the Conservationist

MAY-JUNE 1976 75¢

Guide boats, canoes and rubber rafts

A special section on small craft

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Running the Rapids by Frances A. Hopkins

Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

In the Wake of the Voyageurs

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Cover II: Fishing in the Adirondacks by Winslow Homer.

Courtesy of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Louise E. Bettens Fund.

Gaffing a lake trout

the Conservationist

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The Conservationist

EDITORIAL

Jobs and the Environment

RUSSELL W. PETERSON is quite emphatic that we need not choose between a healthy economy and a healthy environment. "On the contrary," he comments, "economic health and environmental health are related." Mr. Peterson is the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality and in the course of his duties he commissioned two financial analysts, Kenneth Leung and Jeffrey Klein, to make a study of the new industry generated by the people's demand for clean air and clean water — the environmental industry.

The researchers found that the laboratories and factories in producing the ideas, processes and products necessary to satisfy that demand are creating hundreds of thousands of jobs and numerous new investment opportunities.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics has estimated that each billion dollars of federal expenditures in 1974 on pollution control generated 66,900 jobs. In 1975, federal spending for pollution control ran to more than four billion dollars while at the same time private industry spent ten billion for operation, maintenance and capital equipment. State and local governments spent another $1.5 billion — an aggregate of $15.7 billion. Total employment resulting from this expenditure easily exceeded a million jobs.

Thus, the researchers were able to conclude that "environmental control-related employment has been one of the few areas of job strength during the current recession."

Mr. Peterson pointed out, however, that the economic benefits of pollution control did not constitute the whole story. "How," he asks, "can you estimate the economic cost of sicknesses that never occurred, because they were prevented by environmental controls?"

On the other hand, there is on the record an instance of disaster when environmental protective measures were not in effect. The English government estimates that in 1952, a five-day period of extreme air pollution in London caused 4,000 deaths. During that five days 1,100 patients were admitted every day to London hospitals, 48 percent above normal. The damages were estimated at $700 million.

The medical profession estimates that 70 to 80 percent of cancer can be traced to environmental factors, and there is a demonstrable correlation between frequency of the disease and heavy industrial activity. Almost two billion dollars a year is spent solely for hospital care of cancer patients. It is not unreasonable to expect that pollution control measures will reduce the incidence of cancer and thus the amount of money we are spending for cancer care.

Environmental regulation has stimulated the development of the catalytic converter for automobiles. Cost of this pollution abatement device as installed and delivered totaled $838 million in 1974 and was expected to reach $4 billion by 1979. U.S. initiative in this field has opened a world market for our production which promises to become a multi-billion dollar business.

Mr. Peterson comments, wisely, that these jobs and profits accrue to the corporation *selling* or installing pollution-abatement devices, not to the one *buying* them. What these "buyers" fail to recognize however, is that they have in the past created costs which the public has had to bear. "Plants that pollute are obsolescent and inefficient," Mr. Peterson says. "Their failure to modernize will threaten the jobs of their employees. The rules of the game now require that any business that wishes to ply its trade must do so without polluting the environment."

The economic problems which currently confront us have been exploited by those who oppose the state's program to eliminate environmental pollution and who demand a relaxation of this department's regulations. As Mr. Peterson says: "While many critics have been busily denouncing environmentalists as do-gooders who care more about birds than about people, a new private, free-enterprise industry has grown up to satisfy the demand of the American people for a clean and healthy country to live in. And this one creates jobs, profit opportunities and a market for investment." R.F.H.

Canot du Maitre of 1822 by John Halkett

Courtesy Hudson's Bay Co.

In the Wake of the Voyageurs

A Voyageur by Frederic Remington from Harper's Weekly

Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul

by Calvin Martin

PARSONS, the photographer, looked a little older and more distinguished than I, so I took him with me to the parsonage. Presently the door was answered by a dour-looking matron: the housekeeper. "Is the father in?" I asked, I am afraid, timidly. She hesitated, scanning us up and down with seeming disapproval. "Yes, he is in." Silence. "Could we see him, please?" Again a pause, and a glance at Jim's cameras. She would see.

A few minutes later an old, kindly looking gentleman came to the door. I was relieved to find that he could, and would speak English. I quickly explained our business: we were a group of sixteen American college students, a photographer, and a professor, about to paddle up the Ottawa River to Lake Huron following the route of the famed voyageurs who, I took a breath and continued, from the seventeenth century had manned the canoes of both French and English fur trading companies. He shook his head knowingly. There was no need for me to go on with my little history lesson. It was time for the question.

In keeping with centuries-old tradition, I asked the priest of the shrine of Ste. Anne de Bellevue to bless our tiny brigade before we set out on that historic road into the interior. Ah yes, he knew about "the blessing." He, like us, was aware that for centuries canoe brigades embarking at Lachine, Montreal, had stopped off at the shrine at Ste. Anne's on the western edge of the island to say confession, leave a penny, and light candles. Ste. Anne's, with its quaint ritual, marked the point of final departure for them and us.

The blessing having been bestowed we loaded up our six canoes and pushed off into the choppy waters of the Lake of Two Mountains. I felt good — optimistic; I was glad that we had been blessed. For I, as the leader, who had paddled this "Grand" River (as it was once known) many times before, knew that we would need it.

The trip — to attempt 400 miles in 3 weeks, from Montreal to Georgian Bay — was part of a 4-credit college course on the North American fur trade. Each of the 16 students had read and taken notes on that institution for 10 weeks, learning in abstract form virtually all there was to know about the fur trade complex. They studied it within its sociological context; they considered it ethnohistorically, ecologically, and economically; they probed its political and diplomatic aspects. At the end of 10 weeks — including a half dozen books and pamphlets read, and 40 hours of lecture and discussion performed — those who attended class and did the work knew the subject. Yet, for all that, we lacked the experience of a fur trading expedition. Anticipating that gap in the curriculum, I had devised a plan months before.

When I proposed to the college administration that the course be extended for three weeks into the summer to include a trip up the Ottawa there was enthusiastic support. In fact, I had difficulty keeping my colleagues off the passenger list. And so, with the course still in progress, we began the lengthy preparation: renting and purchasing equipment (including seventeen-foot, keelless, fiberglass ca-

Calvin Martin

Cruising near Rideau Falls, Ottawa.

The distance between the arrows marks the actual distance covered by the author and his party.

Canadian Geographical Journal

noes), ordering charts, planning menus, and, most importantly, making certain the students were properly outfitted and prepared. Preparation meant several weekends refreshing ourselves on canoeing over lakes, rivers, and through white water. Everyone was an accomplished swimmer — I made certain of that (although Canada's most revered explorer, Samuel de Champlain, couldn't swim a stroke). Since small space and light weight are at a premium in canoe camping, I felt compelled to draw up an itemized list of personal equipment, which included how much and what kind of everything to bring from long johns to Jew's harps (which were later good-humoredly banned because of their assault on the ear).

Thus we shoved off from Ste. Anne's that gloomy Tuesday morning as well equipped and prepared as we could be — or so I thought. The wind was light, out of the north, giving us a little trouble. Scanning the miles of gray river ahead it was all I could do to keep my spirits buoyed. Three weeks and four hundred miles of this already seemed dreadful — interminable. We paddled pretty much in silence that first day. I sensed each of us was brooding, and perhaps a little homesick. Yet, from time to time I would remind myself that we could cope with anything, that according to my best calculations we could make it handily.

Oh how I miscalculated! That first day of paddling was uneventful enough. We spent the night at a Boy Scout camp near Choisy, at the western end of the Lake of Two Mountains. The next morning we were up at seven, we breakfasted at seven-thirty on split peas and ham and orange juice. and we were off by eight-thirty. It was a late start, hut an understandable one given our unaccustomed exertions of the previous day. A portage around the enormous Carillon Dam, closed for stream measurements, delayed us a few hours. Then we lounged around the dock for two or three hours more, waiting for the wind to subside on the small lake on the other side.

It was becoming increasingly apparent that we would have to pick up our pace if we were to gain our original goal. And the only way to quicken pace was to paddle longer hours. That night, the second night out, seven or so miles below Hawkesbury, we all agreed to make a supreme effort to get and remain on schedule.

I roused my tired canoeists at five the next morning, as we had all agreed the night before, and loaded them into canoes without breakfast. Under duress, we were gradually coming to appreciate that the quickest, most efficient way to paddle that route was exactly as the voyageurs had done it. Specifically, that meant rising at dawn, combining breakfast and lunch at mid-morning, dining after dark, and catching a mere half dozen hours of sleep. Portages, which were much more numerous in colonial times before the erection of dams, would have to be executed with speed. Voyageurs literally trotted over them carrying 200-pound packs slung from the forehead by a tumpline.

We knew the program would he strenuous, yet we decided to make a go of it anyway. We were young and sturdy and ambitious, hut awfully green. Almost perversely the weather, which had been holding up rather well until then, took a sharp turn for the worse. High winds drove us

on past Hawkesbury onto a dangerous stretch of open water where waves rolled past three to four feet high. Fortunately, everything remained secure. How absolutely trusting these people were of me, I mused, as we literally surfed our canoes before the gale.

Our time was good that day. By evening taut nerves and exhausted bodies were in desperate need of rest. Cruising the shore in twilight we found a tiny sheltered bay bordered by an inviting-looking field. Here, we hoped, we could stay the night.

No sooner had we pitched camp than the skies opened up with a terrific downpour driven by gusting winds, a maelstrom which lasted the night. There was to be no dinner that evening. During the night all the tents leaked badly. One blew down, sending its occupants scurrying for cover. Parsons and I took one wet, tired, and I am sure miserable young lady into our tent.

I have rarely confronted such a dismal scene as that which I surveyed the following morning. The ground was puddled and muddied. Everything, except for the food in large plastic garbage buckets, appeared to be saturated with water. I recall walking gingerly through the tall, wet grass, avoiding mud and puddles, to the downed tent and staring at it for some minutes. There were three or four packsacks lying in a pool of water. My stomach felt numb from hunger, my back hurt from paddling, my clothes were wet on my back from the night's downpour, and I was tired. I was also the leader of this melancholy, bedraggled troop, and I had to get it going again. Absorbed in these reflections, I was startled to hear a cheerful voice behind me. The young lady was up and full of determination to push on. I watched her as she rolled her drenched pack out from under the soggy nylon and began wringing out its contents. If she could find hope, I resolved, then so could I.

I put on a brave voice and roused the rest of the group. Only one person seemed to be sleeping soundly — the young fellow underneath canoe #1. He was the sole individual who had declined to stay in a tent the night before, and the only one who stayed dry. There was a lesson in that.

We packed everything up wet, ate a dispirited breakfast, and made for the nearest town — cheating — in order to dry ourselves out and lick our wounds.

Here was a real life situation where we were seriously attempting to reproduce, in part, the voyageur experience. And we were failing miserably — hopelessly, it seemed. Their back-breaking itinerary of fifty miles per day, paddling eighteen hours a day, was impossible for us to come even near, much less duplicate. We had enormous difficulty doing half that distance in a day's paddle of ten hours. True, we would have gone faster had we been using the thirty-five to forty-foot-long *canot du maître* ("Montreal," or "freight," canoe), or the smaller, twenty-foot *canot du nord* ("north" canoe). But we had an advantage in much less weight and far fewer portages or linings — places where the current obliged debarkation and pulling the canoe with contents upstream with lines from the shore.

The sleepy town of Montibello, Quebec, was hardly prepared to receive eighteen unkempt, hungry-looking collegians, and it almost said so. "No, there were no laundromat facilities in Montibello," informed a bemused cafe owner whose tiny establishment barely held the lot of us. But it was raining hard outside, and we were too much in need of succor to worry about our appearance. Some soothing words from Parsons eventually calmed the owner down as he assured her we were not a band of ruffians. Meanwhile, I trudged over to the parish manse to beg the priest for help. Would one father's blessing hold good within the same church? Fortunately, this priest didn't have his housekeeper-bodyguard on duty that day; he answered the door himself and bid us welcome. Certainly, he said, he would be pleased to have us use his laundry facilities and bathroom and stay the night until the storm abated. I could have kissed him.

We said farewell to Montibello early the next morning in a drizzle. In spite of the gloom our spirits were high. We knew our limitations and we were quickly learning to appreciate the life of the voyageur — something we were experiencing imperfectly, to our disadvantage it seemed.

The weather continued poorly for several days thereafter, but we paddled through it anyway: wind, rain, and burning sun. By the time we had reached Ottawa, several days behind schedule, we had already decided to turn off and head south along the Rideau waterway to Kingston, and from there to the Thousand Islands, where our driver would pick us up. At our current rate, a snail's pace comparatively speaking, we couldn't hope to reach the Mattawa River and the white

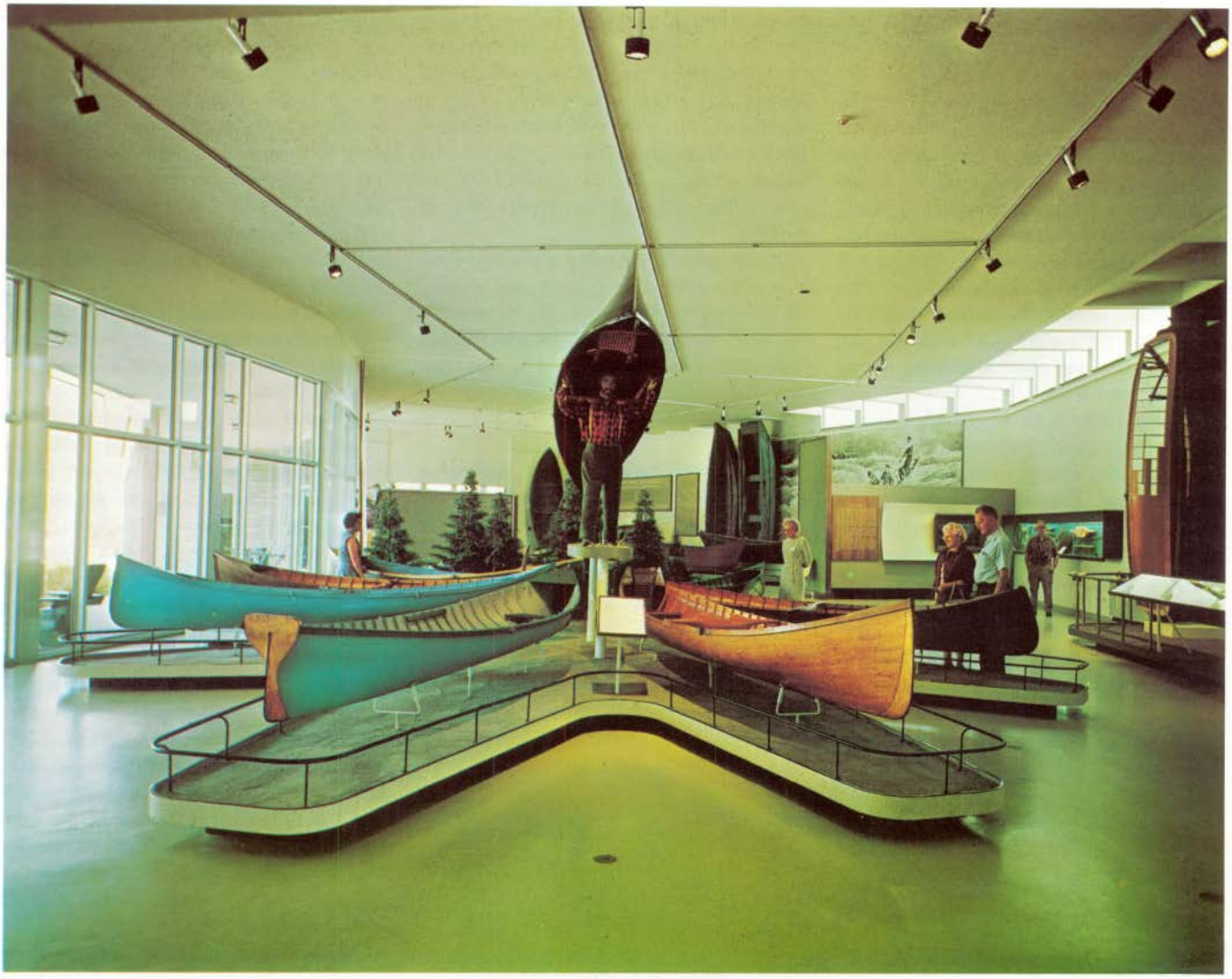
(Continued on page 48)

Traditional blessing at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Bellevue before setting out on the journey.

Calvin Martin

The Adirondack Guide-Boat

by Kenneth Durant



Guide boat exhibit at the Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, New York. Courtesy of the Adirondack Museum

THE guide with his boat opened a wilderness to sportsmen, tourists, summer dwellers and land speculators. Before the roads came, the guide's boat was the only way of travel in the North Woods. The crowds it invited soon overflowed the waterways onto the highways, bringing new means of travel and new travelers. The quiet streams were bypassed. The boat disappeared from the lakes, save a few nooks of survival. The guides and the builders departed, and their skills.

The guide-boat, which flourished so briefly, was unique and deeply native to the region, well-deserving the care devoted to its preservation in the Adirondack Museum. It was, indeed, the nucleus and inspiration of the watercraft collection at Blue Mountain Lake, and will forever remain the jewel of that collection. Here may be found the boat in many aspects, with the patterns and tools which made it. Visitors will admire what plain men could do with simple means; students will search for origins; philosophers ponder the mystery of carpentry become art.

Around the little boat the museum has gathered a rich collection of regional and related craft: bateaux, Whitehalls, St. Lawrence River skiffs, dories, wherries, canoes; pulling boats, sailing boats and power boats of many kinds, with some significant models from abroad. More will come.

When the Indian needed to explain the origin of his birch canoe he created the myth of a culture hero who made the first one. The Adirondacks found a similar hero, appropriately enough an Indian. A procession of travelers brought back from Long Lake tales of a fabulous woodsman and hunter. Marvels accrued to him until it was only natural to attribute the guide-boat to Mitchell Sabattis. Alfred Donaldson had the legend from Arpad Gerster, who had it from John Holland of Newcomb. Donaldson put it in his book and

it became gospel. No one seems ever to have asked for evidence.

Leaving myth and legend aside, we can say that no man invented the guide-boat. For a hundred years before Sabattis, men had been contriving small portable boats to bring them through these woods. The boat of the hunters and trappers just grew, a happy mongrelization of useful types: part Whitehall from lower Manhattan, part wherry — now we are guessing — part dory from the Grand Banks. Mostly dory, perhaps. Not forgetting the cousin from France, the bateau.

Cadwallader Colden's history of the Five Indian Nations, published in 1727, described the difficulties of travel in the North Woods of New York: "It is impossible to pass the vast Forests with Wagons or on Horseback, or even on Foot. The only Method of traveling is in Bark Canoes, or very light Battoes which may be carried on Men's Shoulders."

Farrand Benedict, crossing through the woods in 1835, found that fish, game and peltry had long been transported to market "in small boats" from Lake Champlain to the Black River valley. "Carrying places were few and short and their voyages were accomplished without much labor or hazard."

Interlacing lakes and streams barred travel by land and invited a boat. The boat came. Ebenezer Emmons found portable boats at Raquette Lake in 1840 in good supply for "those troubled with ennui or who wish to escape the cares of business or the heat and bustle of the city." Such boats, we are told, brought two fishermen from Saranac to Raquette in 1839, seventy miles with a load of salt, to return with seven barrels of trout.

The first reported boats of recognizable guide-boat type were called "Saranac boats" which may be a hint of origin. At Saranac in 1842 The Reverend John Todd found one to take him to Long Lake where other "little boats" gathered for his preaching. Ralph Waldo Emerson, with his band of philosophers, found them there: "At Martin's beach, each man a boat and guide." The trapper's boat had become the guide's boat.

The boats were there when the first tourist arrived. The market hunters became guides who taught city "sports" the more lethal ways of getting venison, by jacking and hounding. Some of the older boats in the museum have a hole in the bow deck for the jack-light staff.

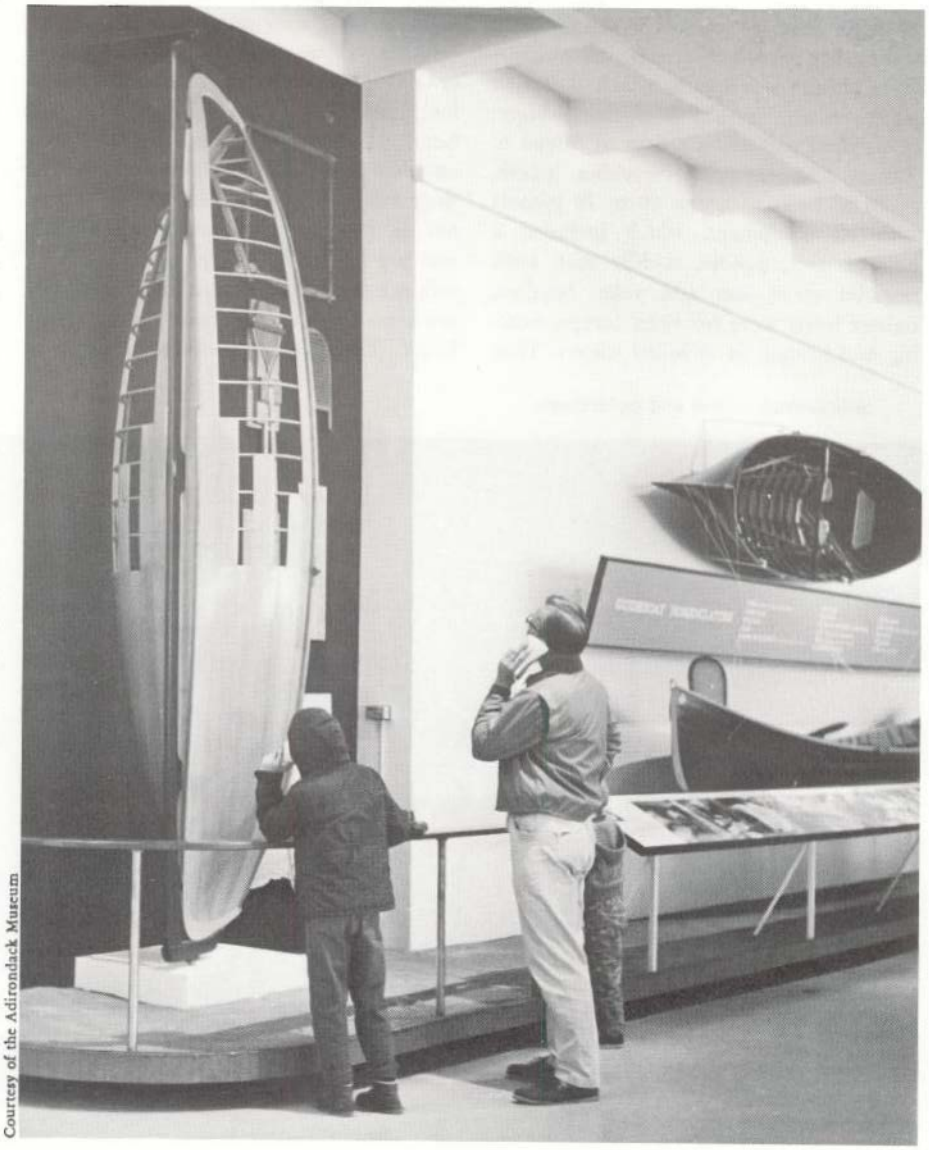
The boats first come into view with square sterns like Whitehall and wherry, but narrow like a dory. The museum has a fine example in which transom and sternpost are carved of a single piece of spruce stump. This vestige of earlier origin was soon shed, as the tadpole his tail. The boat became a double-ender.

In profile the guide-boat resembled the Indian's birch which it replaced; in performance it excelled the canoe. In construction there is no trace of aboriginal origin. Though uniquely native to the Adirondacks, the antecedents of its making are European. The boat is built of pine or cedar boards, seven or eight strakes to a side, fastened with screws to frames of natural spruce-root crooks. These finely shaped ribs, matching pairs, with a combined strength and lightness unequalled by any other wood, are the essential elements. Without them the guide-boat could not have been made. Planks were planed with sharp steel to 3/16 inch and joined on beveled edges in lap-strake of such refinement that the laps disappear and present a surface satin-smooth, within and without. Seams are clinker fastened with the smallest copper tacks, clenched. (This construction can best be studied in a varnished boat.) Descriptions of the craftsmanship amaze the reader with count of tacks and screws: for a sixteen-foot boat as many as 4000 tacks and 1600 screws. The greater marvel, however, is the precision and delicacy which shaped and fitted such frail planking.

The bottom is a flat elliptical board of half-inch pine about eight inches wide amidships, running to equal points bow and stern and slightly rockered. This is the dory and bateau form.

At bow and stern are short decks.

A partially completed Adirondack guide boat in the Adirondack Museum, used to illustrate how these boats were built.



Courtesy of the Adirondack Museum

Slim wales run outside and carry two pairs of rowlock sockets. There are no inwales, no fixed thwarts. Bow and stern seats, caned for lightness, rest on slender risers. The middle seat was removable to make way for the guide's head when the boat was carried on a shoulder yoke.

Oars are fitted with pins pivoted on the loom. They cannot be feathered, but, by the same token, they remain conveniently attached to the boat when an emergency compelled the use of both hands for rifle or fishing gear. A paddle was standard equipment, though the boats were not built for prolonged paddling. Seats are lower than in a canoe. The paddle was used in narrow, twisting streams and for silent, forward-facing approach to a trout hole or a grazing deer.

Light weight, consistent with performance and durability, was the prime requisite. Carries were sometimes as long as three miles, though mostly shorter. Excursions in byways often led through difficult terrain of marsh and down timber. Earlier boats weighed from eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds. Successive builders — every builder was a guide who had carried many miles — sought to reduce weight. In its final perfection a boat of fifteen to sixteen feet, the usual working length, could be built to weigh 60 to 70 pounds with all equipment, which included a pair of oars, paddle, middle seat, back rest for stern seat and yoke. Smaller, lighter boats were for brief forays, hunting and fishing, in secluded waters. They were not suited to sustained travel nor for speed, which required the buoyance and momentum of greater length and weight. Larger, heavier boats of similar construction were known as family boats, church boats, freight boats, according to use. They were not carried and were not considered guide-boats. The museum has some fine examples.

Speed was secondary. The usual traveling pace was a steady, short stroke, relaxed and easy. The boat was equal to sudden swift bursts, as when necessary to cut off a swimming buck. For its multipurposed uses the boat has been called, somewhat ineptly, the "light truck of the Adirondacks." This misses a point. It was rather the rickshaw of the water-ways in which hired men pulled the more affluent. Dr. Gerster complained that the tourists had changed the guide from a woodsman to "a mere machine for transportation." While this was happening, many of the summer residents, and their children, had taken from the guide his work-boat and made it their own pleasure craft.

Although the names of many builders are known to us — Palmer, Plumley, Stanton, Chase, Cary, Smith, Cole, Blanchard, Grant, Parsons, Rushton, Hanmer and others — boats were frequently made for their own use by unknown men who were not professional builders. Boat-building was not an exclusive trade. It was more folk art than profession. Almost all builders were guides; and many guides built boats. There is a pleasant anonymity about the museum collection. Of some boats we know the makers, of others the owners and donors. But mostly they are boats of obscure origin and undistinguished history, used by men and women at work and at play. And greatly cherished.

One small boat, built in 1878, deserves mention. It was used by Moses Brown of Philadelphia during many vacations, hunting and fishing throughout the woods. In 1884 he took this fragile shell of cedar through the rapids of St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario to Montreal. Homer Dodge made the same trip seventy-two years later in a Grumman canoe, which, too, is in the museum.

It is not only that the automobile, the trailer, the outboard and the jeep have robbed the guide-boat of its birthright (and for what a mess of pottage!). We can be glad that more people find more ways into the woods. That is what the people's park is for. To be regretted is that so many miss the sense of quiet oars in morning on a lake. These can still be regained if one takes time and pains. What appears irrevocably lost is an art of fine carpentry. The boats are no longer made for man's joy. (One hesitates to mention a remarkable renascence in wooden boat-building now in tentative progress not far from Blue Mountain.)

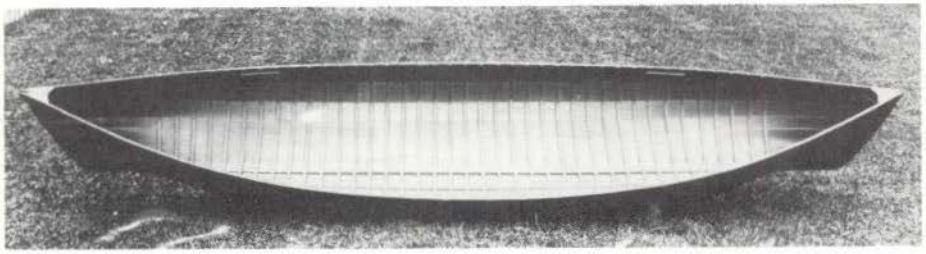
For cherished and departed ways, the museum is no substitute, but a welcome and generous reminder of a colorful and memorable era in New York State.

Adirondack guides and guideboats

Courtesy of R. H. Lindsay

Nessmuk and the Cruise of the Sairy Gamp

by William Verner



Atwood Manley

The Sairy Gamp.

Courtesy of the Adirondack Museum

George Washington Sears who wrote under the pen name "Nessmuk."

IN July and August, 1883, a five foot three, one hundred and five pound shoemaker from Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, named George Washington Sears cruised the waterways of the central Adirondacks in a nine foot, ten and a half pound canoe called the *Sairy Gamp*. This was the last of three Adirondack canoe cruises Sears was to make and write about, under the pen name "Nessmuk," for the sporting magazine Forest and Stream.

The complete text of the *Sairy Gamp* letters, the accounts of Nessmuk's other Adirondack cruises, explanatory notes, and a brief biography are included in Dan Brenan's edition of "The Adirondack Letters of George Washington Sears, Whose Pen Name Was 'Nessmuk'," a book published by the Adirondack Museum in 1962 and still available. What follows is adapted from that book.

> Well, I am "going through the Wilderness." The *Sairy Gamp* meets me at Boonville the first week in July . . .
>
> I think a sixteen-pound canoe would be safer and more comfortable. All the same, she is bound to go through. Maybe she will do better than her maker thinks. Possibly he has builded better than he knew. There is a possibility that I may turn out to be an old gray-headed expert in light canoeing . . . And I may get drowned. I shall certainly take in some duckings.

Sears left Boonville, on the southwestern edge of the Adirondacks, on schedule, carried his canoe from Moose River to the Forge House at the foot of the Fulton Chain of Lakes, and set off north to Raquette Lake. An unabashed propagandist for the "go light" movement in American camping, Nessmuk paused at Raquette Lake to observe that

> We, the "outers," who go to the blessed woods for rest and recreation, are prone to handicap our pleasures in the matter of overweight; guns, rods, duffle, boats, etc. We take a deal of stuff to the woods, only to wish we had left it at home, and end our trips by leaving dead loads of impedimenta in deserted camps.

The *Sairy Gamp* was one of five canoes built for Sears by J. Henry Rushton of Canton, N.Y. Three of these were used on Adirondack cruises, including the *Nessmuk No. 1*, built in 1880, which was ten feet long and weighed seventeen pounds, thirteen and three-quarter ounces. The *Susan Nipper*, used in 1881, was ten and a half feet long and weighed sixteen pounds, and this was the canoe that probably served as the model for the *Wee Lassie*, built twelve years later, which, in turn, was the model upon which the designer Bart Hauthaway based the Rushton pack canoe currently manufactured in plastic by the Old Town Canoe Company.

J. Henry Rushton was born at Edwards, St. Lawrence County, in 1843. He began building wooden canoes in the 1870's and became the foremost light canoe craftsman of his time. He is the subject of Atwood Manley's "Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing" (published by the Adirondack Museum and Syracuse University Press and still in print).

Rushton wasn't too sure how Sears would make out in the *Sairy Gamp*, but, if that's what the man wanted, well then . . .

Sears himself had no more doubts by the time he reached Raquette Lake.

> I found the canoe much stauncher and steadier than I had been led to expect. Her maker had warned me that he would not warrant her for an hour. "She may go to pieces like an eggshell," he said. He had tested her with his own weight (110 pounds), and she closed in at the gunwales an inch or more. He advised bracing her, and he thought with me and my duffle aboard she would only be two or two and a half inches out of the water at center. . . . She does not close in perceptibly at the gunwales, and she has full five inches rise above water when on a cruise, with her skipper and light cargo properly stowed.

Nessmuk continued on his way, carrying from Raquette to Forked Lake, and from there to Long Lake. Stopping by at convenient hotels and private camps, he continued on down Long Lake and the Raquette River, carried around Raquette

(Above) Paul Smith c. 1878; (Right) Verplanck Colvin who conducted the first definitive survey of the Adirondacks.

Courtesy of the Adirondack Museum

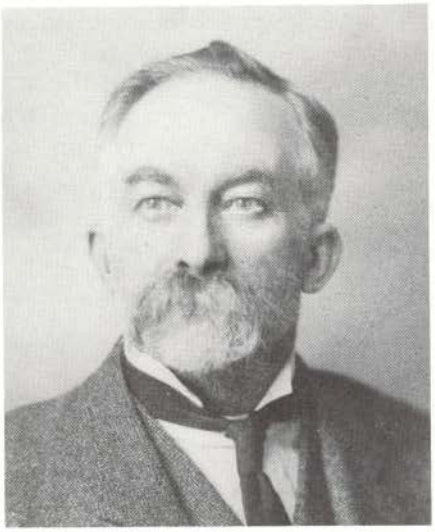
Falls, made his way up the Stony Creek Ponds, and carried to Corey's. There he took the steamer on Upper Saranac Lake, carried to Big Clear Pond and again to Upper St. Regis Lake, and then paddled through Spitfire and Lower St. Regis Lakes to Paul Smith's hotel.

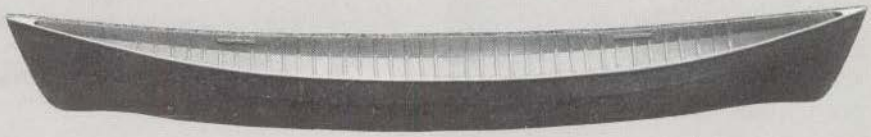
> . . . Paul Smith . . . Grand old woodsman he is. Once a guide, and a good one. Now, the most successful landlord in the Northern Wilderness. Not so old as one who has followed the writers of the North Woods would infer. Only fifty-six, and well preserved. I am glad to have met him. More than glad to have crossed from side to side of this region without its parallel in the globed earth.
>
> On the 12th of this month, Verplanck Colvin meets a commission at Blue Mountain to report on the expediency of preserving this grand region as a state park. May their counsels be guided by good common sense and humanitarian principles, and no politics, log-rolling, or hippodroming allowed the slightest consideration.

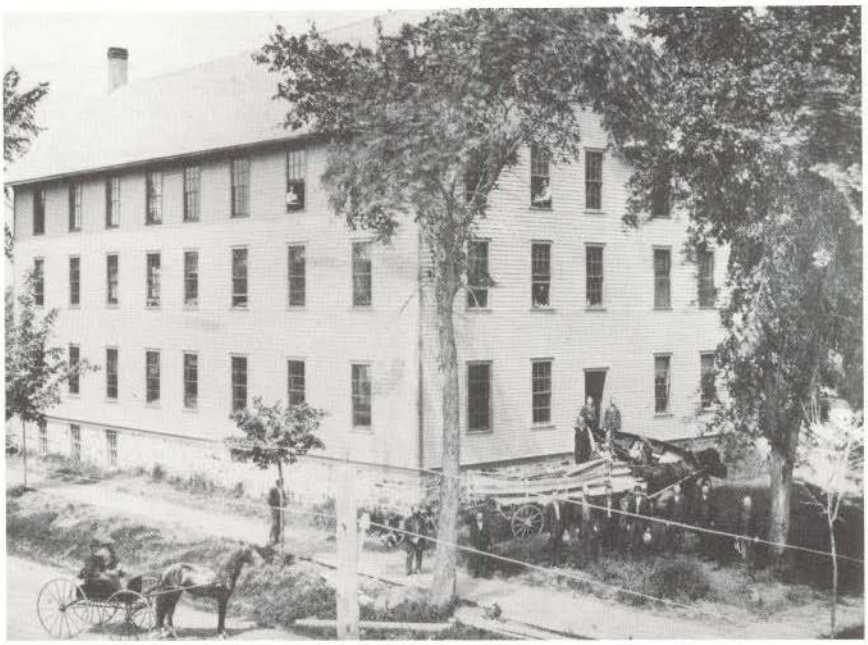
According to an original hotel register in the Adirondack Museum's collection, Adirondack surveyor Verplanck Colvin made his meeting on time. He and members of a State Senate Special Committee on State Lands signed into the Prospect House at Blue Mountain Lake on Saturday, August 11th. Earlier that year, a law had been passed prohibiting the further sale of state-owned lands, and Colvin was assigned the task of surveying Adirondack lands remaining in state ownership (in addition to the topographical survey work he had been conducting over the previous decade). By 1885, a law was passed establishing a state forest preserve of these lands, and in 1892 the Adirondack Park was established. Two years later, at the state constitutional convention, the state-owned forest preserve lands were afforded additional constitutional protection, "to be forever kept as wild forest lands."

Meanwhile, Nessmuk had departed Paul Smith's and was retracing his watery way through Lower St. Regis, Spitfire, and Upper St. Regis lakes, carrying to Clear Pond, and — a slight change in itinerary — saving a few steps on the carry to Upper Saranac Lake by detouring through Little Clear Pond. From Upper Saranac he took the Sweeney Carry to the Raquette River and there climbed aboard a small steamer which took him to Big Tupper Lake. A carry around Bog River Falls and a paddle up the river to Round Pond eventually brought him to Little Tupper Lake. Writing on August 12th . . .

> I date from Little Tupper Lake, and a finer lake it would be hard to find. . . . Have been out this morning deer hunting, so to speak. . . . No deer came. But there came a loon, and he settled within ten rods of the canoe, raised himself on hind legs (they were very hind, and he has no others), turned his white, clean breast to me and gave me his best weird, strange song. Clearer than a clarion, sweeter than a flute, loud enough to be heard for miles.
>
> Never, as my soul lives, will I draw







(Above) J. Henry Rushton, builder of the Sairy Gamp; (Above right) The Sairy Gamp, another view; (Right) The Rushton boat shop, Canton, New York.

Courtesy Atwood Manley

a bead on a loon. He is the very spirit of the wildwoods. Fisherman he may be. He catches his daily food after his nature. He is no trout crank. He does not catch trout at fifty cents per pound for hotels. Don't, please don't . . . waste two dozen cartridges in the attempt to demolish a loon. . . .

The *Sairy* has been fairly paddled up to date. I am called on about every day to take her out and show her paces for the benefit of the curious. I am pleased to show people how light a boat will carry a man safely and comfortably. . . .

From Little Tupper, Nessmuk carried and paddled his way back to Long Lake via Stony, Big Slim, Little Slim, Mud, and Clear Ponds, Clear Pond being the present Lake Eaton. He then continued back the way he had come, leaving Raquette Lake at 5 a.m. on the 17th and covering the twenty-seven miles (including four miles of carries) to the Forge House by 8:30 that evening.

. . . I had been just one month crossing the wilderness and returning. It was well so. I was not running on time. I stopped wherever and whenever I found objects of interest, or saw a chance to pick up useful knowledge of the noted North Woods. And now my time was up. . . .

On the very last leg of his trip, though, he had a surprise. He decided to canoe down the north branch of the Moose River rather than carrying its length as he had done on coming into the woods. But because the dam gate at First Lake was raised there were problems at a place called the Little Rapids.

. . . A black and white torrent was rushing and roaring over the ragged sandstone boulders, looking a trifle dangerous for such a light craft. While I was hanging on at the head of the rapids, back-paddling and making up my mind whether to "shoot" them or carry around, fate decided the question. One of those colorless boulders caught the prow of the canoe, whirled her broadside on, and the next instant I *was* shooting the rapids, stern foremost. I think it was not five seconds until I was safely by the rocks and on the level, foamy current below. One bump and a jump on a rock that nearly threw me out, and I was calmly floating on deep, clear water.

Feeling a little faint I headed down stream . . . thinking what a neat adventure it would have been had I been capsized, and the canoe gone down the river without me. Aye. But you see, she couldn't do it. The double-bladed paddle was tied to her ribbing with six feet of strong trolling line. I never let go of the paddle in an upset. I hang to the paddle. Paddle holds the canoe. See?

Nessmuk reached Moose River safely and returned home, summing up for Forest and Stream this way.

. . . The cruise of the *Sairy Gamp* has ended.

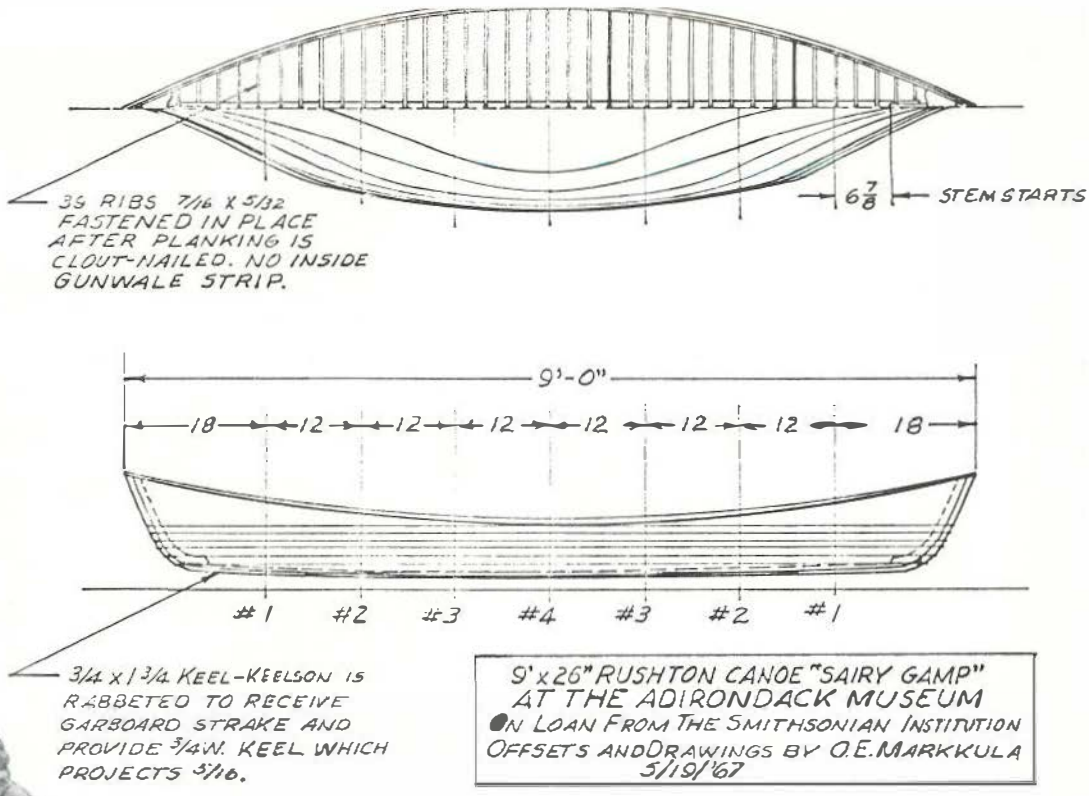
I have little more to add. I had cruised her, by paddle and carry, 118 miles on the outward trip, and, by a

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM W. STARLING BURGESS OF THE BURGESS CO., MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

SOME weeks ago Mr. Geo. C. Maynard, Curator Div. Mechanical Technology, Smithsonian Institution, most courteously loaned the "Sairy Gamp" to my Company that we might use her as a model in developing life boats light enough to be carried in flight on naval airplanes.

Last Saturday she was cradled aboard my car and run to the New Hampshire border for a taste once more of woods and running water. My son and I dropped down the river that afternoon; and picking her out of the water at the edge of the forest carried her back to camp.

It was high adventure in our little camp that night—thrilling indeed, the reading of "Woodcraft" with Nessmuk's very boat amongst us.



different route, 148 miles on the return. She had been a surprise to me. It required care and caution to get into or out of such a light, limber boat. But, once seated fairly, she was steady as a whale-boat. Her builder thought her too small and light for a working boat. He was a trifle mistaken. I would as soon take her to float a deer or handle a large fish as any canoe I have ever owned; but her carrying capacity is, of course, small. She "trims" best at 140 pounds. Say 110 pounds at the seat and fifteen pounds at each stem. . . .

When he got back to Pennsylvania, Nessmuk decided to return the *Sairy Gamp* to Rushton as there was no lake where he lived and he didn't want to "rattle her over the stones of Pine Creek" nearby. The little canoe eventually made its way to the Forest and Stream booth at the Columbian Exposition held at Chicago in 1893 and sometime after that into the collection of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. In 1965, it came back to the Adirondacks on extended loan to the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake where it has been on exhibition along with other Rushton boats and canoes since.

Nessmuk did not return to the Adirondacks. In his last years he wrote "Woodcraft" (published in 1884 and still in print) and the book of poems "Forest Runes" (1887). He died at Willsboro on May 1, 1890.

The Forest and Stream series on the *Sairy Gamp* concluded with the text of a letter written by Sears to Rushton.

> Today I send you back the *Sairy Gamp*. . . . She has astonished me; she will be more of a surprise to you. Remember the advice you gave me about bracing, etc. Remember you said you "would not warrant her for an hour; she may go to pieces like an eggshell." That's what you said; she don't go to pieces worth a cent. I have snagged her, rocked her, got her onto spruce knots, and been rattled down rapids stern foremost; and I send her back, as tight and staunch as the day I took her at Boonville. There are more than a hundred cuts, scratches, and abrasions on her thin siding; there are red and green blotches on her strips, from contact with amateur boats, and longer streaks of blue from collisions, with the regulation guide boat, but she does not leak a drop. I once said . . . I was trying to find out how light a canoe it took to drown a man. I never shall know. The *Sairy Gamp* has only ducked me once in a six weeks' cruise, and that by my own carelessness.

ADIRONDACK RUSTIC

A Special Exhibition

Rustic furniture from the great camps of the Adirondack wilderness will be on display at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, June 15 through October 15. This first of its kind exhibition will feature over one hundred pieces of furniture and objects crafted from twigs, branches and bark—original and appropriate furnishings for the sometimes baronial camps of the northwoods in the late Victorian period. Most of the furniture on display was made between 1876 and 1926 by men who worked seasonally as guides, carpenters, camp caretakers and lumberjacks.

The exhibition is made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C. For additional information, contact Craig Gilborn at the Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y. 12812.

White Water Color

Illustrations and text by Wayne Trimm

Reflections

Rafting the Upper Hudson

THERE was something hypnotic about the river. Upstream it dashed at the rocks on its challenging approach throwing caps of foam over their dark shadows, sliding off into troughs of white before lifting again in shifting swells. Swinging fast in a deep swirling eddy, the river dropped from sight in a sustained roar of white water. We stood quietly, watching and thinking, the good natured banter of raft loading forgotten for the moment.

Billed as a float trip, the crafts were rubber boats, rafts and inflated inner tubes in a scrabble of combinations. Most of the gear (tents, cooking utensils, food, and clothing) was stowed "up", free of the low canvas bottoms, then lashed into a spiderweb of ropes in contemplation of the wet and violent trip ahead. Only cameras, art supplies, and fishing tackle were tucked in and available. The twenty-nine men from four states who had converged under the leadership of Jerry Passer, of the Department of Environmental Conservation, were ready to test their varied crafts and skills against the power and changing moods of the upper Hudson.

Each man had his own reasons for joining the trip. For some it was meeting the challenge of fear: having to go to prove that fear of the river was less than the fear of not trying. For others it was the raw challenge of the river itself, beckoning and threatening, a thing to conquer. For many it was just another way of spending a few days with good companions. For some it was "collecting" another river.

We put in at the junction of the Indian River and the Hudson and would take out at the parking pull-off at North River. It was a short trip of four days, full of beauty, cold rains, and hazards large and small. Once one of the organizers of the trip was caught by surprise as his raft dipped, throwing him into a swirling whirlpool under the rapidly moving raft. A quick grab at its roped edge saved his life because, despite life jackets, a blow on the head could mean an unconscious and drowning man.

For me it was a chance to see and enjoy again that river of history; to feel continuity with the great glaciers that scarred the changing landscape and moved rocks already millions of years old, their melting waters widening the river's deepening channel. I sensed the continually driving force as tons of water rushed to the sea each day even as they had every day for thousands of years, reflecting the tremendous power of the water cycle with its interaction of sun and earth. I was awed again by the great boulders accenting the river where they had been dropped and arranged by the passing ice. Here too, in my mind's eye, I saw the canoes of Indians who had trapped and hunted the river, moving pelts of otter and beaver into the white man's world — sparking European dreams of wealth and discovery, leading to the opening of the wilderness. This too was the river of the King's trees; huge straight pines marked with the crown in colonial days and cut as masts for British sailing ships. Long before the Revolution, a governor in Albany, aware of depletion of these trees, urged that two trees be planted for every one cut.

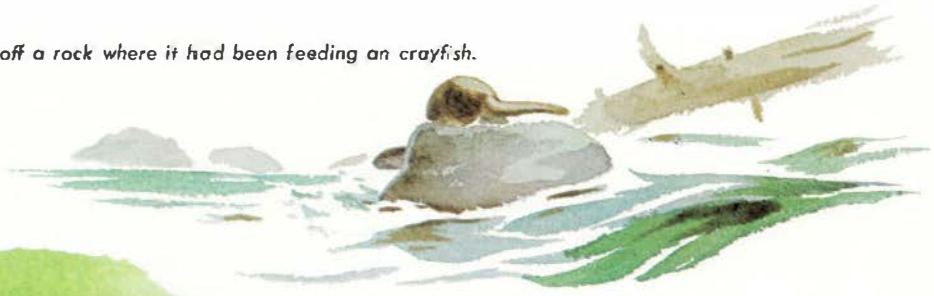
Signs of the past mingle with the present day river. An otter had slipped into the water as we approached, leaving some crayfish on a sunny boulder. Nearby a beaver cutting was lodged against the shore. Of logging days, a few large rotting stumps, the feet of fallen giants, nourished new trees. And once, as we swung around a bend, there was a huge tree on a steep slope, alone, untouched, towering above its neighbors like a prince grown into kinghood. The flashing white tail of a disappearing deer, startled by the rafts from its noontime drink, was a reminder of changing land use. Here, following early logging came fires that opened the land to new plants, creating lush meadows where deer fed and eagles could hunt. Increased fire protection under the Forest Commission which evolved into the Conservation Department and the Forest Preserve Act of Article 14, caused the scene to change again, returning the land to shadowed woods. The deer and the eagle are still here, their numbers fewer. On the last day of the trip as we approached North River, a golden eagle slanted across the sky and disappeared behind a mountain, its wings set as it rode the thermals.

A river trip is more than competition between man and water. It is a journey through time with the flowing water a link to the past and future. In the span of a few hours it is possible to learn not only to live with the river but, perhaps, to better see man's role in the complicated interplay of nature now and through the ages.

The "rafters"

The rafts passed huge boulders, reminders of glacial times.

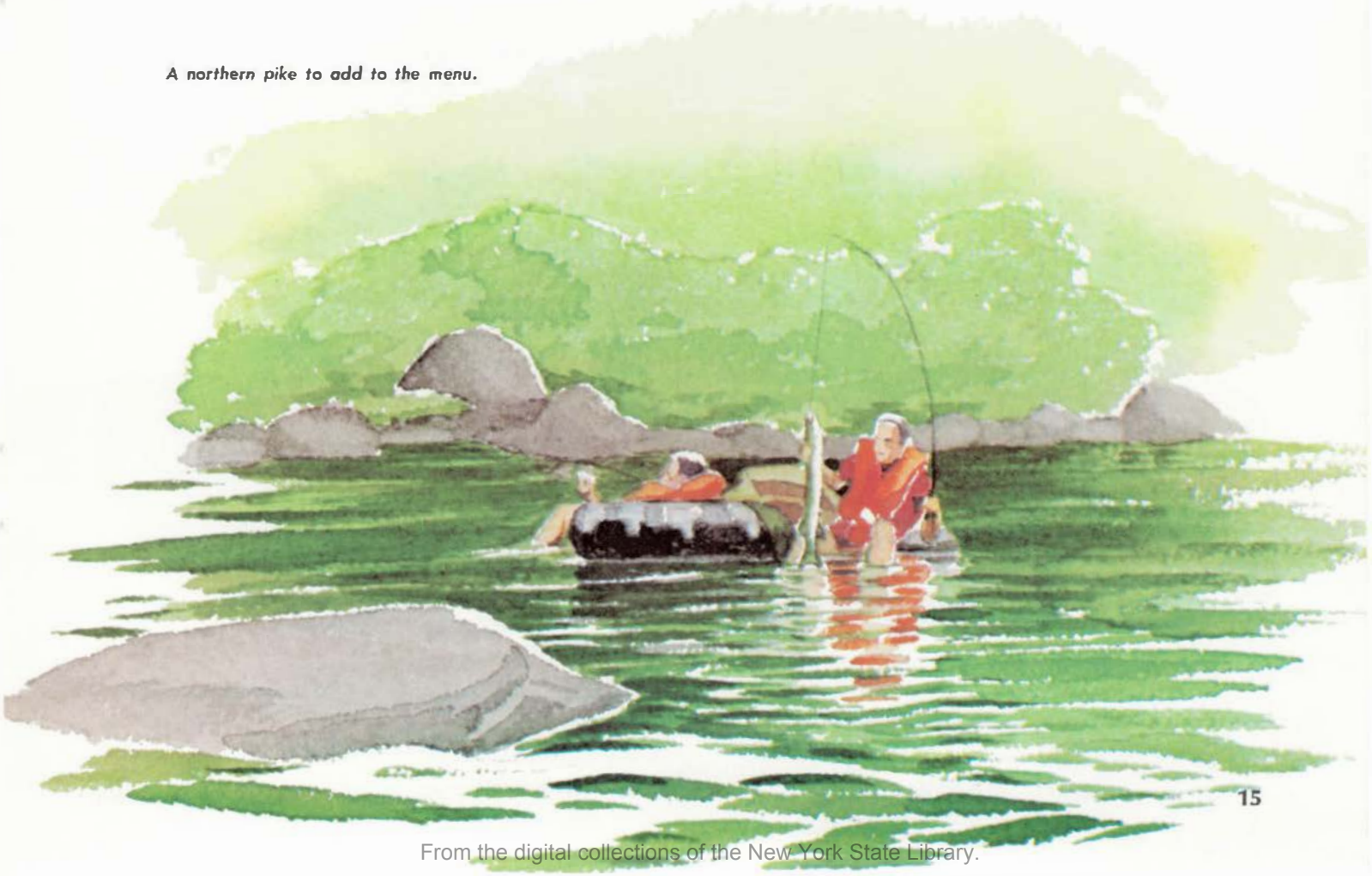
An otter slipped off a rock where it had been feeding on crayfish.



Camp made, time to rest.

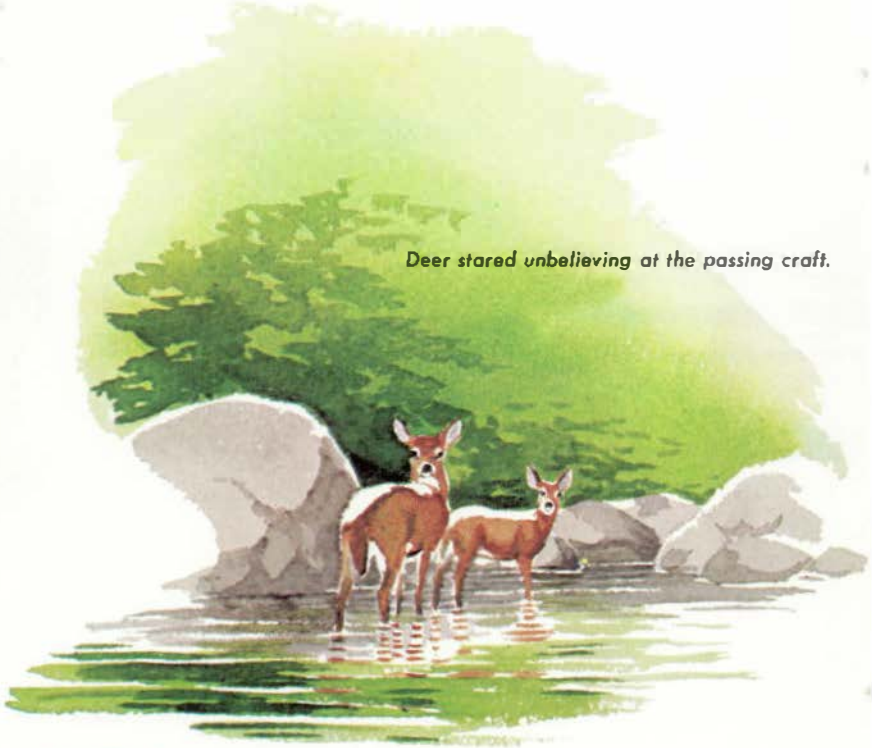
A warming and cooking fire on a cold night.

A northern pike to add to the menu.

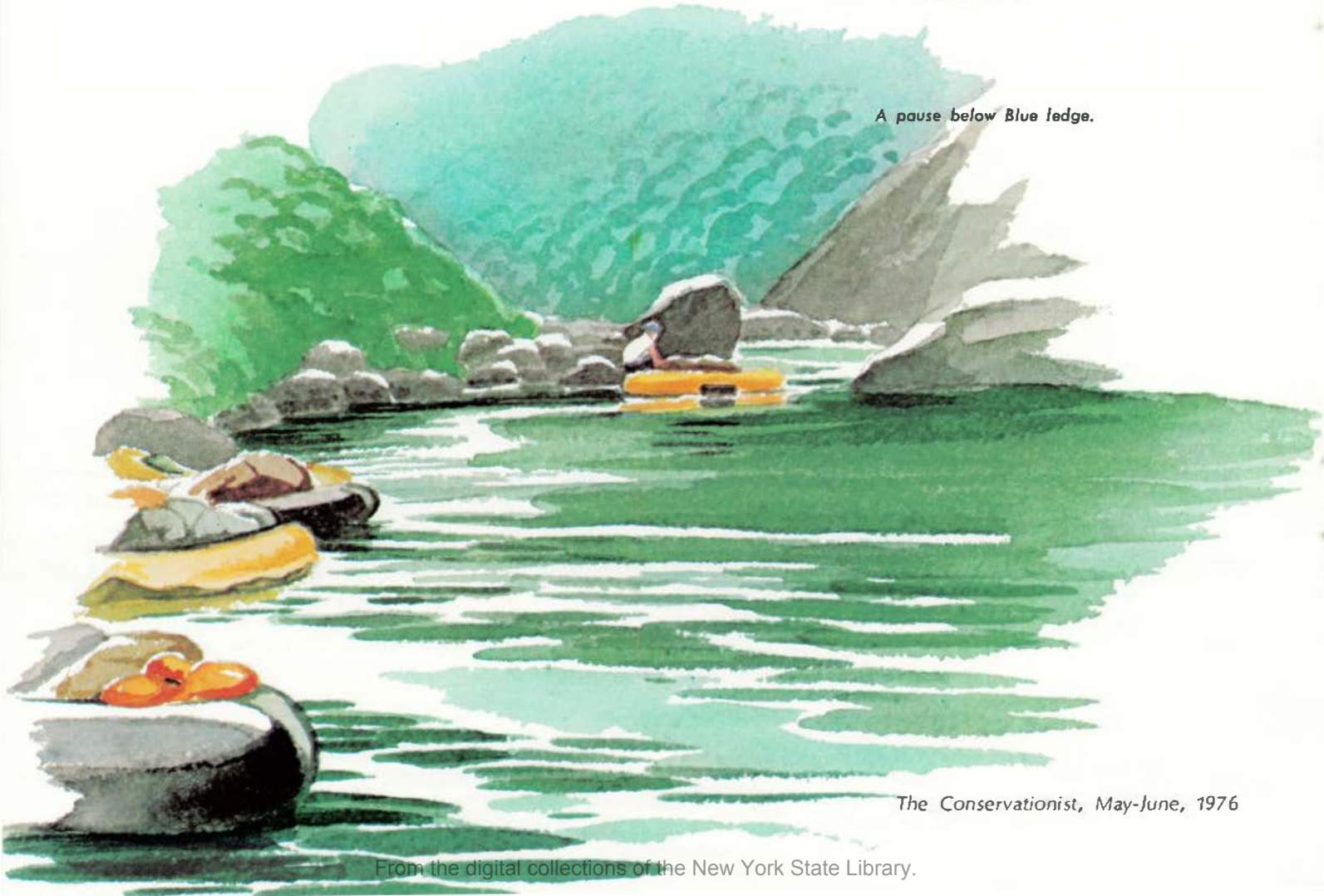


Cold sandwiches in a cold rain.

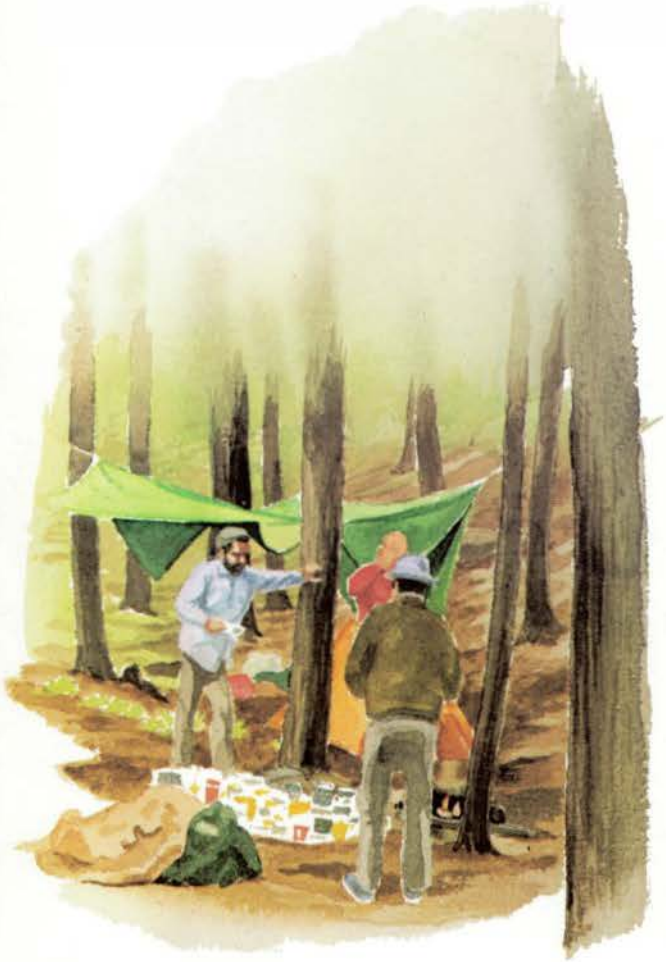
Deer stared unbelieving at the passing craft.



A pause below Blue ledge.

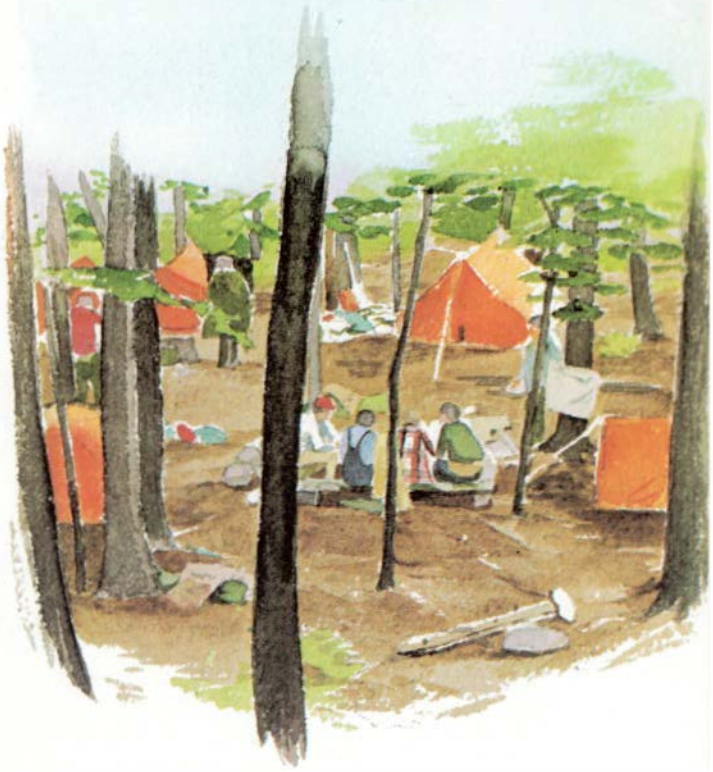


Once a golden eagle passed overhead.



The food tarp was a popular gathering spot.

The colorful tents created on interesting mosaic.



"Hang" rocks were constant problems.

Clean up.

Antidimax.

"Taking out" at North River.

Troop 75 Goes Canoeing

by Norbert J. Kuk

Photos by Mark Dempf

ON campouts or wilderness trips, most card-carrying members of the Boy Scouts of America are surprisingly self-sufficient. They set up and take down tents quickly and efficiently; they get cook-fires going in a matter of minutes; they prepare sumptuous meals under the sparest of conditions; and they almost always sleep well on hard ground. Also, long before a tent stake breaks ground or a paddle cuts the water, the scouts have taken an active role in the extensive planning and preparations that go into such a trip.

What do scoutmasters and other adult leaders do on these trips? Mainly, they worry a lot. They worry about scouts getting lost, scouts getting sick or hurt, and younger scouts having trouble coping with several days in the woods. In the end, though, the boys take charge of themselves. Not only do they practice all safety precautions without being reminded, but many of them are nearly expert in survival, navigation, and general woodsmanship. In our case, we came through a six-day canoe trip in the Adirondack wilderness without a single adult being lost, hurt, or even homesick.

Our itinerary was one that is a favorite of many beginning canoe enthusiasts. Briefly, the plan was to put in at Long Lake Village, paddle northeast about halfway up the lake, and camp for two nights. On the intervening day, we would climb Kempshall Mountain. After that, we would paddle to the northeast end of Long Lake, camp, and then negotiate the Raquette River all the way to Tupper Lake — with two nights camping along the river and the last night on Tupper Lake itself. There were 23 scouts, 5 adult leaders, 10 aluminum canoes (mostly 17 footers), and — despite extreme efforts to pack efficiently — an unbelievable amount of gear.

One important purpose of the trip was to enable the boys to earn 50-miler awards. The BSA 50-miler award is given to a scout who completes a 50-mile trip by his own locomotion — on foot, by canoe, etc. The Long Lake-Raquette River-Tupper Lake canoe route, along with side trips and one portage, provides ample mileage to fulfill the requirement. One of the highlights of our trip was the ascent of Kempshall Mountain. Kempshall is located off the eastern shore of Long Lake about five miles southeast of the village. It is a splendid mountain — with a judicious blend of hardwood and pine on the lower slope, graduating to a preponderance of pine on the upper. Although the climb doesn't require ropes, pitons, or rock picks, to anyone over 40 with a lack of exercise, Kempshall seems at least twice as high as Everest.

Actually, if a Kempshall expedition were advertised by professional wilderness guides, the climb would be labeled as easy. Most of the older scouts scrambled up the mountain like billy goats — and

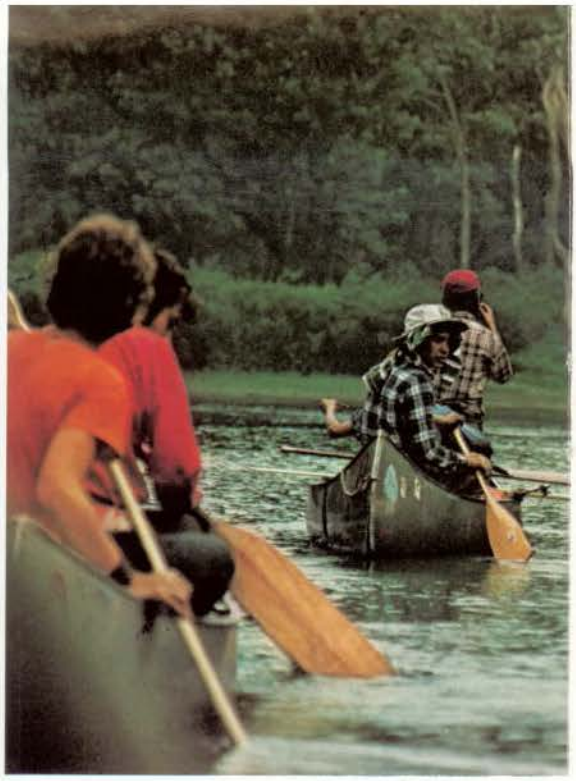
even at that fast a pace, there was plenty to see along the way: a few partridges, who must have been indignant at having been first rousted out of their resting places and then, for all their trouble, summarily ignored; many deer signs and a few deer; a variety of small birds; some noisy squirrels; several spittle bugs; and a lot of likely places where a small boy can take a few running steps, suddenly plant his feet, and say, "I'm standing in a spot where nobody else has stood in the history of the earth." He's probably right.

Some of the youngest and smallest boys began to falter on the upper third of the trail. It wasn't really fatigue, but a combination of normal tiredness and flagging interest. The adult leader of that group met the situation by pointing out on several occasions that "it's just over that next ridge." The summit was reached just as credibility was giving out.

The spacious, grassy summit made the effort worthwhile. And there was a bonus — a lookout tower with winding (but safe) stairs. There was also an abandoned ranger's cabin to explore. From the top of the tower, we had a breathtaking view of most of Long Lake. A couple of boys wondered how we could get so tired canoeing a small pond like that. On the same side, we saw a number of other ponds, large and small, and thought we identified Rock Pond. In the other direction, we could see a large expanse of water, which we later identified as a combination of Catlin Lake and Round Pond.

The abandoned cabin was another thing. Inside were old newspapers, cans, broken bed parts, rusted iron, and other trash. Outside at the rear of the cabin was another junk heap — a small dump. At this point, I should mention another of our troop's side projects — not only for this trip but for all our campouts. We try to improve the campsite by carrying out or burning more than we carry in. The trouble is, we can only offset the average carelessness of campers and hikers who leave a few candy wrappers, bags, and soda and beer cans. We can't reverse the work of the wholesale "dumper." By the way, we found that dumped trash was by far the exception along the canoe route — and not the rule.

Anyone who plans on taking the Long Lake to Tupper Lake canoe trip should consider camping at least one night at the northeast tip of Long Lake, just a few hundred feet from the Raquette River entry. There, he will find an exquisite campsite shaded by tall pines, bottomed by a perfectly laid pine needle floor, and fronted by a sandy beach. There are also several good bets for productive nature walks, including an easterly trail that goes straightaway along a land finger pointed toward the river. Gradually, the finger narrows to a peninsula bordered on two sides, respectively, by Long Lake and a river backwater area, with the river itself



(Upper left) Launching canoes; (Upper right) Underway; (Above) Long Lake; (Right) Paddling toward first campsite.

(Left) A sail can sometimes prove to be beneficial; (Below) Enjoying a moment of solitude; (Below left) A mother merganser and young.

straight ahead. It was in the river backwater area that we saw several deer feeding along the edge just before dusk — and not far away, a heron standing almost elbow deep in the water. A good score for such a short walk.

The Raquette River in July is perfect for a beginner to learn canoeing. In the beginning, its greenish waters move lazily northward, giving ample time to instruct young scouts on the fine points of various paddle strokes. Then, after about a mile, all heads perked up at the beginnings of a stronger current. Instead of the greenish water, we were gliding into deep black holes or trying to dodge pebbly, sun-dappled shallows. It wasn't white water canoeing, but it was active, strategic canoeing — for about three-quarters of a mile.

The next few river miles were the least attractive of the trip. The mountain backdrop seemed suddenly to disappear, and the river wound ribbon-like through heavily vegetated lowlands — more like Florida swamp than Adirondack wilderness. Not an evergreen in sight.

At the same time, increasing numbers of deer flies and horse flies attacked with Kamikaze abandon. Admittedly, the mosquito problem had been with us all along, but we easily coped with it by the use of repellents and headnets — and by swimming underwater. Deer flies and horse flies, however, defy the normal precautions. They apparently are not repelled by repellents, they can outwait one's discomfort with headnets, and they can circle far longer than one can stay underwater. Along this stretch of water, we saw a canoe approaching. The stern paddler seemed to be waving at us, so some of us waved back. It wasn't until the canoe came closer that we realized the man in the stern was being driven berserk by a deer fly.

Even though this lazy stretch of river didn't seem Adirondack, there were some interesting sights. One was a mother duck swimming against the current with 25 ducklings (by count) behind her. The procession probably stretched out over 30 feet and was something to behold. Afterward, there was much speculation on whether all the ducklings belonged to the one mother duck. "Probably a foster parent," someone said. Also, along these lowland banks were a large number of beaver houses built near the entrances of arterial streams. And they all had one thing in common — they were bone dry in early July. We wondered where all the beavers went.

Farther down the river, as we approached our next camp, the river banks began to get higher, the background on both sides began to rise with hills and small mountains, and the pines began to reappear.

It was at that river campsite that most of us learned about duff fires for the first time. The dictionary defines duff as a thick flour pudding boiled in a cloth bag. In the woods, however, duff refers to masses of pine needles, loose dirt, and tree roots — both living and dead — that form the soft, spongy pine needle floors frequently found along rivers. Since duff does not hold very much moisture for very long, it presents a fire hazard.

Our object lesson in duff fires involved one patrol's cook fire set up near the river bank where a large pine leaned out over the river. One of the scoutmasters called everyone around the fire and pointed to smoke coming out of the ground in three or four places anywhere from six inches to a foot from the fire perimeter. He then went on to explain what duff was, pointing out that a fire can burn downward into the duff as well as up into the air. Someone asked: "What would happen?" One thing was that the duff fire could burn and kill the roots of the nearby pine, eventually sending it crashing into the river. Under very dry conditions, another possibility was that it could erupt into a surface fire. By the way, it takes gallons of water to really knock out a duff fire.

The only portage on our trip was around the Raquette Falls area. The overland distance was about one and a quarter miles. We had planned for two hours at the most, especially since we had eaten considerably into the weight of our gear and were now mostly into dehydrated foods. The fact is, the portage took an entire afternoon, with everyone making three trips. In our miscalculation of time and effort, we learned a number of things, including:

- Aluminum canoes are heavy, and an unladen 15 or 17 footer should be carried by older boys or younger adults with no other gear.
- Haversacks with community supplies are likely to be too heavy to be carried by anyone but adults.
- Smaller boys cannot (and should not) carry very much at all, although they can easily make the same number of trips as everyone else.

The saving factor was that the older scouts were able to motivate the younger ones to keep pace in good spirits. It was one of many good examples of peer leadership on the trip.

On the last leg of the river, nine of our canoes got lost in the Oxbow area, an involuted combination of tiny islands, inlets, cross channels, and at least one endless circle of wide river — in short, a maze. Our mistake was to permit canoes to paddle out of sight of each other, especially since the last canoe had the only map. Those who accidentally made the correct turn reached the entrance of Simon Pond, the gateway to Tupper Lake — not knowing whether they were in the right place. The last canoe (with the map) didn't know where anybody was. Eventually, everyone got together, and the adult leaders vowed we would not separate again. The scouts weren't worried a bit.

The Oxbow maze presented us with some unexpected rewards. It is a bird-watcher's paradise, and probably a fisherman's paradise, too, although no one sampled that. Among other things, we saw a heron in flight, a heron wading near the shore, and numerous smaller waterfowl that we could not identify. At one point, we had a water snake keeping up with our canoe for a time. And finally, the blooming water lilies added an ultimate touch of beauty and serenity.

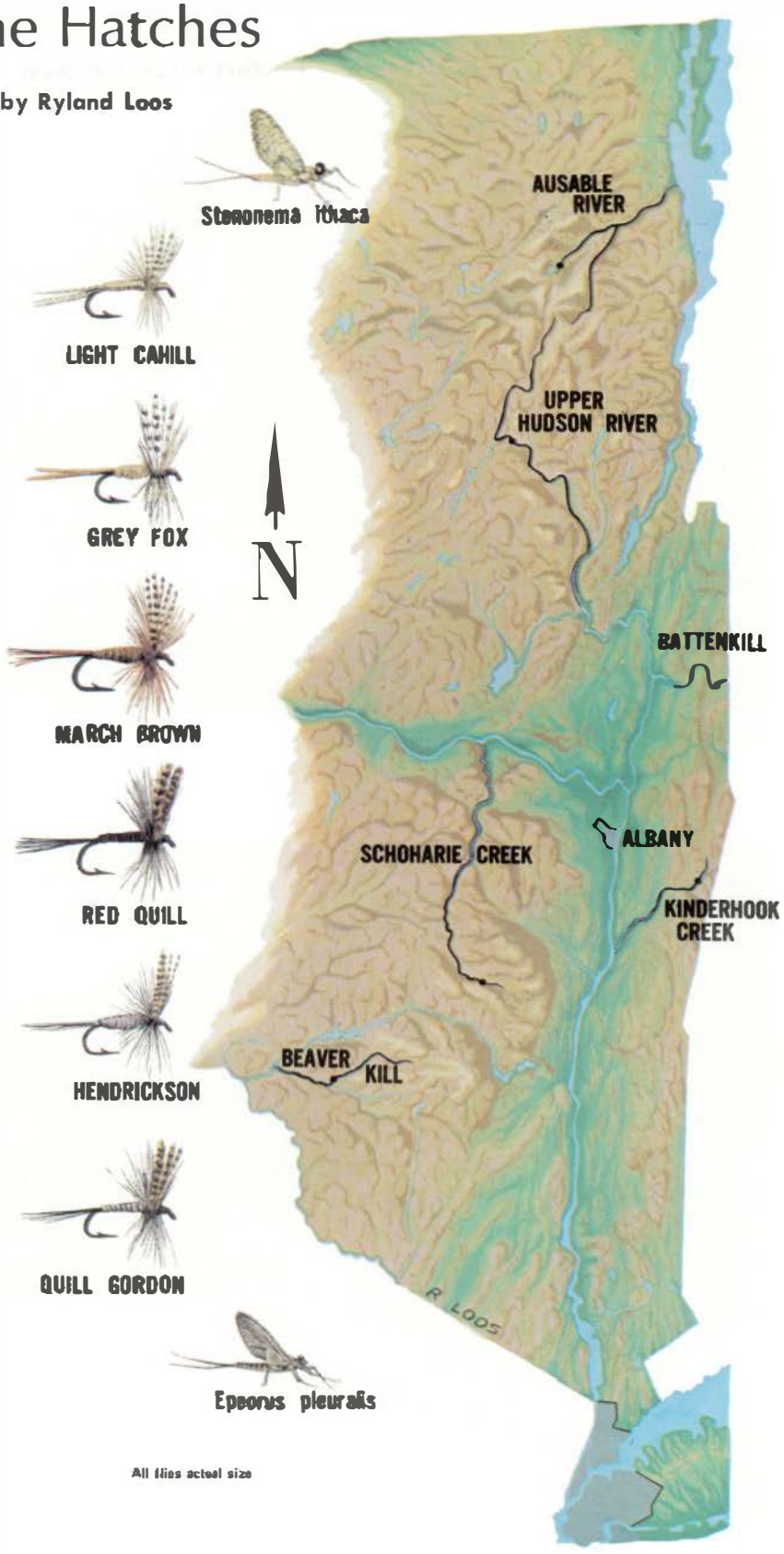
The mile across Simon Pond was the toughest paddling we encountered. We had to head directly into a stiff wind and make progress on water laced with whitecaps. When we reached the highway bridge at the other end of the pond, the wilderness spell was broken. We suddenly saw cars, trucks, buses and even buildings of Tupper Lake Village.

Although we didn't know what the alternatives were, a few of us walked the two miles into Tupper Lake Village. At the suggestion of a resident we asked permission from the Tupper Lake police to camp in the town park. They said we could and as a result, Troop 75 of Delmar had a bash of a Friday night. First, a short and easy paddle through the shoals of Raquette Pond to the town beach. Then, a quick swim and setting up of camp in a designated area of the park. Meanwhile, a small delegation was sent to the supermarket for fresh meat, fruit, milk, bread, and plenty of candy and soda. After supper, there was a town softball game to watch, and there were stores in town where the scouts could spend their water-logged money on ice cream and more candy. At the time, Tupper Lake Village was the greatest place on earth.

And so was home when we arrived there the next day.

North with the Hatches

Illustrations and text by Ryland Loos

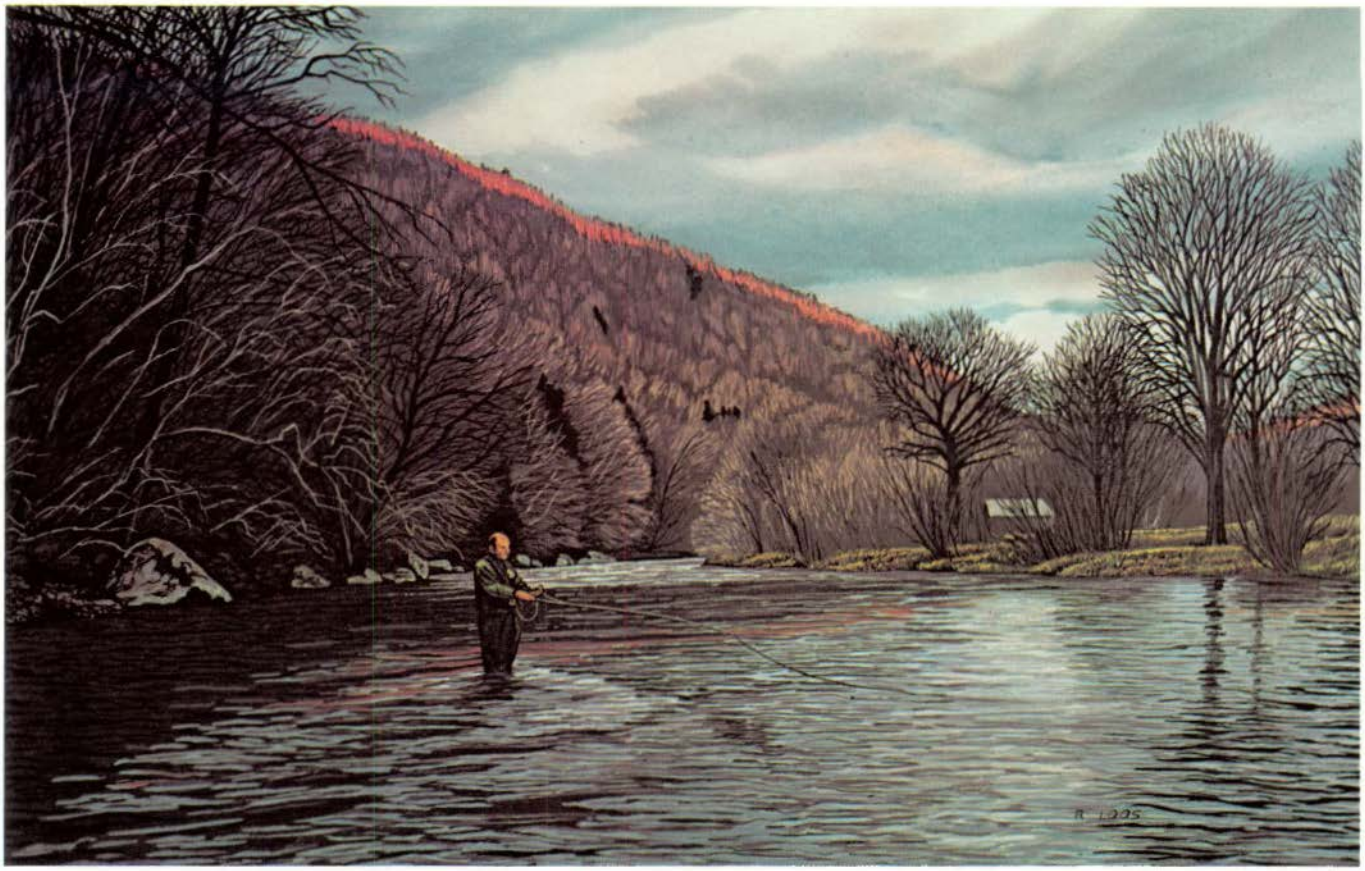


AN old saying among Vermont fishermen is "When the shadberry blooms the trout will rise to a fly." In most places in New York State this fly would probably be a member of the genus *Ephemerella* most commonly known as the Hendrickson. Later in the season, after the short-lived hatches of this mayfly, trout will feed on a succession of emerging species throughout the late spring and summer.

This phenomenon, known so well to the fly fisherman falls within the realm of phenology, the study of the sequence of natural events throughout the year. An especially notable phenological event is the "green wave" of the spring, the progression of which from south to north is evident in distances that can easily be driven in a few hours. Edwin Way Teale in his classic book "North with the Spring" says the "Spring advances up the United States at the average rate of fifteen miles a day. It ascends mountains at the rate of 100 feet a day."

Just as the leafing and flowering of plants follow a predictable sequence related to temperature and day length, the emergence of each species of adult mayfly from its aquatic environment, called a "hatch" is related to rising water temperatures and advancing photoperiods. The first success that the dry fly fisherman expects in New York State may be on the Beaverkill in the southern Catskills, raising brown trout to a Quill Gordon, an imitation of *Epeorus pleuralis*, the earliest of the larger mayflies to emerge. The last successful trip could be on the Ausable in the northern Adirondacks, landing rainbows on a Light Cahill, the fly-tier's version of one of the last emerging species, *Stenonema ithaca*.

Most adult mayflies of greatest importance to fishermen emerge in a staggered series of hatches on all major New York trout streams. By fishing early in the south and later in the north, one could spend the maximum length of time each year at what many consider to be the most fascinating of all forms of angling.

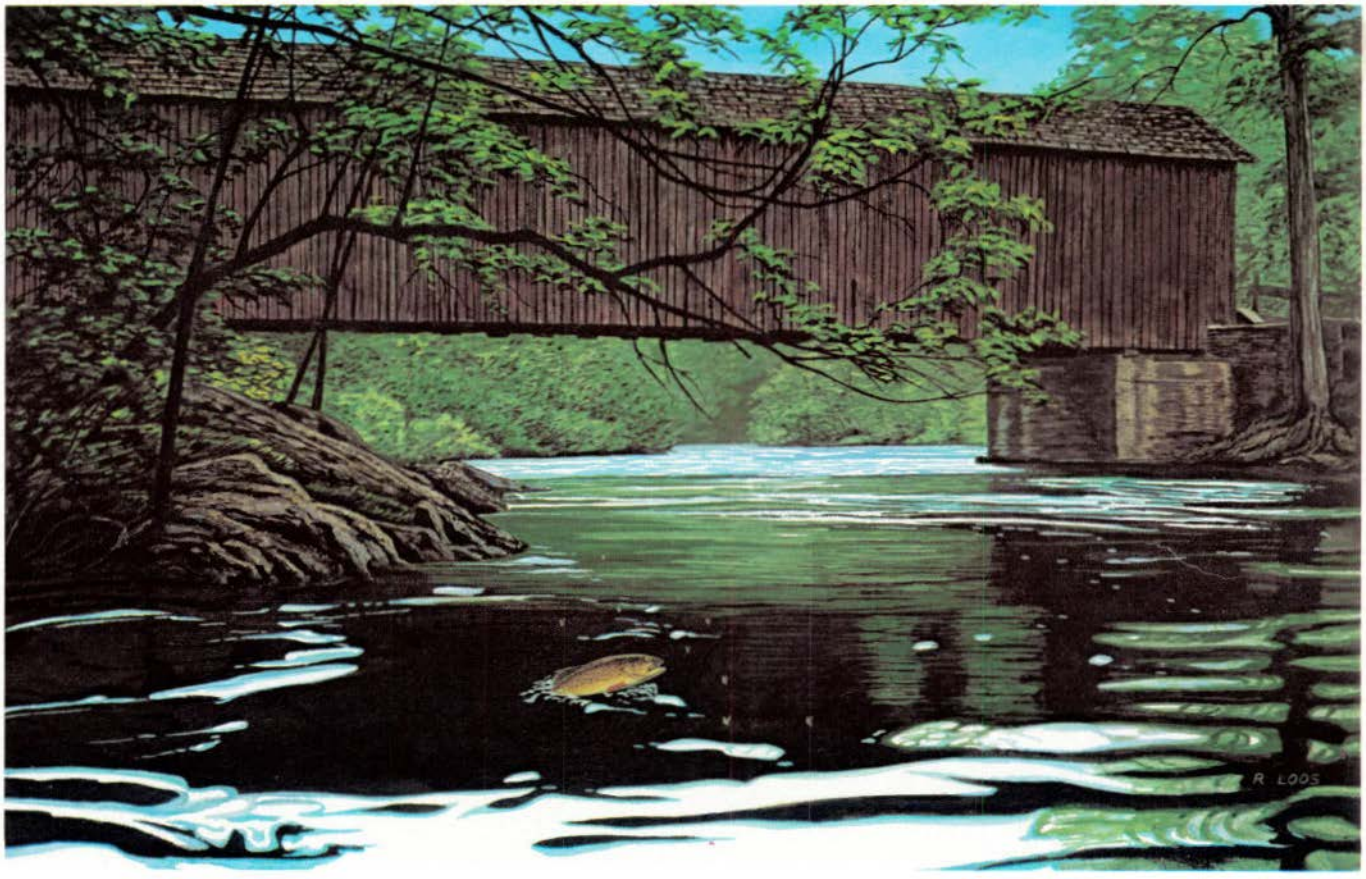


The Beaverkill in late April.

The Schoharie in early May.

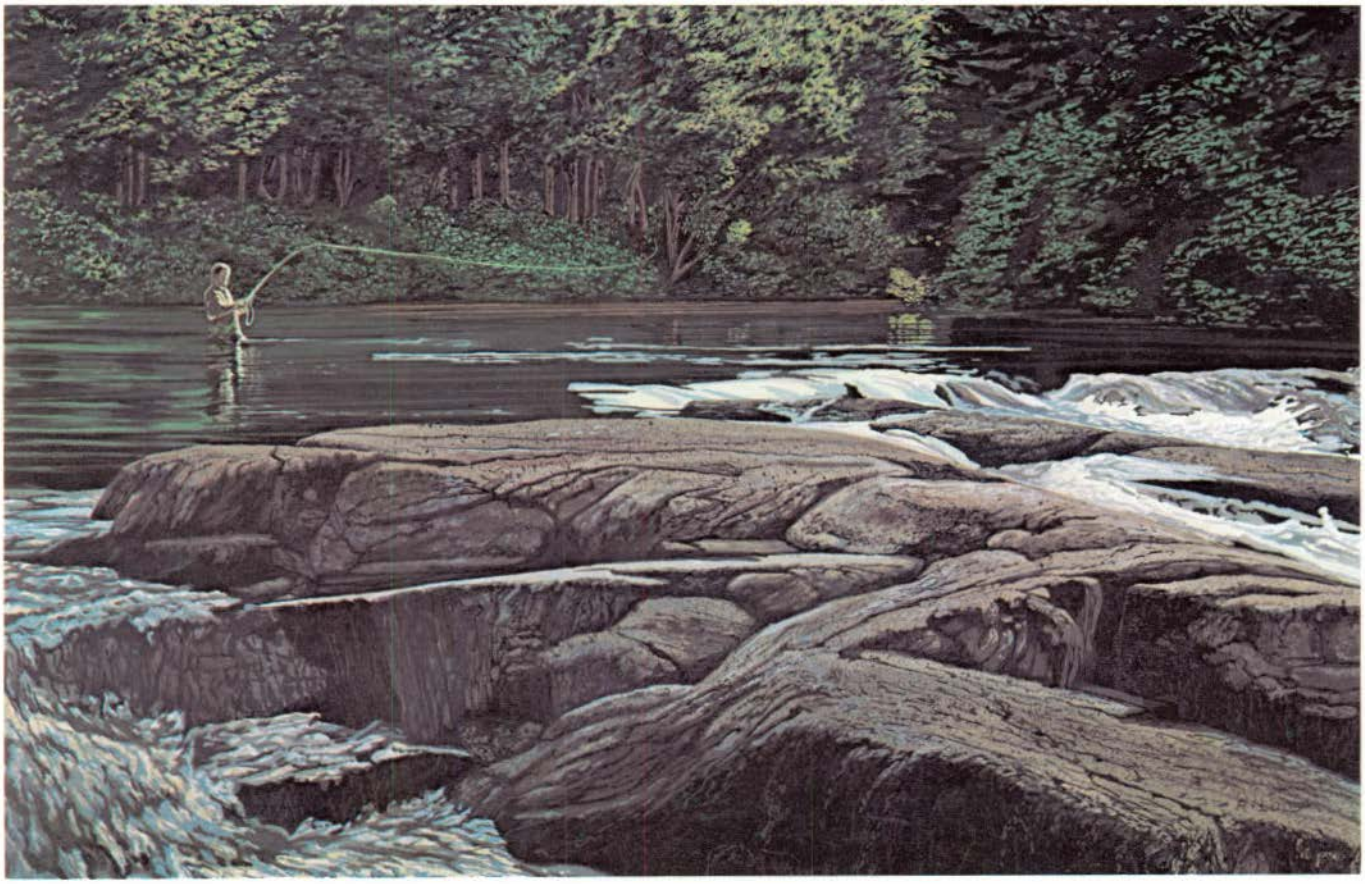
The Kinderhook in mid May.

The Battenkill in late May.



The Upper Hudson in early June.

The Ausable in mid June.



My Grandfather and the Mountain

A profile of Morris Newgold and the Overlook Mountain House

by Bill Newgold

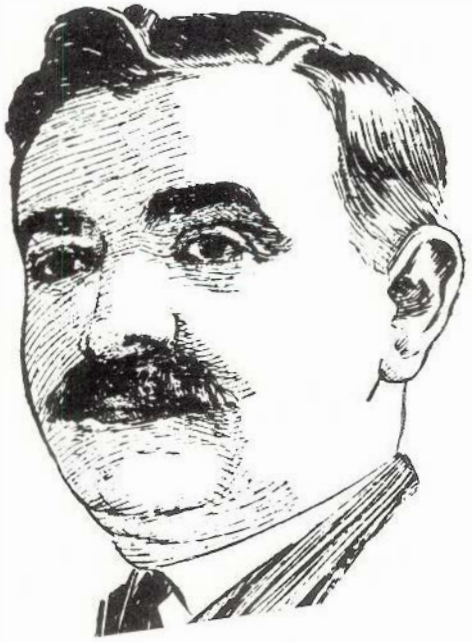
IT'S not every day you hear a story about a man whose enchantment with the magic of a mountain would compel him to dedicate a hard-earned family fortune — roughly a million dollars — plus the last twenty-five years of his life, all in an attempt to create an absolute gem of a hostelry on that formidable terrain. And yet, that's the way it was with my grandfather, Morris Newgold, and the Overlook Mountain House at Woodstock, New York.

The real-life Overlook Mountain House story: what actually happened, how and why it came about, is unique — primarily because the man who dominated the mountaintop scene both in his lifetime and for some years beyond, was himself unique. Morris Newgold was a financial wizard, whose wizardry fell short of his being a practical business man. He was an extremely private, almost secretive person, yet he chose the open spaces of a mountaintop to make the most flamboyant statement possible of his life interest.

Thoreau probably would have recognized and appreciated my grandfather as one who did indeed hear a different drummer. "Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away," wrote Thoreau.

Unlike other nonconformist outsiders who preceded us to Woodstock in the early part of this century and were quite articulate as to their backgrounds and purpose, my grandfather never presumed to publicly explain his thinking, rarely even to his own family. In consequence, over the years hearsay, conjecture, and ultimately the bare bones of my grandfather's domain have only broadened the accumulation of Overlook myths.

For me it all began on a mid-April day in 1917 when I accompanied my grandfather for a first look at our new acquisition. The 3-hour trip from the village to the mountaintop on a buckboard drawn by a team of unenthusiastic horses was an extraordinary new experience for me, more accustomed as I was to the



Sketch of Morris Newgold published in the New York Celebrity Yearbook at the time he bought the Overlook Mountain House.

Newgold Archives

Overlook Mountain House, 1939.

clanging trolley cars of Times Square in New York where we lived at my folks' hotel.

The sudden sight of the weathered, silent, vacant ark of a wood building on a promontory with a view of even higher mountains in back of us, and the distant Hudson River in front of us, did nothing to assuage the doubts of a Times Square kid that this was the paradise my grandfather had proclaimed it to be.

As we inspected the hotel, my mind boggled at the thought of how many buckboards and how many teams of weary horses it would take to transport all the people necessary to fill this cavern of empty rooms.

My grandfather resolved my uneasy questions with his customary aplomb when confronted with imponderables — "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The hotel had a dismal record, an unbroken string of failures and inevitable foreclosures. And yet, time and again the spectacular view always seemed to attract fresh money and hopes to once again challenge changing public tastes and the logistics of survival. In April, 1917, the Overlook Mountain House had no continuity of business upon which to draw any patronage. The building was badly in need of painting outside and the interior needed substantial refurbishing; each of the prior operating failures having taken its separate toll.

That April was also the month the United States declared itself in on World War I, but being an insular person, the event had no deterring impact on my grandfather's decisions.

Notwithstanding all the valid reasons for not taking on the Overlook Mountain House, there were two irresistible incentives. One, the hotel was an acknowledged failure. Secondly, it was a bargain. The fact that no cash was required to make the deal represented the combination of conditions my grandfather had never resisted. In New York real estate circles, he was recognized as a connoisseur of white elephant hotels. Before Overlook, he had acquired four. He had bought them all without any cash. Each seller in turn had taken back a mortgage for the full purchase price. It was still an era when the human factor outweighed a cash balance as the criteria of a man's capacity to meet his commitments.

I recall the summer of 1917 as one of the best I have ever known; and the same might be said for the Overlook Mountain itself. That summer my father leased the hotel for his own account from my grandfather; no one else would risk the undertaking. While other mountaintop resorts operating that year suffered from wartime restrictions, and declining popularity, the Overlook Mountain House enjoyed its best season for many years.

Guests from our two New York hotels joined us on the Overlook and found it a naively refreshing and novel experience. From the moment they arrived in Woodstock and climbed aboard our stripped down model T Ford for the rugged trip "up the hill," they accepted the lack of many amenities with understanding and good humor and in themselves made the reopening an auspicious one. The summer of 1917 was a delightful happening, but unfortunately it was not to be a continuing trend. For the next two years my father was involved in the war effort and my grandfather leased the mountain house to strangers and rarely visited the property until the war was over.

We all returned to Woodstock in 1920, my parents having purchased the sprawling Irvington Inn in the center of town facing the village green, while my grand-

Overlook Mountain House in 1950. Every window had been destroyed, and the interior vandalized. Newgold Archives

Overlook Mountain House in 1941 after construction had been halted. Bill Newgold

father went back up the hill, but not to reopen the hotel. He had had time, he said, to reflect on why the mountain house wasn't more popular. He had concluded that it lacked specific appeal, that it was not in harmony with its environment, and not worthy of the breathtaking view it commanded. On a modest scale over the next several years within the limitations of available funds, he added fireplaces, had murals painted and made interior changes that would have as its total effect a sanctuary for meditation and introspection. He had almost completed this project when the mountain house unfortunately burned to the ground in 1924; a total loss.

My grandfather immediately announced that he would rebuild, but it was not to happen until he sold Times Square hotel in 1927. A popular guess has frequently been that the 1929 stock market crash meant the end of the Overlook dream. It was just the reverse. My grandfather had lost nothing in the stock market. By 1929 he had more money in hand from the Times Square deal than he had ever known before; and again, being the insular person that he was, paid no attention to the faltering U. S. economy and continued to build at an accelerated pace throughout the entire depression until he ran out of time in 1940.

Following the fire loss, my father and I thought we had convinced my grandfather that small guest lodges would be more popular than a large-scale hotel. The Times Square windfall changed all that and a most talented and amiable architect, Frank P. Amato, began to sketch out my grandfather's concept that whatever is magnificent, elegant and uncompromising can never become obsolete. It was under these circumstances that plans for the new Overlook Mountain House began to take shape.

As one looks about the Overlook Mountain House property today, it is concededly difficult to realize that what one sees there is only a small fragmentation of what had once been projected as a viable community that could function year-round.

My grandfather was assumed to have been influenced by Le Corbusier, in his determination to use massive concrete for the entire complex, which in addition to the three-story, block-long hotel, was to include an adjacent guest lodge, called the "1928 House," machine and carpentry shops, an electric power station, garage, stables, underground water storage tanks, ice house and other essential facilities, but Amato told me Morris Newgold's decision to build of concrete was basically an environmental one for several reasons.

Concrete was the material that complemented the enduring strength and permanence of the Overlook itself; it was the material that would withstand the assaults of cold, wind, rain, snow and fog as wooden structures could not. The use of concrete turned out to be more costly than anticipated. The quantity of new lumber and other materials required in the making of the concrete forms was in itself equivalent to that of the finished shell of a wood structure. We had plenty of red shale, but no sand or gravel on the entire 600 acres. All the aggregates had to be purchased in Woodstock and hauled up the mountain along with the truckloads of cement. One of the most absurd of all Overlook myths is that my grandfather built the new mountain house of second-hand materials from New York hotels that were then being demolished. I wish it had been possible.

Superficially, this notion might have appeared to have some substance as my grandfather had prematurely shipped up and stored on the mountaintop in temporary shelters truckloads of highly ornate fixtures and furnishings that antiquarian

(Continued on page 45)

Cousin to Man

by Albert C. Jensen

Illustrations by Edward Kenney

THE shark-scare hysteria that gripped surf bathers last summer produced a reaction that may bring harm to some of the gentlest of sea creatures, the small whales and dolphins. This was clearly demonstrated at a Florida beach in June 1975 when "a large finbacked fish with a blunt nose" stranded at the water's edge. According to the National Wildlife Federation, the incident evoked a grotesque response. With visions of man-eating sharks fresh in their minds, bathers stabbed and hacked the helpless animal to death. The mutilated carcass later was towed to sea for disposal. When marine scientists finally were told about it and the animal was described to them, they reported it may have been a *kogia*, a rare pygmy sperm whale which, unfortunately, resembles a shark. Not much is known about the *kogia* and marine scientists would have learned a lot by examining the stranded animal. But the mob's action destroyed this possibility and suggests that stranded porpoises and dolphins might suffer the same fate.

Of all the whale relatives, most people know dolphins best from the "Flipper" movies and TV series. People in and around New York's marine district often see the graceful animals sporting off our South Shore beaches and in Long Island Sound. And for some reason, dolphins have even swum well up into the Hudson River. In 1936, a daring pod of 30 to 40 common dolphins ventured into the river, perhaps chasing a school of fish. One swam 145 miles up the Hudson but unfortunately stranded. Nothing is known about what happened to the others.

At this point you may be asking yourself: Were they porpoises or dolphins? Or, are they the same animal? The answer is yes *and* no. Porpoises and dolphins belong to the marine mammal order, Cetacea, that includes the great whales. They are in a family called Delphinidae that comprises some 50 species or different kinds. Like the whales, porpoises and dolphins — from here on I'll simply call them dolphins — are warm blooded, bear their young alive, and suckle the young.

As usual, the Greeks had a word for it. In this case, it was Aristotle, the ancient Greek best known for his philosophical writings, who, in a lesser-known role as a student of natural history, coined the term, "dolphin." He used the term for both the common dolphin *(Delphinus delphis)* and the bottle-nosed dolphin *(Tursiops truncatus)*. Incidentally, Flipper was a bottle-nosed dolphin. The word porpoise, on the other hand, is more "modern" and is based on a Middle English word which is derived from a medieval Latin word meaning "pig fish." It's not known if the word was applied to the marine mammal because of the noises it makes in feeding on fishes or because it makes a pig of itself in gorging on fish when they are available. Many cetologists, specialists in the study of whales and dolphins, prefer to reserve the word porpoise for certain species such as the common or harbor porpoise *(Phocoena phocoena)* which is found on both sides of the North Atlantic, and call the rest dolphins. To add to the confusion, there is a game fish called the dolphin (the dorado, *Coryphaena* spp.) that is eagerly sought by anglers and gourmets alike. It often enters New York's marine waters during the warm summer days but usually is found in tropical and sub-tropical regions. Restaurant patrons are sometimes startled to see dolphin listed among the seafood entrees. There is a story about the proprietor of a fish market who was loudly denounced by a would-be customer who proclaimed with righteous (although mistaken) indignation that she "would never eat Flipper!" even if she were starving.

The mammalian dolphins are a cosmopolitan lot and are found throughout the world ocean; some even live in fresh water. They range in size from the relatively small (5½ feet long) common porpoise to the fearsome killer whale *(Orcinus orca)* that is 31 feet long. Other dolphins are the pilot whale *(Globicephala)* whose schools are a common sight far off the Long Island coast, Risso's dolphin *(Grampus griseus)*, and the spotted dolphin *(Stenella dubia)*. The common dolphin and the bottle-nosed dolphin have been seen in Long Island Sound, probably attracted by the abundance of fishes there. The harbor porpoise and the pilot whale have been reported from time to time in the sound but there are no details about their activities in that land-girded arm of the sea. To my knowledge, no one has reported a killer whale in the sound although one stranded near Narragansett, Rhode Island, in 1956, and a dead killer washed ashore on the Rhode Island coast about 15 years ago. Since killer whales feed mostly on seals, other dolphins, sea birds, squid, and some of the large whales, it is likely that the Rhode Island records are of animals that had come in from the ocean rather than from the sound. Nevertheless, since a white whale or beluga was seen in Long Island Sound a few years ago, it is possible that other large cetaceans, including the killer whale, could blunder into the sound. But it is doubtful if they would stay long because there simply aren't enough large food items — other than fishes — to satisfy their huge appetites.

The temperament of most dolphins is quite the opposite of the killer whale. Aristotle and other early Greeks told how dolphins would approach bathers and allow them to rub their hides and play with them. Some dolphins, so the stories go, were particularly attracted to young boys and would let them ride on their backs. The figure of a boy riding a dolphin is common on old Greek coins, vases, and statuary. There is a modern counterpart to the ancient story in the form of Opo, a dolphin that,

Bottlenose Dolphins

Bottlenose Dolphins

in 1955, began to swim among bathers near the small New Zealand seaside town, Opononi. Opo allowed bathers to stroke it and even allowed a 13-year-old girl to ride on its back.

Dolphin riding — but not by a human — was mentioned by that master story teller, Aesop, in about 600 BC, in a fable entitled, "The Monkey and the Dolphin." In the story, the monkey, a sailor's pet, is lost at sea but is rescued by a dolphin, believing the furry bundle to be a man. The monkey encourages the deception but is soon found out during a conversation with the dolphin. Angered at the deceitful creature, the dolphin submerges and leaves the monkey to fend for itself in the sea.

Over the centuries, tales have been told and retold about dolphins rescuing humans in trouble at sea by pushing them ashore. Aristotle, in his monumental work, "History of Animals," about 330 BC, set down the stories as part of dolphin lore. Modern students of delphinology have doubted the tales but they were given some foundation by an event that took place in Florida in 1943. A woman bathing in waist-deep water began to be dragged out to sea by a strong undertow. Fighting to get back to shore, she started to black out. Suddenly, she said later, "Someone gave me a tremendous shove." She quickly regained her footing in shallow water but when she turned around to thank her rescuer, there was no one there. However, two dolphins were swimming not far off the beach and a man who had been farther down the shore, came running up to tell her that a dolphin had pushed her ashore.

And how has man responded to the friendly overtures made by his cousins? Not too well, it seems. Man has eaten dolphins, boiled them down for oil, ground them up for chum in shark fishing, treated them like clowns in public displays, and trained them for military purposes. A few people, however, have recognized dolphins as intelligent animals and attempted to understand their language and even to "converse" with them.

Dolphins have been in the human diet for a long, long time. They were eaten by primitive tribes around the North Sea who tossed the bones into kitchen middens for present-day archaeologists to pore over. The Greeks also were not hesitant about dining on their marine cousin despite the dolphin's association with Poseidon, god of the sea. Henry VIII of England often joined his countrymen in a dish of "porpesse pudding" and in some Catholic countries, dolphins were declared to be fish so that they could be eaten on Friday.

Whalers looked for dolphins, too, although they have thinner layers of blubber than the great whales. Watchmakers were said to be particularly eager to get the fine oil rendered from the jawbones.

Closer to home, a few years ago, a Montauk charter boat captain shocked a lot of people when, in his book, he told how he harpooned dolphins and ground them up for chum to attract sharks for his clients to fish. His rationale was that the dolphins destroyed many sport fish that really should be caught by anglers. (The character "Quint" in the book and movie, "Jaws," seems to be modeled after the Montauk captain. In the book, an unborn bottle-nosed dolphin was the special bait reserved to guarantee catching the maneater shark.)

The U.S. Navy took advantage of the dolphin's intelligence and apparent eagerness to associate with man and

Aristotle on Dolphins

FOR centuries, most of what western man knew about dolphins was based on the observations and writings of Aristotle, the Greek philosopher. Born in 384 BC, he lived a varied, intellectually-rich life and died at the age of 62 years. Not just a philosopher, he was also a psychologist, logician, moralist, political thinker, and biologist. One biographer describes Aristotle as ". . . an observer of the facts of nature, a man for whom no problem was too detailed to whet his curiosity."

After careful study of dolphins in the clear waters of the Aegean Sea, Aristotle reasoned that they were not just large fishes. They were mammals, like man. In the sixth book of his "Historia Animalium," he wrote, "The dolphin, the whale, and all the rest of the Cetacea, all, that is to say, that are provided with a blow-hole instead of gills, are viviparous." (They bear their young alive.) His studies of the animals soon led to other discoveries, not only about their bodies and way of life but also about their sense of hearing, their ability to produce sound and, especially, their intelligence and the seeming bond that develops between dolphins and men.

Aristotle's father was a physician and this may account for his interest in biology. At the age of 17, he began a 20-year association with Plato in the Academy at Athens. This period, pursuing truth and wisdom, established the pattern of his later life. Very little escaped his notice and he made notes describing what he saw. "The dolphin and the porpoise are provided with milk, and suckle their young. . . . The young of the dolphin grows rapidly, being full-grown at ten years of age. Its period of gestation is ten months."

Considering the facilities available to him, the observations Aristotle made are remarkably accurate. His writings on the many subjects that interested him literally make up an encyclopedia. The modern author, Antony Alpers, in his well-regarded book, "Dolphins, the Myth and the Mammal," sums it up by pointing out that the quantity of information that Aristotle gathered about dolphins was accurate and well observed, and remained unchallenged (although some of it was ignorantly doubted) for about 20 centuries after his death.

Illustration by Wayne Trimm

trained some of the animals for deepwater tasks. In his book, "Marine Mammals and Man: the Navy's Porpoises and Sea Lions," Dr. Forrest G. Wood of the Navy's Undersea Surveillance and Ocean Sciences Department, describes how the animals were trained to retrieve torpedoes and mines from the ocean floor. Dr. Wood is careful to point out that the Navy was not trying to train "kamikaze porpoises" that would carry explosives to blow up enemy ships (and themselves).

There is no doubt that the greatest harm to dolphins comes from the slaughter of the marine mammals in the Pacific Ocean fishery for tuna. Two types of dolphins—the spotted dolphin and the spinner dolphin—are associated with schools of tuna, especially the yellowfin *(Thunnus albacares)*. Tuna fishermen look for the dolphins to show where the schools of tuna are. In the seining operation, many dolphins are trapped in the net and drown. The National Wildlife Federation, quoting from data released by the National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS, U.S. Department of Commerce), reports that in 1974, 113,000 dolphins were killed in the yellowfin tuna fishery, with 98,000 of them taken by U.S. vessels. The estimate for the 1975 fishing season was 93,000 to 214,000 dolphins.

The tuna industry, with help from NMFS, has designed special panels in the nets and techniques to help dolphins escape from the encircling seine. As a result, the rate of dolphin mortality in tuna fishing has declined. However, the total number of dolphins killed has increased because there has been increased fishing for tuna.

Robert Schoning, Director of NMFS, issued an ultimatum to the tuna industry. Lower the dolphin kill rate by 30 percent or stop fishing on all yellowfin tuna schools that travel with the mammals! The tuna industry doubts that it can meet the goal set by NMFS. To insure that every effort is being made, the federal government plans to place observers aboard tuna clippers. The 1976 tuna season will tell the story of the success or failure of the program to reduce the incidence of dolphin mortality in tuna seines.

Dolphins, and their kin, the great whales, are protected by the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972. This important piece of federal legislation greatly reduced the traffic in cetacean products in the United States. It also requires permits for the taking of dolphins and other marine mammals for exhibition or for scientific purposes. In addition, it directs the tuna industry to reduce the incidental killing of dolphins ". . . to insignificant levels approaching a zero mortality."

As I write this, I am reminded of a summer day some years ago aboard a research vessel steaming along many miles at sea off New York City. The warmth of the sun and the glassy smooth sea had brought many of us to the ship's rail to gaze at the calm surface of the water. Suddenly, someone shouted "Dolphins!" and we watched a trio of the animals riding the bow wave. Scarcely moving a muscle (or so it seemed to us), they darted and glided just below the surface, easily keeping pace with our speed of 12 knots. I've read that dolphins may be able to swim in bursts up to 25 knots, but there was no swimming effort involved in these bow riders. Somehow, dolphins had learned to take advantage of the hydrodynamics that operate as the bow of a ship underway cleaves the sea. (Sailors of the Mediterranean told of bow-riding dolphins nearly 3000 years ago.) But our dolphins were not alone. As if on some signal, the sea literally erupted with the graceful animals. From horizon to horizon, dolphins were all around us. Some took turns riding the bow wave. Some merely swam along in the arcing movement we call "porpoising." But some performed a ballet that most of us had never imagined was possible. Here and there, individual dolphins leaped 10 or more feet into the air—sometimes twisting as they rose, sometimes simply arcing in the air. Some returned smoothly to the water, others fell back on their sides causing a great splash. As we humans watched, our judgment as marine scientists told us that the dolphins probably were trying to dislodge parasites from their skins. But our memories of childhood suggested that the leaping and splashing was just great fun for the dolphins who had an ocean-size puddle to play in.

The ancients believed that twice in mankind's history, dolphins have approached to establish a bond with humans but the dolphins were rebuffed. Perhaps the time is here for man to approach the dolphin—and all of its kind—to establish a bond with the cousin to man.

Common Dolphins

Flowering Dogwood

Barry Weinstein

LETTERS

Salute to the Iroquois

Every issue of THE CONSERVATIONIST is beautiful, but the latest (January-February 1976) is out of this world. I usually pass my copies on to a friend, but this particular one stays right here. The pictures and articles about our Indian friends were most interesting and instructive.

Ivy L. St. Auburn, Sherrill

Your splendid January-February 1976 issue, devoted to the Iroquois of New York State, merits warmest congratulations to all who contributed, and especially to those Iroquois who authored the many informative articles.

My office is responsible for grants under the Native American Programs Act of 1974 made to urban centers operated by and serving Indians who reside in four of the largest cities in New York State. My experience confirms to me the perception stated in your editorial that a surprising number of non-Indians are ignorant of the presence and contribution of Indians in the state. This magazine issue should go far in educating that public.

To those of us in government responsible for programs serving Native Americans, this issue of THE CONSERVATIONIST is now and will remain for the foreseeable future an important source of knowledge wherein we learn firsthand from the Iroquois of their history, beliefs and accomplishments.

Mildred J. Lowy
Office of Native American Programs
U.S. Department of Health,
Education, and Welfare
New York, N.Y.

You must have struck a hot issue with your January-February issue on the Indians. We have had a lot of calls for this in multiple copies. Would you be able to ship us an immediate reorder of 50 copies? It has to be fast, so we can get them out before the next issue is off the press. Please advise. Ship if available.

John E. Slade, President
Mayers News Agency
Ithaca

I would like to thank you for the beautiful and unusual January-February 1976 issue. We think it most appropriate that the Six Nations should be honored in this Bicentennial year when we are particularly conscious of the early history of this marvelous country. Your excellent presentation of their archaeological and cultural background should certainly give your readers a deeper appreciation of the contributions they have made to our country as a whole. The articles written by members of the Iroquois are further enlightenments as to the quality of those contributions. Certainly the sculpture, paintings and other crafts depicted are of the highest caliber and deserving of commendation.

The final quotation "Where is the Eagle" is beautiful and deeply troubling as well, as we read the prophetic words "end of living and beginning of survival." Let us hope that America awakens before it is forever too late.

Debra and Clifford Dean, Wellsville

Gilbert Stuart's painting of Joseph Brant, which graces the cover of your January-February 1976 issue is strikingly handsome, as, indeed, is the entire issue, in content.

We live in Seneca Indian country. Here are the fields where they planted corn; here is the beautiful Genesee River with its gorge and three waterfalls. Here, too, Mary Jemison, the "white woman of the Genesee" lived. She, the young captured white girl who converted the Indian chief, her husband, to Christianity. Here in Letchworth Park on the ground where she lived and raised her family, is the cabin she built for her daughter, the Council House, and last, but not least, the statue of her—a very sensitive and lovely piece of sculpture.

I often think of this part of New York State in terms of those long-ago days. How they fished in the Genesee River, hunted in the virgin woods, and planted corn on the rich flatlands. In your Indian issue is the hauntingly beautiful letter written to President Franklin Pierce by Chief Sealth of the Duwanish tribe in the year 1855. Would that all Americans of today held sacred this land which we so fortunately inherited.

Erma Gray, Nunda

Congratulations on your excellent issue on the Iroquois. It is an informative addition to my classroom. I hope that it will enlighten the people of this state about the rich heritage of our native Americans.

John F. Sherwood, Jamestown

Just received my January-February issue. It is by far the best, most interesting, educational issue I have read so far. Thank you for making this magazine what it is today.

Mrs. R. Gardner, Putnam Valley

I invariably enjoy each issue of your publication, but the January-February one was extra special. As an editor of Organic Gardening and Farming, I especially was interested in your treatment of subjects, which we also cover from time to time.

Jerome Goldstein, Executive Editor
Organic Gardening and Farming
Emmaus, Pennsylvania

Your article "From Lake Champlain to Eagle Bay," in the January-February 1976 issue was indeed illuminating. When the facts are set down the destructive trend towards the Six Nations seems almost calculated. When one takes a close look at the entrance of the Iroquois into the American Revolution the destructive trend is ominous.

Red Jacket, the famous orator and sachem of the Confederacy, saw a turmoil approaching and he mourned for his people, "who were doomed to be wasted in a combat not their own." Through the use of liquor and other manipulative techniques both the British and American forces sought to destroy the Confederacy. Finally in a calculated move, the British tricked certain Iroquois tribes into committing bloodshed against their comrades at the Oriskany battlefield in August 1877. This skirmish provided an added impetus, pushing large numbers of Cayugas, Senecas and Onondagas into the British ranks. Meanwhile the Oneidas and Tuscaroras split away to side with the Americans. The Six Nation Confederacy, which for so long had resisted the forces of division, at last succumbed to a conflict which was not their own. This

destruction was to continue throughout the history of the Iroquois.

Randolph S. Cahall, Schenectady

I have been a subscriber to your journal practically from the beginning. I know few other journals that do so excellent a job of public education about important issues. I offer you special commendation for your current issue on the Indians of New York State. What a task of investigative journalism, to have found the members of the Nations who could speak so well for themselves. Friends are constantly amazed when I tell them that the world's most cosmopolitan city — New York — harbors several thousand Mohawk Indians, who are summoned all over the U.S.A. where high bridge work is underway.

Charles S. Ascher, New York City

Some critical views

Before one even opens the cover, he is accosted with the image of Joseph Brant. An appropriate analogy might be to place the portrait of Benedict Arnold on the cover of a Bicentennial publication devoted to American war heroes!

David L. Banner, Endwell

I was sorry to see no voice of the traditional Iroquois given in your recent issue. You presented a very deceptive picture as many of us who know Iroquois realities, know. Any of the traditional chiefs should have been included. The invalid treaties (such as the one where Brant, without representing the Iroquois, tossed away some of Vermont and some of New York) should have been mentioned.

Lang Cook, Potsdam

And perhaps most important of all, why are the wampum belts in the hands of the State of New York? Why have the belts not been returned to their rightful owners — the people of the Six Nations?

Bonnie Thornton, Binghamton

• *Editors' Note: In preparing this issue we took great pains to choose the majority of our contributors from among the Six Nations so that the views expressed would be theirs, not ours, nor did we, at any time, attempt to edit, rewrite or suppress any information they presented so as to deliberately misinterpret or distort.*

We also sent letters to all the traditional chiefs asking for their contributions. In putting together any issue of a magazine one is always conscious that there will always be things left out or not discussed at any great length simply because we don't have the room or because we could not find anyone to write them for us.

The portrait of Joseph Brant on the cover was chosen primarily because it is a well-known and great work of art and secondly because Brant is a prominent figure in the history of New York State. As to his basic right to participate in the signing of a treaty, that indeed is a point of argument, but there are those who maintain that, given the circumstances of the time, he didn't have much of a choice.

Lastly, we cannot let this go by without stating what we set out to do (and in fact did) in this issue — an issue about the Iroquois, written for the most part by Iroquois, dealing with their tradition, history, culture, their arts and crafts, and their attitudes toward contemporary society. No other magazine has, to our knowledge, now or in the past attempted to do what we have done. That we were able to bring this off without distorting or patronizing is, we think, a significant accomplishment. — John J. DuPont, Assistant Editor.

Adirondack dioramas

As part of our Adirondack unit in Mr. Murray's sixth grade social studies class at VanAntwerp Middle School, we built dioramas related to specific topics. These dioramas were accompanied by oral reports to our class.

One diorama shows a train piling up tourists at an Adirondack hotel. This scene is similar to many that might have been seen in the late 1800's and early 1900's. The guide is down by the lake with his boats waiting for the next customer. The basic mountain shape was made with tape. Newspapers were put on the tape. Then paper towels were dipped in plaster and put over the newspapers. The ground cover and trees were added. This diorama is 30 inches by 30 inches by 15 inches.

The other diorama shows Noah Rondeau's hut on Cold River. It is made of old newspapers covered with chicken wire. Then it was covered with cloth, plaster of paris and birch bark were added. This diorama is approximately 30 inches by 24 inches by 12 inches.

The poster shows Noah Rondeau sitting in his favorite chair.

John Hartwig, Lane Marvin, Jeff Taylor
6th Grade, VanAntwerp Middle School
Niskayuna

Hypothermia

Thank you for your article on winter backpacking in which you pointed out the dangers of hypothermia. I would like to add however that the hiker must be aware of the dangers of body heat loss at other times of the year, too. I had a bad experience on the Dix range in the Adirondacks when I should have turned back, but didn't. Rain moved in and I was forced to bushwhack my way through the woods soaking wet, with all the preliminary signs of hypothermia. This was in mid-June. Probably the best statement in the article was the word to the wise: Never gamble on the weather — the odds are it will get worse.

Cliff Reno, Tempe, Arizona

I'd like to congratulate your magazine on the timely printing of Vincent N. DeFelice's article "A Primer for Winter Backpackers" (December 1975). As one of DEC's four Wilderness Program Forest Rangers, I very much appreciate the help that this article can give us in our education of the public in the Adirondack High Peaks this winter.

Our principal role is to educate the public that we meet in the interior so that they will not destroy the environment and so that the environment will not destroy them. I couldn't agree with the article more when it suggests registering with someone responsible. I differ with Mr. DeFelice on the subject of snowshoes, however. It is my contention that no one should enter the mountains of New York when they are covered with snow without taking snowshoes or skiis with them. It is our hope that winter backpackers will take DeFelice's article to heart. If approached properly, winter backpacking can be a real joy and a beautiful experience. If approached with poor clothing, equipment, and knowledge — it can kill.

C. Peter Fish, Keene

Bald Eagle

Our school was fortunate in having a thoughtful parent present a gift subscription to your wonderful magazine to our library for the use of the school population. The article "Ring Around Your Teacup" (December 1975) impressed me greatly. I will bring this article to the attention of my garageman, my family, all whom I can reach personally. I have taken the liberty of enclosing a poem that a student, Elizabeth Finnegan, composed on our national symbol as a follow-up to your December 1975 article on the bald eagle. Thank you for all you are doing to preserve our heritage for future generations.

Genevieve C. Zielinski,
Amherst-Snyder Common Schools,
Snyder

Wolves

I enjoyed your October-November 1975 issue tremendously. For my money you have the finest wildlife magazine in the country. The article on wolves was very informative. Reintroducing them in the Adirondacks may very well be feasible. However, it would probably be easier to reintroduce the cougar.

Firstly, it has not had its ecological niche filled by another animal, the way coyotes have replaced wolves. Secondly, it is a non-social animal which doesn't have to be introduced in packs in order to succeed. Lastly, the reintroduction of the cougar is likely to meet less political resistance than that of the wolf, especially from those suffering from the "Little Red Riding Hood complex."

Kenneth Leibert, Seattle, Washington

Nuclear energy

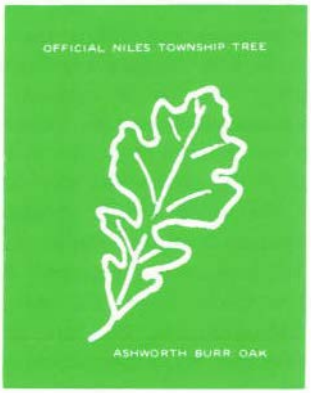
I am replying to John G. Brainerd's comment on nuclear development, in your December 1975 issue.

Mr. Brainerd states that 32 outstanding scientists favor nuclear power. An analysis done by Berkeley professor Charlie Swartz shows that two-thirds of these scientists are in some way connected with the nuclear industry. Eleven have held high-ranking positions with the Atomic Energy Commission.

The Union of Concerned Scientists, an organization with impeccable credentials, compiled and published a list of some 2,300 scientists (including many Nobel laureates) who advise a cutback in nuclear power programs. These same scientists say that the United States should develop a national policy of conservation and non-nuclear energy.

It appears to me, in the field of the experts, the odds greatly favor a non-nuclear program.

James A. Lango, Springville



Ashworth bur oak

Your April-May 1975 issue does much to acquaint the reader with the Luther Burbank of the North, Fred Ashworth.

Mr. Ashworth has perpetuated a species of bur oak which produces a sweet and edible acorn. This tree, mentioned in "Handbook of North American Nut Trees," edited by Richard A. Jaynes, is known as the "Ashworth bur oak." In 1970 Niles Township, Michigan, adopted the Ashworth bur oak as its official tree. Approximately 600 seedlings and small trees have been distributed to township residents as part of annual Arbor Day programs. In April 1976 two Ashworth bur oaks will be planted as Bicentennial trees in front of the township hall. An additional 200 seedlings will be given out to resi-

Dick Rodgers

Slippers of the Queen

by Orra A. Phelps

FOR beauty of form and color, the lady's-slipper of the queen *(Cypripedium reginae)* could well be the most outstanding of all the orchids native to the northeastern United States. It is certainly not the rarest lady's slipper in the state. That distinction would go to either the ram's head *(Cypripedium arietinum)* or to the small white lady's slipper *(Cypripedium candidum)*. Not a roadside flower or a woodland native like its cousins the pink moccasin *(Cypripedium acaule)* or the yellow lady's-slipper *(Cypripedium calceolus)*, the reginae grows best in a sphagnum bog often partly shaded by arborvitae and tamarack. Tall sedges, spice bush and ferns may screen the bloom from sight. The moss underneath may be so wet that the orchid hunter may soon find himself in water over the ankles.

The flower or "slipper" is globular in form, tinted a rose pink in broad streaks over white. The richness of the color varies from a pale pink to a deep rose-purple. The slipper is framed by the lateral petals and sepals of white of such a substance as to give the appearance of a crystalline sheen. A touch of yellow shows in the slipper's opening. Well-established plants grow three feet tall bearing one or two blossoms. Many parallel-veined leaves, strongly plaited, clothe the stalk, giving the plant a robust look.

The blooming season varies with the latitude but in New York State, the lady's-slipper of the queen blooms between June 20 and July 1. In Canada it will bloom a week or two later.

This flower, along with other native orchids, has been placed on the protected list of wild plants in New York (see THE CONSERVATIONIST April-May 1975). As such, it should not be dug up for transplanting or picked to enhance the beauty of a household bouquet. How much better for the woodland wanderer, who, after walking through brush and wading through wet sphagnum, has the unexpected pleasure of bursting upon the beauty of this regal wild flower.

dents and registered as Bicentennial trees with the state.

The Luther Burbank of the North has been rightfully honored by the midwest.

John C. Owicki, Niles, Michigan

Errors of plural

Re your issue of December 1975:
E. M. Reilly's Undesirable Aliens
Doth state truth for the eons
Though the author should cease
From errors of plural as mongeese
For the plural of mongoose is mongooses
Just as caboose is cabooses
Mongoose is an old Indian word
Which the Old English never heard

Peter Brennan, Stony Brook

Webster and Oxford
Are all in accord
The plural of moose is mooses
And that of mongoose is mongooses
I take blame for the error
Twas not that of the editor
And certainly not the mongoose's

E. M. Reilly, Jr.

House finch

Edgar Reilly's comments about the house finch displacing the house (or English) sparrow seem to confirm our observations on the Union College grounds. The finch first appeared here in 1972, became rather abundant the following year, and by 1974 had evicted the house sparrow from most of the nesting sites in the ivy, on building cornices, etc. During the 1975 season, I'd guess that only the ubiquitous starling and rock dove had more nesting pairs on our 100-acre campus. Since the nesting season ended, however, I've seen comparatively few of the finches — far fewer than I would have expected, anyway — which suggests that the boom may already have been followed by a bust. But we won't know that until next spring.

Bernard R. Carman, Schenectady

Winter Backpacking

Bushels of praise to THE CONSERVATIONIST and Vincent DeFelice for presenting in capsule form the information for which I searched almost fruitlessly for three months.

Your EQ News is written with genuine sensitivity to an imminent problem, but is paradoxically out of place in THE CONSERVATIONIST. Only when each individual member of the world community takes it upon himself to reaffirm values in terms of what is really needed for living will the boat begin to right itself. Any suggestions on getting our message to Playboy and Cosmopolitan?

Mike Fallarino, Watervliet

Al Jensen's "Sharks"

I enjoyed reading Albert C. Jensen's article, "Sharks," in the December 1975 issue of your excellent magazine. The author points out that all sharks are edible and mentions several species he has eaten, including the dogfish. I have dined on broiled dogfish and enjoyed it at least as much as swordfish, which it resembles in taste.

In these days of low employment and high inflation it is a shame that virtually all local fishermen treat this delicious fish as trash. They usually kill the fish and throw it back. They used to do this with blowfish until they learned it sold at high prices as "sea squab." Another delicious fish that is treated as trash by the unknowing is carp, which I have eaten since childhood. They still throw away skates although morsels cut from the wings are as delicious as scallops.

It would be a blow to the high cost of living and a boost to fishermen's morale if they could be convinced that instead of rejecting these fish they should be considered culinary delights.

Howard A. Cross, Bellerose

Illegal Deer Hunting

I am writing to you in regard to an article that appeared in your December 1975 issue, "Deer Hunting — the Peripheral Adirondacks."

A news report of your article was on the back page of our local paper, and beside it was a news report with the caption "Three Plead Guilty to Jacklighting Deer." After reading both and noting the penalties handed out (each was fined $25), it is quite easy to see why we have poachers and the like, and it is not because of an unaware public. In my opinion, it is because of the permissiveness practiced in our courts upon game violators, and the lack of game wardens.

Robert Mills, Watertown

I think stricter regulations should be put on hunting licenses. Possibly hunters should take not only safety courses, but also sharpshooters' courses. I've heard many stories of hunters this season. One such incident was when a man shot fourteen times and only wounded the deer. The deer was never located. Later on he wounded another deer that was never found. My father found a seven-point buck that suffered and died from a slug low in the stomach. I would appreciate it if you would tell me if there's any way to keep hunters that are careless and irresponsible out of the woods. These people are dangerous to all in the woods.

Kim M. Carkuff, Age 13, Wellsbridge

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Because of a problem with mailing labels some of our readers did not receive their January-February 1976 issue of THE CONSERVATIONIST. If you did not receive your copy, please clip this notice and mail with your name and address to Circulation Office, THE CONSERVATIONIST, Box 2328, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

OUTDOOR TIPS

Emergency Rain Gear

A deer hunting buddy of mine never gets caught short during those cold late fall or early spring rains. Tucked away in the bottom of the game pouch of his jacket there is always a large plastic garbage bag. Always handy to carry things in during wet weather, or to get out as a ground cloth on which to sit on the wet ground for his lunch, for its primary function is for emergency use when unexpectedly caught in a cold downpour. With his ever present knife, he cuts a slit in the bottom of the bag and pulls it over his head. The brim of his hat keeps the water from running down his neck. If he must do more than just sit out the downpour, he cuts a hole in each side through which he can push his arms. Where activity will take him through brush which would snag on the delicate plastic, he wears it as a liner under his jacket. As long as he gauges his activity so as not to work up a sweat, this keeps those critical garments next to his body dry and warm.

Natural Blackfly Repellent

Blackflies, the plague of the spring woods and waterways, have brought many camping and fishing trips to a miserable halt. Modern repellents are a partial solution if applied often enough and thick enough, but around camp and kitchen it is nice to be relieved of the greasy and oily concoctions. The smoky fire, or smudge, has traditionally been the solution. Since a fire for heat or cooking, and one to produce smoke, aren't the same, that usually means two fires are needed. Because the smoky fire is just barely burning, it needs constant attention, either to keep it burning, or to keep it from burning too well. In the common shelf fungus, sometimes called the artists' conk, Mother Nature has furnished a punk which will burn slowly without attention for hours. It is usually dry enough so that it can be easily started at a cooking fire. If some are dried over the coals the first evening, they can be started with a match later. Carried in a can partially filled with sand, a smoldering fungus may be left unattended in a tent with no fear it will burst into flame. They can even be helpful while fishing if placed just upwind. — Paul Kelsey

Book Reviews

Conducted by Joan Taylor

Golden Eagle Country, by Richard R. Olendorff, 202 pages, Alfred A. Knopf, $12.95.

It is not the fact that Dr. Olendorff writes well, in a fluid, engaging style, that raises "Golden Eagle Country" above the usual level of coffee table books in the natural history realm. Neither is it the two score superb pencil drawings by Robert Katona. Rather, it is that the author is a galloping optimist so for those who have heard enough bad news about environmental deterioration, here is a tonic to buoy the spirit.

Perhaps Dr. Olendorff was fortunate to have chosen a land of promise for his exhaustive research — the short grass prairie just east of the Rockies. For here the land is recovering from unsuccessful dry farming and returning to ranchland. On a two year post-doctorate fellowship from the American Museum of Natural History, the author and a companion seek to locate and study every nesting raptor in a one-thousand square mile section of short grass prairie — an almost superhuman task.

They found the golden eagle, as well as great numbers of other birds of prey, in fine fettle, thank you. In fact, Dr. Olendorff believes there may be more golden eagles nesting in Wyoming alone than are thought by many experts to exist in the whole of North America. Moreover, he found that fully one third of all raptors were nesting in man-created situations. If he had the chance, Dr. Olendorff would dot the landscape with reconstructed abandoned windmills — there are eagles in every other one on the short grass.

Dispelling another myth, cattlemen are first class eagle lovers; few would bother one let alone shoot one. Dozens of ranchers treated the author with courtesy and affection, going out of their way to cooperate. Sheepmen may not be so enlightened, he suspects. The cattle ponds and reservoirs constructed by ranchers attract a wide range of wildlife. While the ranchers' fencing might disturb hunters and hikers, the practice creates virtual refuges of considerable size.

Although Dr. Olendorff's main concern is the study of eagles and other raptors, he pays a great deal of attention to other bird, mammal and reptile inhabitants of the short grass prairie. Throughout, the remarkable resilience of nature shows that given half a chance, and with help from active management research and applied conservation, the great birds of prey will be here to stay. — Ed Cummings.

The Indian Pass (and Mount Marcy) by Alfred Billings Street, 260 pages, Harbor Hill Books, Harrison, N.Y., reprint, $9.75.

Not long ago Burton Bernstein's fine essay on contemporary Essex County was published in book form. One of his central themes was the "wildness" of the place. To better understand this aspect of Adirondack life, a reprint of "The Indian Pass" now appears well over a century since its initial appearance to provide us with an historical perspective. It is a welcome addition to a growing list of Adirondackana now available. Unlike many other such adventure narratives, Street's book shows the fine hand of the poet that he was. Thus, of the discovery of the origins of the Hudson: "Down, deep down trickled a blind rill, mining like a mole through a narrow tunnel of the broken, jagged rocks, and I knew it was the infant Hudson whose birthplace oozed from the gashed heart of the monster. . . ." Along with two mountain guides, Street's highly romantic story focuses upon his trek through the Adirondack wilderness to Mt. Marcy. It is a trip now familiar to many, but when the Street party made it, it was through a complete wilderness, panthers, moose, and bear and all. At some places thrilling, and at others poetic, this is a fine item to be read for sheer enjoyment. It makes eminent good fun during the winter months as we contemplate the coming of another season in the region. Harbor Hill Books is to be commended for bringing this piece back to us in such a pleasing and easy-to-read form. — Mark B. Lapping

Small is Beautiful, by E. F. Schumacher, 290 pages, Harper and Row, paperback $3.75.

It is a delight to find a distinguished economist who is also a philosopher. Working on the basis that "in the excitement over the unfolding of his scientific and technological powers, modern man has built a system of production that ravishes nature, and a type of society that mutilates man." We think things can be brought under control by mobilizing more resources. Dr. Schumacher eschews this material attitude. The subtitle of this book is "economics as if people mattered." An admirer of Gandhi, Dr. Schumacher bases his ideas on the Gandhi maxims, "Earth provides enough to satisfy every man's needs, but not every man's greed." "The poor of the world cannot be helped by mass production, only by production of the masses." He encourages the establishment of miniplants to use local material in producing the basic necessities of life. He cannily points out, "All you need is simple materials. The Taj Mahal wasn't built with Portland cement." He believes in low cost, labor intensive technologies. He wants to give men and women a chance to develop their faculties, to work with other people in a common task to bring forth goods and services needed for existence. This would create a more nearly satisfying life for people. Small scale operations are more likely to not harm the natural environment and workers will take more pride in their work. We know from experience this is true. It is easier to deal with another human being than huge companies.

We must adopt the Buddhist point of view that people are more important than goods, that creative activity is more important than consumption. "Non-renewable goods must be used only if they are indispensable and then only with the greatest care." It is easy to see how these ideas could be used by developing countries. It is much more difficult to see how big industries will utilize them. — Sibyl L. Golden

Water for a City, by Charles H. Weidner, 339 pages, illustrated, Rutgers University Press, $17.50.

Man cannot live without water. The water problems of New York City started as early as the city began. The fascination of this book lies in the fact that a prodigiously difficult engineering problem is described so lucidly that any layman can understand it. In addition, the human interest of what happened to the residents whose homes and fertile farmland was flooded is told by someone who lived through it.

From earliest times, disease and fires plagued New York City. The first suggestion to get pure and wholesome water for the city, outside the city, was made in 1798 by Dr. Joseph Browne, after 2,000 people had died of yellow fever. It was not until 1832, after 3,500 people died in a dreadful cholera epidemic, that serious thought was given to the problem. At that time Colonel De Witt Clinton, a civil engineer was appointed to investigate various sources of water.

Colonel Clinton recommended the Croton River, on a basis of supplying the city with 20 gallons per person per day. ("Flush toilets did not come into general use until the 1850's and 1860's, following the advent of the city-wide sewer systems.")

John B. Jervis was appointed engineer for the Croton Reservoir, which was "built by immigrant Irish laborers who were paid 75¢ to $1 a day for 10 hours' work." Riots and strikes occurred with the 4,000 laborers working on the project. As the Croton water began to flow into the city, consumption began to soar. There were no incentives to save water.

"From 1850 to 1890 New York City seldom had relief from the threat of water famine." Instead of trying to control consumption by metering, which still has not been done, extending the system was deemed the solution to the problem.

With New York City's population and consumption increasing, it was decided to use the Catskill watershed.

The greatest detail in this book is given to the construction of the great Catskill water supply system. Mr. Weidner records vividly the magnitude of the project. There are twelve different geologic formations between the Ashokan Reservoir and the Croton Lake. Topographic maps were made of 40,000 acres (70 square miles). The illustrations of the work involved are excellent. Automobiles were rare in 1905. 17,243 men worked on this system. Hundreds of mules were needed. A narrow-gauge and regular-gauge railroad were built. Laborers were paid $1.20 to $1.60 an eight-hour day. They were mainly "Italian immigrants, and Negroes fresh from the South." At the end of 10 years the Ashokan was delivering water to New York City. It has "a water surface of 12.8 square miles . . . a full reservoir capacity of 130.5 billion gallons."

To build this reservoir 8 villages were confiscated. The author's home in Old West Shokan was torn down. One can still speak with residents of the Township of Olive who remember the towns that were inundated. Mr. Weidner writes: "The practice of condemning private property for public use calls for a fine sense of judgment and justice to enable one to act dispassionately. While change may be accepted as necessary and inevitable, officials too frequently overlook the fact that change in general is often accompanied by personal heartache and disaster." These wise words apply to many circumstances.

The enormous supplies of Catskill water were not enough for the ever-expanding city, and during World War II the Delaware River system was added. This history of water consumption, and waste, the problems of constructing a gigantic reservoir system, as well as the cost in money and human lives, should interest us all. — Sibyl L. Golden

Books Received

Medicinal and Food Plants of the North American Indians, bibliography prepared by Lothian Lynas, 21 pages, The Library, the N.Y. Botanical Garden, Bronx, N.Y. 10458, single copies $1.25 apiece plus 50¢ postage aand handling, orders of 10 or more, 25 percent discount.

The Uncertain Search for Environmental Quality, by Bruce A. Ackerman, Susan Rose Ackerman, James W. Sawyer, Jr., Dale W. Henderson, 386 pages, The Free Press, div. of Macmillan, $13.95.

The House of Life, Rachel Carson at Work, by Paul Brooks, 303 pages, Fawcett Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Conn. 06830, $1.75, paperback.

Guide to the Catskills with Trail Guide and Maps, Arthur G. Adams, Roger Coco, Harriet and Leon Greenman, illus. & maps, 448 pages, hard cover $9.95, paperback $6.95, Walking News, Box 352, New York, N.Y. 10013.

The Blackbass in America and Overseas, by William H. Robbins and Hugh R. MacCrimmon, 196 pages, Publications Divison, Biomanagement & Research Enterprises, P.O. Box 2300, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada. PCA 5P 4, hardcover $12.95, paperback $7.95

Energy for Survival, the Alternative to Extinction, by Wilson Clark, 652 pages, Anchor/Doubleday, $12.50.

Looking at Animals, by Hugh B. Cort, 221 pages, Charles Scribner's Sons, $14.95.

Lighthouses and Legends of the Hudson, by Ruth R. Glunt, 154 pages, Library Research Associates, Dunderberg Rd., Monroe, N. Y. 10950, $10.95.

Politics of Extinction, by Lewis Regenstein, 280 pages, Macmillan Pub. Co., Inc., $9.95.

The Monkey Wrench Gang, by Edward Abbey, 352 pages, Lippincott, $8.95.

The Manual of Practical Homesteading, by John Vivian, 340 pages, Rodale Press, Emmaus, Pa., $8.95.

Man In the Environment, by Ruth Moore, 155 pages, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., $7.95.

The Other Side of the Hill, More Tug Hill Tales, by Harold E. Samson, 243 pages, North Country Books, P.O. Box 86, Lakemont, N.Y. 14857, $6.90.

A River for the Living, The Hudson and Its People, by Jack Hope, photos by Robert Perron, 224 pages, Crown Publishers, Inc., $14.95.

This Was the North, by Anton Money with Ben East, 244 pages, Crown Publishers Inc., $6.95.

On Being A Master Planner, A Step by Step Guide, by Richard Rocchio and Eve Lee, 155 pages, ERIC/SMEAC Information Reference Center, The Ohio State Univ., 400 Lincoln Tower, Columbus, Ohio 43210, $3.50.

Kayaking, The New Whitewater Sport for Everybody, by Jay Evans and Robert R. Anderson, 192 pages, The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vt., hardbound $8.95, paperback $4.95.

Plant a Tree, A working guide to regreening America, by Michael A. Weiner, 270 pages, Macmillan Pub. Co. Inc., $15.95.

Shad Fishing, by C. Boyd Pfeiffer, 131 pages, Crown Publishers, Inc., $8.95.

Movin' Out, Equipment & Techniques for Eastern Hikers, by Harry Roberts, 139 pages, Stonewall Press, Lexington, Mass., $3.95.

Your Questions Answered

conducted by Paul Kelsey

Trout Stocking

Congratulations on the successful brown trout stocking program in Canandaigua Lake. The fishing has been fantastic. When was this program begun, and what are the future plans for browns in Canandaigua Lake?

Jim Shouey, Newark

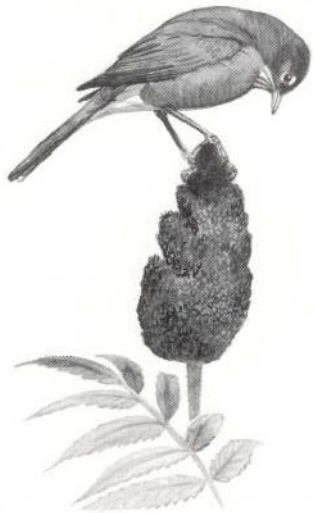
Bill Abraham is the biologist putting in the most time on Canandaigua Lake, so I turned to him for details. Past surveys had shown that both lake and rainbow trout had good growth, and that their principal forage, the alewife, was also abundant. Rather than try to increase these species, it was decided to introduce the brown trout to take up the slack. The first fingerlings were stocked in December of 1971, with 2,900 yearlings planted the following spring. The rainbows are maintained by natural spawning, mainly in Naples Creek, while the lake trout fishing is maintained to a considerable degree by stocking. We feel that our primary responsibility is to manage for these two species, so should the brown trout competition cause the quality of these fish to be degraded, stocking of browns would be discontinued. As long as all three species continue as they are at the present, our annual stocking policy for Canandaigua Lake will include 4,000 yearlings and 24,000 fingerlings.

Trout Season

Why do they close the lake trout season in Canandaigua Lake at the end of December when the trout have already spawned?

Jim Shouey, Newark

About a decade ago the trout season in most of the Finger Lakes was extended until December 31. Tagging studies have satisfactorily proven that this late harvest was limited enough so that it was not posing any threat to the lake trout fishery. It was felt that inclement weather during the remainder of the winter would so limit angler opportunity, that this was the basis for setting that date, rather than using a biological factor. Particularly in lakes where the trout are maintained primarily by stocking, there is no biological reason for not permitting fishing throughout the whole year.



Pruning Sumac

In an educational leaflet put out by your department it stated that if staghorn sumac is cut down every several years, its value for food and cover will be increased for wildlife. I cut down part of a grove here. They certainly sprout back thicker with all new shoots, however, after several years they had not developed the red fruits that are eaten by birds. It appears that cutting them down both helps and hinders wildlife. Perhaps it would be better to cut only part of a sumac grove at a time, insuring that you would have some of the fruiting plants. What do you suggest?

Jerry Kirwan, Bronx

How you treat sumac depends on what you are managing it for. When thinking in terms of game, one is generally referring to deer and cottontail rabbits, which eat the young twigs or young bark. Once a sumac is large enough to produce fruit, the edible parts are out of reach of both of them. Cutting and recutting keeps the young growth down where they can utilize it. The fruit are eaten primarily by birds, so if you are interested in maintaining winter bird food around an area, your suggestion of cutting only part of it at a time, so that you would always have most of the stand in the seed producing stage, is fine.

Acorns from Oaks

I have been watching an old white oak on the Split Rock Golf Course which I expected to produce thousands of acorns. By mid-October none had fallen. Could it be that the reason the tree produced no acorns is because it is so old? Do pin oaks, which squirrels appear to love, also stop producing acorns when they reach a certain age?

Jerry Kirwan, Bronx

Old age is not a detriment to plants in producing seeds. In fact, plants quite characteristically have a final flurry of seed production if they are on their last legs. The black and red oaks produce seeds every other year. Assuming your identification of the oak in question is correct, white oaks produce acorns every year, unless a late frost, or some other reason, prevented or inhibited the setting of viable seeds.

Caching Food

Have you ever seen or heard of a blue jay that buries food? One particular one that visits our feeders does so on a regular basis. He literally pecks a hole in the lawn, deposits the seeds, then methodically replaces the grass in the hole and completes the job by covering the spot with a leaf, sometimes walking several feet to get it.

G. Livingston, Coram

You have seen what many operators of bird feeding stations just suspect — a blue jay caching away food taken from a feeder. They are one of the big reasons that those little round plastic "satellite" chickadee feeders sell so well, for they are blue jay proof. Nobody minds feeding blue jays a little, hut often they go overboard and in a very short time can empty a feeder. They will take six to ten sunflower seeds in their gullet, fly off out of sight, hide them, and return immediately for another load. On occasion, I have seen our blue jays bury seeds in the yard, but usually they just disappear into the spruce hedge, and shortly reappear for the next gulletfull.

Turkey

The subspecies of turkey that graced the first Thanksgiving table in colonial New England was Meleagris gallopavo silvestris. *There are at least four other subspecies. When the turkey was reintroduced into New York State, was the original subspecies used, or was one of the others used?*

Mark Gretch, Depew

The turkey that we have now is the same one that was here when the first settlers arrived. Remnants of the original population hung on in the mountains to the south, and with protection, responded to the expansion of the forestland after the first abandonment of submarginal farmland. Our current population is probably more dependent on the birds that moved in naturally from Pennsylvania, than from the birds that we reared and stocked. However, the stocked birds were also of the original subspecies, so regardless of where our birds came from, they are still from the native stock.

Hibernating Turtle

In mid-December, while checking the ice in a shallow pond to see if it was strong enough for skating, I saw some movement in

the thick layer of leaves below the glass-clear ice. It proved to be a common mud turtle moving slowly across the bottom. Upon returning to the spot a little later, it had disappeared, presumably into the mud and leaves. Is it possible that the turtle would not have started hibernation at that date? Is there enough air trapped below the ice, and was the turtle smart enough to find it? Is it common for reptiles to move beneath the ice during the long winter?

Thomas W. Wattles, Whitesboro

There are several species of turtles that spend the winter in the seclusion of the mud and organic debris at the bottom of ponds. Since turtles normally breathe air, this type of four or five month existence needs some explanation. First, turtles are poikilotherms, that is, their body temperature is regulated by the temperature of the surrounding air or water. When their body temperature gets colder, the rate of their body functions also decreases, and with this there is a decreased oxygen demand. This requirement is so low that turtles can get enough oxygen from water simply by "inhaling" and "exhaling" water through the large opening that serves as the outlet for their reproductive and excretory system. This cavity has an extensive system of blood vessels and acts much like the gill of fish in absorbing the oxygen from the water. Though most reptiles are relatively immobile at near freezing temperatures, painted turtles, which is probably what you saw, are known to move to deeper water as it gets colder during the winter.

Field Dressed Deer

What is the percentage of weight loss when a deer is field dressed?

Merrill Warner, Norfolk

Assuming that the heart, liver, lungs, et al, have been removed, we use this rule of thumb at our checking stations when asked how much a deer weighed in the round. Add one-third the dressed weight to get the approximate live weight. If you want to know how much edible meat there is, subtract one-quarter the dressed weight. You would be surprised how often we get deer in checking stations that have everything above the diaphragm in place, and soaked in a bucket of blood, so check inside the deer before converting your dressed weight figures to live or edible meat weights.

Predatory Skunk

This morning I witnessed something that I have never seen or heard of in my 35 years of hunting. In a cut down corn field near the road I saw a skunk chewing on the hind legs of a rabbit. The rabbit was very much alive, though it struggled only a little. After a few minutes the rabbit jumped free and crawled down the side hill, using his front legs to pull himself. In about 40 yards the skunk caught up with it and this time had the rabbit by the head and neck. The rabbit broke away again, but was quickly recaptured by the skunk. This time I could see it tearing the flesh and fur. I got my son and returned half an hour later. The skunk had finally killed the rabbit and was dragging it up over a sharp rise. I did not think that skunks did this type of killing. Has it ever been heard of before?

Donald Sherwood, Waterford

It was good for your son to see that everything in nature isn't as sweet and lovely as is so often shown on TV or in most animal stories designed for the younger set. You are quite correct in assuming that a skunk would not normally be able to catch and kill a rabbit. Only a rabbit that was very incapacitated would be preyed upon by a creature as slow as a skunk. Since the scene of the "crime" was close to a road, I suspect the rabbit had been hit by a car, and its hind quarters or back broken so that it could just pull itself along by its front feet, just as you saw it doing when it did escape momentarily. The fact that it was probably in shock from its accident with a car would account for its generally passive nature while being torn apart by the skunk.

Smooth Green Snake

I am most curious to know what kind of snake we observed on our property last summer. It was about a foot-long, a quarter-of-an-inch thick, and a most beautiful light sky blue to turquoise in color, with underparts a pale yellow-green. It was dead when I picked it up, but it had not been there long, for it was by one of our feeders and had not been there when I filled them a few hours before.

Mrs. Dolly Zauchinger, Pittsford, Vt.

The snake that you describe doesn't fit any of our snakes in their living condition. However, I am quite sure that it was one of the two species of green snakes. I believe that only the smooth green snake would be found as far north as Vermont. In life it is a beautiful pale green with its belly tending toward yellow. As you know, many things turn bluish when they die, and I suspect that this is what had occurred to the snake you found. These snakes are primarily insect eaters, are very docile, and undoubtedly one of the nicest little snakes to have around. There isn't a better snake for introducing a youngster to the reptiles and having him come up with a favorable impression.

Scat Identification

The picture I have enclosed is of a scat I found while tramping through the woods on the Rockefeller Estate in Pocantico Hills of Westchester County. I have not been able to identify it. It contains grass and other organic matter, but no hair. The picture is just a part of a whole pile. I would have sent you a scat, but didn't think that you would have appreciated it.

Keith Avellino, N. Tarrytown

Without having the scat to examine, the best that I can do is make a guess, based on your description and picture. I suspect that it is just part of a pile of deer dung. At times they will stick together and not have the characteristic formation of individual pellets. Deer certainly are plentiful in the area where you found the scat. In the last fifty years, I have picked up, torn apart, and examined a good many scat, so there is no need to feel that you would offend my senses by sending me one. If you still have it available, send it to my Cortland address, and I will be glad to look it over for you.

Evening Grosbeaks

Recently I saw two or three birds at our feeder that I could not identify, could you please help? They were predominantly a brownish yellow and were about five inches long. Their heads were darker and had a yellow band on each side, running from their beaks back through their eyes to the back of their heads, but not connecting. Their wings were brown and white striped, and when they flew I could see a considerable amount of bright yellow.

James Carey, Buffalo

You have given me an excellent description of evening grosbeaks, except for their size. Knowing that people frightfully underestimate the size of a bird when they try to give its measurements in inches, I feel safe in saying the birds that you saw were evening grosbeaks. Last fall there were a good many of them in central New York as early as the first week in November. The Audubon Christmas Count in the Ithaca area recorded the second highest number of these birds in the last twelve years.

Conservation Careers

I am a high school student interested in devoting my life to a career in environmental conservation. I am sure that many other students have the same questions I have, and an article on preparing for a career, and what possibilities there are, would be very helpful. I have been considering political ecology and environmental law, but where do I get information about these and other unpublicized fields? What colleges have courses in environmental conservation? What can a student do before going to college for training?

Marlene Michaelson, Middle Village

The article you suggest is very appropriate for this magazine, but at best, all we can do is to scratch the surface. In 1963 the Ronald Press published a book "Careers in Conservation," edited by Henry Clepper. At that time conservation referred mainly to the natural resource field, and for that element of the environmental picture, this book, which

should be in your guidance counselor's office, would still be good. Since that time the field has expanded greatly, and now the old fashioned natural resource managers are probably outnumbered by specialists who are engineers, chemists, hydrologists, lawyers, and many others. In the case of your interest in environmental law, the path would be through a good law school, for your first need would be to become a lawyer. Along the way any elective courses which you could work into your schedule concerning the environment would be helpful. Most of the professionals in the environmental quality field — that is air and water pollution, and solid waste disposal — are engineers and may have had little or no natural science training. Another classification might be environmental educators. Probably most of these came in through the natural science education door, and then through further study and reading, have picked up a broader knowledge covering the total field of environmental education. Summed up quickly, there is no one route into the environmental conservation field. I would suggest that you see which aspects of it interest you most, and then with the aid of your high school guidance counselor, someone from your local community college, or the nearest office of our department, find a person involved in that general activity and meet with him/her personally. In the meanwhile, continue to read magazines like The Conservationist, Audubon, and National Wildlife, and the department's free newspaper, The Environment, so that you will have a broad background going beyond the bounds of your chosen speciality.

Turkey vulture

While at Letchworth State Park we were fascinated by the large, dark, hawk-like birds which inhabit the steep sides of the gorge, mainly below the lower falls. They put on a great show spiraling up hundreds of feet and soaring down along the gorge. "Birds of America" left us doubtful as to whether or not they were eagles. Could you tell us for sure what kind of birds they were?

A. Micich, Midland Park, N. J.

Look up the turkey vulture in "Birds of America" and see if this doesn't fit the description of the birds that you saw better than the eagle does. Eagles are extremely rare in Western New York at any time, while turkey vultures, though a southern bird, are relatively common south of Lake Ontario. When it comes to soaring, there isn't a landbird in the northeast that can even hold a candle to the turkey vulture. They can be readily identified as they soar by the dihedral in the wingspread, rather than soaring with flat wings, as do the other hawks one sees overhead.

fishing facts

by Jay "FISHY" Fullum

BUBBLE FISHING

TROUT RISING TO A HATCH OF FLIES IS A THRILLING SIGHT FOR THE FLY FISHERMAN, BUT MORE THAN ONE SPIN FISHERMAN HAS HELPLESSLY STOOD AND WATCHED TROUT SIP FLIES FROM THE SURFACE. ARMED ONLY WITH THE USUAL SUPPLY OF LURES, THE SPIN FISHERMAN'S CHANCES FOR SUCCESS AT THIS TIME ARE GENERALLY POOR.

THE IDEAL APPROACH TO THE PROBLEM IS TO CHANGE OVER TO THE LONG ROD. IF A FLY ROD, REEL AND A WELL STOCKED FISHING VEST ARE NEATLY PACKED IN THE TRUNK OF THE CAR, YOU ARE IN BUSINESS. IF NOT, THERE IS STILL HOPE IF YOU HAVE AN ASSORTMENT OF FLIES AND A CLEAR FLOAT IN YOUR TACKLE BOX.

REMOVE THE LURE YOU ARE FISHING AND TIE THE SMALL FLOAT TO THE END OF YOUR LINE. NEXT TIE A DROPPER ABOUT 5" LONG TO THE LINE ABOUT 24" UP FROM THE FLOAT. MATCH THE HATCH, TIE THE FLY TO THE DROPPER AND YOU ARE READY FOR ACTION.

CAST UPSTREAM AND TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE RISING FISH. HOLD THE ROD HIGH AND TAKE UP THE SLACK LINE SO THE FLY WILL DRIFT NATURALLY OVER THE RISING FISH. WITH PRACTICE THIS METHOD WILL SUCCESSFULLY PRESENT A DRY FLY TO EVEN THE WARIEST TROUT.

ASK THE EXPERT

As a service to our fishing friends, the expert invites questions on specific topics.

Do you have a question on fishing and equipment? If so, send it in to Jay "Fishy" Fullum.

THE CONSERVATIONIST
50 Wolf Rd., Albany, N.Y. 12233

MARTIN

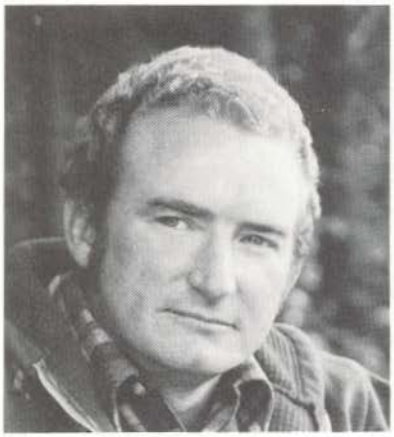
KUK

VERNER

About this issue

NEWGOLD

LOOS



TRIUMPHO

The special section on small boats was conceived in the editorial mind several years ago, inspired by the small boats building at the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake and by Kenneth Durant's love affair with the Adirondack guide boat. Once the special section was scheduled, ideas for articles seemed to pour in. Calvin Martin came up with his article on following in the wake of the French-Canadian voyageurs. Jerry Passer of DEC was organizing the voyage down the Hudson, reported here in text and illustration by Wayne Trimm. Norbert Kuk proposed a piece on his boy scouts and their canoe trip. Inasmuch as the story of boating in upstate New York was always the story of finding the lightest craft to carry the necessary load, we turned to William Verner, authority on Adirondack history, for a piece on Nessmuk and the legendary Sairy Gamp.

It did indeed start with the late Kenneth Durant who wrote our piece for the Warrensburg-Lake George News, printed here by permission of his widow, Mrs. Helen Van Dongen Durant. KENNETH DURANT was born in Philadelphia, the scion of the Durant family whose name has been linked with the Adirondacks since early in the nineteenth century. Graduated from Harvard in 1912, he worked as a journalist, and through a friendship with William C. Bullitt he became an aide to Col. Edward M. House, President Woodrow Wilson's adviser, and attended the Versailles Peace Conference. With John Reed and Walter Lippman, he was caught up in the excitement of the Russian Revolution, and in 1923 organized the Tass News Bureau for the Russians in New York. When he retired in 1947 he returned to his early love, the Adirondacks in which he had spent much of his youth, and the Adirondack guide boat at which he never ceased to marvel. His book, "Guide-Boat: Days and Ways," is a classic.

WILLIAM K. VERNER (Nessmuk and the Cruise of the Sairy Gamp) has since 1962 been curator of the Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y. A native of Philadelphia, Mr. Verner graduated from Princeton, and after service in the U.S. Army, came to work at the Adirondack Museum. He lives in Long Lake with wife Abbie and two daughters. He is president of the board of trustees of the Adirondack Mountain School, vice-chairman of the Adirondack Conservancy Committee; publications chairman of the Adirondack Mountain Club and has authored several books on Adirondack History.

CALVIN MARTIN (In the Wake of the Voyageurs) is a native of eastern Canada, raised along the banks of the Ottawa River where as a boy he delighted in the pleasures and mysteries of the river and lake canoeing. While a history graduate student at the University of California, Santa Barbara, Martin studied under Roderick Nash whose adventures in rafting down wild rivers inspired the article in this issue. Mr. Martin is currently assistant professor of American Indian ethnohistory at Rutgers University.

RYLAND LOOS (North With the Hatches) has contributed illustrations frequently to THE CONSERVATIONIST in the past, his latest being "Stony Creek Meadow" (August-September 1975) and "November Morning" (October-November 1975). An artist with the biology department of SUNY Albany, Mr. Loos graduated from Southeastern Missouri State College and has had additional training with the Art Students League and the University of Maryland School of Art. When not painting, Mr. Loos enjoys piloting his own plane, biking and canoeing.

NORBERT J. KUK (Troop 75 Goes Canoeing) is a first-time contributor to THE CONSERVATIONIST. Currently a freelance writer and developer of training programs for business and industry, Mr. Kuk has also taught secondary school and has edited technical publications. He is a graduate of Hamilton College and has a graduate degree from SUNY Albany. He lives in Delmar, where, among other things, he is a scoutmaster for Troop 75.

RICHARD TRIUMPHO (Country Auction) has been carrying on a love affair with Mother Earth since the early days of his youth. Born and raised on the dairy farm he now owns and operates near St. Johnsville, N. Y. In addition to being a frequent contributor to Hoard's Dairyman, he does substitute teaching and includes among his hobbies photography, oil painting, cross country skiing and raising horses and bird dogs.

BILL NEWGOLD (My Grandfather and the Mountain) is the owner-director of the Colony Arts Center in Woodstock, N.Y. His reminiscence about his grandfather is an excerpt from a forthcoming book on his entire Woodstock experience. He is a contributor to the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and the author of "Newgold's Guide to Modern Arts and Crafts."

ALBERT C. JENSEN (Cousin to Man) has the unusual ability to communicate the complexities of the natural world in both an informative and a pleasing style. His article on sharks (December 1975) drew such a favorable response from our readers that we asked him to do one on dolphins. In this effort he is again teamed with staff artist ED KENNEY. Mr. Jensen is assistant director of DEC's division of Marine and Coastal Resources and the author of more than 40 technical papers as well as a book "The Cod."

Also in this issue is an informative and timely article on the Freshwater Wetlands Act by staff member SANDY MARVINNEY, an article on mined land reclamation by DAVID PERRIMAN and KAREN BELL, and contributions from staff members PAUL KELSEY and JAY "FISHY" FULLUM.

My Grandfather and the Mountain

(Continued from page 29)

dealers and collectors would give a small fortune for today had they not all been destroyed through wanton vandalism.

I was rarely surprised by anything my grandfather sent up the hill; I knew the obvious use was far from what he had in mind. For example, the presence of five or six Times Square sightseeing buses standing like wayward derelicts entirely out of their element did tickle many ribs, but the buses had a most practical use as workshops, mobile tool sheds and temporary campers. In similar vein, many of my grandfather's way out improvisations of fifty years ago are common practice today and don't stir a ripple of surprise.

The seemingly endless building program that went on intermittently for twelve years, the storage buildings bulging with Victorian furnishings and equipment never put into use, must have appeared as the folly of a whimsical, well-heeled eccentric. Yet there was method and logic to his system.

My grandfather's bursts of activity first indoors and then outdoors was a matter of circumstance, though it did suit his nature perfectly. The weather, shortages of materials or labor, problems of fresh money, even his innovative impulses to experiment with unusual materials to achieve a to-be-hoped-for result were all factors in making a timctable of completion impossible.

The Overlook Mountain House story would not be complete without reference to the special breed of men who worked for and with my grandfather. The scope of the job called for many skills never before needed on the mountaintop. Transportation, the weather, and the spartan living conditions discouraged most family men from seeking steady work up there. In consequence, those who worked with my grandfather for long stretches of time had much the same characteristics. They had all been born in Woodstock or not too far distant; they were all accustomed to the weather and its vagaries; they were all men of multiple skills and native ingenuity in solving unexpected construction problems; and best of all, they liked living on the hill. The tranquil environment, the comparative isolation, the absence of urgency or push, offset for them the restricted social life. I always thought the food fare on the Overlook monotonous, but there were apparent compensations in the jugs and crocks of home brew in progressive stages of fermentation and aging in the cellar of the caretaker's cottage. No fruits, wild berries or herbs that ever grew on the Overlook escaped the attention of those ingenious brewers of potable mountain comfort. My grandfather never fired anyone. As one old-timer once put it to me: "He always used us right, and we always used him right."

Overlook visitors were frequently astonished to discover the machine shops in operation making a wide variety of materials needed on a day-to-day basis. All the millwork that went into the Overlook job was fabricated right on the Overlook in the carpentry shop during the winter months. For me there was always a touch of magic about climbing to the Overlook through snow sometimes waist high in spots, the temperature around zero or below, and delightedly discovering the caretaker's cottage cozy and warm; and

Newgold Archives

Flag raising in front of old hotel, summer of 1917.

down the road a piece, the woodworking plant aglow with light, the chunk stoves changing winter into summer, and these skilled country men dressed lightly in their coveralls, turning out the finest, precision-made window sash to the accompanying rhythms of motors humming and the gang of leather beltings slapping and grumbling on their shafts.

My grandfather first took notice of the depression about 1935 when he discovered that bankers no longer would advance money on even the best collateral. He toyed for a while with the idea of "going public" and asked the architect, still Frank Amato, and me to inventory the progress made and estimate how much additional money was needed. We found the 1928 House entirely in operation with its own light, heat, power, water and fully furnished. The mountain house itself was from 50 to 90 per cent completed, depending upon what section of the building you were in at the moment. We finally came up with a figure of about $300,000 as to what would be needed before the Overlook would be ready to receive paying guests.

Before any decision was made about outside investors, my grandfather's tight-money situation eased and work continued until late 1939 when ill health brought everything to an abrupt halt.

In early 1940 my father and I were saddled with the task of conserving all Overlook assets as best we could. Before I left Woodstock for the army, we covered every window with metal lath and double-barred every door on every building, but it was to prove a futile effort. We still had on the premises thousands of dollars worth of new building materials of every description stock-piled for the job. This proved to be our undoing.

Once I was far removed from the scene, death came swiftly and brutally to the Overlook Mountain House and the entire Overlook establishment. The thieves arrived first and carted off the equipment and materials, then came the vandals like locusts and laid waste to anything that was whole. That done, they finally ripped open the roofs and exposed the wounds of the dying giant to slow erosion by the elements. I later stood amidst the shattered pieces of everything and tried to reconstruct in my mind the inexplicable violence that had taken place. I had seen neater carnage at the Battle of the Bulge.

Unlike the Overlook Mountain House itself, I can approach the bottom line of the Newgold experience, whole. It reflects some bad news and some good news. The basic bad news, of course, is that it was not only a total financial loss, but it caused problems in varying degrees of stress and distress to everyone named Newgold for many years.

If there can be any personal satisfaction in reporting a financial disaster I am pleased that everyone who ever furnished goods or services or worked on the Overlook itself during the fifty years of Newgold occupation was paid in full. We may have lost money, but we never lost face.

As a human experience, its very rarity in itself balanced out the hardships and unsought responsibilities thrust upon me. The only truly grim and poignant moments that I would gladly expunge from my remembrances of the Overlook past was the pointless vandalism and the sense of frustration that comes with attempting to deal rationally with irrational acts.

Summing up, my grandfather enjoyed every moment of it and never expressed any regrets that he had started the whole thing; my father rendered his usual loyal services; my uncle hated it all from the very beginning for all the normal reasons. I happily survived it.

Country Auction

by Richard Triumpho

BY the time I park at the end of a long line of cars on the narrow gravel road and start walking downhill to the farm it is after 10 o'clock on a windy Saturday morning. This is to be a complete dispersal by a widow and her sons — cows, machinery, household goods — everything.

The auction crowd is spread out in meandering confusion, like ants at a picnic. In the pasture next to the barnyard a cluster of farmers is inspecting the array of machinery, and small boys are clambering up and down the three tractors parked there. A thin line of people is straggling in the stable door to eye the dairy, and another line struggles out through the milk house door.

Others, undecided where to alight, are weaving back and forth across the road from the barn to the farmhouse, poking their noses into the springhouse and the empty chicken coop. These are the curiosity seekers who have not come to buy but just to explore and gossip.

At the rear of the dooryard a tight knot of bodies mills around the open door of the woodshed. A lanky auctioneer holds the crowd at bay with his musical chant:

"I've got $15, who'll give me $20? Fifteen, $20, $15, $20. All right, $17, now $18, $17, $18 . . ."

The sing-song goes on; at last he gets his $20. The two brothers, sons of the farmer's widow, hold up the article just sold — an ancient five-gallon galvanized cream pail with lid — and the crowd passes it back to the happy bidder.

A succession of articles follows: A spring scale, earthenware crocks, an old axe, two crosscut saws, a butter churn, a box of mason jars.

When the pile is exhausted, the auctioneer says, "Now I'm going to sell the odds and ends left in the woodshed. I'll give you five minutes to go in and look around, and then we'll sell it."

The crowd pours through the door to the murky interior, lit by two cobwebbed windows over a dusty workbench. Not much is left there, mostly junk: Pails of rusty bolts, old juice cans filled with rusty nails, worn dies to a pipe threader, rusty wrenches, short lengths of rusty galvanized water pipe strewn on the sagging plank floor, odd sections of window glass, an aged coffee mill. The auctioneer sells the lot for $25.

Then he strides out the dooryard and across the road to the barn where a small pile of articles waits by the wide haymow doors. The crowd follows him like the Pied Piper. The few things there sell quickly — a platform scale, two large maple sap pans, an ancient saddle — and then he moves on to the machinery.

I linger on the haymow ramp and peer into the empty, yawning mow. All that's left besides chaff on the haymow floor is a broken bale of hay and, leaning against the grain bin, a half-filled sack of oats.

This worn wooden floor once knew the drumming of hoofs as the team rumbled in with the shaggy loads of hay. As years went by, it felt the quiet tread of rubber-tired tractors and heard the rattle of the hay conveyor.

If only this haymow could speak! It would tell the hopes and dreams that had been nourished on this farmstead. Here on the inside of the sliding door I find a name and date carved in the pine boards with a jackknife — HARRY 1927. Below that, engraved in the soft wood in pencil, some tally marks — 42 of them — where someone had been keeping score. Loads of hay? Sacks of grain?

By the time I rejoin the crowd, two haywagons have been sold, and now the auctioneer is standing in front of a small mountain of scrap metal and junk butting up against the machinery shed. He tilts back his Stetson hat with his right hand and scratches his head. The toe of his leather boot nudges an old chain draped over an ancient cultivator part sticking out of the pile.

"Plenty of good scrap here," he says. "Who'll give me $200 for the lot? All right, $100? A $50 bill?"

The bidding starts and within a few minutes someone buys the pile for $300.

He walks on to the machinery in the field. Items sell briskly, one after the other: A hay conveyor, a set of plows, a set of drags, a wheel rake, a deposit grain drill, a baler, a field chopper. Next is the manure spreader, still with a bright coat of paint. The bidding goes to $975 and then falters.

"Now that ain't enough," says the auctioneer. He turns to one of the brothers. "How much did you pay for this spreader?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," pipes the answer. "Brand new just this spring."

"Fifteen hundred dollars," echoes his brother.

The bidding picks up and the spreader gains another $300. Two self-unloading wagons are next. I have come to bid on one of them but they both go too high, $200 more than the limit I have set for myself.

Next are the tractors. The two smaller ones both bring good money. At the big diesel the bidding starts between two farmers standing face-to-face by the front tires — one farmer is bare-headed; one wears a red cap. The lanky auctioneer stands over them, his head bent to their level as though he is praying, as he points his finger first at one, then the other.

"Nine thousand, $9,500. Ten thousand. Ten-five."

Auction #2, by Grandma Moses (1860-1961), 1961

Courtesy Grandma Moses Properties, Inc.

Finally he straightens up and grins at the crowd. "Just a little private contest we had going here," he explains. "Now we'll open up the bidding to the rest of you."

A few more minutes and the farmer in the red cap ends up the winner. He climbs up in the high seat, all smiles, and begins fiddling with the controls.

The crowd moves on to the barn. The milking machines are sold, then the dumping station, cow clippers, and neck tags, even the floor scraper and manure shovels.

I watch the first animal sold, a cow that had freshened just an hour ago, turning round and round the narrow barnyard ring, bawling for the calf that totters beside her.

As I take my leave and walk out the farmyard past the house, I wonder why I haven't seen the widow outside. Has it been too heart-wrenching to see her farm sold bit by bit, down to the last bolt and shovel? What do you do when hordes of strangers trample your lawn, and rude laughter is heard under the lilacs where once your children played?

I would stay inside, too, behind the safety of the lace curtains.

Reprinted by permission Hoard's Dairyman 11/10/75.

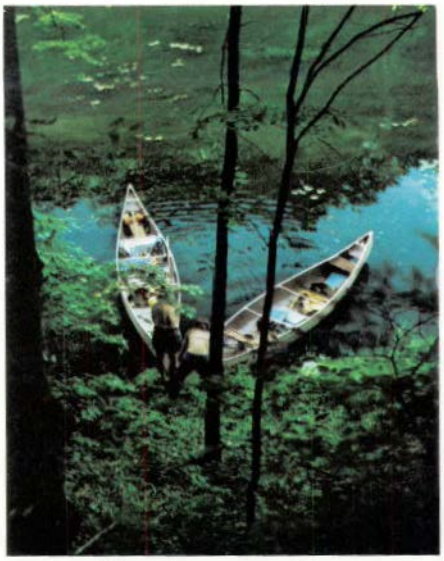
Voyageurs

(Continued from page 5)

water we all looked forward to so much. Furthermore, owing to a mixup with the Canada Map Office, we lacked a vital chart for the next 100 miles of unmarked channel beyond Ottawa. Nor did any of us relish the idea of portaging over the several huge dams which obstructed that route. It had been my misunderstanding that these were passable by locks. I was also apprehensive about provisioning ourselves in this north country where towns and villages became disconcertingly thin. We were eating more than I had planned for, necessitating more frequent stops at towns which the map showed were not there. The vote (by secret ballot) to turn south was understandably unanimous.

After our initial traumas, the remainder of the trip went smoothly. There were still adventures and near misses, such as the time the six canoes almost capsized in the 200-foot-deep Big Rideau Lake while being towed behind a launch in a record windstorm. (The storm seemed to get worse the further out we got, and there was no turning back once we were out there.) By then we were confident and seasoned. We could gauge every new experience, be it paddling at night in the fog or portaging around dams at midnight, against what we had already come through.

What we did was eminently worthwhile, I think, and absolutely safe insofar as our lives were concerned. There was never a



Calvin Martin

Taking a "pipe."

time when life was in danger, although there were in fact times when equipment could have been irretrievably lost.

By the end of three weeks we, each of us I am sure, had a profound regard for the voyageur. In little ways we duplicated his lifeway: we took "pipes," or breaks every three or four miles to rest and regroup; we came close to his diet of pork and lyed corn with our bean and ham breakfasts. Those who were wise among us slept under canoes — and stayed out of the wind and rain that were all too often within and without the tents.

Most striking to me was the powerful survival advantage that good cheer and light humor convey. I had always been perplexed at the bravado and joviality of the French Canadian voyageur. The literature is full of references to the "lively and fickle dispositions," as the early nineteenth-century trader Daniel Williams Harmon expressed it, of these waterfaring French Canadians. I recall thinking, as I lectured, how they seemed such simpletons, laughing, singing, and teasing each other as they raced over the miles of trackless waterways. There was a deep wisdom in that jocular personality, it turns out, which we quickly learned to appreciate and emulate. Surely there is nothing more monotonous than paddling for hours, days, and weeks over hundreds of miles of lakes and rivers. And when circumstances aren't tedious they are either downright miserable or terrifying — sometimes both. Believe me the juvenile song "Alouette" has a marvelous capacity to revive tired muscles or muster courage and enthusiasm when the going gets tough on the river.

The fur trade historian Grace Lee Nute has recorded the eloquent boast of an aged voyageur: "I could carry, paddle, walk and sing with any man I ever saw," he crowed. "I have been twenty-four years a canoe man . . .; no portage was ever too long for me. Fifty songs could I sing. I have saved the lives of ten voyageurs. Have had twelve wives and six running dogs. I spent all my money in pleasure. Were I young again, I should spend my life the same way over. There is no life so happy as a voyageur's life!" Surely those were the days of giants. Sixteen students, a photographer, and a humbled professor salute the brawn and subtle wisdom of the voyageur.

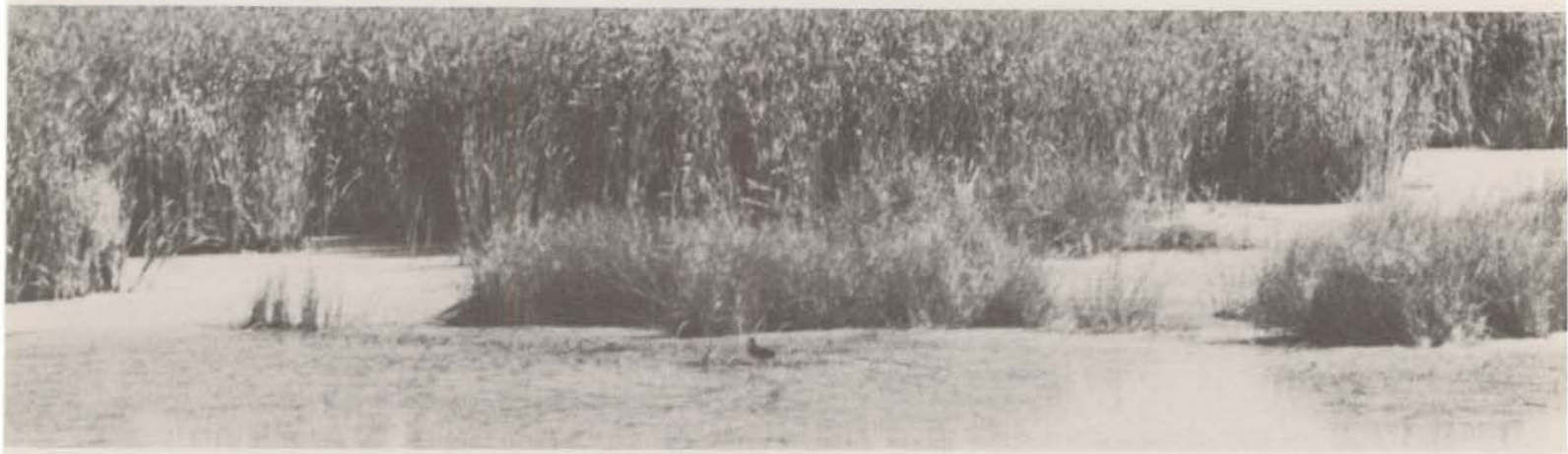
Canoe Manned by Voyageurs by Frances A. Hopkins (Artist shown in middle of canoe with husband)

Courtesy of the Public Archives of Canada

EQ News
Supplement to THE CONSERVATIONIST

Swamps, Bogs and Marshes

Safeguarding a Fragile Resource



by Sandy Marvinney

Mention "swamp" and most people conjure up images of a mosquito infested, smelly, mucky place best left to the frogs and ducks. Yet swamps, bogs, marshes, sloughs and flats — collectively known as freshwater wetlands — are a vital but fragile ecological resource, one that has found new and much needed protection under the Freshwater Wetlands Act enacted by the Legislature during the 1975 session.

Now Article 24 of the Environmental Conservation Law, the act became effective on September 1, 1975. In December the Department of Environmental Conservation held hearings in each of its nine regions on proposed rules and regulations. Final regulations were drafted in early spring following department review.

Over 1,320,000 acres of freshwater wetlands are scattered across New York State, the great percentage in private ownership. They support a great variety of aquatic vegetation and provide habitat for many forms of wildlife. Although long cherished by bird watchers and waterfowl hunters, freshwater wetlands have been largely undiscovered and their value little understood by the rest of the public. They are the last major type of land/water resource to come under some type of state protection.

Much wetland acreage has already been lost by unregulated activities such as dredging, filling and related development. The new law will regulate proposed activities on wetlands of 12.4 acres or more, and on lands within 100 feet of the vegetative boundary of any wetland. The 12.4 acre parcel, seemingly an odd size, is approximately equal to 5 hectares, a metric equivalent for area measurement. Recent federal law requires that all measurements be eventually converted to the metric system.

Like their saltwater counterparts, freshwater wetlands play a key role in the environmental web. Even the slightest infringement of human activities can jeopardize their vital natural functions:

• Wetlands absorb and store water to provide flood and storm control. Loss of wetlands can cause or aggravate flooding.

• They provide breeding, nesting and feeding grounds and cover for waterfowl, shorebirds and many other forms of wildlife.

• They protect subsurface water and act as recharge basins for groundwater supplies.

• As biological and chemical oxidation basins they serve as natural pollution treatment systems.

• They are sedimentation and filtering basins which control erosion, absorb silt and organic matter and protect channels and harbors.

• They provide a source of nutrients in freshwater food cycles and are nursery grounds and sanctuaries for fish.

• Wetlands offer excellent recreational opportunities for hunting, fishing, boating, hiking, camping, photography, bird watching and nature study.

Over two years ago, in anticipation of the act, DEC's Division of Fish and Wildlife began a systematic inventory of all freshwater wetlands of over one-half acre. Mapping of wetlands is now 45 percent completed. Using aerial photographs, biologists outlined the various types of wetlands according to vegetative cover. The outlines are transferred to clear overlays on a U.S. Geological Survey topographic map and a data sheet is compiled on each wetland. The end product will be a state-

wide registry of wetlands on reproducible overlays and computer tapes, an information bank that will be used for developing management programs.

Beginning in early 1977 maps will be filed on a county-by-county basis, and public hearings will be scheduled to give affected landowners, local governments and other interested parties an opportunity to express their approval or objections to particular wetland designations. After a hearing officer has ruled on testimony and final wetland maps have been filed, anyone wishing to conduct a regulated activity must apply for a permit from either DEC or the unit of local government which has filed and obtained approval of a wetland program.

An important aspect of the law provides that by September 1, 1976, each local government may adopt a wetlands protection ordinance that is at least as restrictive as the state law. Wetlands will then be regulated at the local level. DEC will provide technical guidance on request and will also monitor local implementation to assure compliance with the law. If a local government chooses not to participate in the program or fails to effectively implement it, the county government will have the opportunity to step in. If the county refuses or fails to operate the program satisfactorily, the regulatory powers will revert to DEC.

Violations of the law are punishable by fines, penalties and in the case of a second offense, possible imprisonment. In addition to these, a violator could also be ordered by the court to restore the wetland to its prior condition.

Regulated activities include: any form of draining, dredging, or excavation; removal of soil, mud, sand, shells, gravel or other aggregate; any form of dumping, filling or depositing of soil, stones, sand, gravel, mud, rubbish or fill of any kind; erecting any structures, roads, the driving of piles, or placing of any obstruction; any form of activity causing pollution including installing septic tanks or sewer outfalls, and discharging sewage treatment effluent or other liquid wastes; and any other activity which may impair the functions served by wetlands or the benefits derived from them.

Exemptions to the law do permit recreational or commercial fishing, shellfishing, aquaculture, hunting and trapping. In addition, a farmer may use wetlands for grazing or watering livestock, for harvesting natural products such as timber, and may drain wetlands to grow agricultural products. Farmers are required, however, to notify the department of such proposed activities.

All other persons wishing to conduct regulated activities on freshwater wetlands must obtain a permit from the appropriate government body. Prior to the final filing of wetland maps and implementation of the local freshwater wetlands protection laws, anyone wishing to conduct regulated activities must file an application for an interim permit with DEC. Consideration will be given to the effect of the proposed activity on the public health and welfare, fishing conditions, flood danger and protection of the natural functions of wetlands in determining whether a permit will be granted, restricted or denied altogether.

All wetlands, regardless of size, within the Adirondack Park will be regulated by the Adirondack Park Agency. The Commissioner of Environmental Conservation may also exempt from local regulation any wetlands which are of particular unique environmental value. Such special areas would be administered by the department.

1975 Early Bear Season

Preliminary results of New York's *1975 Early Bear* Season were announced by the Department of Environmental Conservation in February. Hunters reported taking a record 189 black bears during the season which was open September 13 through October 10 in the Northern Zone. Included in the early season total was the largest bear ever taken in New York State, with an estimated live weight of 750 pounds.

This ninth early bear season's record harvest exceeded the previous high early season take by nearly 50 percent. That previous high occurred in 1963, New York's first early bear season, with a take of 127 black bears. This year Hamilton County again led the 12 Northern Zone counties with a reported harvest of 48 black bears, followed by Essex 35, Lewis 21 and St. Lawrence 17. Clinton and Franklin each produced 14 bears, Oneida and Warren 12 apiece, Herkimer nine, Fulton six and Saratoga one. Only Washington County failed to produce any early season bears.

Preliminary tabulations revealed that more than 11,300 early bear season permits were issued by the department. It has been estimated, from analysis of 1974's early bear season report cards, that in excess of 240 recreational man-days are spent afield for each bear taken. During the 1975 early bear season, one hunter in 60 took a bear. Hunter success in 1963 (the previous record season) was actually greater when one hunter in 58 bagged a black bear.

The new record black bear was taken by Edward Ball, of Batavia. His exceptional trophy was taken on opening day in the Town of Altamont, Franklin County. The huge male weighed 660 pounds, hog dressed, on a certified scale. The bear's estimated live weight would have been approximately 750 pounds, the heaviest black bear on record in New York State. The previous weight record was held by Richard D. Muhlig's trophy bear (estimated live weight of 660 pounds) taken only a year earlier during the 1974 bear season.

It is highly probable that there will be another early bear season this fall. Hunters wishing to apply for a 1976 early bear season permit should remember that it is necessary to possess the paper portion of their 1975-76 big game hunting license in order to hunt next September.

Bringing Mined Lands Back to Life Again

by David Perriman and Karen Beil

Mining in New York has been important for over 300 years. Today it boasts a total value of annual production of $440 million and employs about 7,000 persons directly.

Most significant among the mined minerals in dollar value are crushed stone (24 percent); salt (15 percent); sand and gravel (12 percent) and zinc (8 percent). Cement, which is included in the crushed stone category, is the leader in dollar value.

The Adirondacks yield most of the metallic minerals, while cement comes from along the Hudson Valley and the belt from Albany to Buffalo. Stone, sand and gravel are distributed throughout the state.

Over 50,000 acres in New York have been left derelict, haunting results of past mining operations. The U.S. Bureau of Mines reports that more than 100,000 acres in New York have been mined, of which only one-quarter have been reclaimed or are currently in productive use. Despite these grim statistics, things are looking brighter for wise use of lands in this state.

To protect the environment from unregulated mining, as well as to encourage careful mineral production, the Mined Land Reclamation Law was designed to watchdog all mining undertaken after April 1, 1975.

Stipulations of the law require that mining be carried out in an environmentally sound manner and that the site be reclaimed after the mining is completed. Although the company has the option of when to begin the reclaiming, it is economically advantageous to begin the reclamation early, otherwise a considerable bond must be posted.

Originally the impetus for the legislation came from three groups: some organized commercial mine operators, fearing that anti-mining factions would "zone them out of business"; some persons who were distressed at the scars on the landscape from old mines and who feared new operations; and the Department of Environmental Conservation, which envisioned a need for a regulatory program to protect the environment while still allowing mineral production, especially the sand, gravel and crushed stone so essential to the state's continuing development and economy.

The rules and regulations apply to all surface and underground mines from which 1,000 tons or more of minerals will be removed from the earth within any 12 successive months after April 1, 1975. This includes anything disturbed, not just material which is sold. The estimated 1,000 tons would average about 600 cubic yards of material and, therefore, would involve most mining operations.

Exemptions to the law include agricultural activities and "on-site" construction. For instance, the second exception would include sand removal in order that a building may be constructed on that site, even though some of the material removed may be sold as an incidental aspect of the construction. The exemption also applies to highway construction as long as the earth movement is conducted within the right-of-way. Earth moving for farming purposes is not regulated, unless the farmer sells the excavated material.

Mines and road-material excavations operated by local governments and state-operated facilities are subject to the same conditions as private entities to insure environmental protection and ultimate reclamation, with differences in the fees and bonding. The only exempt state-related activities are mining projects on state lands under water, where the Office of General Services has granted leases or permits for this purpose. This normally is a dredging operation to recover sand and gravel, such as in New York Harbor.

In areas where local laws or ordinances governing mining are stricter than those being imposed by the department, the local laws prevail. In all other cases, the statewide rules and regulations govern.

To obtain a permit to operate a mine, the applicant must present a mined land-use plan to DEC, composed of a detailed mining plan and a reclamation plan, with a permit fee ($100 for one year, $200 for three), and proof that neighboring landowners and the local government have been advised of the filing of the application by publication in local newspapers or by direct certified letter.

The overall plan is to include a graphic portion, composed of maps and aerial photographs, and a written portion describing fully what the applicant will do while operating the mine and the actions planned to reduce or eliminate environmental damage (reduction of dust, screening to prevent visual blight), and how the land affected will be restored to beneficial uses.

(Continued on EQ News V)

(Continued from EQ News IV)

Specific standards for reclamation are listed in the rules and regulations, which are subject to revision after public hearings in March. The basic requirement is that the affected land be brought to a condition which is compatible with environmental surroundings and which encourages future productive use. Some examples are acceptable angles for slopes, the integration of large boulders left behind, the burial of rubbish, and the protection of watercourses from future siltation.

Once the application is filed and the fee paid, the application must be checked for accuracy and feasibility in the regional office within 90 days. If the application is in order, the applicant then must post a performance bond, to guarantee that funds will be available to pay for reclamation should the permittee be unable to do so.

Citizens can be involved in this process, as well. If a citizen shows reasonable cause, he can petition the department not to issue the permit, and the permit application may be subject to public hearing at which the applicant and objecting citizen would be heard. Local governments may also petition.

When a mining operation begins to wind down, the operator must inform DEC of the termination date within 60 days. He then has two years to complete the reclamation. The bond is released when the land is reclaimed and passes a DEC inspection.

The law does not require that land disturbed by mining earlier than April 1, 1975, be reclaimed. DEC is endeavoring, however, to persuade the operators of extant mines that it is both good business sense and a good community relations step to carry out reclamation of all of the disturbed land. In some states, operators have found that reclaimed land has an even greater value than the minerals extracted from it.

EQ News Briefs

The mighty sperm whale and a lowly evergreen shrub growing in the Sonoran Desert of Mexico might seem worlds apart, but they have one very important thing in common — oil — and this could prove the salvation of the whale. Scientists have discovered that a colorless, odorless oil extracted from the peanut-sized seeds of the jojoba plant has virtually the same chemical properties as sperm whale oil which is used commercially as a high pressure lubricant in automatic transmission fluids. In an effort to protect the declining whale population, the U.S. banned importation of sperm whale oil in 1971. Supplies are now almost depleted and no satisfactory synthetic substitutes have been found. A recent report of the National Academy of Sciences recommends cultivation of the jojoba in the arid southwestern U.S., particularly on Indian reservations. It is estimated a jojoba plantation could yield 1,000 to 2,000 pounds of oil per acre each year, providing a new livelihood for the Indians as well as giving the sperm whale a renewed lease on life.

* * *

What does an American bald eagle have in common with a soft drink? A penny a piece from "Slurpee" drinks, totaling $200,000, has been donated toward acquisition of a winter home for about 15 percent of the bald eagles in the "lower 48" contiguous states. The Save a Living Thing campaign spanned just four months in late 1974, jointly sponsored by National Wildlife Federation and 7-Eleven Food Stores.

One thousand acres in South Dakota and Nebraska will be maintained by the Interior Department as a bird sanctuary. Only about 2,000 northern bald eagles exist in the contiguous United States, excluding Alaska. The Missouri River bottomland to become a National Wildlife Refuge supports populations of whitetail deer, bobwhite quail, wild turkey, fox, coyote, opossum, raccoon and bobcat.

* * *

The National Board of the Sierra Club has decided that no change is needed in the club's existing policy on hunting. It thereby reaffirmed the provision in its wildlife policy which accepts well-regulated periodic hunting as a management technique. The board acted on a resolution of its national wilderness committee which urged the club to accept "provisions in basic laws that recognize hunting as legitimate use of the wilderness areas on the national forests and other appropriate public lands."

An Important Letter to Our Readers

***New York State Environment*, since its first appearance in 1970, has been sent on request, without charge, to persons concerned with the environment and the role of state government in protecting and enhancing it.**

Two developments have made it necessary to now charge for a subscription — $1 a year:

- **Requests to be put on the mailing list have increased so rapidly during the past year that circulation and, therefore, costs have multiplied enormously;**
- **The fiscal problems faced by New York State (and all other cities and states) are such that government officials in fairness to the taxpayers are resolved to reduce expenditures.**

The positive aspect of this decision, however, is that with the readers paying this nominal sum, *New York State Environment* can continue to expand its circulation.

Readers now on the mailing list who wish to continue are requested to submit one dollar. Those who wish to subscribe should send a dollar. Coupons below are for your convenience.

We are anxious to retain our old friends as well as welcome new ones.

Janine Selendy

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Record Fish Program

Anglers in New York State caught some big fish last year. Six new state records were established, four in freshwater, two in salt. These fish were winners in *New York's Record Fish Program,* conducted by the Department of Environmental Conservation.

Herb Doig, Director of the Division of Fish and Wildlife, explained that the program is not a contest. "Every angler dreams of landing a fish that will put him into the record books. When an angler accomplishes that feat in New York State, we want to recognize his achievement while continuing to emphasize that record fish are a bonus, not the major aim of sports fishing.

"Fishing should be fun, for youngsters and adults alike. When it ceases to be fun, it's time to take up some other hobby. That is not to say that our anglers do not take their sport seriously," he added. "They fish seriously, but have sport, not necessarily catch, as their goal."

In addition to the six new state records set, there were four annual records established and five junior angler certificates earned.

The new state records are as follows:

Largemouth bass — 10 lb. 12 oz., caught in Chadwick Lake, Orange County, 10/10/75, by Matthew Rutkowski, 35 Monarch Drive, Newburgh, N.Y. 12550, on a Jitterbug lure.

Chain pickerel — 6 lb. 8 oz., caught in Harrisburg Lake, Essex County, 1/27/75, by Ralph J. Miller, 36 Rooney Avenue, Albany, N.Y. 12205, on a live shiner.

Splake — 8 lb. 11 oz., caught in Lake Eaton, Hamilton County, 5/22/75, by Robert Smuts, 31 Holcomb Street, Simsbury, Conn. 06070, on a brown ghost fly.

Channel catfish — 15 lb. 3 oz., caught in Lake Champlain, 9/25/75, by Richard G. Monette, 28 Luella Road, Latham, N.Y. 12110, on a shrimp.

White marlin — 117 lb., caught in the Atlantic Ocean, 8/17/75, by George M. Guydish, Jr., Mill Road, Manorville, N.Y. 11949, on a whole mackerel.

Mako shark — 405 lbs., caught in the Atlantic Ocean off Montauk, 7/75, by Allan J. Ristori, 113 Charlotte Place, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

Annual records were set for 1975 as follows:

Lake trout — 20 lb. 1 oz., caught in Sylvia Lake, St. Lawrence County, 9/16/75, by Gale C. Ferguson, Box 178, Gouverneur, N.Y. 13642, on a sucker minnow.

Lake whitefish — 5 lb. 6 oz., caught in Eagle Lake, Essex County, 10/12/75, by Robert C. Stevens, 1 Green Ridge Road, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534, on a Hus lure.

Northern pike — 22 lb. 10 oz., caught in Seneca Lake, 2/23/75, by William C. Flack, Jr., 751 Watkins Glen Road, Waterloo, N.Y. 13165, on a Creek Chub lure.

Walleye — 10 lb. 8 oz., caught in Black Lake, St. Lawrence County, 7/23/75, by Mrs. Shirley C. Watkins, 352 Parkview Drive, Arcade Valley Estates, Arcade, N.Y. 14009, on a Rebel lure.

Winners of citations as junior anglers were the following youths:

Modero F. Crutchfield, 935 Ogden Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. 10452, for a *yellow perch,* 1 lb. 2 oz., caught in Lake Welch, Rockland County, 6/8/75 on a nightcrawler.

Jeffrey N. Pomerantz, 1230 Avenue X, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235, for two fish: *bullhead,* 1 lb. 8 oz., caught in the Mongaup River, 8/30/75, on a minnow and *bluegill,* 7 oz., caught in Schneider's Lake, Sullivan County, 6/24/75, on a worm.

Scott L. Monette, 28 Luella Road, Latham, N.Y. 12110, for a *carp,* 8 lb. 10 oz., caught in the Mohawk River, 8/15/75, on corn meal bait.

Richard M. Monette, 28 Luella Road, Latham, N.Y. 12110, for a *carp,* 5 lb. 1 oz., caught in the Mohawk River, 8/15/75, on corn meal bait.

Free entry forms for the 1976 Record Fish Program will be available soon at all regional offices of the Department of Environmental Conservation, as well as at many license-issuing agents. Forms contain all the necessary rules and instructions. Entries are accepted for 26 species of freshwater and 27 species of saltwater fish. Eight species of nongame freshwater fish are also included in the junior angler citation program. The same form is used for entries in all categories.

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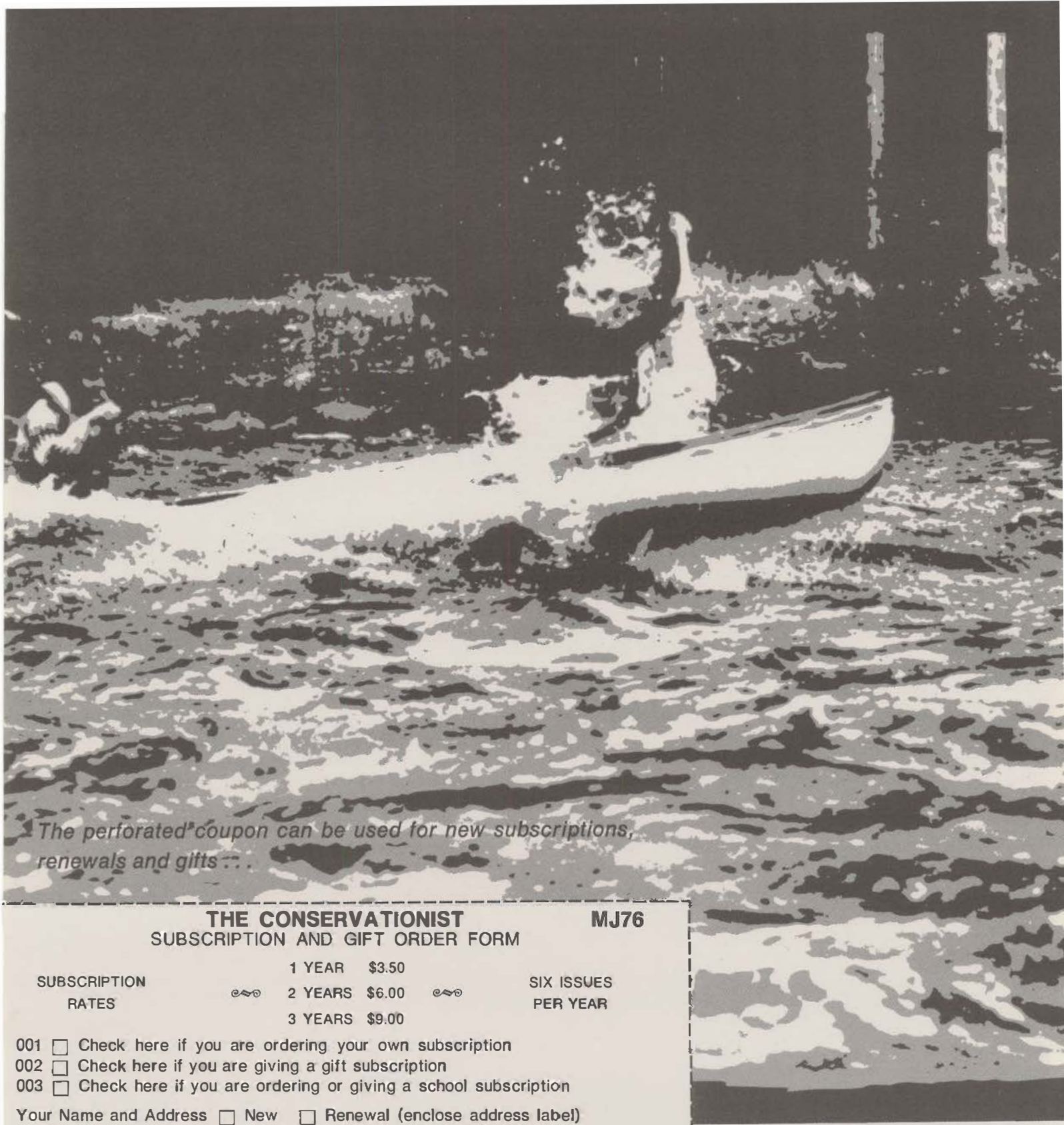

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Sketch Book Look at Survival Specialties

Most wildlife has unique physical features related to behavior.

Chimney swifts have wide mouths suitable for catching insects in flight. Their feet are flat-soled with extremely sharp and curved claws which help them cling to vertical sides of trees or chimneys. The tail is very stiff with bare tips which help support the weight of the bird.

Kingfishers have very sharp spear-like beaks and eyes that have good binocular vision at short range. Their three front toes are fused making a striking dive from a perch smooth and quick.

Most woodpeckers have one of their "front" toes angled backward. This, plus stiff curved tail feathers, help support the weight of the bird. Beaks are often chisel-tipped for stronger chipping action.

Beaver have split toe nails on the inner claws of the hind feet that seem to help in grooming their deep fur.

Egrets have comb-like serrations on the outside edges of their middle front toe nails that seem to be important in preening. Their eyes are set quite wide and angled forward providing good binocular vision necessary for close spearing of fish, frogs and other food prey.