



# *The* Hemlock

**Volume 9 Issue 1 (Fall 2015)**

“Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away from you like the leaves of Autumn.

~John Muir

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## **Welcome Back!**

I find it hard to believe that this is the 9<sup>th</sup> year of *The Hemlock*. Each semester, as I start to collect articles I fear that I may have gone to my various wells too many times and that my colleagues will start hiding when they see me coming. Yet each issue magically comes together with a variety of interesting, well-written articles that require little editing from me. It's been one of the pleasures of my academic career to help provide an opportunity to gather these writers together around our common interests – protecting the environment, enjoying outdoor recreation, and celebrating the culture of central Pennsylvania. If any of you would like to contribute something to the Spring *Hemlock* (published in April), please email me (rmyers3@lhup.edu). ~Bob Myers

## **Nature Trail 2.0**

If you've recently walked the campus Nature Trail that begins at Robinson Building, you may have noticed the improvements that have been made since last winter. In April a group of faculty, staff, and students began a reroute of the trail to avoid the garbage trailer that sits on old Lusk Run Road. We also moved the hemlocks that the Environmental Focus Group had planted in front of Russell to the Naturalist Cabin site, and one of those trees was dedicated to retiring Professor Lenny Long. This September another group of volunteers completed work on the reroute. If you haven't walked the 1.5 mile trail, we encourage you to try it – autumn is a particularly good season to appreciate its beauty.

## **Environmental and Sustainability Studies at LHU**

The Environmental Studies minor continues to thrive: since Fall 2010, 113 students have applied, 46 have graduated with the minor, and 41 are currently active in the program. Meanwhile, the new Sustainability Studies Associates degree at the Clearfield Campus has attracted its first major. For more information see our website:

[http://www.lhup.edu/colleges/natural\\_behavioral\\_health/environmental/](http://www.lhup.edu/colleges/natural_behavioral_health/environmental/)

## Apples and Doughnuts

~John Reid (LHU Physics Professor)

Every season has its rewards. Around September, when it's clear fall is on the way, my wife and I start looking forward to a drive over to Lavonia for apples. The place we go to is Macneal's. We came across it one day while riding around enjoying the foliage on a crisp sunny Sunday in October. We pulled in on a whim and have gone back every year since, usually two or three times during September and October.

Lavonia is hard to find and easy to miss. Macneal's has a small sign on the side of the road right before you come to their little wood building. It's a modest dark brown structure with a small cupola on top. There's a large chalkboard on the outside wall by the entrance that lists what is currently available. As you walk through the wide entrance you find piles of crates loaded with, of course, apples. Off to the side is an apple polishing machine. If it's chilly outside then it's chilly inside here - as it should be for such a place. Ben Macneal is the proprietor. A low key sort. We quickly got the sense of a man that is quietly caring and proud of his domain.



If there were such a creature as a hard-sell apple salesman, then Ben is the opposite of this. He'll politely invite you to sample any and all of the varieties available. We never knew there were so many. Some are common to us (Macintosh, Cortland, Gala, Winesap), but it has been fun to discover more (Primo, Sir Prize, Red Spy, Tydeman Red). Sampling is sort of like wine tasting. As we try each one, Ben tries to describe the flavor, and explains the subtleties of this year's crop. We taste and nod as if we understand, and we think we do. "Yes, yes, I see. A mellow hint of flower with a wisp of honey, soft in its approach with an understated finish". After deciding what we want, factoring in plans for pies, we usually get a peck's worth of a mix. Ben carefully loads up the bag, while we decide on cider and syrup. There is no better cider than fresh cider in the fall and no better time to drink it. If he has it we get it. We also make sure to keep their syrup in stock all year. Before leaving we grab one of their schedules. It gives a rough idea of what apples will be available when. We then form loose plans for coming back over.

Second to our main goal of just getting out for a ride, going to Macneal's was often our only stated objective. Then we heard about Nan's doughnuts. One day a friend of mine was tasked with bringing doughnuts to a community clean up with Clinton County Cleanscapes. He proudly took on this task and shunned the idea of using a major chain. He brought us doughnuts from "the doughnut lady" in Eastville. The

doughnuts were delicious, of course, and my wife and I decided to find this place. My friend told us she has a sign out front. It didn't take long to find a house with a small but easy-to-read handwritten sign; "Fresh Doughnuts, Open on Saturdays." You enter a home with a large kitchen area. A long table is before you, covered with boxes and boxes of doughnuts. Calm on the outside, inside you're a little kid again, "*I can have anything I want?*"

Once we walked in and waited behind a wall of three jolly men. They were middle-aged, their heads scraped the ceiling and they looked like they might've played football when they were younger. Their athletic bodies were now delegated to memory, but their appetites were still going strong. They were joking and laughing as they picked out two dozen doughnuts each. When they left, we stepped forward and, feeling a little embarrassed, asked for only a half-dozen for the both of us.

Macneal's apples can be seen growing in the orchard as you cross over the last set of hills on the way there – if you go the way we do. You can get to Lavonia a number ways, but the only way to get there, in my mind, is a nice leisurely drive. If you're in a hurry, there's probably nothing there for you anyway. If we're just going to Macneal's, we take Rt. 477, (off Rt. 220) all the way to Lavonia. If you do this, you'll pass through Salona, go up the mountain along Long Run to Rosecrans, pass under Rt. 80, head down into Sugar Valley to Loganton, cross over the next mountain on Bull Run Rd., where you'll go past the apple orchard. We get a kick out of seeing the orchard right before going to the apple stand. Makes us feel a little more connected to them, maybe. Then the road descends into Brush Valley where Rt. 477 intersects with Rt. 192. This is Lavonia. Turn right on Rt. 192 and the apple stand is about ¼ mile on the left. They're open Friday's noon to 6PM, Sat & Sun 9AM to 6PM from Labor Day Weekend to December.

Sometimes we hit both places. After passing through Loganton, about a mile down the road, Rt. 477 takes a sharp right turn. There's a sign there telling you Eastville is five miles if you turn left onto Winter Rd, SR202. When you come to an undeniable cluster of houses, and a right turn for McCall Dam Rd, you're in Eastville. Make the right turn on to McCall Dam Rd. Nan's is several houses ahead on the right just as the road begins to rise for the pass. After picking up doughnuts, we head up the road and usually stop at a picnic area on White Deer Cr. It's not that far, but it





seems far when you have a box of fresh doughnuts on the car seat. We usually enjoy them while sitting at a picnic table watching trout rise in the stream. If you haven't eaten too many doughnuts, or maybe *because* you've eaten too many doughnuts, this is nice place for a walk. There's a good trail that takes you along the stream in either direction. The road takes you down to Rt. 192 where you'll find R.B. Winter State Park. In fact, just before descending there's a nice parking area on the left with a beautiful vista. There's also several trails in and around the park. If you're ready for apples then turn right on Rt. 192 and head about five miles west to Lavonia and Macneal's.

There's plenty to enjoy along the way. Several other small towns to pass through. Plenty of farms, many with fields being worked by the Amish. Take care to watch out for the buggies, especially on the blind turns in the hills. Farms stands are here and there. Some years it's out here we get our pumpkins to carve for Halloween. You're likely to pass a number of businesses selling such things as furniture, boots, honey, etc. We finding it all very charming and welcoming, and filled with hidden treasures.

### **An Outdoorsman's Playground**

~Rep. Mike Hanna (LHU Alum, PA House of Representatives Democratic Whip)

As leaves start to change and we begin to experience cooler evenings and shorter days, we know fall is upon us. For many, that means cozy sweaters and warm fires, but for nearly one million licensed hunters in Pennsylvania, that means camo and tree stands. For the hunter, October brings archery hunting of deer, squirrels, grouse, duck, goose, pheasant and rabbit. And you can't forget about fall fishing too. Are you new to the area? Just starting your first semester at LHU? For those of us who have lived here all our lives, we know that the fall can boast some remarkable hunting conditions throughout our region.

In Pennsylvania, the State Game Lands system includes more than 1.5 million acres. State Forests account for about 2 million acres. Enthusiasts can also enjoy hunting on private lands throughout Pennsylvania.

There are five state parks in Clinton County: Bucktail State Park, Hyner Run State Park, Hyner View State Park, Kettle Creek State Park, and Ravensburg State Park. There are six state parks in Centre County: Bald Eagle State Park, Black Moshannon State Park, McCall's Dam State Park, Penn-Roosevelt State Park, Poe Paddy State Park, and Poe Valley State Park.



Photo Courtesy of DCNR

On October 1, 2015, Governor Tom Wolf announced that hunters heading to Pennsylvania's state-owned woodlands will find additional roads opened by the Department of Conservation and Natural Resources in 18 of the 20 state forest districts. That means that 536 miles of state forest roads normally open only for administrative use will be available to hunters and others visiting state forestlands. The roadways will continue to stay open through January, 2016.

Finally, hunting safety should be taken extremely seriously. It is important to know and understand Pennsylvania hunting laws and to adhere to them accordingly. The Pennsylvania Game Commission notes the following safety tips should be adhered to so as to ensure a safe hunting experience:

- Positively identify your target! Be sure you are shooting at legal game. Never shoot at sounds or movement.
- Stay in the zone! Know your safe zone-of-fire. Never shoot at game moving between you and someone else.
- Plan your hunt! Let someone know where you're hunting and when you'll return.
- Buckle up! If you hunt from an elevated stand, always wear a full-body, fall-restraint device as soon as your feet leave the ground until they return.
- Keep fit! Hunting is hard work. Don't become a statistic – keep physically fit. Start with a check-up and follow your doctor's advice.
- Stay found! Become familiar with your hunting area. Learn how to use a map and compass or GPS unit. Be prepared for emergencies. Carry a basic survival kit and know how to use it.
- Finally, BE SEEN! Wear or display the required amount of fluorescent orange clothing.

Happy hunting!

### **Awakening Our Intimate Connection with Trees**

~Melissa Eldridge, LHU Alum, Public Programs Educator at Briar Bush Nature Center

Most of us are well aware of the benefits that trees provide to humans: benefits to the community, environment, and economy. Trees are planted in parks and residential areas to provide shade and increase property value. Trees provide oxygen, conserve water, reduce runoff, and provide a home for wildlife, improving the environment we live in. Trees are used as fuel for fire, provide timber for construction, and grow many of the fruits we eat. So it is no surprise that people have come to understand the beauty, benefits, and value of trees throughout the ages. Now, it is time to awaken and truly understand our deeply-rooted connection to trees, relating to our well-being.

### *Our Physical Connection*

Unpleasant or uncomfortable environments can have negative effects on our bodies. When we encounter these negative environments or situations, our bodies become stressed; our blood pressure, heart rate, and muscle tension is elevated; and our immune system is suppressed.

Surrounding yourself with trees, flowers, plants, and wildlife can positively affect

your well-being by reducing blood pressure, heart rate, muscle tension, and the production of stress hormones. Therapeutic gardens have been established due to the positive result trees and other forms of nature have on our bodies and physical health.



### *Our Emotional Connection*

Similar to our physical connection to trees is our emotional connection: unpleasant environments or situations can have negative effects on our emotions as well. The stress from an unpleasant environment or situation can leave one feeling anxious, sad, helpless, angry, or uncomfortable. Spending time in natural, pleasing environments reverses those feelings, resulting in a calm and relaxed state. Some seek relief from stressful situations through hiking and other forms of outdoor exploration, especially after a long work week.

### *Our Spiritual Connection*

Trees have an amazing ability to create a state of mindfulness and awareness to those nearby. It seems that one cannot help but become observant, attentive, and curious while walking on a trail surrounded by trees, allowing them to feel a connectedness to nature and the world around them. Some of the earliest cultures on Earth and some cultures of today are well aware of the interconnectedness between humans and trees and view them as powerful symbols relating to their lives. Many early cultures viewed trees as symbols of growth, decay, resurrection, strength, and fertility.

### *Our Worldly Connection*

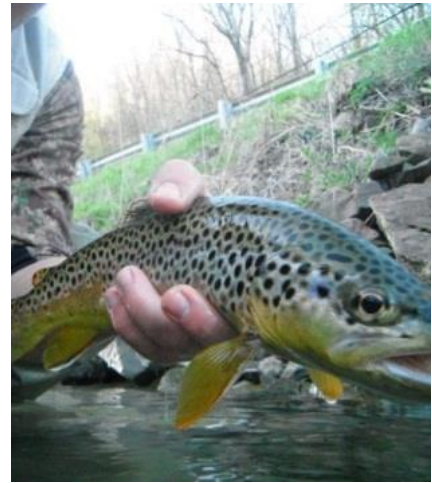
When you think back to your childhood, you may begin to realize that you have a number of memories involving trees: playing in your friend's treehouse, climbing the tree in your backyard, or observing the woodpeckers pecking at a tree in a nearby park. Exploring trees throughout our lifetime creates a feeling of connectedness to the places around us, helping us understand the interconnectedness between ourselves and the world around us.

***“Wild” about Fall Trout***

~Matt Truesdale (DCNR Environmental Educator and Central PA Angler)

We are blessed as residents of Pennsylvania. Not everyone in North America has the privilege of experiencing all four seasons. As the months pass, the uniqueness of each season brings upon spectacles of nature that are only experienced for a short time. Picturesque views of snow-covered mountains in the winter. The spring hunt for morel mushrooms. Our state insect, the lightning bug, illuminating late summer nights and the fall migrations of the Monarch Butterfly are just a few examples. No matter the month and no matter the season, Pennsylvania is truly one-of-a-kind.

I consider Central PA to be one of the country’s best wild trout fisheries. Maybe this is because I am biased to the area I grew up in. Or maybe it is a result of the number, size, and beauty of wild trout caught in this area. Many of the best wild trout waters within the state are located within a short drive from Lock Haven. These streams often become a seasonal paradise of fall foliage and churning cool waters that can only be captured for a short time of the year and can rarely be duplicated by nature. So go ahead and unplug. Grab your rod of choice. And head outside on a warm afternoon this October to experience what many anglers can only dream of.



Everyone has their favorite wild trout stream. Below are some of my favorites and their distance from LHU:

- Spring Creek (Bellefonte/State College) 25 miles
- Little Juniata (Spruce Creek) 60 miles
- Penns Creek (Coburn) 26 miles
- Elk Creek (Millheim) 24 miles
- Big Fishing Creek (Lamar) 10 miles

As the sun continues to sink into the horizon earlier each day, a welcomed change is sensed in the crisp air. Our local ecosystems are in full preparation mode as September has come to an end. Not only are we as humans preparing for the winter season, but the plants, insects and animals are aware of the changes they also need to make in order to survive. We take for granted the intellect of our native species. The inhabitants of Penns Woods are truly conscious to the significance of the autumnal equinox as temperatures and solar illumination are changing.



Many outdoorsmen use the fall season to dream of bow hunting and big bucks. On the other hand, Pennsylvania anglers begin to salivate at the thought of monster wild browns and brilliant native brookies. By far, there is no better season to trout fish, than the fall season. Each small drop in water temperature is a signal to these fish that it is time to eat and spawn. The more a trout can eat during the fall, the better its chances of survival through winter are when food is more limited. This feeding frenzy combined with protective spawning trout can result in hooking into larger than average fish.

The magnificence of a wild trout is unmatched by any of the other members of its ichthyological brethren. Wild trout color patterns are excessively more vibrant. Wild trout often put up a better fight on the end of the line. Landing a wild trout is gratifying in the idea that you were able to trick a stream bred and born fish. And there are plenty of ways to try to trick these fish. In order to give you the best chance at landing a wild trout, I have highlighted the top three different baits that all anglers can relate to that should result in a successful fall fishing trip.



There are a few items to keep in mind when packing your tackle or fly box. Trout are opportunistic feeders. They will forage on many items including macroinvertebrates to crayfish and mice. Trout will even eat their own species and fish eggs that may be drifting past. There is no set meal plan or feeding pattern for wild animals, especially for fish. Trout will try to eat at any time of the day. Trout, like most other fish, will also strike aggressively at something that is either annoying them, they find curiosity in, or if they feel threatened. It is not necessary to carry a large tackle box with every single bait you have. Pack light but keep a small diversity of options so that you can traverse the stream much easier.

#### 1) Rapala's Ultra Light Minnow (ULM)

The ULM is the absolutely the best lure that I have tied on the end of my spinning rod. This hard plastic jerk bait will almost always entice a bite when used correctly. To get the attention of a trout, toss this lure upstream and allow it to slowly sink as you reel and twitch your rod. Twitching, or jerking, your rod as the bait is retrieved will make it appear as though it is a dying fry drifting in the water. Trout will show interest and follow this bait as it flashes by them, often times triggering a bite. I suggest using the Rainbow Trout patterned ULM in size 06.

#### 2) Streamer of choice (Slump Buster, Muddler Minnow, Woolly Bugger)

Streamers are another great option as an angler to use for a big bruiser trout. Any of these three choices will suite you well. The main objective when using a streamer is the same as the Rapala ULM, the only difference is that streamers are a soft bodied tied fly.



Vary your casts to different portions of the stream and strip back at different speeds and intervals.

### 3) Trout Eggs

As the fall season progresses and the photoperiod of the daytime continues to decrease, the instinct to spawn will overtake the adult wild trout. Real single eggs, egg sacks, or tied egg patterns like Glow Bugs or the Blood Dot, will be advantageous to your arsenal. Unlike the previously mentioned baits, allow this pattern to float near the bottom of the stream, bumping rocks along the way.

If you cannot make it out to the stream in the fall season, do not worry. Winter trout fishing can be some of the most enjoyable time on the water (if you can keep warm enough). There is almost no one to compete with for stream space and the trout are more challenging to catch. The water is generally more clear and colder which can lead the trout to be pickier on what they will eat. It's crucial that the presentation of your fly or lure is as on point as possible during the winter months. Quality fly/lure selection and presentation will lead to an exciting afternoon on the trout stream during the snowy days of winter.



Even if you are not an angler, get outside to experience what Pennsylvania has to offer. Many individuals wish they could have your opportunities.

### **Reflections on Planting Trees in Sproul State Forest**

~Jim Bean (LHU Psychology Professor)

Each year in April students plant trees in Sproul forest, usually five to six thousand trees. I'm always impressed by how good the LHUP students are as they apply themselves conscientiously to planting trees. They impress the foresters, too, who walk along and remind planters to execute the "pull test," a gentle tug on the sapling to make sure it is firmly planted. We often plant in rocky ground which makes it difficult to get the planting spade down far enough. Working in pairs with one planter using the spade and the other carrying the saplings in a shoulder bag, you both "work it in." You push with your shoe on the horizontal bar above the blade to start the hole, usually leaning your body into the thrust. Frequently, you then have to move the spade back and forth to get down far enough.

The small sapling's roots must go straight down...don't "J-root" it because it will die. You then have to "heel it in" by pushing the dirt from both sides with your toe and heel. This is to prevent the air from getting to the roots. We have planted in the rain which, while a muddy slog, helps seal the holes the trees are nestled in. If we plant on a sunny day we always pray for rain to come as hot days will rob the moisture from the ground and kill the little trees.

Retired State Forester Butch Davey uses a "hoedaddy" rather than a planting spade and wields it from over his head into the ground. It looks like a hoe but has a longer blade.



He slides the sapling along the blade into the hole and then makes a close second hole where he can push dirt up to the tree and close the first hole. He says the Hispanic workers can plant hundreds of saplings by themselves in a few hours. I'm always reminded of how incredible these workers are despite being paid poorly in dozens of hard labor jobs.

Norm Lacasse, who has a formidable reputation as an environmentalist,

always serves a terrific lunch to the hungry planters at noon. He regaled us with stories about the progressive conservationist Myra Lloyd Dock about whom he and our own Susan Rimby have written so expertly. Every student in Pennsylvania should know how much we owe her for the development and preservation of our state forests. Both she and Governor Sproul would have loved to see the students planting trees where fire, storms and pests have killed them.

Students often tell me they have "caught the passion for trees" after getting their hands into planting. Before going into the forest they take a "tree planter's" test on the tree species in PA, types of pests and types of ticks. We have not had big problems with ticks but we always spray our pant legs with DEET and check ourselves closely after finishing planting and going home. Home? Students can't forget that the trees in Sproul Forest provide many things for bears, turkeys, rabbits, hawks, bobcats, deer, coyotes, small birds, and many other species. Reforestation is critical to providing a home for them.

## The Story of Nash the Turtle

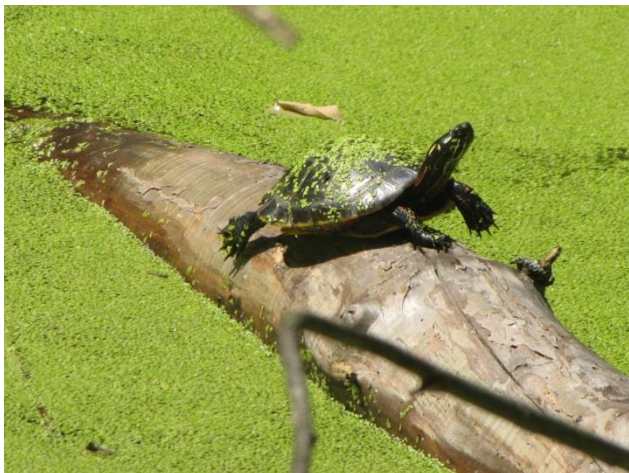
~Susan Rimby (LHU Dean of Liberal Arts & Education) and John F. Katz (Freelance Writer)

It began with a knock on the door on an evening in late July. John opened the door to find his across-the-hall neighbors, Paula and Brian, looking somewhat anxious. The couple, who regularly cared for the neighborhood's feral cats, had been trying to talk John into adopting a kitten for some time. He steeled himself for another refusal. So you can imagine his surprise when Brian asked somewhat sheepishly, "You know something about turtles, don't you?"

"Turtles!" John searched his mind. How would Brian even know this? That's right, John's son, John Victor, had visited a few weeks back accompanied by his box turtles, Al and Frank. The two reptiles had encountered Brian and Paula's cats. Both sets of animals had been curious, but peaceful. With that part of the mystery solved, John became aware of the cardboard box Brian was pushing forward, containing a rather dirty and scrawny pond turtle.

"I found him in the basement of the garage," Brian said, presumably the commercial repair garage where he worked. "I don't think he's in very good shape. Would you look at him?" John accepted the box and said, "Thank you." What else do you say to a gift of any kind? Having presumably done their duty, Brian and Paula turned back to their door. John closed his door, too, and brought his new roommate into the kitchen for a quick examination.

The creature appeared to be an Eastern Painted turtle. There was a very obvious crescent-shaped chunk missing from the right rear portion of its shell, as if it had been bitten out. The wound had healed, but the animal had obviously survived a horrific attack. Even more immediately worrisome was his filthy condition and obvious lack of weight. John knew from experience that healthy turtles were heavy and strong for their size. This animal was neither.



The first order of business was a bath in the tub, which immediately suggested a name to John - Bathtub Ginny, like the illegal gin produced during Prohibition. Turtles like being clean, so the bath was a pleasant experience for both parties. John quickly gathered his thoughts while washing the turtle. A three-room apartment in Penbrook was no place for a pond turtle. Given her injury, Ginny could never return to the wild. She would need adoptive parents, preferably

in possession of a small pond effectively fenced off from predators. In the meantime, she would need more suitable quarters within John's apartment. John filled the sloping bathtub with just enough water so that Ginny could swim in the deep end or rest in the shallow end. Either way, she couldn't get out. John put on his jacket, drove to Petco, and bought an aquarium, a pump and filter, a full-spectrum lamp, and a plastic island. This would keep Ginny as comfortable as possible for as long as she had to stay. There was nothing more John could do that night. He settled down with the television, the turtle in her tank within view on the living room floor. He knew he could get attached to this animal very quickly.

John's son, John Victor, is something of a turtle enthusiast. As a result, both father and son are long-term members of the Mid-Atlantic Turtle and Tortoise Society (MATTS). MATTS has proven again and again to be a prime source of information for all matters turtle. John's first morning phone call was to Katrina Smith, MATTS' adoption coordinator. John was not surprised when Katrina asked him where he was located. He was a little taken aback, however, when Katrina announced, somewhat breathlessly, that she'd be in Penbrook in two hours. She arrived punctually and examined the turtle with her usual upbeat enthusiasm.

"It's a male, for one thing," she announced. John made a mental note to change the animal's name. She said, "He looks like he's been mauled by a raccoon. There aren't many animals that can take a chunk out of a turtle's shell like that. Did you notice that he has no toes on his left rear foot? That's also typical raccoon. They nibble them off." John felt embarrassed for not noticing the missing toes and his opinion of raccoons, never favorable, slipped down another few notches. Then Katrina dropped the bombshell that John was not expecting. "He'll survive just fine if you return him to the wild."

"What," John asked, "With such serious injuries?"

"His injuries have healed," Katrina answered. "He has enough of his left foot that he can still swim and climb onto a floating log. I'm far more concerned about his weight. It's already late summer and he's terribly underweight. He needs to hibernate in the fall, and since he'll lose weight during hibernation, he'll need to weigh at least twenty ounces before he's returned to the wild."

John struggled to take all of this in. "Okay, what do I do?"

"Feed him worms and cooked chicken," Katrina answered as though it was obvious. "And weigh him every day." "He needs to weigh twenty ounces before he's released. As soon as he's reached his goal weight you should release him, so he can find a place to hibernate well before the first frost." With that, Katrina packed up her equipment



and left. John made a mental note to go out and buy some chicken breasts and bait worms.

The easiest part of the turtle rehabilitation was the coining of a more masculine name. John figured he could keep the "bathtub" part. Recalling a nickname applied to the 1949-1951 Nash automobile for its smoothly rounded and uninterrupted sides, Bathtub Ginny became Bathtub Nash. That name came naturally to John, who is by profession a free-lance automotive writer.

Nash's rehabilitation now began in earnest. Before John prepared his own breakfast, he dropped pieces of cooked chicken onto Nash's island and placed a wriggly worm into the turtle's water. Nash clearly enjoyed hunting, striking, and devouring his worm. If he was still hungry, he picked at the chicken with significantly less enthusiasm. John guessed the things that didn't move weren't as much fun to eat. After John ate his own breakfast, he went to work in the next room on his computer, occasionally checking in on Nash. The turtle spent about half the day basking on his island under the full spectrum lamp, and the other half swimming in his tank. In the evenings John cooked his own dinner and retired to the living room to watch television. Nash generally wasn't interested in TV, but there was one exception. John liked reruns of "Columbo," and so did Nash. He would climb up on his island and watch, mesmerized, as long as the rumpiled detective was on the screen. At such times John was sorely tempted to pick Nash up and hold him in his lap. But knowing Nash would ultimately return to the wild, John did not want him to become too comfortable with a human touch.

Weighing Nash at first proved a challenge. John's first idea was to stand on his bathroom scale by himself, then stand on the scale holding Nash, then subtract the difference. But there wasn't much difference to subtract, and John worried about the accuracy of this whole arrangement. It just so happened that John's friend, Susan, mentioned that she had just ordered a new Weight Watchers' scale to weigh food portions. She offered to weigh Nash on this scale. In fact, Nash was weighed on this scale before any food touched its surface.

Nash's care soon became routine. The Weight Watchers' scale now lived in John's apartment. When John visited Susan, neighbor Paula fed Nash his usual chicken and worms. Paula did this with enthusiasm, as if Nash were one more feral cat in need of her attention. In the meantime, Susan and John scouted suitable turtle release locations. Susan had taken a sabbatical from her teaching job at Shippensburg University and was writing a biography of Mira Lloyd Dock, a Harrisburg conservationist. Among Dock's achievements was the creation of Wildwood Lake Park in Harrisburg. Susan believed this was the ideal location for Nash. Here, Nash could hunt his normal prey and bask upon the many floating logs. John took photos of the lake, including one of the large painted turtles already living there, and sent them to Katrina. Katrina emailed back

that the environment could not be more perfect for a young male turtle. The two turtles in the photograph were both female.

By early September Nash had reached his goal weight. In one sense, the time had gone very quickly. But not so quickly that John and Susan hadn't grown very attached to Nash. It would be hard to let him go, but it was the right thing to do. Eastern Painted turtles are diminishing because they've lost habitat to human development, and to invasive species still sold as pets. Here was a healthy Painted that could be returned to a legally protected environment.

John and Susan released the turtle on a glorious September Sunday morning. Nash rode placidly in a cardboard shoebox upon Susan's lap as the couple drove to Wildwood Lake Park's North Parking Lot. As they approached their destination however, Nash grew restless, squirming excitedly – as if he could smell the lake, and his freedom.

John took off his shoes and slipped down the lake's muddy bank, still holding the shoebox. He lifted Nash out and released him. Nash slipped into the water and instantly dove beneath the surface. John waited for him to surface – for some sign that he would be all right. Perhaps, irrationally, he was expecting a look back, a good-bye, a thank-you. It occurred to him that the wild turtle would more likely remain hidden beneath the surface until the people were gone. That was a good sign, really – Nash was still wild--but it made leaving that much harder.

A few weeks later John visited his massage therapist, Sharon, also a turtle enthusiast. Naturally, he told her about Nash and how he'd recently released the turtle. Sharon said, "I have to show you something. Knowing I like turtles, another client brought me this photo she'd taken at Wildwood Lake last Saturday." Sharon showed a photo of an Eastern Painted turtle. He was balanced on the rounded upper surface of a floating log. His shell was covered with bits of plant life from the lake. His left front leg was lifted off the log, as if attempting a gesture, and his head was held high in the air. His expression was unmistakable. He was the mayor, no, the king of Wildwood Lake.

Sharon asked, "Could this be Nash?"

John looked carefully at the photo. He saw the curved bite mark clearly visible on the right rear side of the animal's shell. There was no question.

## How Can I Not Care?

~Jeff Walsh (LHU Recreation Management Professor)

I don't exactly remember when it happened, but it was within the last year. It might even have been as long ago as last fall. I do know that it was a Friday and a day like today - sunny, great temperature, and a great day to take a drive. I must have been in good mood because I was thinking, "what a pretty day for a drive" even though I was headed back to my office after having gone for lunch.



As I was looking around, fairly attuned to the natural surroundings, I came to the bald hillside on Lusk Run road where nature is slowly recovering from the scalping of the mountain. Many of you know the place; it is just past the Bald Eagle Township's maintenance complex - what where I grew up we called the "town barns." The site where, a few years back, someone first removed all the trees and vegetation and then took shale, topsoil,

and rocks to create fill for some sort of construction project. A couple of trails were carved into the face of the hillside for earth moving equipment, new slopes were scrapped to control erosion control, and one more distinctive human footprint was left as evidence that we are able to do pretty much what we want to much of the earth's topography.

I recalled the sense of loss I had experienced throughout the duration of that construction process. How I was offended that someone had so drastically altered such a natural site probably in the name of progress. Granted, my experience of that hillside was quite superficial. It was limited to a visually recognition of the place, a first-hand knowledge that deer crossed it (and one at least one occasion used it as a springboard to launch into the middle of the road), and a knowing that - had we purchased one specific home we looked at, this barren patch of land would have been adjacent to my property. I thought how sad it was that that hillside would never be the same; and how permanently and negatively (from my perspective) my drives to work, and beyond, had been altered. I wondered how many of the people who traveled Lusk Run road daily felt as I did. How many sensed a loss or sadness each time they drove past this place. I wondered for how people had it never mattered or how many others had "gotten over" the change.

Those demoralizing thoughts suddenly morphed into a forceful sense of wonder about how omnipotent human behavior can be in rearranging *viewsheds*, and ultimately *people's lives*. I was almost in awe of our power as I realized that I had watched

environmental destruction on a pretty minor scale. In an instant I thought, “Imagine how the local people in the Appalachian Mountains regions feel when they witness mountaintop removal mining by the coal industry?” “What about those city residents who stare at blocks of brown fields each morning as they ride the train commuting to work?” “Or those rural folks who live across the valley from a new above-ground natural gas pipeline that stretches from the ridge top down to the valley floor?” Suddenly I felt a sense of empathy for others who suffer a loss of a *special* place; *special* in the sense that to some degree it was their place, it had importance or meaning to them, a place near their home or where they vacationed, a place that they had emotionally invested in – a place about which they cared. It was then that I had a personal epiphany – an intuitive leap of understanding.

For years, I had been sympathetic for others’ losses of place, but that had always been on a cognitive level. I *knew* that people are often attached to the geographic locations they experience in their daily lives. I *knew* that environmental change could negatively affect an individual’s sense of a place when that person was attached to a place. I *knew* mountaintop removal mining was wrong. I *knew* that when businesses deserted places and left deadly pollutants behind, it was wrong. I *believed* that pick to return to place they have an affinity for. I *believed* that people’s senses of places help determine what they do and who they are. I *believed* that people only appreciate and protect those places they are attached to, or dependent on. Now, in a moment, I recognized that I had never empathized with those people, had never felt their losses; and I wondered if it’s even possible to care about a place that one has no personal sense of.

### **Hemlock Hike: Chatham Run**

~Bob Myers (LHU Director of Environmental Studies)

This hike follows a small feeder stream to Chatham Run, the main water supply for Woolrich, PA. To get to the trailhead, start at the Clinton County Courthouse on Jay and Water Streets. Check your odometer and cross the bridge to follow Route 664 North for 9.3 miles. You’ll pass Coltrane Lane and Irish Lane on the right, and then you’ll see a small mileage marker that has 210 on it – immediately after that, on the right, is the gravel parking area (just beyond, to the left, is a camp).

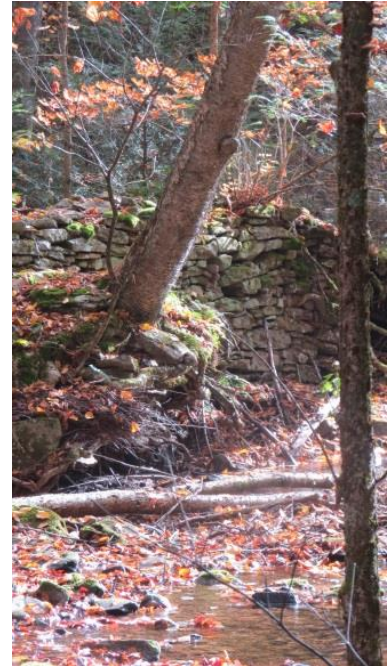
Walk towards the black metal gate and go down the road. The road will turn hard to the right and then you’ll cross a very tiny stream – this is the feeder that you’ll be following to Chatham Run. Stay on the road for another 75 yards uphill and then turn right onto a grassy road (if you come to an open clearing, you’ve missed the turnoff). Follow the road downhill towards the stream. After about 15 minutes you’ll pass a trail that goes uphill towards the right, but stay on the main trail (this trail goes back to 664, a bit south of the parking area). After another 15 minutes, you will pass another trail to the right, but keep descending, following the stream. Almost immediately you’ll come to a complicated intersection – the main trail continues straight, but you could follow



the trail to the left that turns 180 degrees down towards the stream – this is the confluence of the feeder stream and Chatham Run.

Continue downstream on the main trail for another five minutes. You'll see a flat area to the left, and, if you look carefully, the stone abutment of an old bridge (see the photo above). If you cross the stream here you'll see several interesting old stone foundations. I have absolutely no idea what they were, but they are fun to explore.

At this point, you could return to the car (30-40 minutes), or continue down the trail that follows Chatham Run. Theoretically, you could leave another car at the Woolrich Outlet (about two more miles) before starting the hike, but the legality of the final stretch of trail is ambiguous – you go through the Woolrich reservoirs, and coming from the Woolrich side there are serious “No Trespassing” signs (coming from 664, you don't see any).



Thanks to John Reid for helping me scout this trail.

### **Environmental Focus Group**

Bob Myers (Chair), Md. Khalequzzaman, Lenny Long, Jeff Walsh, Lee Putt, Ralph Harnishfeger, Barrie Overton, Todd Nesbitt, Sharon Stringer, Jamie Walker, Steve Guthrie, John Reid, Lynn Bruner, Elisabeth Lynch, Kevin Hamilton, Keith Roush, Steve Seiler, Elizabeth Gruber, Joby Topper, Ray Steele, Michael McSkimming, Mark Jones, Adam Nothstein, Susan Rimby, Stephen Neun, and Scott Carnicom. 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.