From a Local Historian's Notebook

Collected by

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BEARS IN ALLEGANY

When one learns the "take" of bears in Allegany County during contemporary seasons, he may start pondering. With the county's population at high peak, he will ask what must have been the kill when the Senecas sparsely occupied the region and hunted over it?

The number of aborigines was small in comparison with today's population count, a fact which might indicate that bruin was free to roam. Nevertheless, whatever ursine population explosions may have occurred, the bear's numbers were subjected to natural controls and not alone to the minor reduction that may have been effected by the Indian hunters.

Without the assistance of hunting dogs and equipped with bow and accurate short-range arrow, Indian nimrods were compelled to stalk their game. Thus, it would not seem that the take was large in proportion to the numbers of bears then available.

After the Iroquois stronghold in Central and Western New York was broken by Sullivan's expedition of 1779 and the subsequent end of the Revolution, the area was opened to settlers who came to develop farms. The Iroquois were gone, but the bears now faced a more deadly hunter.

Not only did these newcomers possess superior weapons, devilish traps and specially trained bear dogs, but their hunting methods were far more effective than those of the Redmen. Relentless pursuit by the dogs soon brought bruin to bay far more often than by his wiles he had outfoxed Indian stalkers.

Another restriction to bruin's way of life came with forest clearing by the settlers, which deprived him of hideaways. Nor were these the only advantages lost to the animal, for the new neighbors persistently sought him as an important food supply; his pelt, grease and bones produced income at a time when money was a scarce commodity in the economy of the pioneer.

The farmer who was so successful as to bag a bear prior to hibernation had a year's income in hand. At this season a healthy bear possessed a fat storage over his rump that produced from 12 to 15 gallons of bear grease worth from $5 to $6 a gallon. Here, then, was from $75 to $100 to meet taxes, payments and interest on his mortgage, and leave something for the simplest amenities of life.

Most of the grease found its way through mercantile channels to New York City where is was manufactured into articles of commerce. Not the least of these products was the base for numerous medical preparations which today use petroleum.

Another product derived from bear grease was hair dressing. After refining and perfuming it came back to the land of its origin but with less offensive consequences to users than the Redmen experienced when he used the raw fat. It was said long ago, "you can smell an Indian a mile off, if the wind is right." The aroma was that of unrefined and overripe bear grease.

Not all the bear grease went to market. At a time when there was little or no butter, it afforded a satisfactory spread for the pioneer's coarse bread. Its sweetish flavor especially appealed to his taste buds. Likewise, it was preferred by his wife in making fried cakes, for cooked in bear grease they never grew rancid. In the early days of the Erie canal, boats departing for inland ports carried sugar barrels filled with fried cakes as part of the sustenance of the crews.

After the meat was eaten, the grease converted, and the pelt changed into a robe or appropriated for a window or bed covering, there still remained the bones. And they, too, had a market value as raw material for manufacture of such articles as buttons, combs, knitting needles and similar items of domestic application that characterized a less developed culture. During the processing of bones, waste particles were burned to produce fertilizers.

Against this considerable value to the bear's credit in the farmer's ledger, there were some debit entries not to be overlooked. The animals had a weakness for honey and pork that led them to destroy skeps of bees and make off with pigs. And they raided cabins for whatever might be found, usually destroying more food than they consumed.

To guard against raids upon piglets, a farmer depended less

on the firepower of his flintlock than upon firelight which terrorized the animals. To provide this protection against the nighttime marauders, the farmer made faggots of birch and stored them over the fireplace in his cabin. As moisture dried out, the oil concentrated to make the shavings quickly ignitable and highly inflammable.

When the farmer's slumbers were disturbed by terrified squealing of his porkers, he leaped from his bed, seized a faggot and ignited it in the fireplace as he rushed into the night. His wife, close behind, lighted a faggot and grabbed the flintlock for use in case the bear chose to defend his meal rather than seek safetly in escape

Not always was this escape possible. Once an enraged farmer took after a bear that was carrying to his dinner table a half-grown pig, and doing it brazenly in broad daylight. Weight of the prey impeded the marauder's speed so that his enraged pursuer caught up as bruin struggled to climb over a log fence without abandoning his meal. A vigorous blow from the farmer's ax hamstrung the bear, and a few more blows put an ignominous end to his thieving.

Long gone are the Redmen, as are the pioneers and their primitivenss, but each year the take of bears totals numbers never dreamed of by those who came to exploit the wilderness to their ends.

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McBRIDE AND THE BEST

In his *Allegany and Its People* John Stearns Minard recorded an episode involving a bear, from which this excerpt is taken.

Robert McBride was one of the earliest settlers in the eastern part of the Town of Allen, taking up land on Lot 39 in the neighborhood of the "Tracy Place." His purchase is mentioned by Van Campen in his notes. It was this Robert McBride who once set a trap for a bear which he suspected was prowling about the neighborhood. There was abundant evidence left of his bearship having been caught and of the struggle which followed in pulling the trap away from its fastening. For a wonder it so happened that no gun was at hand, so providing himself with a heavy hoe handle, and, taking a sack of cakes, he started in quest of bruin, followed by some of his neighbor Wilson's

children, who were greatly excited and wanted to see the sport.

They found no trouble in tracking the bear, and caught up with him lugging the trap. McBride and the bear met and the fight ensued. It was "short, sharp and decisive," and the bear quickly succumbed, "for," said McBride, "I give him about a dozen right over the head, I did! I did!"

* * *

LOIS RICHMOND AND THE BEAR

Lois Gott Richmond, wife of Ebenezer, was a pioneer housewife living on Cruyder (Krider) Creek in the Town of Independence. She was a noted housekeeper. One day she had just cleaned her cabin and gone inside. On her return she found tracks on her freshly cleaned floor and the tracks led straight to a bed. There underneath it was a medium-sized bear. She angrily seized a broom and beat the bear with it and drove him out of her home.

It has been said that although pioneer women as a rule were brave, that most of them would have fled in terror. Not so with Lois whose anger at the dirt on her floor exceeded her fear of the animal under the bed.

DAY OF RECKONING

Early-day Allegany County farmers lived close quarters with the elements, observed their portents and accumulated weather wisdom upon which they relied for guidance in their day-to-day activities. There were no extension service, no college of agriculture, so they condensed their hard-earned lessons into aphorisms that were easily remembered, genuinely trusted and readily passed on to posterity.

No doubt the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin, as distilled in the brevities of Poor Richard's Almanac, set the pattern. The almanac, published annually and circulated widely for many years, found a place beside the family Bible in even frontier cabins. When it was no longer published, others that had sprung up in imitation now superseded the original.

Today many museums have collections of these early publications which were sewn together and kept for reading matter. Often a dozen copies of annual issues are found. By the mid-1800's farm papers gained sufficient stature to displace the annually published almanacs. One of these periodicals was The Cultivator, issued in Albany; another is the American Agriculturist which is still published.

One of the sayings found in the almanacs suffices as an example of rural wisdom condensed into a few meaningful words. It is the well-known "Candlemas Day, half your pork and half your hay." The date of February 2, now given facetious attention as Groundhog Day, when the woodchuck emerges from his burrow. If the day is bright, he casts a shadow and returns to his lair to await the coming of a late spring.

This was not a nature note but a reflection of the pioneer's worry over having sufficient foodstuffs for both family and livestock to carry through until spring's new growth became available. The period of depending on stored food for subsistence extended from October to May, and closing days often called for belt-tightening.

Here the pioneer was speaking metaphorically: "pork" rep-

resented provender for his family, and "hay" that for his livestock. Actually, pork was the chief meat diet of America until as recently as 1880, when western beef displaced both pork and home-grown beef in the eastern states.

Pork was a natural food for the early settlers since hogs were prolific breeders which foraged for most of their food. Pork and its products were easily preserved by smoking, putting down in brine, or in sausages. Skills essential for rearing hogs, preserving and cooking pork and its products were within those of even the isolated farm family.

For perfect keeping, smoked pork was often sewn in white cotton bags and buried in a bin of oats, where the temperature and moisture content were nearly perfect for preserving the meat until well along into summer. Lacking an oat bin, mothers often sliced ham, then placed the slices in a crock and poured pork grease over each layer. A heavy plate or cover was placed over the top layer when the container was filled. As needed, a few slices were removed and fried. Fresh sausage was kept in this manner but never for so long as the ham. Usually, the crock was set on the cellar bottom of hard-packed natural material.

How great was the production of pork in the pioneer era is indicated by the state census of Alma, Allegany County, taken 30 years after the agricultural development of the settlement began. At time of the enumeration the population of Alma was 611, and the yearly pork production was reported at 23,350 pounds, or nearly 40 pounds per capita. Not all of this was consumed at home, for there was a proportionately heavy demand for pork in the expanding cities. Pork was easily transported when barrelled in brine.

With an indicated two tons of hay for each of the 358 head of live stock, the farmers of Alma must have had cause to worry by the time Candlemas Day again occupied its customary date on the calendar. With oats and corn supplements and plenty of browse on unimproved lands, they "made out" for another year, but there was shortage of rations on many farms each year.

LONELINESS CAUSED TEARS

It was during the early 1800's when John and Grace Holmes and their babe moved into a Jefferson County, New York, wilderness to carve out a homestead from the foreboding forest whose mysteries were both real and imaginary. This young family is a prototype of thousands of others who came into the Military Tract, central in the state, for conditions were strikingly alike and aims of one duplicated those of another. It was a time of seeking a better life in a new environment.

After reaching their location, instead of taking time to build a log cabin, they moved into a hunter's rude hut, there to live while the young husband hastened to clear sufficient space among the trees for a garden. Urgency dictated his act, for food must be produced to carry them through the first winter —a gloomy season fraught with danger of starvation by all newcomers.

The virgin soil, fortunately, was exceedingly productive, even with rudimentary preparation. This young Holmes thankfully realized when he carried his first grist to mill on the back of a horse borrowed from another settler living a mile away. So that he would not be away from home for days, he waited at the mill all night, received his grist the next morning and set out for home. Blazed trees guided horse and man through the untracked forest to an ultimate return to his family.

To the southward from the Holmes' makeshift shelter there was an unbroken forest, but to the west were three other pioneer families, none less than a mile distant from the hunter's cabin. This, then, was the desolate prospect that depressed the young mother.

One day in the late autumn, when her husband was away at the mill, five stalwart Indians pushed their way into the cabin, sat down on the earthen floor, and pleaded "shonny cake, shonny cake." The intruders were strangers, for by that time very few Indians were ever seen in their old haunts. These uninvited

callers wanted johnnycake, for which they promised repayment in venison.

Frightened, young Mrs. Holmes concealed her tremors and set about preparing the food. Bread made in her simple way has long been forgotten except on the pages of history. She poured boiling water on a pan of cornmeal and stirred the mass until it was quite thick, using a wooden spoon to do so. Salt was added as she stirred with care to avoid lumping. Then her cornbread was ready for baking.

Cooking utensils were scarce, of course, so it was not always possible for a housewife to bake her "shonny cake" in a tin. She was then compelled to spread her mix rather thin upon a board, or even a large chip, and set it in a slanting position in front of the fireplace. When an iron spider or kettle was available, the pioneer cook buried the container deep in the coals or banked them around the utensil.

Soon Mrs. Holmes shonny cake was baked, the early visitors sated and on their way. At departure they again promised venison in payment, but she took this lightly in her relief to see them go. The Indians proved true to their word, however, and a few days later brought her a third of a hind quarter of venison.

As alarming as this episode was at the time, it provided a break in her depressing routine. In later years she often related that when she first entered the hunter's cabin, she sat down and cried bitterly, as she did when overcome by despair. This was the lot of most young women who came into the wilderness for at times the future seemed so uncertain that even hope was abandoned to tears.

WILD PIGEONS DARKENED SUN

Early one morning in March 1876 persons living at Barnum's Station in the Town of Forestburg, Sullivan County, New York, were surprised to see the air thick with a flight of an apparently endless flock of wild pigeons passing overhead. For more than a quarter of an hour the flight continued in an incessant stream obstructing all view of the sky and giving surroundings that somber appearance caused by the gathering and passing of thunder clouds.

The birds were too high to shoot at with any degree of success, although during the passage quite a few were killed by more fortunate hunters. Old woodsmen said that the pigeons were seeking nesting places, but from the altitude of their flight it was not supposed that they would rest short of the North Woods in the John Brown tract in Beaverkill Valley.

While this flight came over, Clinton Waters and Isaac Bennett, two barkpeelers, were in the depth of the beech woods, about five miles from Barnum's Station, selecting a site to build a cabin for the ensuing bark season. The sun was shining brightly, not a cloud obscured the sky, when suddenly the sun was hidden as if by a dark cloud, and a noise like that produced by a gale of wind or the roll of distant thunder broke upon their ears. Simultaneously, the woods commenced filling up with pigeons. Tree after tree was filled rapidly, and still the air was black with a great moving mass of birds as far as the eye could reach.

After the first excitement attending the appearance of the birds had subsided and it was apparent that the great body had found nesting places, Waters and Bennett, true to the instinct of the human race, began to wage war against the visitors. They possessed no guns, but each taking a long pole, they swooped about among the pigeons, right and left. With every blow dozens of the fragile birds fell to the ground, killed outright or maimed. The two men slew hundreds this way.

Pigeons in a tree that were attacked would fly at first assault, only to seek the nearest resting place. Ruthless destruction of the birds was kept up by these two woodsmen until they became glutted with the kill, when they picked up fifty of the slain birds but left the ground strewn with others, dead, dying and wounded.

For the purpose of seeing how far the woods were occupied by the pigeons, the men walked five miles through the forest. As far as they could see on either side the birds occupied the trees. When they stopped their walk, to turn off to the summit, they could not discover the termination of the flock, but it was subsequently learned that it stretched more than a dozen miles in a continuous line.

When these two men brought the news of the great pigeon roost to Barnum's Station, excitement was great among lumbermen and others, and a dozen men started out to kill birds on the roost at night. They armed themselves with guns and clubs, and each man carried a lantern or a torch made of pine knots. On reaching the roost a continuous slaughter began and lasted two hours.

The birds, alarmed by the gunfire and the lights, flew blindly among the trees, some dashing against the lanterns and others singeing themselves in the open flames of the torches. The noise made by the disturbed pigeons in flying from their roosts was terrific. It is estimated that 10,000 were killed or wounded, the most of the latter being left on the ground. The party returned laden with carcasses which were distributed throughout the neighborhood.

At the time no one took interest enough in the pigeons to ask protection of the law for them, and the next day the slaughter was recommenced. The migrating birds had chosen the beech woods as their nesting place, but the determined cruelty and barbarity of the inhabitants resulted in their taking flight in search of safer fields. They rose from the woods at about nine o'clock in the morning after the slaughter, and in a short time all had disappeared. Old and experienced hunters said that it was the largest flight of wild pigeons ever known in the region. The flock was estimated by them as fully twelve miles long and four or five deep.

Two days afterward, raftsmen from the headwaters of the

Beaverkill and the beech woods of the upstream wilderness of Sullivan County, brought news that those sections had been taken possession of by wild pigeons in enormous numbers. The woods were literally swarming with pigeons that were preparing for the nesting season, they said.

At this site, law-and-order sportsmen, acting as individuals and for fish and game societies, at once set about taking measures to protect the birds from lawless destruction. Deputy game constables were stationed in considerable force in the wilderness. Cabins had been erected for their accommodation, and they had orders to deal as summarily as the law permitted with all the gunners and trappers who disturbed the birds.

Of course, unparalleled sport was anticipated in due time; but unfortunately for the hunters severe weather intervened, snow falling to the depth of a foot along the Beaverkill a few days after the pigeons rested. After the storm had ceased, the constables noticed a considerable stir among the birds throughout the region. Then, about noon of the fifth day of their stay, they began taking flight, and in a few hours there was not a pigeon to be found in the entire territory.

They took a direction northwestward from the Beaverkill country. Later reports accounted for their progress over the counties of Sullivan and Delaware in this state and Susquehanna and Bradford in Pennsylvania. Turning eastward, the migrants subsequently took up quarters in the beech woods of Pike and Monroe counties in the latter state.

Expanse of beech woods in Southeastern New York and the adjacent area of Pennsylvania at the time comprised thousands of acres of almost primeval wilderness, invaded only by lumbermen, barkpeelers and sportsmen. In the fastness bear roamed at will and deer found security from hunter and hound.

Commonly called "wild," the passenger pigeon was a native American species that inhabited Eastern North America from the Southern States northward to Hudson Bay and westward to the Great Plains. One of the earliest references to them is that of May 1687, when the bishop of Montreal noted the destruction wrought upon the colonists' crops by this bird.

In size, the passenger pigeon compared with that of the common turtle dove, but was characterized by a long, wedge-shaped tail. Coloration made the bird distinctive. The male

was of a dark-slate above and purplish-bay underneath with violet, green and gold beneath. The female wore only slight traces of these brilliant markings.

Flight of this migrant was rapid and sustained. They traveled in massive flocks from their wintering areas in Georgia and South Carolina to nesting grounds as far north as Northern Canada. In the South their principal food was rice and similar wild grains; through New York state, beechnuts were a favorite food; beyond the beech-wood zone it consisted of berries and similar summer vegetation. It has been held that the disappearance of beech nuts contributed in a large degree to extinction of the passenger pigeon as they were then deprived of the beech-nut mast feeding areas during their long migratory flights. Mass starvation may thus be added to mass slaughter as a cause of the sudden and complete disappearance of the bird.

Hunting of the wild pigeon was to obtain the small portion of meat the breast provided. Packed in salt, most of the carcasses were shipped to cities in flour barrels. There the morsel became a delicacy.

A more humane method of capturing pigeons than clubbing them was to use a large net spread between trees. When the birds flew against these nets, they became easy victims of persistent pursuers who dispatched them quickly.

At the age of 29 years, the last known surviving passenger pigeon died August 29, 1914, in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens. Notwithstanding years of persistent organized search for a remnant of this once-numerous species of American wildlife, none was ever found. At turn of the century boys and hunters were on a futile alert to sight even a single specimen.

HUNTING WILD HONEY

Hunting wild honeybees for their honey was a sporting event enjoyed by men and boys of the pioneers. Its risks were a challenge to both their daring and their ingenuity, not to say that such hunts broke the monotony of unending days of hard work. Then, too, a successful venture was a profitable one since it produced a substitute for high-priced sugar for home use, and a commodity that brought cash income through sales of honey and beeswax.

Although similar in appearance and habits to the domestic *Apid mellfiera,* the wild bee was native to the forests and indigenous to the country. Its dislike for man was evidenced by a retreat deep into the forests as interloping settlers encroached upon its domain. Ultimately, hives were to be found far within the solitudes of tracts unoccupied by the habitations of men. (Hives as here used means a place inhabited by bees and not the skeps of the domestic apiary.)

For hill locations of hives, the bees chose an elevated site far up an unfrequented and shaded ravine near a body of water. In flat country, they located near the margin of a lake or stream but in the greatest seclusion possible. Generally, a hollow in a tree of great size was appropriated for the purpose, a small orifice affording entrance to the hive with a maximum of protection from observation and discovery.

Here a colony remained for years, inhabiting the same abode under normal conditions, untiringly accumulating honey and yearly sending forth new colonies. With difficulty and resort to much skill the bee hunter located these retreats and established access to the store. Not only the persevering pioneer but insects and some animals, especially the bear, were natural depredators of the wild bees.

There were men in most communities who became expert as bee hunters, but country youths went on such hunts more as holiday sport than as a source of sweetening or cash income.

Experienced hunters equipped themselves with a supply of honeycomb and a box some six inches long by four or five wide. There was a slide on the top of the box and another in the center, each of which moved in grooves. In the upper lid was a glass window. Comb honey was placed in the lower compartment, then the hunter carried this box to an area which he had determined bees visited.

In capturing a bee that would serve to locate the tree, professional hunters used this box. Observing a wild plant that blooms late in October, an aster commonly known as the frost bloom, and finding bees feeding upon it, the hunter deftly placed the box beneath the tree and transferred his prey into it through the open lid. When the lid was closed, the bee was observed through the glass which was then darkened by drawing the slide over it. The imprisoned bee now settled upon the honey and began eating it.

After both slides were opened, the bee was left to its own devices. Having fed upon the honey, the bee left the box, soared and flew in circles about the box as if to fix its location for a return to it. Each gyration grew wider and higher until at last the bee took off in a line for its hive.

At this point in the venture, skill and vigilance of the hunter met the severest test. He carefully watched the direction of the flight and computed the distance to the hive by length of the absence of the bee from the feeding box. For the flight and return, he allowed three miles to the minute.

After the bee had made several journeys from feeder box to the hive, the hunter again secured it and proceeded in the direction he had determined as that in which the hive was to be found. At this point, somewhat of a complication entered, for the captured bee had communicated its find of honey in the box to other bees which now came to feed, but too often they came from other hives and took different routes back. To avoid this confusion, the hunter marked his guide bee and then confined his attention to it.

Upon deciding that he had the distance definitely established, the hunter moved toward the site. When he believed he had gone far enough for a deviation in the line to manifest itself, he again released the bee from the box. Immediately the bee repeated his reconnaissance, then made a straight line for the

hive. As it might be expected, the hunter often had passed the tree in which the hive was established, a situation that was indicated by the bee's doubling back on the hunter's track.

In instances where the hive had been effectively hidden, it was necessary for the hunter to establish several lines in this manner. Then we would correct his line of approach and determine the location by the point where the several lines intercepted.

As a welcome break in the daily routine of fall harvest, farmers and their sons turned bee hunters for a day, usually Sunday during a spell of "October's bright blue weather." Lateness of the season made the bees urgently industrious; the calm and brightness, however, favored tracing the flights from feeding box to hives. A combination of these factors made it possible for even amateur hunters to achieve a satisfactory degree of success though they used a less sophisticated method of tracing a line to the hive.

Within an cleared spot on an elevated situation, these less professional hunters built a small fire and heated flat stones. Upon these comb honey was burned, the scent attracting bees which were fed upon fresh comb honey. As these bees departed for their hive, the comb was removed from the stone and the box substituted. On returning to the feeding site, the bee was trapped in the box and used as a guide for a path to the hive.

Once the hive was definitely located, its harboring tree was felled and the whole colony exterminated, commonly by suffocation in smoke from burning straw. Destruction of the bees was considered necessary to protect the hunters against onslaughts of the enraged insects in defense of their hoard. These hunters offered another defense for their ruthless destruction, citing the necessity for eliminating members of the hive lest absent bees later lead hunters along a false line as wanderers returned to the disrupted hive. Despite this precaution, false pursuit often developed.

An 1850 hunter left an account of one such professional hunt in New York state, which he described as an exciting sport that, pursued by skilled hunters, was profitable as well. He cited a month's work by three men who gathered more than a ton of honey and 400 pounds of beeswax. The honey sold for $15 a hundred pounds and the beeswax for 20 cents a pound.

These hunters located fifty-seven hives during the season, each of which yielded five to 150 pounds of money.

Experienced bee hunters discovered early in their careers that wild bees permitted some persons to approach the hive with impunity, but others were met with instinctive hostility.

Eggs Preserved in Salt, Sawdust

There was a time in the early farm home when poultry was neglected, and eggs were so expensive in winter they were reserved for food for the ill or for cooking and baking. During spring and summer poultry foraged, but to avoid expensive feeding, during the fall and early winter most of the flocks were consumed at the family table or at church suppers.

The few kept for spring hatching subsisted mostly on table scraps. Eggs were preserved in salt and sawdust, but salt was expensive and sawdust was cheap in a lumbering town. Eggs kept in sawdust, however, failed to retain their flavor. At all seasons poultry, like the garden, was the responsibility of the women and children of the home.

Some Land Companies Erected Mills

Occupants of bounty lands in the DeWitt survey had an advantage over those settlers who purchased from land companies—military land was free or cost very little to those who bought from grantees. However, by comparison with the practice of some land companies this advantage was minimized.

All but one of the land companies that operated in Allegany County advanced funds for establishing mills, the Holland company being the exception. Such assistance was not available to the pioneer in the military tract.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING

In answer to a request in 1840 for information from practical maple-sugar makers, W. S. Wentworth of Allegany County wrote the American Agriculturist as follows:

"I make from 1,400 to 2,000 pounds of maple sugar per year, according to the flow of sap. First, for spouts:

"I think the sumach best, the pith of which can easily be burned out with a piece of wire of proper size. The spouts are then sharpened to fit a ½-inch hole. I bore the trees with a ½-inch bit (a little smaller will answer as well), and put two spouts in a tree, unless the tree is quite small. When the holes become dry, I ream them out with a pod bit a little larger than the first. The sap will often flow freely as at first.

"The sap is gathered, and boiled in sheet-iron evaporators, the best of which I think are made of two sheets riveted lengthwise, and one across the end. This is turned up 6 inches, and if made of good iron, with a ¼-inch wire put in around the top, or a strip of band iron 1-inch wide and ¼-inch thick riveted in place of the wire, it will need no other support. Bars of iron should not be put under the pan, as they would cause it to burn out much sooner. An evaporator made in this way, of good material and well taken care of, will last 15 years.

"The syrup should be boiled until it will break in scales from a sheet-iron dipper. Then strain through flannel into a tub largest at the bottom, and let stand a few hours to settle. Milk should be put in when the syrup is cool, and thoroughly mixed with it. A good vessel to finish off sugar in is made of sheet iron, about 2½ feet long, 14 inches wide on the bottom, and 1 foot high—a little larger at the top—with wire put in to strengthen it, and handles on the ends for convenience.

"A very nice way to prepare the sugar for market is to run it in moulds made in boards of cherry (which I think best), or good pine will do. They are made with a tapering counted-bit, which makes them 1¼ inches on the bottom, and nearly one

inch deep. It should take about 20 such cakes to weigh a pound.

"Pour hot water over the boards, then let them get nearly dry. The sugar should be done quite dry, and then stirred until it is just cool enough to run smoothly. Let it stand in the moulds until nearly cool, then turn them over and rap on the boards. They will come out nicely, and may be packed in boxes for market. Saleratus and candle boxes for packing in may be bought at stores and groceries cheaper than new boxes can be made."

A more primitive method of making maple sirup and sugar was that practiced by the Indians in Lower Canada. An English fur trader, Alexander Henry who traveled through the region during 1763 and lived much among them, left this recorded observations.

About the middle of March, he went on a sugaring expedition into the maple woods above Sault Marie. White birch bark was stripped from trees and made into troughs to catch the sap that ran from cuts made in the bark of the trees.

Women collected the sap and, by placing hot stones in it, boiled it down to sugar or sirup while the men cut wood, kept the fires going, or fished and hunted to replenish the larder. Remarked Henry, "When, in the morning, there is a clear sun, and the night has left ice of the thickness of a dollar, the greatest quantity is produced."

When the Indians returned to the fort they carried 1,600 pounds of sugar plus 36 gallons of sirup. Henry observed that during their stay in the camp, they ate mostly sugar.

On one of his trips through this section of New York State, Conrad Wiesner reports he came upon an Indian village where the food supplies had been exhausted and no game was to be found by even the most skilled hunters.. It wass during the sap season, fortunately for the natives, for they subsisted solely on maple sap, which they drank as a beverage and did not convert it into either sugar or sirup.

ENGLISH SPARROWS $4 A PAIR

Evidently 100 years have changed the regard in which the English sparrow was once held. This bird was imported then, at $4 a pair, to attack the span-worm, the larval stage of a moth and commonly called the measuring worm, which was devastating trees in city parks. Today, the descendants of those imports occupy a low rank on birdland's totem pole.

From the American Agriculturist of February 1869, the following laudatory article is reprinted. It illustrates how definitely experience differs from theory.

A few years ago, the trees in the public grounds and streets of New York and its suburbs were so overrun by the span-worm that they were more of a nuisance than an ornament. "Worm time" was dreaded by all, and many were the devices proposed for exterminating the span-worm. At last, some one introduced the European sparrow, which made itself completely at home, and soon proved too much for the insects. Whole villages of birdhouses have been built for them, food is provided in winter, and their lives are especially watched over by the police.

The fame of the sparrows and the good they have done in and around New York has spread abroad, and individuals elsewhere, desirous of introducing the birds into their own localities, have written us concerning them. We have been at some trouble to get portraits of the male and female bird, which are from life, one-half of the natural size. They are so exceedingly lively that the artist found great difficulty in managing them. As they are taken in an upright position, they look less plump than when seen upon a perch or engaged in picking up food. The male is a little smaller than the female, and is more varied in color. The upper part of his head is light brownish gray, the sides of the neck grayish white, throat black, back and wings chestnut and black, with a white band across the wings. The female is almost entirely of a brownish gray.

The sparrows are very prolific, preferring broods to remain about dwellings, and building their nests wherever a suitable cavity can be found. The young are raised mainly upon grubs and caterpillars, and it is estimated that a single pair consumes 4,000 caterpillars in a week. The mature birds consume grain and other vegetable food which, in the cities, they find in the droppings of animals and elsewhere.

It is a matter of doubt whether the general introduction of sparrows would be beneficial or otherwise. In England, where they are numerous, it is contended that they are the enemies, rather than the friends, of the cultivator, though the birds have their advocates. There is no doubt about their utility in cities, but in the country they are charged with consuming large quantities of grain, scratching up seeds in the garden, picking off buds of fruit trees in winter, and other mischievous acts. We have briefly stated the case in favor of and against the sparrow.

The present price with the dealers is $4 per pair, for birds said to be imported. Those who have them upon their premises are unwilling to part with them at any price. They readily make themselves at home, in a small box for a house. In winter, the food should be freely scattered where they can have access to it.

Amateur Uncovers 5,000-year-old Relics

Hundreds of relics dating back to the Laurentian culture 3,000 years B.C., were found recently in a rich archeological deposit at Honeoye Lake.

Original work at the site, an 85-acre tract about one-half mile south of U.S. Route 20A, was carried out by Harry Schoff of Holcomb, an amateur archeologist. Schoff turned up 20 burial pits that produced skeletons of a people described as of the Point Peninsula culture, dating to the time of Christ.

In addition, he found remnants of a fort believed to have been established by Gen. John Sullivan during his famous expedition through Western New York in 1779.

Further excavations are expected to uncover valuable data which will enable archaeologists to piece together the story of the people who inhabited the area 5,000 years ago.

DRYING APPLES HOME INDUSTRY

You can't please all palates all the time, might have been an aphorism that attained renown, but at this late moment it is but a handy expression apropos of an early American culinary incident. There were those "who'd walk a mile" for a wedge of dried-apple pie, and there were those who viewed this product with marked distaste, even aversion.

Let's dispose of those who were anti-dried-apple-pie people, and get on with our story. One rose to such dudgeon that he recorded his disdain in blank verse that has been preserved to this day. It is included here so that the reader may decide for himself how high feeling ran against so respectable a product of the family kitchen.

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried-apple pies.
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's fit to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is dried-apple pies.
Give me the toothache or sore eyes,
But don't give me dried-apple pies.
The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit,
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard, to boot;
They leave the hulls to make us cough,
And don't take half the peeling off.
Then on a dirty cord 'tis strung,
And in a garret window hung;
And there it serves, a roost for flies,
Until it's made up into pies.
Tread on my corns and tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.

The protester is granted a point or two. The best fruit was sent to market, as it is today when the best eating apples are

shipped to Florida, and the best oranges come north. In those days—as now—the gnarly fruit was retained for home consumption. And it has to be admitted that some housekeepers were so lax as to hang strings of sliced apples in the attic to dry, whether protected against flies or not. One with a sensitive stomach was faced with a gustatory problem.

This poet failed to mention omission of apple cider in production of the filling for the pies he detested. He seems not to have had any quarrel with the crust, so it must be he was more opposed to the drying process than the pie as such. If his piemaker had soaked the apples in water, he had another source of complaint, for then the apple flavor would have been reduced and the fruit left leathery. No amount of nutmeg, cinnamon, sugar, salt or other condiments could have restored a semblance of orchard freshness.

Before he dismissed all dried-apple pies, he might have in fairness changed his mistress of the pie board. There were those who carried aversion to alcohol to a point where cider was a dirty word.

Some recall, however, the tailend of the dried-apple era of 60 or 70 years ago, when pie fillings were yet a product of the domestic piemakers. Then there was no better way to preserve apples for pies than by drying, and no better way to revive the tag of apple flavor than by using cider to make the filling. For those who enjoyed these pies, they continued each season until a fresh crop of Early Harvest apples became available at midsummer.

After the aroma of baking pies spread from the kitchen and excited one's taste buds to action, what was there to displace dried-apple pie! Nothing served as a satisfactory substitute, so these delectables were served on farm and urban tables as a conclusion to liberal Sunday dinners, Thanksgivig festivals and Christmas homecomings. Persons nutured on these pies, made as they should have been, knew no imposed season limit for their favorite pastry. Only when the dried-apple supply was exhausted did they suspend their demands.

Although controversy between pros and cons eventually terminated, the end did not come by compromise! When there were no more dried apples for makins', there was no base for argument. Mass production of preserved apples ended for all

time the domestic process of drying apples in the kitchen as a winter's evening pastime.

As the Civil War shaped up, it became apparent that domestic industry alone or in combination with small-plant production would not be adequate for the military. Processed apples, tomatoes, even the first powdered coffee and peanut butter superseded older products. During the succeeding century, home processing of foods went the way of fringe mittens, red-flannel underwear and switchel.

Apples being a sturdy fruit, pioneers carried their seeds into the wilderness to start orchards and miniature tree nurseries, and scions from home orchards were grafted on wild stock. Soil and climate both favoring apple culture, yield of the fruit was large after the first generation, when drying fruit was the most feasible method for realizing income from local production.

When the apple orchards established by the pioneers came into full bearing, chief methods for marketing the fruit were by shipping it fresh to city markets, converting it into cider from which vinegar was made, or drying. Later developemnt of refrigerated cars and warehouses broadened the fresh-fruit markets so as to include vast shipments of New York State apples to cities and to Europe soon after the turn of the present century. Giant processing operations since have doomed domestic processing.

Drying apples evolved as a domestic industry engaged in during winters when fruit and time were available for processing them. In fact, the work was largely a family activity that was pursued on a small scale both as to numbers employed and the production. Before commercial plants were established to dry apples, it was a family enterprise carried on in the kitchen of the farm home throughout long evenings of early winter before the stored fruit began to decay.

Basis of the operation was the kitchen stove, over which a drying rack was suspended from the ceiling. In size, this dryer slightly exceeded the stove's area. Constructed of one-inch hardwood framing, a fine wire screen was attached to the bottom of the frame, and hook-eyes screwed into the ceiling supported the drier by wires attached to its four corners.

With candles or at best after mid-century kerosene lamps

furnishing limited illumination, the family gathered around the kitchen table cleared of supper dishes. Upon it were placed pans of sound apples brought up from the cellar or from outside storage. Commonly called "the hole," this auxiliary storage was a cellar dug into the earth beyond the foundation of the house.

A sharp knife in every participant's hand, apples were pared gracefully, cut into quarters and cored. Then with deft strokes the quarters were quickly reducd to thin slices that were immediately spread out in not too thick layers over the bottom of the drying rack. When the netting was covered, operations ceased for the evening.

Yankee entrepreneurs were quick to seize upon an opportunity offered by the widespread, growing apple-peeling activity, and invented several varieties of little hand-operated machines to speed the work. Screwed to a table top, the devices held the apple on a fork, revolved it in front of a spring-mounted knife, and thus removed the skin with speed and ease. As the apple was being pared, a fixed blade reduced it to a ribbon that when cut crosswise left the slices ready for the dryer.

Each day the slices were stirred by hand until a portion was nearly sufficiently dry. These were pushed to one end of the rack and fresh slices added. When sufficiently dried, this portion was removed and placed in paper bags that were tied shut and from time to time bartered at grocery counters for shipment to city markets.

Of course, not all went to the cities: a supply was retained for making pies from dried apples soaked in cider!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Collecting unusual names might be termed the overflow of a mania for collecting historical data or, perhaps, it's the fruit of a historian's lighter moments. However, after one begins assembling his data, names leap out from store and office windows as agilely as from books and manuscripts.

Examples of two that "leaped out" are: E. J. Licks, Eggs, observed in the Town of Spencer; and Frank Kiss, justice of the peace, Cleveland, Ohio.

Most of the names on my list have been taken from town and county histories of New York and Pennsylvania, and from various genealogies. The last is the most fruitful source of odd combinations. One finds, for instance, in the Genealogy of Western New York that "the Old family in America traces its ancestry back . . ." Then there is the Fish and Bent lines. Others from this book worthy of recordng are the followng.

Preserved Fish, Ruth Cook Fish, Salmon King, Salmon Hunt Fish, Carrie Birdie Smith, Helen Birdsey Peck, Eliza Pickerell and Hannah Pike, sisters; Preserved Bullock, Rev. I. B. Sharp (otherwise grammatical, one supposes), William, called Billy, Nanny, Orange Green, Orange Stone, Royal Wheeler, Wheat Flower, Thanks Moore, Thomas Figures Moore, Mary Blizzard, Bartholomew Fish Moore.

The Rogers Genealogy gives the names of four wives of Josiah Rogers as Annie Darrow, Clarissa Crossbone, Abby Beebe and Betsey Gallup. Other Roger names include Lucy Little Vinal, Mary Keene Carver, Mary Mustard, Lucy Pine Coffin, Little Flora Bass.

"Five Colonial Families," published in Ithaca in 1900, are replete with striking names. Some of them:

Iva Doonspike, Willie Moosehunt, Mace Lard, Desire Handy, Sedate Foote, Humphrey Trump, Thomas Starboard Dame, Experience Bliss, Hanna Cook Baker, Mary Downs Cook, Wayte-a-While Makepeace Cooper, Sarah Belcher Irons, Me-

hitible Crow Partridge, Nathaniel Mott Shooter, Miriam Turner Pickels, Jonathan Whitaker Toothtaker, Etta Kidd, Hannah Snow Cole, Joshua Hewes Crabtree, Nan Eates Dabbs, Anna Knight Dark, Margaret Spillway Moore, Sarah Parker Bull, and Love Lee.

These were culled from New York in the Revolution: Arent Brat, Nicks Kidney, John Chops, Brestor Pork, John Beets, Wait Still Cook, Andrew Curricomb, John Slopps, Benjamin Waggs, Daniel Dear.

The History of Potter County, Pa., yielded Wanton King, Mrs. Comfort Felt, Luke and Sally A. Smoke, Christian Picking, Consider Love, and Abel Bishop.

Mrs. Etta Pye was a resident of Genesee, Pa., and Mrs. Ona Bridge lived in Galeton in the same state. Candy Horse was a little girl in Shongo, N. Y., and Beverley Large Bell was a one-time student at Alfred University. Peary Sweet Lemon and Bertha Cook Rahr were former neighbors, and I. Boyle is a name on a mailbox between Wellsville and Scio.

One of the first settlers in Allegany County was Paris Green. His daughter married a Frenchman and their sons were Orange de Gras and Lemon de Quince. Another early settler was Ivory Snow from New Hampshire. John and Susan Smith named their first children Myron, William and Nancy, but wound up with Largius (a girl), Claudius, Sardius, Servius, Clarinda, and Varius Quintillus!

JUNGLE, GRAIN-O, SOMO, ETC.

Fifty years ago the coffee-drinking habit was under attack, the weapons used being beverages based on grains. Of three we knew, Postum endured; Jungle and Grain-O have disappeared but are remembered by many.

Jungle was manufactured by the Woodfields of Stannards Corners in the Town of Wellsville. I recall its being served in place of coffee at a benefit dinner during 1914.

This coffee substitute was made of wheat bran, whole wheat, and whole corn, which were finely ground, then mixed with molasses and slowly cooked. It was put up in a red-and-black packages on the front of which was a picture of the Woodfield family sitting around a table, with Mrs. Woodfield pouring. The project failed financially, but the grinder is still in use in producing corn meal for family use.

Grain-O had a more promising launching. Manufactured at LeRoy by the Genesee Pure Food Co., it was one of several products of Orator F. Woodward, prime mover in the food concern. Other remembered Woodward products were some commonly used proprietary articles, Kemp's Balsam, Lane's Tea, and Pisco cough drops. Jell-O, another product of the company, has survived. Grain-O sold for 15c a pound or two pounds for 25c at a time when low-grade coffee was available at 12 to 15 cents a pound and the better grades at 35 to 40.

There was a superior coffee substitute not marketed but well known to farm boys. Roasted corn or toasted bread simmered in hot sap dipped from the sap pan made a beverage that was relished by sugarbush workers. Unfortunately, it was available only a few weeks in the bush, and nowhere else and at no other season.

At the time these patented beverages were being promoted, packaged coffee was being introduced. Surely, some of the older generation will remember Lion and Arbuckle Bros. brands

which were retailed at 12c a pound, a price that indicated much chicory and little coffee.

Even if these brands failed to appeal to current tastes, the coffee of preceding generations was less attractive. Quality of the beans could not be compared with that of today's product, but nothing was added to nature's work by the methods of handling the bean and preparation of the beverage.

Beans were unroasted and came in bulk, with no thought being given to protecting them from moisture. When a beverage was to be brewed, the beans were placed in a frying pan and roasted on the top of the kitchen stove or in the oven before being ground in a hand-turned coffee mill. After the granules were placed in a pot and water added, the boiling began. It continued until the brew was a murky mess. To settle the grounds, an egg was broken into the pot and permitted to remain until the dregs had settled to the bottom. The brew was then poured off gently so as not to disturb the sediment.

One needed to be thirsting for coffee, or entirely unacquainted with a properly prepared beverage to imbibe this concotion with any degree of enthusiasm. Nevertheless, sturdy people drank it for years and survived to old age.

Antedating the efforts of the Woodfields and Woodwards was Dr. James Caleb Jackson at his health institute in Dansville, New York, about 1863. One of his health foods was Granula, which was made of Graham and wheat flour mixed in water and then baked in thin slices until brittle.

These slices were coarsely ground and baked a second time, then mixed with milk and permitted to stand overnight. In the morning it was transferred to a cereal dish and mixed with sugar and milk. Prepared cereals that appeared later forced these products off the market.

Granula doesn't sound too appetizing today; perhaps then it wasn't a palate tickler in its day, for Dr. Jackson evolved the wildnerness to start orchards and miniature tree nurseries, two products evidently were planned to augment each other, as indicated by the slogan used to promote use: "Eat Granula —Drink Somo."

At this point a link connecting health foods of these earlier decades with those of today begins to develop. Dr. Horatio S. Lay of Allegan, Michigan, brought his wife to the Dansville

resort in 1864, and was so pleased with her recovery that he joined Dr. Jackson and began sending Baptist patients for treatment. The next year he went to Battle Creek and opened the Western Health Reform Institute.

Ultimately, Granula and Somo were superseded by those of today's "Foodtown." These products, however, are not descendants of their predecessors, but are the brain children of Dr. John Kellogg and Sister Ellen G. White, wife of Battle Creek Adventist Elder James White who, let it be noted, had undergone treatment at Dansville.

A 'VARMINT' CENSUS

When after 1790 settlers began moving determinedly into Central New York, the Indian menace was history. No longer did the frontier suffer from the tomahawk and firebrand in the hands of enraged Redmen, but the Dark Forest remained a challenge to newcomers with contenders that it still harbored. There were wolves, panthers, bears, even rattlesnakes; and myriads of small predators heretofore kept in check by the larger denizens which preyed upon them.

Hunting by the newcomers knew no seasons, and soon it made inroads in the population of the larger anmials. Added to this was removal of the protecting forest which deprived them of a natural habitat and induced migration to the western wilderness and even into today's Canada. Although land clearing was arduous work that depended mostly on the ax and brawn of its wielder, an average of two acres a year were brought under cultivation. At this rate the largest forest dwellers were soon dispossed, some fleeing but most succumbed in their old haunts.

Today we may feel that the new farms were free of natural enemies until the coming of the potato bug and the devil's paint brush, invaders from the West transported by facilities afforded by transcontinental railroads later in the century. But there were pests galore as we learn from the "varmint" census which forms a part of this account.

If the early-day farmers had any dreams of trouble-free days after conquering the forests and the predators it harbored, he soon became aware of a whole world of "varmints" that besieged him. With their mortal enemies, the larger animals slaughtered or driven off, the tiller of the soil was left to contend with a population explosion of so-called vermin. Just what these pests were or how numerous were their legions are facts long hidden in the remnants of a record book that recently came to light. To its uniqueness is to be added its record of

vermin destroyed, a veritable census of the pests and of the men who reduced their numbers in one Allegany County community. Its historical value doesn't stop in one locality for the tally serves as a reminder of a serious forgotten problem that confronted the pioneers without regard to geography.

Spelling of some names of the little beasties recorded are interesting by themselves. The wily little chipmunk seems to have been plentiful under an older name, chipmuck. He had another not mentioned in the Allegany census, chipmonk; but whatever the spelling, the name came from the Algonquian chitmunk.

When one has gone through the list he will be surprised to find these little creatures still neighbors in field and forest locations. And this in spite of today's far more lethal methods used for their destruction.

All this speculation and the census that follow are provided by the contents of a little handmade booklet, fly-specked and held together by common pins, that was found fortutiously. In an old trunk in the hamlet of Hallsport, Allegany County, it had lain forgotten for many years. Dates are missing, but the era it recorded is closely determined through a familiarity with the names and approximate ages of the men listed as the exterminators.

Some of us are old enough to remember hearing quite directly tales about the first settlers through their grandchildren, most of whom are now gone. Along with the accounts of clearing of the land we heard them use the expression "getting rid of vermin." It seems to me that most of us have thought of vermin as snakes, wolves, foxes, wildcats and perhaps a few rats, but the list includes many others.

This little booklet contains almost without exception the same names that appeared in the Cate blacksmith record of the same era. Since there is no reference to bounties claimed or paid, its record was probably kept by the local storekeeper. We can easily imagine the men involved sitting around the stove of an evening in winter or on the veranda in summer, boasting of their catch of mice and yellow birds. The tally was handy to prove claims.

After studying the entries with Laura Hall, we could see no other purpose than an attempt to preserve a record of wildlife

extermination in any form. There is a page for each man on which is listed such beasties as mice, yellow birds, woodpeckers, chipmunks, various squirrels, hawks and rats. The number of vermin killed by each total ranged from five to 233. Listed also are entries of "game counted," which is taken to cover those seen but which made good their escape.

The cover of the booklet and its first three pages are missing, so the enumeration begins on page 4. It follows:

Although there is no explanation of the figures in the second column, a clue may be found in the first two entries. Here Caradin Gena enters the listing with four mice and is credited with credited with a figure four in each column. John Briggs' record is established in the same manner. Therefore, it seems safe to conclude that the second column records a previous total in a running count.

Caradin Gena ..... 4 mice	4	4
Johnson Briggs ..... woodpecker 1, red squirrel 1.	2	2
Q. L. Smythe ..... mice 35, chipmucks 17, yellow birds 2, black squirrels 2, woodpeckers 3, red squirrels 3.	62	73
Israel Thomas ..... mice 14, chipmucks 2, yelo. bird 1, blk. squirrels 2, woodpecker 1, red squirrel 1.	21	23
John Livermor ..... woodchucks 3, mice 10, woodpeckers 2, chipmuck 1, game count 9.	25	43
George Mingus ..... chipmucks 4, red squirrels 3, black squirrels 2, woodpecker 1, mice 2,	12	14
G. W. Cate ..... chipmucks 7, yelo. birds 4, woodpecker 1, rat 1.	13	13
Truman Perkins ..... chipmucks 76, yelo. birds 5, woodpeckers 5, black squirrels 2, mice 24, red squirrels 3, gray squirrel 1, hawk 1, woodchuck 1, game counted 94.	212	233
Samuel Covel ..... chipmucks 9, yel. bird 1. woodpeckers 2, red squirrels 2.	12	14
Lorenzo Parker ..... chipmucks 24, mice 8, woodpeckers 2, black squirrels 2.	36	34
Wm. Babcock ..... chipmucks 52, mice 48, w'dpeckers 3, blk. squirrel 1, yellow birds 3, woodchucks 5, game counted 17.	129	150
John B. Wood ..... chipmucks 40, red squirrels 9, gray 1, black 1, mice 8, yellow bird 1, hawks 5, crow 1, woodchuck 1.	57	97
Beriah C. Trask ..... chipmucks 52, red squirrels 16, black 3, mice 43, yellow birds 5, woodpeckers 7, bluejay 1, wheatbird 1, hedgehog 1, woodchucks 6, game counted 51.	179	203
Abel H. Trask	5	5

mice 5.

Wellington Kelsey 28 28
chipmucks 26, mice 2.

John Cline 1 1
woodpecker 1.

Henry H. Hall 25 30
woodpeckers 3, chipmuck 1, mice 15, blk. squirrel 1, woodchuck 1, game counters 4.

Lefferts Crittenden 19 23
chipmuck 1, mice 15, yellow bird 1, coon 1, game counters 2.

Martin A. Rice 7 11
woodchuck 1, red squirrels 2, woodpecker 1,

Newton Dexter 24 25
mice 4, chipmucks 3, black squirrel 1, woodpecker 1, game counters 17.

Josiah Trask 8 8
mice 5, red squirrels 3.

Squier L. Hall 33 33
rats 3, mice 5, game counters 25.

Almon D. Babcock 98 106
chipmucks 79, woodpeckers 2, red squirrels 6, woodchucks 7, blue jays 2, black squirrels 2.

John Q. A. Woodcock 54 33
chipmucks 19, red squirrels 9, mink 1, mice tails 25.

Jones Briggs 24 31
black squirrels 4, red 3, chipmucks 3, woodchuck 1, mice 13.

Philo Richardson 131 133
chipmucks 31, black squirrels 2, red 2, mice 3, game counters 93.

Jahiel Norton 159 174
chipmucks 61, mice 55, woodpeckers 8, blk squirrels 3, woodchucks 3, game counters 29.

Preachers Rode Hard on Pioneers' Heels

Whenever the pioneer set his face toward the west, he had hardly settled into his cabin before some equally hardy preacher with a Bible in his saddle-bag arrived to bring his particular brand of the gospel to the frontier. Sometimes there was bitter competition. Methodists and Baptists were often fierce in their denunciation of each other's views, while a writer in a church paper of 1848 described the Unitarians as being "to the Church of today what the frogs, lice and flies were to God's enemies in the days of Moses."

He goes on to call them, in a kind of invective that could never find print today, "loose-footed, ill-fated, bad-featured, Christless creatures."

"Brotherly tolerance has come a long way, both in and out of the church in the last hundred years," comments a writer of a later religious column.