



## Summer Camp '58

It was the summer of '58 on the Apache National Forest, located deep in the heart of the wild and rugged Magollon mountains of western New Mexico. This "land of enchantment" was to soon be enhanced by the presence of forty-four knowledgeable Iowa State foresters.

As we rolled into camp, covered with "enchantment", which billowed from the New Mexico roads, we came upon the old weather-beaten CCC barracks which were to be our home for nine happy weeks. We were in the midst of the great Ponderosa Pine region of the Southwest and the giant Ponderosa towers towered over our campsite, which was set at the base of one of the ever-familiar mesas.

Under the direction of Prof. Hartman and Dr. Holland, camp was in shape and everything ready to go when the first day of classes began. The first day of class was devoted to fire school, conducted by the Forest Service men in the area. After this session we felt prepared to tackle any of the many fires which were sure to come.

Saturday morning soon arrived and we found our-

selves busy with our first weekly camp detail. This included such things as policing the area, firewood detail, KP cleanup duty, putting locks on the kitchen doors, and a few jobs requiring the use of a pick and shovel.

As the first week of classes came to an end, everyone began planning their weekend activities. Typical among these were rattlesnake and arrowhead hunting, exploring, and a well-earned trip to the nearby small cow-town of Reserve. These trips were always remembered.

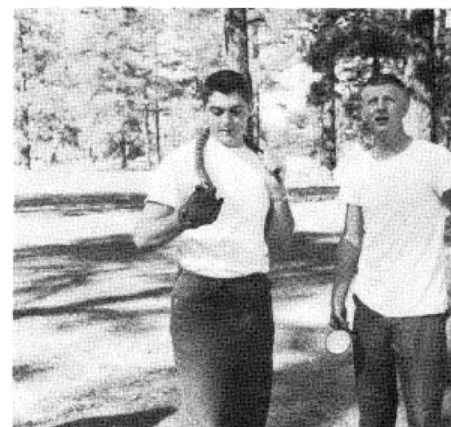
The first few weeks of camp were spent in "wood utilization" and "forest operations" under Prof. Hartman and Dr. Holland. In utilization we took two of our most interesting tours of the summer. One was to the Santa Fe treating plant at Albuquerque, where we observed the newest in methods of treating railroad ties and timbers. The other overnighter was to Southwest Lumber Mills at McNary, Arizona. Here we studied all the operations, from logging through milling, of one of the largest lumber manufacturers in the country.



The first part of "forest operations" was concerned with learning all the activities on a national forest. This included several visits to fire lookouts and the ranger station, with lectures by Forest personnel.

A few weeks later, we were introduced to two new courses with the arrival of Doc Thomson and Prof. Kellogg. When we began our cruising in mensuration, we found the answer to a forester's dream; a forest of pinion and juniper with scattered plots of Ponderosa Pine. This is where our hand-made Biltmore sticks came into use every day. Jewett Flats will always be remembered by all of us as our first experience at timber cruising. We never worked harder than we did in this course. Of course when the mensuration section came in after a long hard day and found that the silviculture boys, under Prof. Kellogg, had been in camp half the afternoon, they wished, "Oh! To only trade sections for just a day." The silviculture boys never had the sore feet the mensuration boys did, as they always rode the trucks wherever possible. That made for even more joyful ribbing.

The most trying days of camp came when we got into "mapping" under Dr. Holland. This was the first time this course had ever been offered at summer camp. The days were hot and dry, the terrain steep and rugged, as we hacked our way through never-ending brush for three days until we had enough field data to make a contour map of the area. It must be said that this was, however, a most invaluable experience for all of us.



The latter part of summer camp was approaching and the monotony of the field work was broken by our four-day trip to the Grand Canyon. Here we stayed at the old and famous Fort Valley Experimental Forest, as we studied the activities of Forest Service research and the National Park system. Everyone on this trip seemed to be bitten by the souvenir bug, especially at the Petrified Forest, on the way back to camp.

As the last few days of camp drew near and everyone packed their bags and tuned up the cars for the long drive homeward, memories of the short summer flashed across one's mind: the tasty peanut-butter sandwiches, the invasion by the skunks, the Indian skeleton, our wonderful Wednesday night campfires, and the unforgettable trip to White River Indian Reservation at Fort Apache.

The last morning finally arrived; the tents were down; Dr. Thomson barked last minute detail assignments and within an hour the trucks were loaded and the names, one after another, were scratched off the check-off list for Iowa.



AMES FORESTER

