

V. WELCOME TO SUMMER CAMP



The Beginning (and Problems)

Summer camp has become such an entrenched tradition—for most alumni, a focal point of their college experiences—that it's a bit difficult to realize that the college was "in business" for thirty years before the camp was established. The necessity for field work did not go unrecognized during those years. But most field experience was gained through local Saturday and weekend jaunts and through annual longer and more ambitious field trips. Range and wood utilization students took substantial spring field trips; forestry majors hit the road for a two-week trip in September. In between these trips were dendrology and mensuration field trips where camps were established in survey areas and two or three days spent on site.

Though such trips provided essential educational experiences, one can well imagine the frustration of faculty members contemplating once again a half-empty classroom.

This attendance problem and the arrival of Ernie Wohletz in 1937 no doubt combined to create the School of Forestry Summer Camp.

Wohletz was hired to teach courses in forest mensuration, forest economics, and general forestry, and to assist in forest management and logging courses. He was also placed in charge of the school's equipment storeroom and two trucks.

"TEN WEEKS IN A DAZE"

By WILLIAM W. READ

'Twas in the spring of '39, not very long ago,
 Some sophomore foresters said, "To summer camp
 we'll go."
 So they wrote home for extra dough, and moved to
 Willis Sweet Hall;
 Bought their books; registered; and settled down
 'till fall.

There was "Waddy", "Smittie", Terry, "Tex", and
 Roy, the ferocious Finn;
 "Jonesy", Saarstad, "Slim", and "Persb", all these
 boys came in.

There was "Benny", and "Hiram Zeb", "Chuck",
 and old "Joe Blow",
 Carl and Ed, "Chris" and Doug, Allen and Bari-
 beau.

Then came "Gus", "Hairless Joe", and "Daddy"
 Maryott.
 "Pop" Carlson, "Slush", and Hobba, these were
 the last we got.

And helping us in our work, the guy who had plenty
 of "it",
 Was the Don Juan of the summer school, good
 old "Osha" Hitt.

We started out in surveying, from bench-mark to
 railroad and back,
 Chaining and pacing, transit and stake; and
 stadia, yellow and black;
 From bull-pen to barn, 6th Street to Hays, around
 and across; back and forth
 (One crew sighted square at the setting sun, while
 their transit read due North.)

Lafferty was chased from a bull-pen, a range pole
 clutched in his hand.
 Persb climbed a tree with two stadia rods, to get
 the lay of the land.

Tex kept looking at women; Smittie did the work
 of two.
 Chuck said, "Let's quit loafing," while Bailey and
 Chris drank brew.

But Saturday night was our night; from 9 'till 2 a.m.
 We took apart the campus and town, and put
 them together again.

We had our pick of summer-school girls, and there
 were plenty around.
 They loved to be squired by foresters, and we
 were the best to be found.

Soon we finished surveying, and then to the woods
 we went,
 To examine the grass and shrubs; ah, the happy
 hours we spent!

We learned of plant communities, of how and where
 they'd grow.

"The trees are okay, but save that grass!" was
 the slogan we came to know.

The summer-school students were gone by now, we
 were all alone.

We still had four weeks to go, so we settled down
 with a moan.

We did more helling around; the pile of bottles
 grew.

Some let their whiskers sprout; we were a motley
 crew.

Our next course was mensuration; we roamed the
 woods around,

Taping and pacing and measuring, d.b.h. and
 height from the ground,

Sweating at night over problems, worrying about
 that last test,

Losing and finding our instruments; we got little
 rest.

We rode to work in the Forestry truck driven by
 "Osha" Hitt.

He could really handle the thing; as a driver
 he's fully fit.

But when we started down Moscow Mountain, in a
 whirling cloud of dust,

He'd throw'er in neutral, release the brake, and
 scare the life out of us.

Baseball, swimming, and ping-pong, to keep our
 bodies strong.

(Read played baseball barefoot; he'd lived in the
 south too long.)

Mr. Wohletz came down and played one day; he
 hit one, hard and square.

It soared and soared, he rounded third—(but the
 darn thing didn't fall fair).

The days slipped slowly by; our camp would soon
 be through.

We were counting the days on our fingers; it
 wouldn't make us blue,

When they finally shut the camp down. We'd be
 heading fast

For home or work (we didn't care); our vacation
 was here at last.

So now my poem is ended; and every bit is true.

I hope I've hurt no one's feelings, or said what
 I'll later rue.

It's just a poetic(?) summary (woven from a frail
 mind)

Of the good times and the bad times of the camp
 of '39.

But, most important, because of his deep involvement in the Berkeley summer camp and his firm belief in the concept, he was felt to be the man to help make an Idaho summer camp a going proposition.

And for awhile, that looked a bit chancey.

The original plans for summer camp exuded optimism. Announced the 1938 *Forester*, "The camp will be held on the School Forest utilizing as living quarters the buildings of the abandoned Big Meadow CCC Camp." It would begin June 15, 1939, and last 10 weeks. The curriculum would consist of the following: first 5 weeks - Surveying, taught by a faculty member of the Engineering Department; sixth to ninth weeks - Mensuration, taught by Wohletz; tenth week - Study of Forest Communities, taught by Vernon Young. E.R. Martell was to be camp director. And not only would the campers be able to take advantage of the facilities left by the CCC, but also they would enjoy a baseball diamond and swimming facilities.

It sounded good. But, as with many "best-laid plans," something went awry. Declared an article in the '39 *Forester*, "Due to reduced appropriations from the state legislature, plans for summer camp have been drastically modified."

Indeed. Rather than on the forest, the camp would be held on campus. The participants would "camp" in Lindley Hall and in the course of ten weeks, take two all-day field trips. The curriculum also changed. The five weeks of Surveying remained; Mensuration was increased to five weeks; and a short introductory course in Forest Ecology would be interspersed during the Mensuration weeks.

As it turned out, this prediction, too, went slightly awry. The first UI School of Forestry Summer Camp was indeed held in 1939. The 26 "campers" lived not in Lindley Hall, but in Willis Sweet Hall. Surveying and Mensuration "book-ended" the camp, with five weeks and four weeks, respectively, and Forest Communities was restored to its original week's duration.

Although an on-campus summer camp might have left something to be desired, it apparently had its pleasant points. Junior Editor William W. Read reported of surveying, "The work, while hard, was interesting, and the boys didn't mind it at all, though some difficult problems did arise. For

instance, some of the boys couldn't keep their transits off the summer school girls . . ." And, he added, "At this time summer school proper was going on, and there were dances, band recitals, mixers, etc. The pool in the gymnasium was open in the afternoon and evening, and we had some baseballs and bats, so our physical recreation was well taken care of."

Read also announced a bit of School of Forestry history: "Summer camp for the 1940 session will be held on Payette Lake . . ." The curriculum would remain substantially the same. E.R. Martell was again to be in charge of camp administration.

And, of course, summer camp at Payette Lake, soon to be known as McCall Summer Camp, went smoothly and successfully, the proper beginning for what would become a respected tradition. But the inception of summer camp—apart from reduced legislative appropriations—was not without its difficulties.

The source of the most serious difficulty is implicit in Read's article:

The camp, which starts immediately after the close of the winter session, will cost between \$100 and \$125 per man. Since the boys are living in the woods, there will be no chance for extra work on the side.

"No chance for extra work on the side"—this in an era, as Dean Jeffers later recalled, when students—many of them foresters—unable to pay dormitory fees, lived "behind the heating plant." Wrote Jeffers, "They had no dining room, no mess hall. Each boy had his own 'shack,' which he built out of scrap materials gathered wherever he could find it."

This was the Great Depression, and the expense of summer camp simply outstripped the finances of many students, and they balked.

Chet Southam described the problem in the '39 *Forester*:

The student resistance which is being met due to the establishment of our camp has been encountered and overcome in every other school . . . It must be admitted, however, that the present resistance is causing drastic results in the class of 1941. This

largest class ever to enter the Idaho School of Forestry is already reduced to approximately fifty members, and of this number less than twenty-five have signified their intention of entering summer camp. Since attendance at the summer session is a prerequisite for junior standing in the School of Forestry, it seems that the number of graduates in 1941 may hit an all-time low.

Of course the latter sentence was just a bit exaggerated. Even had the class of '41 graduated no one, it would have only tied with the class of '18, and just barely have beaten out the class of '14, with its lone graduate Clarence Favre.

The fact, is, however, that the inception of summer camp in 1939 did impact heavily on the class of '41. The class of '40—the last class to pass through the school without the summer camp requirement—numbered 78 graduates. In contrast, the graduation of 1941 saw only 38 foresters receive their bachelor's degrees. Of course, from this point on for the next five years, World War II intervened to make graduate counts irrelevant.

On to McCall

The inaugural class of 31 students arrived that second week of June 1940 to find their camp not yet entirely complete. The accommodations—canvas-covered wood frames, really glorified tents—lacked lighting, tables, bookshelves, clothes hooks, and a miscellaneous bag of those little amenities that go toward making a house a home. They also lacked cots, though such had been ordered by camp director Martell well in advance. There was nothing for it but to toss sleeping bags onto the wooden floors and get to work. The four men sharing each tent installed their electric lights, built their own tables (with lumber they provided) and bookshelves, screwed in their own hardware, and awaited the arrival of their cots.

The instructional schedule proceeded smoothly enough—five weeks of Surveying; one week of Forest Communities; four weeks of Mensuration—with classes held every weekday morning from 8 a.m. to 9:30 or 10 a.m., followed by six hours of field work. Interspersed with the scheduled curriculum were training in fire fighting, telephone line construction and maintenance, and the use of portable radios—all instructed by Forest Service personnel. This training constituted part

of an agreement between the Service and the school whereby all students were to be available, on short notice, to fight fire anywhere on the Idaho National Forest.

In consequence, off-camp recreation activities were limited; all students were required to sign in and out of camp during extreme fire hazard periods. Wrote Edward J. Erickson ('42) in the 1940 *Forester*: "Sunday evenings were the main periods of camp entertainment. Bonfires were built on the beach, around which the men and their guests gathered to roast weiners and marshmallows, sing songs, and spin yarns." And, of course, "Swimming became a daily habit with most of the fellows and instructors."

However, most managed to sample the joys of McCall, particularly over the long Fourth of July weekend. Wrote Sykes Gilbert ('41):

McCall is not very impressive at first glance. It requires a few weeks to become really acquainted with the possibilities for amusement, and the portion of the summer camp which moved into town each evening of the weekend of July Fourth undoubtedly uncovered all of them. The details are rather obscure concerning this vacation; everyone had his own idea of how to spend it profitably. However, one thing is certain, that a forester in trouble had only to sing out once, and every brother fernhopper within whistling distance would be there with a cudgel in each hand, in just about the time it takes to down one short beer.

The first McCall Summer Camp ended abruptly and unexpectedly. August 20 was supposed to be the last day of camp. A celebratory dinner—with Dean Jeffers and family as guests—had been planned for the preceding evening. Considerable effort had gone into the planning and preparation of this meal, particularly by Mrs. Herman, the cook. But about 4 p.m. the campers were called onto the firelines—and summer camp was over, "without," wrote Gilbert, "even a taste of that wonderful meal waiting in the kitchen."

The 1941 and '42 camps came off on schedule. But World War II cancelled the '43 and '44 camps. Summer camp resumed in 1945 with 14 students attending an abbreviated session of six



1940 summer campers pose after a ballgame. From left—first row: Nelse Petermann ('43), John Stillinger ('44), John Lyngstad ('47), Dick Campana ('43), Ernest Wohletz, Ralph Didriksen ('47). Second row: Vern Burlison ('43), Eri Bolick ('42), Roger Guernsey ('47), Merle Lloyd (no record of graduation), Jerry O'Connor ('43), Lawrence Arneson ('47), Bob Ellingson (no record of graduation), Vern Ravenscroft ('43), Harold Thomson ('43), Stan Farris ('43). Photo courtesy of Ralph G. Didriksen.

weeks. In this case, nature called the shots. Because of the need for fire labor on the Payette National Forest, it would have been impractical to go ahead with the normal ten weeks; the students would only have been called away from their studies to the fire lines.

For this first post-war summer camp, Merrill Deters taught forest communities; followed by a short fire-fighting course instructed by Forest Service personnel, which, in turn, was followed by instruction in logging and milling, taught by Dean Jeffers. The camp concluded with Ernie Wohletz' course in forest mensuration.

Cold Baths, Warm Friendships

Probably my most vivid recollection is taking baths in that cold Payette Lake water during the 1948 summer camp—WOW! No showers and such comforts at the time! But more importantly, those days laid the foundation for what was a rewarding, 32-year professional career, followed by a second "career" in art after retirement. The friendships from those early years are highly valued and still maintained.

—Donovan Yingst (BS - Range Mgt., '50)

Personal Recollections: Hungerford and Johnson

Editor's Note: The following two sections on summer camp were contributed by Kenneth E. Hungerford and Frederic D. Johnson, both alumni and long-time college faculty members. Hungerford (BS - Forest Mgt., '38) went on to a master's and Ph.D. in wildlife and has been Professor Emeritus of Wildlife Resources since 1978. Fred Johnson (MS - Forest Mgt., '52) remains active as Professor of Forest Resources.

Ken Hungerford

Nineteen forty-six was my first year on the faculty and my first year instructing summer camp. Ernie Wohletz was camp director. Our students consisted of about 26 vets who were, of course, older than most previous summer camp students. I was just out of the Navy myself, and very little older than most of my students. They were a no-nonsense bunch, and the motto that summer was "get on the stick and get your money's worth."



The Hungerford brothers duel it out at Summer Camp '46. Left: Ken; right: Roger (BS - Range Mgt., '48). Photo courtesy of Ken Hungerford.

As has been often the case, we tried an experiment that year: handling the fire control course during camp, rather than as previously on campus. We decided that fire control would become a two-week summer camp course including both the theoretical and practical aspects of fire control. Because I had had considerable experience in fire control with the Forest Service and other agencies, I was tapped as instructor.

The course was quite difficult to teach because we lacked library facilities and the visual aids helpful in discussing the theoretical aspects of fire control. Nevertheless, aided by Payette National Forest personnel, we did get the course taught.

Later, the students got the opportunity to apply their instruction when they spent considerable time on a fire on the Lower Secesh River, more than a day's travel from McCall.

The teaching of fire control in its entirety at summer camp was abandoned in the following years. Ernie Wohletz had very well-defined attitudes about many things, including whether summer camp faculty should accompany students on a fire. He was very much concerned that should faculty be on a fire, they would be given some responsibility and that any mishap would bring criticism on the faculty and the school. He, therefore, had a definite policy: faculty remained at summer camp when the students were on a fire.

Later, when I became summer camp director, I changed the policy. I would accompany students on a fire for at least the first 24-hour period. The main reason for this was to act as a liaison between the students and the Forest Service, and to explain to the students why things were happening as they were and what the main strategy was in trying to control and contain the fire.

Later Bob Seale (Robert H., MS - Forestry, '42; long-time faculty member, and Professor Emeritus of Forestry since 1975) and other faculty members bearing similar responsibilities continued this policy. I think it was a wise policy—to have better communication with the students on a fire.

Summer camp activity has changed tremendously since those early days. I believe the first time Ernie had an assistant at summer camp was myself in 1946. In later years, we didn't even have that. When I was summer camp director, I was often there alone, being responsible for two courses during the camp period and for directing the camp throughout the camp period. Various instructors from different UI departments would come in to handle summer camp sections. For example, Engineering personnel instructed plane surveying, topographics surveying, and plane table mapping.

We lacked the luxury of assistants to issue and maintain equipment, to type exams, to grade exam papers and record grades, to do custodial work. All was done by the camp director during my days in the job. There were times when camp enrollment went up to sixty students; one year we had between seventy and eighty students—and one unassisted camp director—me. It kept a person busy.

Scenes from McCall Summer Camp #1

Panoramic view of living quarters, Summer Camp 1940.



Saturday night bath in Payette Lake, 1940 (or—You scrub my back and . . .). From left: Jim Girard ('43), Ralph Didriksen ('47), Jerry O'Connor ('43), Carl Wilson ('39), Francis Dillon ('43), John Stillinger ('44). Photo courtesy of Ralph G. Didriksen.



Creating your own entertainment. Bob Nobis ('51), Dick Krajewski ('50), John Engwer ('51), and (standing) Claire Letson ('51) harmonize at Summer Camp '49. Photo courtesy of Ken Hungerford.

Jennie Morris, Summer Camp cook, 1950-1954, does her stuff.



Fred Johnson

My first experience at summer camp was deflating. In that year, 1956, I arrived to act as assistant to Ken Hungerford for the field ecology course which had expanded from one week to four. Now this was early July, of a hot, dry year. No sooner were we there than a fire call came—big fires on the Boise Forest. Pappy (Robert H.) Seale was camp commandant, and he, Lee Sharp, Ken and I, and the entire student body headed for Landmark Ranger Station. This was about 10 p.m. on a very dark night. I'd never been that far on dirt roads in my life—it took hours! Nonetheless, I was thrilled—boy—going on a fire—with 3 faculty members—what camaraderie—what excitement! What a let down! After checking in at the Station, Pappy, Lee and Ken told me I was in charge—“so long, write once a week” were the last words I heard as they zoomed off in the pre-dawn darkness.

Summer Camp in 1956 was still a tent camp, even the office. Gadfrey! We had an office, the more expensive equipment, and our bunks in one 16x16-tent. The wood stove held the ditto machine—at least part of the time.

But it was still more modern than in earlier camp days when, I've been told, the “cook shack” was literally that—a 12x16-foot frame building

with shutters as sides. Mealtimes—raise the shutters; students filed past and collected their grub. The mess hall was merely a tarp strung over stand-up tables; but in good weather, most students simply went out and sat on the ground under those magnificent old ponderosa pines. The cook shack still



BALONEY! Fred Johnson prepares to dine at his 25th summer camp, 1981.

stands. It has served as equipment room for lo these many years.

The “john” facility was a multi-holed outhouse set back in the young lodgepole pines. The bathhouse? All of Payette Lake, which was great when the water was warm, but it didn't usually warm up 'til about the end of summer camp.

A big treat was to get down to Meadows Valley, here to soak and soap in the hot springs. What a luxury!

Editor's note: Professor Emeritus of Wildlife Resources Ken Hungerford elaborates a bit on the hot springs:

In 1946—my first camp as Ernie Wohletz' assistant—it was common to head for Krigbaum Hot Springs, on Goose Creek between New Meadows and McCall. This was an undeveloped spring and very crude. It accommodated only about 4 or 5 people at a time. But when the lake was 40 or 45 degrees, it sure felt good. We frequently made weekend trips there—for the Saturday night baths.

From Mill Pond to School Administration

Other than wanting to be in forestry, my next reason for attending the University of Idaho's School of Forestry was that Dean Jeffers had been a classmate of my great uncle's at Yale University. I found the Dean to be all that he was purported to be—a fine, able man and a leader in his field.

My major memories of Forestry School experience center around Summer Camp at McCall. Summer Camp was a real opportunity to learn in the field with the best of teachers. The other positive side was getting to know each other on a more personal basis. I recollect that Bob Tidd [BS - MF - Range Mgt., '52, '55], Joe Basile [BS - Range Mgt., '52; MS - Wildlife Mgt., '54], and I had some fine times. Also, it was great sport trying to twirl logs in the mill pond at Brown's Mill.

Even though my career led me into teaching and then school administration, I have always felt that the education I received at the University of Idaho gave me a strong foundation.

—Kenneth Allen Foucar (BS - Range Mgt., '52)

Baa . . . In The Old Days . . .

An anecdote? Sure!

It was 30 years ago at the 1954 summer camp. All of us students hunkered down, out of sight, in the back of that 2-ton man-haul truck, bleating like sheep. The purpose, of course, as we rode the main street of McCall, was to cause maximum embarrassment for Professor Bob Seale, our driver. It worked!!

—Ralph D. Kizer (BS - Forest Mgt., '56)

Johnson Continues . . .

Well, the outhouse has long since been replaced by a flush facility, and the showers sure beat the lake—most of the time. Still, it seemed that nice hot water was often suddenly replaced by cold just about the time I was good and soapy.

Next year, Bob Gilbertson and I handled field ecology, with supplement by Ken Hungerford in the wildlife portion and Lee Sharp again doing the honors for range.

From 1958 on I had charge of the field ecology. The curriculum gradually evolved, and part of the change was more trips to distant sites. Ernie Wohletz never did, I think, fully appreciate why we had to go so far to see good examples. From his standpoint as a mensurationist, a forest was a forest, and we had lots of forest nearby. I remember one instance where Howard Loewenstein (Professor of Forest Resources and faculty member since 1958) wanted a rather longish trip to look at

forest soils. Ernie remarked that we could dig a bunch of close-spaced soil pits back of the lodge, then, later they could be consolidated into a new sump needed for the kitchen.

Academically, the 27 years I was at camp were pretty constant; we'd shaken down to a workable pattern. Four weeks of measurement and mapping, four weeks of field ecology. Oh, there were minor changes of course. Instructors varied in the first course. I directed ecology, but the instructors who handled range, wildlife, and fisheries varied from year to year. Howard did hang in there for several years to give the material in soils. Early on, we worked half-days on Saturdays (so did the entire university!); no one cried when that was abandoned. Gradually we added graduate assistants to help with the camp chores and teaching—thus relieving the sole resident instructor of a lot of work; the result had to be better teaching.

Dozens of anecdotes come to mind as years of long, beautiful McCall summer days file by in my memory—only a few can we find space for. For example, 1960. That was the year that we had only four days of ecology instead of a month—yup, just four days! On the fifth day of ecology we were called at breakfast—"Fire in the Salmon River Canyon!"—off we went. The week-long fire course at summer camp had long since been abandoned, replaced by a single day handled by Payette National Forest people. But we still had the fire-fighting agreement—modified a bit after the multiple screw-ups of the Landmark fires. Maxwell

"Fire in Hell's Canyon!" The trucks are gassed up in McCall to haul campers to the second fire in a week. Summer Camp total, wrote Fred Johnson, "4 days of ecology, 24 days of fire." 1960. Photo courtesy of Fred Johnson.



Point, that's where we headed, then a long night hike into the fire. That night we "camped out"—that's a euphemism for hunkered down amongst the rocks—with no dinner.

Before we arrived, the fire point had turned—burned over the fire camp—food, sleeping bags, chain saws, gas, all were gone—well, all but ashes. I had some notable graduate assistants that year—John Hunt (BS - Forest Mgt., '59; MF - '61) (now a professor at Utah State) and Dave Adams (MF - '61) (now my boss as chairman of forest resources). My job, as liaison, was to keep at the Forest Service folks to get us back to summer camp. We'd found that a few days of fire helped student morale (and pocketbooks), but much over a week gone and most of the class just couldn't seem to get with studies again. Anyhow, I made a deal. Instead of having to walk out—an all-day hike—uphill, we'd work the lines one more day and they'd ferry us out by helicopter. Great!

Late afternoon the day before the ferry began, the fire boss; a student, Gary L. ("Stubby") Lent (BS - Fishery Mgt., '63), who had a bad case of blisters; and I took off in the chopper for a run to Marshall Mountain, the nearest roadhead. Well, we found an air-pocket as we came into land, hit the ground hard, wrapped the undercarriage around the body, and that was it. No chopper for the next day. So all but Stub and I walked out after all. I got another dunking in the lake for that one—but it was worth it.

After hot showers, hot food, and a night's rest in McCall, we were ready for day five of ecology about a week later. Again, the phone rang "Fire in Hell's Canyon!" and off we went—Dave, John and me leading 60 very happy "ex"-students in 2-ton trucks.

"Where are we headed?" we'd asked. "Down to Big Bar in the Canyon. Temperature yesterday was 127° in the shade! Honest." So, being trusting souls, we packed light. Where did we go? To Kinney Point, 7500 feet. Did we have food? No! Sleeping bags? No! Did we half-freeze? You bet! Here we were on a fire—building fires all night to keep warm.

That was quite a fire. Had the National Guard out—we'd pile into 6 x 6's each morning—grind down the ridge several miles into the canyon. Then walk a few hours and hit the fire line about

Live Sheep In the Sub and A Poker-playing Prof

The Class of 1956 is probably best remembered for its small size. For the most part, we were interested in graduation and careers. Dr. Deters and Dean Wohletz seemed to think that there should be some educational requirements completed prior to our future careers.

One of the events I remember most vividly was logging bug-killed trees at summer camp—sufficient to replace our dilapidated boat. There was also the foresters' annual dance, featuring a full-size sheep wagon reassembled in the Student Union, together with a complement of live sheep. Dr. Deters is my most remembered professor, particularly his well-used lecture notes and his current copy of the *Wall Street Journal*. He also hosted a poker party at his lakeside cabin, attended by the Class of '56. He and his wife furnished the food. As I remember, his poker playing was good enough to cover his cost.

—Richard L. Stauber (BS - Forest Mgt., '56)

10 or 11 a.m., just in time for the mid-day blow-up. Nearly caught us once—did burn all of our lunches, canteens, chain saws, etc., but no one was hurt. I was timekeeper for our crew. My, how those students did chalk up the overtime! Three weeks later, summer camp was officially over. Some of the students stayed on that fire until school started in late September. Dave, John, and I put the camp to bed for the winter. Total—4 days of ecology, 24 days of fire.

One of the best stunts ever pulled at Summer Camp occurred on one blistering hot August day in Weiser. Craig MacPhee (faculty member since 1957, now Professor Emeritus of Fishery Resources) was instructing in fisheries, and we went down to see a salmon behavioral study going on in connection with the new dams on the Snake River, Brownlee, etc.

We turned the whole crew loose on the town for a lunch hour. Let's set the scene as we reassembled to head for Brownlee Reservoir: two 2-ton trucks, open to the sun in back with high sideboards. Trucks full of students—all men in those days—stripped to the waist—standing—waving to the townspeople as we went through town. I was in the front of the lead truck and noticed more than usual interest in us as we went by. As we rounded a corner, I caught a glimpse of a sign on the truck behind. Some students had made a large sign on butcher paper—one per truck. Here were



Destination sign on bus, 1974.
Photo courtesy of Fred Johnson.

60-some men waving and smiling and the signs said: "McCall Nudist Camp - Annual Picnic." Nothing but skin showed above the sideboards in back—it was pretty believable. It was such a great stunt that I led the caravan back for a second trip down the main street of Weiser (shame on you).

It was the year the Salmon River hit its all-time peak flood, and it wiped out our chance to see some dry forest sites up the Salmon River above Riggins. So we hit an alternate site above the Little Salmon, and it rained, and rained. By eleven a.m. everyone was in a foul mood, notes were soaked, not to mention all our clothes. We headed home. Howard and I in the lead carryall, followed by a 2-ton truck and our *first* bus—an old Navy surplus blue monster. The Denny Creek road was slick as owl shit (or slick as grease, if you like). We got to the bottom and stopped to wait for the students.

We waited, and waited. Grey hairs showed on my head, beads of sweat trickled down my back. Where were they? Finally, way up on the

ridge, walking figures—students!—had to be. Great Lord—they went over the side and these are the ones that made it! This repeated in my mind as one carryall flew up the road to meet them!

"No problem," say they as I leap out the door. "The bus got stuck in the ditch. It was too slippery for us. We piled out of the back of the 2-ton. Better walk than roll over, we figured." Gadzooks—one of the worst few minutes for us ever, at summer camp.

In fact, as I look back, we had amazingly few accidents in situations when accidents were sure waiting to happen. Once, Lee Sharp had just finished an introduction to an exercise down on the Little Salmon. "Don't forget to watch for rattlesnakes" was his parting shot, said with a big grin. As the class got to their collective feet—"Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzz"—in a pile of rocks right in the middle of the group. A rattler, some 3½ feet long, had patiently waited until sudden movement brought him to ready alert. You know, summer camp students really can move fast—when properly motivated!

Really Sticky Sweet Rolls at Summer Camp

The hired cook at summer camp in 1967 was somewhat forgetful. One morning we had some kind of sweet rolls to supplement the corn flakes fare. One student commented on the sticky, stringy glaze on the rolls. A closer inspection in daylight (the dining hall was poorly lit for obvious reasons) revealed that in heating the rolls in the oven, the cook had neglected to remove the plastic wrapper.

—Gerry Queener (BS - Fisheries Mgt., '69)

Another few grey hairs were added one lovely July evening along the main Salmon at Spring Bar above Riggins. We were on an overnight, had a good hot meal and an evening to poke around in a fascinating canyon. I wandered down to the riverside. The Salmon was in full flood—logs and stumps and other debris floated along the bank-full gray river. I looked to the other side. M'Gawd! There was one of our students! He'd swum, swam, swammed—(whatever)—across that 40° river and was serenely perched on a rock taking in the evening sun. It turned out that Jim Pizzadili (BS - Forest Res. Mgt., '76; MS - Forest Prod., '81) was an excellent swimmer—but still—in full flood?

One of the few accidents did occur in the same area, different year. Ed Tisdale and I were chatting with a group of students after supper when into camp walked/staggered David Dlouhy (BS Forest Res.-Bus., '74)—blood, lots of blood, streaming down his face and staining an already dirt-stained t-shirt. Seems he'd been up on the rocks with some of the boys—they got to running and he just got going too fast on those 70 percent slopes. Said he knew he was going to crash and burn—but—well, he did. We put some plugs in him, had the Doc waiting at the clinic in McCall, and several dozen stitches later we headed back for a short sleep.

Overnight trips seem to be a fine time to pull some outlandish stunt—like the trip into Hell's Canyon one year. We were through with the day's work, waiting for evening chow to arrive by truck. Time for a swim—for some. They discovered a fine black clay beach and a half-dozen rolled in the mud 'til all that showed was their eyeballs and a red mouth. They came screaming into camp—embracing all but the very quick. Great idea!

So about a dozen went back to do the same. New wrinkle—they'd hide in the roadside bushes and when a car came by—leap out jumping and shouting. One car from Ohio nearly went off into the reservoir—I'll bet they won't come back to Idaho after seeing a dozen black "sasquatches" leap out at them! Ed Tisdale made a great suggestion—he said "If you get stopped, tell them you're the Boise State Honor Society on annual picnic." 'Nuff said.

You must hear the story of Fudpucker (not his real name—he wouldn't appreciate this revelation). At any rate, the story began weeks before I got to McCall, and I know not how it got started, but the great cry was "Fudpucker in the lake!" And day or night poor ol' Fudpucker was dragged to the lake and unceremoniously tossed in—clothes and all. I tried to stop it. The Co-op president pleaded. It abated a bit; but still, hardly a day went by without the familiar cry—soon followed by the inevitable splash. Saturday nights were worst—about 1:30, as I recall, for it took about a half hour or so to get back to camp after the 1 a.m. closing time for the McCall watering holes.

But, after six weeks of "Fudpucker in the lake!" the boys thought up something different. To avoid getting everything wet, Fudpucker would crawl into his sleeping bag nude—usually outside—back in the trees somewhere, where it would take some diligent flashlight searching to find him.



"Sasquatches"—Summer Camp 1973. Photo courtesy of Fred Johnson.

So this one Saturday night they did find Fudpucker, without a stitch on, in his sleeping bag over toward Ponderosa Park.

I got into this caper this way. Two a.m. or so the phone rings for me. On the other end I hear, "Mr. Johnson, this is Fudpucker." "Oh," sez I—"So what's new?" "Well, I'm down at the Shore Lodge—could you come and get me?" Turns out they scooped Fudpucker up, sleeping bag and all, and deposited him in the lobby of the Shore Lodge—McCall's answer to a swanky hotel. 'Course he was nude—so best he stay in the sleeping bag. I drove up to the entrance and here, down the steps comes Fudpucker—glopping along like a giant inchworm—hopping down the steps in his sleeping bag. He slept the rest of the night in the office. I figured he'd had more than ample for one night.

So how has the camp changed over 27 years? Well, mostly the students and their attitudes. I can remember the first student that dared to grow long hair at camp. His peers finally sat him down one evening and cut his hair for him! Short, too! Nowadays, each can do his or her own thing with little fear of rebuke. Students used to be much more inventive of practical jokes and of trying unusual things—we had water fights and pine cone fights and mass tossing of everyone in camp into the cold, clear waters of Payette Lake. On the other hand, I think I sense more spirit of camaraderie in the early classes. We used to sing a lot. Camp songs. Around campfires on the beach or on overnight trips—or all together over a few beers downtown. I won't soon forget Jim O'Donnell (BS - Forest Mgt.-Res., '60) in his floppy hat, singing "That Good Ol' Mountain Dew," or Tom Manetti (BS - Forest Mgt.-Res., '63)—guitar in hand, singing the long verses of the "Pidlin' Pup"—remember? The one with the "rose beneath his tail." Or a bunch of guys at the Forester's Club or the Cellar singing "Wolverton Mountain"—over and over (and over). Students are sharper these days, quicker to grasp ideas—better prepared. When we used to go on overnight trips everyone slept out under the stars—many with no sleeping pad. Now—it's a tent city—almost all have or share a brightly colored tent.

Another major change is "girls." Women forestry students have increased from the sole student who started it all, until now, it's not uncommon to have 10 percent of the students of

the female persuasion. First to try, as I recall, was Barbara Hatch (now Rupers, BS - Wood Util., '63), daughter of an ex-forestry faculty member, Alden Hatch. That was 1961. As a young professor I remember the debate in Faculty Meeting. What would the Dean of Women think? How about parents? I was one of two who voted for her to go to camp. She didn't. Leslie Betts (now Wemhoff, BS - Forest Res.-Sci., '68) and Nancy Nelson (now Eller, BS - Forest Mgt.-Res., '68) did make it, however, the first women at summer camp, both attending in 1965. Lilas Rawson (now Talley, BS - Forest Mgt.-Res., '68) made it to summer camp the following year. As the lone woman at the 1966 camp, she occupied the smallest and one of the oldest tent frames in camp, down at the faculty end—where it was "safe."

Log Cabins now house the students and faculty alike, and cabin #1 is for women students; it's been occupied, with two exceptions, every year since. Effects? Personally, I think we've benefitted tremendously. The women who go into fields in our college know they've got an uphill fight. They're tough and they're intelligent. More often as not they occupy the top of the class. Language has toned down a bit, but it's still shocking to hear some of the epithets hurled in jest by the girls at McCall. Some of 'em used to be pretty raunchy looking—specializing in looking as unfeminine as possible. (I remember one class given by a Forest Service officer. "I hear there are three women in this class—I see two, but where's the third?" She was right smack in front of him—six feet away—the grungy epitome of raunchy.) But the trend's reversing. Males and females alike look and act better, and they continue to get sharper. Now if they'd only learn to sing some of the old camp songs.

So things went along without much in course changes 'til 1977. Lee Neuenschwander (Professor of Forest Resources, faculty member since 1976) was to take over the ecology course and had spent 1976 at McCall with me, getting to know the sites, the exercises, the best restaurants, all the important stuff. In 1980 we just had too many students to take 'em all at McCall. So the class was split—I had 45 or so at McCall—and Leon had 40 or so at Moscow. Same thing the following year.

The old pattern was disintegrating. The next idea was to eliminate the first four weeks of measurements and mapping and to put this material

into a capstone senior course; an introduction to instrumentation went in with sophomore surveying. So four weeks of ecology became the sole summer camp course. Next, in 1983 we took a try at having field ecology in the fall. The idea was that field ecology would be held Tuesday, Thursday and weekends, with regular classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. After six weeks of this, the students were burned out; and Monday, Wednesday, Friday instructors were burned up. End of fall field ecology.

So field ecology is back in McCall for four weeks in the summer. Leon remains in charge in the 75th year of the College of Forestry. The future is uncertain. Maybe we'll be able to retain the Payette Lake site summer camp—maybe not, depends on the Land Board who leases us the tract. One thing seems certain—field ecology will continue to be a summer necessity, and we'll find a way and a place to teach it, and we'll continue to put strong emphasis on students' being able to understand how forest and range, fish and wildlife all are tied together—no matter how we splinter their management.

Summer Camp Tops

My most memorable time in the College of Forestry was the time spent at summer camp in McCall. I enjoyed those two months as much or more than any other period of my life that I can remember.

—Chuck Roady (BS - Forest Res. Mgt., '75)

Nice classroom. A lecture at Summer Camp '78.



FIRST ANNUAL REPORT
FOREST, WILDLIFE AND RANGE EXPERIMENT STATION
for the fiscal year terminating June 30, 1949

Historical Statement

It is gratifying to be able to report that the Forest, Wildlife and Range Experiment Station has become an active, dividend-producing part of the University of Idaho research and service. Its efforts in fighting pole blight, for instance, have drawn official praise from representatives of the United States Department of Agriculture, particularly as regards the instruction provided by the University in recognition of the disease. In connection with the new cold-soak method for treating fence posts, Idaho farmers are expected, during the next 15 to 20 years, to collect the equivalent of \$1,140,000 in fence post longevity from the pentachlorophenol they have used in treating new posts set during the last five years.

It was in February of 1928, according to the late Dean F.G. Miller, when the Board of Regents created the "Idaho Forest Experiment Station". At that time the Station was described as being "purely a research unit and is organized as an independent division of the University to serve forestry in the state in the same way the Agricultural Experiment Station serves agriculture". Thus the Experiment Station is the result of a rather natural growth based upon frequent requests for information covering a wide variety of problems in the field of forestry within the state of Idaho. The objects of the Forest Experiment Station were stated as "carrying on fundamental investigation in forestry, in order to secure the best use of forest lands, for most efficient utilization of forest crops, and to afford training to forestry-school students in the principles and practice of forestry".

Experimental effort thus initiated under official approval, seems to have fallen into disuse. Some 13 years ago another effort was started looking towards legislative approval of a forest, wildlife and range experiment station. The state legislature of 1939 passed a bill authorizing the establishing of such an experiment station.

For a period of years during World War II nothing was done of an active nature in connection with the Station. As of this year, 1949, the Experiment Station does occupy a position along with other experiment stations of the University organization which justifies optimism concerning its future.

A gradually expanded program now includes research in the utilization of Idaho secondary tree species; an active effort to determine the basic facts of blister rust in white pine; range management research directed at reseeding overgrazed localities and forage production in out-over timber areas; a Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit directing investigations in every corner of the state; and most recently the initiation of the research project to combat "pole blight" of white pine. As of June 1949 four full-time research workers are employed in the Experiment Station.

Top: Introductory page of the first Forest, Wildlife and Range Experiment Station Annual Report. Right: black and white reproduction of cover of 1984 *FOCUS on Renewable Natural Resources*, the annual report since 1974.

