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OF THE

Lycoming County Historical Society

VOLUME XXVII
NUMBER ONE

SUMMER
1988



Buckwheat and clouds, Muncy Hills, 1920, D. Vincent Smith Collection.

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VOLUME XXVII
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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Fellow Members:

Since the last edition of the *JOURNAL*, there have been both pleasing and somewhat disappointing developments at the Museum. The pleasing developments are the continued improvement of our collection and the excellent results of the addition of our Educator. On the other hand, our summer admissions were well below last year due to a decrease in bus tours.

The Museum collection is being continually upgraded by Director Joe Zebrowski and the Museum staff. A new Little League Baseball exhibit and the 1900 Street Scene have been completed. Efforts are continuing to improve exhibits with new labels, and work is continuing on the Greek Revival Room. As intended, more of the photographs from our extensive Vincent Smith collection have been included in our exhibits.

I am pleased to report that our new Educator, Julia Sprenkle, is working out quite well. Her monthly programs for both adults and children have been interesting and well attended. She has also edited our new Society Newsletter which is not only informative but enlightening as well. I invite each of you to take advantage of Julia's "Saturday at the Museum" programs.

As noted, our bus tour business was lower than expected this summer which has resulted in a significant decrease in our revenues. We hope to remedy this financial setback by a membership drive and various fundraisers. Our membership drive chaired by volunteer Kathy Johnson will be underway by the time this *JOURNAL* is published. I would ask all existing members to help recruit new members, not only during the membership drive, but all year 'round. Without a growing, involved membership, our Society and the Museum cannot survive. Our Museum is truly one of unsung and relatively unknown resources of Lycoming County. It is one of the finest Museums in the state and one of which we should be proud. As members, I ask each of you to promote the Museum and promote membership in the Society.

We planned two fundraisers for the fall. "A Taste of the Valley," involving the sampling of food prepared by various area caterers and restaurants was held on November 6, 1988. A Collectibles Auction will be held at a later date. "A Taste of the Valley" was a great success and the auction should be a fun event. More information on the auction will be forthcoming. Hopefully, all of you will plan to attend.

I ask each of you to make an extra effort to become more involved with the Museum and the Historical Society. We have a facility and a Society of which we should be proud. Please become involved in recruiting new members and in supporting Museum activities such as our programs and fundraisers. It takes work to keep a local Museum operating from generation to generation, but the results are well worth the effort. With your help the Lycoming County Historical Museum will be enjoyed by generations to come.

John E. Person III
President

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

As you might glean from perusing the pages of the *JOURNAL*, our theme is the environment. We have serious problems facing us as we move toward the next century. Acid rain is destroying forests throughout New England in the higher elevations. We have problems here in Pennsylvania, too. I can see a difference in some of the streams I am familiar with such as diminished number of native species of fish, and in some cases lack of any fish at all. There are streams in the Susquehanna watershed so effected by mine acid as to be completely devoid of any plant life, much less fish. Many of our streams lost their capacity years ago to handle the annual spring thaws and fall rains. Even our annual rainfall has diminished to alarming levels while average temperatures are climbing. We have been told that there is a growing hole in the ozone layer about the earth with ever-increasing rates of skin cancer as a result. Some scientists believe that we, or our children, may see the ultimate demise of the human race as radioactive elements seep into our atmosphere, borne about our globe on the winds.

I do not believe that the situation is lost, though it is fair to say that things do not look too good. The rain forests of the Amazon are giving way to the lumbering practices once pursued here in Pennsylvania and the great Amazon River is sick. I wonder if most people even understand where the oxygen necessary for life comes from. How many of us humans understand what the necessary elements are for cooling the earth? Instead we hear that chemicals are making our life easier. I remember what life was like before polyester and PCB's. I remember what it was like to wait the two hours it took to roast a piece of meat. It seems we are living in an instant world.

But is this an appropriate topic for an historical journal? It is when you realize that the conservation movements beginning to take shape throughout the country are not new. They have old roots right here in Pennsylvania. Gifford Pinchot was the founder of a world-wide conservation movement that has been steadily growing since he proposed that first congress under Teddy Roosevelt's administration. It is people like Henry Shoemaker who wrote and spoke on the subject in the 1930's, and Charles Lose who helped to spread the word, "take care or it will be gone tomorrow."

It is poignant to remember the likes of Gifford Pinchot, especially in the afterglow of the devastation of western forest fires and the damage to our atmosphere. If you will recall, our own skies were affected by the smoke of Yellowstone this summer. Pinchot believed that conservation of natural resources was a world issue that would bring about world cooperation and eventually peace. I hope that this will be so as my children enter a world of chemical pollution and AIDS, the threat of nuclear war and world starvation looming closer, with cancer-causing corn molds and government plants leaking radiation into water sources. We are warned that mercury pollution makes bay seafoods dangerous to eat while we are warned about cholesterol. I look at my husband and hope that I will never see any effects of Agent Orange in him or our children.

The example is here to follow. The Pinchots and Shoemakers, the Loses and many, many others have blazed a trail. All we have to do is follow it and preserve it.

I would also like to mention that like our environment, our Historical Society needs care too. We have a beautiful museum, but it must have funds to preserve it. True, there will be no "devastation" should our organization fail. Who knows, within a decade or two, most folks wouldn't even know that we were ever here. But, that is not what we want to see happen. We could be a force here projecting a heritage into the future.

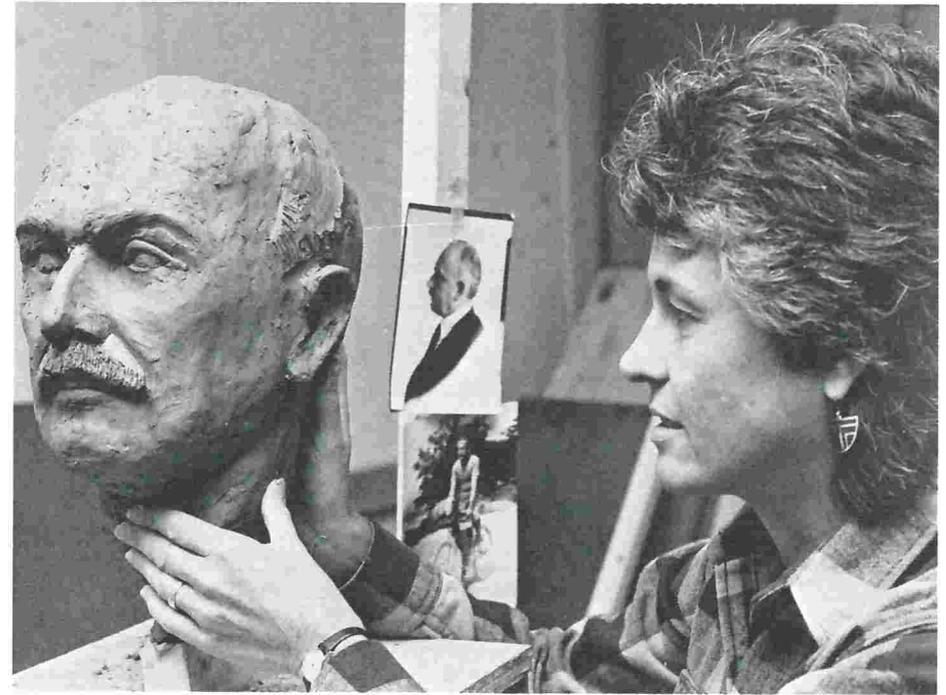
Some say if only the lessons of history could be learned. It takes someone to point to those voices of experience to shape the future. We are the voices of experience and that someone. I remember an outing with Jim Bressler last winter. Here was the guru of archaeology surrounded by his followers, as much interested in the present as in the past, an example to us all.

I urge each of you to take that same kind of interest. Help support us with donations, by soliciting new members and visitors, join the docent program. Become involved and help us to breathe life into the future.

Stephanie Zebrowski
Editor



WHAT'S NEW



Sandy Rife, pictured above, has been busy sculpting the head of photographer D. Vincent Smith for use in a new exhibit at the Museum. The exhibit, featuring Smith's equipment and photographs, highlight the work of the photographer which has provided the Museum with an historical record of Lycoming County in photographs. Beginning his photographic career at the end of the 19th century, Smith practiced his art for 62 years, until his death in 1955. Traveling only by bicycle with his camera and tripod, he photographed people, rural, city and farm scenes, buildings, vehicles and events. A familiar sight on Pennsylvania roads, Smith logged approximately 150,000 miles on his bicycle and left a legacy of over 33,000 photographs.



PRESERVING YOUR COLLECTION

by Julia Sprenkle

Many people possess antique objects; whether they have been passed from generation to generation, purchased at auction, or discovered while rooting through an old attic. These objects remind us of past lives, traditions and old ways of doing things. The documents, family Bibles and pieces of furniture that are a part of our personal collections deserve the best care possible and, like objects in a museum, should be preserved so that they can be enjoyed for many years to come.

There are a few basic things that can be done to preserve personal collections. Documents can be stored correctly, textiles can be refolded each year, and silver can be kept away from tarnishing agents. Although most homes do not have the equipment necessary to control temperature and humidity, an integral part of museum storage areas, the objects displayed and stored in our homes can be cared for correctly whereby ensuring their longevity.

While it is impossible to return an object to its original condition, it is possible to stabilize the object's condition and slow the processes of deterioration. This article concerns the basic maintenance and the primary care of objects. Professional conservators are able to prolong the life of objects. Years of training and experience have given them the expertise to do so. A personal collection, whether it be a few pieces or a house filled with antiques, deserves adequate care. By considering the materials and the manner of display and storage, collectors can safeguard their treasures and protect them from further damage.

PAPER

In considering the health of documents and other paper objects, it must be noted that the quality of paper is less important than the type of processing used in creating the paper. Early paper, which is fairly stable, was made from cotton and linen rags. An increase in literacy and higher paper consumption resulted in the development of papers created from wood pulp. Wood contains cellulose, lignin (which forms the cell walls of plants), tannins, gums, oils and resins. In ordinary wood pulp paper production all those ingredients are left in. The paper is inexpensive to produce and is used for newspapers, toilet paper and wallboard. The lignin, however, while acting as a binder, is also highly acidic and paper which contains a high percentage of lignin is brittle, weak and has a short lifespan. Wood pulp can be treated chemically to reduce the lignin content and produce a variety of paper types which are more durable.

Some of the problems in maintaining the stability of paper objects include moisture, heat and insects. Excessive wetness results in the growth of mold and mildew. Too much moisture will weaken the adhesives which may be a part of a document. Moisture may also create water stains and blur paints and inks. As the printed matter absorbs available moisture, the dimensions of the object will expand. While too much moisture is harmful to paper, the reverse is also true. Conditions which are too dry will result in paper which is brittle and impossible to handle. Excessive heat and exposure to direct sunlight will also embrittle paper and fade the inks or paints which are a part of the document.

Another element of our environment which leads to the deterioration of paper is an abundance of chemical gases found in industrialized areas. When these gases, along with dust and soot, come in contact with paper objects, they become a "focal point for infection by microorganisms."¹ Larger organisms, such as flies, crickets, silverfish and bookworms will feed upon paper products which are not well cared for.

The documents which we care for may also deteriorate through careless handling and

the use of improper materials. The tape used to piece together a torn document may leave permanent stains on the paper even if the tape can be carefully removed. Staples, pins and paper clips will leave rust stains and should be removed from all documents. Documents which have been mounted on ordinary cardboard will also deteriorate rapidly. The high acidic content of the cardboard will embrittle the paper by transferring the acidic chemicals to the mounted piece; these chemicals may also create stains.

To remedy these adverse conditions, some basic measures may be taken. Fluctuations in humidity must be avoided if possible. Documents and other paper objects should not be kept in damp cellars or basements. Maintaining a relative humidity of 50% in the purest air possible is ideal. Mold, mildew and water stains will not form as easily. Paper products should also be kept away from constant and direct light. If a document is displayed, it should be removed from display periodically so that the harmful effects of light, embrittlement and fading are reduced. The ideal temperature for preserving paper is 70 degrees Fahrenheit and should be maintained when possible. When paper objects are stored, they should be stored flat and not packed tightly in a box. The storage area must also be checked frequently for bugs and dirt.

A variety of products are available for use in storing and displaying paper objects. Acid-free boxes and envelopes and mounting materials such as inert adhesives and all-rag mat boards aid in the preservation of documents. Many of these products may be purchased from better photography supply stores or archival supply sources. When an object is to be mounted and framed for display, the document should be hinged with acid-free paper or mounted on all-rag board. The piece should then be matted with a permanent board so that the document does not come in direct contact with the glass facing. The condensation which may form on the inner side of the glass could cause staining of the object. The piece should then be sealed in molding so that dust, moisture and contaminated air may not enter through cracks in the frame. To protect the framed object from harmful light, protective glass filters may be used or special 'safe' plastics which will diffuse harmful rays of sunlight may be used. Simply placing the object out of the direct rays of light will aid in the preservation of the piece. By creating ideal storage conditions, or as close to the ideal as practical, the paper objects which may be a part of a personal collection can be stabilized.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Most individuals possess photographs, pictorial images that record events in our lives. The care of photographs is in many ways similar to that of paper products. Humidity and temperature control play a big role in maintaining the stability of photographs. Temperatures near freezing and 20%-30% humidity are recommended for photograph storage. As this is virtually impossible to achieve by personal collectors, a more realistic atmosphere (40%-50% humidity and temperatures between 60 and 65 degrees Fahrenheit) should be created. If your basement is very dry and cool, it may be a suitable location for photograph storage. The area must also be well-ventilated with a supply of pure air.

As most photographic images are affixed to paper, problems associated with paper storage are also problems of photograph storage. Excessive heat and light fade the images and cause the paper to become brittle. Insect damage will be the result of unclean storage areas. The acid content of the paper will add to the deterioration of the object. Although many papers currently used in producing photographs have a low acid level, materials used in mounting the images, such as mat board and adhesives, may be highly acidic and, as with documents, this acid is then transferred to the image. If cardboard has been used to mount a photograph it should be removed and replaced with an acid-free mounting material.

Storage conditions and paper quality play a big role in maintaining collections of photographs. Along with humidity, temperature and light control, the shelves and cabinets where photographs are stored must be checked for agents of deterioration. Fresh paints, resinous uncoated woods and bleached woods generate peroxides. Photographs are sensitive to these chemicals. Pollutants in the air, found in towns with heavy industry and automobile traffic, also damage photographs. Sulphur dioxide, hydrogen sulphide and nitrates are pollutants also created from the volatilization of paints and resins. To combat the negative effects of the environment, a storage area with low temperature and humidity, shelving which will not emit harmful gases and acid-free storage containers should be utilized.



Photographs like these are well worth preserving.

Though the prescribed conditions may be met by a collector, there are dangers of preservation which may be a part of the photograph itself. Residual chemicals used in processing the photographs may attack the image. Early paper photographs (pre-1845) were often improperly fixed and washed and the images often fade. Daguerreotypes may become discolored due to imperfections in the copper sheet. The images on plate negatives may discolor and flake off and the chemicals used to create the image will decompose with age, emitting gases which further the deterioration of the negative. Coatings on the image surface (lacquers, varnishes and acrylic resins) will also become discolored and tacky with age.

To preserve photograph collections and maintain their stability, cool, dry conditions should prevail. The storage area must be adequately ventilated to disperse harmful gases which are formed as the images deteriorate. Acid-free containers should be utilized. To protect collections from complete ruin in case of fire or water damage or other accidents, negatives and positives should be stored separately. To ensure the preservation of photographs, copies should be made of images selected for display.

TEXTILES

The physical nature of textiles, clothing and linens, is much like paper products. Fibers from plant or animal matter are processed to create cloth. As with paper products, textiles can be damaged by heat, water, light, dirt, insects, mold and careless handling. The storage requirements of textiles are similar to those of paper products, yet

the different materials which may be present in a textile collection should be considered individually.

Woolen goods fall prey to a variety of deteriorating factors. Moisture and heat will add to the weakening of the fibers and light and dirt will discolor the fabric. Dirt also attracts moths and other insects. Moths prefer darkness; to avoid damage from moths, woolen should be kept clean and occasionally aired and sunned. Clean woolens are best stored in sealed containers, but the seal must be very tight; insect larvae can enter openings of $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch. To avoid infestation in all textiles, the storage area must be kept very clean.

Textiles made of silk must be treated more carefully than those of wool. Silk pieces become very brittle with age and if these items are folded, the sharp creases may break the fibers. If silk is to be hung and displayed, the piece must be supported with another piece of material. Silk during the nineteenth century was occasionally weighted with tin salts for added luster. Pieces which have been treated in this manner eventually turn to dust and there is no known method of preserving them.

Cotton and linen fabrics, if left in sunlight, will begin to fade. The light speeds up oxidation and the fibers become brittle. High humidity, darkness and still air promote the growth of mold which can discolor and destroy the material. Pins, hooks and snaps which are used in fastening clothing may cause permanent rust stains and damage the fabric.

In general, the best storage areas for textiles should be clean, well ventilated and maintained at 60-70 degrees Fahrenheit and 40% humidity. Direct light must be avoided and the containers in which the textiles are placed should be made of acid-free materials. Plastic garment bags may emit gases which are harmful to textiles and should be avoided. Polypropylene storage bags should be used and available from archival supply companies. Wood and highly acidic papers such as tissue paper are as detrimental to textile preservation as they are to paper preservation.

The best method of storing textiles is to store them flat. If a piece must be folded, cushion the fold with acid-free tissue paper. This cushioning will lessen the strain on the fibers and threads. This tissue should also be placed between the rolled layers. The textiles stored in this manner will be stabilized but should be refolded or rerolled along new lines periodically.

To store costumes and clothing, shaped or padded hangers are necessary. The sleeves should be stuffed with tissue and the items should be hung so that there is room between the pieces to avoid crushing and creasing the fabric. Before storing textiles in drawers, clean the drawers thoroughly; stray nails, staples or splinters could catch on the material and create irreparable damage. The cleaned drawers may be lined with acid-free tissue. Finally, moth flakes can be used with all textiles; they not only prevent deterioration from moths but also from mildew.

LEATHER

Leather, used in bags, footwear, saddles and book bindings, requires care similar to the methods discussed in the previous sections. The primary care of leather goods should include adequate ventilation and proper temperature, and protection from rats, mice, moths and beetles. A relative humidity of 50%-60% should be maintained. Humidity levels which are less than 50% dry out leather; the objects become brittle and hard. Humidity levels above 60% promote the growth of mildew.

Leather objects, like paper and textile products, must also be kept from extreme heat. Like low humidity levels, heat will dry out leather and embrittle it. To prevent deterioration through excess heat, the objects must be kept away from radiators, heat pipes and other sources of heat. As with other material in a collection, leather goods should also be stored in a clean environment. Industrial fumes should be avoided. Harmful gases may produce a destructive acid which, when in contact with leather, will result in a powdering of the leather. This type of deterioration cannot be reversed.

SILVER

Personal collections often include objects made of silver. Tarnish, the visible result of oxidation of the outer layer of metal, is a familiar condition to all who own silver pieces. Whether a piece is silver plate, solid silver, antique or modern, it is susceptible to tarnishing agents in the atmosphere. Sulphur, found in the air in cities, is a prime tarnish producer. Sulphur, in the form of silver sulphide, is a component of the gases from flues and vulcanized rubber floors. Sulphur compounds are also a part of less expensive latex paints and certain textiles which have a finish created through a treatment involving sulphur. Other tarnish producing agents include ocean air, salt, acidic compounds such as vinegar and citrus fruits, and the atmosphere near industrial areas.

To maintain silver and keep it from tarnishing easily, it should be stored in bags, clean closets or dust-free areas. Clean silver should be wrapped in soft acid-free tissue and, for best protection, wrapped with an outer layer which contains a tarnish inhibitor. A tarnish inhibitor developed at the Nordic Museum in Stockholm is a mixture of lead acetate, glycerol and ammonia. This is applied to silk which, at the Museum, lines the cases where the silver is exhibited. Saran wrap, foil and plastic bags may assist in keeping out enemies in the atmosphere but these materials should not be placed in contact with the silver pieces.

The best method of cleaning silver is using a mild soap and water. Detergents should never be used as they often contain phosphorous or sulphur compounds which may stain the silver. To polish silver, a mild substance which has been specifically recommended for silver should be utilized. Repeated cleaning and polishing will remove an amount of silver from the object. Silver objects from the eighteenth century have, through time, lost five to eight pennyweight of silver (a pennyweight equals $\frac{1}{20}$ th of an ounce). Overcleaning will also damage engraving, ornamentation and the hallmark of the piece. The base metal of copper may be exposed by the repeated cleaning of silver-plated objects. These pieces can be replated; however, the thicker surface will alter the color of the piece, while fine details of ornamentation will be less sharp or completely obliterated.



This can, made by Nathaniel Hurd and held in the collections of the Deerfield, Massachusetts, Heritage Foundation, shows fire-scale underneath the outer layer of silver.



Fire-scale is shown on this eighteenth-century can made by Joseph and Nathaniel Richardson.

Solid silver objects are also damaged by repeated cleaning. Fire scale is a layer of oxidized silver lying beneath the surface layer of silver. This scale is produced during the annealing or tempering process which prevents the silver object from becoming too brittle. During production, fire scale is removed in an acid bath; the outermost layer of oxidized silver is removed. If a solid silver piece is cleaned to excess, the fire scale below the surface may be exposed. A restorative method utilizing boiling acid baths for removal of the exposed fire scale is being tested by professional conservators; however, this damage is currently irreversible. Gentle cleaning is the best maintenance method for the general collector. Buffing silver pieces is the most harmful solution for cleaning silver. The fire scale may be exposed or the patina may be lost. Modern silver is routinely buffed in production and it reveals a bland, white appearance due to the lack of patina.

WOOD

Like photographs, wooden objects such as furniture, buckets and other implements, are a part of many personal collections. Wooden pieces also require controlled environments for their preservation. As with paper products and textiles, humidity and temperature should ideally remain constant. The primary care of wood includes a consideration of atmosphere, light and ventilation.

Seasoned wood is that wood which contains an amount of moisture which is in equilibrium with the local environment. Early woodworkers cut logs with skill and knowledge of the behavioral characteristic of each part of a log. In our more contemporary times, logs are cut in a manner which is less wasteful than the selective cutting of the past. However, this method often results in lumber which warps and splits much more easily than lumber prepared in the past.

To prevent warping and splitting of any wooden objects the stability of the object must be maintained. Humidity between 50% and 55% is ideal. Conditions which are too dry result in cracking and shrinking and sometimes in the failure of glued joints. Excessive moisture will cause the formation of fungus and a breakdown of the finish. Through the seasons, a slow and limited change in atmosphere is ideal and "when there is air conditioning intended only for human comfort, and it is turned off at night, the objects suffer more than if they were to remain stored in a barn."²

Wooden objects may warp and split. This may occur if only one surface has been painted or waxed; each face will have a different reaction rate to humidity. Each face of a wooden object must be treated equally. Ultraviolet rays and sunlight will discolor oils and varnishes and may cause the darkening or bleaching of woods. To prevent these deteriorating effects, constant temperature and humidity, adequate air circulation



Advanced soft rot in oak framing from the whaler "Charles W. Morgan." When dry, the wood appears charred, and small pieces flake off. (In other instances soft-rotted wood may appear only as a "weathered" gray.) Microscope examination usually is required to confirm soft rot. Since this type of decay is a surface phenomenon, the wood retains much of its original strength.

and protection from harmful light are required. In this way the wooden objects which are included in collections can be preserved.

Personal collections deserve the best care possible. The materials, methods of manufacture and causes of deterioration must be considered when attempting to preserve these objects. Professional care may be found for those cherished pieces which require expertise in restoration and stabilization. Basic maintenance measures may be taken, however, which will support the objects and decrease deterioration. Poor storage conditions, careless handling and the use of harmful materials must be eliminated so that the objects which make up a personal collection can be enjoyed for many years to come.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

"*The Care of Historical Collections*," Per Guldbeck, American Association for State and Local History, 1972. This work contains preservation as well as conservation methods.

Technical Leaflets, published by the American Association for State and Local History, are available through the organization, 172 Second Ave. North, Suite 102, Nashville, TN 37201. These leaflets describe the care and conservation of artifacts.

For in-depth information on conservation practices see, "*The Conservation of Antiquities and Works of Art*," Oxford University Press, London, 1956.

SUPPLIES

Write for the catalogs from these companies which offer archival quality supplies and storage materials.

Demco, Inc.
P.O. Box 7488
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Light Impressions
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Rochester, NY 14607

Hollinger Corp.
P.O. Box 6185
Arlington, VA 22206

FOOTNOTES

¹ Per E. Guldbeck, *The Care of Historical Collections*, AASLH, Nashville: 1972, p. 64.

² Guldbeck, p. 74.

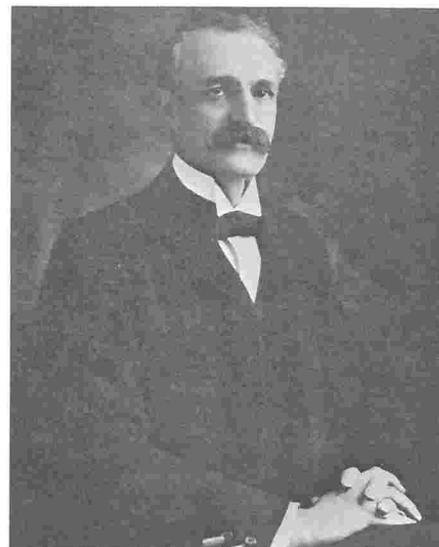
Method recommended by John Paul Grimke, goldsmith, *South Carolina Gazette*, December 23-30, 1760 for cleaning silver plates. (Better you should drink the rum!)

Taken from AASLH Technical Leaflet 40, *History News*, Volume 22, Number 2, February, 1967.

"... as he lost his boy in the smallpox, who used to go to their houses to clean their plate, he takes this method to acquaint them of an easy way, by which their own servants may clean the same, without spoiling the chased work, viz—wash your plate in warm water with a little soap dissolved therein; wipe it dry with a clean towel; then brush it with whiting dissolved in rum or any other spirits, which will restore it to its former beauty and brightness again."

GIFFORD PINCHOT PIONEER CONSERVATIONIST — PART I

by Stephanie Zebrowski



Gifford Pinchot was not just the first American Forester and a Governor of Pennsylvania; he was a pioneer, a clever publicist, an educator and a visionary. He was a selfless man who believed in the thesis that America stands for the sum of her people and not for the enrichment of a few elite. America is a land of plenty and should remain so to benefit all of her citizens. He fought hard for his beliefs placing upon himself the burden of protecting and conserving America's great forestlands believing the preservation of forests is essential to maintain a good and sufficient water supply, that the great forests affect our climate and need protection. He was a man of forethought with the courage to fight the tides of public opinion and waste.

Encouraged to become a forester by his father, who believed that the condition of American forests would reflect the national welfare, Pinchot was to write in his autobiography, *Breaking New Ground*, that:

"My father's foresight and tenacity were responsible in the last analysis, for bringing Forestry to the continent . . . he was and is, entitled to be called the Father of Forestry in America."

It is my opinion that James W. Pinchot was, perhaps, the Godfather of American Forestry because he was to imbue in his son the values and foresight to pursue a difficult and rewarding career. But, it was Gifford Pinchot who led the fight and instituted the programs, many of which are still with us, not only in Pennsylvania and the United States, but worldwide.

Enrolled at Yale University in 1885 ready to achieve his goal, and believing that the forests had an integral impact on rainfall, Pinchot studied meteorology along with botany and geology. He studied astronomy to understand the sun and its affect on forest growth. Searching the Yale library, Pinchot found the pickings slim and mentions only one book on the topic of forestry available.

However, the final decision of a career had to be made and Pinchot admitted in his autobiography *Breaking New Ground* that:

"Action was what I craved. The fact that Forestry was new and strange and promised action probably had as much to do with my final choice of it as my love for the woods."

That first step led him, as a Yale senior in 1899, to Washington, D.C. Undaunted by the advice of men like George B. Loring, the former Commissioner of Agriculture and Bernard C. Fernow, the German forester, then Chief of the Forestry Division in the Department of Agriculture who recommended that he would be better off pursuing

forestry as a means to a career in landscape gardening, the nursery business or botany, he persevered. Encouraged by his father and Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, a leading advocate of forest conservation in Pennsylvania as its first Commissioner of Forestry, Gifford pressed on. On graduation day in 1899, Pinchot committed himself in a speech before a Yale Alumni group,

“. . . my future profession welled up inside me and took its place, and I made . . . my first public statement on the importance of Forestry to the United States . . .”

With sites set, Gifford Pinchot set off for Europe in 1899, to study the profession of Forestry. On his way to the Universal Exposition in Paris to view a special exhibit of Waters and Forests, Pinchot stopped in London looking for publications on the subject as practiced in British India. It was a fateful move that led to a letter of introduction to Sir Deitrick Brandis, founder of Forestry in British India, and Sir William Schlick, head of the Forest School at Coopers Lake where foresters trained for service in British India.

It was Schlick who advised Pinchot to “strike for the creation of National Forests.” Schlick authored the *Manual of Forestry*. Of his visit with Schlick, Pinchot wrote that, “As I learn more of Forestry, I see more and more the need of it in the United States, and the great difficulty of carrying it into effect.”

Pinchot next moved on to study Forestry at the French Forest School at Nancy in Lorraine in November 1889. While en route to Nancy he stopped in Bonn to meet Sir Deitrick Brandis. Dr. Brandis was originally a botanist. He was knighted by the British government for his service in Burma and India where he introduced systematic forest management as early as 1859. Brandis became Gifford Pinchot’s mentor and advisor for he too had been a pioneer and as Pinchot was to write, “had made Forestry to be where there was none before.” He helped Pinchot to realize that the practice of Forestry will not succeed unless the people who live in and near the forest are for it and not against it. This proved just as true in the United States as it did in Burma and India.

In the spring of 1890 Dr. Brandis arranged for Pinchot to study with Forstmeister Meister, the internationally famous Swiss forester, who had charge of Sihlwald, an ancient municipal forest which had been under systematic and profitable management before Columbus had even set foot on American Shores. According to Pinchot, Meister embodied: “all the qualities a pioneer public forester must have to succeed in a country like ours—practical skill in the woods, business common sense, close touch with public opinion, and an understanding of how and why things get done in government and politics in a democracy.” It was the practical knowledge Pinchot would need to deal with American problems in the field, the winning of public opinion for a cause.

Though later Pinchot expressed some regret at not having studied longer in Europe, as he had been advised to do by Brandis and his European associates, Pinchot took Meister’s advice and decided to return to this country to begin his career.

On December 30, 1890 he presented his paper “Government Forestry Abroad” at a joint session of the American Economic Association and the American Forestry Association in Washington, D.C. Pinchot’s “hastily prepared” paper dealt mainly with the German, French and Swiss forests. Pinchot pointed out first, that trees require many years to reach merchantable size; and secondly, that a forest crop cannot be taken every year from the same land.” It was therefore necessary that a “far-seeing plan . . . for the rational management of any forest . . .” be made and further that “forest property is safest under supervision of some imperishable guardian” i.e., the State, soon to become a recurring theme throughout his career.

As he saw things upon his return to the States, Pinchot wrote that the Nation was obsessed

“by a flurry of development . . . fiercely intent on appropriating and exploiting the riches of the richest of all continents—grasping with both hands, reaping where he had not sown, wasting what he thought would last forever. The man who could get his hands on the biggest slice of natural resources was the best citizen. Wealth and virtue were supposed to trot in double harness.”

The timberlands of Pennsylvania were being sold off as fast as any from Maine to North Carolina, some for nothing more than pennies an acre. Blatant theft of timber in some areas was simply overlooked by government officials becoming “a common and perfectly normal occupation, freely and openly pursued by the most respectable members of the community.” Forest fires were common and raged unchecked destroying millions of acres.

Pinchot was anxious to put everything he learned into practical application. He had to see it work; he had to learn more. Hired by Phelps, Dodge and Company to make a preliminary study of the white pine and hemlock timberlands in Monroe and Pike counties in Pennsylvania, he realized his purpose, practical application. His realistic approach to forestry helped him to realize just how much he still needed to learn. With Bernard Fernow, Pinchot travelled the timberlands of the Mississippi bottoms in eastern Arkansas and on to Alabama to study southern hardwoods. Within weeks he was in Arizona for Phelps, Dodge and Company to study forest conditions in arid Sulphur Spring Valley. He continued his examination of American timberlands for six months and covered 31 states.

Finally an opportunity arrived to prove that Forestry was applicable in America. On February 21, 1892, Gifford Pinchot arrived at Biltmore, the estate of George W. Vanderbilt located in western North Carolina, to draw up plans for the management of Biltmore Forest and to oversee the building of an exhibit of the Biltmore Forest for the World’s Columbian Exposition to be held in Chicago.

The Biltmore Forest at this time was a consolidation of smaller landholdings, most of which had been fully exploited by their former owners. Most of the best had been removed and the inferior timber types left behind to reseed and multiply. In addition, many of the small landowners had been subscribers of the long-established practice of annually burning off the woods to produce better pasturage for the following year. In actual practice this procedure of burning served the destruction of soil fertility. Young growth had also been removed to provide for cattle pasturage. In Pinchot’s words the conditions were “deplorable in the extreme.”

Armed with a purpose and the clear-cut objective which placed emphasis on the future, Pinchot showed not only a profit by the end of 1893, but a “growing forest behind it.” Using the World’s Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 as a stage, Pinchot demonstrated for the first time in the United States that lumbering by the scientific principles of Forestry were not only workable, but profitable. Vanderbilt was so pleased by the reception Pinchot’s exhibit received that he ordered the printing of 10,000 copies of the pamphlet which had been prepared to accompany the exhibit so their distribution would help to further the good cause of Forestry.

The success of the Biltmore “experiment” also led to a second exhibit promoting the forest resources of North Carolina and the need for preservation of those resources. Incidentally, this project led to a lifelong friendship between Pinchot and State Geologist Joseph A. Holmes and eventually to the establishment of the national forest in the Southern Appalachians.

While still in the employ of George Vanderbilt, Pinchot, in the spring of 1894, began

to survey the region of North Carolina which came to be known as the Pisgah Forest. In 1895, under Pinchot's direction extensive cutting was used to facilitate natural reproduction, i.e., the cutting of mature trees allowing light to reach the forest floor to facilitate the growth of seedlings. Though this first operation did not result in huge profits Pinchot wrote that by 1914 it had produced "remarkable growth" and "virtual restoration of primeval forest condition." By 1930 a new "crop" was ready for market. Meanwhile in 1914, Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt offered the tract to the government citing her desire to "make such disposition . . . as will maintain in the fullest and most permanent way its national value as an object lesson in forestry. . . ." By 1916, the Pisgah was a national forest.

Incidentally, Pinchot's work at Biltmore was carried on by the Vanderbilt grandsons. It was not only the first example, but is a continuing example of American scientific forestry used to produce continuous timber crops. When Pinchot left Biltmore in 1898 to join the Department of Agriculture as Forester, Biltmore had become a "mecca" for advocates of scientific forestry and forest preservation.

However, it wasn't only Biltmore that occupied Pinchot during these years, but his own business in New York City as a "Consulting Forester." His residence in New York City made him accessible to many of the owners of large forest tracts, thus allowing him the opportunity to find employment for his skills. The idea of making his forest management skills generally available came about when W. Seward Webb, Vanderbilt's brother-in-law, sought his advice regarding his holdings in the Adirondacks.

At about this same time the Governor of New York had authorized logging operations in areas of the Adirondacks held by the State. Beginning in 1893, forests of this region were becoming devastated. Speaking before a forestry meeting in 1893 arranged by the New York State Forest Commission, Pinchot urged that the principles of forestry be enlarged by the State to preserve "favorable forest conditions" in the public interest. On November 6, 1894, the provision to the state constitution was passed prohibiting any cutting from the Preserve. Though the provision gave some protection, it also rejected the principles of forestry. Though not achieving the results he had hoped for, Pinchot did profit from his first experience at influencing public opinion in favor of forestry. The meeting strengthened his ties with Fernow and J. T. Rothrock and his association with other advocates.

On his way as a consulting forester, Pinchot's advice was being sought by industry and was bringing him to the attention of other advocates of forest preservation including U.S. Civil Service Commission member Theodore Roosevelt. With the study of the white pine in central Pennsylvania and New York, in part financed by James Pinchot, and designed to set an example and to demonstrate the right methods, it also served its public relation's purpose adding supporters, to Gifford Pinchot's corner. As Pinchot's reputation grew he was consulted by educational institutions anxious to formulate Forestry programs within their curriculums. Contacted by the president of Columbia University, Pinchot furnished an outline for a two-year graduate program recommending that students spend a minimum of two months in the woods. His services were employed by Princeton University and the New York Botanical Gardens.

Following a stint as a consultant to the state of New Jersey in October 1895, Pinchot began work again in the Adirondacks in the Ne-Ha-Sa-Ne Park. The survey he conducted became a model for American Foresters with the primary object a steady annual return or sustained yield and to increase the value of the land by encouraging the growth of more profitable types of timber, in this case spruce, thus creating a two-fold profit system.

In 1896, Gifford Pinchot began his service with the U.S. government assuming a leading role as the Secretary of the National Forest Commission. At the suggestion of President Grover Cleveland, Pinchot and Arnold Hague made a preliminary report

with recommendations for a forestry service and more reserves. The report stressed the need for trained assistants to aid the Commission to prepare thorough studies of public timberland. When Commission Chairman Charles S. Sargent (Professor of Arboriculture at Harvard and Chairman of the New York State Forest Commission), refused the Commission's request for more funds Pinchot reached into his own personal funds and hired an assistant, Henry S. Graves, who was both friend and working partner on the Ne-Ha-Sa-Ne project.

Graves and Pinchot, along with other Commission members took to the field to report on conditions in federal forestlands in seven states. Most Commission members chose to investigate from the comfort of a train car while Pinchot and Graves investigated by horseback. The Commission under Sargent's leadership failed to propose a plan for federal forest management for Cleveland to present to Congress. Instead, despite Pinchot's objections, it recommended establishing 13 additional reserves with no plans for management. Ten days before he left office, President Cleveland created the reserves, 21,279,840 acres in South Dakota, Wyoming, Washington, Montana, Idaho, California and Utah. This made the land unusable and trespass illegal under existing land laws. The West rose in fury.



PRACTICING THE PREACHING

Gifford Pinchot, Forester, with a group of forestry officials and rangers on a timber marking operation in the Absaroka Division of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve in 1906. Taken from "Breaking New Ground."

Pinchot had been trying to educate the educated professionals. Now he had to educate members of Congress and the American public. He was insensed over the Commission's report and the fact that now the land in the reserves was locked up and not available for "rational use." But, the Commission did bring the plight of American timberlands to the attention of the public and established Gifford Pinchot as the foremost authority on American forest conditions.

The Congressional battle which ensued was front page news. And, though it must have seemed like a lost cause to some advocates, Pinchot and the members of the Commission pressed on. Aided by Charles D. Wolcott, Director of the U.S. Geological Survey, "the man who actually saved our bacon" as Pinchot put it, convinced Senator Richard F. Pettigrew of South Dakota that the reserves were good for the West. At

Pettigrew's request Wolcott drafted a bill which eventually saved the day for the foresters and provided for a survey of reserve land by the Geological Survey.

Attached to the Sundry Civil Act of June 4, 1897, the Pettigrew amendment provided for the survey of the land in question and set up the conditions for establishment and administration of forest reserves.

The Commission finally did publish its report, six months late, too late to have any real impact. But, it is interesting to note that the report did deal with the question of forest fire stating that it is not only desirable, but essential to protect the forested lands from the "ravages of fire," quite contrary to the policy employed during the summer of 1888 by the U.S. Park Service, under the Interior Department, allowing forest fires to burn themselves out. Pinchot found western fire devastation "sickening" and had long been advocating sound firefighting practices and prevention whenever possible.

One year after the battle with Congress, Pinchot, as a federal representative, personally examined 18 western reserves. He recommended the establishment of permanent boundaries and a trained "forest service" to manage the reserves. Again, he recommended that all land more valuable for agriculture be eliminated from the reserves while regulating grazing use in a flexible manner.

If Pinchot had learned anything from the previous years' battle, it was the value of public opinion. He believed also that the hue and cry of the public against forestry was largely due to the general lack of information. Publicity of the real intentions of forestry was needed.

When Fernow, doubting the feasibility of forest management by the federal government, resigned as Chief of the Forestry Division, Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson appointed Pinchot to take his place. On July 1, 1898, Pinchot took control. With offices in the attic of the Department of Agriculture Building, and Henry Graves as an assistant, Pinchot began the work of overhauling the Forestry Division. Undeterred by the fact that the General Land Office in the Department of the Interior and not the Agriculture Department controlled every acre of forestland, Pinchot set out to spread the word of scientific forest management.

Without federal lands to manage Pinchot offered to help private landowners to formulate plans for the management of their properties. That first year brought requests for help from 123 property owners of a million and a half acres. Within ten years, assistance had been requested for nearly 13 million acres from coast-to-coast, including requests from the Great Northern Paper Company and the Frederick Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. The program brought scientific forestry to the woods and to the attention of the Secretary of the Interior who requested technical advice for the management of the national forest reserves. Pinchot also began a publicity campaign believing that "nothing permanent can be accomplished . . . unless it is backed by a sound public sentiment. Pinchot established good relations with the newspapers, providing them with "news that helped to promote forestry."

When Theodore Roosevelt became president he used his influence to promote forestry. During his first State of the Union Address to Congress on December 3, 1901, Roosevelt proclaimed his support for forestry and for Gifford Pinchot by urging the adoption of a policy which would enable the reserves to contribute their full share to the welfare of the people and assure future resources. He went further advocating consolidation of these functions under the Bureau of Forestry.

Three years later Roosevelt was still addressing these same issues before Congress. He was also soliciting Pinchot's advice to determine boundaries of proposed forest reserves. Based, to a large extent, on Pinchot's counsel, T.R., doubled the 46 million acres of reserves by the end of his first term in office.

In 1905 the first convening of the American Forest Congress was held in Washington.

Organized by Pinchot and his staff, the Congress adopted a resolution favoring unification of all government forest work within the Department of Agriculture, the purchase of reserves in the East, repeal of the Timber and Stone Act and the amendment of the leiu-land law. Due in part to the publicity generated by the Forest Congress, federal legislation was enacted to transfer the national forest reserves to the Department of Agriculture.



A FOREST UNDER MANAGEMENT

This picture, taken in 1903, shows a cutting in Ponderosa Pine in the Black Hills National Forest, South Dakota, where the first timber sales were made under forest management. Taken from "Breaking New Ground."

Guided by the principle that the reserves were to be devoted to the most productive use for the permanent good of the whole people and not for the temporary benefit of individuals or companies, Pinchot swept into action. By persuading Congress to change the name of the Bureau of Forestry to Forestry Service, and forest reserve to national forest, he further reiterated his belief that the forests should be managed in the best national interest. He developed a policy of conservative use for a "perpetual supply of timber" with provisions for its sale under regulations written to prevent waste and fires, to protect young growth and ensure reproduction. The policy of conservative use also allowed for the regulation of grazing in the national forests thus putting an end to the "stock wars" common in the West between cattlemen and sheep owners. A fight ensued in efforts to obtain Congressional authority to charge a grazing fee to help defray the cost of providing grazing control. Once again enlisting T.R.'s support, fees were finally sanctioned in 1906.

A fee was also imposed for the use of national forestland for waterpower development for commercial profit. While the industrialists sent up the usual hue and cry and demanded grants in perpetuity, Pinchot maintained that the experience of the nation with regard to coal, oil and other major necessities of industrialization and community life was sufficient basis for the belief that waterpower would be controlled by a small number of large corporations and that government control should be used to prevent it. He also advised that the regulation permitting the Secretary of Agriculture to revoke permits at his discretion be revised to insure investment securities. Ever mindful of the needs of agriculture and the needs of an evolving infant nation, Pinchot

advocated the Forest Homestead Act of 1906 in support of homesteading in the national forests.

While in the midst of his contentious business with Congress, Pinchot ordered his department to make a study of forest fires. Making substantial progress in the methods used to combat forest fires and the development of fire patrols, forest fire damage was substantially reduced as a result.

To be continued in the next issue of the JOURNAL.



THE PRESENT STATUS OF WILD LIFE IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA

Address by Henry W. Shoemaker, Lycoming Historical Society, January 15, 1925.

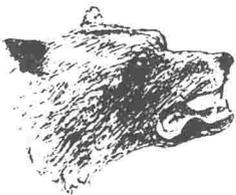
Editor's Note: All of the punctuation and italicized words in this essay are as Shoemaker wrote them. I might also add here that there is no evidence, archaeological or otherwise, to support the theory that buffalo inhabited Pennsylvania.

Mr. President, Fellow Members of the Lycoming Historical Society:

With practically every person here to-night saturated with flowery publicity stories sent out from Harrisburg, "that game is increasing," and with authentic reports of huge kills of deer and bears in the big game season just brought to a close, it would seem almost presumptuous to sound a note of concern that would indicate that Pennsylvania instead of being a "sportsman's paradise," stands on the verge of the passing of its age of mammals and birds, of becoming a birdless, lifeless Commonwealth. Casting aside impressions gained indoors from newspaper paragraphs or sporting magazines, who here has not been impressed by the utter *birdlessness*, the barren *lifelessness* of mountainous Pennsylvania, after motoring, riding or hiking trips through our wilderness regions? Recently one of your local newspapers severely criticized a writer from New York who called the Coudersport Pike the most desolate highway in the east—yet your speaker can only agree with that New York paragrapher for it is a ride that always depresses him, to travel for miles over cheerless, treeless uplands, still reeking from the devastation of forest fires, and not showing a sign of bird or animal life from Haneyville to Cherry Springs.

And it is going to become worse instead of better unless our same officials decide to adopt new methods to conserve or bring back the game, and cast aside the old-time, hand-raised gamekeeper estate methods of about 1600, which were never intended for use in unfenced country. The status of the deer presents some amazing contradictions. The annual kill, three or four thousand, ranks well up with New York, and ahead of most of the other states, yet not one tenth of the bucks killed are of native stock, and it is probable that the northern variety of deer in Pennsylvania is extinct. When Dr. B. H. Warren published his great work "*Diseases and Enemies of Poultry*," in 1897, he alluded to the practical extermination of deer in this State, that less than 100 of either sex were killed annually. On account of the large open farming country in southern New York no new specimens of the northern deer could enter from the Adirondacks; they were cut off as effectively as were the Black Moose a century earlier. It would be possible for Northern deer to enter Pennsylvania from the Schwan-gunks and the Catskills, in the northeastern corner of the State, but for the fact that there are practically no deer left in those particular New York State mountains. From the south, from Maryland and West Virginia the small southern type of the Virginia deer always entered the lower counties of Pennsylvania, and more of them survived and got a foothold after the new game and buck laws were passed at the instigation of Dr. Kalbfus, Mr. Sober and Dr. Donaldson, over a dozen years ago. The buck law, and the one deer per season to a hunter law, made deer hunting as a continuous sport possible in Pennsylvania, but it came too late to save the stately northern native deer. The few which remained were old, and finally succumbed to forest fires and hunters, or were driven to death by the imported deer brought in by the Game Commission. To take the place of the deer that were no more, great numbers of deer were secured in New England, Michigan, Kansas, Kentucky, Oklahoma and other distant points and brought to Pennsylvania by the car loads, also a number of starving elks from the Yellowstone Region. These foreign deer were partly of the true Northern type with excellent heads, but others were not. In fact there was no type uniformity among them, with

the result that their offspring, the deer we hunt in Pennsylvania to-day, is a mongrel of the meanest type. Its body is often heavy, but is ill-formed or mis-shapen, the antlers are never large or attractive, are often uneven, or deformed. This is due to the mixed races primarily, but secondarily to the changes in climate, food, and living conditions to which the imported deer were subjected. Does are barren not because of lack of males, but lack of vitality, "nature revenges itself on imperfect specimens," Herbert Spencer would say. Nevertheless there has been a satisfactory increase, so as to give sport for all, and the outdoor people of Pennsylvania, even if they will never see again antlered monarchs like used to proudly disport themselves in the paddocks of the Herdic House, or at the late Alex Billmyer's Park near Washingtonville, can thank Dr. Kalbfus, Mr. Sober and Dr. Donaldson for having perpetuated the chase in our densely populated Commonwealth. In order to produce good heads, deer must be kept free from mixed breeding, and the finest antlers are found in certain parks in England like at Peterborough, Langley Park, Cobham and Melton-Constable, where not a drop of outside blood has been infused for two or three centuries. As stated previously the Black Moose was cut off in his migrations to Pennsylvania, by the opening up of the great agricultural belt across southern New York State, although until the last moose was killed in the Catskills a few annually crossed the Delaware River into northeastern Pennsylvania, and penetrated as far south as the Wind Gap. Several moose runs, and the Moshannon, or Moose-Stream perpetrate their one-time presence in Central Pennsylvania. The native elk were finally killed off in the Black Forest in the early seventies. John H. Hamersley, an old-time Clinton County hunter saw a bull elk in 1869, and a cow elk in 1870, on branches of Kettle Creek. Jim Jacobs, a Seneca Indian hunter is supposed to have killed the last native elk, in the Flag Swamp, on Bennett's Branch of the Sinnemahoning in 1867. The elk imported by the Game Commission have proved a failure. Very few if any have bred, they have not found conditions here to their liking, have made themselves a pest to farmers, and most of them have been laid low by poacher's bullets. The bison, which had their wallows in Buffalo Valley, so Dr. T. Kenneth Wood tells us, were exterminated in Pennsylvania a little over a century ago.²



The great kill of bears has been a source of amazement to sport lovers both in and out of Pennsylvania. Doubtless the totals are considerably exaggerated each year, but more bears are killed here every year than are born and the adverse publicity given them to boom Potter County as a hunters' rendezvous means their speedy extermination. When the chestnut was plentiful, and other forms of mast easy to obtain, bears were shy and forest loving animals. The chestnut blight, the destruction of other suitable foods, and forest cover by fires and lumbermen has made them less secretive in their sterner struggle for existence. They are now easier located by hunters, and a thousand gunners are

after them now [compared] to one twenty-five years ago. Yet the bear will fight hard to maintain himself, and there would be none left to-day if shell traps, pens, and dead falls at all seasons of the year were still allowed, considering the army of hunters now on their trail. Mountain outlaws and mercenary city shooters are always trying to blacken bruin's already black coat by "planting" on him every sheep or calf that dies a natural death or [is] killed by stray dogs. Bears shun meat unless forced to take it or starve, then prefer carrion to exerting themselves to make a kill. Our vanished mis-called predatory animals had to shoulder many burdens, and it is refreshing to hear Dr. Warren quote Seth Nelson, Sr., pioneer Clinton County wolf hunter who said "Stray, wandering dogs were ten times as destructive to deer as the gray wolf ever was." Seth Nelson, Jr., told your speaker recently, that the Pennsylvania wolves only made a kill once in nine days, and ate what they killed, whereas wild dogs kill night and

day, everyday, for the sheer love of killing. It seems sad to recall that nine of the most interesting forms of wild life in Pennsylvania have been exterminated during the past fifty years, the wolf, the panther, the wolverine, the fisher, the pine martin, the elk, the beaver, the wild pigeon and the heathcock. At an earlier period went the moose, bison, golden eagle, and the paroquet, but they were migrants, and not exactly breeding natives of the Pennsylvania forests. Twenty-five years ago or more, when your speaker was a boy in Clinton County the woods back of his home teemed with small game, rabbits, hares, skunks, 'possums, 'coons, ground hogs, porcupines, grey and red squirrels, wild turkeys, grouse and quail. There were also wild cats, red and grey foxes, minks, otters, eagles, hawks, ravens, and other interesting creatures. Now these are gone, and he can take a ten mile walk over the same territory and not even see a crow or hear the song of a bird and there are "No Shooting Signs" posted everywhere. The gradual but steady diminution of these forms of wild life had begun half a century ago, when forest fires were allowed to follow the lumbering operation; nobody cared, and the local newspapers referred to them as "magnificent spectacles." According to the late John H. Chatham, accurate observer of wild life, these fires some times burned unnoticed for weeks at a time, unless buildings were threatened, then the lethargic communities "got busy." Countless animals and birds succumbed in every one of these conflagrations. They were cut off, and could not escape. Their numbers grew less every year, but there were so many left to kill, and such a vast virgin territory to hunt over, that nobody detected the lessening numbers of the game.

Then came the scandalous bounty laws, which were passed so veteran politicians unblushingly told your speaker "to keep the mountaineers in the woods and swing the vote in backwoods precincts." Wild cats, foxes, hawks, owls, as well as wolves and panthers are nature's safety valves, call them nature's policemen, scavengers, regulators, or what ever you will, to prey on weak, sickly and diseased specimens of the game, and to keep the others at all times virile and active, and not allowing them to become victims to inanition or logey, like barnyard "critters," or domestic fowls. The game already reduced in numbers, by loss of cover, and less vigorous, the destruction of their natural enemies enabled the unfit specimens to survive and breed, and a deteriorated race



resulted, one easy to kill by hunters, and one easily affected by the "long wet seasons," or the "long dry seasons" which crafty game officials use alternately as an excuse for the vanishing small game. The bounty laws spelled the doom of small game in Pennsylvania, what the fires have not got. Officials of our State Game Department have taken issue with your speaker on the bounty question, one high in authority intimating that your speaker stood alone in his views. The view is not an original one, it was first imbibed from the study of the works of such naturalists as W. H. Hudson, the greatest of them all, Richard Jefferies, J. E. Harting, Malcolm Maxwell (who tells of the grouse disease in Scotland after the wild cats were trapped too close), and Charles James Andersson of England, Enos A. Mills, Emerson Hough, Oliver Curwood, Dr. W. T. Hornaday in this country, and more particularly of Pennsylvania John H. Chatham and John C. French. Also competent German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish observers of wild life topics, and also for what it may be worth your speaker's years of close observation. Cut out the bounties, let nature's balance re-establish itself, and the small game will come back in all localities except where it has been completely exterminated. If anyone questions further this answer suffices: Go back 100 years before the white hunters came, the woods teemed with myriads of game animals and birds, side by side with what are now called their "enemies" and "vermin," and it had been that way for untold ages. The fact remains that the only regions in the United States where

small game is still plentiful is where no vermin control is practiced. "Enemies," "vermin," stuff and nonsense, the very best friends of the game put there by the same wise hand that made the game, whose purposes inscrutable, far-seeing, and unerring, and yet we seek to question and upset the scheme of eons! Some have said "The hunters will never stand for the bounties being repealed, they want some of the hunters' license money paid back that way." If that is their mercenary spirit, then this talk is vain, they don't want to try a panacea, and will doom small game if they can get some bounty money. There was an awful howl from so-called conservationists all over the State when Gifford Pinchot revamped forest fire fighting methods, and dropped from the service all who persisted in politely telling the fires "to please quit," which meant "let them burn." This vigorous fighting policy put the forest fire on the defensive. This grand work along new lines is bearing fruit, Pennsylvania *can* be afforested, and if the \$25,000,000 bond issue is enacted and all of the Pennsylvania desert acquired by the State and placed under progressive forestry regulations, the name "Penn's Woods," Pennsylvania will no longer be a misnomer. The State will be re-forested and by new and up to date methods. If the small game is to be saved, it will not come by pampering it, raising it on game farms, by hand, but by a new-old method, namely restoring nature's way—growing new forest cover by eliminating the forest fires, and wiping out the politically conceived, and scientifically unethical bounty laws.

BOUNTY RATES*

Taken from Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania Game Commission, Summary of Important Information Relative to Hunting Regulations, Season of 1941-42.

Grey Fox	\$4.00
Red Fox (see 26 counties below)	4.00
Weasel50
Goshawk (adult)	2.00
Goshawk (fledgling)	1.00

Goshawks for bounty must be killed between November 1 and May 31 and be shipped to the Commission within 48 hours. All other claims must be presented within four months after killing.

Bounty paid on RED FOXES only in the counties of Bradford, Butler, Cameron, Centre, Clarion, Clearfield, Clinton, Columbia, Crawford, Elk, Erie, Forest, Jefferson, Lawrence, Lycoming, Mercer, McKean, Montour, Northumberland, Potter, Snyder, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, Venango, and Warren, until March 31, 1942.

When we spoke of long walks without even seeing a crow, or hearing the song of a bird we harken back to the reckless poisoning crusades advocated by certain Game Department officials a few years back and practiced by careless trappers, that is setting out poisoned meat or suet in the snow, to destroy foxes or wild-cats. Some few fool foxes ate the bait, and perished, but the strychnine saturated meat and suet was mostly consumed by starving winter birds, snowbirds, crossbills, kinglets, chickadees, creepers, horned larks, Blue Jays, and woodpeckers, with the result that thousands of these interesting and beneficial birds died, and whole regions became depopulated of wild life. If you wish concrete finite statistics, read the report of District Forester R. B. Winter, of Mifflinburg, a Lycoming County boy, on bill with the Department of Forests and Waters, at Harrisburg. In the western states, U. S. Government poisoners are wiping out bird life wholesale, in their effort to "get" coyotes and bob-cats, and a birdless west is coming fast. Yet no one with enough influence has arisen to intervene, and the birds' best friends Enos Mills and Emerson Hough are no more. The German peasants could not understand why the sociable storks no longer came to their villages

every spring to nest on the chimneys. "Scared off by the war" was someone's glib pronouncement, which was accepted until it was found that in South Africa, the winter home of the storks, due to the wholesale crusade to poison grasshoppers, the chief food of the storks, thousands of storks died from eating the dead grasshoppers. They were shovelled into trenches on the veldt and Germany knows them now only as a memory and a tale of the older generations.

Do we want a lifeless Pennsylvania? Possibly many don't care, but there is a growing sentiment for the wild things from persons who will want to know the reason for their growing scarcity. There are hopeful signs. The State Game Commission is now headed by a resident of this city, Dr. H. J. Donaldson, who at great personal sacrifice is enforcing the game laws as part of a wide policy of conservation which includes his known leadership in the bond issue campaign. A man of progressive thought, will he see the light, and treat game problems in the light of new ideas, even if they seem as revolutionary to many—but when old ways have failed, why not give new ones a chance? We have always admired Dr. Donaldson as a fighter for conservation, and man of vision. Fifteen years ago when few dared to antagonize corporations the Doctor, practically unaided, a veritable David fought the vile pollution of the West Branch. The corporations went on until they killed all the fish, and made the once lovely waterway a foul open sewer, but to-day Dr. Donaldson has the satisfaction of knowing that practically all the great polluting up-river corporations are installing adequate filtration devices, and using the poison waste as by-products of their plants. The end is not yet, but when the last corporation falls into line, and the river returns to its pristine purity, efforts can be made to restock with Susquehanna salmon and other desirable food and game fish. Some doubt if fish can live in a stream the bottom of which retains a sediment of old pollution, and where the plant life and small aquatic life, on which the fish subsist, have been destroyed. It takes game some time to venture back into a region that has been swept by a forest fire, there is nothing to live on, and no place to hide in. But nature is always trying to come back.

What is long for us, is but a flash in her eternal plan. If we who sincerely love our Pennsylvania Beautiful will persist, and never desist, and allow no interest to co-erce or side track us, we can gradually see the mistakes of half a century of forest fires, game destruction, and stream pollution grow less and less, and a Pennsylvania like viewed by William Penn, born again. Then we will have an adequate timber supply coming on, climate, soil and pure water, conserved grand scenery, and woods and waters inhabited by their rightful tenants, in the proper proportions. And when we go for a walk in the woods we will hear the birds.

There has been much talk of "wasteful lumbering." It was not the woodsmen who devastated Central Pennsylvania, but the forest fires which they permitted to engulf their slashings after they were done. We hold them guilty on that count, as they left many trees standing, and it would still be Penn's Woods, were it not for the fires. John B. Quigley, a nonagenarian lumberman, of Clinton County, whose reminiscences go back 80 years at least, recently stated that in Clinton County since lumbering commenced four billion feet of original timber was cut, of that one billion feet got to market, the rest was wasted or burned in the woods. If it had been taken out carefully and gradually what a timber county Clinton would be—and what a sportsman's paradise!

The last native elk would probably be alive yet, perhaps the last wolf and panther, and vast colonies of small game, and the streams would harbor in their dark recesses the black or hemlock trout [brook trout] which the eloquent Prof. Charles Lose often speaks of—a variety of trout all but extinct in the Commonwealth. But all that is done, and is beyond recall. We have a vital problem to save what game there is left, and let us

ponder twice before we insist on retaining the game methods of the middle ages which were planned for private preserves and enter into an era of progressive game management correspondingly as radical and revolutionary as was put in force by Mr. Pinchot with our forests, and with as good results.



CAMPING ON A TROUT STREAM

(Chapter XIV from the book, *The Vanishing Trout, A Study of Trout and Trout Fishing in the Waters of Central Pennsylvania* by Charles Lose, copyrighted in 1931.)



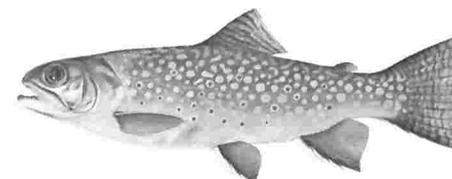
A MINNOW FISHERMAN AND A BIG TROUT
The "Old Angler" with his trophy caught before the leaves came out. Taken from "The Loyalsock," Lycoming Historical Society Publications, No. 8.

For nearly a third of a century the writer spent ten or 12 days of each year encamped with several companions on the banks of one of those large, clear, cold streams that abound on the eastern slopes of the Alleghenies. The time generally chosen was early midsummer, when the trees were in their fullest foliage, when the mountain laurel was painting the hillsides in great patches of pink and white, and when the rye was in blossom and the trout were rising eagerly to the fly.

The place selected for a number of years was a grove of old maples that must have sheltered in their earlier days the wigwams of Indians. On the one side the grove was bordered by the lower reaches of a trout stream, and on the other side by a short cold spring run. These met at this point, the great main creek flowing deep and strong past the front of our camp on its way to join the river.

Directly across the creek, above a fringe of tall, slender pines, rose a high wooded peak, behind which the sunset and the evening star sank to rest. Within easy reach of the camp four rapid, noisy brooks poured their cool water into the creek. They came from far back in the mountains, and their pools were the homes of many speckled trout.

After the first day, crowded with the hardest kind of work, the camp settled into a lazy, pleasant but systematic routine. Much of the comfort of the camp depended on the thoroughness of the work of



this first day. The large tent must be carefully pitched and stayed; a deep soft bed of fragrant, hand-picked hemlock browse must be made; an outdoor cooking range with stone sides and back and a large sheet iron top, must be constructed; and the great

back-logs against which the camp fire would be lighted must be staked in their proper places.

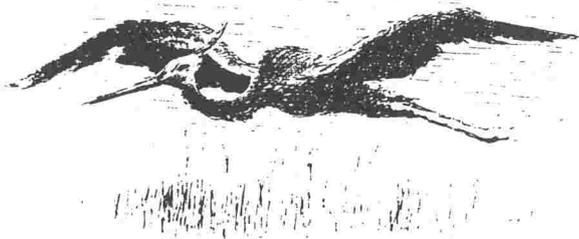
The spring run furnished a cool place for our crocks and cans of food, and a dense maple made a pleasant shaded place where our dining table with its stationary benches could be built. The daily program of the camp consisted of a hearty breakfast at sunrise, a light luncheon at noon for those who had not gone fishing, a substantial supper at the close of the day, a long evening around the camp fire, and then a night spent sleeping as tired children sleep.

Each day one or more members of the camp went fishing. They usually went in pairs; the narrow valleys through which the trout streams ran were heavily wooded and too lonely to make solitary fishing an unmixed pleasure. Occasionally the fisherman heard the stealthy tread of a wild animal back in the bushes, probably a bobcat, and not infrequently they ran across a mother grouse that would utter strange cries and tumble along before them, while her little chicks sat motionless under a leaf or beside a stone.

The trout were lured from their rocky pools with angle worms, and where the stream ran under the dark hemlocks, the sides of the fish were a steel blue in which the rows of scarlet spots glowed like bits of flame. Each of the streams had two or three little falls, below which there was a dark mysterious pool that was always persistently fished with the hope of a big one.

On one of his fishing trips a member of the camp found that there was a large trout occupying one of these pools on the side of which was a large boulder. The next day he went alone to this place and returned with a beautifully colored two pound brook trout. He said that when he neared the pool he made a wide detour and came in behind the boulder. He had taken as bait some red-fin minnows. The first one was trolled in the pool less than a yard when the trout took it with a fierce rush. The fisherman, knowing that the trout would not attempt to leave the pool, laid his rod across the boulder, filled and lighted his pipe and smoked for five minutes before pulling. Some skill was still required to land the fish, but the bait had been so deeply gorged that the final outcome was never in doubt.

The senior member of the camp, who was a fly fisherman, loved the twilight hours for fishing, and the long quiet pools of the main creek. When the shadows of the mountains had begun to darken the face of the stream, he would seek some favorite piece of water, where he would occasionally hook and play and sometimes land a lusty



trout. Always he saw and heard something of interest. An osprey would start screaming from a dead limb high above the water, or a great blue heron standing on a sandy point in the edge of the stream would suddenly unlimber himself and go flapping dismally away. A pair of bald eagles for many years had their home on the face of a high cliff

some miles below, and one of these, journeying homeward down the valley of the creek at the close of day, would sometimes bid the fisherman a harsh goodnight.

The evening meal was always a most pleasant hour. The vesper songs of birds in the branches overhead, the long shadows creeping across woods and streams and the pictures of distant mountains through the trees made a setting unsurpassed. The piece de resistance at supper was invariably a great plate of trout. These trout were eight and nine inches in length and after being rolled in sweet fresh cornmeal, had been laid

crosswise on a deep griddle and fried to a rich brown in bacon fat. What prodigious appetites the long days in the open sent to the supper table!

It was on record that one fisherman had once eaten steadily for four hours, beginning with the food that he snatched out of the pans while dodging the knife of the exasperated cooks, and finishing with cookies and a quart of steaming coffee at nine in the evening. It is told that he then retired to his section of the bed, where he lay groaning and tossing for hours. The other members of the camp were seriously troubled, for there was no medicine at hand not even any preventive against snakebite, and no physician within a score of miles. They finally decided that if he became very ill, they would strip him, lay him on his back and build a small fire on his stomach as a counter-irritant. But their fears proved groundless, for he rose promptly with the others the next morning and, after some scanty ablution, walked briskly to the breakfast table and demanded from the cook a large share of everything. Verily the capacity of the human stomach passeth all understanding.

After the orchestra of wood thrushes had ended their chorus and when the whip-poor-will had begun his plaintive lay, and the owls were saluting one another across the valleys, the camp-fire would be lighted and the endless inconclusive discussions of out-door topics would start.

No camp was complete without at least one evening visit from Old Johnnie, who lived up the road in a little shack that stood on the very edge of a brawling trout stream. Johnnie would come suddenly out of the darkness into the firelight under the green canopy of leaves, and, with a short "good evening," would take a comfortable seat, fill and light his odorous pipe and join the discussion. He was always a welcome visitor.

He was too lazy to be anything but a very indifferent fisherman. When necessity drove him forth after a mess of trout, he went unwillingly and would prow along the banks of the stream snatching the small trout out of their element with vicious jerks as if annoyed at them for not swimming down to his cabin and leaping through the door-way into the frying pan; but he had lived full four-score years wholly in the mountains and his stories of wild life were intensely interesting.

He knew the crossing places of the rattlesnakes and he had witnessed the migration of the gray and the black squirrels, in search of food. He had seen the branches of acres of forest trees breaking down under the weight of the nests and young of wild pigeons, and he had surprised bears lying out on the limbs of oaks lopping acorns. He had in his youth talked with old men who had heard the bugle call of elks, shot panthers and trapped wolves in the very mountains among which we were encamped.



He had an awe of the deep woods that is not uncommon among men of his kind. If a tree would fall at night on the mountain side, when no breath of air was stirring, his talk would cease for a minute or two and then go on in a subdued tone, and when he heard the cry of a strange bird he was uneasy for a time. He firmly believed in a legend of a hidden treasure of silver ore in the mountains nearby known only to the Indians, and still visited by them on rare occasions. When the evening was spent and his form had disappeared in the darkness, the members of the camp felt that they had been talking with a man as primitive as these same Indians, whose woodcraft he so greatly admired.

The nights in the Alleghenies, even in midsummer, are cool and as a rule the camp spent them in sound and refreshing sleep. One member of the camp, the oldest one, was a light sleeper and almost always awoke an hour or two after midnight and lay awake a long time listening to the sounds of the night. A bird, sleeping in the branches over the tent, twittered faintly in its dreams; a light breeze moved softly in the tops of the trees; a raccoon clawed ineffectually at the tin lid on the butter crock in the

spring run; the night hawks with many shrill cries pursued insects up and down the valley; and the nearby trout stream sang soft and low as it sings only to fishermen.

One night, which he will never forget, this camper arose without disturbing the others and walked out to the edge of the grove. The skeins of mist floated over the face of the creek that was gurgling contentedly among the stones. In the sky over the mountains in the northeast a faint light was stealing a hint of dawn. Close to the horizon in the east an old moon was hanging. But it was the dark, lonely, brooding old mountains that most appealed to him. In the countless centuries since their birth what wonders they had seen in the sky at night, what terrific storms had swept across their tops, and what wild bears and wilder men had sought refuge in their rocky fastnesses! How quiet, steadfast and untroubled they sat! They had seen the world begin and they would see it end. The man went back to the tent filled with such peace and contentment as only the eternal things can give.

There were occasional nights, however, that could not be described as peaceful. The campers still vividly recall the night of the big flood. A series of heavy thunder storms began in the middle of the afternoon and lasted far into the night. It was an almost continuous performance. Each succeeding storm seemed to hang lower in the valley and to make it darker. The thunder rolled incessantly. The pouring rain never ceased. The lightning struck again and again on the mountain sides.

Long before night the fishermen were driven in by the rain and stood around wet and disconsolate watching the storm. The camp fire was lighted, but it hissed and sputtered and refused to lighten the gloom. A meager supper was prepared and eaten, standing. By nightfall the main creek was a brown flood carrying on its surface the trunks of trees and debris of every sort. The trout stream was a raging torrent, and even the spring run was full to overflowing.

Then black darkness descended and the gloom was increased. The rain beating on the trees sounded louder than ever, the lightning flashes seemed almost continuous, and the main creek gave out a sullen, menacing roar that sent a chill to the hearts of the listeners. There was a great splash dam seven miles above that backed up the water between the mountains for miles and there was a fearful vision of a wall of water sweeping down the valley if it broke. The grove had become an island and the floor of the tent was only a few inches above the rising flood.

Only one camper was untroubled. Under a lantern swinging from the ridge pole of the tent he sat oblivious to it all. He was reading "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and he gave no heed to the pounding of the rain, the sharp flashes of lightning and the terrific cannonading of the thunder. Only when someone snatched the lantern from over his head and hurried out to mark the progress of the flood did he rouse himself. Then, with his index finger tightly glued to the last line he had read, he sat and swore loud and fierce until the lantern was returned to its place.

Shortly after midnight the rain lulled to a gentle patter, the rumblings of the last thunder storm died slowly away in the southeast, the reader of the book had finished and was again concerned in commonplace affairs, and tired out with anxiety the campers sought their beds. They slept late the next morning, but awoke to a radiant day. The birds were trying to burst their throats with song, the creek lapping the edge of its banks was laughing in the sunshine at the scare it had given them. Great masses of fog were rising out of the hollows to join clouds white as wool that raced through a sky of the deepest blue. The mountains looked purple and cool, and the earth was as new and as fresh and fragrant as when Adam and Eve walked hand in hand in Eden.



THE CLOSED HOUSE, A STORY OF PRIDE HUMBLED

by Henry W. Shoemaker

Editor's Note: This is a previously unpublished fictional work from the Henry W. Shoemaker collection.

On the back street at Straubstown, on the street next to the mountain, half hidden by wide-branching maples stands a neatly painted white house. As all the houses on this street are frequently painted, in fact all the houses in the town reek with fresh paint, this neatly painted cottage would attract slight attention were it not that the shutters are always closed. When the painters come around every other year to give the house a new coat of white and the shutters a new coat of blue, the orders are that the shutters must be painted on the house without opening them. The house is also noticeable from the numbers of little wooden birdhouses on the trees. These are always repainted when the house is done over. They were inhabited by a swarm of robins, bluebirds and martins, who made the air sweet by their singing. Several elderly ladies occupy the cottage, so the village gossips say, but the one who owns it, is never seen outside the confines of her own room.

Grief over the death of her husband in the Civil War is the cause ascribed by her relatives and loyal friends for her complete retirement from the world. This is a beautiful idea, and places a halo of saintly devotion around the old lady whom no one has seen in nearly fifty years. But there are other people in the town who say that an unfortunate love affair taking place two years after the death of the soldier husband is the real reason why she became a recluse.

One old man, who keeps the graveyard in order, is very fond of telling the story to strangers. He can see the closed house from where he works among the graves and monuments. After he has pointed out the graves of Indian fighters and revolutionary soldiers, or of the woman who was buried just outside the cemetery fence in 1864, because she was said to be a witch, he will indicate with his sickle, the closed house. After the visitor has observed it for a minute he invariably says, "What do you think of that house yonder?" If you give him the slightest encouragement by saying "Isn't it queer looking," he will relate the story with as much precision of detail as a guide on a battlefield. The story generally runs like this: I say "generally runs like this," because the old man has told it within my hearing four or five times, with very little variation.

Do you see that neatly painted house down the street? The lady who lives there has never been out of doors in 48 years, and the shutters haven't been opened in that time. People around here like to say that she went into retirement because she lost her husband, who was a gallant young officer in the Civil War. The young fellow was killed in 1862, and I can take oath on it that the shutters were open for over two years after that, until Christmas Eve, 1864. It isn't that our townspeople have flexible memories, but there are very few alive today who were old enough to understand much as far back as '62. Those that are know in their hearts what I say is true, but they don't like to spread a scandal and so wink at the dead husband story.

When she was married, in October 1860, this lady was accounted the belle of the village. She was also the wealthiest girl, as she had inherited three fortunes from bachelor uncles who died, and was the heiress of her parents who were both independently rich. The young man she married was a college graduate, a promising law student, and also heir to considerable property. It was uniting the two oldest and most influential families in town, representatives of the old Scotch-Irish Presbyterian aristocracy. The general run of people were pleased, but there was considerable envy aroused. I remember it well, as many thought the couple too well blessed. They had good looks, money,

family, friends. Some of those who envied lacked all four qualities. One old woman, who had talked a lot before the wedding, was standing outside the church after the ceremony, and ran up and wished them bad luck all their lives. The town constable put his hand over her mouth before she had gotten the words fully out, and many thought the happy couple did hear it at all. At least so most everybody hoped. The wedding took place on a rainy day, a bad omen, generally admitted by educated and uneducated.

During the wedding trip which was taken in an elaborate carriage drawn by two coal black horses, and driven by a colored coachman in livery, the bride's father had the cottage renovated, refurnished and repainted. He planted those maple trees in the front yard and along the sidewalk, that Chinese sumach by the kitchen door and those two yellow-wood trees along the garden fence. He also set out a Norway spruce; it grew higher than the house, but was blown down on the 40th anniversary of the husband's death. They say it almost shocked the lady to death, she wasn't used to such loud noises.

Young as he was, the bridegroom took an active part in politics and would have been nominated for the Legislature if he hadn't gone to the war. In 1861, before the outcome of the war was generally conceded, he showed his patriotism by enlisting. His father could have gotten him a commission at Harrisburg, but he preferred to enlist as a common private. But his appearance was so much above the ordinary, that he was soon singled out for a lieutenancy, and by the beginning of 1862, he was a captain of artillery on the Peninsula. He was highly commended on several occasions, though he didn't seem to have done much fighting, and the town was proud of him. He held the highest rank of any soldier who had gone to the front from this locality, so there was talk of presenting him with a sword when he came home on a furlough. A subscription was being taken up when news came of his untimely death, caused by the bursting of a cannon during a practice drill. Report had it he had been blown to pieces. I guess it was true, for they never opened the coffin. We had to take for granted his remains were in it. The burgess sent somebody to Philadelphia in a hurry, and a handsome sword was bought. This was draped with crepe and flowers and laid on the coffin. After the interment, it was given to the widow. The widow certainly showed a terrible amount of grief.

The old woman who had wished them bad luck when they came out of the church after the wedding was on hand in the same place at the funeral. She tried to whisper to everyone how she had predicted this. She became so boisterous that the same town constable had to lead her around to the back of the church and keep her there until after the services. Her ugly talk created more comment in the village than the stately funeral. Everyone said she was a witch, and was a disgrace to the town. A month after the soldier's funeral the old woman died, and in the natural course of events would have been buried in this graveyard. The parents of the dead soldier and his widow, although of a different denomination, had enough influence to block this. When it was rumored she was to be buried after night in the Potter's Field at the Poor Farm, some of the working class of people got together, and induced the old German who owned the cow pasture by the cemetery to permit her burial there, just across the graveyard fence. Now the cow pasture is pretty well built up, and it won't be long before somebody's cellar will occupy the spot where this so-called witch's bones repose. Poor old creature; I wonder if she was in any way responsible for the ill luck that followed the couple she cursed!

The soldier's widow went on living very quietly in her neat cottage. I saw her many times working with her flower beds, or sitting on the back porch knitting. People, even those who once envied, pitied her now. She seemed so single-minded, so devoted to her husband's memory. She had an iron settee put near his grave in the Presbyterian burial ground and often sat there on Sunday afternoons. It was a touching sight.

But grief alone was not to be the limit of her ill fortune. One night in October 1864, a carriage stopped in front of the cottage. A strongly built man with a closely-cropped beard turning grey, got out. The colored driver handed him a heavy port-manteau, and drove down. Owing to the mud on the carriage, it had evidently come a long distance, we surmised it to be a livery rig from some remote point. The stranger, so the story goes, introduced himself to the widow, and said he had been chaplain of the regiment to which her late husband belonged. He had been the last person to speak to him before he had been blown to pieces by a bursting cannon. He had admired the dead officer and wanted to express to the widow the esteem in which he had been held by his companions in arms. All this pleased the widow, especially as she had reached a point when she was not insensible to masculine charms. Those who saw the stranger said he was not bad looking, and while he could look one in the eye, he had a downcast look. This was ascribed to the noble melancholy which overspread his rare soul. He was such an interesting gentleman, that he was invited to remain overnight, and that led to his being urged to remain a few days longer.

Then he apparently fell ill, and was in a critical state for days. The fair young widow nursed him, and the old doctor, who declared he couldn't make out the nature of the disease from which the man suffered, said he had never witnessed such devotion. It was the week before Christmas before the patient was able to be about the house. He had had many sympathizers among people who never saw him, as he had his fond nurse give instructions he was to see no one but the doctor.

His identity was the subject of considerable speculation, but of a favorable nature until a young soldier returned who had served in the alleged chaplain's regiment. "Your old chaplain's in town, he's sick at the widow's cottage on Freedom Street." The young soldier was much surprised. "We have no old chaplain, the one we have now is the same one we've always had." To make sure, he wrote to a friend who replied saying the chaplain was then and had been on duty. He couldn't be sick at Straubstown and on duty on the Peninsula at the same time. It was not a case of bi-location. The real chaplain was a tall blonde, and the one sick in Straubstown was a stockily built brunette.

The story of the mysterious invalid got to the ears of the Federal authorities, and detectives were sent to investigate. It was probably the first and last time that detectives ever visited Straubstown. On the morning before Christmas the widow sent out a dozen little notes written in the copper-plate handwriting so popular in those days, announcing to her intimate friends that she was going to marry the estimable army chaplain, and inviting them to come to the house that evening to meet him. Her relatives more particularly, and her friends were shocked, but as she was twenty-five years old they considered her old enough to suit herself. About a dozen persons dropped in that evening to meet the intended. Some called out of regard for the bride-to-be. The rest out of cold curiosity. The young widow, dressed in white, looked very happy. The stranger was clerical in appearance to be sure. He had shaved off his mustache, and wore only a greyish beard. He looked all the world like a Methodist hierarch, although he claimed to be a Congregationalist. He could tell many stories of his work among sick and dying soldiers. He even told how President Lincoln once commended him for his kind deeds. As he talked his fiancée gazed at him in speechless admiration.

Cakes, candies, fruit and coffee were passed around later in the evening. The future bride played the organ while the churchly looking intended sang patriotic airs and hymns. In the midst of this song festival there was a loud pounding on the side door. The stranger stopped singing, and his face, always waxy pale, grew even whiter. The young widow jumped up from the bench and ran to the door, opening it. Before the company stood six stalwart men, calm, slow of speech, determined. Their leader stepped forward, and in the presence of the roomful of guests placed the stranger under arrest.

The bride-to-be swooned over a sofa, while some of the men tried to induce the visitors to tell who they were and on what grounds they made the arrest. One guest, a former district attorney of the county, had more influence than the rest, so one of them told him the facts. The pretending army chaplain was none other than Ludwig, the notorious mountain outlaw, wanted on a dozen charges from murder and counterfeiting, down to chicken stealing. With his side-partner Consor, he had terrorized the Central Pennsylvania mountains for twenty years. In October they had been brought to bay in the Seven Mountains by a posse and Consor was killed. Ludwig, with his proverbial luck, had made his escape, but it had been thought that he too had been shot, but had crawled into one of his lairs and died. As nothing had been heard of him for nearly two months, he was counted as dead, until the presence of a mysterious stranger in Straubstown answering his description had been reported. He had sometimes worn a beard in the past, so was easily recognized under his ministerial disguise. He was hurried to Pittsburgh, and ultimately hanged.

The young widow, shorn of her hopes and disgraced before friends and the town, took brain fever, and came near dying. The same doctor attended her who had looked after the "sick preacher," but in this instance he was never in doubt as to the diagnosis. When she was so low, all the shutters were ordered closed. After she got better she directed that they be left closed. This was done, and her voluntary captivity began. Her parents tried their best to get her to go out for a walk, but they could do nothing with her. She vowed she would never show her face again outside, she who had been so proud but had been so mocked by Fate. The old woman who wished her ill was dead. Those who envied her were now genuinely sorry; there were many who loved her. She had no one to fear in all Straubstown. But indoors she remained growing waxy white, silently severe, resembling, so her servants say, the strange man she once agreed to marry. But they say her soldier husband's sword hangs over the mantelshelf.



SIGNS OF FRENCH CONTACT ON THE WEST BRANCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA

by Clark B. Kahler

This article is reprinted from January 1959, number 1 issue of the Quarterly Newsletter of the North Central Chapter #8 Society for Pennsylvania Archaeology.

Although the French did not attempt settlement on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, there appears certain denoting trade between them and the Indians of this area. This might be surprising to some readers, and even doubted by others, but evidence has been found, although not in abundance.

We have Brule's report upon the exploration of the Susquehanna, which deals with the North Branch and the lower area of the river, but there is no definite reference regarding the West Branch. Yet here was a young French explorer who spent three years on the Susquehanna before reporting to Champlain in 1618. Can anyone imagine Brule passing by the West Branch and not exploring it after seeing it at the junction of the branches at Northumberland?

There are some well documented accounts, by both English and French explorers, that relate to the French trade and the West Branch. They tell of the route of trade used by the Indians from the St. Lawrence to the Virginia area. Since this material seems to have been overlooked or missed by historians of this locality, we will use some of the earliest accounts and mention the writers of the same.

Captain John Smith, in 1609, met the Susquehannocks on the Chesapeake Bay and was interested in the items they had with them, since they were of European manufacture. He must have been impressed by them and their information, for he carefully included them in his records.

"But Smith did not leave the 'Susquehannocks' and the Tochwaghs (at Sassafras River) until he had obtained from the former the important information that the hatchets, knives and other articles of European manufacture possessed by their nation had been obtained from the French on the St. Lawrence. There had been such a trade carried on by way of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, thence across to Lake Erie and down the Niagara River, thence along the shores of Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence, for several years, with transient fur traders in the last mentioned river, and with others more permanently located below." This information and route was recorded on Smith's map of Virginia of 1612, and in his own *General History of Virginia* of 1624.

Brule's *Discoveries and Explorations* states: "Indians occupying the Lake Simcoe journeyed south on the Humber; thence, on Lake Ontario to the mouth of the Niagara River to the great cataract; thence to the foot of Lake Erie, going down to the southern side; making a portage down French Creek to the Alleghany; then up that stream near its headwaters where two portages met; one crossing to the Tioga, leading to the Chemung and the other one into the West Branch of the Susquehanna."

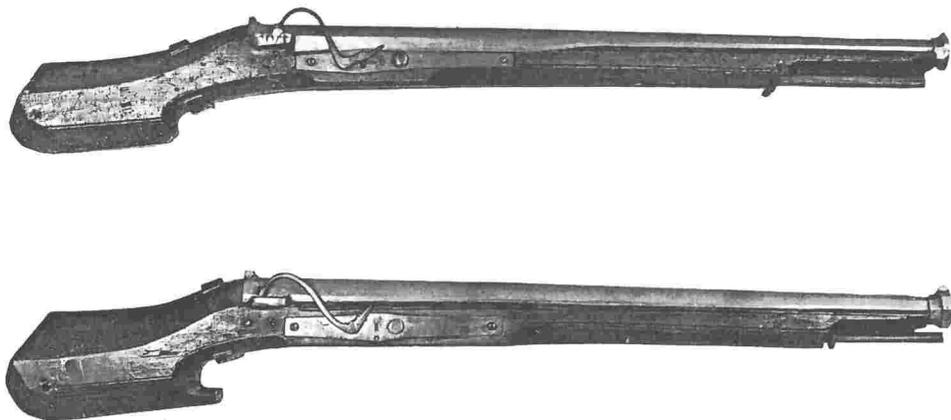
Lescarbot: *La Nouvelle France*, in 1610, mentions that the Indians used this route for trade.

Laverdiere: *Champlain*, Vol. I, pg. 552, states, "In going from one (the Huron) to the other (the Carantouannis) a grande detour is necessary, in order to avoid the Chonontonaroinon, which is a very strong nation."

Parkman: *The Jesuits in North America*, pgs. 341-343, "They (the Hurons) were forced to make a wide sweep through the Alleghanies, western Pennsylvania, and apparently Ohio, to avoid these vigilant foes (the Senecas)."

A study of Pennsylvania history discloses that the first trading post on the upper region of the Susquehanna was established by a Frenchman by the name of James Le Tort in 1725. It was situated on the east side of the river between the junction of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna. This post was therefore in operation before the time that Weiser made his first journey into this part of the country. Just how long it was operated is not stated.

Some artifact finds from the Muncy area are hereby mentioned, which indicated French origin or contact. Mr. A. H. Stead, who in his early years lived upon the Robert Robb lands and helped till the farm, made a significant find. It was upon this land that the "Ancient Fortifications," mentioned by Weiser in 1737, was located. In the center of the fortification was a large pit, which resembled a cellar, according to Mr. Stead. From this depression he recovered the remains of an old gun, an Arquebus, and a silver crucifix, both of French make, which he gave to Jerry Gerner for his collection.



Two arquebuses with snapping matchlocks, ca. 1500. Basle Historical Museum.

An Arquebus was found near Halls, on the east side of the river, in the 1930's, by Don Spencer, of Muncy. It was sold to a collector, who classed it as a French piece, the 1600 period.

In 1910, the writer found a sword on the west side of the river, just opposite the mouth of Muncy Creek. It was embedded in a sand bank and was in a washout caused by the river flood. The handle was of brass or bronze, one side had been engraved but was illegible, while the guard was of iron and made to accommodate a musket barrel. A gun collector stated it was of early French make.

After the flood of 1936, Kenneth Grange, of Muncy, asked the writer to help him explore a couple of fire pits, which he had found exposed by the flood waters. There were three of them, located on the west side of the river, and about 150 yards north of the Reading Railroad bridge over the Susquehanna. The pits were badly washed and very shallow in depth. Only two of them were excavated, but from them was obtained a French coin, which had been pierced for suspension and worn as an ornament. Also found was a silver buckle, a couple of buttons, a few glass beads, fragments of a glass flask, plus some triangular arrowheads and fragments of Indian pottery,

which was mingled in the remains of ash and charcoal. The items found denoted French material.

Ted Miller, of Newberry, found French glass trade beads together with a broken Indian pipe and the bones of a human foot, near the mouth of Larry's Creek. The material had been exposed by stream flooding.

The collection of T. B. Stewart, of Lock Haven, contained a French crucifix and a couple of pierced coins, which had been used as necklaces, as denoted by marks of suspension. They were found in the area of the Great Island. He also had a silver, French medallion, which was found near Muncy by Judd Deeter, from whom he had purchased the same.



Arquebuses, ca. 1500, from Codex Monacensis 222.

A trade hatchet and remains of a musket were found near Halls by Ellis Gundrum of Muncy, who gave them to Jerry Gerner to become a part of his collection. It is said they were not of English manufacture, but supposedly French.

While this evidence is not vast in quantity, it nevertheless does establish the fact that French trade or contact did extend or reach down into the West Branch of the Susquehanna.

It might be of interest to collectors, who may have trade beads in their collection to have then identified. By so doing, more light might be shed upon the French contact of this area.

One of the most useful publications and a great aid to understanding and locating the Indian trail and trade routes is to be found in *Indian Trails of Pennsylvania*, by Dr. Paul A. Wallace. It will be found to be a splendid guide in locating the "Grande Detour" as well as the trails down the Susquehanna that were used by Brule during his exploration, and the trade route used by the Indians of the St. Lawrence down into the Virginia area.



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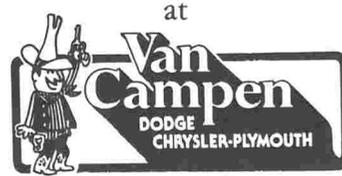
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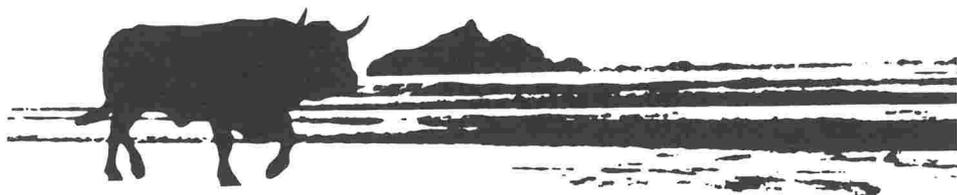


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