

TRADITIONS OF HARTWOOD

A NARRATIVE WHICH HAS TO
DO WITH THE REGION IN
THE VICINITY OF HARTWOOD,
SULLIVAN COUNTY, NEW
YORK, WITH SPECIAL REFER-
ENCE TO THE HISTORY
OF THE HARTWOOD CLUB.

By

DR. CHARLES A. CAMPBELL

1930

THE ORANGE PRESS, WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

Dedication:

Voicing what he believes
To be the prevailing
Sentiment of the members of
The Hartwood Club
The author takes the liberty
Of inscribing this volume
To the three living original members:
Clement Cleveland, M. D.,
George H. Morris and
J. Mortimer Townley,
Whose service and influence
Are unforgettable memories
Of the Club's traditions.

Contents

I. The Distant Back-ground.....	7
II. When the Club was Born.....	29
III. The Old-time Members.....	41
IV. The Club House Periods.....	53
V. Life in the Cottages.....	85
VI. The Charm of the Place.....	91
VII. In Blossom Time.....	101
VIII. Trees and Shrubs.....	111
IX. Bird Life in Hartwood.....	121
X. Hunting and Fishing.....	125
XI. The Future of the Club.....	149
XII. The Present Membership.....	153

Author's Foreword

IN undertaking the delightful task of presenting a picture of Hartwood, the writer's thought has been to portray as accurately as possible certain features of the days long since gone and to interpret the significance of the days that now are. Many who might have supplied authentic and valuable information in the attempt to reproduce the spirit of the years of old are beyond the reach of mortal hands, and few adequate narratives of the Hartwood story are accessible.

Considerable liberty has been exercised in the use of Quinlan's "History of Sullivan County," certain passages being employed with various modifications of form and order. In so far as possible every statement made has been verified, and any errors in fact must be attributed to a lack of substantial data. Earnest effort has been made to establish the veracity of other narrators who, more or less incidentally, have referred to this part of the State of New York and to the many changes which have taken place since its settlement.

So far as translating the present meaning of Hartwood is concerned, it is inevitable that his own personal reactions should largely determine the character of his comment, and for this he is of course responsible. No endeavor has been made to confine the material to The Hartwood Club, but rather to suggest a setting in which one may think more effectively of the Club and the contribution it has made to many lives through the period of its existence. Since "brevity is the soul of wit," the book has been kept within reasonable limits.

Especial thanks are due to Messrs. J. M. Townley, George H. Morris and Edward J. Dimock, who by spoken

and written word have enabled him to set in order the events as they have occurred, and to many persons who have generously furnished photographs. The book owes its existence to the deep interest of Mr. Townley, without whose sustained encouragement it would have been neither conceived nor completed, and to the Board of Trustees who authorized its preparation.

The writer will be grateful if the coming generations, thus reminded of the richness of their inheritance may carry forward to fuller and finer expression the traditions which have marked the way their fathers trod.

CHARLES A. CAMPBELL

Hartwood, New York

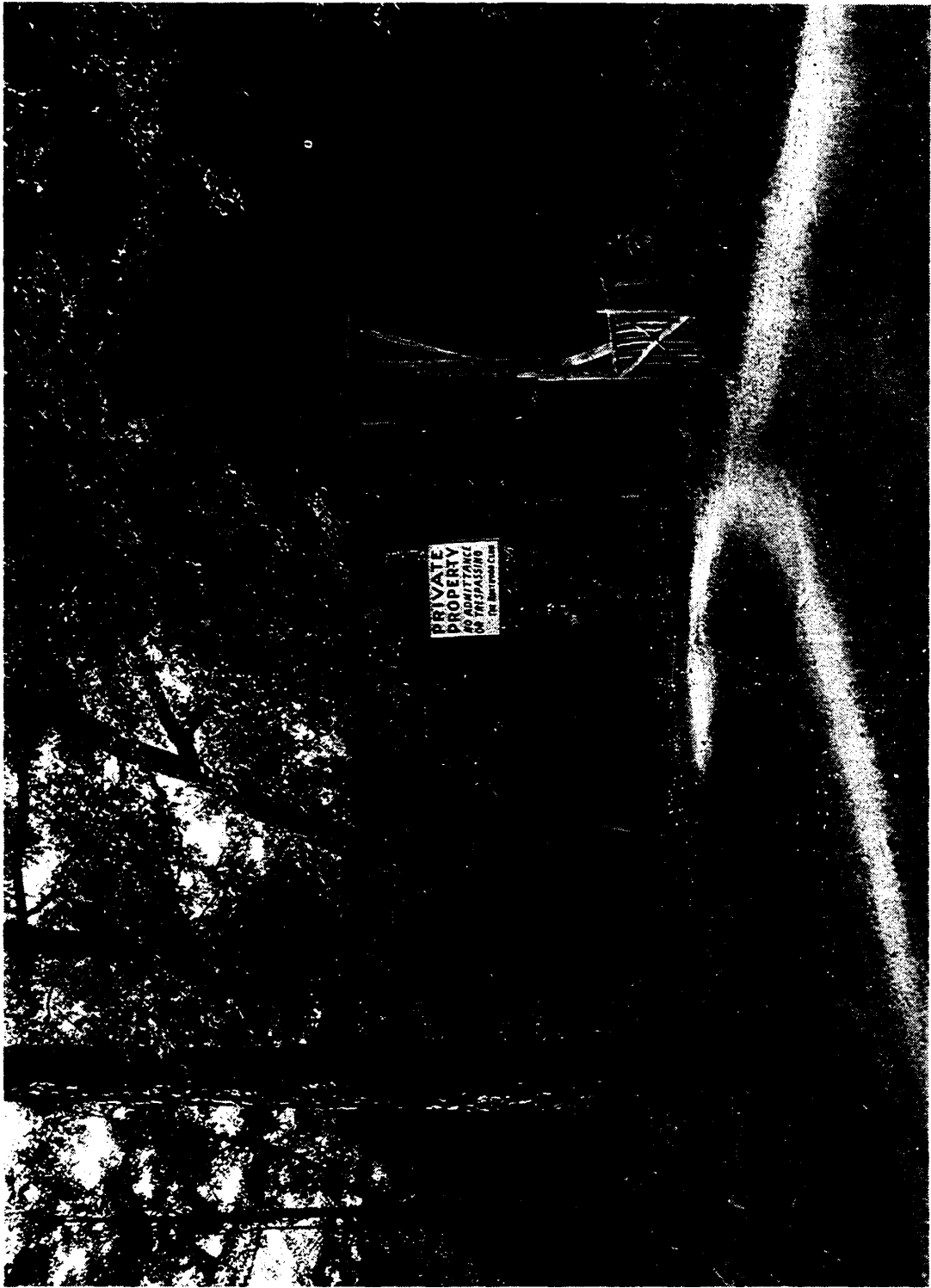
September 16, 1929.

CHAPTER I.

The Distant Background

THE history of Hartwood begins, of course, with Creation, and half its significance is lost to us if we neglect the contribution Nature has made and is forever making to its perennial charm. The geologist tells a thrilling story of the days of old—of mighty earth-convulsions, of vast deposits of soil material and of age-long glacial movements, all of which antedate the earliest human records. Out-croppings along the Delaware River and exposed strata as at Mongaup Falls betray the activity of stupendous forces operating long before primitive man appeared to climb the hills, to circumvent the storms, to conquer the wild beasts and to mark a precarious trail along the water-courses. The entire area in the midst of which Hartwood is situated, from the imposing cliffs above Matamoras to the main range of the Catskills and from the Delaware to the Hudson River, is rich in historical material and well worth the interest of the student of legendary lore.

The foundations of the region were substantially laid, the rocks which form the under-basis being stratified or sedimentary, having been formed under water, there being no igneous or Plutonic rocks in the Catskill Division, in which, geologically speaking, a large part of Sullivan County is included. To a great extent the rocks are exposed, and consist of the "old red sandstone" which underlies the Pennsylvania coal fields, and rising from this stratum constitutes the bed of the Delaware River, together with grey sandstone, conglomerate and shale. The entire region was long ago submerged, currents of polar ice and water flowing down the channels of the St. Lawrence and the Hudson Rivers which, mingling with what is now known



The Gateway to the Club Grounds

as the Gulf Stream, formed an inland sea of huge dimensions, whose far extended shores, covered by various deposits, constitute the Catskill group. Two forces were at work effecting the present condition; first, upheaving, dynamic power produced the high lands; second, denudation, or the power exerted by moving water, cut deep channels in the rocky strata over which it rolled. Vivid illustrations of this may be seen at various points on the Mongaup and Neversink streams.

Certain of the rocks are commercially valuable and various ores have been found, though not in large quantities; among them being lead, zinc, iron and copper. Some manganese and coal are scattered here and there, but with the exception of flag and building stone, extensive deposits of brick clay are the only real mineral wealth of the region. It may be that extended observation and exploration may disclose other forms of mineral value and in paying measure; the geological evidence however, seems to offer little encouragement to the prospector.

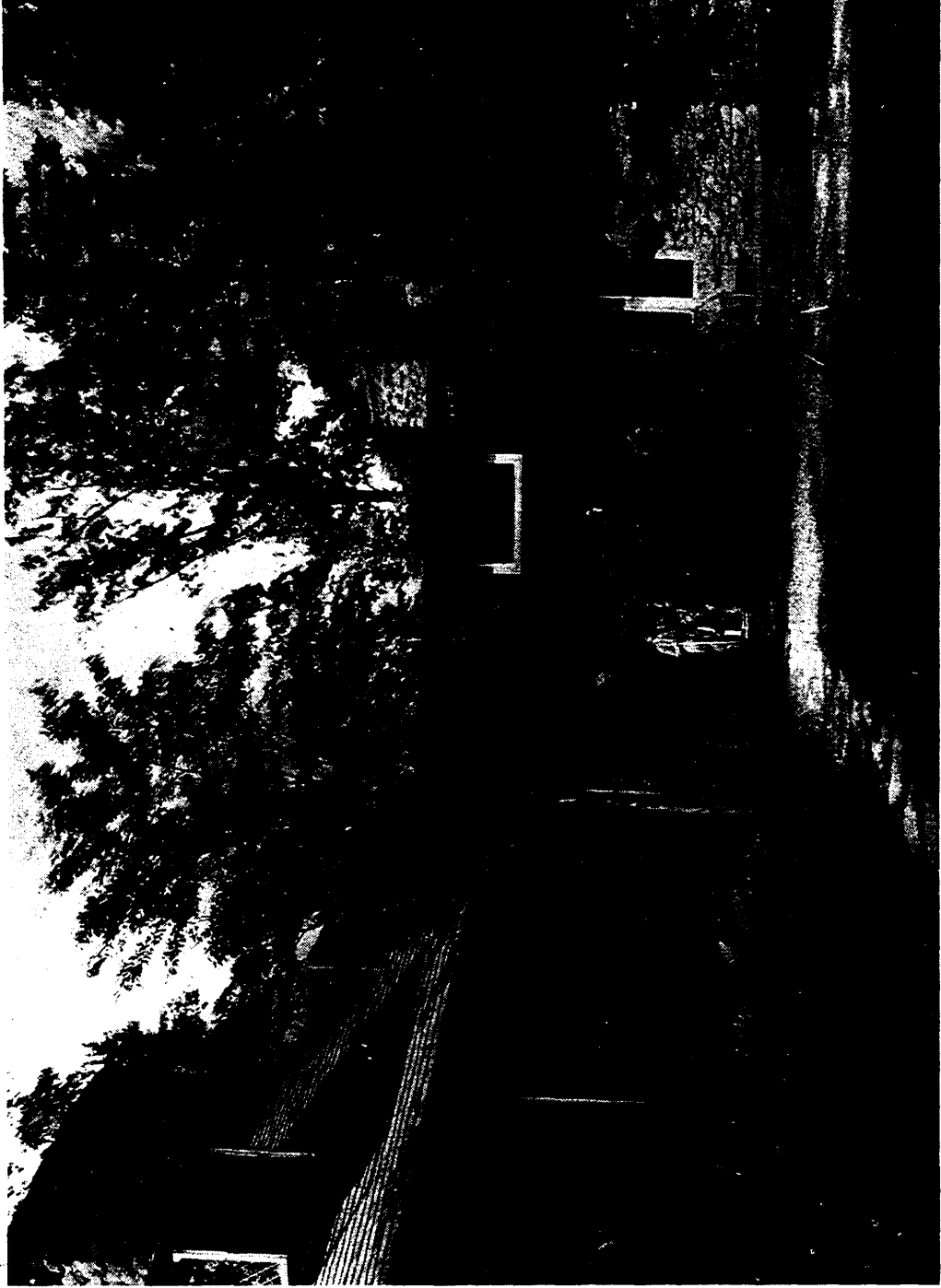
The average depth of earth in Sullivan County is not great. The surface earth owes its existence to the influence of a stupendous deluge by which the original hills were delapidated and lowered, and the valleys were made deeper by great cataracts and surges, the water being carried violently over the high ledges, and then, crossing the ridges from west to east, falling a thousand feet to the lowlands. Only an energetic imagination can picture the cataclysmic forces at work to bring about the topography as it now exists.

So far as we know the earliest inhabitants of the region were the Lenni Lenape Indians, parent stock of the Algonquin tribe which greeted Henry Hudson in 1609 at the mouth of the river which now bears his name. His journal says they were "a very loving people, some of their men very old, and that the whites were well used." Other



The Townley Cottage

accounts declare the Indians were troublesome, inclined to stealing, and frequently hostile, especially when penalized for misconduct. The Lenni Lenape were also known as *Wapanachki*, *Opennaki*, and by similar designations. Later on they were called Delawares by the whites because they occupied the territory from which that river derives its waters. The Lenape group consisted of three tribes—the *Unani* or Turtle, the *Unalachtgo* or Turkey and the *Minisink* or Wolf. The last named occupied Sullivan and Orange Counties, and was made up of various clans. Competent judges have pronounced the language of the Lenape as the most nearly perfect of all Indian tongues, being characterized by great beauty, strength and flexibility, and having the power of compressing an entire sentence into a single word. For instance, the word Mongaup means “Dancing Feather”—an altogether appropriate name. They gave pleasant names to the valleys and watercourses, as Mahoning, Wyoming, Ming-wing, etc. One gathers, from trustworthy records, that the white settlers coming in from the lower Hudson River region, from Pennsylvania and New Jersey had little cause for complaint so far as Indian aggression was concerned until their friendship was largely lost when landsharks and unprincipled traders stripped them of their possessions. In the course of time all the lands of Orange, Sullivan and Ulster Counties were purchased of the Lenape, many of whom by 1724 had removed to Ohio. By this time they had become a degraded people largely subject to the whites and bereft of the courage and heroism which marked their early history. During the latter part of the 18th century there were various outbreaks and massacres, the settlements along the Neversink having their share of peril and sorrow. The last Lenape seen within this region was a penniless wanderer without a hat and in rags, the sport of idle and mischievous boys.



The Cleveland Cottage

The Lenape claimed to be the parent stock or "original people" or "grandfathers" of at least forty tribes, who spoke their language or its dialects, among them being various Canadian groups, the Ottawas, Chippewas, Sacs and Foxes, Menomonees, Miamies, Pottawatomies, Kickapoos, Illinois, Shawnees, Powhatans, Mohegans, the Susquesahonnocks, the Monocans, and the New England Indians. Some of these tribes were numerous and powerful and were divided into many clans or cantons. The entire Hartwood region was frequented by bands, sometimes settled, more frequently roving.

"Dark as the frost-nipped leaves that strew the ground,
The Indian hunter here his shelter found;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
Speared the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle-ball;
Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
Singing her chant to hush her swart papoose;
Here stain her quills, and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood."

On the banks of the Delaware River was an Indian village of some note, where the savages of the country gathered to observe their ancient customs. Here they had their green-corn dances, their dog festivals and their games of primitive ball, and here, according to an ancient tradition lived the celebrated Lenape sage and "Yankee saint," Tammanend or Tammany. Some affirm that he lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, that he was a sagacious and virtuous sachem, that in his youth he resided in what is now Delaware and that he afterward settled on the banks of the Ohio. In truth, little reliable data is available concerning this remarkable chief, save that he was frequently in this region, roaming over the hills in search of game, that he had a wigwam in the valley, in



The Dimock Cottage

which were cooked his samp and venison, and in which he reposed after his tramps over the nearby hills.

On all sides were the hunting-grounds of the red men. Beaver as well as other wild animals, were plentiful in every direction, and large profits resulted from trapping fur-bearing animals. One man, so the story goes, caught enough beaver in a few months after the Revolutionary war to pay for four hundred and thirty-three acres of land. Warriors, hunters, squaws and papooses were numerous. The children of the whites and Indians played freely together, developing a tender attachment for each other, an attachment which was subsequently smothered by the antipathy of race, and came to its end in the carnage of the French and Indian war. Liquor was responsible for many personal quarrels and bitter antagonisms between the two races.

The date of the first visit of white men to this territory is unknown, as is the route pursued by them. They may have come from a colony of Swedes established on the Delaware River as early as 1638 or they may have traveled the Indian paths which led from Esopus in 1614 where the Dutch had a trading post. It was a prevalent idea that the forests of the entire continent abounded in mines of precious metals with which the Indians were acquainted. Iron pyrites often misled them and "fool's gold" lured many to fruitless and heart-breaking expeditions. Although the search for mines led to the discovery of much fertile land in the wilderness and to its occupation by the whites at an early day, it did not lead to the settlement of the banks of the Delaware by the Swedes or any other Europeans as far up as Minisink until several years had elapsed. Probably the first activity hereabouts was trading for skins and furs. Among the names of the earliest settlers are two familiar even at the present day, Cuddeback and Germar (or Gumaer). It is thought that



On the Hartwood Road

the first cabin built by a white man in Sullivan County was erected by one Manuel Gonsalus, a Spaniard, near Wurtsborough about the year 1700.

About the year 1800 a saw-mill was built at "Trotter's" on the Bushkill (now Hartwood) by a Mr. Reed which operated only a few years. About the same time in a clearing one and one quarter miles from Trotter's, lived a man who supported himself by making shingles, David Handy, by name, his place being known as Handytown. Here he remained until his death in 1814, when his children moved away. He was buried on his farm, and at the head and foot of his grave are tomb-stones, still to be seen, selected by himself from the flag stone quarries of the neighborhood. Handytown then had and still has a remarkable spring of water, flowing limpid and delicious from a steep bank, the flow being generous and constant.

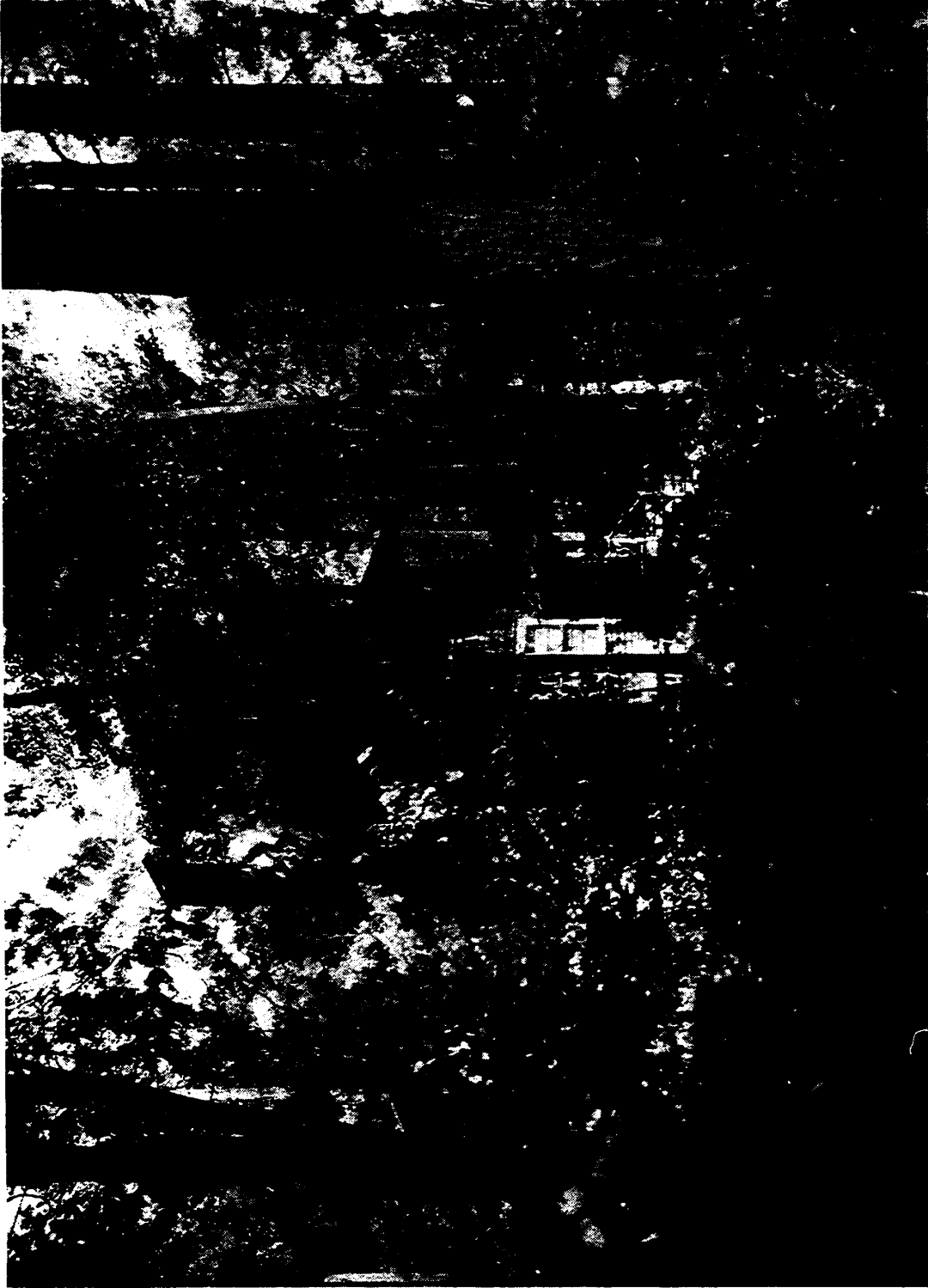
About 1820 when the turnpike was completed as far as Trotter's, Robert Handy, a son of David, opened a tavern at that place, which, travelers assert, very largely ran itself, one remarking that on his arrival there was not a sign of bread or flour or meal or potatoes or butter or fish or fowl or

meat of any kind, yet the hostess provided him with a "sumptuous" meal. She baked him an old-fashioned "pumpkin loaf" in an iron kettle, covered with cabbage leaves on which were piled hot embers. This loaf and a bowl of fresh milk constituted his keenly relished repast, his appetite furnishing the sauce.

The name Hartwood was first applied to the settlement at Oakland, by William J. Clowes in honor of his father-in-law, Rev. Mr. Hart, and was subsequently applied to the locality which now bears his name after the removal of the post-office from Oakland to that point. This at any rate is the tradition.

Nathaniel Green, originally from Middletown, came to the region about this time, building a small log house as a temporary shelter for his family. His nearest neighbor was Thomas Alsop, three miles distant, the first merchant of the settlement, who later built a large house near Green's and occupied it with his family. During the same period the Mount Hope and Lumberland Turn-pike was completed as far as Hartwood and Mr. Green built a comfortable residence in which he lived until his death in 1859.

In 1832 Gerardus Clowes, a brother of William J., owned nearly all the wild land in the vicinity of Hartwood. In the same year, Joseph Norris moved from Orange County and located on a tract of land bought from Clowes adjacent to Nathaniel Green. He moved his family into a small vacant house near-by. Then, with the help of one of his sons he cleared a lot on which he intended to build. This accomplished he began the erection of a log house. All went well until the month of August when a long standing mill-dam (the remains of which may be seen on the Green Pond stream) owned by Green was destroyed by a flood. On the bottom was an immense quantity of vegetable matter, which in the intense heat of the season, quickened the



The Morris Cottage

seeds of disease and death. Various fevers prevailed in the valley. The Norris family was prostrated. His wife, exhausted by unremitting care, succumbed and died. He was left with a young family, among strangers, houseless and incapacitated for labor by disease. Urged by his children to abandon the scene of misfortune he remained, hopeful that success would finally reward his efforts.

At the end of the first year, his two eldest sons left the place and one of his daughters was married to E. A. Green. He then moved into his new house over which his second daughter of fourteen years presided. With his third son, a lad of twelve, he proceeded with the task of improving his wild land. Nothing seemed to daunt him. He was a true frontiers-man. Accustomed to pleasant social intercourse in his former years, here his evenings were spent in listening to the dismal howlings of wolves which seemed habitually to congregate at Panther Pond about a mile from his house, and if they scented food, boldly approached his log tenement. Once, when he had slaughtered a beef, the entire pack gathered under his very eaves and his children spent a night of terror surrounded by these yelling and snarling beasts of the woods. Otherwise his daily toil was unbroken, save by the defiant challenge of rattlesnakes which were very numerous, or the appearance of a stray bear. Earnestly and patiently he continued his labors. Fields were made arable and the fruits of his industry rewarded him for all his toil and self-denial. Travel increased, new neighbors came in and the comforts of more settled life. In his old age his son Silas returned and purchased a part of the homestead erecting a tavern which together with his father's house was destroyed by fire. Joseph Norris was a brave man and a true Christian. He served his country in the War of 1812. He lived the life typical of the stalwart, determined pioneer. His



Looking Down Hemlock Lake

patriotism received a fitting gesture at the hand of death, as he died on July fourth, 1862, aged seventy-six years.

In the early settlement of the country the Presbyterians and the Baptists struggled each for its own communion to obtain the vantage ground. Fierce and unyielding was the controversy concerning the lawfulness of "sprinkling." In the bar-room and in the pulpit, at the logging-frolic and at the prayer meeting, anywhere and everywhere when a few of the pious or the profane came together the contention proceeded, sometimes with good nature, sometimes with anger, always earnestly. Here and there was a liberal minister who practiced both immersion and sprinkling, so the convert to religion, when one appeared, could have his choice of much or little water.

There is some doubt perhaps as to what "getting religion" really is. Early settlers in Hartwood knew a man named John James Stewart who lived for a time near the Mongaup and later in Monticello. He had been a sailor in his younger days and was ever known as "Uncle Jack." He had some of the faults and some of the virtues of the old-time Jack Tar. He was kind and generous to the poor and when his own resources failed, besought aid of others on behalf of those in need. He had a singular way of juggling profane and sacred things, a habit which seemed second nature. Once he made a profession of religion, and at a prayermeeting addressed the brethren, giving a very chaste and beautiful description of what he had seen as a sailor—the magnificent works of art, etc., of the old world. He concluded with the startling inquiry, "And now, beloved, after seeing so much who would have thought I would come to this d—d hemlock country to get religion?" It is assumed that his "probation" terminated with this extraordinary evidence of piety. When he lay dying, he sent word to some friends that "the devil was underbrushing a path for him straight into Heaven!"



The Simonson Cottage

People who live in a new and sparsely settled region are often called upon to exercise great sympathy and mercy, and at no time so freely as when misfortune overtakes a neighbor. If a cabin takes fire from the burning woods, they respond to the need, and build him another. If by reason of sickness he cannot plant his newly cleared fields or gather his harvest, they lend him a helping hand. The true pioneer is a generous and unselfish man. In the year 1810 nearly the entire population of one near-by community consumed eight days searching for a boy, John Glass by name, lost in the wilderness. One summer day his mother sent him into the woods to carry dinner to some men who were chopping wood. On his return he wandered from the trail and became hopelessly bewildered. He was not missed until evening when the choppers returned home without him. Every parent may imagine the scene; the distress of the mother and the feverish activity of the father. The night was spent in anxious but fruitless search by all who were aware of the occurrence. In the morning word was spread far and wide and all joined in beating the swamps and thickets, continuing to do so until they lost hope and courage. No trace of the lad was found, and all believed that he had perished from terror, hunger and exposure, or had met with the fearful fate of being devoured by wild beasts which were known to be numerous and ferocious. When John left the path he traveled almost directly away from home. Overtaken by night he lay down beside a fallen tree, weary, hungry and half crazed, but sleeping in his exhaustion until dawn. Then at random he started again to find his way out. He wandered for ten days with nothing to eat except a few wild berries and seeing no living thing except an occasional bird or beast of the forest. One night he was awakened by the bleatings of a deer and then heard the angry snarl and growl of a panther. On the eleventh day he was a



One Corner of Echo Lake

pitiable object. His body was emaciated and lacerated, his feet were swollen, and he was so worn and exhausted that he could scarcely stand. About to lie down to die, he heard a distant cow-bell. The sound renewed his courage. He struggled forward in the direction from which it came and discovered a number of cattle in a clearing. It was near dark. The cattle, when they saw him, started slowly for home. With failing strength he followed them, obliged finally to crawl upon his hands and knees. He came at last to the house of a neighbor. Going out to milk the cows, the woman of the place discovered the poor boy on the ground near her door. She bathed him, dressed his torn limbs, gave him nourishing food and returned him, when able to bear the journey, to his parents, who, convinced he was dead, had given up the search. He lived to be an old man but never fully recovered from his adventure in the woods but always needed the controlling influence of a mind more sound than his own.

Among the early records are frequent memoranda of ear-marks by which cattle and swine were identified. This was necessary, as they roamed at large, some feeding on the grass of the wild low-lands, some in the woods to fatten on nuts. To prevent disputes as to ownership and to aid in the recovery of strays each owner was entitled to an ear mark which was duly recorded by the clerk of the precinct. The following are typical:

“Fred Seybolt—Slit in left ear and latch in right ear.

Jacob Gonsalus—A hole in each ear.

Wm. Jellet—Half penny on the under side of the right ear.

Amos Wheat—Square cross on the left ear and a hole underneath.”

The merchants of the country prospered more largely than did the farmers. Some grew rich by bartering



The Hodgman Cottage

blankets, trinkets, powder, lead, poor guns and ruinous "fire water," the curse of the Indian, for furs and peltries of beaver, otter, deer, bear, panther and other wild animals.

Prices of various commodities in the pioneer days were in striking contrast to those now prevailing. By the gallon, brandy was one dollar; gin, one dollar and thirteen cents; wine, one dollar and a quarter; molasses, sixty-five cents; flannel, fifty-four cents a yard; codfish, six cents a pound; cigars, per dozen, six cents; turnips, twenty-five cents a bushel; maple sugar, ten cents a pound; butter, ten to twelve cents a pound; one day's work, sixty-two cents; one day's work with a yoke of oxen, one dollar.

CHAPTER II.

When the Club was Born

BY the close of the Civil War, and in fact for a number of years before the war, the country hereabout had a considerable though scattered population. Hamilton Childs, publisher of the "Gazette and Business Directory of Sullivan County" says that "Hartwood (in 1870) contains a store, saw-mill, turning and planing mill, fifteen dwellings and eighty inhabitants. Hartwood, together with 3,600 acres of land surrounding it, is owned by Thomas Clapham of Long Island. Two hundred thousand feet of lumber are produced annually, while in the turning mill, fringe boards, ribbon and belt blocks and warp rolls for use in silk factories are manufactured."

At Handytown, the Gordon place, the "Spring Lot," the "Sand Lot" and elsewhere were industrious families hopeful of wresting a partial living from the soil. The winters were long, the growing season proportionally short, consequently the family income was more or less dependent upon outside employment which was largely furnished by the mills operating here and there in this region. Game was available and this supply of food with somewhat uncertain crops made life possible and probably pleasurable to the inhabitants, whose tastes were simple, who had not become habituated to luxury and who undoubtedly had a large measure of the heroic in their physical and mental make-up. One has to travel only a mile or two in the vicinity of any one of the old-time clearings to get a vivid impression of their prodigious energy and patience as revealed in the walls and fences of stones which were removed usually by hand and by the aid of the most primitive tools from the ground being prepared for cultivation. One is compelled to acknowledge that the same amount of labor and perseverance expended in more hospitable territory



The Keppler Cottage

would have brought larger returns. But that type of industry and heroism is an inevitable incident in every frontier movement.

The Town, or Township, of Forestburgh, which includes a large portion of the Club property, is situated on a high plateau between the Neversink and the Mongaup, and is drained by the affluents of these rivers, having an average elevation of thirteen hundred feet above sea level. In earlier years, lumbering, tanning, dairying and the quarrying of flag and curb stone were the principal industries. The old blue flag-stone side-walks in lower New York City were constructed of material quarried in this region. Tanning has long since ceased and lumbering is carried on in negligible measure only. Quarrying was the last of the historic industries to vanish, very little stone having been removed during the past decade. Oakland was settled previous to the Revolutionary war. Captain Abraham Cuddeback built a sawmill at the mouth of the Bushkill about 1783 where lumber was sawed to rebuild the houses destroyed during the war in the Neversink valley. Lumber was also cut at this mill for export, being floated down the Neversink to the Delaware on which it was rafted to Philadelphia.

Some forty odd years ago the territory now in the possession of the Hartwood Club was recognized as good ground for the hunter and fisherman. Port Jervis, twelve miles away, contained a number of men who from time to time came here to make use of the opportunity for sport afforded by the cover and the streams and lakes. Prominent in the group was William H. Crane, an attorney, practicing law in Port Jervis and serving as "Special County Judge" of Orange County, New York. He was regarded as a skillful and enthusiastic sportsman and was familiar with this and the adjacent region. In 1888, he became impressed with the idea of acquiring these lands, then in num-

erous separate parcels, and assembling them for a preserve dedicated to hunting, fishing and the enjoyment of out-door life. In this proposed enterprise he secured the co-operation and financial support of his brother-in-law, William N. Burgess of Flemington, N. J., Fred W. C. Crane of Lyons Farms, N. J., Jacob R. Stine and his son, John R. Stine, both of Brooklyn, N. Y. This group, bound together by family and social ties and by a common love of sport, established The Hartwood Park Association, acquiring the desired property and proceeding to further the purpose in mind, the date of the formation of the Association being October 30th, 1889. In working out their plans they were beset by various difficulties and uncertainties. To establish a Club under the then existing law governing "Membership Corporations" would limit the use of the property to that purpose and would place them in an embarrassing situation should they fail to establish a Club. To protect their financial interests The Hartwood Park Association was incorporated under the "Business Corporations" law of the state of New York. This latter law was not suitable for a Club, and the "Club" law was not suitable for a real estate development plan to which they might be compelled to resort. In these circumstances the Association drifted into the semblance of a Club but was never so actually. The incorporators admitted to their number certain so-called members who were as a matter of fact not members of anything tangible but were merely minority stockholders of a business corporation having an uncertain future.

The management remained in the control of the incorporators who did not appreciate the seriousness of the situation until it was brought to their attention by the so-called "new members." Under these circumstances, a committee, whose members were George H. Morris, Chairman, J. Mortimer Townley, George W. MacCutcheon, Henry A. Haines and Fred W. C. Crane, was appointed and in-

Miles as in the Old Days



structed to investigate the conditions and to propose a course of action. Judge William H. Crane, as president of the Association, was, ex-officio, a member of the committee but took no active part in its work. The report of the committee left no doubt as to the existing conditions, and its recommendations resulted in the organization of "The Hartwood Club," the purchase by it of the property of The Hartwood Park Association and the dissolution of that organization. The new Club was incorporated under a suitable law entitled "an Act for the Incorporation of Societies or Clubs for certain lawful purposes." Its certificate of incorporation was prepared by the committee, approved by the Supreme Court and filed in the office of the Secretary of State, at Albany, New York, January 14, 1893.

The incorporators of the Club were William H. Crane, George H. Morris, Jacob R. Stine, Fred W. W. Crane, and J. Mortimer Townley. In the certificate of incorporation, the incorporators named as trustees until the first annual meeting, the following gentlemen: William H. Crane, William N. Burgess, Jacob R. Stine, John R. Stine, Fred W. C. Crane, George H. Morris, J. Mortimer Townley, Henry A. Haines, George W. MacCutcheon, Clement Cleveland, George Vassar, Jr., and Jacob Voorhis, and they were duly elected at the first annual meeting, February 1st, 1893. The officers, then elected for the first year were:

William H. Crane, President
George H. Morris, Vice-president
J. Mortimer Townley, Treasurer
Fred W. C. Crane, Secretary

Having been duly incorporated, and having adopted a constitution and by-laws The Hartwood Club proceeded with lengthy negotiations to the acquisition of the property of

The Hartwood Park Association, the property being transferred July 1st, 1893.

According to the records of the Secretary of The Hartwood Club the following is a brief statement of the transactions involved:

“The main tract lies in lots 17 and 18 of the First Division of the Minisink Patent. The line between these lots crosses the upper part of Hemlock Lake running east and west. The Club House and cottages are in lot 17, and the upper part of Hemlock Lake in lot 18. The southern boundary of lot 17 is the “Jersey Claim Line” having been surveyed as the boundary between New York and New Jersey as claimed by New Jersey. It was used for convenience first by the New York Transit Company and later by the Rockland Light and Power Company for their lines.

Lot 18 was conveyed by the Mount Hope and Lumberland Turnpike Company to Albert S. Benton on July 12, 1822. (This turnpike followed the general route of the present road from Oakland to Forestburgh. The differences in the route are due to the fact that when the four-horse stagecoaches were given up the traffic on the turnpike could not surmount the enormous grades which were involved in its bee-line construction, and the present road meanders much more than the old. The Turnpike Company had acquired title to lot 18 under an act of the Legislature of April 11, 1817, authorizing it to levy a tax within three miles of either side of the turnpike. The owners, if any, had evidently failed to pay the tax and the Turnpike Company bid the property in.)

Albert S. Benton conveyed lot 18 to Abraham Cuddeback on February 4, 1834. The deed from Benton to Cuddeback conveyed also 330 acres in lot 17. Cuddeback had evidently acquired substantially all of the balance of lot 17 from some owner who had not recorded his deed, for on December 12, 1836, Abraham Cuddeback and Katherine, his wife,



The "Annex"—Owned by J. M. Townley

conveyed lot 18 and substantially all of lot 17 to Charles C. Boyd.

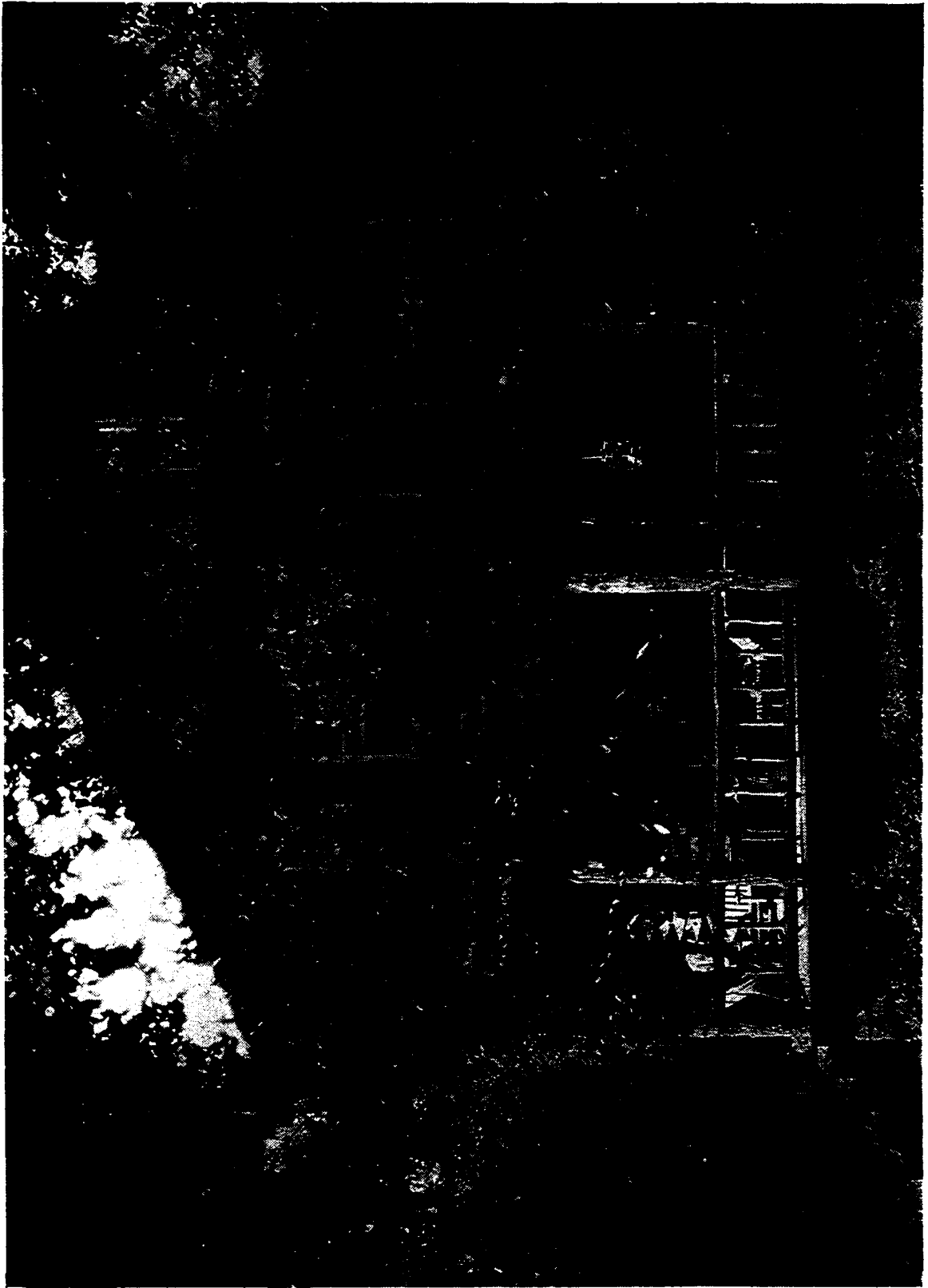
(In all probability, this Abraham Cuddeback was either the Captain Abraham Cuddeback who built a sawmill at the junction of the Bushkill and the Neversink in 1783 to provide lumber to rebuild the houses destroyed in the British and Indian raids or else the son of the Captain. Mr. Baer says that the original house on the site of his present house was a log house built by the Cuddebacks. When his father-in-law, Lambert, took over the property, the log house was still standing. It had been used as a school by the Cuddebacks.)

On March 26, 1864, Charles C. Boyd and Sarah, his wife, conveyed the property, with certain exceptions, to Morris M. Schultz and Mary Ann, his wife. The exceptions were the following:

- 200 acres to Edward Carpenter
- 150 acres to Charles Gordon
- 50 acres to William Sarr
- 85 acres to Henry C. Decker
- 82 acres to James B. Harvey
- 60 acres to William Yeomans
- 50 acres to Oliver Gordon
- 50 acres to Cornelius Gordon
- 16 acres to Wickham Wells
- 46 acres to Aaron Beebe

(Certain of these names, such as Carpenter, Gordon, Harvey and Yeomans, are household words. The Present Boyd house lies in lot 36 of the Seventh Division of the Minisink Patent, and thus was not conveyed by the conveyance to the Schultzes. The Schultzes were absentee operators of the sawmill and tannery which had been operated by Boyd at the foot of the hill in the general neighborhood where Miles Sturdevant now lives.)

• On March 18, 1868, the Schultzes conveyed to Henry E. Eastgate and Isaac P. Lounsbury.



The Waring Cottage

On July 26, 1869, Isaac P. Lounsbury conveyed his interest to Judson Schultz.

The ownership went along in common between Eastgate and Judson Schultz until January 4, 1881, when Henry E. Eastgate and Emma C., his wife, conveyed the Eastgate interest to Judson Schultz.

On May 21, 1881, Judson Schultz and Anna, his wife, conveyed to Sanford B. Cocks.

On June 18, 1889, Sanford B. Cocks and wife conveyed to William H. Crane.

On June 26, 1889, William H. Crane and Cornelia, his wife, conveyed to Jacob R. Stine, Frederick W. C. Crane and William N. Burgess, and on November 1, 1889, all of them, with their wives, conveyed to The Hartwood Park Association.

On July 1, 1893, The Hartwood Park Association conveyed to The Hartwood Club."

By this purchase and by lease of other territory with perpetual hunting and fishing rights, some seven thousand acres were obtained, about fifty-five hundred acres being actually owned. The Hartwood Park Association thus lived as an organization about three years and three months, during which time the first Club House was erected, the year being 1890. During the earlier years of the Club's existence the dominant interests were hunting and fishing. Ruffed grouse were plentiful, there were many ducks, there were some rabbits and squirrels, foxes were abundant. Bear were not uncommon and the deer, though largely depleted by continuous slaughter by the inhabitants of the land and roaming hunters were frequently seen.

CHAPTER III.

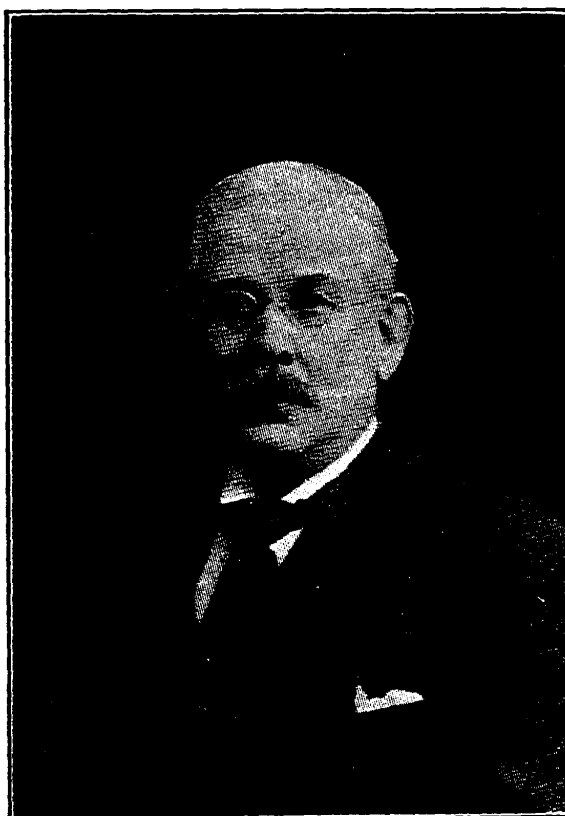
The Old-Time Members

ANY narrative assuming to include in its compass the salient features of the Hartwood story would be both inadequate and unsatisfactory without particular reference to the men identified with the creation of the Club and instrumental in furthering its growth. The lack of space forbids full comment upon all who have come and gone, but "honor to whom honor is due" demands recognition of their worthiness and their whole-hearted service. Industry and community interest were conspicuous features of the attitude of the founders as might be expected of those whose interests were parental and altruistic. The original members of the Club, all of whom were members of The Hartwood Park Association, through their self-forgetful devotion, their hopes and plans for its future welfare and by their own personal physical efforts undertook the construction of the woodland paths, cleared and burned the undesirable underbrush, pulled sunken logs and tenacious stumps from the lakes and employed their week-ends, their occasional holidays and their vacation leisure in the general improvement of the grounds.

Judge William H. Crane, the first president, through his intimate acquaintance with the occupied territory and his large knowledge of wood-lore was possessed of unusual enthusiasm and initiative, and to him is largely due the impetus toward the development which proceeded in later years. He was a good hunter and fisherman but his activities were by no means confined to sport. It may truthfully be said that to him, more than to any other individual the first organization was due. In recognition of the part he played he was chosen president, first of the Association, then of the Club, serving continuously until 1902.

Mr. George H. Morris, a successful business man of New

York, brought to the organization, dignity, experience, wise counsel and intelligent service. He served as trustee from 1893 to 1926 and as secretary from 1902 to 1921, his records in the minute books being conspicuous for their accuracy and completeness, in this respect, probably being unsurpassed and rarely equalled in any similar organization. The remodeling and enlarging of the first Club House were in accordance with plans drawn by himself, a draughtsman



George H. Morris

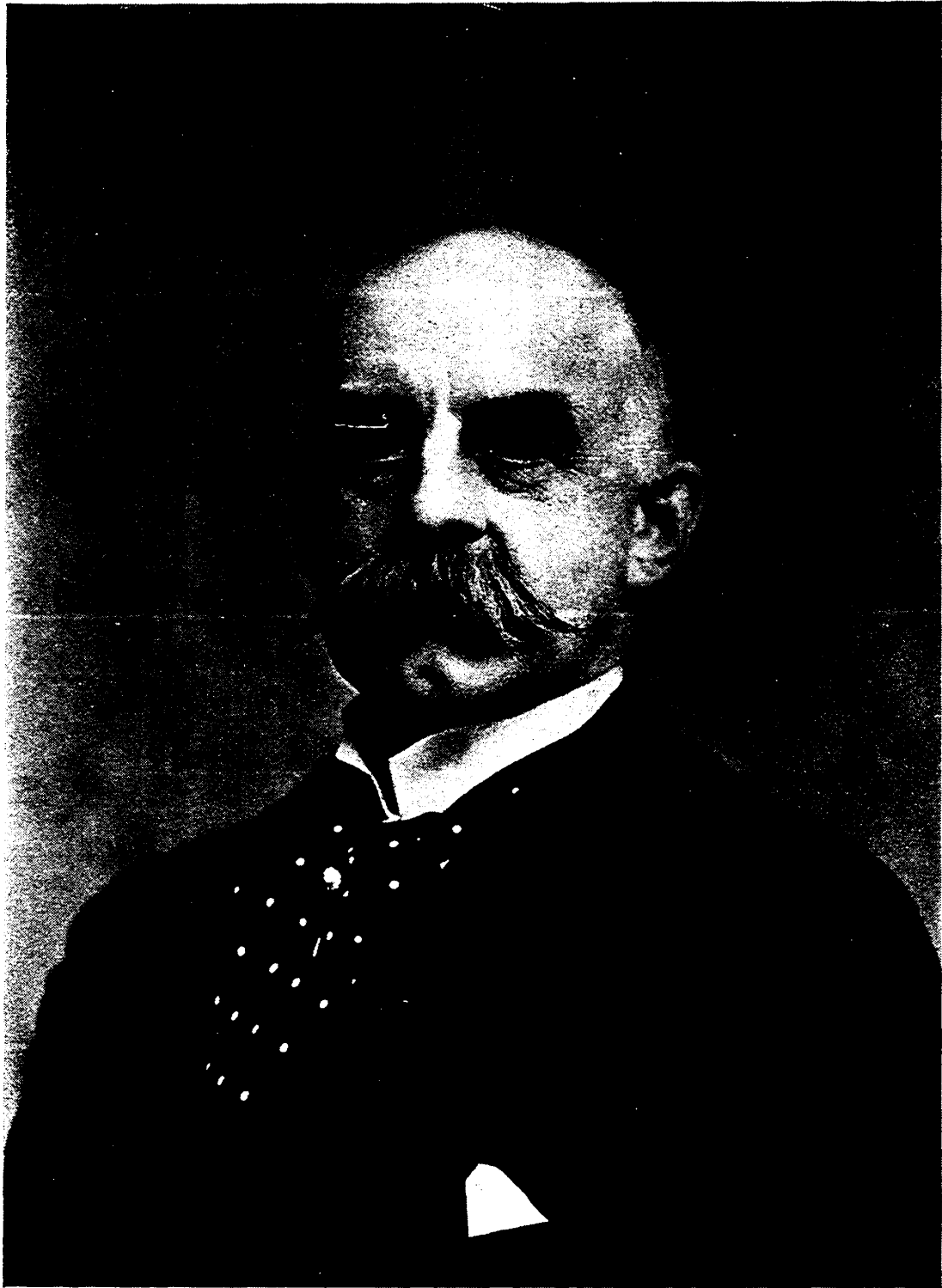
being the only professional employed, while his suggestions and deep interest were most valuable in the construction of the present Club House. On the third of July, 1914, he was presented by the members with a handsome gold watch in affectionate recognition of his devoted service to The Hartwood Club. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morris still bring pleasure to their friends by occasional visits to Hartwood.

Dr. Clement Cleveland, while not a sportsman, possessed a fervent love for the natural beauty and charm of the woodlands and an eager interest in the life of out-of-doors, an interest which has grown with the years. His particular occupation has been the projection and construction of delightful trails through the woods, the constancy of his enthusiasm knowing no abatement with the flight of the

years, he having built in the course of the past year at his own expense a number of attractive paths through new territory. Always willing to give freely of his surgical knowledge and skill in time of need, he is held in love and honor by all who have the privilege of his friendship. To beautiful "Elsinore" have come many distinguished guests, and no one forgets the hospitality of this "gentleman of the old school." He served for three years as president of the Club, from 1902 to 1904.

Most intimately and helpfully identified with the affairs of the Club from its inception and uninterruptedly since, is J. Mortimer Townley. A member of the original Association, he was a member of the organizing committee of the Club and one of its incorporators, being elected a trustee at its first meeting held on the first day of February, 1893, and re-elected every year since, and has served as president since 1905, an unbroken period of twenty-four years. His passionate love for Hartwood and all the word signifies is known to every one. No one can measure the full meaning of the invaluable and unselfish service he has contributed to the life and progress of the Club. Again and again, he has been the "emergency man," coming forward in times of need, and fulfilling to the utmost the possibilities of personal friendship and official responsibility. Those who know most intimately the inner history of Hartwood appreciate the quality of his devotion. To quote from a long-time member, familiar with the earlier days: "In those fifteen years, from 1904 to 1919, the history of The Hartwood Club cannot be separated from the concerted activities of J. Mortimer Townley and George E. Dimock in its behalf, nor can their contemporaries think of either without associating him with the other.

They were neighbors in Elizabeth, N. J., associated in business in New York and zealous fellow workers in the affairs of the Club. They owned in common, a delightful



Dr. Clement Cleveland

tract of woodland adjoining, and as extensive as, the property of the Club. The enjoyment of their property and of the bountiful hunting and fishing which it affords, has, by their cordial invitation, been, for many years, the gratuitous privilege of the members of the Club, and many of the material comforts and pleasures enjoyed by the members of the Club upon its own property have directly resulted from their thought, work and generosity.

While Mr. Dimock lived, it seemed natural that Mr. Townley should be president of the Club and Mr. Dimock its vice-president and chairman of its executive committee and at each annual election there was no dissenting voice respecting their selection as such.

Among the numerous material advantages which the Club has acquired by the generosity of Mr. Townley, are the creation of Townley Lake, the use of the Youmans farm, and the new barn, and these have been given with such extreme modesty that few of the members have been aware of their source.

Mr. Dimock was one of those men whose personality commands respect and affection. He was a man of high ideals, superior judgment and gentle manner. In his quiet way he did much for the Club. His influence in its affairs was never obtrusive, but his disapproval of any project was accepted by his associates without question. He was neither a hunter nor a fisherman, but, for the benefit of others, he devoted much time and energy to the promotion of hunting and fishing and the enjoyment, by members and guests of the Club, of those many pleasures which he did so much to maintain."

To these two men, J. Mortimer Townley and George E. Dimock are due the respect, affection and gratitude of every member of The Hartwood Club, because it is doubtful if, without their zeal and generosity the Club would have

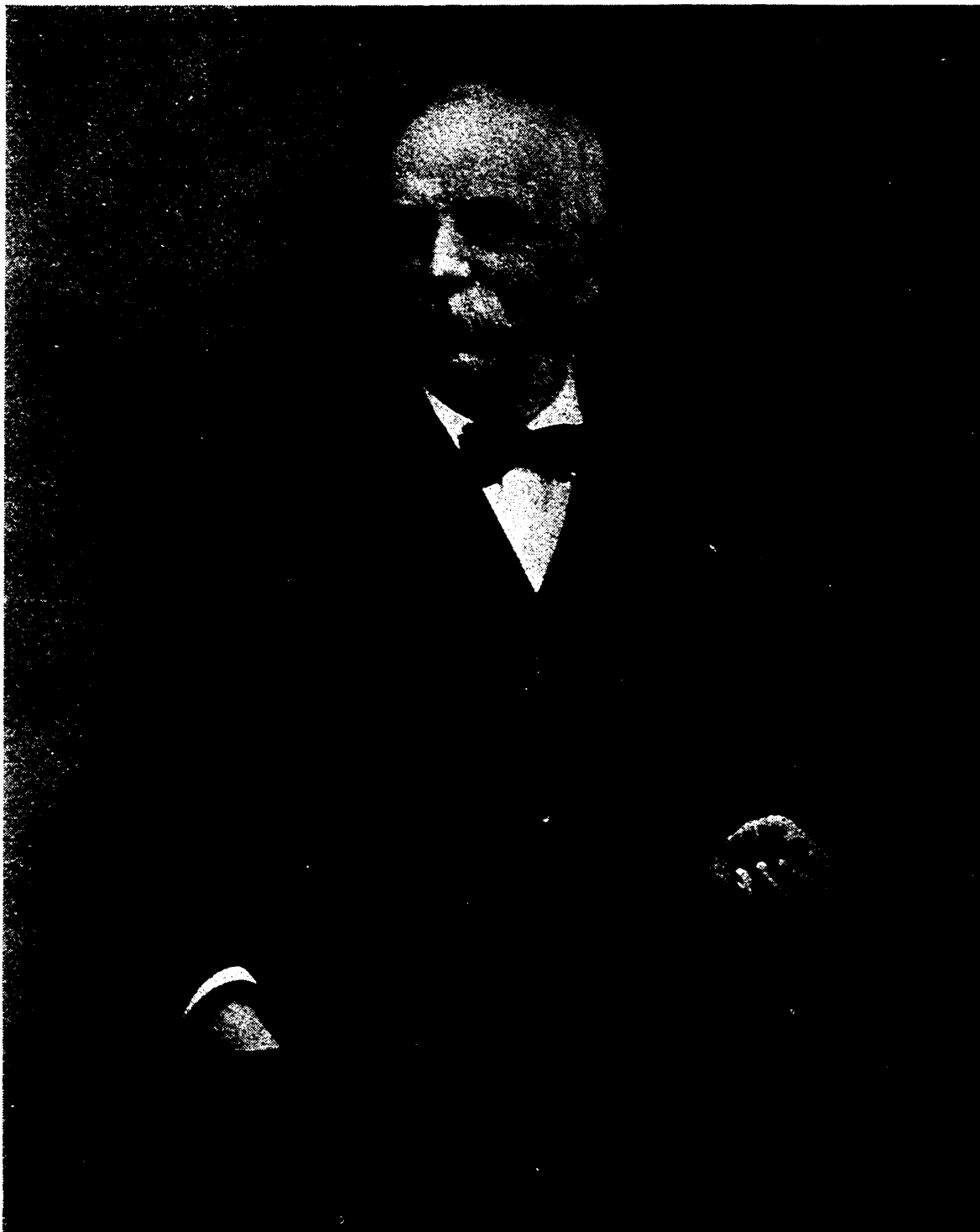


President J. Mortimer Townley

survived. Mr. Dimock's death occurred October twentieth, 1919, at his home in Elizabeth, N. J.

William H. Corbin of Elizabeth, prominent lawyer and eminent citizen, became a member in 1894, erecting his house in 1895. Being a surveyor in his youth, his special interest was the opening of the woods so that those who cared little for hunting or fishing and other sports might find pleasant diversion. Thus he became the founder of the system of paths which have proved an increasing delight through the years, to members and visitors alike. The first path opened in 1895 was a very rough affair and ran from his cottage to the woods road near Echo Lake. He continued the work from year to year, the first ones being little more than blazed trails, but beginning about 1902 he employed several men who wrought with pick and shovel and developed the Midwood path, and paths around Echo and Hemlock Lakes and to Handytown spring as we know them today. Thus he found pleasure and relaxation when freed from the demands of his professional life and by his energy and foresight bequeathed to the coming generations the delights of leisurely, comfortable rambles through the woods. For much of this work he had the cordial assistance of Dr. Cleveland. He was a member of the board of trustees for many years but his busy life prevented any large share in the business affairs of the Club. When there were social gatherings in the various cottages, which were frequent in those days, and in which all the members participated, he was often the "life of the party," as he was a brilliant raconteur and mimic and could relate in dialect his boyhood experiences. Mr. Corbin was born in Chenango County, New York, and died September twenty-fifth, 1912, in his Hartwood house. His widow Clementine Corbin passed from this life in 1929, but his son Clement K. Corbin is a member of the Club.

Mr. Henry A. Haines should be remembered, for from

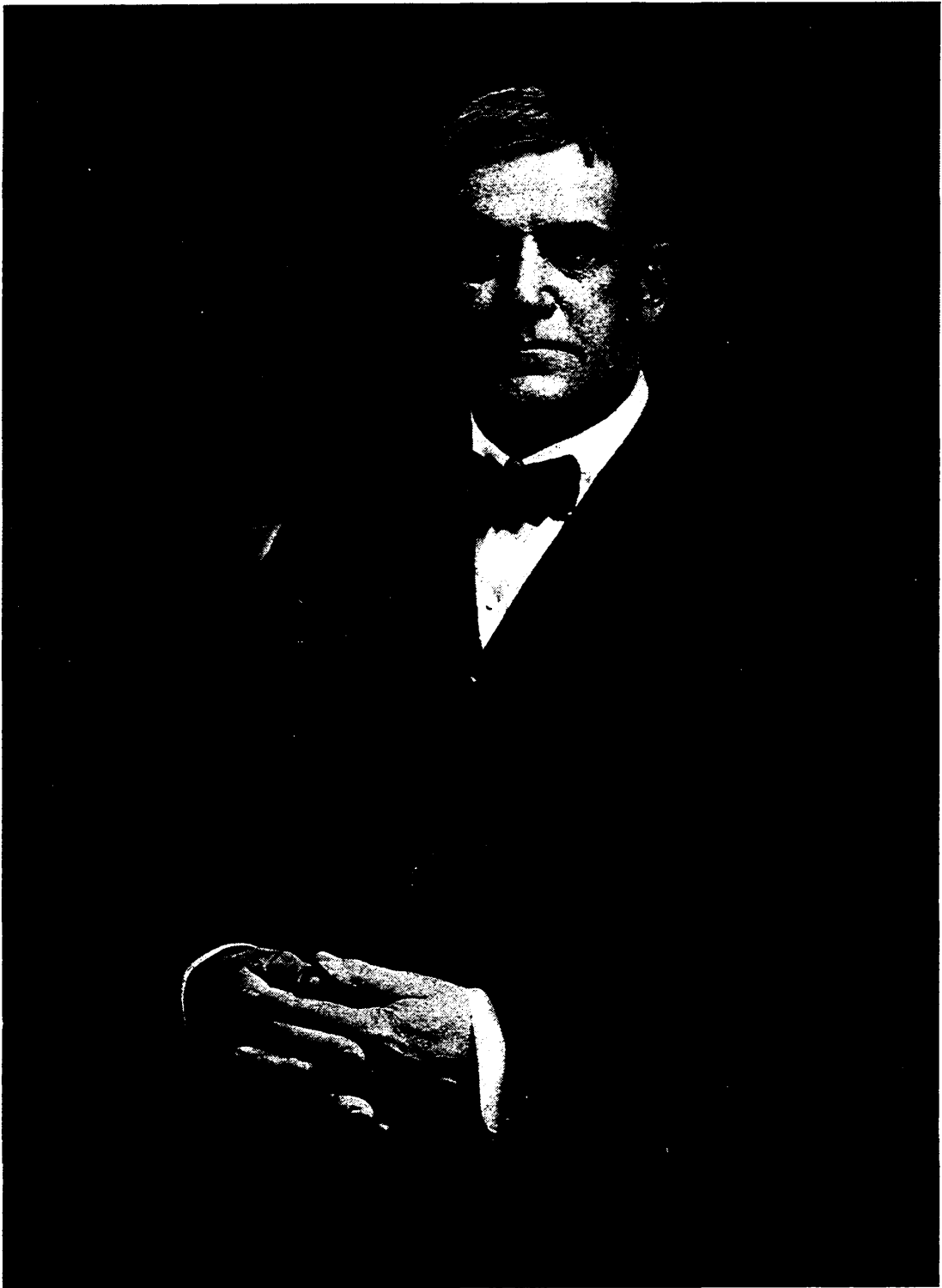


George E. Dimock

his great interest in flowers, grew the purpose to plant the first white and pink water-lilies that now adorn Echo Lake, and to him is due the abundance of lovely blooms which are now enjoyed. Incidentally, it was through him that Mr. Corbin was introduced to Hartwood. Those who knew him will recall the ardor, the persistence and the success with which he fished, and the delight of his comradeship.

Mr. George W. MacCutcheon, a wholesale merchant of New York, was a member of The Hartwood Park Association and was named by the incorporators as a trustee until the first annual meeting of The Hartwood Club when he was duly elected, serving as such until 1904, and as secretary of the Club from 1896 to 1901. He was a man of great probity and high ideals and by his genial nature possessed an unusual capacity for friendship. Many guests came to enjoy the pleasure and comfort of his welcome, and some will recall Mr. and Mrs. George Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) who spent their honey-moon here. His gracious disposition and the warmth of his fellowship were held in high regard by his associates. His membership came to an end with his death on April twenty-seventh, 1917. To the satisfaction of all the family name abides in Mrs. MacCutcheon.

Those familiar with the activities of the Club during the past thirty years remember, and always pleasurably, the smiling face and genial mind of Dr. LeRoy Broun whose membership began in 1899, being terminated by death on April twenty-second, 1925, in New York. He stood ready at all times to give freely of his services to any one in need of surgical or medical attention and in addition rendered valuable aid in the oversight of the sanitary conditions of the property. He was a happy companion by the stream and in the woods and possessed the secret of ever carrying about with him an atmosphere of good-will.



William H. Corbin



Two Faithful Friends

Mr. Beverly R. Value was an engineer of distinction, being identified with the building of the Croton dam and supervising engineer of the dam at Valhalla. Thus equipped by training and experience he gave expert assistance in the improvement of the grounds, planning a modern sanitary system, building the concrete core in the Echo Lake dam, and overseeing the construction of the wire and concrete fence at Hemlock Lake dam.

Honorable and grateful mention should be made of William A. Gray, not now a member of the Club, who served for fourteen years as a most intelligent, efficient and faithful treasurer, enabling the Club to operate with larger economy and along business lines. He was a true woods-

man and a popular and valuable member. He joined the Club in 1907, resigning in January, 1925.

Many other men may only be named, all of whom were conspicuous in their devotion and usefulness, among them being Jacob R. Stine, Jacob Voorhis and Robert Davidson.

CHAPTER IV.

The Club House Periods

IN reviewing the life of the Club, it seems desirable, for the sake of convenience, to group various items of interest within the periods represented by the occupancy of the successive Club Houses. While not of equal length, each period has a significance peculiarly its own.

I. The Period of the First Club House, 1890-1903

This first building, of modest dimensions, was two and one half stories in height, of rustic design and attractive appearance. Down stairs it consisted of a hall, a living room, a dining-room and a kitchen, the entire floor being heated by one large open fire-place. Above, there were six bed-rooms with no provision for heat, baths or toilet conveniences. Any superfluous heat drifted upward from the lower floor. The site was wisely chosen, being convenient to both the lakes and on well-drained ground. During the larger part of this period there was no superintendent, Mrs. Lansing serving for a time as matron and being followed by Mrs. Barker.

Miles Sturdevant and his wife lived in the rear. Miles has given to the Club forty years of unbroken and faithful service. Always willing and kind, unusually intelligent and possessed of a fine character, he has come to be an inseparable portion of the Hartwood picture. He was born near Forestburgh, coming here in April, 1889, to work for Sanford Cocks who had charge of considerable property in the neighborhood. A few months later (in July of the same year) he entered the service of The Hartwood Park Association. Miles' father came from Danbury, Conn., settling at Fowlerville, New York, where he operated a flour-mill. Miles comes from patriotic stock, his mother's father serving in the War of 1812, his father and a brother



Mr. and Mrs. Sturdevant and their home

in the Civil War, and his son Ed in the World War. Farther back, the Sturdevants emigrated from Holland. Mrs. Sturdevant lived as a child in Cuddebackville, her forbears having lived in New Jersey. For three years they lived in the rear portion of the Club House, which was kept open during the entire year, he being busy with the outside duties of care-taker, while she presided satisfactorily over the kitchen. In recent years she has been useful in the care of a number of the cottages, while Miles, though somewhat incapacitated by illness continues his usefulness in divers directions, not the least important of his duties being the care of the dairy, which furnishes an abundant supply of milk and cream for the table.

The happiest of memories cluster about Mrs. Joseph Howlett who for a number of years was usefully connected with the first Club House. With her husband she wrought heroically in the field, clearing the forest, gathering the stones from the soil and building the fences. She knew all the hardships of isolated and primitive life yet maintained



Mrs. Howlett and the first Club House

serenity of mind and by her generous service contributed much to the pleasure of those who sojourned in the Club House. She was the mother of ten children a number of whom have been employed at various times at the Club.

Lewis C. Boyd, son of Charles C. Boyd and known to most of the members, was born, according to the old family Bible, on the seventeenth of June, 1848, in the house which formerly stood where Miles Sturdevant now lives. His father served in the War of 1812 and was a man of considerable importance sixty or seventy years ago. "Lew," as he was familiarly known, served the Club in various important capacities during the first years of the organization's existence, particularly as guide on hunting expeditions. As a young man he was gaunt, rugged and powerful and admirably adapted to the necessities of the wilderness. He possessed an unconscious and continuous efficiency in picturesque profanity—seldom equalled and perhaps never surpassed. He knew the country and the game trails and was an agreeable companion in spite of his vehement and at times embarrassing speech.

An entry in the Association register under date of November 16, 1891, reads as follows;

"Messrs. William N. Burgess, William H. Crane, John W. Douglas and Lew Boyd left the Club House for a day's hunting. Judge Crane took his setter dog "Chester," while Lew was in charge of two hounds. After securing a number of grouse, the men were placed on "stands" while the hounds were put on the trail of a fox. Shortly after the dogs began baying, the report from Judge Crane's gun was heard and a few minutes later a second report from the same quarter. All hastened to the spot, Lew being the first to arrive. In answer to his inquiry, 'Have you killed the fox?' the Judge held one up by its hind legs, and Lew said, 'Good!' Then the Judge held up another,

showing a red fox in each hand. This moved Lew to exclaim, 'Good God!' So was the day concluded.' "

On another occasion, in company with others, he was hunting with a very unsatisfactory bird dog and was particularly exasperated by the dog's behavior. Birds were missed or over-run and flushed prematurely, and the dog persistently refused to heed his commands. Throughout the day he delivered himself of various expletives abounding in sorrow, color and deep feeling. At last, after having exhausted the contents of both celestial and terrestrial vocabularies he turned with withering scorn to the dog and said, "You are no good—no good at all: you are nothing but a goldarned sardine!" Thus were his indignation and his contempt adequately expressed.

Lew Boyd, long a familiar and more recently a pathetic figure at his home on the hill, suffered much from illness during his closing days but was always ready to recount the exploits of former years with much circumstantial detail and enthusiasm. At the last, just before he lapsed into unconsciousness, he said to an old-time friend who sat by his bed-side, "Well, Tom, I guess I've killed my last buck." The "ruling passion, strong in death" did not lose its power when the darkness closed in upon him—a darkness which may be luminous on the other side of the veil. He died on the twenty-fifth day of May, 1929, at the age of eighty-two, the final member of his family to pass on.

One of the members at this time was David H. Valentine. He was a resident of Brooklyn and a contractor. Having various friendly political connections he was identified profitably with many large building operations in New York. Through the influence of John R. Stine he joined the Club and in 1901 built his house (now the property of Clement K. Corbin): thus he became interested in the country and undertook the development of a tract on the road to Hartwood now known as "the farm" of about one

hundred and sixty acres. He found diversion and pleasure in working out a somewhat elaborate plan with great barns, and other farm buildings, horses, cattle, goats and chickens, together with a large vegetable green-house, orchards and gardens. It was largely in the nature of a play-thing—an expensive one—but it continued to hold his attention for a number of years. At his death the property passed to his daughter, Mrs. John Hallock and was sold by her to Mr. J. M. Townley who still owns it. Some of the buildings yet remain, but aside from buckwheat and hay-fields and the orchard, little of the acreage is now in use save by the deer who find good feeding grounds on the territory.

It was during this period that Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage," was a frequent visitor here. His brother Edmund Crane owned what was later commonly known as the "Shattuck House," located near the railroad station at Hartwood and destroyed by fire a few years ago. It was then known as "Lakeview." Here he remained at various times tramping, riding, hunting and writing.

Stephen Crane was a strangely brilliant, enigmatic and tragic figure in American literature, struggling against poverty, ill health and adverse criticism. He was understood by few and appreciated only by the "elect," until by the sheer glory of the narrative, he compelled the attention of the public by "The Red Badge of Courage" with which, above all other of his writings, his name is associated.

Coming to Hartwood frequently, as his brother's guest, he found relief and renewal of vitality in the free, open life of the woods and hills. Here he worked upon the book destined to give him a secure place among the great—a story of the Civil War written by a man who had never seen a battle save those fought by toy soldiers set in fighting array upon the floor in the days of his infancy.

In 1923 Thomas Beer wrote and published a biographical sketch of this remarkable man, with an elaborate introduction by Joseph Conrad, both of which deal more with the social and intellectual background against which his life was lived rather than with personal details. He was the youngest brother of Judge William H. Crane, founder of The Hartwood Park Association and president of that organization, and for a number of years president of The Hartwood Club, and the fourteenth child of Rev. Jonathan Townley Crane, D. D., a Methodist minister of Newark, New Jersey, and was born on the first of November, 1870. The Reverend Doctor Crane was originally of Presbyterian stock, but on account of doctrinal difficulties became a Methodist. On account of the threatened health of some members of his family he was advised to seek a higher altitude, and at the age of sixty, in 1879, he removed to Port Jervis, N. Y., then a quiet, pleasant and home-like town. He died not long after as the result of exposure when returning from Newark where he had gone to find work for a lad who had been discharged from the shop of an orthodox Methodist employer for daring to deny the existence of hell. He was a strong, generous, noble-minded man. Mrs. Crane was Mary Helen Peck, the daughter and sister of then famous Methodist preachers. She made home here and there for herself and the children, after her husband's death, finally returning to Port Jervis. Stephen wrote of his mother as follows: "She was a very religious woman, but not narrow. My brothers tell me that she got herself into trouble by taking care of a girl who had an accidental baby. Inopportune babies are not a part of the Methodist ritual, but mother was more of a Christian than a Methodist, and she kept the baby at our home until the girl found a home elsewhere. Mother's friends were mostly Methodists, and they had the feminine aversion to that kind of a baby. After my father died mother lived in and for religion. We



Willis Butler

had very little money. Mother wrote articles for Methodist papers and served as reporter for other papers." Like her husband, Mrs. Crane was well educated and possessed a quality of mind far beyond the ordinary. To their youngest child came a large measure of parental influence and power.

While at Hartwood Stephen pondered long and wrote much, frequently being at his desk all night and having breakfast at noon. His life was of the simplest sort and he knew no conventional luxuries. On one occasion while on his way, there was not enough money in his pocket to get him to Lakeview, and he trudged through the mud of a country road "dazed with

emptiness, with the sense of a great burden pressing on his back." Then, when well-nigh overcome with weariness, a man, a stranger, spoke from the frosty shadows, "You seem to be in a pretty bad way, boy!" and took hold of his arm in a friendly way. Stephen replied that he was ill. They journeyed on together, the countryman drawing out some wandering yarn until the lamps of his brother's house shone faintly in the distance. The stranger, on parting, shook hands with him and walked

away, his face unseen, to live again in the twelfth chapter of "The Red Badge of Courage."

Stephen was a lover of the out-of-doors, and through the many sombre shadows which the years flung about him were gleams of the sun-lit hours of his Hartwood days. He loved trees, children, horses, and the sea. He seemed to be a born horseman and never appeared so happy or to so great advantage as when on horseback. "Peanuts" was the name of the horse he rode about Hartwood. In his will he said, "My saddle-horse I would not like to have sold. I would prefer that he be kept in easy service at Hartwood and be cared for as much as possible by Edmund himself, or by some one who would not maltreat him." He was an extraordinary "shot," particularly with the revolver. He lived and worked at Hartwood for a considerable period in 1893, and about this time he wrote "I am going camping in Sullivan County with some other 'bob-cats'". Some days later he went to New York with a valise, a cold and the price of a pair of shoes in his pocket. He is described as having "heavy shoulders and a pair of meager hips" giving an impression of starved neglect on the minds of strangers. Actually, he was muscular and his body was an enduring machine that could carry him through a good deal of fatigue so long as he was given plenteous sleep. He was of medium stature and of slender build and had steady, penetrating blue eyes. The serial rights to his book were sold to the Irving Bacheller Syndicate and it was published in full form by the Appleton Company in October, 1895, having an enormous popularity when its merits became generally known.

Stephen Crane was famous at twenty-four by reason of a book designed and at least partially written before his twenty-third birthday. Though ignorant of the wider ranges of literature, (how could it be otherwise at his age?) he was an artist in vivid expression, in the use of colorful

words and in the portrayal of scenes and emotions in graphic form. For instance, "The red sun was pasted on the sky like a wafer." If not then, he now is recognized as one of the few indisputable literary geniuses of American birth. H. G. Wells says of him: "He was one of the most brilliant, most significant and most distinctly American of all English writers." Hamlin Garland, one of his few intimates, said, "A strange, short-lived, marvelous boy: he never arrived at full responsibility and citizenship. He was a genius—as erratic as he was unaccountable—a rocket whose very speed assisted in the wasting of his substance."

Returning from reportorial duty in Cuba, during the Spanish-American War, on a tramp steamer, he was shipwrecked off the east coast of Florida. Many hours of exposure and other hardships made him an easy prey to consumption. A continuous and pathetic struggle against ill-health ensued. After his marriage he lived some time in England where he found both happiness and grief. Utterly failing in strength, as a last resort he was taken to Germany only to die on foreign soil, passing from this life at Baden-Weiler on the fifth of June, 1900. The place of his burial is Elizabeth, New Jersey, adjacent to the city in which he was born less than thirty years before. Joseph Conrad thus epitomizes his career: "His passage on this earth was like that of a horseman riding swiftly in the dawn of a day fated to be short and without sunshine."

The first Club House period was one of great building activity. Cottages and boat-houses were erected and various trails projected. In contrast with later periods it was the supreme era of construction and development. Interesting entries from the Club Log-book are as follows:

- 1890 The Club House was erected.
- Hemlock Lake dam was constructed.
- 1892-1903 Thirteen cottages were erected.

- 1893 Miles Sturdevant's house was destroyed by fire. "At eleven o'clock of the night of February seventeenth the house occupied by Miles Sturdevant was burned. Miles' pleasant dreams were interrupted by an enveloping cloud of smoke, and by making haste he had only time enough to rouse his wife and children and to accelerate their escape from the front rooms where they lay asleep. They were able to save a few articles from the rear room throwing them out upon the snow which covered the ground. Then Miles and his wife started up the hill toward the Club House in their bare feet, she carrying the baby and he the other two small children, Nelly (now Mrs. Hitt) following their tracks in the snow. Arriving, they found the Club House closed with every one in deep slumber, but by repeated calls, succeeded at last in awakening the occupants, all of whom hurried to the house to help if possible, but nothing could be saved, the entire interior being ablaze. In the course of an hour the roof had fallen and shortly after, the whole house was down—a mass of fire and ashes. The fire was apparently started by burning soot falling against the fire board in the fire-place on the first floor. During the time of rebuilding the Sturdevants occupied the rooms above the old country store across the Outlet brook, at the home of Lewis Boyd and at the farm."
- 1894-95 The first pipe line of one and one-half inch iron pipe was laid from the "Big Spring" to the Club House and cottages.
- 1895 Miles Sturdevant's house was rebuilt.

- 1899 Townley Lake dam was constructed.
- 1901-03 The Dimock, LeDuc and Cleveland boat houses were built on Echo Lake.
- 1903-04 The Hemlock Lake boat house was built.
The Club House was rebuilt and enlarged.

The first Club House period had a distinctive character. Naturally, there was the appeal of newness, and the Club supplied for the members the coveted opportunity for escape from town and business. Now, one may drive into the country in a motor-car putting many miles between himself and care in the course of a few hours. Then, it meant the train or the horse or the bicycle—at least for a number of years. There are now no difficulties as to transportation. Men who in those days had come from their offices in New York for the week-end were in the habit of rising at three or four o'clock in the morning, partaking of a hasty breakfast and consuming two hours time to catch the train at Port Jervis. This was the usual rule on Monday mornings. On Sunday almost all attended Church service at Rio. Life was simple and cordial: gatherings of the members at the various cottages were frequent and the group was compact and congenial. Ordinarily, during the vacation season the rooms in the Club House were all occupied and the dining room full to overflowing. The Club rather than the cottage or the family was the social unit.

The roads, trails and paths of the wood-land form one of the distinctive and delightful features of Hartwood, and a day seldom passes that they are not in use by those intent upon exercise or exploration and while they were not all completed during this first period, they were anticipated and projected and in part constructed. It is no small task to build a good trail; rocks, roots, brush, fallen logs and wet ground must all be overcome, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. William H. Corbin and to Dr. Clement

Cleveland for their skillful and indefatigable labors in bringing them to their present substantial and comfortable condition. The official record as noted in the Log Book is as follows:

1. "Mid-wood Path" from near "Oak Knoll" to the "Sand Lot," Burnt Pine, Rock Cabin, Deer Spring and Horse Camp Swamp was opened in 1902.
2. "Echo Road" was in August, 1903 adopted by the Board of Trustees as the name of the road from the Club House to and beyond Dr. Cleveland's cottage.
3. "Hemlock Road" is the name given in August, 1903 to the road from the Club House to and along Hemlock Lake to the "Sand Lot."
4. "Townley Lake Path" around the head of Townley Lake was opened in August 1903.
5. "Big Spring Path" to and from "Big Spring" on both sides of Townley Lake was altered and improved in August, 1903.
6. "Echo Lake East Path," from Echo Road, north along the east side of Echo Lake to the head thereof was constructed and opened in October 1903 and improved in October 1905.
7. "Echo Lake West Path," from Radnor Camp to "Rest Awhile" at the head of Echo Lake opened in October 1905.
8. "Hemlock Path East" from Townley Lake to the head of Hemlock with the bridge across to Rock Cabin was constructed in 1906.
9. "Handytown Spring Path" from the head of Hemlock Lake to the Handytown Spring was constructed during August and September 1907.

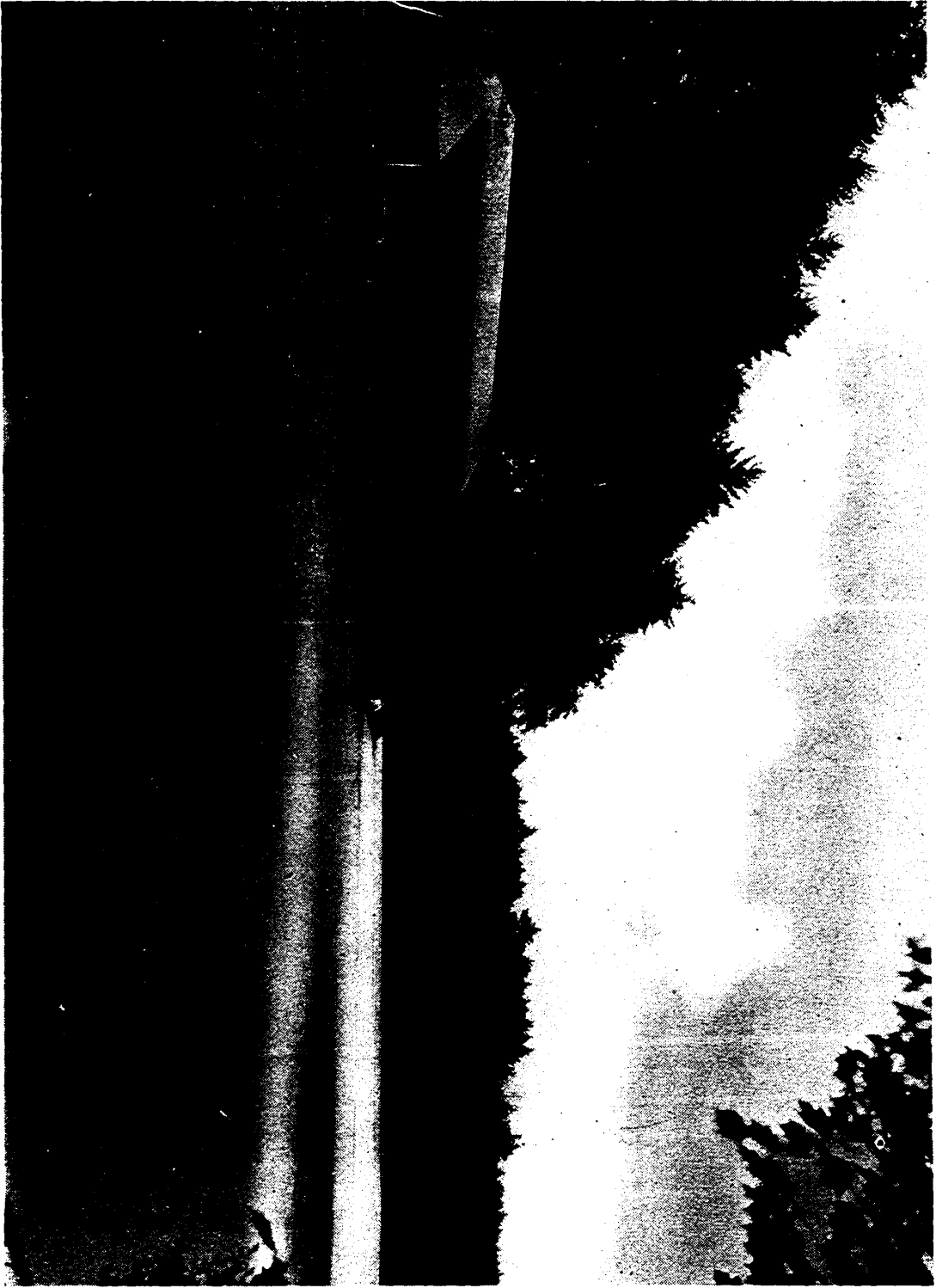
II. The Period of the Second Club House 1904-24

For a number of years it had become increasingly ap-

parent that more room and greater comfort were needed in the Club House, and plans were accordingly made for its remodeling and re-arrangement. Instinctively all turned to Mr. George H. Morris, to whom was entrusted the task of drawing plans in detail and without the aid of any professional helper save a draughtsman, the preliminary work went forward with expedition. Willis Butler, who had commended himself to the members of the Club by his efficient work in the construction of Dr. Cleveland's house, was the supervising builder. A portion of the first building was incorporated in the second, though to all intents and purposes it was a new building. Its conspicuous feature was a spacious and delightful living room which will long be affectionately remembered by those who enjoyed its warmth and good cheer. During the early years of the occupancy of the house, Emma Boyd, a niece of Lewis Boyd, was a careful and efficient helper in the domestic affairs. In 1908, following Mr. and Mrs. Orrie Hitt, Clifton C. W. Noble and his wife of Buffalo, N. Y. were invited to assume the responsibilities of oversight, Mr. Noble as Superintendent, and Mrs. Noble the care of the various details of the house. They remained for five years when Mr. Noble resigned to enter business in Far Hills, N. J. Returning in June, 1923, they are now in charge giving to their various and none too simple tasks faithfulness and devotion. A short time after Mr. Noble's resignation Mr. David Bogart who had served in a similar capacity at Huguenot came as Superintendent, remaining for a number of years to the general satisfaction of all concerned. "Pop" Bogart, as he was familiarly known to many, was a good manager, a genial host, and a loyal guardian of the affairs of the Club. Mrs. Bogart, no less than himself, is pleasantly remembered.

Willis Butler, closely identified with all recent construction work on the Club premises, was born in 1869 in Craigie-

The Hemlock Lake Boat-house.



Clare, N. Y., (formerly called Beaverkill Valley) in the northern part of Sullivan County. He came to Hartwood in 1899, to assist his father, Abraham Butler, at the suggestion of the architect, Bradford Gilbert, who knew and appreciated his skill as a stone-mason, in the erection of Dr. Cleveland's cottage. So well was his work performed and so capable was he of gaining the good-will and friendship of those who knew him, it was not long until he came to be regarded as indispensable when any building was to be undertaken.

As a workman and supervisor he has proven altogether efficient and trustworthy. In the course of the years, he built, in addition to the Cleveland house, those now owned by Dr. Keppler, Dr. Young, Dr. Campbell and Mr. Egleston. Much of the remodeling and enlargement of various other houses and buildings has been entrusted to his care. Many of the effective and artistic fire-places were built by him and in construction of the second and third (the present) Club Houses he was in charge.

In 1894 he married Miss Cora Jocelyn of Cragie-Clare, for years the courteous and reliable express agent and post-mistress at Hartwood Station. They came to Hartwood for their permanent residence in 1899, living first in the Crane or Shattuck house opposite the rail-road station. Since then he has been in the employ of Messrs. Townley and Dimock, by whose kindness his services have been made available to the Club and its members. Since 1890, and practically continuously, he has been fortunate in having as his right-hand man, Marion Doty of Port Jervis, whose painstaking work is a satisfaction to all concerned.

Among the employees of the Club none is more appreciated than Julia Clarke of Port Jervis, who, more or less constantly during the successive seasons of the past fifteen years has proven a valuable helper and most efficient in the oversight of the dining-room. Lambertus R. Bersee, a native of Holland, "Lambert," for short, who has worked



The second Club House

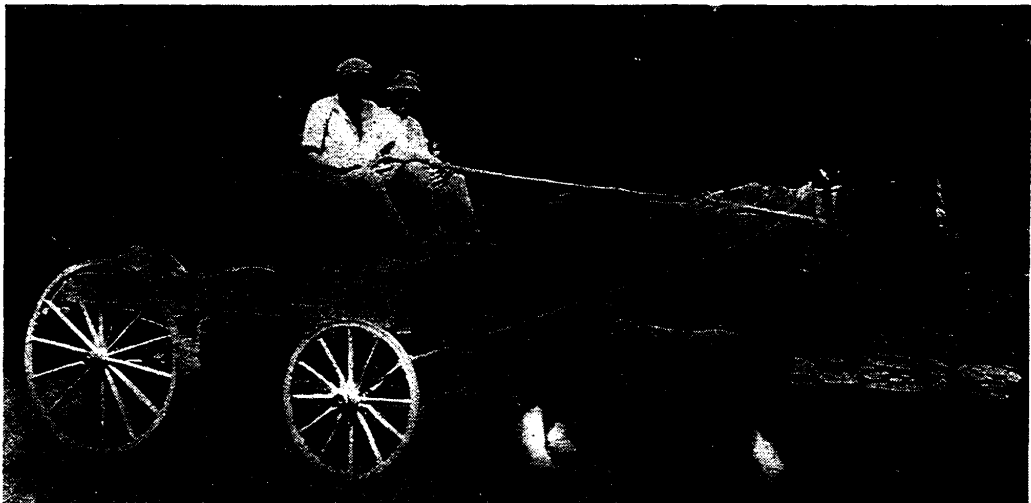
for Mr. Noble for some twenty-three years has functioned as mail-man, master of the truck and in other capacities with vigor and good-humor in all kinds of weather. Theodore Baer has, for many years been in charge of various cottages.

In November 1918 James Linkletter began work for the Club and has remained in its employment, with few interruptions, since that time. He has proved to be a willing, industrious workman and is one of the picturesque figures in the landscape. Living three miles or more from the Club House he has demonstrated his powers of endurance by coming, usually on foot, in both winter and summer, to his tasks on the ice wagon, at the wood pile or elsewhere.

A number of new members were added during the period of the second Club House, but only two cottages were

erected, that of Dr. Charles A. Campbell and N. Hillyer Egleston. In 1923 electric light was installed in the Club House and in many of the cottages. In the construction of the right of way through the property, granted by the Club to the Rockland Light and Power Company, a special line was run to serve the organization and its members.

The second Club House, because of its rustic character, its beautiful fire-places, its home-like air and its delightful associations will not soon be forgotten by those who knew the twenty years of its existence.



"Link" on the Ice-wagon

In the year 1912, to relieve any doubt which may have existed in the minds of the users, analyses were made of the waters of Big Spring and Squirrel Spring. It should be a great satisfaction to know that in the possession of these springs the Club is assured of an unfailing supply of pure, cold water and by their location free from all forms of external pollution. The new four-inch pipe-line, planned and supervised by Horace K. Corbin, who is not now a member, was economically laid in 1915, and thus far is adequate for the needs of the Club House, the garage and

the cottages. The reports of the chemist are as follows:

August 1st, 1912

Squirrel Spring Water

Appearance	Clear
Odor on heating.....	Absent
Color	Absent
Nitrates	Trace
Nitrites	Trace Only
Albuminoid ammonia.....	Negative
Chlorides	Absent
Colon bacillus.....	Absent
Non-pathogenic (asprophytic) micro-organisms	26 colonies
cubic cc.	

This is perfectly safe drinking water and shows no evidence of contamination.

Big Spring Water

Appearance	Clear
Odor on heating.....	Absent
Cclor	Absent
Nitrates	Absent
Nitrites	Absent
Albuminoid ammonia.....	Absent
Chlorides	None
Colon bacillus.....	Absent

(Culture made with Jackson's medium)

Resume—This is a remarkably good water for drinking.

The older members of the Club will remember a strange character who lived for many years alone in an old house some distance from the Hartwood road beyond the farm owned by Mr. Townley. He was known as "the hermit" and his eccentric behavior gave rise to many rumors and moving tales. This is the story in so far as the ascertainable facts are concerned. His name was Henry Harvey, son of Joseph Harvey.

He was born July 29, 1832, and for many years made his home with his mother Mrs. Cornelia Harvey and her sister Bertha Otis. By the death of the father, the sole means of support, the family, once well to do, was greatly reduced

in circumstances and drifted into penury. Being Friends or Quakers, they received from kindly disposed adherents of that faith some attention and care, while their neighbors were not unmindful of their want. Henry suffered from severe deafness and in addition, from what is now known as a "fear complex." He seldom permitted himself to be seen, never voluntarily, and declined to talk to any one save his mother and his aunt. Whenever a visitor appeared in the distance one of the women would cry, "Run, Henry, run, some one is coming," and Henry would disappear as by magic. He possessed a curious sagacity, his sole weapon of self defense, which enabled him to elude all who upon various pretexts sought to approach him personally. He invariably slept in the corn crib. He was adept in the use of tools, and employed much of his time making hand hay-rakes. Frequently these were ordered through his mother. When they were made he would deliver them to the premises of the customer under cover of night, often traveling many miles on foot to fulfill his task. He was harmless and useful at the same time, which is more than may be said of many others more normally minded. Even now, one may occasionally see one of his hand made rakes. Mrs. Harvey died some fifty years ago. Thereafter he lived alone, aided by various people of good-will but entirely aloof from the life and interests of the surrounding world. It is said that often, when a neighbor would leave a bundle of clothes or food at his door, he would gratefully respond by leaving on the door step of the donor during the following night a hay rake in acknowledgment of his kindness. He died February 20, 1912, having lived there alone for more than thirty years. His remains are interred in the burial ground at Hartwood.

The discovery in the house after his death of a large quantity of high-grade literature in the form of books and magazines showed that he possessed, in some respects at



After the Fire

least, a superior mental taste. Could he have lived in a different environment his life history would probably be correspondingly different.

The following entries in the Club Log Book reflect various aspects of events regarded as worthy of mention at the time.

1904 The new Club House was opened June 17.

(This is the first entry in the Log Book)

The second pipe-line from the spring was laid, a three inch iron pipe being used. Eleven cottages were connected and plumbing was installed in the Club House. (The length of the pipe line is about one mile.)

The Hemlock Lake boat house was erected by the subscription of sixteen members.

The double tennis court was constructed.

On August seventeenth Horace K. Corbin went in his Cadillac automobile from the Club House to the Erie Rail-way station in Port Jervis in thirty-eight minutes, leaving at 5:39 A. M. and returning with the New York papers before breakfast had been served. The machine passed over the road so smoothly and quietly that those riding found it hard to detect that it was moving at all, except at the "thank-ye-mums" where the sensation was even more pleasant, being similar to that experienced when one sails through the air.

1905 The Automobile garage of five stalls was constructed. During July, copper sulphate treatment was administered to Hemlock Lake for the destruction of the algae. The work was in charge of Mr. Morris.

1906 Mr. Davidson's boat house on Echo Lake was built. The new ice house was erected.

On April sixth, grape-vines were set out on the lower side of the tennis court.

Dr. and Mrs. Broun on August sixteenth took from Hemlock Lake a black bass weighing five and one-half pounds, the largest taken from that lake to date.

On October twenty-ninth a yearling buck was found caught in the wire fence near the garage, probably while attempting to jump over it.

1907 An addition was made to the carriage barn.

On the tenth of February shortly after sunset an enormous meteor was seen in the West. It left a trail of luminous vapor visible for fifteen minutes. Its apparent size was that of a full moon.

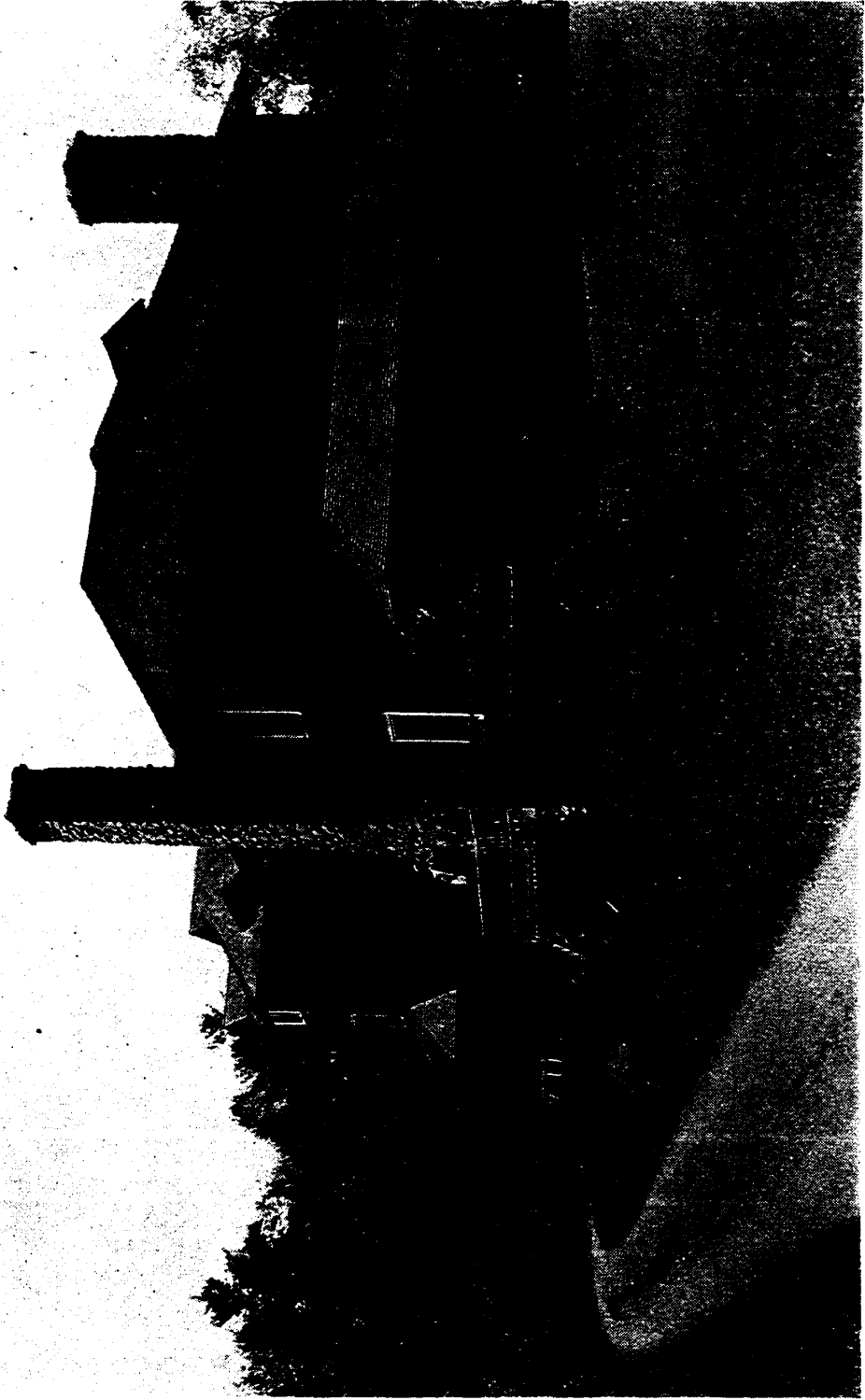
During the summer, Robert Davidson took from Echo Lake on a light fly-rod, a pickerel weighing four and three-fourths pounds.



The Corbin Cottage

- 1908 On the twenty-second of February, Miles Sturdevant and Charles Gumaer on crossing Hemlock Lake dam were temporarily blinded by an immense meteor which exploded about two hundred and fifty yards from the lake and between the boat house and the island. Miles remarked that he "thought his time had come and that he was not quite prepared."
- 1910 The second garage of five stalls was constructed.
- 1912 On the twelfth of July five thousand small mouth black bass fry from the New Preston, Connecticut, hatchery were placed in Hemlock Lake.
On August first analyses of the Big Spring and Squirrel Spring water were made.
During the summer, copper sulphate was again used in Hemlock Lake, clearing the water in about ten days.
- 1915 A new four inch cast-iron pipe was laid from the Big Spring to the Club House. It was buried four feet under ground.
- 1920 William A. Gray, jr., Richard Townley and L. A. H. Zerega di Zerega brought in a live rattlesnake captured between the Big Spring and the Texas road which measured four feet, five inches in length, having ten rattles and a button.
- 1924 In April the Club House was destroyed by fire. An excerpt from the Log Book account written by Robert G. Mead follows:
"It was Sunday, April 27, 1924, the first day of daylight saving time for that year at 12:25 P. M. when Julia Clarke, who was in the kitchen of the Club House, discovered that the roof was on fire at its junction with the most easterly chimney on the northerly side of the Club House. She immediately notified the Superintendent, Mr. Noble,

and all hands were called by blowing the famous horn. Thomas M. Debevoise and Robert G. Mead and others were spending the week end at the Club House and were on hand when the fire started. Mr. Debevoise and his chauffeur rushed up to the third floor and found that the fire was under great headway in the space between the roof and the roof of the original Club House. The fire gained headway so fast that it soon became apparent that the Club House could not be saved, and while some of the contents might have been saved, even this had to be given up because it became necessary to take steps to keep the fire from spreading to the cottages. However, the two safes in the office and the silver were rescued. The wind was blowing strongly from the north, and it was not long before the woods on the opposite side of the Hartwood road were seen to be on fire. Here was another thing to be attended to, and, thanks to the timely arrival of our neighbors, these woods were saved. Miles Sturdevant, Jack McKenzie and George Howlett were soon on the scene and did excellent service in keeping the fire from spreading to the cottages. In a short time Lew Boyd and Theodore Baer appeared and did good service. It was not long before Mr. Whittaker and his sons Robert and "Chet" and other neighbors arrived and as a result the danger from the tree and ground fires was eliminated. This made it possible to save the woods, cottages, barn and other buildings. By this time there were enough men on hand to enable Mr. Noble to send aid where it was most needed. The telephone at the Club House went out of commission very early. However, a call was sent from Lew Boyd's house



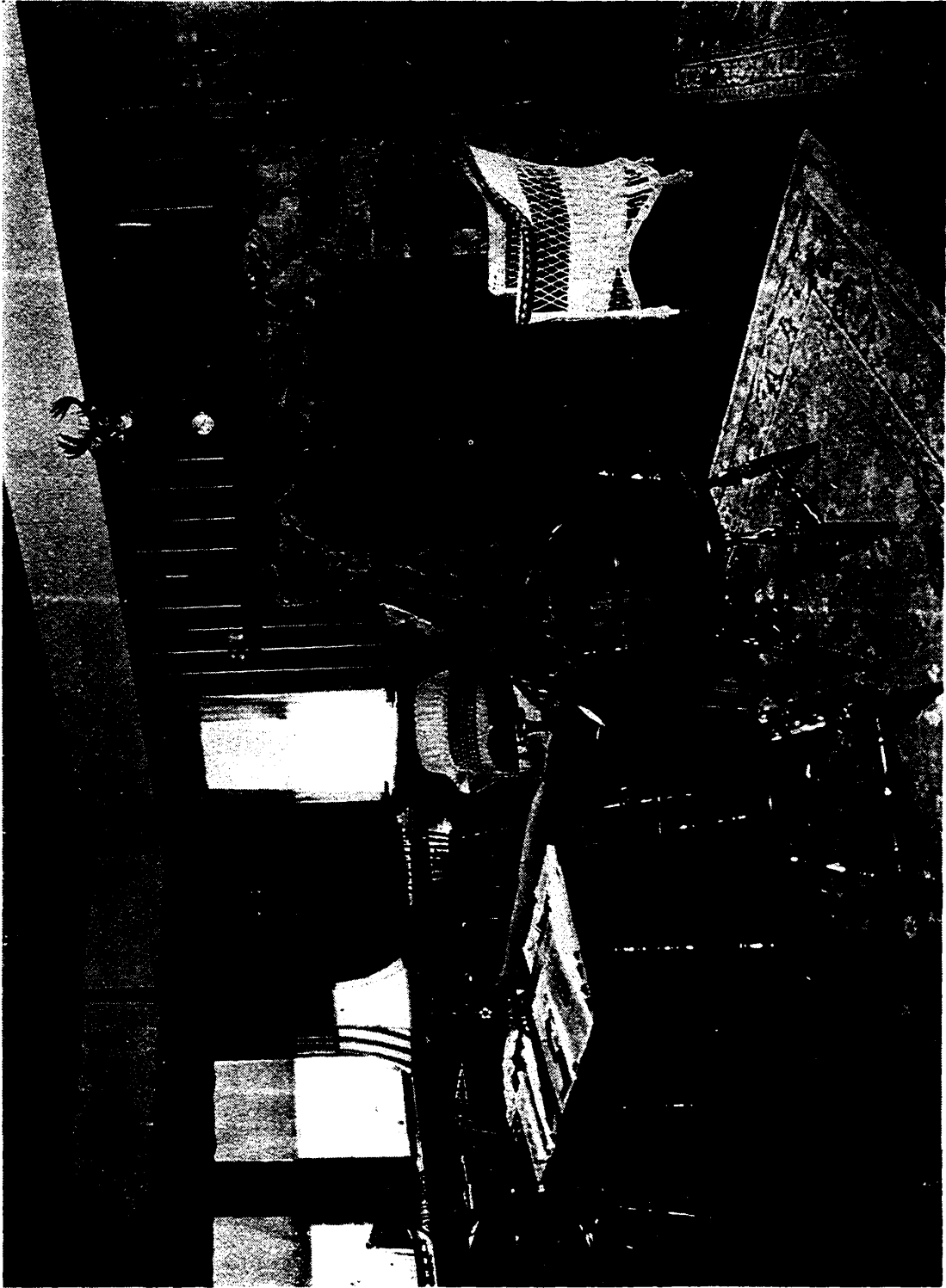
The present Club House

to the Sparrow-bush chemical fire apparatus to come to our assistance but it did not arrive until the Club House was burned to the ground. There was great danger of the fire spreading, owing to the high wind, and the Chief of the chemical machine sent one of his men to Lew Boyd's to telephone for one of the Port Jervis fire engines. When it arrived the men carried the hose to Echo Lake and in a very short time were playing a tremendous stream of water upon the burning mass in the cellar. It was then after three o'clock and some of us adjourned to Port Jervis for lunch."

In addition to the general havoc wrought by the fire, various and serious losses were sustained by many members of the Club whose lockers contained divers articles of clothing, guns and fishing tackle whose tender associations made them doubly valuable, while Mr. and Mrs. Noble suffered the loss of wearing apparel and much other personal property. It is worthy of note that the fire was confined to the Club House and the trees immediately adjacent. The strong wind blowing threatened the entire cottage region, the roof of Mr. Townley's house being three times afire. Sparks and embers were carried as far as the hillside beyond the Sturdevant house. Mr. Noble's direction of the situation was admirable, the flames being held within fifty feet of the building. In spite of the general confusion, supper was served on the following (Monday) evening in the Speers cottage and on Tuesday evening it was sufficiently in order to open for the service of guests.

III. The Third Club House Period

The lamentable loss of the Club House precipitated a serious situation: the spring season was opening, various members were desirous of availing themselves of rooms and



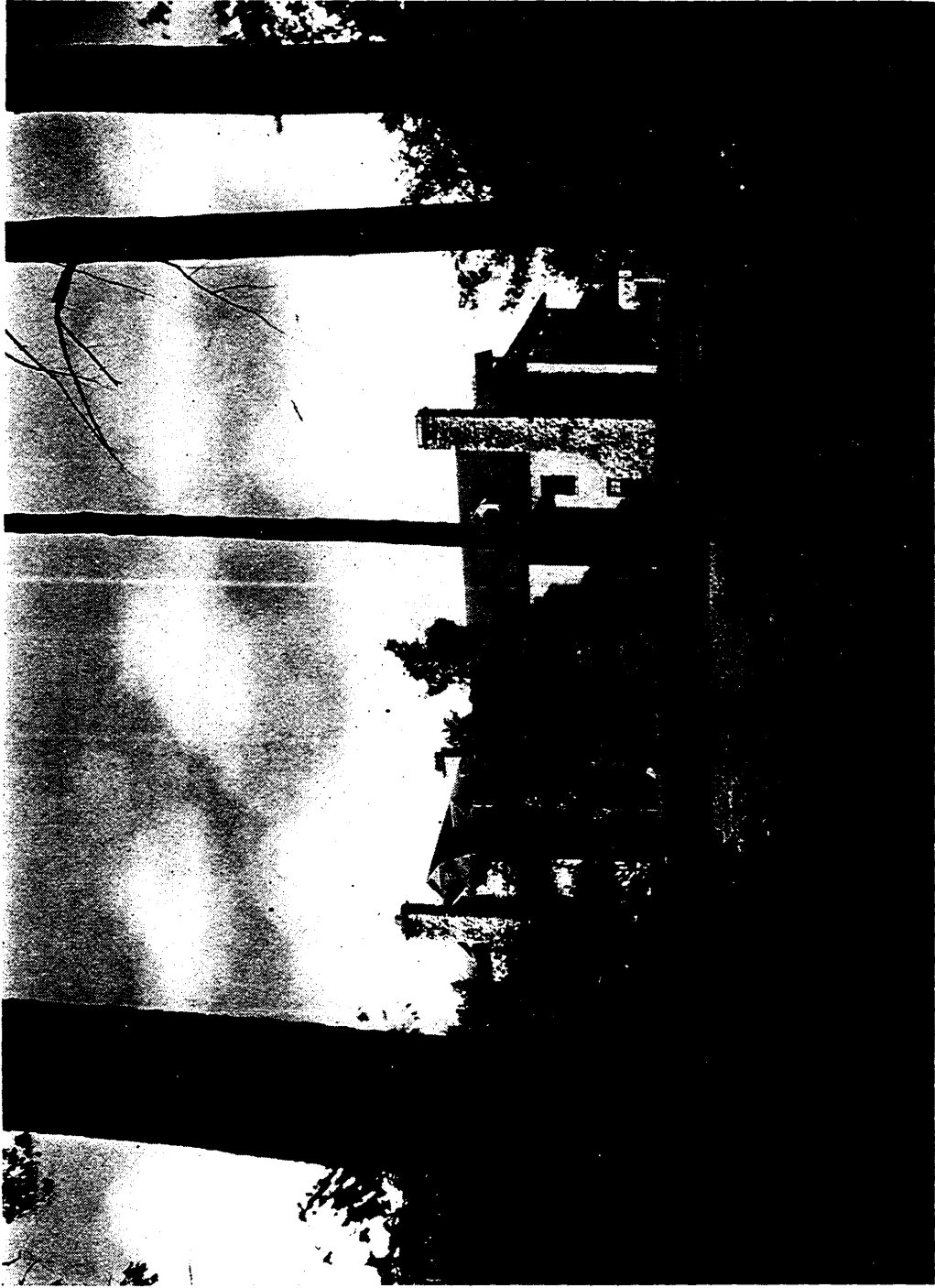
Living-room in the present Club House

meals, and some immediate provision for the post-office and general head-quarters was imperative. The emergency was promptly met by the generous proposal of Mr. Townley, who offered the Speers cottage which he owns, and it served admirably the necessities of the Club during the interim of rebuilding. A large addition to the kitchen was built at once, the first floor answered for a dining room and office, and after the necessary mental adjustments were made, activities proceeded in orderly fashion.

Plans were at once begun for the erection of the new Club House, the insurance serving as the basis of the funds required, \$30,000 being on the Club House and \$6,300 on its contents. To Messrs. Edward J. Dimock and Allan B. Wallace was committed the duty of planning and overseeing the work. The vast amount of debris was cleared away, the burned trees removed and within a brief space of time all was in readiness for the task of reconstruction. Those portions of the walls and fire-places which were found to be intact were incorporated in the new building. Willis Butler, fortunately available, was placed in charge, and he, assisted by Marion Doty and a competent group of workmen labored diligently to complete as rapidly as possible the new home of the Club.

Mr. George H. Morris, assisted by Dr. di Zerega constituted the committee on furnishings. It was finished and formally opened for use on the fourth of July, 1925, a delightful dinner being served at the evening hour with congratulatory talks of an informal nature following. Many radical changes were made in the first floor plans and in the utilization of space, the wisdom of which is yet a subject for friendly debate among the members of the Club.

No extraordinary events have occurred during the third Club House period. The roofs of the garage have been re-shingled, and Dr. Cleveland has continued his work on the paths, extending them some distance beyond the "Ant Hills."



The Rear of the present Club House

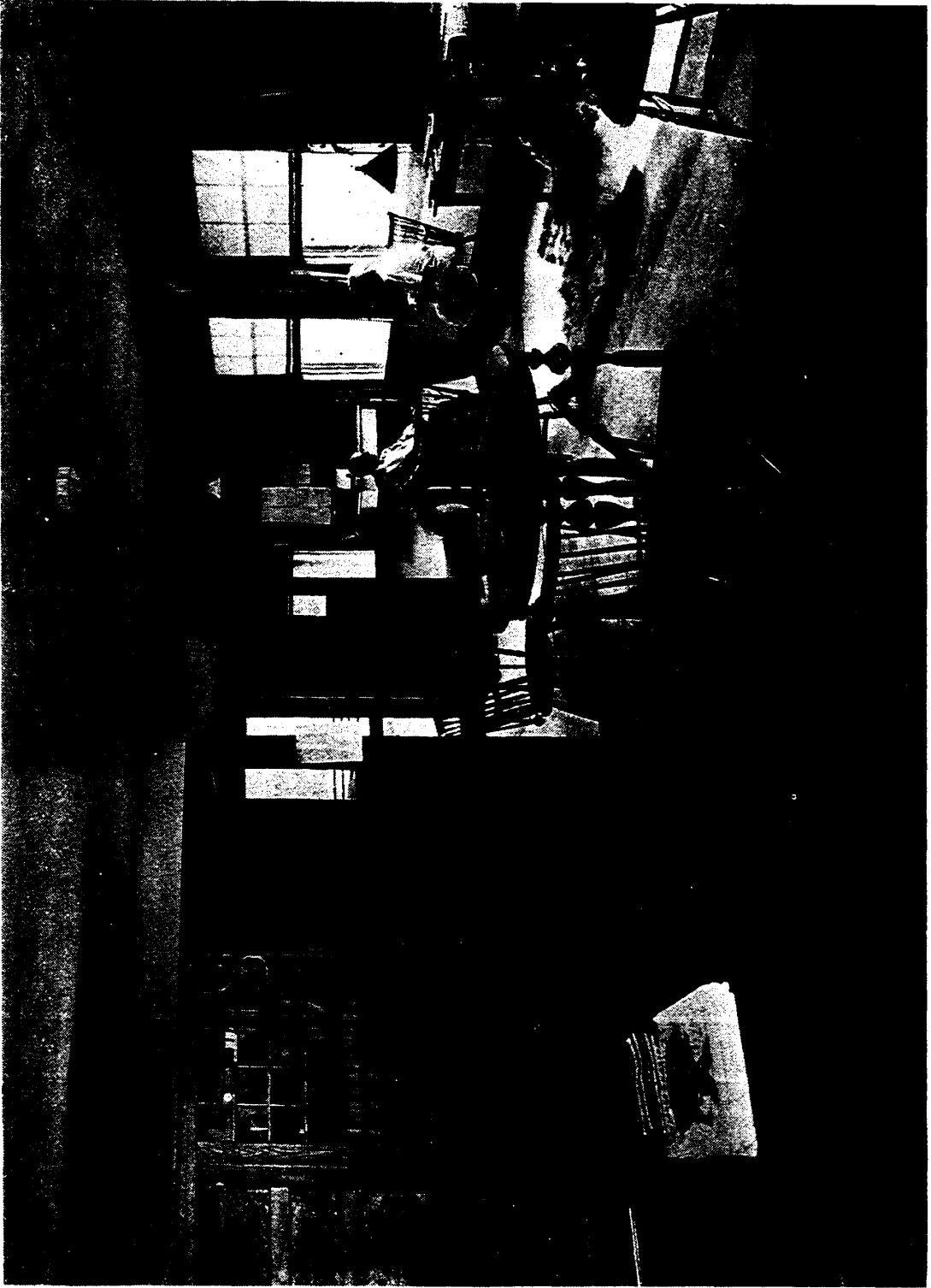
Through the interest of Mr. Townley the Big Spring stream to Townley Lake has been improved to facilitate the spawning of the trout, while the Outlet stream has been narrowed and deepened, and pools have been constructed by a series of dams—all of which should make for the greater comfort of the fish.

An increasing number of applications for membership has been received and life has gone on with a considerable degree of prosperity.

The beavers have exhibited unwonted activity especially at the outlet of Squirrel Spring, felling many trees and making compulsory some method of control in the immediate future. In the way of adventure a number of large rattlesnakes have been killed, one by Dr. Campbell and Mr. Townley, near the Forestburgh road, measuring five feet in length, and two by Lambert near the Big Spring.

With great regret the resignation of William A. Gray was received by the board of trustees, after many years of loyal, efficient service.

The Club House business naturally reflects the current week-end habit, many members and guests tarrying only for a day or so, intermittently, though during the summer a number have come for a longer sojourn. In this respect the situation differs little from that faced by similar organizations and by hotels and resorts, generally. With the earnest attention given to the necessities of guests there seems to be no reason why the number of more permanent visitors should not be largely augmented.



Mr. and Mrs. Noble in the office of the present Club House

CHAPTER V.

Life in the Cottages

WHILE the successive Club Houses have served excellently the purpose for which they were designed, affording home-like comfort and agreeable comradeship for members, the duration of whose stay is limited, or for those who choose to leave behind the cares and responsibilities of house-keeping or for the entertainment of transient guests, much of the life at the Club centers in the cottages where family life may be maintained in normal fashion quite as pleasantly as in a city home. For the most part as might be expected, the cottages are of rural rather than of urban design, with spacious porches, ample living-rooms, open fire-places and the conventional domestic facilities. Simplicity is the outstanding note in construction, and the happiest of memories cluster about the free and wholesome life under a family roof. With the exception of Dr. Cleveland's house all are of frame construction. At the present time there are fifteen cottages on the grounds, all within a few minutes walk of the Club House. Practically all are equipped with electricity supplied by the Rockland Light and Power Company of Middletown whose main power line from the plant at Mongaup Falls runs through the Club property. This was not available until 1924: previously, oil lamps and stoves served domestic necessities. A fire-alarm of considerable dimensions and capable of arousing the entire community is conveniently placed for use in case of need, which it is hoped, may never again occur.

Social affairs of an informal nature are frequent, perhaps not so much as in former years when the membership was smaller and less diverse, but the spirit of hospitality prevails and a friendly atmosphere pervades the life of the Club community.

Membership in the Club entitles each member to a



The Wallace Cottage

building site, voluntarily chosen from available territory, the one condition being, that having chosen a lot, a building, the plan of which is approved by the board of trustees, must be erected within a year of the time the site is chosen. No cottage may be sold to any person not a member of the Club.

In the order of their construction the following is a list of the cottages upon the Club grounds.

1. Pine Knot cabin, 1892. Built by Henry A. Haines and sold to Beverly R. Value and passed by inheritance to his daughter Caroline V. Waring and by her transferred to her husband, Edward J. Waring.
2. Hillside Lodge, 1892-3. Built jointly by J. Mortimer Townley and Howard P. Homans and occupied by them about ten years when Mr. Townley became sole owner.
3. Oik Knowl, 1894. Built by Robert Davidson and sold by his widow to William A. Simonson, on April 15th, 1912.
4. Mostly Hall, 1894-5. Built by George E. Dimock and passed by inheritance at his death October 19, 1919 to his widow, and at her death in 1928 to her children.
5. Hillgarth, 1895. Built by William H. Corbin and passed by inheritance to his widow, Clementine Kellogg Corbin and now possessed by her estate.
6. Burn-brae, 1895. Built by James MacCutcheon, and by him sold to James M. Speers and by him sold to J. M. Townley.
7. Dunwurken, 1896. Built by Jacob R. Stine, and by his widow sold to Allan B. Wallace.
8. Elsinore, 1898-9. Built by Dr. Clement Cleveland and still owned by him.
9. The Rafters, 1898-9. Built by Dr. LeRoy Broun and sold by his estate to Dr. John H. Young.



The Brown Cottage, now owned by Dr. Young

10. Radnor Camp, 1899. Built by Mrs. Nancy B. Le Duc and sold by her to S. Theodore Hodgman.
11. The Cottage, 1900-1. Built by George H. Morris and still held by him.
12. Pine-top, 1901-2. Built by David H. Valentine and passed by inheritance to his daughter, Mrs. Frances V. Hallock, and by her sold to Dr. Charles N. Skinner, and by his widow sold to Clement K. Corbin.
13. Kup-hawis, 1902-3. Built by Charles D. Cleveland and by him sold to Dr. Carl R. Keppler.
14. Wood Smoke, 1922. Built by Dr. Charles A. Campbell and still held by him.
15. The Shack, 1923. Built by N. Hillyer Egleston and still held by him.

It will be noted that only five of the cottages are now held and occupied by the original owner and builder, viz. Mr. Townley, Dr. Cleveland, Mr. Morris, Dr. Campbell and Mr. Egleston.

CHAPTER VI.

The Charm of the Place

BOLD indeed is he who undertakes to put in words the myriad charms of Hartwood. Such simple matters as its accessibility and remoteness conspire to enhance its value. About one hundred miles from the metropolitan district by convenient and comfortable trains on the Erie Railroad to Port Jervis, in the course of a few hours one may leave behind the cares and the confusion of the city, or, if traveling by motor, one arrives from any direction over well-paved highways, through many scenes of surpassing beauty. The three routes more commonly used are by way of Tuxedo and Goshen, skirting the edge of Middletown; by way of the Oranges, Montclair, Newfoundland and Sussex, or by Morristown, Mount Freedom and Newton. By somewhat increasing the mileage or changing the route one may include Bear Mountain or High Point or the edge of the Pocono Mountains. The Hartwood Club is some twelve miles from Port Jervis which is at the intersection of three states, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. By whatever method or route one arrives he becomes conscious at his journey's end that he is in a new and altogether delightful world. Here are hills with colors changing from dawn to dark, swift-running, limpid streams fed by pure and un-failing springs, singing their way to the calling sea, streams that possess above all other inanimate things the quality of perpetual livingness.

Here are dense forests of hemlock, pine, maple and oak; here are valleys rich in verdure and fragrant in blooming time, here are the winds scented by miles of travel through pine-tree tops, here is air charged with health-giving ozone, here is the music of Nature's feathered orchestra maintaining harmony and sweetness without re-



Summer



Winter

“There is a moment between day and night
When magic lives in light,
When snow upon the fields lies like blue sleep
And the purple intricate trees
Stand out enchanted in the cold silence
Like branching mysteries.”

—Cale Young Rice

hearsals, and here close to the heart of things as God made them, one feels the pulse of life universal.

In such an environment one forgets the shams and artifices of conventional life and is lifted as by unseen wings to the upper altitudes of actual reality. It means much to be able to escape from the crowds, the humid heat, the clamor and all the blatant accompaniments of modern city life to the quiet, restful serenity of the hills and to the green shadows of the woodland, and fortunate indeed is the man or woman thus privileged with the opportunity which thousands of shut-in workers covet and would pay any price to obtain.

“To him who in the love of Nature
Holds communion with her visible forms
She speaks a various language.”

Here if ever, one hears mystical voices in the stillness of star-lit nights, in the cool unfolding dawn and awakens after restful hours of sleep with the sense of having been born again.

But this is only a fragment of the picture. There are other voices; rollicking gaiety at the swimming pool at Hemlock Lake during the morning and late afternoon, boys and girls on the tennis court, little children who find a supreme delight in the security and the liberty of out-door play, happy picnics on the island and over-night camping adventures in an improvised cabin in the woods. There is charm for the fisherman and the hunter, for the amateur photographer and the artist, and for the tramper who finds new pleasure on the trails which wind for miles through the deep shades of the forest. Many owe their first real acquaintance with nature to the introduction made during the impressionable years of youth while here in the “un-



On Echo Lake Outlet

spoiled land”—an acquaintance that deepens and enlarges into affectionate friendship as the years go on.

Perhaps but few appreciate the remarkable freedom from insect annoyances which is here enjoyed. In Florida one contends with the ever-present and exasperating red-bug, in the middle west one is tormented by the “chigger,” in California he is harassed by fleas, along the coast he must protect himself against mosquitoes, in the Adirondacks the black flies may spoil his complexion and ruin his temper, but here, save for a few “punkies” early in the season and an occasional mosquito later on we are immune from the ravages of these frequently too friendly visitors. Many a vacation has been demoralized by the persistent attacks of these enemies of physical well-being and mental repose. Here they are not sufficiently prevalent to be seriously considered.



On Echo Lake Outlet

Many people, worn with work or weakened by sickness or tired by the unbroken routine of daily care have here found the renewal of depleted energies. In mind and in body they have been recreated. The altitude of 1300 feet has something to do with it, the freshness of abounding earth-life plays its part, the pure air, uncontaminated by city grime makes its contribution, but above all one feels himself possessed of a new liberty, freedom, separateness from the demands and responsibilities of a man-made world, for though our "man-made" world is necessary in our present state of affairs, it is quite as necessary, if one is to keep his soul, that from time to time he break away from its toils.

Every changing season has a meaning of its own. Spring loosens the heavy bonds of winter and life runs



When the leaves are falling

rampant from the tiniest grasses to the mightiest pine, the trout are rising in the brooks, the mating calls of the birds are in the air and everything—rocks, lichens, mosses, branches and trunks are washed clean by the rains of April and May.

“In the Spring, a fuller crimson comes upon the robin’s breast;

In the Spring, the wanton lap-wing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring, a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;

In the Spring, a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,”

and more than one happy marriage found its beginning in



The Townley Cottage in February

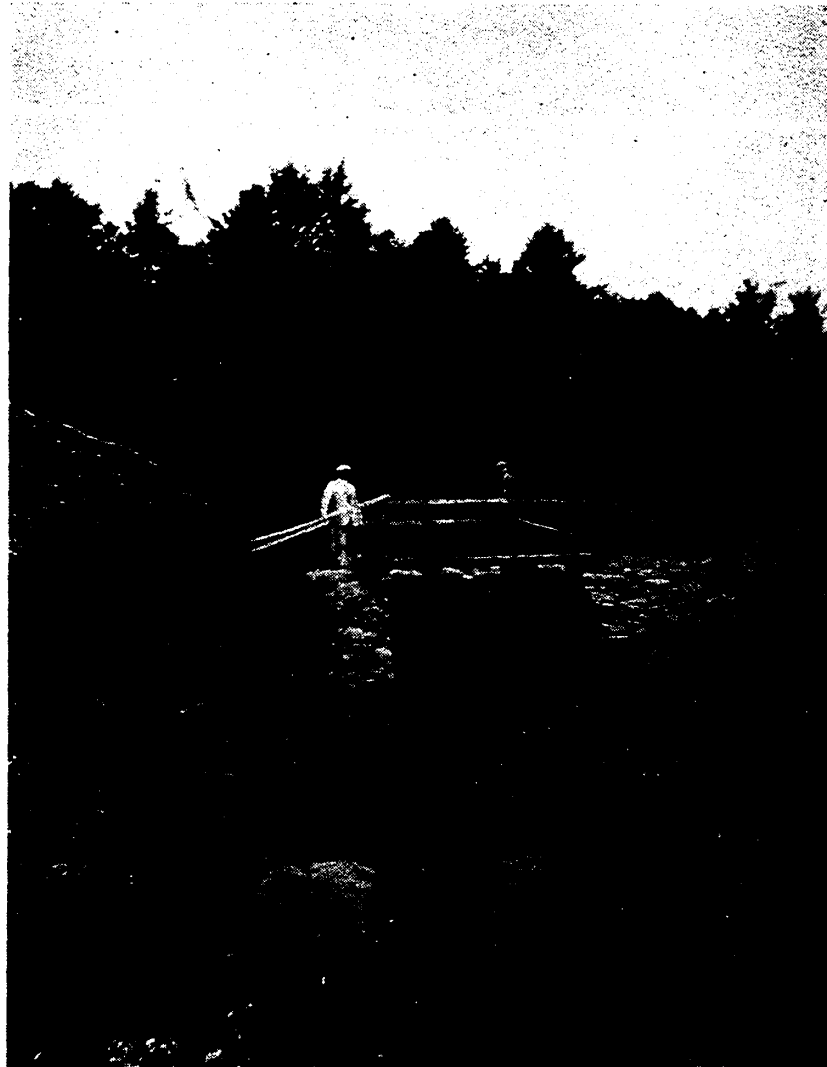
the tender days "when the year's at the spring" in Hartwood.

Summer sees all in full foliage, the conifers are brilliant in their new growth at the tips of the branches, the cottages are opening, week-end guests are in the Club House, life for many is transferred from the city to the country, fishing is at its best in Echo and Hemlock, and though sweltering heat may envelop the town, here one seldom sleeps without a blanket, especially if he is so fortunate as to make his bed out-of-doors. A summer spent at Hartwood never fails to bring restoration of exhausted nerves and tired spirits. Sickness here is almost unknown save the pains that occasionally follow over-indulgence at meal-time. A physician dependent upon practice in this region would soon be compelled to hang up his shingle elsewhere.

Then comes Autumn with all the superb coloring of the woods; blazing oaks and flaming maples with all the vivid hues that delight the eyes aware of loveliness, as though the Infinite Artist had spilled from His palette colors mixed by arch-angels in some celestial laboratory. With the sharp frosts which cut like scissors the leaves from the

trees exposing to full view many things hitherto concealed by the veils of verdure, come the sportsmen with their guns, the chase for game begins and seldom is the hunter without his reward.

Then, rounding out the year is Winter. Only by ex-



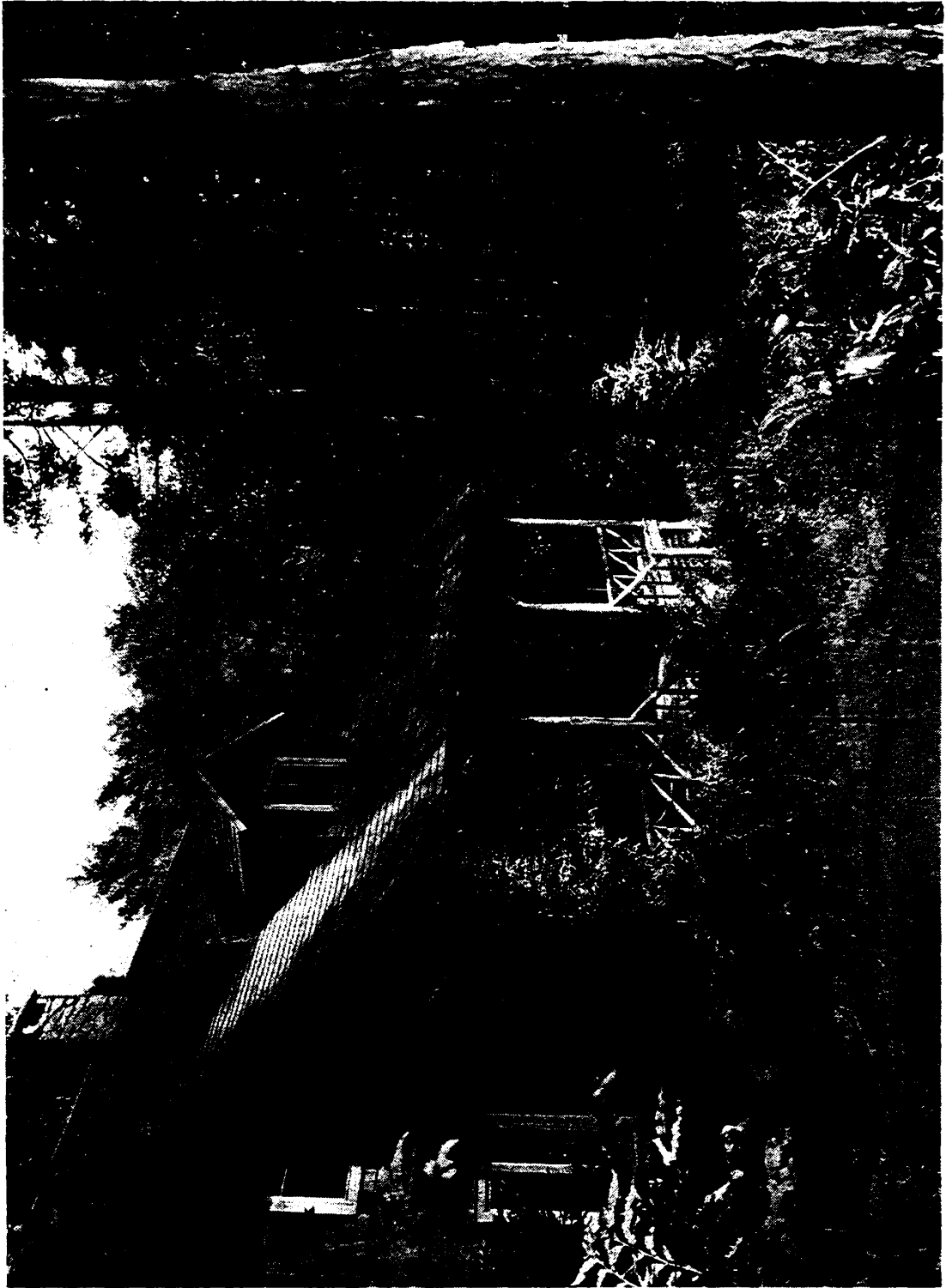
The Old Bridge

perience may one realize the delight of days spent here with the ground blanketed by snow that falls clean and stays clean and with bracing air to bring color to the cheeks. Not until the snow comes do the pines and hemlocks possess

their ideal background. Splendid at any time of year, the pine is regal when Boreas bestows upon its head the crown of dazzling white. Winter sports attract many; skating is good and tobogganning provides a never-failing thrill. When the outdoor day is done, a comfortable room, a book to read, a great log fire and an appetizing dinner, maybe of venison, form an altogether satisfactory conclusion.

Hartwood is responsive; one finds what he seeks, and for every mood there is an answer. The charm of the place is a mystical something, ill-defined by words, into which one grows with the passing of the years. Those who come here most frequently love it most fervently. No one sees Hartwood at a glance, indeed no one has ever seen all of Hartwood. No one knows it in a day or a month or a year. It is rich in a hundred different meanings. One grows into it, lives into it, and when, with the coming of age, memory turns in retrospection, no fairer picture is found painted upon the canvas of dreams than its unfailing charm.

A land of silver stars and radiant dawns
Of hazel furze and brown eyed fawns;
Dogwood and roses, hurrying bees
Like vagabonds among the trees.
Gentle winds and shining wings,
A silken nest—a thrush that sings,
Sweet fern, orchids—hemlock shade;
Lovelier things God never made.
A friend or two and a blazing fire
O, this is the Land of Heart's Desire.



The Campbell Cottage

CHAPTER VII.

In Blossom Time

BLOSSOM time is beautiful everywhere, no matter what the latitude and longitude, and in the minds of many it is particularly so at Hartwood. Perhaps it seems so because Winter is long and tenacious, yielding reluctantly to the wooing of the winds of Spring, giving way weeks after the flowers of the lower levels have emerged. Often the frost is deep and the snow blanket heavy upon the soil and not until the sun is high in the sky does the sleeping splendor appear to delight the eye and to satisfy the heart. Those who live here during the entire winter, encountering a temperature frequently thirty degrees below zero, feel that their patience is richly rewarded when the sentient earth awakens, the stirrings of life abound and the blooms unfold.

Since the world began was there ever more splendid bridal procession than the stately march of the flowers to consummate the marriage of Beauty to Fragrance? It is the theme of poets, singers and lovers from time immemorial, and the great Mendelssohn found one of his mightiest inspirations in resurgent nature when he wrote his unforgettable "Spring Song."

It is remarkable that so great a variety of flowers should be found in the Hartwood region, historically the land of the hemlocks, whose occupancy of the ground is not conducive to other growths. The hemlock is a jealous god among trees and ordinarily permits few neighbors to live and prosper. But with the clearing of much of the hemlock forest the way was open for other dwellers to assert their right to the sun and shade and soil.

Among the first of the heralds of approaching summer is the Trailing Arbutus—the May flower of New England, usually found on the rocky borders of woods and hillsides

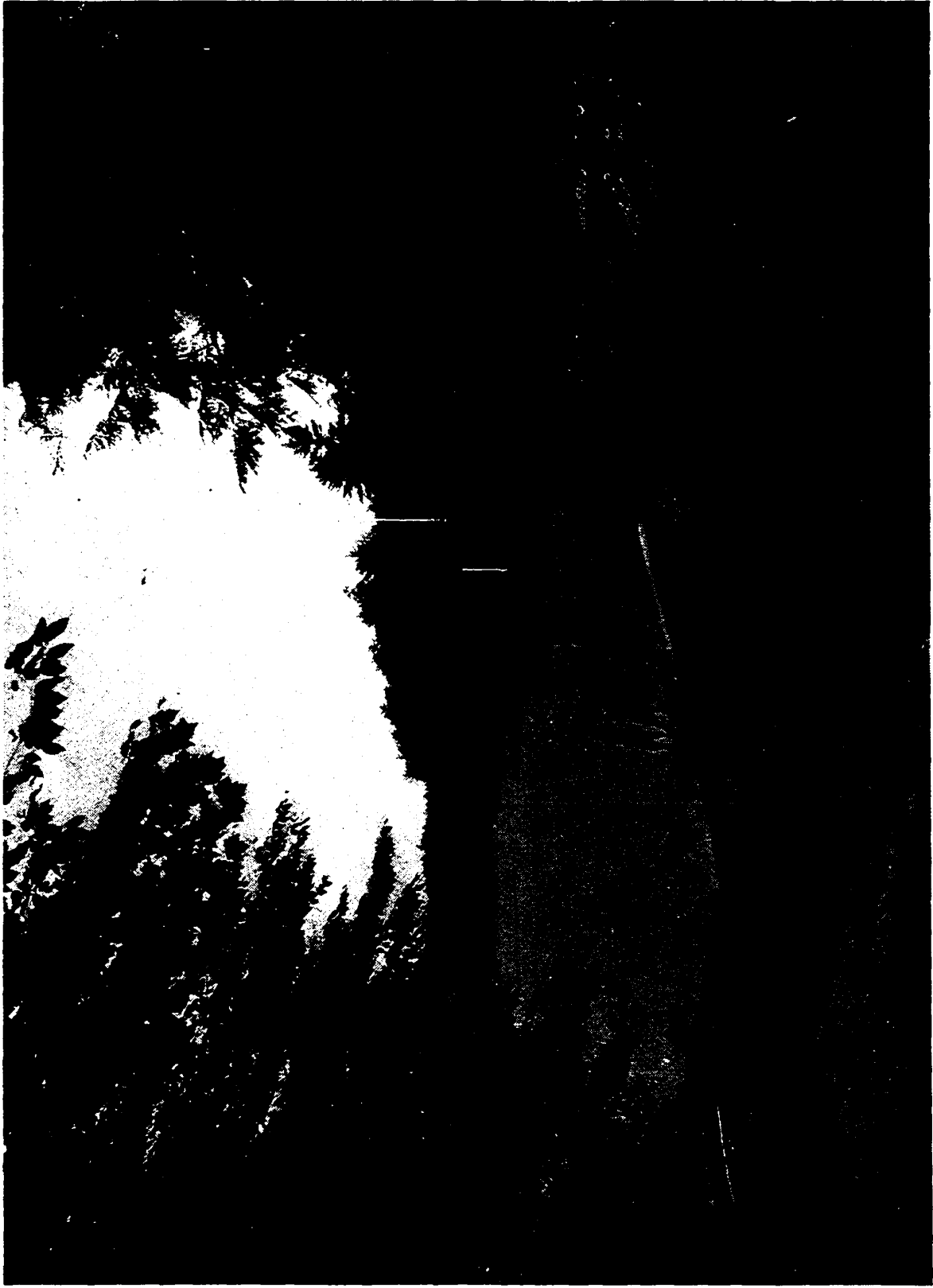


Echo Lake Outlet

and blooming beside the remnants of lingering snow-drifts. This charming, sweet-scented, white or delicately pink-tinted flower has long been loved, "loved not wisely but too well" for it is in danger of extermination, since through the course of many years it has been the prey of the thoughtless. There is reason to rejoice that various states are now aware of the necessity of protecting not only this exquisite plant but many others from the flower gatherer whose ruthlessness is vandalism. It transplants with the greatest difficulty and is most enjoyed when seen and its fragrance inhaled in its own dwelling place.

Following the *Arbutus* comes the filmy white sheen of the Shad-bush—so named because it blooms about the time the migrating shad appear in the rivers. It is as graceful as a bridal-veil and deserves a more appropriate name. Abundant near the Forestburgh road beyond the Green brook it is seen by few in blooming time but it is as lovely as snow-mists among the shining trunks and branches of the Birches. Then come the delicate Painted Trillium, the fragile blue Iris, the exquisite Lady's Slipper and other members of the Orchid family; then a more conspicuous member of the Heath family to which the *Arbutus* belongs—the Pink Azalea; then the rolling acres of Mountain Laurel like rose tinted fields of snow; then, with July, the haughty rhododendron. The procession moves on with the beautiful Cardinal Flower, and other representatives of the *Lobelia* family, then in the meadows, carpets of Butter-cups, Daisies and Black-eyed Susan while along the road-sides are handsome groups of pink and white Steeple-chase. By mid-summer and persisting until late Autumn to complete the season's march in flaming color is the Golden-rod, attended by white and purple Asters. These are but suggestions of the unfolding pageant of bloom one may see and admire at Hartwood if his eyes are open and his heart responsive.

It is impossible to list completely the great variety of



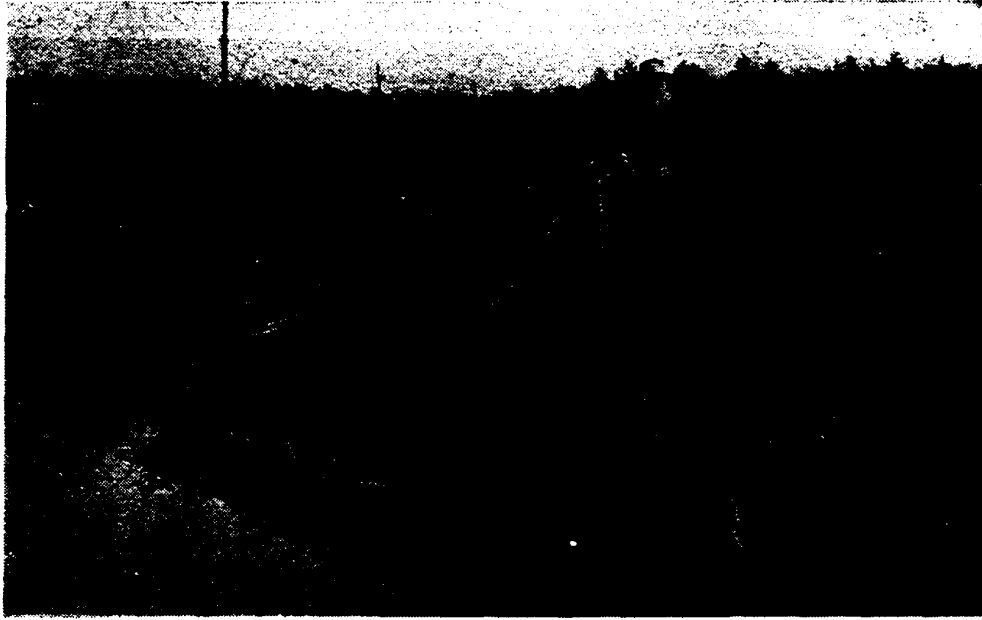
The swimming hole at Hemlock Lake

wildflowers which have been noted as native here. To Mrs. J. Mortimer Townley belongs the credit of checking the list of those known in this area—amazingly rich in its flora. Were the space and data available it would be appropriate and desirable to make more than passing mention of the bewildering number of ferns, grasses, lichens, mosses and fresh-water algae, all of which contribute to the loveliness of blossom-time. This is a field which still awaits the botanically inclined student of this abundantly fertile flower region.

Wild Flowers Found in Hartwood

White

Blood Root	White Sweet Clover - White Melilot
Shad Bush - June Berry	Enchanter's Nightshade
Wood Anemone - Wind Flower	Field Chickweed
Rue Anemone	Thimble Weed
Star Flower	Long fruited Anemone
Maianthemum Canadense	Cleavers - Bedstraw
Gold Thread	Small Bedstraw
Early Everlasting	Mitre-wort - Bishops Cap
Chokeberry	Nodding Trillium
Crinkle Root	Painted Trillium
Spring Cress	Choke Cherry
Whitlow Grass	Wild Sarsaparilla
Water Cress	Ground Nut - Dwarf Ginseng
Shepherd's Purse	Spikenard
May Apple - Mandrake	Bristly Sarsaparilla
Pepper and Salt - Harbinger of Spring	Canada Violet
Dutchmen's Breeches - White Hearts	Tiny Sweet Violet
Squirrel Corn	Lance Leaved Violet
Early Saxifrage	Creeping Snowberry
Foam Flower - False Mitre-wort	False Solomon's Seal
Common Black Huckleberry	Hobble Bush
Common Blueberry	Maple leaved Viburnum
Low Blueberry	Withe Rod
	White Baneberry
	Buckbean



Dr. di Zerega on a beaver-house



Work of beavers

Squaw Huckleberry	Wild Calla
Leather-leaf	Common Blackberry
One flowered Pyrola	Low Blackberry
Shin Leaf	Mountain Laurel
Pipsissewa - Princess Pine	American Rhododendron
Spotted Pipsissewa	Wood Sorrel
White Daisy	Sweet Cicely
Daisy Fleabane	White Swamp Honeysuckle
Wintergreen - Checkerberry	Rough Bedstraw
Indian Pipe - Corpse Plant	Black Cohosh - Black Snakeroot
Chamomile - Mayweed	Culver Root
New Jersey Tea - Red Root	Partridge Vine
Common Elder	Button Bush
Brook weed - Water Pimpernel	Climbing False Buckwheat
Dalibarda rapens	Boneset - Thoroughwort
Round Leaved Sundew	Arrow-Leaved Tear-thumb
Meadow Sweet	White Snakeroot
White Avens	Starry Campion
Three toothed Cinquefoil	Bladder Campion
Rattlesnake Plantain	Tall Meadow Rue
White Fringed Orchis	Ladies' Tresses
Colic Root - Star Grass	White Water Lily
Common Yarrow - Milfoil	Arrow head
Wild Carrot - Queen Anne's Lace	Water Plantain
Bugle weed	Grass of Parnassus
Traveller's Joy - Virgin's Bower	Wild Parsnip
Turtle Head	White Water Crowfoot
Common Dodder - Love Vine	Pipewort
Thorn Apple - Jamestown Weed	White Moccasin Flower
White Aster	

Green Wild Flowers

False Hellebore	Early Meadow Rue
Carrion Flower - Cat Brier	Swamp Saxifrage
Poison Sumach	Bitter Sweet - Wax
Poison Ivy	Field Sorrel
Virginia Creeper	Nettle
Green Orchis	Pepper Grass
Ragged Fringed Orchis	

Yellow Wild Flowers

Marsh Marigold	Yellow Star Grass
----------------	-------------------

Spice Bush	Wild Indigo
Yellow Adder's Tongue - Dog Tooth Violet	Yellow Clover - Hop Clover
Wood Betony	Sundrops
Bellwort	Meadow Lily
Early Meadow Parsnip	Common Bladderwort
Downy Yellow Violet	Horned Bladderwort
Golden Club	Butter and Eggs - Toadflax
Fly Honeysuckle	Common St. Johnswort
Celandine	Orange Grass
Clintonia Borealis	Common Mullein
Golden Ragwort	Moth Mullein
Yellow Lady's Slipper	Black Eyed Susan
Yellow Sweet Clover	Wild Senna
Indian Cucumber Root	Agrimony
Black Mustard	Yellow Wood Sorrel
Wild Radish	Jewel-weed
Rattlesnake Weed	Horse Balm
Dandelion	Evening Primrose
Hawkweed	Golden Aster
Common Cinquefoil	Wild Sunflower
Shrubby Cinquefoil	Sneezeweed
Silvery Cinquefoil	Stick Tight
Yellow Avens	Wild Lettuce
Bush Hcneysuckle	Golden-rod
Four-leaved Loosestrife	Smooth False Foxglove
Yellow Loosestrife	Downy False Foxglove
Cow Wheat	Yellow Gerardia
Steironema ciliatum	Tansy
Yellow Pond Lily	Witch-hazel
Common Barberry	Goat's Beard

Pink Flowers

Trailing Arbutus	Basil
Twin Flower	Deptford Pink
Spring Beauty	Philadelphia Fleabane
Showy Orchis	Wild Morning Glory
Twisted Stalk	Herb Robert
Rhododendron	Common Milkwort
Wild Pink	Mountain Fringe - Fumitory
Moss Pink	Common Milkweed
Pink Lady's Slipper	Fireweed

Pale Corydalis	Small Willow Herb
Calypso	Steeple-bush - Hardhack
Pink Azalea - Pinxter Flower	Pink Knotweed
Fringed Polygala	Amphibious Knotweed
Sheep Laurel	Purple Loosestrife
Pale Laurel	Meadow Beauty
American Cranberry	Marsh St. Johnswort
Adder's Tongue	Tick Tree-foil
Calopogon pulchellus	Bouncing Bet
Spreading Dogbane	Purple Gerardia
Purple Flowering Raspberry	Joe-Pye weed

Red Flowers

Wild Columbine	Butterfly weed
Wake Robin	Oswego Tea
Pitcher Plant	Devil's Paint Brush
Wood Lily	Cardinal Flower
Turk's Cap Lily	

Blue and Purple Flowers

Liverwort - Hepatica	Blue weed-Vipers Bugloss
Common Blue Violet	Venus's Looking Glass
Dog Violet	Pickrel weed
Gill-over-the-ground	Harebell
Robin's Plantain	Night shade
Wild Geranium	Common Motherwort
Bluets - Quaker Ladies	Indian Tobacco
Blue-eyed Grass	Blue Lobelia
One-flowered Cancer Root	American Pennyroyal
Blue Flag	Wild Bergamot
Skull-cap	Chickory
American Brooklime	Hog Peanut
Common Speedwell	Blue Tcadflax
Wild Lupine	Great Lobelia
For-get-me-not	Blue Aster
Purple Fringed Orchis	Purple Aster
Self-heal	Iron Weed
Arethusa	Creeping Thyme
Blue Vervain	Blue Curls
Monkey Flower	Five Flowered Gentian
Water Shield	Closed Gentian
Blue Vetch	Fringed Gentian
Wild Mint	Purple Virgin's Bower

110

IN BLOSSOM TIME

Spearmint
Peppermint

Purple Goat's Beard

Miscellaneous

Skunk Cabbage
Wild Ginger
Jack-in-the-pulpit

Pine sap — Fake Beechdrops
Wild Bean
Coral Root

CHAPTER VIII.

Trees and Shrubs

“If I but knew
The meaning of yon pine against the blue,
And what the wise winds whisper blowing through,
What need were mine of books to teach me lore?
I, gathering shells along life’s windy shore
Where all that is and all that was before
Breaks on Eternity—If I but knew
The meaning of the pine against the blue.”

WONDERFUL as are the trees of the present in the Hartwood region, those of a century or more ago must have been marvelous indeed. To the Indian they meant not much more than individuals in a forest which provided good hunting, material for wigwams, canoes and shelter from the storm. They had no appreciation of their commercial value and probably little of their artistic beauty. There is a record of a sycamore tree, for instance, which was nine feet in diameter. It was hollow, and a man could ride into it astride a horse. Until 1865 it was used as a substitute for a smoke-house. Captain Ezra May, who lived on the Delaware, owned a canoe which was known as Old Trout. It was hewn from the body of an immense tree, was forty-five feet in length and so wide that a barrel of pork could lie in it cross-wise. It was capable of carrying twenty-five barrels of flour. When loaded, it required the strength of six men to take it upstream, four to pull and two to pole. The pulling ropes were made from the bark of basswood and leather-bark trees. Twice a year the Old Trout was taken on a raft to tide-water and sometimes to Philadelphia for the purpose of freighting merchandise to the upper Delaware.

Not many miles from here, toward Wurtsborough, was a white pine tree which measured twenty-one feet in cir-



The Sand Lot Pine

cumference. Fifteen feet from the ground it had two branches each as large as an ordinary tree. It made five logs, the largest of which was five feet in diameter. It was sold as it stood for ten dollars!

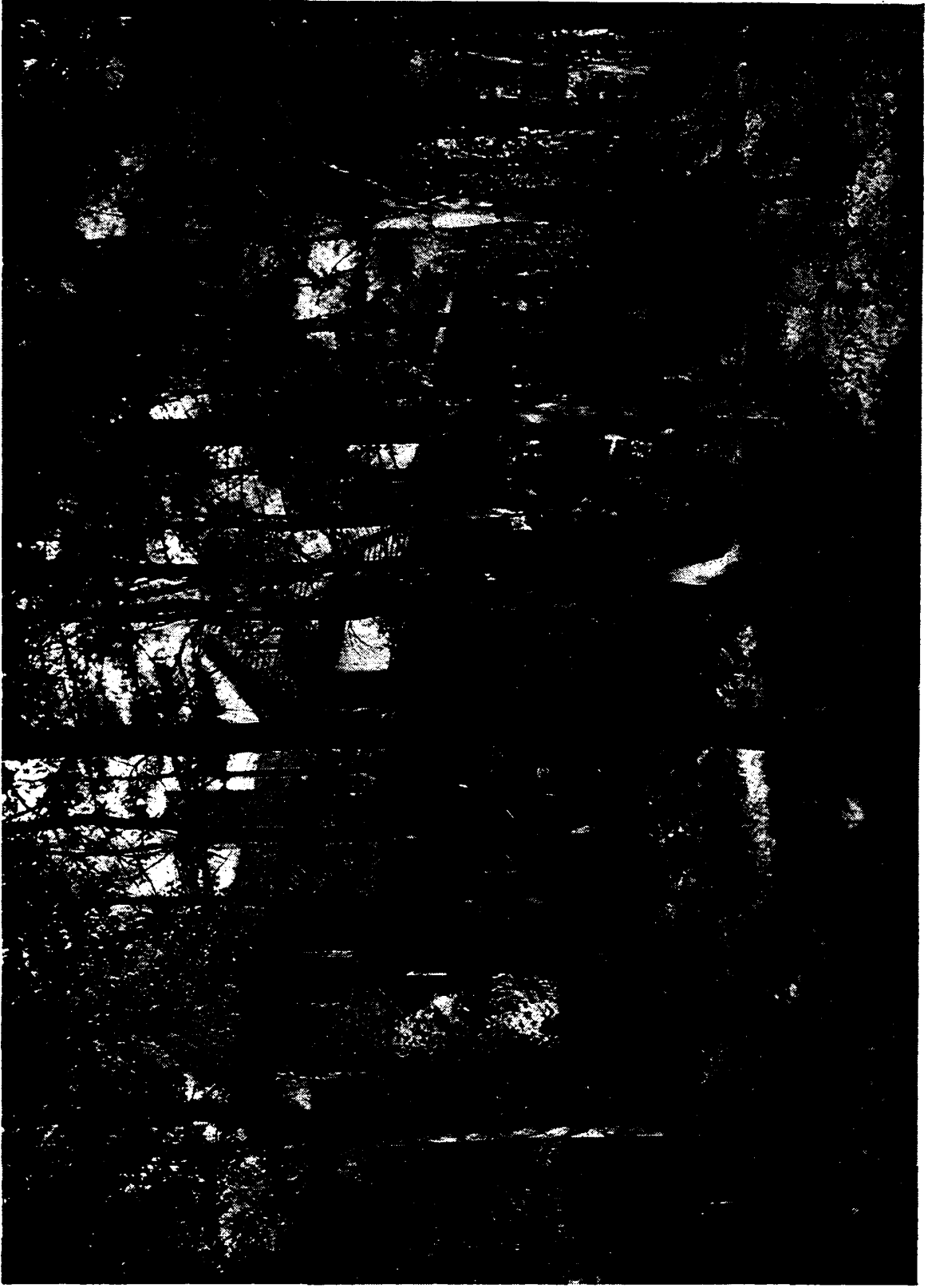
The beech-tree was of considerable importance to the early residents. Previous to a supposed climatic change due to the destruction of great forest areas, beech nuts were very plentiful and large numbers of swine were driven into the woods to fatten upon them. The pork thus produced was not equal to that made from corn, as it was soft and cily, but it cost nothing and usually found a ready market.

The chestnut was everywhere. It was a handsome tree, often attaining great size and of noble beauty. Though not so desirable for open fires as oak or pine on account of its tendency to spark and sputter, it was useful for cooking, making a quick, hot fire. Moreover, it was notable for the nuts it produced, furnishing good food in abundance for many of the creatures of the wild, as well as supplying a pleasant addition to the table. We have learned to our sorrow that sickness and pestilence are by no means confined to our human world. In the world of

vegetation individuals grow ill and wither away, and at times entire families succumb to infection, and, unable to withstand the onslaught of disease, weaken and die. So there came, twenty years ago, this forest tragedy, when the chestnut was caught in the clutches of a blight, which disdaining all other growths, and concentrating on this particular tree, wrought what now appears to be its extinction. Though studied earnestly and persistently by foresters and bacteriologists, no explanation of the origin of the blight has been forth-coming and no method of extermination or control has been devised. The entire chestnut range, so far as this continent is concerned, seems doomed. From the roots emerge new growths from year to year only to fall victims to a violent disorder in a short space of time. It may be that some day the curse may run its course and once more this splendid citizen of the woods may thrive and prosper, but not, apparently, during this generation. One has only to walk in any direction to behold the gaunt, bare reminders of what was once one of the glories of the woodland.

Hartwood has long been favored and still is by the presence of two of the supreme blooms of northern woodland territory, the laurel and the rhododendron. The laurel is comfortable in both the sun and shade and ordinarily blooms in rich profusion, and while not reaching the great height achieved in Virginia and the Carolinas, it is nevertheless, a source of infinite charm and satisfaction. No one who has seen the continuous cover of white and pink on the slope back of Dr. Cleveland's home or the superb groups on the hill-side above Miles Sturdevant's can ever forget the impression of unearthly beauty. June is one of the most delightful months in this region and not the least of its enchantments is the vision of the laurel bloom.

Like-wise the rhododendron adds a notable glory some weeks later. The fourth of July, ordinarily, sees the latter



Cottage owned by Clement K. Corbin

in full display. During the winter the deer browse freely upon its leaves and this accounts for the bare limbs and trunks frequently seen. In various regions it grows profusely, especially along the Lower Brook, below Hartwood station, while a handsome group occupies the foreground at the cottage of Mr. Simonson. The blooms are rich in nectar and when fully open draw countless bees, both honey and bumble-bees, on their quest for food. Space forbids adequate treatment of the many interesting trees and shrubs, the variety of which would prove engrossing to the forester or to the lover of the woods, but mention must be made of two trees of unfailing joy to the woods-lover: the hemlock and the gray birch. No one should forfeit the thrill of a leisurely ramble through the dense shade of the hemlock woods between the Green Brook and the Hartwood road. The silence, the shadows and the intense green-ness give the sense of utter aloofness from the things of the outer world. Then, beyond the Green Brook, stretch the vast beds of ferns guarded by the white sentinels of the verdant masses—the birches, growing in groups, as though intent on comradeship through their hours of vigilance.

We have been told by those familiar with the forested area of this part of the country that nowhere else is there to be found so promising and abundant a stand of White Pine as in the Hartwood territory. A casual stroll in almost any direction reveals the prevalence of this splendid tree. With the going of many of the oak trees, the space they occupied has been filled by the pines, always beautiful and in time destined to be of larger commercial value than at present.

Some years ago they were seriously threatened by what is known as the "White Pine Blister" disease. It is a fungus which spreads from infected individual trees to currants and goose-berries from April to June, there de-

veloping through the summer months, then passing to other pines, which gradually succumb, showing the effects of the disease at the top and among the upper branches. The attack is confined to those species which bear their needles in bunches of five, as the White Pine, the Sugar Pine and the Lumber Pine, the initial point of attack being the young, newly formed bark. The fungus grows on the undersides of the leaves of the carriers and all kinds of currants and goose-berries both cultivated and wild are intermediate hosts, the domestic black currant being especially vulnerable. The "blight" was brought to America from Europe on imported nursery stock and has become more or less generally distributed in New England and in the territory extending toward the Great Lakes. Steps have been taken toward its eradication and an adequate program of control has been adopted by the states particularly affected. It is a serious menace and all preventive measures should be warmly supported. The disease does not pass directly from pine to pine but by way of the afore-mentioned carriers, that is, from the pine to the currant or goose-berry, from one currant or goose-berry to another, then to other pines. Few trees affected have ever been known to recover. Spraying and numerous forms of disinfection have thus far proved ineffectual, the only method of conquest being the complete destruction of the carriers. Two years ago the Board of Trustees employed a company of men from the State Conservation Commission to cover the entire area of forested lands owned and controlled by the Club and to thoroughly root out and destroy any discoverable currant or goose-berry bush. Many were found which were infected. It was a wise precaution and at present there is no evidence of any pine suffering from this peculiar malady. Every traveler through the woods might well keep his eyes open to these guilty transmitters of disease

The Eggleston Cottage



and destroy them. It would be shocking indeed were the pines to meet the fate of the chestnut.

By great good fortune combined with prudence and care the Hartwood forests have thus far escaped the ravages of fire since the fall of 1888 when many acres were burned. From time to time in the dry season the woods have been threatened, but by calling all available hands to the task of fire-fighting, no serious results followed. When the ground is covered with fallen leaves and dry pine needles and a strong wind is blowing, the peril is very great. It is needless to say that every precaution should be taken at such a time to avoid the danger of extended conflagration. While about us and in other forested regions of the state the destruction has been very serious, this territory has been immune, and for this every lover of the trees should be grateful, for nothing is more desolate than fire-swept hills and valleys.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. J. M. Townley and George E. Dimock the following trees and shrubs have been noted as native here:

Alder	A. Black
Ash	B. Choke
A. Red	C. Wild red
B. White	Chestnut
Balsam	Dog-wood
Bass-wood	A. Flowering
Beech-nut	B. Blue-fruited
Birch	Elder-berry
A. Black	Elm
B. Gray	A. Common
C. River	B. Slippery
D. Yellow	Hack-berry
Butter-nut	Hazel-nut
Cedar	Hemlock
A. Red	Hickory
B. White	A. Pignut
Cherry	B. Shag-bark

Horn Beam

- A. "Blue beech"
- B. Hop (iron-wood)

Huckle-berry (high bush)

Laurel, Mountain

Locust

- A. Common
- B. Honey

Maple

- A. Striped
- B. Sugar
- C. Swamp

Oak

- A. Black
- B. Chestnut
- C. Pin
- D. Red
- E. Scarlet
- F. Scrub
- G. Swamp white
- H. White

Pepperidge

Pine

- A. Pitch
- B. White
- C. Scrub

Poplar

- A. Cotton-wood
- B. Large-toothed

C. Quaking

Rhododendron

Sassafras

Shad-bush

Spice-bush

Spruce

- A. Black
- B. White

Sumac

- A. Dwarf
- B. Poison
- C. Smooth
- D. Velvet

Sycamore

Tamarack

Thorn

- A. Dotted
- B. Pear
- C. Holmes Haw

Tulip-tree

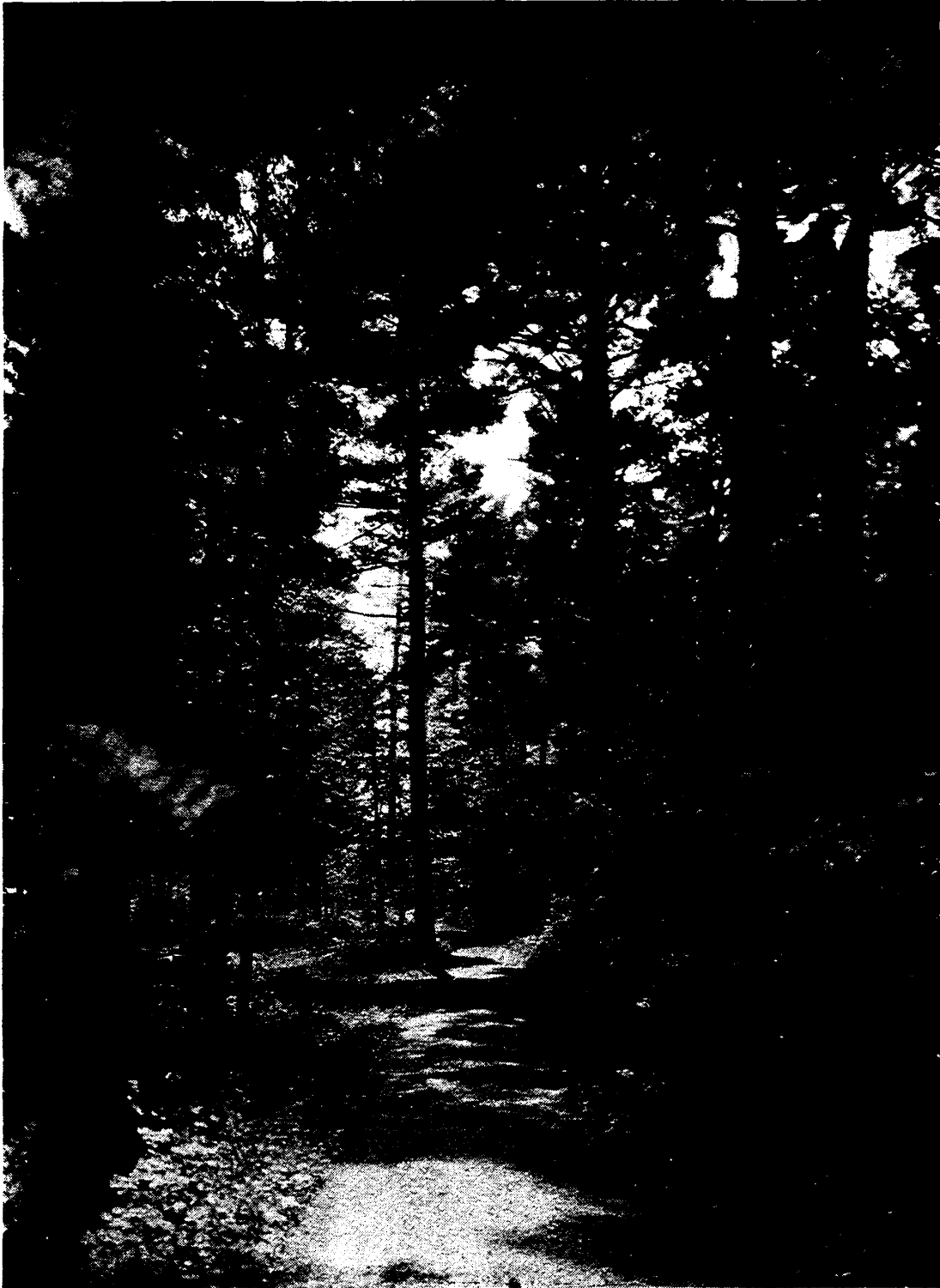
Viburnum

- A. Sweet
- B. Maple-leaf
- C. Withe-rod
- D. Hobble-bush

Witch-hazel

Willow

- A. Black
- B. Long-leaf
- C. Pussy



A Wood-land Trail

CHAPTER IX

Bird Life in Hartwood

"I heard a bird at break of day
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties
No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird
Alone, among dead trees."

TO appreciate to the full extent the bird life of Hartwood one should spend the four seasons in the region, with eyes, ears and heart open to the infinitely varied program of color and song. The musical period is of course, as elsewhere, in the spring, during the mating and nesting time when the woods are resonant with the gaiety of courtship and home-building. The friendly wren is among the most generous and satisfying of all the singers, and abounds, building freely, especially when houses are provided for its encouragement. Other sweet singers are the vireos, the cat-bird, the brown thrasher, the hermit thrush, best heard in the quiet of late evening along the lake-sides, the wood thrush, the oriole, the robin, the song sparrow and various warblers. Dawn and minstrelsy are almost synonymous during May and June, and fortunate indeed is the visitor who has timed his stay to correspond with the unforgettable melody of day-break. Andrew Carnegie provided a pipe organ in one of his houses that he might awaken to its strains, but far beyond the charm of any music performed by human hands is the matutinal chorus of the birds.

By mid-summer the woods are strangely still. The fledglings are learning to fly, the nests are deserted, the adult birds are molting and the music has largely ceased, save for the faithful phoebe who continues her cheerful,

charming note as though to compensate, in part at least, for the silence of the others. At night, however, one may hear the whippoor-will and the melancholy but always interesting call of the hoot-owl. The junco remains through the winter and relieves with its vitality and neighborliness the tedium of much of the life of nature locked in slumber. In the woods may frequently be heard the drumming of the grouse, and if one goes carefully through the dense shadows of the hemlocks he may catch the velvet sound of the wings of the great horned owl whose flight is almost as silent as the night. Occasionally, various migrants on their long journey, tarry for a brief period for rest or food.

The following list comprises the birds known to be native to the Hartwood territory.

Blackbird - Red-winged	Grebe
Bluebird	Grosbeak - Cardinal
Bunting - Indigo	Grosbeak - Pine
Catbird	Grosbeak - Red Breasted
Chat - Yellow breasted	Grouse - Ruffed
Chewink	Jay - Blue
Chickadee	Junco
Chimney Swift	Heron - Blue
Cowbird	Heron - Lesser green
Creeper - Brown	Hoot Owl
Crossbill - American	Humming Bird - Ruby Throated
Crow	King bird - Belted
Cuckoo - Yellow-bellied	Kingfisher
Duck - Black	Meadowlark
Duck - Mallard	Nighthawk
Duck - Teal	Nuthatch - Red-breasted
Duck - Wood	Nuthatch - White breasted
Finch - Purple	Oriole - Baltimore
Flicker	Oriole - Orchard
Flycatcher - Yellow bellied	Oven bird
Flycatcher - Great crested	Pewee - Wood
Goldfinch - American	Phoebe
Grackle - Purple	Redstart
Great Horned Owl	Robin - American

Snowflake	Vireo - Yellow throated
Sparrow - Chipping	Warbler - Blackburnian
Sparrow - English	Warbler - Black throated blue
Sparrow - Field	Warbler - Black and White creeping
Sparrow - Song	Warbler - Black poll
Sparrow - Tree	Warbler - Blue winged
Sparrow - Swamp	Warbler - Myrtle
Sparrow - White throated	Warbler - Pine
Swallow - Bank	Warbler - Yellow
Swallow - Barn	Water Witch
Swallow - Cliff	Waxwing - Bohemian - Cedar
Swallow - Tree	Whippoor-will
Tanager - Scarlet	Woodpecker - Downy
Thrasher - Brown	Woodpecker - Hairy
Thrush - Hermit	Woodpecker - Pileated
Thrush - Wood	Woodpecker - Red headed
Vireo - White-eyed	Woodpecker - Yellow-bellied
Vireo - Red-eyed	Wren - House

CHAPTER X.

Hunting and Fishing

IF the traditions coming down from the remote past are reliable, and there is little reason to doubt their substantial accuracy, wild life abounded in the entire region now occupied by The Hartwood Club. In the distant days of the untouched wilderness it must have been a paradise for the hunter, the trapper and the fisherman. It must be remembered however, that game animals and fish were taken not so much for sport as for an essential portion of current food necessities, it being quite obvious that the means of supply and distribution were meager. Every man was forced to be his own provider.

It is asserted upon good authority, that both moose and elk were here, while the deer were plentiful. It is safe to say that in addition to those mentioned the following wild animals were present in varying numbers, dependent, largely upon the particular time and the conditions existing: black bear, panther, catamount, wolf, beaver, raccoon, opossum, otter, porcupine, wood-chuck, wood-rat, muskrat, gopher, Arctic hare, cotton-tail rabbit, red, gray and flying squirrels, weasel and other smaller animals. Snakes of various species, especially rattle-snakes, constrained to caution the traveler through the woods and fields. Rattlers were all too prevalent a hundred years ago, and are even now occasionally encountered, but so far as known, no one in this immediate vicinity has ever been bitten.

Among the native game birds (there being few migrants in the region) were wild duck, the wood duck being particularly abundant, wild turkey, wild pigeon, wood-cock, ruffed grouse, and occasionally, quail. Among the varieties of fish were, and still largely are, the brook and brown trout, pickerel, bass (imported) striped perch, dace, cat-

fish, eels, sunfish, and a number of species coming up the rivers from the sea at spawning time.

Many interesting stories are told of the exploits of the early days, some of which will bear repeating.

Not far from Forestburgh lived Nelson Crocker, son of Jesse Crocker, the first tavern-keeper of Bethel. He was noted for his love of hunting, his dissolute life and his tragic death. He often hunted in the vicinity of Big Pond near Panther Swamp. Deer hunting was fairly good and where there were deer, panthers abounded. Once, while on the outskirts of the swamp with his dog, he struck the trails of no less than seven panthers. This animal is generally found singly, or at most in pairs. Crocker followed the tracks until he was hungry, when he sat down upon a log to eat his luncheon, a portion of which he offered to his dog, who showed no interest in the proffered food, but showing his teeth, and bristling, seemed to be aware of an unseen enemy. In a moment, a large panther sprang by him like a flash, almost brushing his shoulder as he passed. Catching up his old General Morgan rifle he fired but saw the beast disappear unharmed. An instant later his dog was fighting another feline monster at a little distance but the terrible claws of the panther were too much for the dog, which retreated, running to his master while the panther fled. As Crocker was reloading he saw another running toward him. He yelled at it and it ran up a tree. This one he killed. As soon as he could load again, he saw another which he shot. Then the fright of his dog which seemed to feel safe nowhere except between his feet, and screaming panthers in every direction caused him to lose heart. Discretion being the better part of valor, he ran for higher ground, losing his hat as he sped and finally escaping the infested territory. On the day following Nelson determined to revisit the scene and skin his game and recover his hat. On the way he dis-



Mr. Morris in the field

covered a large male panther in the crotch of a tree and fired. It fell, but immediately climbed to the top of a sapling when the sapling bent with its weight until it reached the ground. The dog, forgetting the rough treatment of the previous day, stood ready for another encounter. A brief struggle ensued with much snarling, yelping and flying hair. The dog was speedily out-generaled and fled toward its master with his antagonist close to his heels. Crocker's rifle was unloaded. Averse to a hand-to-hand battle he chose to run. A race ensued in which the dog was first, the hunter second, with the panther in the rear driving all before it. Nelson expected every moment to feel the weight and the talons of the pursuer upon his shoulders, consequently he made excellent time. Encumbered by his rifle, he threw it away. This

delayed matters a bit; the panther stopping to smell it enabled Nelson to escape from the swamp to high land whither the animal did not attempt to follow him. Nelson ended his career in a wild drinking debauch and in the humiliation and shame which followed, he shot himself and thus rounded out his years as a marksman.

A tale published in the "Republican Watchman," written by John Hawkins, tells of an episode in the year 1843. On the ninth of March the track of a very large panther was discovered and a party of hunters followed the animal to its den in a ledge of rocks. Closing up the passages to prevent its escape they returned the day following with reinforcements hoping to dislodge and to kill it. To do this they removed the rocks, opening a passage for about twenty feet or half-way, when they found the hole too small to admit a man. A small lamp was then procured which was attached to the end of a pole and thrust so far into the passage that the glaring eyes of the panther could plainly be seen. A candle was then placed so that its light would shine on the barrel of a rifle thus enabling the man who attempted to shoot, to take sure aim. The first shot merely wounded the animal which caused it to growl and scream so terribly that every one fled from the spot fearing he would be torn to pieces. After regaining their composure they returned, again filling up the entrance with rocks. Then all went home. On the third day, forty men and boys from the surrounding country assembled to watch and to participate in the closing act of this sanguinary drama of the back-woods. They were variously armed—rifles, shot-guns, bayonets, dirks, crow-bars, axes, hatchets, butcher knives, etc. The plan of the previous day, it was agreed, was the best to follow. The rocks were rolled away and the lights properly placed. One hunter crawled into the passage as far as possible and fired. Then followed a second and a third shot, the panther being prostrated

on the bottom of the den. The next difficulty was to get it out. No one but a lad could enter. One volunteered but before he reached the lair backed out of danger. Another boy, of spirit and courage, accepted the challenge, threw off his hat, coat and vest, and armed with a hunter's axe and a Spanish dirk went in. While his friends were in almost breathless suspense, he crept cautiously through the narrow passage. The panther, though badly wounded, was still alive. As soon as he was within reach he buried the blade of the axe in its brain and then applied the dirk



The deer are friendly

to its throat—a most hazardous performance. The young adventurer ended his exploit by dragging out the panther, which measured nine feet, seven inches, from its nose to the tip of its tail.

Zephaniah Drake, who lived near Forestburgh, was a hardy, industrious man who excelled as a hunter, and so great was his reputation that he imagined himself the champion rifle-shot of the community. During a hunting trip with his brother Nathan, their dogs treed a large bear.

The hunters found the animal perched on the limb of a tree looking down at the dogs. Zephaniah quickly taking aim, was about to shoot, when Nathan advised him to be careful to make a sure shot. He replied, "Why, I can shoot the eye out of his head!" Sighting for the eye he fired his ball, missed the mark, but hit the upper jaw which was shattered, so that the bear's nose with about half of the teeth of the jaw turned up over his forehead. The bear fell to the ground and the dogs fell upon the bear. The bear caught one of the dogs between its paws and attempted to crush it when the other dog bit the bear so vigorously that he let go the first and caught the other, and so they fought back and forth and were so confused a mass of snarling, barking flesh that a shot was impossible. Zephaniah at last tackled the bear with his hunting hatchet when the animal left the dogs and sprang at him. He stepped back, his foot caught in a laurel branch and he fell upon his back. In an instant the bear was upon him and the dogs on top of all. It was a lively moment. From impulse he threw up his hand to keep his assailant as far off as possible but unfortunately thrust it so far into bruin's mouth that it was partly crushed. Finally, by means now forgotten, but probably by a telling blow from Nathan, the bear was killed. Until his death in 1849, eighty-one years old, Zephaniah exhibited as evidence of the facts in the case the disfigured hand. He learned, apparently, that more than reputation is required to shoot an eye out of a bear's head.

In the earlier days bears were quite numerous. The usual manner of catching them was to make a pen of logs, at one end of which was a door that could be opened and shut only from the outside. When set, it was raised up, falling as soon as bruin meddled with the bait, effectually imprisoning him. It was like an old-fashioned mouse-trap on a large scale, with a slight variation. An old settler



A deer miscalculates the distance

named Seeley on visiting a trap he had made, found in it a cub which he shot. Laying down his gun he raised the door, fixed it precisely as if he had set it for more game and entered to take out the bear. While inside he accidentally touched the lever, when down fell the door and he was literally caught in his own trap. To escape without help was impossible, and unless some one soon found him or he could eat raw bear meat he had the gloomy prospect of starvation. But there was a worse feature to his dilemma. He soon had reason to fear that instead of eating the young animal, he would himself be devoured by an old one. The mother bear made her appearance and seeing her cub in strange company flew into a rage and rushed at the hunter. Being a pious man and having prayed for deliverance from the trap he now had occasion

to pray it would hold him securely. The bear caught hold of the logs with her powerful fore-paws trying to dislodge them, at the same time biting off large mouthfuls of wood and bark. Failing in this, she thrust her claws through the crevices, endeavoring to reach him, causing him to shrink as small as possible to the opposite side. As he changed his position she changed hers, and he was kept dancing in a lively manner, all the while shouting with all the lung-power he possessed. Providentially, a neighbor was in the same woods hunting, who, hearing his cries for help, hastened to the spot, shot the bear and released the prisoner. When Seeley emerged he said, "Well, I think I know how a mouse feels when caught in a trap with a cat watching it!"

One of the country's famous hunters was Simeon Barber, being known as the "Bear Killer." He knew their trails and their habits and killed an untold number of them. He shot them and trapped them until he was an old man, when he fell into a trap himself. He had saved the sum of three hundred dollars. This a faded siren of the neighborhood determined to make her own. She did not dare to steal it until she first had purloined the old man's heart. By an artful display of her diminishing charms she made him forget his guns and his traps. After a brief wooing the honest old hunter persuaded her to go with him in quest of a Justice of the Peace. His equipage consisted of a bull broken to harness and attached to a cart, upon which he mounted a box fashioned from rough hemlock boards. In this the eager groom and unblushing bride rode to Monticello. Their mode of travel must have caused spectators to think of the progress of gods and goddesses in pre-Homeric days. At the county-seat their matrimonial intentions were consummated. According to one clause in the ceremony he had "endowed her with all his worldly goods" and she could appropriate them with-

out being legally guilty of theft. Knowing this she got possession of the money and departed, thus fulfilling



Dr. di Zerega and a big one

her original intention. Rudely awakened from his dream of domestic felicity, the old man lingered a few months

and then died—all of which proves that while a she-bear mourning the loss of its cub may prove a formidable opponent, a woman in need of money may present an even more serious problem.

In 1863, James L. Brooks while at work near Oakland found two wild-cats or catamounts in their den. He boldly entered their lair and after an animated contest killed them. He came out of the woods with the cats slung upon his shoulders and his clothes in rags and tatters. Although his body bore many scratches, cuts and stripes, he was not seriously injured.

Calvin Bush was regarded as the most successful panther-killer of the country, having the credit of dispatching fifteen of the ferocious animals, alone, in one neighborhood. On one of his excursions he wounded a large panther which sprang upon his dog. Wishing to save its life he struck a heavy blow at the panther's head with his hatchet. The beast dodged and caught the handle in its teeth, crushing the wood until its tusks nearly met. Bush said that though he had a good grip the brute took the hatchet from his hands as though they were those of an infant. He then reloaded his gun and shot the panther a second time, killing it. Bush had a stiff finger before this battle. During the encounter the panther struck it with his claws, ripping it open from one end to the other. When the wound healed, the finger was cured and was sound during the remainder of his life. This is probably the only case of a surgical operation successfully performed by a panther.

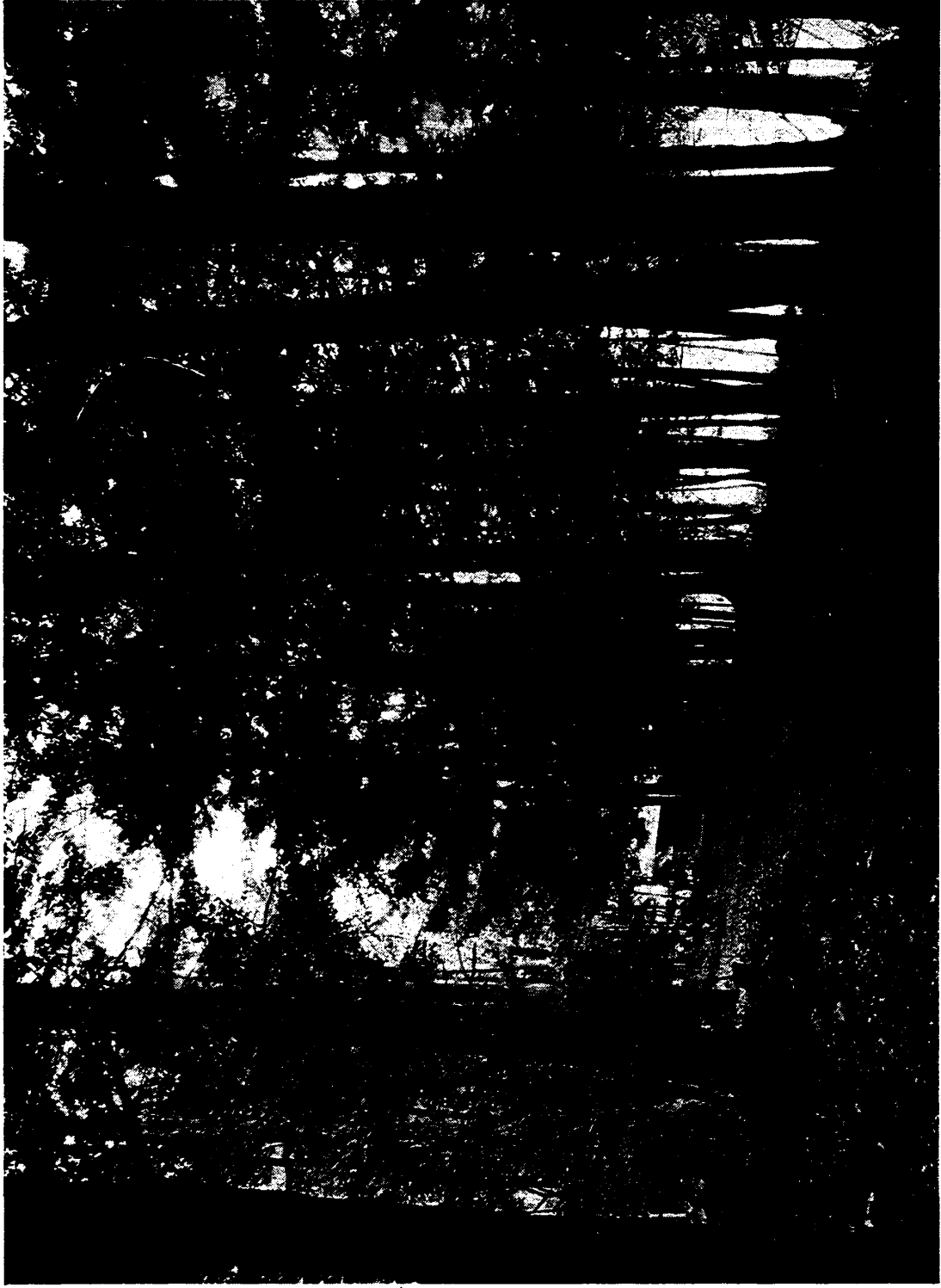
Elk were more or less common even as late as the days of the Revolution. One Nathan Stanton, relates that when a boy of seven, in 1779, he accompanied his father and two other men on a hunting expedition. The dogs started an elk described as a great and truly noble animal which passed with the fleetness of the wind. As it neared water one shot mortally wounded it, nevertheless it swam to the

opposite shore; the hunters following it with a canoe and after an exciting chase capturing it.

To an early settler named John Masten belongs perhaps the record for the most phenomenal shot. Deer had formed the habit of frequenting his maize-field at night to feed upon the silk, of which they are very fond. He lay in wait for them, armed with a musket heavily charged with buck-shot. After watching for an hour or two he saw a drove of bucks and does and at a favorable moment fired between two rows of maize. The next morning he found three deer dead in the field.

It is possible to continue at length the narrative of big game exploits, but one more must suffice. John Brooks loved forest sports and excelled in relating his adventures. He used a long-range rifle and a bow of marvelous length. He declared that once, while hunting, he shot a bear through its hind-legs, breaking them both and that he then seized hold of its stubby tail and drove it home as easily as if it had been a cow. On another occasion, a very powerful bear attempted to hug the breath out of his body. He could not get away and so was compelled to measure his strength against that of his antagonist. One or the other must yield. In the emergency, Brooks gave the beast a tremendous embrace and squeezed all the insides from its body. After it was turned inside out, the bear considered further effort useless and abandoned the contest. This story is related with apologies to Munchausen.

A large crop of beech-nuts always brought innumerable wild pigeons to the country. Occasionally these birds roosted or nested in the neighborhood, when tens of thousands of them were killed. Often the trees were literally loaded with nests, as many as fifty being in the top branches. Large branches were broken off by the weight of the birds. The combined fluttering of hundreds of thousands of wings and the noise from numberless throats rendered



On the Road to the Boat-house

the human voice inaudible, and the firing of muskets made but feeble reports amid the uproar. Shooters could fire from dawn till dark, finding it unnecessary to change their position. Even a blind man shooting at random could have filled a bag. At break of day the males left the nesting place, moving off in huge flocks in all directions to various feeding grounds. In the evening the males returned to the nests, when the females absented themselves for two or three hours. In lowering weather these excursions were omitted, when fields, roads and woods in the neighborhood of the nests swarmed with them. Some were killed by guns, some were taken in nets, and the slaughter not only here, but elsewhere, was appalling. Men and boys were infatuated with the sport, some abandoning their farms, others deferring their planting, because all were infected with the pigeon fever. Many birds were sold to speculators in New York, and from eight to ten two-horse wagon loads daily passed over the Newburgh turnpike. By some, quantities were salted down in barrels for family use. No species of birds could long withstand the terrific bombardment to which these were subjected. And now, while many live who once bagged the limit, the pigeon is no more, the last pathetic survivor having ended its days some years ago in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden.

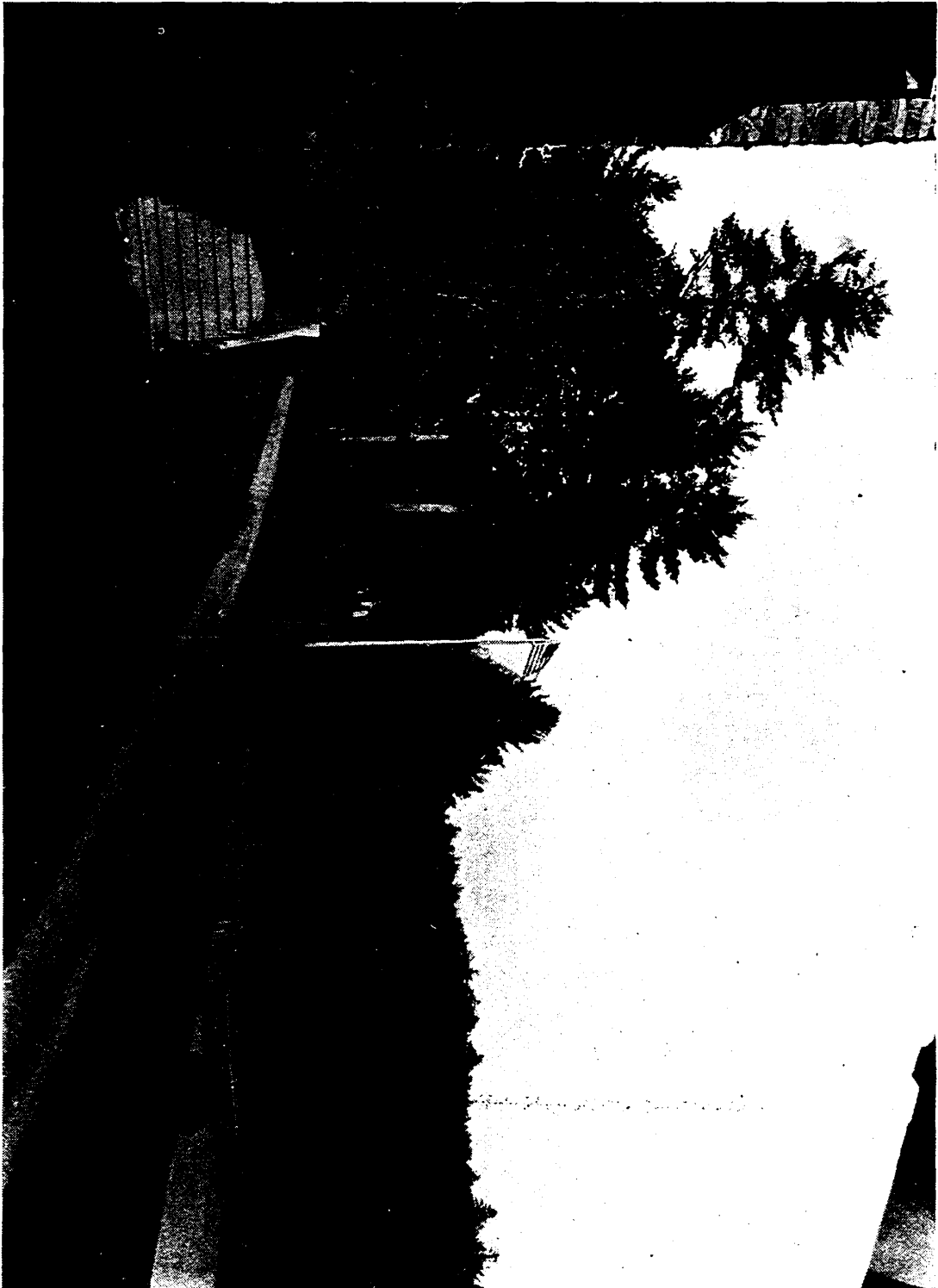
In the earlier years of the Club, the ruffed grouse shooting was good, during certain periods, exceptionally so. In more recent years the supply has been limited. Whether due to some prevalent malady, to a natural ebb and flow of breeding, to an exhaustion of the birds by over-shooting or to the ravages of "vermin" is a matter of opinion. At any rate the entire grouse region of the State of New York shows signs of serious depletion, and in the hope of restoring this splendid game bird to its original status shooting them is now prohibited. Every chance to come back should

be afforded, not merely for shooting purposes, but because they form one of the delightful features of the woods.

During the past two years a considerable number of western cotton-tail rabbits have been liberated in the neighborhood of Hartwood station, and there is evidence that in the course of time their number will be largely increased. Ducks are occasionally taken, mallard, black duck and teal being frequently seen. The beautiful wood-duck often observed on the Green Pond stream and elsewhere is protected, as it should be.

At the present time hunting is confined very largely to the deer, which are plentiful and apparently capable of maintaining themselves in a full measure of strength. The acreage of the Club is so large and varied, furnishing ideal shelter and feeding grounds, that the deer have become a distinctive charm of the landscape, especially along the Hartwood road. It is doubtful if any territory in the state, of similar extent and character, has a greater number. It is a great experience for one unacquainted with wild life to pass close by and to observe them feeding quietly and confidently in the fields and pastures. In May and June as many as forty or fifty does and fawns may be seen toward evening in their favorite haunts. The opening of the season brings the Nimrods of the Club to the fields and runways, and within a few days, ordinarily, every hunter has a buck to his credit. It is inevitable with the deer so plentiful and accessible through the summer months that there should be more or less poaching and illegal shooting. It will probably be found desirable in the immediate future to safeguard with greater diligence the welfare of this noble game animal.

Fishing in the days of the country's settlement was synonymous with food rather than with sport, the number of trout caught in the Neversink being almost fabulous. John Hall was a moose-hunter and once saw twenty of



The tennis court

these magnificent animals together at a pond near his house. While Mrs. Hall was getting breakfast one morning, her boys, without going ten rods from the door, took as many trout as they could carry, and all of such size that the taking of one such today would be heralded as an event. Half-pound fish were not regarded as large enough to eat. The Bushkill, the Beaverville and the Williwemoc were all prolific in their yield. The Delaware and the Neversink were famous for their supply of eels, caught by the Indians by ingenious trap-devices, and the latter stream even yet abounds in them, while the bass taken in the Delaware are highly regarded for their fighting quality and their flavor. At certain times of the year salmon came up from the sea and the shad were abundant in the month of May in the Delaware.

The various lakes, ponds and streams afford a diversity of fishing. Perch and pickerel are abundant in Echo and Hemlock lakes and when the angler is equipped with proper tackle and minnows for bait he will ordinarily be rewarded with a good string. For those who care to indulge in nocturnal activity the bull-heads are accomodating, and large catches are available if one is not averse to the use of a lantern and the humble worm. The trout fishing is varied. Townley Lake is well stocked and the limit of five fish per day with a total of twenty for the season, on a barbless hook, together with occasional re-stocking, is a sufficient guarantee of the maintenance of the supply. During the season of 1929 various improvements have been made in the Spring stream supplying Hemlock Lake and in the Outlet stream by the construction of dams, the creation of pools and the deepening of the channel, all of which are helpful to the spawning fish and conducive to their comfort and health.

The Bushkill at Hartwood consists in reality of two distinct types of water. The upper brook flows more or less

broadly and quietly with many riffles and long pools affording first class long-distance casting, and many will recall delightful hours spent along its fern lined banks in quest of speckled trout. The lower brook consists of two miles of rough, tumbling water with pools of depth and runs of swift water. It has been pronounced by experienced anglers an ideal trout stream. Here, both native and brown trout are taken, the latter rising pleasantly to the dry fly in mid-summer. The upper stream is occasionally stocked, the lower stream being able, apparently, to hold its own, due in part at least to the up-coming fish from the Neversink River into which it flows. The fish from both streams are of good quality and size. To those who know and love these waters, and who have happy memories of the striking trout no comment upon the delight of a fishing experience is necessary. Mr. George M. L. La-Branche, one of America's most famous anglers and a noted authority on dry-fly casting, declared a few years ago that the lower brook was unsurpassed in charm, picturesqueness and fishing quality.

The following entries from the Club House records may prove of interest:

1891 August 1st. Walter M. Sampson (11 years old) caught a 2½ lb. pickerel in the pond.

September 7th. A deer killed at Handy Hill by J. M. Townley; the hunting party consisting of Henry A. Haines, Jacob R. Stine, William H. Crane and Lew Boyd. (This was the first deer killed after the organization.)

1892 May 5th. Mr. A. W. Woodward caught a trout weighing 1 lb. 15 oz. in the Trout Lake.

July 9th. Mr. Joseph C. Pierson and Mr. Robert

Davidson, fishing on the pond, caught seven pickerel in 1½ hours. Two of these together weighed 6¼ lbs; one weighing 3½ lbs. Match this if you can!

August 17th. One thousand black bass of this year's hatch from Pelee Island, Lake Erie, the gift of Howard Homans, were today placed in Hemlock Lake. In the preceding month thirty-four bass of last year's hatch were placed there also. Thirty bass one year old were placed in Big Pond and 15 sunfish in Echo Lake.

August 22nd. Albert Sampson and Francis Carman caught 21 pickerel in Hemlock Lake.

“On the afternoon of October 7th one of the neighbors reported to Miles that a large bear was eating corn in Lew's cornfield. Miles armed himself with a shot-gun and some shells loaded with buck-shot and started for the field. There he saw the bear in the field at the edge of the wood industriously pulling the shucks apart and eating the corn. He climbed the fence and putting a large corn shock between him and the bear, stalked quietly in his direction. The bear, however, had heard Miles approach and when he, with gun cocked and with finger on the trigger, looked around the shock, he saw the bear standing with his fore feet on the top rail of the fence and calmly looking over his shoulder at the man with the gun. Miles fired directly at the broad back of the bear. The bear gave a plunge forward, breaking down the fence with his weight, and left for the adjoining county without leaving even a lock of his hair.

A reconnoitering party found that his bearship had been living for some time on Lew's corn. Two beds



The island in Hemlock Lake

of corn husks pressed flat with the bear's weight, were found just within the woods, and corn cobs, gnawed clean, lay thick among the bushes. The moral of this story is—a bear cannot be killed with buck-shot unless the muzzle of the gun is very close to his body.”

October 12th. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Morris and Mr. Darius Ferry today captured four wood ducks, two black ducks, one partridge and twelve pickerel.

December 1st. Lewis C. Boyd killed today a large wild-cat at Gray Swamp. It measured four feet two inches from tip to tip and was eighteen inches high at the shoulder.

1893 August 25th. At 8:30 p. m. on Long Pond, Mr. S. J. Berry, Jr., of Elizabeth, shot a deer weighing 100 lbs., the party consisting of Judge Crane, A. H. Rittenhouse and Lew Boyd.

December 4th. “On Monday a fresh tracking snow lay on the ground and Lew Boyd started out to find bear tracks.

On the top of Handy Hill, tracks were found leading into a little spruce swamp. Wednesday morning, Lew, Miles and William H. Crane surrounded the swamp, as nearly as three men could, and at a signal from Lew, drew quietly in upon the little swamp. It was a still morning, no wind was blowing and sounds traveled a long distance, so long, in fact that the bruin beat them at their little game by quietly slipping out of the swamp, before the deadly circle was complete.

The bear, which left an exceptionally large track, went into Wildcat Swamp, from which it again escaped in the same manner as before, going into Gray

Swamp. After circling the swamp to make sure that the bear had not gone out on the other side, the hunters returned to their homes, to rest from the most fatiguing kind of hunting known to these woods. On Saturday morning following, the same party, reinforced by Mr. Edgar A. Wells of Port Jervis, started for Gray Swamp to finish the hunt and the bear. Just before reaching the swamp however, his track was found crossing the Big Pond road and leading southward. The bear had circled and traveled round considerably on the ridge back of the Big Spring and much skillful manoeuvring was done and many fine campaigns were executed in and about the various likely places, only to result in the discovery that Mr. Bear had gone out on the other side during his midnight rambles. Finally, his track crossed the Texas road a few rods south of the road leading down to the Club House. One of the hunters then followed the Texas road to the pipe-line and followed the line until it crossed the road near Lew's house. The other hunters reached the same point by the road and as the bear track had not been crossed by any of them, it was a certain thing that the bear was on the ridge back of Miles' house. The three hunters were then placed at the most likely points and Lew took the track. After considerable turning and twisting, the track led directly to the den of the bear, under the roots of a fallen tree, in which he had evidently taken up his winter quarters, throwing up sticks and leaves behind him so as to nearly close the entrance.

Lew called to the hunters that he had the bear in a hole; but at the sound of his voice and before anyone could come the bear started to scramble out. He was met, however, by an ounce-ball on the top of his



*Miles Sturdevant
Lew Boyd*

As in 1893

*Wm. H. Crane
Charles Wells*

head, which killed him instantly. The bear weighed 351 lbs. honest weight and measured about eight feet from tip to tip. The den is about fifty yards from the road to Hartwood and about a quarter of a mile from the Club house."

- 1904 August 29th. Mr. Frear took a pickerel in Hemlock Lake above the island, twenty-five inches long and weighing four and one-half pounds.
- 1905 September 4th. Deer have been seen frequently this year, on the Minard place, in orchards and in the lakes. Four have been seen repeatedly and in one instance six together. A bear was seen crossing the highway on the Monticello road.
- 1911 August 12th. Mrs. C. R. Keppler, while trolling in Hemlock Lake, caught on an Archer spinner one two and one-quarter pound bass and one one and one-half pound pickerel, together.
- November 1st. William A. Gray shot an even ten-point buck weighing net 202 pounds.
- November 7th. Dr. Louis A. Zerega di Zerega shot a nine-point buck weighing 224 pounds.
- 1914 September 5th. William A. Simonson caught in Hemlock Lake a pickerel weighing four and one-half pounds.
- 1915 May 29th. William A. Simonson caught a brown trout in the Hartwood Brook seventeen and one-half inches in length.
- 1919 Mr. Ralph Keeler of Stamford, Conn., a guest of Mr. Dimock, took from the Hartwood Brook near Oakland, a brown trout twenty-two inches long, weighing four pounds and seven ounces. Thirty-two minutes were consumed in landing it.

CHAPTER XI.

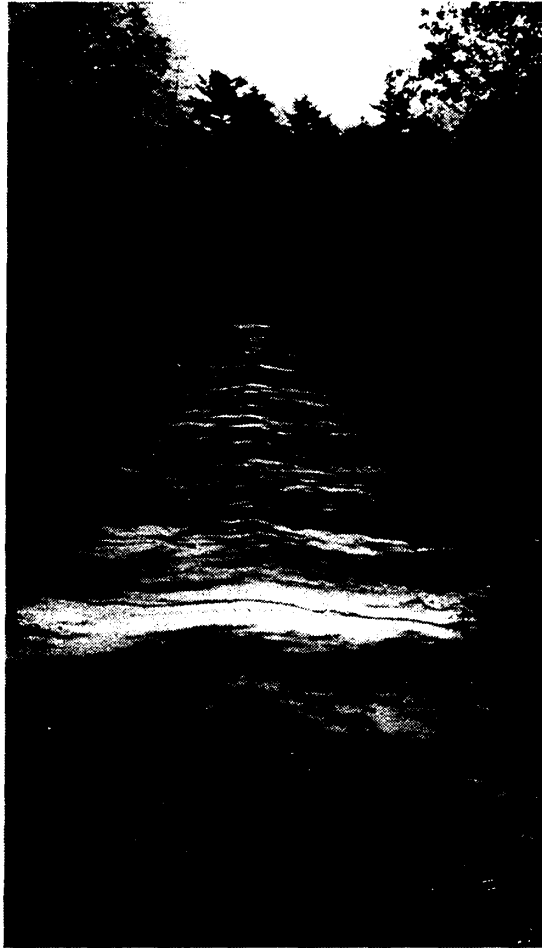
The Future of the Club

THE Hartwood Club has had a long and useful career. Although forty years is brief when set over against the age of the rock-bound hills, many such organizations are born, flourish for a time, then languish or die, or are so diverted from their original purpose as to become unrecognizable. To change the old adage—it is a wise father that knows his own son. Founded not only to serve as a hunting and fishing resort, with family life ascendant, but with the purpose of preserving and propagating fish and game, rapidly in process of depletion by the thoughtless and inconsiderate, whose only interest frequently was the size of the bag they captured, there has been consistently maintained a policy of conservation and development, so that now there is established a good supply of game fish and game animals.

Only by the foresight and determination on the part of intelligent members and by the investment of money has this been made possible. The maintenance of such a constructive program is not only desirable but imperative. The original members did their part exceedingly well, and the privileges now enjoyed are due in no small measure to the wisely laid foundations of years ago. More and more the demand for such opportunities as are possessed by the present members will increase. Wild territory is steadily disappearing; the automobile and the larger leisure of these modern days leave but comparatively little virgin ground untouched and unoccupied. Every year witnesses the multiplication of summer homes and resorts along the highways. Prices for desirable lands are gradually increasing and in the course of time few will be available save at fabulous prices. The trend from the city to the country is a conspicuous feature of our present-day life, as the con-

fusion and the congestion of the city become increasingly intolerable.

The value of the Club property is enhanced far beyond the original cost. It would be a calamity were the substantial gains which have been made to suffer loss. One by one the honored fathers of the organization are passing on



Toward Hartwood

to the “happy hunting grounds” beyond the skies—where there are no horizons and where the trails have no end. They commit to the hands of those who remain the preservation of the ideals incorporated in the organization when it was created.

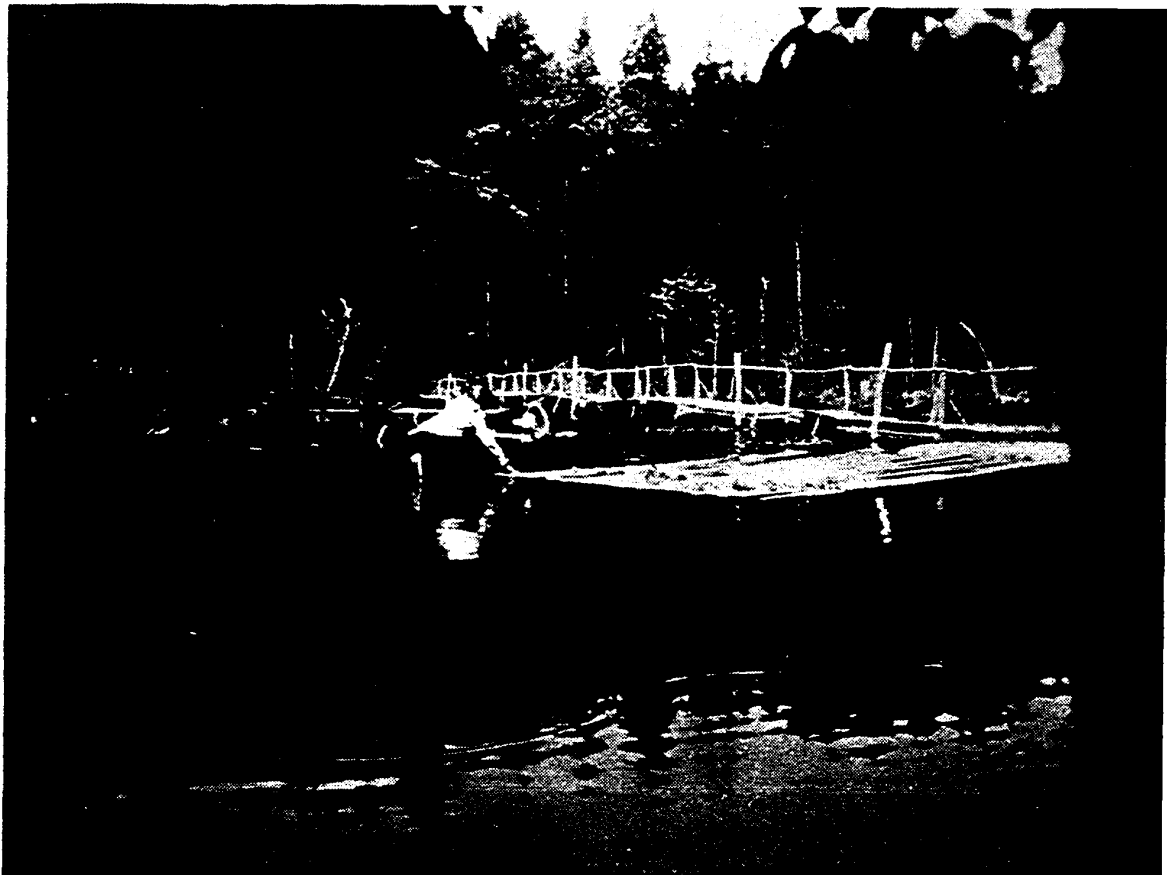
The future of the Club is very largely in the hands of the

coming generation—the boys and the girls who are now gaily at play with no thought of the responsibility they inherit along with the privilege of happy life in the woods and by the waters of Hartwood. Certain traditions have come down through the years: congeniality, comradeship, co-operation, goodwill and unselfish service. The founders of the Club were rare men—nature lovers and lovers of each other, true builders of a spirit, the quality of which is too fine and exalted to be allowed to die. It must be perpetually re-incarnated, made a living and persistent factor in the years which are unfolding. The fact is, that as an organization grows in age, it tends to grow away from the ideals that gave it birth. That is true in all the ranges of organized life. Life changes, social customs change, individual programs change, family habits change, and with all the shiftings to which men are subject, it is not strange that the standards and the principles of the formative periods of organization tend to be forgotten or ignored.

Therefore it is incumbent upon the present members to not only appreciate in full measure the responsibility which rests upon them personally, but to pass on to their children and successors the love for the things of the open world of nature and the sense of the necessity of carrying forward the standards which were wrought into the original fabric of The Hartwood Club. Much has been done; there is yet much to do. Life is dynamic, not static, and with the future should come a living growth into enlarged usefulness, happiness and prosperity.

It goes without saying that a great deal depends upon the character of the new members. There is no hope for the perpetuation of the well-being of the Club so long as membership is regarded merely from the stand-point of selfish enjoyment. What one gives in lively interest as well as what one receives in personal or family advantage is the test of the continuous prosperity of the organization.

With ever increasing appreciation of the values of the opportunities and privileges afforded by membership, there should be no difficulty in building into the organization a group of men capable of thought, initiative, co-operation and general helpfulness in realizing the possibilities of life in the mingled shade and sunshine of the forests and the hills of Hartwood. But all thinking must be in terms of the present, and all planning must be done with a true vision of the future, though both thinking and planning will best succeed when achieved with a reverential regard for the past.



Bridge at the head of Hemlock Lake

CHAPTER XII.

Present Membership and Organization

MEMBERS OF THE HARTWOOD CLUB

JANUARY 1, 1930

James Barnes, Stonybrook Farm, Princeton, N. J.
Howard Bayne, 14 Wall Street, New York City.
LeRoy L. Broun, 148 West 77th St., New York City.
Clarence A. Brown, 401 West End Ave., New York City.
Dr. Charles A. Campbell, P. O. Box 965, Winter Park, Florida.
Mrs. Horace H. Clark, 183 Madison Ave., New York City.
*Clement Cleveland, M. D., 11 West 11th St., New York City.
Clement K. Corbin, 60 Fernwood Road, Summit, N. J.
Paul Debevoise, 25 Broadway, New York City.
Thomas M. Debevoise, 26 Broadway, New York City.
William F. Decker, 15 William St., New York City.
Edward J. Dimock, 49 Wall St., New York City.
George E. Dimock, 907 No. Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Nathaniel Hillyer Egleston, 140 West St., New York City.
Rolfe Floyd, Jr., 22 William St., New York City.
Alfred Gregory, 49 Wall St., New York City.
Joseph T. Hague, 1263 Clinton Place, Elizabeth, N. J.
S. Theodore Hodgman, 158 West 58th St., New York City.
Carl R. Keppler, M. D., 190 Clinton Ave., Newark, N. J.
Clifford Langley, 60 Broadway, New York City.
Mrs. George W. MacCutcheon, Woodland Ave., Summit, N. J.
David N. Mauger, 67 Hobart Ave., Summit, N. J.
Robert G. Mead, 165 Broadway, New York City.
George H. Morris 364 Charlton Ave., South Orange, N. J.
Thomas R. Parker, 16 Charles St., London, S. W. 1, England.
Herbert R. Peck, 25 East 86th St., New York City.
Charles C. Pineo, 47 Aberdeen Rd., Elizabeth, N. J.
Edward Roberts, Dwight Place, Englewood, N. J.
Herbert Senger, Goshen, N. Y.
Douglas B. Simonson, 17 East 42nd St., New York City.
William A. Simonson, 55 Wall St., New York City.
*J. M. Townley, 626 No. Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. J. M. Townley, 626 No. Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Schuyler L. Van Vechten, 108 Spring St., New York City.
Allan B. Wallace, 392 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

THE PRESENT MEMBERSHIP

Edward J. Waring, 920 Hillside Ave., Plainfield N. J.
Marcus A. Whitehead, 605 Westminster Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.
John H. Young, M. D., 37 No. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N. J.
Louis A. Zerega di Zerega, M. D., 640 Madison Ave., New York City.

*Charter Members

Officers

President

J. M. TOWNLEY

Vice-President

LOUIS A. ZEREGA di ZEREGA

Treasurer

SCHUYLER L. VAN VECHTEN

108 Spring Street, N. Y.

Secretary

EDWARD J. DIMOCK

49 Wall St, N. Y.

Executive Committee

Chairman

LOUIS A. ZEREGA di ZEREGA

Secretary

EDWARD J. DIMOCK

J. M. TOWNLEY

SCHUYLER L. VAN VECHTEN

N. HILLYER EGGLESTON

ROBERT G. MEAD

WILLIAM A. SIMONSON

Attorney

ROBERT G. MEAD

Board of Trustees

CLARENCE A. BROWN
CLEMENT CLEVELAND
CLEMENT K. CORBIN
THOMAS M. DEBEVOISE
EDWARD J. DIMOCK
N. HILLYER EGGLESTON
ROBERT G. MEAD
WILLIAM A. SIMONSON
J. M. TOWNLEY
SCHUYLER L. VAN VECHTEN
ALLAN B. WALLACE
LOUIS A. ZEREGA di ZEREGA

House Committee

SCHUYLER L. VAN VECHTEN

Committee on Sanitation

LOUIS A. ZEREGA di ZEREGA, M. D.