among other blackbirds that they represent that many less smaller songsters which never came off a nest.

We exchanged visits a few evenings with the Yale boys, whose camp was on a pond on the other side of the big pine woods. They had a nice cabin, an indoor fireplace for social gatherings and indoor dining tables. But we unanimously agreed we liked our life in the open better. It's amazing what superfluous and unnecessary forms of manners are automatically pulled on over people like a smothering mantle for indoor socials, and which are shed like rain off of a bird at an outdoor campfire, though I have seen outdoor campfire manners stifled by impressive company. Our foresters

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seemed more like the usual fabled foresters to me compared to the coddled Yale boys. I used to wonder how the Yalies would face real outdoor exigencies when they had to get out there and earn their living in forests, though I was aware many of them would wind up in indoor administrative jobs. But they did have one of the nation's top foresters as their camp instructor, so we assumed he would know how to toughen them up.

One visitor's evening we invited the President of our college, his wife and daughter, and a few other faculty members, including Professor W., who was killed later in the big Hartford circus fire. They all came for supper and brought us quantities of delicacies which we had forgotten existed. But it was not a very congenial meal. The boys had extended the table by bringing out a couple of the study hall tables. But it was the first time I had seen our hilarious crew cowed into silent self-consciousness.

One of the boys who came in late from the lake told us later he would never have known anyone was in camp if he hadn't heard the silver rattling. After supper we all gathered around the campfire, some of the visitors standing, especially the ladies, as there weren't any chairs and the only benches were attached to tables. All of the ladies stood, while most of the men visitors, except the President, joined us on the ground. The boys tried singing but it went as flat as if they had never sung together before. President M., well aware of the influence his presence had on the group, made an effort to warm things up with a little friendly speech, but even he was psychologically affected for his talk became so exaggeratedly idealistic and solemn he soon excused himself. A few more futile attempts were made by one person or another, then we all fell into

a silence that beat against my ears. We all watched the fire for the only sound was the crackling of the wood in the fireplace.

I was standing near the back of the fireplace, squirming with uncomfortableness, wishing I had what it took to be a face-saving hostess. A huge toad, which I had often seen around there, hopped up near me and squatted. Watching his blinking eyes I had an idea for breaking the ice. If I could make the ladies squeal, as I'd done so often in the past when holding a live snake up in front of a woman, that ought to at least break the silence.

I picked up the toad and held him with my fingers under his akimbo arms so that his rotund belly and long hind legs showed to best advantage. Quickly I handed him across the fire in the direction of President M., whose wife was standing most dignifiedly on one side of him and his daughter on the other.

The women tittered nervously and pulled back a bit, but not one screamed or said a word. President M. took the toad from me and held it high, for all to see. Then it happened! The toad squirted a stream of liquid from its anal end, a custom of frightened toads which I had momentarily forgotten. It was my good luck that the College President had been holding the creature far enough out in front of him so that the liquid did not touch his clothing.

Even worse did the silence beat against my ears. I could barely breathe I was so embarrassed. Most of the boys buried their faces in their arms. Suddenly, as if released by a button, President M. almost doubled up with laughter. He dropped the toad, which I quickly rescued so it wouldn't hop into the flames. Then his daughter started to giggle. She lost control, and everyone howled. "Do they always do that?" as the President's wife, wiping away her laughter tears.

skinned
"It's about the only defense a soft toad has," Professor M. answered, "other than acid on its skin which bothers animals that try to ^aswallow one."

"I suppose it's the acid which makes warts," said one of the ladies, as all of them were still trying to stifle giggles.

Professor M. shook his head. "That's just a superstition. You can't get warts from handling toads, or frogs either. Look at her hands," he said, pointing to me, "I don't think she has any warts yet she is always picking up toads and frogs."

Anyone dropping in after that, from woods or lake, would have no doubt that the party was a success. It was a great lesson for all of us in the innate psychology of human behavior; for in some ways we are as hierarchical as fish and birds. We do have bigger, more complex brains, but instinct at times rules logic.

Our days were very full in camp. There were two weeks of forest mensuration under Professor G., and two weeks of forest surveying under Professor M. When one professor was in charge the other one went home for most of the time. Both usually went home weekends as they had families to tend to. We were mature enough to keep out of mischief when there was no professor in camp, and seldom did a student take advantage of their trust. But that was fifty years ago, before television and drugs.

As timber measurements are made on specific units of land, Professor G. began by lining us up on the open land between our shacks and the lake, and teaching us how to measure short distances by pacing. We measured off a distance of fifty feet with a metal tape and marked each end. Then, at a normal walk, each of us paced off the fifty feet, counting how

many steps it took to traverse the distance. We each did this several times to get an average. Everyone has a different leg length or pattern of walking. But before long you know how many steps of your own ordinary walking it takes to cover the fifty feet. Or, you can exaggerate your step to cover about three feet per step. This makes for faster work in the field, and once you do that longer step often enough you hit a rhythm which remains a reliable pacing measurement. From that open area out in front of the shacks we moved into the woods and did the same thing, finding that having to contend with sticks, leaves, stones, and humps in the ground changes the picture.

This pacing is very important in forestry work, and is used for many purposes. Once a forester knows his own pace in the woods he can measure acres by multiplying, especially if he doesn't have measuring instruments with him. It is a skill he can use the rest of his life. One of the better known pacers in literature is Henry Thoreau. He became very proficient in pacing in his surveying work for his town, both in the woods and out on open land, to the extent that his maps, done over a hundred years ago, have been found accurate when tested with modern instruments. Like many other human activities, such as riding a bicycle or driving a car, if you use the skill often enough it stays automatic.

In estimating the volume of lumber in a tree, which is the major arithmetic effort in forest mensuration, the first thing is to determine the diameter of a tree. Obviously a skinny tree doesn't contain as much lumber as a thick-through tree. The diameter to be measured is known as breast height, or d.b.h.

This is a constant used throughout the word, and I've had many reasons throughout my life to use it. Since many trees flare widely at the bottom, and variably, you never measure for diameter at the bottom. The term "breast height" more or less means about ~~three~~ ^{four} feet up from the ground. Since it is the diameter and not the circumference which is needed in most cases, an ordinary tape measure will not do. Unless you don't mind a lot of conversion arithmetic. Since forests ^{mer} have to measure hundreds to thousands of trees when on a mensuration job, a few instruments have been devised which have all of the conversion arithmetic done.

One of these is the biltmore stick, which is a rod or wand 40 inches long, an inch wide, and $3/4$ inch thick. One side is beveled and along that are marked the proper figures representing different diameters, usually for trees 5 to 30 inches in diameter. This stick is held horizontally against a tree at arm's length, with the beveled, marked edge on top, facing the holder. The zero mark at the left end of the stick is lined up so that by sighting at arm's length it is flush with the left edge of the tree. Then, ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxx~~ without moving the stick, but move a hand if necessary, read what the stick says at the right edge of the tree. That figure gives you the tree's diameter. This biltmore stick has to be fitted to the length of the arm of the user; they are usually made for 23, 24, and 25 inch reaches. It is probably the fastest method to use where a great many trees are to be measured so long as they are under 20 inches D.B.H.

Or, you can use calipers, which have properly graduated figures on their arms. They are preferred by some foresters but I consider them clumsy in the woods. The insides of the two arms, or jaws,

press against the ~~the~~ outside of the tree bark; in other words, the calipers enclose the bole of the tree at the spot being measured. There were other instruments in existence, but those two were the ones we concentrated on, except for the measuring tape, which is probably the most popular.

It's made of flexible steel and winds up into a cartridge not much bigger than a typewriter ribbon spool. It has properly graduated measurements marked along its upper edge. There is a hook on the beginning of the tape, which you catch into the tree bark at dbh, and walk around the tree with it, or reach around if the tree is small enough and your arms long enough, and where the tape meets the zero mark is the diameter ^{reading}. I became a biltmore stick addict as seldom do girls have the right pockets for a metal tape and they are easily lost in the woods. Besides, as far as I was concerned, the biltmore stick was faster; I didn't have to stop to wrap it around a tree.

Measuring the height of a tree is a different game, and not as simple or easy. There are so many systems, I stuck with the biltmore stick. You pace off 66 feet from the tree, hold the stick vertically at arm's length, sight the zero mark to match the base of the tree at ground level, then read off the figure on the stick where the top of the tree intercepts the stick. This requires a certain amount of consistency in pacing off the 66 feet; it's much too laborious and time-consuming to measure the 66 ^e feet with a tapemeasure for every tree.

We spent several days pacing off quarter and half acres, and pacing the 66 feet. We measured the diameters and heights of the trees with calipers, biltmore sticks and diameter tapes, all of which require some practice in handling. We took turns putting

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down on tally sheets the figures we obtained, and that person had to keep track of the trees already measured so we didn't measure them more than once. Sometimes we were allowed to use chalk for those already done. It was amazing how soon we were able to judge by looking at a tree what was its diameter and height. We were allowed a session of practice estimating, using no instruments; then we checked out decisions with the instruments. This gives a forest worker confidence in his figures; there are times, too, when he is called upon to make an estimate of the volume of a stand when he doesn't have his instruments with him.

All of those figures which we tallied for the trees on a quarter, then a half acre, we had to convert into board feet of lumber for that unit of land. And that, in turn, was worked out for the number of board feet per acre. For practice, we did similar figuring, after measuring, for specific tree species, - such as pine, red oak, or yellow birch.

Some very skillful and patient mathematician, who was no relation to me, long ago worked out volume tables for all of the important lumber tree species, after they had acquired hundreds of figures for each species. They struck an average for the total number of trees in a size class, ^a ~~sy~~ fifty feet high and 18 inches in diameter. These tables are considered accurate enough so that big lumber companies depend upon them. We were given a little practice in creating log volume tables, but it wasN't my favorite class or exercise. I willingly accept the national and international log rules.

Measuring logs on the ground is easier, but still a lot of work. Professor G. took us around to a few local sawmills where

we measured logs all day long. Here, too, after a few hours doing this type of exercise over and over, we developed a good eye for guess-timating the length and diameter of logs. Then back at camp, in the evening, in the heat and glare of hissing Coleman lanterns, we computed the board foot volume in the day's tally, using the official log rules. As there are several of them to choose from, we tried different ones to determine variations. The most reliable it seemed to us, and used at mills in Connecticut at the time, was the International Log Rule.

Surveying was half as simple, though I didn't always understand what was happening, even when my figures came out right. It involves geometry and trigonometry. Fortunately I'd had two years of geometry in high school and it had been a favorite subject. But trigonometry was totally foreign to me. Which points up why students need background courses to work in more advanced courses.

In surveying we had all manner of instruments. I got along fine with a compass, seeming to have some affinity for it as I have always been conscious of cardinal directions. But the transit and I will always remain strangers. We also had alidades, transit boards, plane tables, triangles, protractors, and the same metal chains for measuring feet or yards along the ground. as we'd used in the woods.

The transit is a surveyor's telescope; the kind you see on a tripod along roads where engineers are working. The first time we took turns looking into a camp transit was at night, out in the clearing in front of our shacks. Our first introduction was a deliberate fun thing, to lessen our fears in the morning. What did we do with it in the dark? We turned it on the moon and all of us were surprised at how clearly we could see the moon's craters.

The next day we took turns carrying it through the woods. When it came my turn I found out it was designed for male muscles. Even the boys found it an arduous task to dodge bushes and other woods obstructions. You are supposed to carry it with the heaviest part resting on your shoulder, with the legs held out ^a straight in front of you or down in front of you. But it cut painfully into the skinny bones of my shoulder. I alternated between resting it on my shoulder or carrying it in my arms. The latter was the clumsiest way for the legs stuck out sideways and caught on bushes and whacked against tree trunks. Getting over brook stones with such a burden was the worst of all; also, ~~x~~ in that part of Connecticut, the mountain laurel forms dense thickets in some spots where even the boys found it a cussed job to carry a transit.

One day when I insisted upon my turn to carry the transit, and was struggling through a difficult part of the woods with it, one of the boys took off his mosquito-protection bandanna and wrapped it around the telescope. I thought for a second that he was being facetious about protecting the transit from mosquitos, but with a strange smile he said, almost in a whisper, "Sorry, Bobbie, but I couldn't resist it. I had to put a bonnet on the baby." For the first time I realized I was cradling the clumsy thing in my arms like it was a clumsy child. After that I wasn't too insistent about my turn.

We got much practice surveying around camp, the first stint being the dirt road into the camp, which had a turn-around. The trick was to get the angles of the road down on paper and have the road line close, in this case, close the turn-around circle. My road map closed when I used a transit board or compass but when I tried the

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transit, it was like putting my money into a machine and losing track of what happened to it. For with the transit my road went off into the lake somewhwre.

We surveyed Dolbeare's Island, a fairly large island in the middle of the lake. It gave us practice with a sea level instrument, as the island rose up from the water in gentle contours as the island was but 3 to 4 feet in elevation, sloping a bit higher toward the center. When we took all the measurements we could use there, we took turns getting ourselves and instruments back to the mainland and into the woods, where we surveyed a specified number of timberland acres, and placed objects such as boulders, brooks and fallen trees in our notes so that when we transferred all of our transit readings onto paper the boulders and other objects would supposedly appear in the right places.

I got along fairly well with these transit trips for we worked in teams of two and what one of us didn't know the other sometimes did. Once in awhile I was intelligent enough about it to help my partner or crew figure out something, but I admit that was seldom. One part of the whole process which I did enjoy was making maps out of our compass readings; that I seemed to do as well with as anyone else in the camp.

My worst surveying adventure was the morning we were wrapped to the eyebrows against hordes of mosquitos in the slightly swampy area. My partner and I had set up the transit on a dry mound, and I was peering through it and wig-wagging to him for his bearings. Suddenly my legs felt very strange. I looked down and saw that I and the transit were plumb in the middle of an ant's nest. The ants were proverbially, and all too realistically, crawling up my pants.

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I jumped up and down, stamping my feet, trying to shake them off, but of course all I did was stir up more ants. I yelled to the boys to turn their backs or get out of sight so I could take off my slacks but they misunderstood and came running, thinking I was bitten by a snake and was yelling for ~~my~~ assistance. Quickly I sat down on a nearby half rotten log and pulled off my slacks; a couple of the less shy boys helped me turn them inside out and shake out the ants. The greatest advance of the marching hordes had been to about three inches above my knees. Once that excitement settled down even the boys didn't want to tangle with an ant nest so they moved the transit to a safer spot.

When I got back to camp at that day's end I did a real stupid thing. Marion had two lemon meringue pies cooling on the cook tent window ledge. I started telling her about my ant adventure, and jumped up and down to show her what I did. One of my shoulders hit a pie and it fell face down into the dirt. What a mess!. There was no way to rescue a lemon pie squashed in the dirt. I didn't know who to feel sorriest for, Marion or the boys. I apologized profusely, feeling like an unnecessarily awkward goon, but that didn't bring the pie back. The one pie left wasn't enough to go around. Professor M., Marion and I contented ourselves with bread and yellow jam so there was at least a taste of the one pie for each of the boys. My name was mud in camp that night.

Marion was a good sport. She was reasonably happy in camp all day by herself. She was given one day a week off, which she spent mostly catching up with mail and personal interests, for she seldom had any means to get out of camp. Sometimes she went out in the rowboat by herself. Willard was able to get there on her day off

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only a couple of times all summer. Usually he arrived when she had only a couple of free hours.

The boys were a little afraid, or maybe just respectful, of Marion. She baffled them, she was so exceptionally sweet and feminine though when she felt it necessary should told them off with the conviction of a mother scolding naughty children. Not that the boys were ever rude, or really bad, and she knew they weren't. In fact, she got a big kick out of them, even those who looked like big burly men. It was mostly that she had a younger brother at home whom she had been used to disciplining at times. She expected them to toe the mark of good manners and courtesy.

She found the first week or so quite frustrating. Meal, time, of course, was the most popular hour of the day, and it was many days before Marion was able to properly judge the vast quantities of food that could disappear at one meal. The first time she mixed griddle cake batter it was just about enough to hold Niles comfortably. The first muffins were two for each of us, each of which was about a bite apiece for big hungry men. She tried a nice, healthy big salad as a meal once. Only once. It was just a tasty sample.

But Marion soon made the adjustment of quantities and menus. Professor M. and one or two of us took turns helping her plan a day's meals. But no matter what happened in the culinary department, all was forgiven if there was plenty of bread and yellow jam. Yellow jam appeared on the table for any special occasion, on Sundays, on visitor days, and as a peace offering from the kitchen. But the jam had to be yellow; it could be peach, apricot, pineapple and orange, or something we never heard of, so long as it was yellow. One ill-fated supper, when the main dish had scorched a bit, and the biscuits had fallen flat and there was no butter nearer than Stafford Springs,

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Marion whisked out three big gallon containers of yellow jam and an armful of loaves of bread. The day was saved. I often wondered who was suppressing a desire for red jam, like raspberry, or strawberry, or maybe even purple grape jelly. But yellow it was, with no complaints.

But Marion pulled a real boner one day. We came in from an especially tiring day in the field. We had trudged miles in rough woodland and even the boys were ready to drop the transit in the deepest hole in the lake before we got back to camp.

When we were within hearing distance of the cook tent, Professor M. who had been in the woods with us all day, called out, "Marion, what have you got for a bunch of hungry wolves?"

As we passed in front of the cook shack Marion leaned out over the window ledge and said "Corned beef," and welcomed us back with her pretty smile.

"Hooray!" the guys all yelled.

We went along to our lake washrooms, and when I came back, ahead of the boys, Professor M. was in the cook tent and talking in a serious voice to Marion. It was obvious something was wrong. "What's the matter?" I asked over the window ledge.

"Come in here, Bobbie," said Marion gravely.

I stepped in and there were the two heads of cabbage on the work bench which were supposed to be served, cooked with the corned beef, as boiled cabbage, ~~in with the meat~~

"Did you forget to cook the cabbage?" I asked Marion in dismay.

Professor M. chuckled. "Worse than that," he said, "She roasted the corned beef."

My heart went into my shoes. The meat was still pickled in its salt brine and had been roasted? If we had no supper forestry

camp might ~~be~~ not be a very cheerful place for awhile. The guys could be just too tired and hungry to be mollified by yellow jam and bread. They might swear and growl. And scare Marion out of her job.

I thought it over a few moments. "Have you tasted it Marion?"

She shook her head. "Now that I know you don't roast corned beef I'm afraid to taste it."

I myself don't like things too salty and it seemed any tongue trying that roasted pickle meat would rebel. Professor M. quietly said, "I'm afraid it is going to be too salty to eat."

"Will you taste it for me Bobbie?" asked Marion with pleading eyes.

Professor M. lifted the strange roast out of the oven, cut off a small corner, and handed it to me. I was pleasantly surprised. "Not bad," I said, grinning relief. They both relaxed and tasted it.

"Say nothing," said Professor M. "Just slice it and serve it. You've got potatoes all cooked, and carrots. And apple pie ready. Sounds like a good supper to me."

"How come you cooked carrots instead of the cabbage?" I asked Marion after Professor M. left. She was bustling around now, obviously relieved. "I knew cabbage went with corned beef but I just couldn't figure out how to cook it in the oven with the meat."

The meal went off all right. When one of the boys asked where the cabbage was Professor M. deftly steered the conversation to discussion of the day's field work. But the next day, while out in the woods, we told them, embroidery the tale with chuckles, Marion didn't live that down the rest of the summer.

At every forestry and logging camp there is someone known as the Flunkiee. He is usually the smallest, or has some personality trait which innately tempts the others to aim harmless

Answered
teasing at him. When analyzed such jibes prove to be a visible form of affection from toughies who are trying to hide it. In our camp, Harry was our Flunkee. He was a short fellow though well built, quite young looking for his age, with handsome big violet-blue eyes fringed with maazingly long lashes which seemed misplaced on a boy. He had a propensity for doing or saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. He could commit more inadvertent minor social errors, invent more cusswords, just put the worst combinations of clothes together, **threw** songs off pitch, break more dishes and lanterns than all the rest of the camp put together. Even though in the long run it became obvious that he l^earned as much as the rest of us.

As a result of this type of personality, Harry was unanimously chosen as our water boy. A regular task of Flunkee in any camp. At times it may have seemed unfair, yet Harry made good use of his position. Whenever he wanted to get out of anything all he had to do was say, "Sorry, it's time for me to go for water," and we couldn't tell if Marion or one of our professors was waiting for that water. Out in the woods it was Harry's job to fan mosquitos away from the transit lens, and from the head of the telescope operator.

Trying to teach Harry how to row a boat proved useless. At first, Professor M., a past ~~master~~ at rowing in silence, patiently explained the general technique of rowing; how to roll the wrists and not lean forward. But Harry persisted in making the hardest and splashiest work of rowing a boat. He would ~~far~~ bend forward as far as he could, his chest meeting his knees, dip the oar handles to the bottom of the boat with him, the oars stuck up in the sky. As he dropped the oars with a big splash into the water he would pull with all his strength as he moved back to a sitting position, pulling as if in a racing shell. We could always see and hear Harry coming with

the boat from away up the lake by the paddles thrust into the sky alternating with two fountains of water.

Sometimes I felt he did all those things on purpose for the attention it got him, and for the fun it stirred up. He eventually graduated with our class with marks as good as most of us. We all had enjoyed his good nature; nothing anyone ever said tempted him to show annoyance. None of us knew until later, when it was too late to show him the consideration he deserved, that he not only worked all his way through college but had contributed to his mother's support at the same time. He had the potential, did he but have enough time from his studies out from under his jobs, to have graduated in the upper quarter of his class. How different from today's drop outs. He had the rare gift for clowning as a cover-up, which most of us don't ha

The old man who owned Dolbeare's Island, which was named after his family, dropped into camp once in awhile. He and Professor M. were acquainted from previous summers. He spent most of his life, during good weather, in an old rowboat, where he had a seat and the back of a chair fitted into the stern. There he'd lean back and dunk worms for striped bass or bullheads by the hour. He was short, rather chubby, with bag-kneed trousers hitched almost up to his chin which he held there by short suspenders with one button fore and one aft. He had learned that this style saved him from wearing and laundering a shirt, as only a small part of his underwear showed at the top.

The first moment he set eyes on me he was talking to Professor M. near our outdoor dining table. He stood staring, where I was doing some of my school work at the table. "Wal," he drawled and spit tobacco juice, "At last I see her. Here's that gal you got in camp this year. Mmmmmmmmm." Just before he spoke I had

started to get up, moved out from behind the bench, and was going to my shack for something. Three or four of the boys came in around the table with their books and papers just as I was about to move away. Suddenly old Dolbeare came out with, "I never could decide which was the purtiest side of 'em, the back or the front," as he stared right at me.

A whooping yell went up. Even Professor M. doubled up with laughter. Marion peered out over her ledge to see what was going on. I had dropped back into my seat. I yearned to get into my shack, just in back of me, but I didn't dare move for I would present one side or the other to Dolbeare, and all those other male eyes would see what Dolbeare saw. It's strange how some things can be taken for granted, then let one person come into your midst with a suggestion and the whole world changes. Every time Dolbeare's boat hove into sight of our camp after that I managed to disappear.

There were two other old, but innocuous male characters on Lake Mashapaug that summer. One was the oldest policeman in the United States, whose beat was Stafford Springs. He lived on the lake all day long during this three weeks' vacation, often plying his small craft up and down our coast but never leaving his boat for any inane conversation. No doubt he got enough of that back on his job. He perched in the middle of his boat in a rocking chair. A fishpole and a cigar were always part of the picture, but whether the superannuated cop, said to be over eighty, who held his position by courtesy of devoted towns folk, ever caught a fish no one seemed to know.

Not far from camp there was a boat rental dock run by an old man who was almost totally blind. He could only distinguish light from dark. Whenever he could inveigle someone to go with him he'd take them for a free outboard motor ride. With their help. He insisted upon having his own hand on the throttle. His method was to

to sit on one side of the motor and have his visitor sit on the opposite side; the visitor would put a hand on top of his and by pressure indicate to him which way to steer. Verbal comments told him when to slow down or if safe to speed up. I went out with him several times so he could enjoy the sounds and fragrances of the lake and his boat; occasionally one of our camp boys went out with him. It was inspiring to see the joy he got out of those trips.

The struggle with angles and cosigns was lightened by the fun with camp beards. The first day we arrived at camp all the boys put their razors away for the summer. But within a week it was obvious that some beards made their owners look more immature than they appreciated. They returned quickly to shaving. One fellow looked so much like a tramp his sha^ck mates refused to let him live with them until he shaved. On the other hand, Niles, one of the ~~more~~ older boys in camp, and Roy, had such fascinating beards that a contest was begun to see who could raise the longest beard for the summer. Unshaven men, at that time, was a novelty and a shock on the streets of Stafford Springs, where a barber asked them if they were from the House of David.

Niles, whose hair and beard were dark brown, soon looked like a distinguished explorer. He seemed to acquire with the beard a mature, dignified, intellectual bearing which brought him the respect of the whole camp. Perched high on a stool at one end of our table at mealtimes, Niles lent an air of romance and adventure which one associates with great expeditions.

Roy, however, was the most handsome man in camp. His silky, curly red beard fascinated everyone. Roy refused to wander forth on Sundays after I told him he looked like the head man in the Bible. Even when he was dressed in his queer camp lounging outfit

of chopped off flannel shorts, old torn shirt, and dressy bow tie, Roy lost none of his Holy-looking glory.

When those setill with beards by the end of camp shaved them off they looked a bit weird. Cheeks and chins were pink, noses and foreheads were tan. A couple of them took lawn-mowing jobs on campus for the two weeks before classes started, pushing their way across the lawns with chins stuck out to catch as much sun as possible.

Forestry camp had been a fascinating experience for me, though on a day-to-day basis I had taken it for granted. I just lived there, in that special Eden. Every now and then there was something about it which reminded me of the Bungalow. Once, when thinking about it, I felt that I had stepped through Alice's looking glass and was now on the right side.