



The Hemlock

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"We have to remember that what we observe is not nature in itself, but nature exposed to our method of questioning." ~Werner Heisenberg

The Hemlock Abides

Nine years. Lock Haven University has changed a great deal since 2008 when the first issue of *The Hemlock* was published: people and buildings have come and gone; a campus nature trail has been restored; and a new program, Environmental Studies, has thrived. During that time it has been my pleasure to work with so many people who have generously contributed their talents to making a sense of place a key part of the University's identity. This issue is typical in that we have articles written by students, faculty, staff, and members of the community, and the articles are on topics related to outdoor recreation, environmentalism, and the culture of Pennsylvania. Thanks to all of you who have made the past nine years possible. If you're interested in being part of our tenth year by writing for *The Hemlock*, please let me know (rmyers3@lhup.edu).

I am a Conservation Officer

~Michael J. McSkimming (LHU Criminal Justice Professor)

This essay is dedicated to all the men and women who protect, conserve, and enhance our natural areas. In particular, the author would like to acknowledge the service of WCO David L. Grove who ended his watch on Thursday, November 11, 2010. The author would also like to thank Dr. Sara Postlethwaite for her comments and suggestions.

I am a conservation officer. You may not know me and you may never see me, but I am there. I am not just a "game warden," "fish fuzz," or "carp cop." I am a specialized law enforcement officer who has gone through extensive training in order to preserve, enhance, and protect the wilds that you enjoy so much. Once I am selected by my commission, I must spend my first year away from home. Depending upon which agency I am working for, the first half of that year is spent with the state police cadets. I

become well versed with the crimes code of my state and am empowered to enforce those laws when it is appropriate. Once I am graduated from there, I must report to my own agency specific training school. There is no assurance that I can begin working in an area that is familiar to me once I am done and commissioned. I may have to start my career far away from family and friends, surrounded by those who do not understand nor appreciate the role I play.

I bet you did not know this, but according to the available research, I am much more likely to be assaulted than an inner-city police officer. Furthermore, researchers suggest that the summer months between 4:00 pm and midnight are especially dangerous for conservation officers. These details are normally lost on the common folk. In fact, I am betting that many of you who are reading this right now have been taken aback by these facts. Well, I am here to inform you that they are very true and I am very happy to share more if you want to be enlightened. There are several contributing factors that influence this data.



First, I normally patrol alone, late at night, and in remote locations. I go places that normal police officers would not dare to venture. In many instances, I am in environments that are too dark to see without some form of artificial light, and cell phone reception is non-existent. I go to these places because that is where the criminal elements lurk. You know them: the poachers, the litterers, and those who are creating their own special brand of "high." They think that they are alone out there, far away from prying eyes, but there I am, ready to intrude on their "fun." This leads to the second problem I face.

My state allows the carrying of firearms, both openly and concealed. The majority of those I encounter either have a knife on them and/or some form of firearm (i.e., handgun, rifle, or shotgun). Often it is very difficult to determine who is dangerous and who is not. I have been trained for such situations, but even the best of training cannot cover every scenario that I may face while on the job. So there I am, alone, in the dark, and unable to communicate with anyone if the situation turned for the worst. Even in the event I am able to make a connection to the outside world, help could be hours away. So in many cases, I have to go it alone and trust my instincts and training. Well, that is if I even get to make contact with the violators.

My third problem is that I often work in difficult terrain and alongside unpredictable creatures. Ever try to chase a person in the dark in an area they know much better than you? They know every rock, crevice, and natural made trap in the area. One wrong

step or misguided turn may result in injury to myself. Add the fact that many areas contain a population of poisonous snakes who will not hesitate to bite you if you happen to step on them. Similarly, what about those wild dogs, coyotes, and over-protective bears? There is no accounting for how they will react to my intrusion; this is their home. I wish they understood that I am there to protect their home, not harm them.

I face a fourth problem that is not really uncommon for any law enforcement officer, but it puts me at an elevated risk for assault. You may have guessed it already; it is alcohol consumption and what goes better with hunting, fishing, and boating than alcohol? I venture to say that for many, not much. The available research suggests that drunk boaters pose a serious risk to conservation officers. After a long day on the water, absorbing the sun, and enduring the waves, the last person these folks want to see is me. But they have to since I have an obligation to protect the other boaters on the water and the intoxicated boater stands in the way of that.

A final variable that contributes to my alarming assault rate relates to the fact that I assist other law enforcement agencies regularly. While forging bonds between various agencies is encouraged, the bonding does possess its drawbacks. I am more likely to be put into dangerous situations that I may not be trained to handle. I am more likely to experience both verbal and physical assaults when handling situations that do not involve resource protection. This is particularly true when working with other officers. My role in the community is expanding, but I am convinced that this expanded role is lost on most people. To most, I am viewed as a game warden and not a cop. This public perception really puts me into a difficult position.

I am a conservation officer. I do not wear a cape or have some special mask to wear. The vehicle I drive does not have the ability to move at warp speed nor do I have specialized weapons that disintegrate those who are determined to do what they please. No, my "special" weapon is discretion and I try my best to be professional in my use of it. I do not have to write citations and I often give more verbal warnings than not. The seriousness of the offense and violator's demeanor are significant factors in my decision making. After all, I am human and I prefer polite conversation over that of verbal and physical warfare. I just want to go home safely after my watch is over. So the next time you are out there enjoying all that nature has provided us, please keep in mind that someone, somewhere, is watching over it for you.

For additional information please read:

Eliason, S. (2011). Death in the line of duty: Game warden mortality in the United States. *American Journal of Criminal Justice*, 36(3), 319-326.

Falcone, D. (2004). America's conservation police: Agencies in transition. *Policing* 27(1), 56-66.

Forsyth, C. & Forsyth, Y. (2009). Dire and sequestered meetings: The work of game wardens. *American Journal of Criminal Justice*, 34(2), 213-223.

Patten, R. & Caudill, J. (2013). Weekend warriors and sun block: Game wardens and the use of force. *American Journal of Criminal Justice*. 38(4), 410-421.

Simplifying my Life During a Complicated Semester

~Rachel E. Carr (LHU Business Major)

Six classes, four hours of study hall, three hour-long practices, two-day track meets, and one heck of a car repair bill--that is the stress that led to me to simplifying my life. What had started as clearing clutter out of my Harry-Potter-like bedroom soon turned into a journey of going absolutely plastic-free.

I had reached a point in the semester that most college students eventually reach: the knot-in-your-throat, bizarre-amount-of-sweating, barely-sleeping point. My stress levels were off the charts, mostly because I had finally come face-to-face with the reality that I was graduating. So, I decided to change my life. However, instead of dying my hair or piercing an eyebrow, I started decluttering, and I mean *really* decluttering. I guess you never realize how much of a hoarder you are until you see a two feet high stack of magazines of which you've never even turned a page. And that's where it all started.



I drove to the Lock Haven Hospital (which I could have easily walked to...especially since I'm a track & field athlete) and donated the readable magazines and recycled the ripped or damaged ones. It's such a strange feeling I got from doing something good with my unwanted items rather than tossing them in a dumpster. That feeling became an addiction for me, like a de-stress pill. I started to do a little more research on how to change my environmental footprint. I checked out books at the library and looked up recycling websites, such as freecycle.org. Eventually I came across a book titled *Zero Waste Home*; it became the bible to my environmental and lifestyle changes.

The first step to making a difference involved simple stuff around the house. The book provided me with the 5 R's, which dictated my lifestyle: Refuse, Reduce, Reuse, Recycle, and Rot. First up, composting! My neighbors gawked at me as I drilled holes in the bottom of a used trashcan and started filling it with dirt. I didn't care because I had built my own compost bin, which would help me save on trash bags, reduce my waste, and provide me with fertilized soil for my indoor plants. I had begun to develop a sixth sense about waste--what I call "plastic vision." I reduced my plastic consumption by nearly 50% by switching out easy items. This meant trashing my plastic mesh loofah and using washcloths, swapping liquid soap for bar soap, and buying paper carton milk instead of plastic gallons.

What I didn't know I was getting myself into was a diet. When you are going plastic free you realize that almost all junk food is in a plastic tray or wrapper. It was a sad goodbye to Oreos, but pretty soon I wasn't just feeling good from recycling. Instead of snacking on processed foods packaged in plastic, I turned towards organic bananas and natural-made peanut butter on homemade bread. My health had made a positive change and pretty soon my entire food experience had changed, including what I carried my groceries home in (cloth bags). I started to switch to brands that were cage-free, cruelty-free, and didn't test on animals as well. Going plastic free was really starting to reward me. I had less stress, great health, and had decreased my environmental impact.

As of now, I am only about halfway to where I'd like to be in my plastic-free transition. It's hard to buy meat without that icky Styrofoam that always leaks everywhere and it's difficult to shampoo your hair without the plastic bottled products. These were the complicated parts that my research had warned me about, but I believe I will eventually get to the point of zero waste (I'd love to trash my trash can!). I continue to encourage people to consider changing the impact they have on the environment. The feeling I get from doing something good each day is a feeling I'm sure anyone reading this has had before. Changing my lifestyle has been a challenge, but the challenge has reaped major rewards for me and will continue to do so in the long run.

Two Poems

~Susan Rimby (LHU Dean of the College of Liberal Arts & Education)

FOGGY MORNING

Pearl gray fog hovers
Mysterious and swirling.
West Branch lies beneath.

WINDY MORNING

Choppy, little waves
Skip across the slate gray stream,
Hide what lies beneath.



King Wi-daagh's Spell--fact or fancy?

~Jeffrey Frazier (Local Author)

To lovers of Pennsylvania's storied past the name Henry W. Shoemaker holds a preeminent place in the annals of the state's folklore. Unfortunately, however, even though he deserves credit for being among the first, if not the first, collectors of the Keystone State's treasure house of legends and folktales, his reputation has been tarnished by the realization that many, if not all, of his tales are either highly-embellished versions of the stories he heard from his sources or complete fabrications from his fertile imagination. In fact in recalling him to me, one of his early acquaintances, who knew the man well, noted that "once he picked up his pen it got away from him!"

Nonetheless it's an interesting exercise to analyze Shoemaker's stories in order to decide if there are any "kernels of truth" upon which they are based. When doing so you eventually realize that in many cases there are nuggets of history embedded in his tales, no matter how far-fetched the stories themselves may sound. And one of Shoemaker's most fantastic accounts may be the story he called "King Wi-daagh's Spell (a story of Antes Fort Mountain)" that appeared in his volume titled *Tales of the Bald Eagle*

Mountains. But examining that unusual romance for historical accuracy and from a present-day perspective proves interesting.

Shoemaker begins his legend as follows: "It was the unvarying custom, and perhaps the chief peculiarity of King Wi-daagh, the last ruler of the Susquehanna Indians, that any of his subjects who happened to lay eyes on him, must return and see him again one year from the date. This he imagined instilled a proper respect for his exalted station, especially when the person who had looked at him would have to travel two hundred miles through forests drifted with snow to repeat the performance. If he but knew it, his subjects came to "hate the sight of him" for this very reason. But he had other faults.

"As a financier he was a failure, even for an Indian. His bargain with the Proprietary Government in September, 1700, a century after his great ancestor Pipsisseway's military triumphs, when he deeded the fertile Otzinachson Valley to the Penn family for a few trinkets and a bale of English goods, will stand out as the most one-sided land deals in history. Though he ever regretted the sale, he kept it mostly to himself, which is to his credit. But to the day of his death he was pompous and overbearing to his kind, exaggerating trifles and glossing over the really important events in life. As long as his followers came back the following year after having seen him, he was satisfied. To put people to trouble seemed to be his chief delight.

"Wi-daagh's favorite walk was from his palace, which consisted of a many roomed cavern near the source of Antes Creek, along the stream, and thence westward to a small spring, where in his youth he had met clandestinely an Indian maid of inferior birth.

Along the creek was the favorite pathway for Indians travelling north or south, and he invariably met troops of victims on every stroll. Much as they originally revered this august symbol of royalty, they hated the idea of having to come back a year from the date of their chance meetings with him".

Shoemaker adds many more apocryphal historic details to his narrative as he continues, but he once again reiterates the point that anyone "unlucky enough to have crossed the Susquehanna, and met the King at his spring" found themselves a year later back at that same spring as though drawn there by dark mysterious forces. Shoemaker also notes that that anyone who tried to avoid this annual rendezvous would be rounded up and burned at the stake, a practice which continued until a "delegation of Quakers from the Proprietary Government" learned of the practice and strongly recommended that the chief abandon this cruel form of persuasion. He reluctantly did so, says Shoemaker, but

“he lived the balance of his life a broken-hearted man”, mourning his loss of power, which hastened his untimely death at his “seat” along Antes Creek. He was buried in “full warrior’s regalia”, so states Shoemaker, and interred “on the present-day Lochabar Estate” near the deep blue spring which bears his name yet today.

Of course Shoemaker could not resist turning his tale into a ghost story, which is understandable considering the dark vale surrounding the spring yet today and the eerie mists that shimmer and dance over Antes Creek in the fall of the year. It’s a perfect setting for a ghost tale and Shoemaker claimed that “King Wi-daagh’s ghost was as unhappy as the living tenement had been, and had not been in his grave a week before he acquired the habit of taking midnight strolls through the Gap to the small spring at the foot of the upper mountain”.

And, said Shoemaker, it was believed that Wi-daagh’s ghost would sometimes appear from in back of a large oak tree alongside the Antes Creek path or in the light of campfires built by Indians who “were unlucky enough to build them” along that same path. The apparition would hold out its hand as though trying to give something to those who beheld it and then “sink back into the gloom and vanish”. It was, writes Shoemaker, a curse for those who saw the chief’s ghost, for they too found themselves compelled to return back to Antes Gap a year later, and so the Indians “took especial care” not to warn the white man of the ghost and the spell it cast on those who saw it. In this way the Indians, claimed Shoemaker, would have the last laugh on their white conquerors.

Quite a story to be sure, and no reports of Wii-daagh’s ghost have surfaced since Shoemaker’s time, at least none known to this writer, but a visit to Wi-daagh’s Spring along Antes Creek today does prove interesting as far as other aspects of Shoemaker’s account. You see, the Lochabar Estate, located at the foot of the Bald Eagle Mountain in Nippenose Township, Lycoming County, and near the village of Antes Fort, is perhaps not referred to as such anymore, but it still holds the same landmarks that were there in Shoemaker’s day, including the old oak tree and the spring named after the infamous Indian chief.



The estate is private land and permission should be obtained before venturing down the gravel road that leads back to Wi-daagh's spring, but the lady I met on the road when driving back to get permission to see the landmark turned out to be the owner of the property and, despite my incursion, was very affable and friendly. In fact when I asked her if she knew the legend of Wi-daagh she said that of course she did and that she had even named the large dog she had in her truck with her King Wi-daagh. She then asked me if I knew where the chief's gravesite is located and, when I said it had been fifteen years since I had been there, she kindly directed me to the inconspicuous site. I followed a narrow dirt trail alongside Antes Creek, all the while enjoying the beautiful fall splendor around me and being calmed by the peaceful sound of the waters of the creek as they cascaded over the rocks in the creek bed alongside the path, until I saw the gravesite and the vertical shaft of stone that marks the old chief's final resting place. Satisfied by my discovery I turned around and retraced my steps, hoping next to find the old chief's spring.

The spring and the land around it were mentioned by Shoemaker in his *Eldorado Found*



(see page 68), and described as the "favorite camping ground of King Widaagh, the Indian chief". However Shoemaker also mentions that near the spring is "one of the pillars of the old State Capitol at Harrisburg, destroyed by fire in 1896", and erected here in 1900 by the late George L. Sanderson, owner of the estate at that time, to commemorate the 200th anniversary of Widaagh's treaty with the Penn family. We soon saw the impressive obelisk, but it was the inscription on it which drew us closer and which

describes the history of this beautiful spot.

"Wi-daagh, King of the Susquehanna Indians", reads the first line of the inscription, which continues "whose wigwam was here. Executed treaty with Wm. Penn Sept 13, 1700, conveying Susquehanna River and lands adjoining in consideration of a parcel of English goods. Erected Sept 13, 1900".

After taking pictures of the pillar and of the beautiful blue spring nearby, I felt it was a fitting end to my visit to Lochabar, which, also according to Shoemaker in his *Eldorado Found* treatise, is the name of a small lake in Scotland which signifies "Lake of the Horns", so-named because "so many deer shed their antlers here". An Internet search reveals that today Lochabar is one of the 16 ward management areas of the Highland

Council of Scotland, but there seems to be some debate about the true meaning of the name. An account given in the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1793, says the name does mean the 'lake of horns', with the "tradition being that the deer, in the rutting season, fought about this lake and lost their horns". However there are those who say that this definition is "fanciful". Other historical searches, on the other hand, confirmed for us that Wi-daagh is not a fanciful name and that the old chief was indeed a very real person.

The fact that his gravesite is still pointed out by locals is of course suggestive, but the fact that his name cannot be found in prominent Colonial histories like the *Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania*, C. Hale Sipe's *Indian Wars of Pennsylvania*, or Hannah's *Wilderness Trail* raises some doubts. However in Volume 1 of the *Pennsylvania Archives* (page 133) there is included the wording of a September 13th, 1700, land purchase agreed upon, by two Indian chiefs occupying the lands and by James Logan and other representatives of William Penn. In that agreement the Indians conveyed "all the Said River Susquehannagh, and all the Islands therein, and all the Land Situate lying upon both sides of the said River ... in Consideration of a Parcel of English Goods". The two chiefs whose names and whose "marks" appear on the agreement are "*Andaggy (alias Junkquagh)*" and "*Widaagh (alias Orytyagh)*".

It is this document that confirms the fact that Widaagh indeed existed and was the signer of the infamous purchase of the Susquehanna lands by the Penns. Further checking of Sipe's *Indian Chiefs of Pennsylvania* reveals (pp 74 ff) that the Indian chiefs Widaagh and Junkquagh were "Kings or Sachems of the Susquehanna Indians". It is also noted here that on October 7th, 1701, Oreytyagh, with other Indian chiefs representing the Conestogas and Shawnees, came to Philadelphia to bid farewell to their friend William Penn, shortly before his final departure for England. The parties parted in peace and mutual respect, with the chiefs expressing great satisfaction in a law that they were told would be passed shortly that would prevent their being abused by the selling of rum among them. Oreytyagh spoke for them all when he said that his people had "long suffered from the ravages of the rum traffic", and that he now hoped for redress, believing that they would "have no reason for complaint of this matter in the future".

It seems evident from the historical record that, since another chief also signed the purchase agreement, Shoemaker unfairly saddled Widaagh solely with the blame for selling the Susquehanna lands to William Penn "for a parcel of English goods". Obviously a second chief also signed the deed and deserves some blame as well. As to Shoemaker's contention that Widaagh's spirit is a restless one, still lamenting over a poor real estate deal, and occasionally appearing to those unlucky enough to see it, it

would seem that that is a moot point today. The reason is that the defamed chief's soul should be content in the knowledge that its resting place is still being preserved and that its memory is still held in respect, as evidenced by the Indian tobacco ceremony for the dead that is sometimes conducted here by the present owners of the estate or by present-day Native Americans.

A Recipe for Spring

~Roger Johnson (Former LHU Dean and Provost)

Pardon now my mode of speech, for John and,
Sure, his maiden fair are making much of
Shakespeare's *Dream* on video, a wanted
Sweet inflection in the pace and sense of
What I hear.

But what is this? A dream for me
On summer's magic breeze?

Not so. A new
Delight for tongue and heart, a recipe.
No dream, but now fast tried in
This mine own domain, my kitchen tempered now
By Ra's warm rays that put aside
The memory of chilly tiles and colder times.

A recipe? What scope and metaphisic
Doest thou crave?

A simple wish to render
What is plain into a dish that, yes, just blows
Your buds away. So here it is, my dears.

Prepare some sweet potatoes, fully cooked
And soft as Cleo's cheek when she emerges
From her bath. Peel them nice and toss away
The dross, as thou wouldst rid thyself of folk
Unfriendly in thy life. Then add a lessor
Weight of chevre's milk as yogurt free
Of fat and additives. O, tart temptation,
Yet must thou be subdued!

And how would one
Bring discipline to this sour mash of
Lowly root and lactic dark corruption?



Ah, here's the inspiration, ye who doubt,
The secret of divine Artemis,
Who knew the wilds, the clichéd birds and bees,
And brought the sacred sweet to Zeus's tongue.
Behold, the well considered spoon of honey,
To soften and seduce, to tame the wild bacillus,
To render then a pinkish pudding of delight.
A little salt. Perchance a wanton dash of
Paul Prudhomme, but still to stay as cool as
Mint on summer's eve.

I leave thee now with this my spring invention,
And recommend to your delight this dish,
Whose virtue through the years will not diminish.

Star-studded Sky

~Original poem by Rabindranath Tagore (Nobel Laureate in literature in 1913);
translated by Md. Khalequzzaman (LHU Geology Professor)

Astonished, I discover thee
In the midst of
Star-studded sky,
Earth, immersed in life.
Clouds of song float
In spellbound me.
My blood-stream rouses,
In synchrony
With the great waves
Of earth-tides.
Bewildered mind rises,
Fragrance of wilderness walks by me,
As I step on grass-quilt darned toward forest.
Tunes of joy dances in my ears,
My heart bathes in ecstasy.
I lay open my senses,
In the quest of unknown,
In the midst of known.



Hemlock Hike: Introduction to the Black Forest

I'm beginning to feel that I've described most of the hikes in our immediate area, so for this one, I'm going a bit further afield. Slate Run is the center of what I like to call my playground. It's my jumping-off place for canoeing on Pine Creek, hiking in the Black Forest, biking the Rails-to-Trails, and fishing in a dozen beautiful streams. This hike will introduce you to a small part of the treasures that are only 45 minutes away from LHU.

To get to the trailhead, take Rt. 220N from the Lock Haven exit 9 miles to Exit 120 (PA44N/Pine Creek). Go left on 44 North for 12 miles; just after Waterville, continue straight onto Rt. 414 East for another 14 miles. The village of Slate Run is to your left, across the bridge over Pine Creek. There are two outstanding places to eat and drink at Slate Run: Wolf's General Store has the best sandwiches in this area, period; and the Manor Hotel is a great place to enjoy a drink on the deck overlooking Pine Creek after a day of playing outside. After you cross the bridge, take a left onto the gravel road and follow it past the camps until it ends in 1.2 miles at the least-vertical parking area in America. The Naval Run trail is straight ahead, past the picnic table (a great place to eat a sandwich from Wolf's).

Descend the woods road for about 100 yards to a crossing of Naval Run that can be a bit challenging when the water is high. Climb up the other side and notice the wooden sign—for this hike, we'll be going right (northwest) up Naval Run towards the Black Forest Trail. As you gradually climb the wide woods road through a hemlock forest, Naval Run splashes over a series of small waterfalls. After about 8 minutes, you'll see a ten-foot waterfall that is absolutely beautiful.

At this point, the orange-blazed Black Forest Trail (BFT) enters from the right and continues up the Naval Run road. The BFT is the first backpacking trail I completed, and it's still my favorite: 42 miles of intense climbs and descents, spectacular views, and lots of wildlife—it's common to see bears and rattlesnakes on the trail. Chuck Dillon has published an outstanding guide to the trail (Pine Creek Press, 2008).



Continue climbing the Naval Run Trail. When I was there, there were lots of wildflowers, including Purple Trilliums. After about 10 minutes, you'll see a small flume in the stream; just beyond is a great campsite. A bit further upstream, the BFT leaves to the left. At this point, you have lots of options: you could turn around and return to your car (just over a mile away); cross the stream and continue up Naval Run Trail; or,

if you're looking for a challenge, take the BFT and climb Hemlock Mountain.

I should warn you that this area is addictive. Once you experience the beauty of the Pennsylvania's Black Forest, you'll find it difficult to stay away. See you at the Manor!

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.