



The Hemlock

Volume 11 Issue 1 (Fall 2017)

“Wilderness complements and completes civilization.” --Edward Abby

Welcome Back.

Last Spring we celebrated the tenth anniversary of *The Hemlock*, and the enthusiasm generated by that event convinced us to continue. If you're new to the campus, *The Hemlock* is an online journal with articles on outdoor recreation, environmentalism, and Pennsylvania history and culture. Back issues of *The Hemlock* are available at: <http://www.lockhaven.edu/hemlock/>. If you'd like a paper copy of the 10th Anniversary issue or if you're interested in contributing an article, contact [Bob Myers](#). This issue is typical in that the articles were written by faculty, staff, students, and members of the community.

We bid farewell to the Old Red Oak that stood outside of Sullivan Hall. You might recall Joby Topper's excellent article on the history of that tree in the [Fall 2016 Hemlock](#). It was not the oldest tree on campus, and everything was done to save it, but it will be missed nonetheless.

Echoes from Eternity: A Pine Creek Gorge Legend

~Troy Baney (LHU Recreation Management Major)

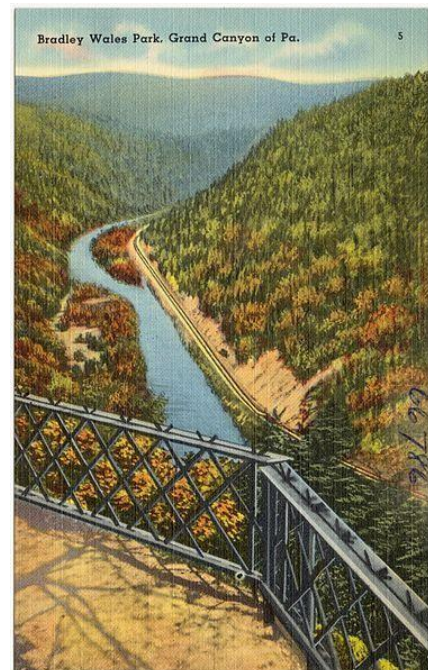
Many of us have visited the awe-inspiring Pine Creek Gorge. It is both a wonderment of nature and a place where we can participate in a vast multitude of recreational experiences. However, an affection for this natural wonder is not new: this area was appreciated by the Native Americans, specifically the Seneca, who called the gorge their home hundreds of years ago. For them, the gorge was significant for two reasons. One, it provided all the natural resources that were needed to survive; a nearly endless plethora of wild game and plants. Secondly, the gorge had great spiritual importance. According to them, the gorge was formed by the Great Spirit, who gouged out the gorge with one mighty swing of his tomahawk.

Life near the gorge was harmonious and peaceful until the 1600's, when a lengthy drought struck, devastating the region. The lack of rain not only decimated the much-needed natural resources; it also transformed the surrounding forests into a tinderbox, just waiting for a spark. It wasn't long until a spark was found and immense, unopposed forest fires spread through the region, destroying any remaining resources. This period would later be known in local Native American history as "The Big Burn." A 2010 study of the forest fire history of the Pine Creek Gorge by the US Forest Service revealed that a series of fires burned through that area in the early to mid-1600's, providing evidence of the devastation that created the basis for the legend.

It is difficult to look at this cataclysmic environmental event from the perspective of the Seneca. Currently, we turn to scientists and the Weather Channel to explain natural occurrences. However, these people were 400 years removed from such information and technology. So, they did what any of us would do in any critical situation, they relied upon what they knew. Their faith dictated that the divine powers had total control over the natural world, so they reasoned that the drought must have been the result of angered spirits. The only way to bring an end to the drought, was to appease the spirits.

The Seneca began by offering gifts of precious food and hand-crafted goods, but the rain didn't come. Next, they tried using rituals and dances, but still it didn't rain. Finally, on a sultry summer evening, just before sunset, they selected a young child, who had been born out of wedlock, took it to the rim of the gorge, and as an offering to the spirits, threw the child into the gorge. The child wailed as it plummeted to the raging waters of the Tiadaghton (the Native American name for Pine Creek). While the legend never stated whether this act of desperation ended the drought, it does describe the unexpected consequences of their actions.

Not long after this sacrifice, strange noises started emanating from the gorge. Disembodied spine-chilling shrieks resonated off the canyon walls. There was only one explanation, it was the spirit of the child returning from the "Great Beyond" to torment them. Members of the tribe soon avoided the area all together, refusing to go anywhere near the spot, regardless of the circumstances.



Today, visitors flock to the gorge and its scenic vistas. A favorite spot is the Bradley Wales Lookout on the West Rim, which gives an unobstructed view of the gorge. The area around the vista is also the rumored site where the child was sacrificed. From the lookout, one can hear the wind as it rushes through the gorge. The shrill sound that ensues might very well be attributed to that, or it could be the ghostly cries of the child echoing through eternity.

The original story is told by Jeffery Frazier in [*Pennsylvania Fireside Tales Volume 1*](#). The study of fire in the valley is Brose, Patrick H.; Guyette, Richard P.; Marschall, Joseph M.; Stambaugh, Michael C. (2015). Fire history reflects human history in the Pine Creek Gorge of north-central Pennsylvania. *Natural Areas Journal*, 35, 214-223.

A Brief History of the Sieg Conference Center

~Joby Topper (LHU Library Director)

The Sieg Conference Center, formerly known as “Camp Hate-To-Leave-It,” is fifteen miles south of Lock Haven and three miles east of Lamar. The camp has served as a conference site and as a place for recreational and educational outdoor activities since it was given to the University by the Cerro Copper & Brass Company in 1965. This essay is a brief history of the property—before and after 1965—and how its use has evolved over time.

Camp Hate-To-Leave-It was established by William P. Sieg (1876-1950), the founder of the Titan Metal Manufacturing Company (known after 1960 as the Cerro Copper & Brass Company) of Bellefonte. Sieg’s camp stood within a 13,000-acre tract owned by the Rochester & Pittsburgh (R&P) Coal and Iron Company. Beginning in 1922, Sieg leased the property from R&P and used it as a hunting and fishing camp and as a meeting place for his Titan/Cerro employees.



About twenty cabins or “cottages” were built by other tenants on either side of Sieg’s Camp Hate-To-Leave-It. The main attraction was the abundance of trout in Big Fishing Creek, one of the most famous fly-fishing spots in the nation.

In 1944, the R&P Coal and Iron Company sold its 13,000-acre tract to the Byers & Rugh (B&R) Lumber Company. The sale included the land occupied by Sieg and his fellow cottagers along Big Fishing Creek. Afraid that the new landowners would devastate the woodland and wildlife and possibly alter or terminate their lease, the cottagers formed a stock share company called the Big Fishing Creek Cottage Association (BFCCA) in 1946 and purchased 150 acres for \$20,000 from the B&R Lumber Company. In 1948, Sieg transferred ownership of his 44-acre property to his company, Titan/Cerro, and served as the company representative on the BFCCA board.

The BFCCA's fear of the B&R Lumber Company was understandable but misplaced. The B&R executives were disciples of conservationist Gifford Pinchot and believed in selective cutting and reforestation. Sadly, almost all of the original growth in this section of Porter and Logan townships—known for its white pine, hemlock, and oak—had been removed by the 1880s. Replanting efforts began in earnest during the 1920s and continued during B&R's ownership.

B&R Lumber also wisely retained the services of Sugar Valley native David Bixel, the caretaker employed by the R&P Coal and Iron Company. Bixel was a retired forest ranger who lived in a cabin near Camp Hate-To-Leave-It. He protected the area from vandalism and forest fires, maintained the cabins and cottages, and stocked the creek with trout during the 1920s and early 30s. (Bixel was still employed in 1965 when the property was given to LHU. He retired in January 1973, and he died in October 1973 at age 87.)

With the cooperation of B&R lumber officials, and with Bixel as resident supervisor, the Titan/Cerro Corporation continued to use Camp Hate-to-Leave-It as a company retreat and occasionally loaned the camp to other organizations like Penn State. In fact, around 1960, Cerro offered the camp to Penn State as a gift. Penn State had old connections with the area around Lamar and Big Fishing Creek, so it made sense to Cerro executives to give the property to them. During the 1920s, for example, Penn State operated a forestry camp on the old Charles Steele farm at Lamar. But Penn State declined Cerro's offer because they already owned a similar facility. By this time, William P. Sieg's son, William W. Sieg (1900-1988), was in charge of the company. He immediately turned his attention to Lock Haven State College, which had the advantage of being slightly closer to the Camp (15 miles) than Penn State (25 miles). In November 1964, Sieg and the BFCCA decided to donate Camp Hate-To-Leave-It to LHU.

It is worth noting that LHU President Richard T. Parsons was an avid fly-fisherman and a frequent visitor to Dr. John L. Brown's cottage on Big Fishing Creek during the 1950s and 60s. In other words, the relationship between the BFCCA and LHU was already

well-established by 1964. In February 1965, Parsons and the Board of Trustees formally accepted Camp Hate-to-Leave-It from Cerro. The gift came with 35 shares of stock in the BFCCA and a permanent position for the LHU president on the BFCCA Board.

One of the earliest uses of Camp Hate-to-Leave-It was a three-day camping trip for the elementary school students from the Akeley School (the campus training school where Education majors did their student teaching) in May 1965. Geology professor George Hayfield led a fossil-collecting expedition. Music professor Russell Gillam led singing and story-telling around the campfire. Astronomy professor William Powell brought his telescope and taught a star-gazing class. Biology professor Edward Clawson (who died recently in September 2017 at age 90) led a field trip into the woods, collected leaves and insects, and showed the young campers how to identify animal footprints. Elementary Education majors served as camp counselors.

During the 1960s and 70s, the Camp was also used as a weekend retreat for LHU Spanish majors; an orientation retreat for new LHU faculty; a campsite for kindergartners from the Lock Haven Catholic School; the annual workshop for the LHU Human Relations Office; the Greek Winter Weekend; a camp and orientation for new international students; workshops for Social Work majors; and a variety of alumni events.



In 1971, the LHU trustees renamed Camp Hate-to-Leave-It “the Sieg Conference Center” in honor of William P. Sieg and his son William W. Sieg, who orchestrated the donation of the property to LHU. (I prefer the name Camp Hate-to-Leave-It, but I was not consulted. I was only two years old at the time, which is probably why I didn’t get a phone call.)

The renaming of the facility was soon followed by two disasters: the Flood of 1972 and the Fire of 1973. The Flood of ’72 destroyed two bridges at Sieg, washed out the parking lot and the access road, and filled the main lodge with four feet of water, causing nearly \$63,000 of damage. In August 1973, a fire destroyed the two-story bunkhouse. (State police determined that it was arson, and the arsonist was identified, tried, and sentenced to three years in prison.) A new bunkhouse — the one that stands today — was built in 1974.

In 1979, the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy bought the remaining stock of the B&R Lumber Company and then sold the former B&R land (about 13,000 acres) to the Pennsylvania Game Commission. This is now State Game Lands 295, which surrounds the Sieg Center and the rest of the BFCCA property. The purchase is one of the largest land reclamation projects in Pennsylvania history.

Over the past thirty years, the Sieg Center has been the site of the annual LHU Band Alumni Reunion; the ROTC field training exercises; the annual APSCUF picnic; the Clinton County Camp Cadet program; a camp for Central Mountain 6th-graders led by LHU Recreation Management majors; the annual retreat for the Leadership Clinton County program; and regular meetings of many other campus and community organizations.

The LHU Fly Fishing Club was founded in 1997. Led by biology professor Joe Calabrese, the first and current club advisor, the Fly Fishing Club still takes its seasonal field trips to the Narrows of Big Fishing Creek, one of the great trophy-trout streams in the country. President Dick Parsons, whose love of fly fishing has already been mentioned, would be proud.

Unfortunately, the trout and other wildlife in and around Big Fishing Creek are in jeopardy. A small invasive insect called the hemlock woolly adelgid (HWA) is destroying the hemlock, which is the dominant coniferous tree on the Sieg property and in the surrounding State Game Lands. The hemlock cover along Big Fishing Creek helps keep the temperature of the water cool and stable and thus provides an ideal environment for caddisflies, stoneflies, and other favorite foods of trout. As the hemlocks disappear, so will the trout's food supply. In 2006, LHU biology professor Amy Kutay and her entomology students treated hemlocks at Sieg with an insecticide. According to a follow-up study in 2009 conducted by LHU students Tracy Beerley and Leeann Ochreiter, the treatments have helped to reduce the number of HWA in the treated trees. For more information, see *Hemlock*, v. 2, no. 1 (Fall 2008) and *Hemlock*, v. 3, no. 4 (Spring 2010).



In 2015, Professors Heather Bechtold, Barrie Overton, Steven Seiler, Md. Khalequzzaman, and Marian Tsolov received a collaborative research and educational grant to build a student laboratory at the Sieg Center for water quality testing, fish

diversity sampling, and sustainable energy experiments. Thanks to their efforts, biology, geology, and physics majors now have a well-equipped facility for the study and protection of wildlife in and around the Sieg Center.

The Sieg Conference Center is available from the middle of March to the middle of November. The main lodge includes a dining room that can accommodate 120 people. The bunkhouse is divided into two sections, each with 12 bunkbeds, and can fit a total of 48 people. For more information about reserving Sieg for a group activity, call Marchal Rote at 484-2002 or send her an email at mrote@lockhaven.edu.

Mountain Lions in Pennsylvania – Sort Of

~John Reid

There are mountain lions in Pennsylvania. I've seen them. I can take you out in the woods and show you any time. Honest.

Ok, not completely honest.

There's a *kind* of lion commonly found in the mountains. Not just in the mountains and not just in Pennsylvania. They are actually called antlions. (Sorry, this isn't *really* about the mountain lions you were probably thinking I meant. I *did* say "Sort Of". If you want to skip this article, I won't be offended.)

Anyway, they're a real thing. With a name like "antlion" it doesn't sound real, but jumbo shrimp are real, so why not? And they *are* easy to find, and worth a look. I think so, anyway.

I learned about them when I was little a kid. My brother showed them to me. For a while we, meaning my family, were fortunate enough to have a camp in the southeast Adirondacks, about an hour and a half from where we lived, just outside Albany. In the summer, we'd go up there every chance we could when my dad had the time. He and my mom worked hard to keep food on the table, but getting us out of the suburbs when they could, was a priority they had for which I am deeply grateful.

My brother was eight years older than me, and still is. So, it's no surprise that he showed me a lot of things in life (and still does). I couldn't tell you the year or how old I was, but I'd guess I was probably in the 4-6 years old range. Overall the memory is vague, but parts of it are quite vivid – if that makes sense. It was a hot sunny summer day. We were on the dirt road going from the camp down to the lake. The shallow road cut on the right side exposed rock and sandy dirt leading up to evergreens

foresting the woods beyond. I can still smell those trees and hear the soft warm breeze move through the pine needles. I've experienced those sounds and smells in many other places, and it always takes me back to our camp.

I simply don't remember why we were climbing around the rocky incline that day. Just being kids, I guess. Maybe catching grasshoppers - I don't know. And I don't remember which one of us spotted little dimples in the dirt. It looked like someone had taken an ice cream cone and started to set it down here and there. They were perfect little conic indentations about an inch or less in diameter and the same in depth.



My brother knew what they were. "Watch this!", he said. He found a little black ant and carefully dropped it in. The poor little ant tried to quickly scramble up the side, but the loose sand made it repeatedly slip back down. Then, WHAM! It was gone! "What happened", I said. My brother explained that under the sand lies an antlion. It sits and waits. The dimple is a trap. It senses the shifting

sand and pounces. Of course, we found another trap and did it again. This time I was ready for the pounce, and thought I saw something shoot out of the bottom. We did this a few other places and eventually we dug out a trap and found an antlion. I was amazed. It was really there! Just as my brother said.

I won't attempt any kind of entomological description of this critter. You can find that on your own from a more authoritative source. I will tell you what I saw: a not-so-pretty and definitely scary looking little sandy-brown beetley-looking thing that had serious looking grabbers. (Later today I'll be submitting that to Wikipedia.) Well, needless to say, I felt very glad (and still do) that I'm not an ant.

So, you can find these things just about everywhere. I see the conic traps now and then when I'm out in the woods. They're not hard to find if you're looking for them. Might be one of those cases where once you start noticing them you can't help but see them everywhere. (Like man-buns.)

After all these years, once in a while, when in the woods, I'll point one out to someone and show them how the little trap works. Even when alone I'll sometimes stop and play in the dirt - usually on a day when I'm taking a break from chasing grasshoppers.

Hidden in Plain View

~Hayden Bock

Like many of us, I love nothing more than to be outside all day; hiking, biking, running, fishing, hunting, gardening, or just simply sitting in nature and enjoying it, without any activity or goal in mind. About a year ago, I found myself wanting to do more than receive enjoyment, I wanted to give back to some of my local trails that I have used for so long. A few emails later, I found myself signed up as a volunteer trail maintainer working with the Moshannon State Forest office. I was assigned a two mile stretch on the Allegheny Front Trail, a 42-mile loop trail that winds its way through the state forest, circumnavigating Black Moshannon State Park.

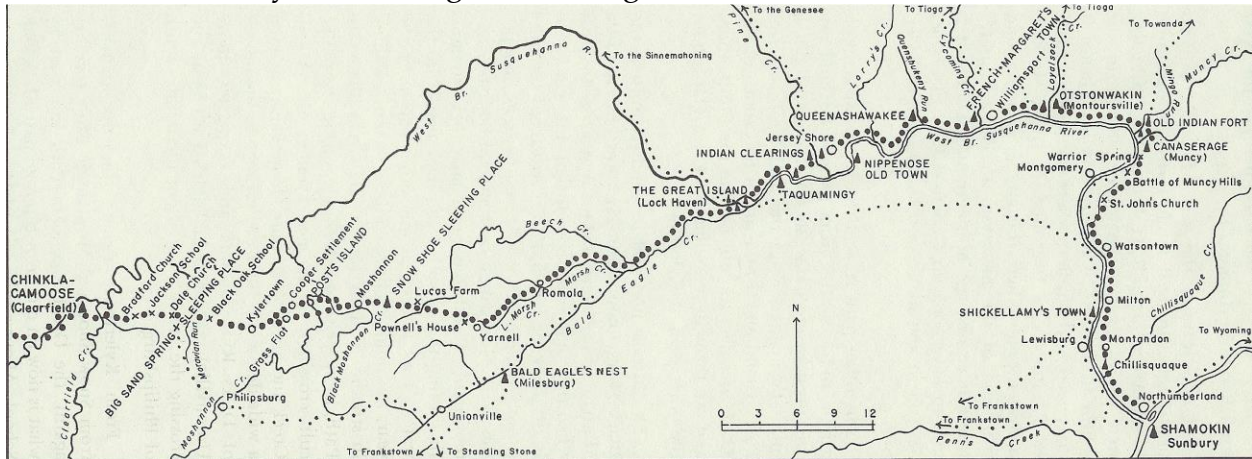


After receiving my assignment, I was eager to begin work and set out to scout my section of trail, looking for overgrown corridors, fallen trees, or areas that could pose a risk to hikers. I must admit, I was disappointed on my first hike, as I soon discovered that I had been assigned an area that was decimated by gypsy moth some decades ago. Romantic ideas of enjoying pristine waterfalls and stands of old growth trees like a 21st

century John Muir quickly gave way to the reality of a college kid standing amongst dead oak trees covering the mountaintop and blocking the trail; I realized that I would be working far more than I anticipated. Disgruntled, I began the walk back to my car. As I followed the trail across a small rocky area on top of a plateau, I noticed a wide gulley, which appeared to be a dry streambed. I had no knowledge of a stream in this area, none of the maps I had consulted showed a stream within a mile of my location. Puzzled, I walked up and down both sides of the gulley as far as the forest underbrush would permit me, and I observed that the trench was a uniform 6 feet in width as far as I could see in either direction, and not a single plant grew within it.

My curiosity was piqued, and I thought my find warranted an email to my supervisor to see if she could answer any questions. Several days of email correspondence, research, and re-examination revealed that this gulley was not a stream at all, but instead confirmed by local historians as the remnants of a well-traveled trail that predates the colonization of North America. My "gulley" was in fact a preserved

portion of a side trail to the Great Shamokin Path, a Delaware and Shawnee trade route that linked Shamokin (present day Sunbury) and the rest of the Susquehanna valley, to Kittaning, a village on the Allegheny River. The trail followed the West Branch of the Susquehanna River along its banks or on nearby ridges until the village of Chinklacamoose (present day Clearfield) where it changed course, following smaller streams until finally terminating in Kittaning.



Even more interesting, the town of Lock Haven was a major stop on this trail, an ancient convenience store of sorts. Lock Haven was known to Native Americans as “The Great Island” and served as a trading hub between frontier settlers and Native Americans after colonization. (Isabel Winner Miller, “The Great Island”) The trail ran along the north bank of the Susquehanna until reaching The Great Island, where it crossed the island and continued through what is now the town and the LHU campus. One can see the island quite easily from the river walk (*picture of blue historical sign*), or by driving east on Water Street, past the William T. Piper airport, and then crossing over the bridge. (Be advised, the island is privately owned, please do not trespass.) Additionally, based on the examination of maps, it appears the trail traversed the land that the Lock Haven Clearfield Campus now occupies. Maps refer to the trail in this area as a “stage coach trail”. Hundreds of students at both of our campuses may be stepping on this ancient trail every day without even realizing it, as sidewalks and roads now cover any remains in Lock Haven.

Since my realization of this ancient through way while trail maintaining, I have continued to research, only to be disappointed on how little is known about the trail, even its precise route is mostly a mystery, lost to fast growing trees and natural processes. Out of curiosity, I have taken up a new hobby, searching through the state forests and state gamelands of Clearfield and Centre Counties, overlaying this map (*insert white map picture showing approximate route of Great Shamokin Path*) with satellite images to aid me in pinpointing the remains of this ancient highway as I search the forest. As of September 2017, I have GPS mapped and pinpointed 10 visible segments of

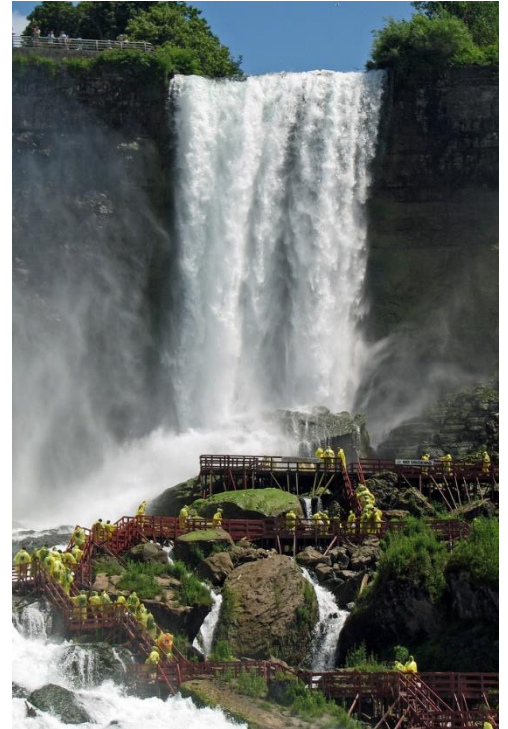
trail that are unconfirmed, but have a good probability of belonging to the Great Shamokin Path. Some range from obvious and pronounced ravines like the piece I first discovered while trail maintaining, to shallower trenches found on state gamelands 78 that are more questionable and could be a result of the logging industry, rather than Native Americans.

Sadly, the trail may never be found in entirety, as sections have disappeared naturally, as well as through human development. It is frustrating to know that my efforts are in futility, but at the same time I am spurred on by curiosity, in a quest to have a more complete story of the woods and wilderness that I have grown familiar with over the years. I would encourage readers to investigate The Great Shamokin Path further, as well asking questions about why landscapes look a particular way. I am certain that many interesting discoveries lay unnoticed in our state's vast forests. One could discover previous industries, Native American remnants, or something new and unheard of, hidden in plain view.

Bridal Veil and the Horseshoe

~Golam Shafiq (Bangladesh); Translation: Md. Khalequzzaman

Is there a dream here
To start a family in water?
How tight is the knitting of the dream?
Is rock sequence the maker of the dream?
Does the dream span over millennia?
Far away, Great Lakes push water to the Niagara River
The prince rises from within the water
With a sound of horseshoe
The horse keep running
Three flower girls dance down the river
The horseshoe races beneath
The Table Rock wants to flare up
Surprisingly, the water below calms down
Following pre-nuptial conditions
Are the live rocks lying down here?
How will the water-body look like
Should the deity awakens per the Scripture?
Who makes the horse rider to run towards the sky?
Is there a promise for a confluence?
Oh see! Thousands await to catch a glimpse
Of the bride behind the veil



But she never appears
Though she prepares on the Luna Island
The wedding takes place without meeting the New York girl
With a unknown Ontario boy
Who came down on a horse.
The fireworks of water goes on everywhere
Spreading limitless happiness
'Maid of the Mist' boat searches for the prince
Along with a load of helpers
Excited minds play hide and seek in tunnel
Do they search for the pre-marital couple?
Where are the bride and groom?
At the end, everyone is soaked in vain
While the unreachable princess
Sways her bridal veil
Can't stop wondering
How the saga ends
When the Sun pours vermilion of seven colors
On the morning mist.
As the wedding guests cross the Rainbow Bridge
Decorated with the plenty of nature.

Forty Six

~Bob Myers (LHU Director of Environmental Studies)

This is a bit different from the local hikes that are included in each issue of *The Hemlock*—instead, I want to describe hiking in an area that is seven hours away, in upstate New York. This summer Elizabeth Gruber, my son Michael, and I became “Adirondack 46ers” by climbing the last of the 46 mountains in the Adirondack State Park that are over 4000 feet. It took us nine years, and I’ve never had more punishing fun in my life.



In 1925 Bob Marshall, his brother George, and their guide Herbert Clark became the first 46ers, when they decided to climb all of the 4000'+ peaks in the Adirondack Park. Since then, about 10,000 people have followed in their footsteps. Recent measurements have determined that two of the peaks are actually lower than 4000 feet, but tradition means that you hike the same 46 that the Marshalls did. About half of the peaks have

trails that are marked and maintained by the New York Department of Environment and Conservation. The rest are “trailless,” but all of these have well-established “herd paths” that are easy to follow (well, mostly).

We started our quest while we were camping in the Adirondacks. I have always had a love affair with upstate New York, and in 2008 I became intrigued by the six-million-acre wilderness area at the very top of the state. That August, while staying on an island campsite near Lake Placid, we decided to climb Algonquin Mountain, the second highest peak at 5115 feet. Although it rained during most of the eight-mile hike, and there was no view from the chilly summit, we were hooked.

The next summer we climbed three more mountains, including the highest point in New York State, Mount Marcy (5344 feet). Over the next seven summers we kept adding to our list, and by the end of 2016 we had climbed 32 of the 46. That winter we decided that with careful planning and hard hiking we could finish the final fourteen in the summer of 2017.



After a summer of monthly trips to New York, on August 16, we climbed Marshall and Iroquois, our final two peaks. Elizabeth, Michael, and I ascended the final summit together. We took the obligatory pictures and drank a small bottle of champagne. After about twenty minutes, we reluctantly began the eight-mile hike to

the car, which involved crossing the summit of Algonquin, our first peak (this time we had spectacular views). When we finished, all of us admitted that we felt an odd sense of joy and sadness. Joy at having accomplished something difficult that relatively few people have done, but sadness that the experience had come to an end.

Since some of the peaks can be combined into one day hike, we ended up completing our 46 in 27 hikes that covered 328 miles. Most of the hikes were about fourteen miles round trip, and all of them involved several thousand feet of elevation gain. Our shortest hike was six miles, and other than a 22-mile overnigher, our longest was eighteen miles. There were trips where we cut the hike short rather than adding another peak because we wanted the experience to remain enjoyable rather than a death march to accumulate peaks. But by the end of this summer, we were *focused*—we’d get up at 4:00 and drive seven hours to the trailhead, and minutes after we’d park, we’d be on the trail for an eight-hour hike. Finishing at dusk, we’d drive an hour to Lake Placid and crash in our motel for a few hours before getting up at 4:00 to climb another

mountain. During the final week, we climbed six peaks and hiked fifty miles in five days.

There were low points. In May we set out in the rain for an overnight backpacking trip that we expected would result in four peaks. After hiking four miles we ran into deep snow at 3500 feet. Although we didn't have snowshoes (and I was wearing shorts), we plunged ahead for another twenty minutes or so before we finally admitted that we just couldn't complete the hike safely. When we got back to civilization, we learned that all of the peaks were still snow-covered, so we drove home with only a deepened respect for the mountains to show for our efforts (we completed that trip in July in a near-constant rain). Some of the peaks involved fairly technical rock climbing, and all of us have fallen many times while descending wet, slippery slabs of rock. The Adirondacks are notorious for their mud bogs—plunging in to my knee or thigh was not uncommon (which meant that other members of my party went even further). No matter how much water we carried, we always wished that we had more. And there were points on the return trip of every hike when we were desperately hoping that the car was around the next bend, or the next one, or the next one...

But for every one of these low points, there were dozens of highs. The feeling of accomplishment that comes from overcoming the challenges to climb one of these mountains is deeply satisfying—and it makes pizza and beer taste incredible. We fell in love with the scenery of the Adirondacks: the rushing brooks filled with giant boulders, the deep balsam forests, and of course the otherworldly bare granite of the peaks themselves. When we first started, the sea of mountains visible from the summits was baffling, but by the end, we could point to each peak and say, "We were there."

We were fortunate in our hiking companions—we introduced four of my son's friends to the Adirondacks, and two of my former students (Evan Reibsome and Carrie Shirk) are already halfway towards their own 46. When you hike for twelve hours with people, you get to know them well, and we were always accompanied by cheerful optimists whose conversation made the hike pleasurable. In the nine years of climbing, I've watched my son grow up from a gangly fourteen-year old to a fine young man who loves the outdoors, and my relationship with my wife has deepened as we struggled up those hills together. We'll tell stories about these hikes for the rest of our lives.

Two months later, I'm still going through withdrawal. But John Reid and I have decided to climb the forty or so peaks over 2000 feet in Clinton County. It should provide *Hemlock* hikes for years to come.

Ghosts

~Austin Miller

I. Midnight Drive

Headlights lead, steady crawl
Down backroads, through
Tuscarora farmlands.
Raw, steel-rippled earth
Mixed with all its
Cow shit and chemicals and
Seeds the neighbor
Thanks God don't
Blow into his field.

Between this pothole
Plastered path and
That red brick building
With the white bell tower,
In the dirt: an Amish boy.
Sunday best on Tuesday night.
Blank stare fixed on a
Greener field somewhere.
He doesn't belong there,
In the dirt.
Ghosts never do.
They don't scare me.
Though I know not what they
are,
I know of ghosts.
Of lost lives that
Haunt my idle hours.

II. Ghost Nets

What if they're after-images
Of a life shone bright?

Stars twist into geometric
Shapes on the backs of eyelids.
If you open they'll
Swirl and fall like snow.
Only now they tumble from
Grotesque clouds, eating
Guts first, then heart.
But it's all he has to
Remember the one he loves.
Realities, after all, are just
Memories and cough syrup.
He reminds me
We become akin to
What we love.
Never fall in love with a
Girl who loves the ocean.
While you melt into her,
She will melt into it.
You'll never have all of her,
Just a handful at a time.

Are they too innocent
To understand death?

They don't know their
Words "Gay! Fat! Girly!"
Maim like Red Ryder pellets.
Break a robin's wing and
Mama says "put the poor
Bird out of its misery."
Don't cry to feel its skull
Crunch under a stone.
No one puts people
Out of their misery.

Just wait for them to
Do it themselves.

Maybe they have
More work to do.

Put your face in the
Water first to slow your heart.
Ghost nets kill deep,
Two hundred years sometimes.
Kick. Kick. Kick.
Let your fins do the swimming.
Your arms need strength to
Cut the fish free.
She is so tired but
There are so many nets.
More life than she can save.
Besides, where's a soul to rest
When man rapes the tomb of
man?

III. Tower of Babel

Possibly they're scared
To move on, of unknown.

You see them in
Pixels at night.
Hiding behind a half
Gone rubble wall.
Once it was a bedroom.
You think you wouldn't
Mind if THEY came,
To get a new bedroom.
But it's best if they
Stay on the land
They were born on.
There's no way to tell them
From the bad ones and
That's not what the

Troops are fighting and
Dying for; to just
Let them walk in.
"And I support the troops!
Hell, I'm so American
My asshole hums the
Star Spangled Banner
When I fart.
I'm not scared of nothing!"
Except those homeless people
Behind that wall.

They could be waiting to get
Somewhere better.

Clip yourself in up here.
Ain't coming back from
Falling out of the clouds.
Don't you know we're
Building a tower to the moon?
We'll get there someday, too.
Just trade your time for money.
Don't think on it too hard.
You ain't that smart anyway.
We got all the answers:
All the green that
Matters in this world.

IV. Army of the Dead

Try all you want
To make it easy.
To get a formula.
Because two and two is
Always four and
All we know is
All there is.
Try to make a heaven
Out of a never-heaven.
Isn't that where

iPhones come from?
Too smooth and clean
To come from a
Sweatshop in China.

Or, we can try to
Make it Earth.
Cause it's not smooth
And it's not clean.
Ghosts know that.

Walk on these
Embers with me.

As brothers and sisters
Of adversity,
Haunted by the ghosts of
Our own past lives,
We can scream in pain
 "We are not yet,
 But we WILL be Lazarus,
 Come from the dead!"
Let it rise from these ashes,
These city ruins, or
At least the dirt
Beside this backroad.

Environmental Focus Group

Bob Myers (Chair), Md. Khalequzzaman, Lenny Long, Jeff Walsh, Barrie Overton, Todd Nesbitt, Jamie Walker, Steve Guthrie, John Reid, Lynn Bruner, Kevin Hamilton, Keith Roush, Elizabeth Gruber, Joby Topper, Michael McSkimming, Stephen Neun, Jared Conti, Marcia Kurzynski, Colleen Meyer, Bo Miller, George Rusczyk, Ally Spielman, and Heather Bechdel. The committee is charged with promoting and supporting activities, experiences, and structures that encourage students, faculty, and staff to develop a stronger sense of place for Lock Haven University and central Pennsylvania. Such a sense of place involves a stewardship of natural resources (environmentalism), meaningful outdoor experiences, and appreciation for the heritage of the region.