

AKTPB

# New Jersey

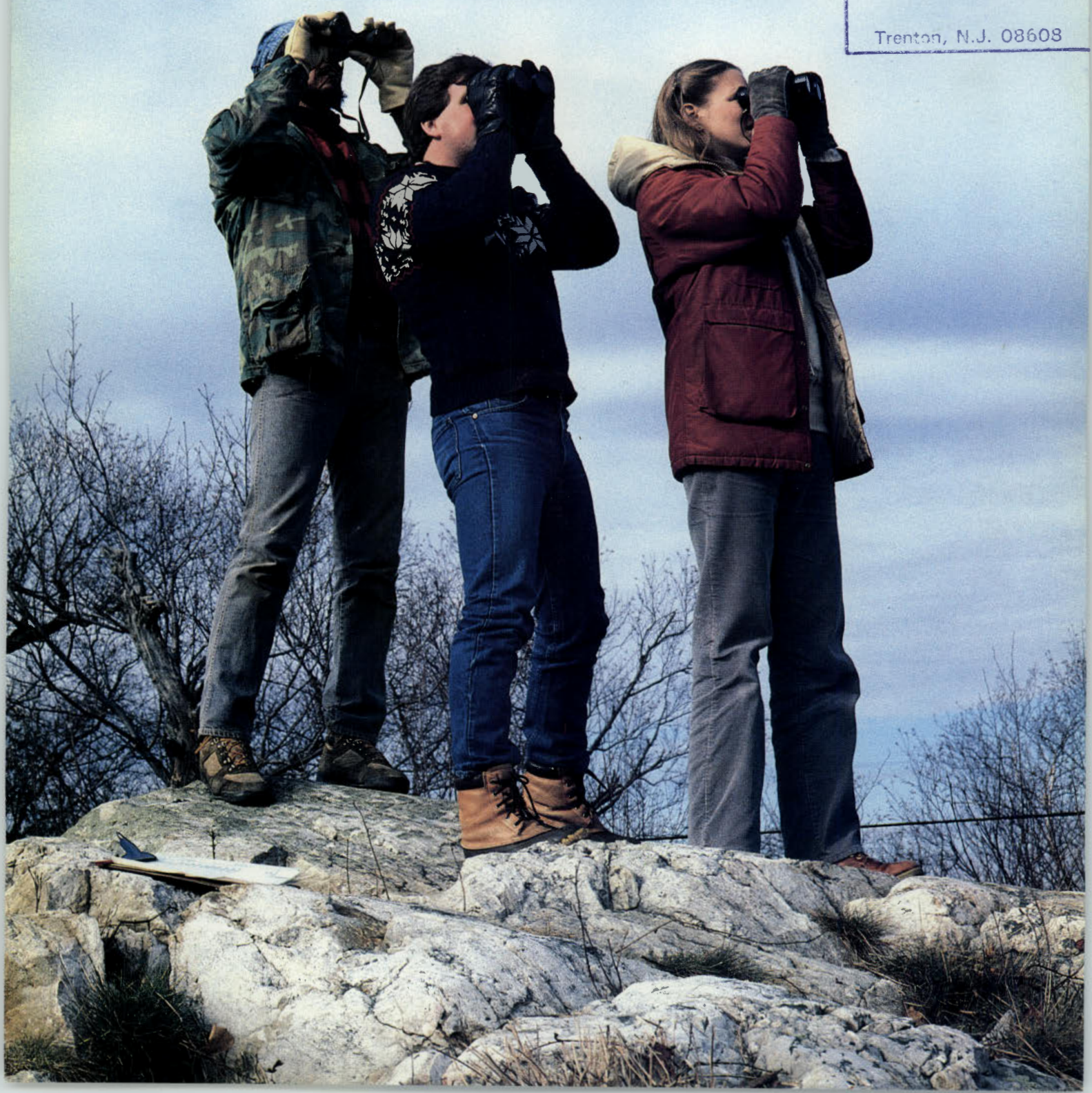
September/October 1988  
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# Outdoors

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# New Jersey Outdoors

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Eaglewatchers in the Kittatinny Mountains. Photograph by Leonard J. Soucy, Jr.

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Northern Goshawk. Painting by Carol Decker.

## BACK COVER

The 1988 New Jersey Duck Stamp. Painting by Robert Leslie.

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### NEW JERSEY OUTDOORS CREDO

*This publication is dedicated to the wise management and conservation of our natural resources and to the fostering of greater appreciation of the outdoors. The purpose of this publication is to promote proper use and appreciation of our natural, cultural, and recreational resources, and to provide information that will help protect and improve the environment of New Jersey.*

# From the Editor "The Last Hurrah"

This issue, the 89th published under my editorship, will be the last bearing my name on the masthead. This fact will make a significant change in my lifestyle. I've become accustomed over the past 15 years to "always the next issue": planning, assigning articles and photographic coverage, responding to both angry and complimentary letters, trying to achieve with each issue a geographic balance and a variety of articles to satisfy all (or almost all) of our readers.

For the most part, it was a most rewarding job for me. It provided me with recognition, a feeling of accomplishment and an opportunity to introduce a concept and watch it develop over the years. And I learned how things really operate in the natural world. Coming from a marketing background, I had no knowledge of Wildlife Biology, Parks and Forestry Management, Water or Coastal Resources, and many other phenomena of the real world. I'm indebted to the biologists, foresters and other scientists in the department who contributed to my education in these areas.

But the most important rewards of my 15-year association with *New Jersey Outdoors* are the hundreds of people I met and the friendships formed which I hope will endure for the rest of my life. And that is all I'm going to say about the past. It's history.

To get back to the business of what an editorial should discuss, let's briefly touch on the *Natural Resources Education* insert which appeared in the May/June 1988 issue. It was mailed to 8,400 schools in New Jersey by the New Jersey Education Association, as a favor to us. The insert consisted of two articles on natural resources education and an editorial which asked the educational community to send us a brief outline of the natural resource/environmental education

courses taught in their schools including grade levels, the coordinators, and other pertinent information.

We planned to develop from this information a source document which would be available to all schools, the New Jersey Department of Education, and NJEA. Returns have fallen short of our expectations. We realize that our June mailings contributed to this lack of response because the end of the school year is such a busy time for teachers and administrators. With that in mind, this summer we used a student intern to contact school administrators, explain our program, mail inserts if requested, and begin to compile our listing.

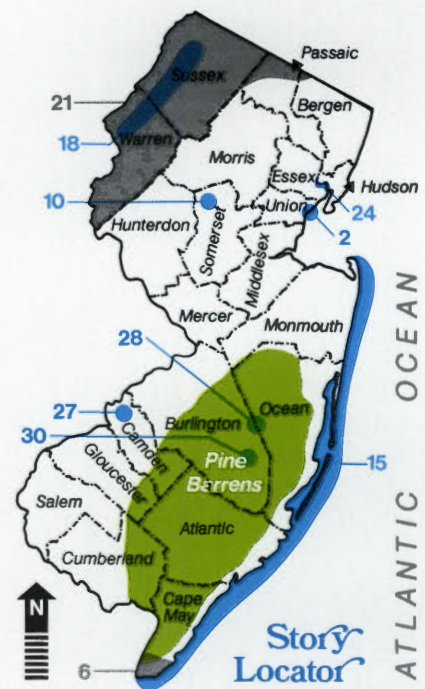
To date he has contacted over 600 schools, mailed about 150 *Natural Resources Education* inserts, and has received about 30 responses. We're hopeful that many of the telephone contacts and mailings will produce additional responses once this new school year gets underway.

To remind those educators who receive this magazine, we've included this message and the address below for sending in your Environmental Education program outline or for requesting a copy of the NRE insert:

**New Jersey Outdoors (NRE)  
CN 402  
Trenton, New Jersey 08625**


Our back cover features the New Jersey 1988 Waterfowl Stamp, painted by Rob Leslie of Turnersville. Limited edition, signed and numbered prints may be purchased from art dealers. To find the dealer nearest you, contact Midwest Marketing, Sullivan, Ill. 61951. Telephone (toll free) 800-382-5723.

The new Editor of *New Jersey Outdoors* will be George Klenk, now listed as Contributing Editor. Having spent the last seven years in public infor-

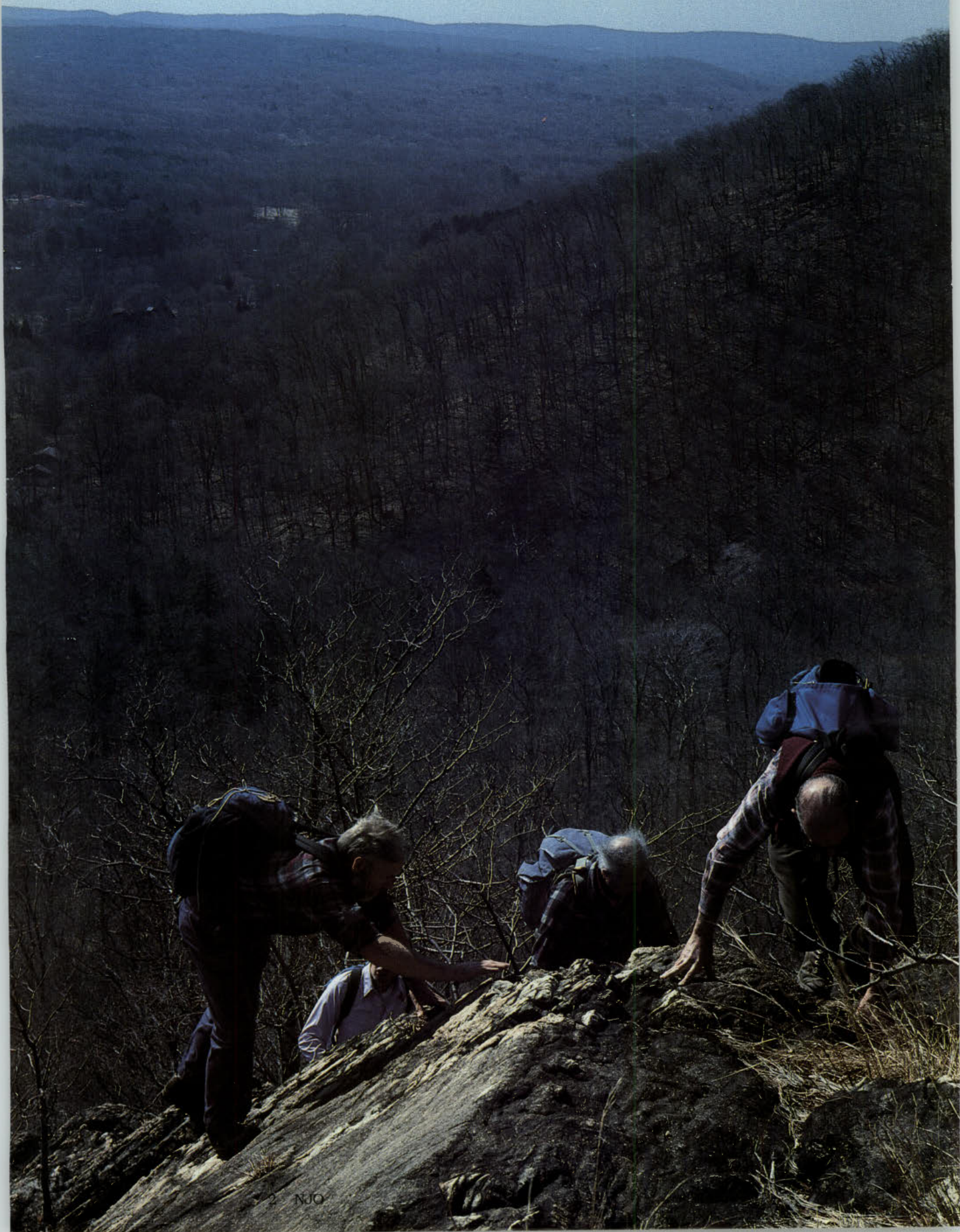


On the map of New Jersey, areas referenced in this issue are highlighted. The article page numbers listed in the table of contents appear on the locator map. A quick glance shows points of interest throughout the state.



mation for DEP, George, a biologist by training, will do an excellent job and he deserves your support. I know that after he gets a few issues under his belt, you will likely be asking "Steve Who?" So let George do it. 

*Steve Perrone*





*Hiker at Silver Spray Falls in Stokes State Forest.*

# Hike New Jersey

## *Fifty Years with the Union County Hiking Club*

Fifty years ago, the Union County Hiking Club (UCHC) began activities with eight members. Sponsored by the Union County Department of Parks and Recreation in Elizabeth, the club has been an outdoor haven for hundreds of hikers, bikers, campers, canoeists, and other aficionados of New Jersey's brand of wilderness.

In the 1930s, the park commission sponsored nature walks in the Union County parks. That program developed into longer hikes, often farther afield. In 1938, the hiking club was formed; by 1939, hiking schedules were being organized six months ahead of time.

Today the club is a solid entity, sponsoring a wide variety of activities for its 600 members. In 1987, the club schedule listed over 340 events for its members' recreation and education. In a recent schedule during a two-month period in early spring, members could select from four canoe trips; 15 bike day trips, plus one biking weekend in Pennsylvania Dutch country; one weekend ski trip to Vermont by bus; one week-long cross-country ski trip to the Canadian Rockies; nine "Class C rambles, suitable for all" (four to six miles of fairly easy walking); and—some would say the jewel in the crown—27 more strenuous hikes, usually 8 to 12 miles over hilly terrain, sometimes "bushwhacking" (walking off trail over rough, overgrown or rocky areas).

Rambles are usually held in the county parks—South Mountain Reservation, Watchung Reservation, Jockey Hollow—while hikes are more often executed in the mountainous parts of the state: the Wyanokies, Wawayanda, the Ramapos, Stokes State Forest, High Point. Others take place outside New Jersey—for example, in Harriman State Park, over the New York border.

Affiliated with the New York/New Jersey Trail Conference, the hiking club bears the responsibility of trail maintenance. Member clubs are assigned portions of the Appalachian Trail and other connecting and local trails throughout the state.

Every spring (and more often when needed) volunteers attack new growth and blowdowns with clippers and saws. The goal is to allow clear passageway along the trail for a backpacker in wet weather—room for his or her body to move throughout with no impediment underfoot, overhead, or for a reasonable width. Other volunteers pick up and carry out bag after bag of litter left by a careless, unthinking public. Still others build waterbars to help prevent erosion. Paint, plastic or metal markers are replenished on visible trees or rocks so a hiker can spot the next trail marker along the trail while standing next to a marker.

Hikers have met new friends and future spouses, married, become ill, and even died on the trail. Legs, arms, hips have been broken; vows made and promises overlooked; lunches and lives shared; health improved and hurts healed; the cares of the world placed into perspective. People have been lost on the trail, causing other people to form search parties and occasionally to carry a disabled hiker out of the woods. We've shared some memorable experiences.

Any recreational organization that consists primarily of adults will have such a record. Other counties support outdoor activities; other hiking clubs pursue their good deeds in New Jersey. We've hiked with several; UCHC, though, remains our "hiking family." Members constitute an extended family—praising, nagging, negotiating, supporting, wheedling, chatting, arguing, singing, working, existing together in the outdoors.

BY NANCY WOLFF

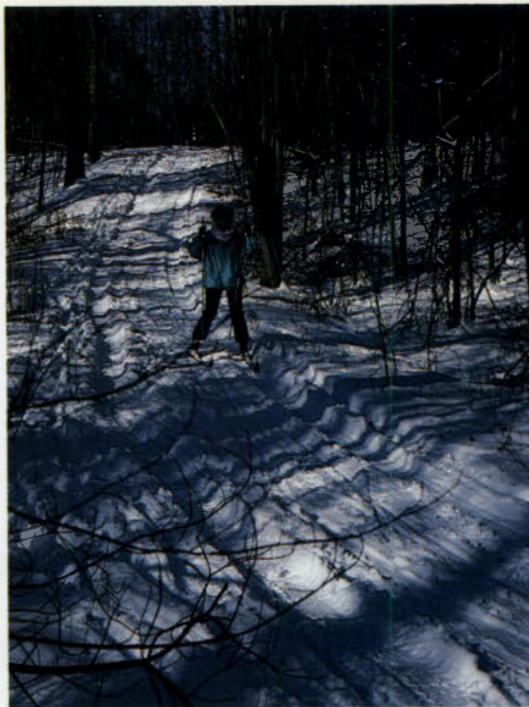
PHOTOGRAPHS BY AUTHOR

*Hikers struggling up a ledge at Ramapo County Park.*

**Nancy Wolff** has been a Union County Hiking Club member for over twenty years. She has hiked, canoed, camped, backpacked, bushwhacked, skied, rambled, photographed, snowshoed, been lost/rained on/discouraged/exhilarated in New Jersey, New York, New England, Yellowstone and Yosemite, Colorado and Canadian Rockies, Britain, Ireland, Andorra, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Austria, and L. L. Bean's. This first-time contributor lives in Montclair.

*Cross-country skier,  
South Mountain  
Reservation.*

*Hiking at Wanaque  
(Wyanokie).*



Our friends over the river (either the Hudson or the Delaware—take your pick) may scorn New Jersey as an environmentalist's nightmare. We know better. Our county parks and reservations, our rivers, our ski trails, our campgrounds allow us easy access to outdoor experiences. Our mountains may not be the Alps, but they afford us serious ups and challenging downs.

We respect the dangers inherent in hiking, paddling, pedaling, camping, working outdoors. We prepare for the cold, the heat, the rough, the flat, the heights. At day's end—when we stumble back into civilization for a cold beer, a cup of hot soup, a soothing ice cream cone, a hot shower—we chalk up another memory of a day in the woods with our friends, the members of our Union County Hiking Club.

For a current schedule, contact the Union County Department of Parks and Recreation, Administration Building, Elizabeth, NJ 07207 or call 201/527-4900. After you've survived three trips, you'll be invited to become a member.

The New York/New Jersey Trail Conference welcomes inquiries about outdoor activities. Individuals as well as clubs can belong to the Conference.

Below is a partial list of member organizations. To become involved, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope (SASE) for information to the contact named in the organization listing.

For a complete list of clubs in the NY-NJ area, send SASE to the NY-NJ Trail Conference, 232 Madison Avenue, #908, New York, NY 10016. Phone 212/685-9699.

Adirondack Mountain Club  
North Jersey Chapter  
hikes, xc-ski, canoe, conserv. outings. Dues \$30  
P.O. Box 185, Ridgewood, NJ 07451

Appalachian Mountain Club  
NY/No. Jersey Chapter  
hike, canoe, bike, backpack, snowshoe, xc-ski,  
tech. climb, field trips, weekend trips. Dues \$40,  
Guest sched. \$10  
202 East 39 St., New York, NY 10016  
212/986-1430

Frost Valley YMCA Trailwalkers  
weekday activ: hike, bike, bus trips, canoe, xc-ski.  
Dues \$15/cpl.  
Cheryl Short, 102 Passaic Vly. Rd., Montville, NJ  
07045 Guest Sched.

Interstate Hiking Club  
Dues \$5; Guests \$1  
Muriel Morrison, 63 Hillcrest Dr., Wayne, NJ 07470  
201/694-7969


Outdoor Club of So. Jersey, Affil. with AYH.  
Dues \$6  
Box 1508, Delran, NJ 08075

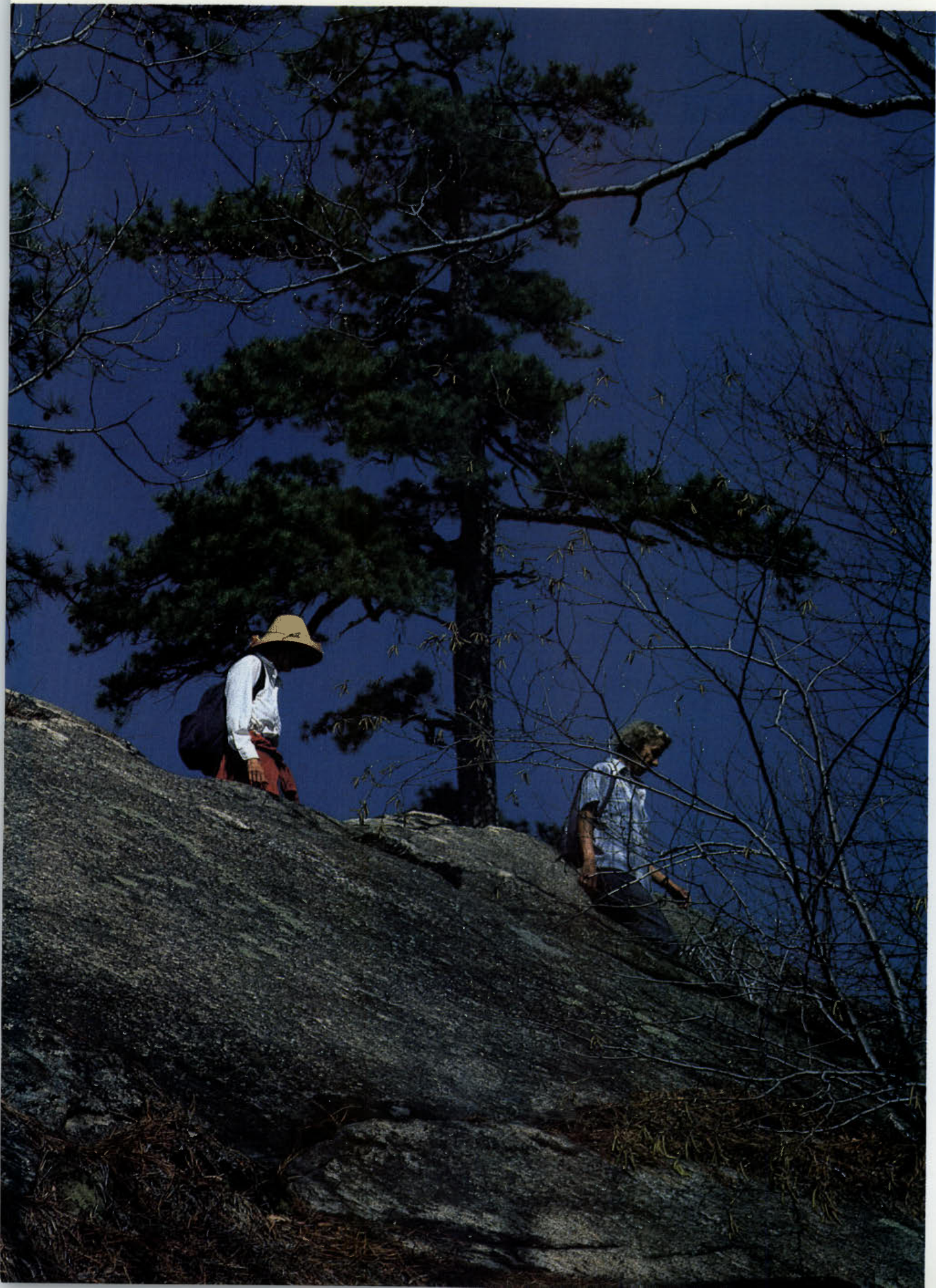
Sierra Club, No. Jersey Group  
Dues \$33  
Helen Herzlinger, 465 Baldwin Road, Maplewood, NJ  
07040

Somerset County Hikers (No Dues)  
Somerset Co. Park Commission  
P.O. Box 5327, N. Branch, NJ 08876

Union County Hiking Club  
Dues \$5. See article for address.

University Outing Club  
hike, canoe, field trips, car-camp, films, dinners.  
Dues \$5. Family \$10.  
Ms. Smith, 11 Highwood Rd., Somerset, NJ 08873

West Jersey Hiking Club  
Dues \$1  
George Schelling, 4 Cedar Rd., Pompton Plains, NJ  
07444  
201/835-4808 



# Cape May Birding Hot Spot in your own backyard

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAY AND PATRICIA SUTTON

BY PETE DUNNE



Prominent birder **Pete Dunne** is director of history information for New Jersey Audubon Society and a columnist for the New Jersey Sunday section of the *New York Times*.

*Osprey.*

Wherever birders gather—at the American Birding Association Convention in Minnesota, the North Lookout at Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in Pennsylvania or the New Jersey Audubon Society's Autumn weekend—talk inevitably turns to the comparative merits of key birding spots. In a continent the size of North America, you can bet that there is no shortage.

For some, the place to be is High Island, Texas, in the spring where wing-weary cross gulf migrants put down to rest and feed. For others, nothing quite compares to the exotic birdlife of southeast Arizona.

The more adventurous birders argue that thrill for thrill nothing comes close to searching for birds that have never been recorded in North America. The Island of Attu—a little island at the Asian end of the Aleutian chain—is their top choice.

But by and by, someone is sure to push their chair back from the table and assert loudly, "Well for my money, it's Cape May." Though some may not agree, few could argue against the

choice and win. Cape May, the world famous birding hotspot in our own back yard, attracts tens of thousands of birders every year from across the country and around the world.

What makes the Cape such a hot location for birding? Several reasons. First, consider the location. New Jersey lies right in the overlap zone between many northern and southern species of birds. Second, it straddles the crossroads of migration. Many northern birds must cross New Jersey airspace twice each year in their journey to and from their breeding grounds, and many western species migrate east, to the coast before turning south in the fall.

New Jersey's coastline offers access to assorted pelagic species of birds—oceanic species like shearwaters, petrels and alcids (the northern hemisphere equivalents of penguins). A birder in, say, Pennsylvania could search a lifetime and never see the birds that a New Jersey birder could find by taking a small boat an hour out of Cape May harbor or, for that matter, just watching from shore.

Finally, Cape May is a migrant trap—a natural funnel that catches and directs southbound birds to its terminus. The Cape has become famous as a place to see vast numbers of birds and a place to search for (and find) the unusual. Attesting to this is the Cape May bird checklist. Beginning with the pioneering efforts of Alexander Wilson and John James Audubon, the Cape's birdlife has been studied and monitored for nearly two centuries. During this time over 400

species of birds have been recorded there—a boast that few locations outside of Florida, Texas and Southern California could make.

Though Cape May offers exceptional birding at any time of year, it is best known for its concentrations of autumn migrants. This is a very happy circumstance because autumn lasts a long time. As birders count such things, it begins on June 24 when the first southbound shorebirds hit town and lingers into February when wandering flocks of common redpoll sweep the state.

If your notion of autumn is a little more traditional, like September through November, you'd like to experience a little bit of a Cape May autumn. What should you do, how should you go about it and what might you expect to see?

### Preparations

A few things are assumed. First, if not a card carrying birdwatcher, you at least have an interest in New Jersey's wildlife and are enthusiastic about discovering the natural facets that lie hidden within our state. It assumes that you have a pair of binoculars that work at (or near) par and that you have a field guide to bird identification. Birding without binoculars and a guide is like fishing blind with your bare hands.

Reservations at the Cape's hotels and guest houses shouldn't be a problem midweek but you are advised to make reservations in advance for weekends. Off-season isn't what it used to be in Cape May.

For information about birding, go to the source. The New Jersey Audubon Society's Cape May Bird Observatory is the nerve center for bird-related matters. A self-addressed, stamped envelope with 45 cents postage sent to CAPE MAY BIRD OBSERVATORY, PO BOX 3, CAPE MAY, NJ 08212 will get you a checklist, birding maps, brochure detailing the fall hawk migration and other pertinent (and invaluable) material. Before coming, call the Cape May Birding Hotline (it's the next best thing to birding there) at 609/884-2626. The hotline, updated on Thursdays, offers accounts of what's hot and where.

A membership in the Bird Observatory will permit you to keep in touch with happenings at New Jersey's birding mecca all year.



*Aerial of Cape May area.*

*Hawk banding demonstration.*

*Song bird banding demonstration.*



If your schedule is flexible, try to time your visit with the passage of a cold front—a large high pressure system moving southeast out of Canada. Northwest winds and cold temperatures are the key to autumn birding. A cold front can make the difference between a fair day of birding and a spectacular experience: In other words, all the difference in the world.

### Being There

First stop? Try Higbee Beach Wildlife Management Area. If you regard the area south of the Cape May Canal as a rectangle, Higbee Beach occupies the upper left corner. The forests and fields of Higbee are critical habitat for hundreds of thousands of migrating birds whose existence depends upon finding resting and feeding areas during migration. At dawn, following a good night for migration, waves of south-bound songbirds drop into the canopy to sleep or forage on insects and berries. These “fallouts” are the stuff that birder’s dreams are made of—landscapes vibrating with feeding birds and a new discovery at every turn.

Late August and September are best for warblers, flycatchers and thrushes. November finds robins, bluebirds, kinglets, sparrows, finches and icterids (blackbirds). October straddles both seasons.

Take the trails along the edge of the fields. If the morning is cool, bird the sunny, lee side of hedges. Insects will be most active here and so will insect eating birds. Don’t be surprised to find plenty of other birders there. After all, birding is the second most popular outdoor activity in the country (second only to gardening).

By nine o’clock bird activity will taper off. It’s then time to move on to what may well be the most spectacular show on earth.

### The Raptor Capital of North America

No doubt you’ve seen hawks now and again. Here a red-tailed perched beside a highway; there a turkey vulture cruising overhead. But have you ever seen dozens, hundreds ... thousands in a single day? If you haven’t it can only mean that you haven’t been to Cape May on a good day in October.

Draw a line from Cape May north. Stop when you hit glacier. All of the land that lies east of this line is the production center for the hawks that

migrate through Cape May. There is one exception to this basic rule that we know of. Among the more than 500 Peregrine falcons that pass through Cape May each autumn are birds that herald from Alaska clear to Greenland.

From mid-September to mid-November hawks are a constant presence in Cape May. A northwest wind causes many hundreds to move past the Official Hawk Watch at Cape May Point State Park (located in the lower left hand corner of the Cape May rectangle). To find the park, head for the town of Cape May Point and hone in on the lighthouse.

It has been estimated that 200,000 hawks pass through Cape May each fall. As many as 21,800 have been recorded in a single day. The last week in September and the first two weeks in October are raptor primetime. Sharp-shinned hawks stream down the treeline north of the platform. Delicate American kestrels flow along the dunes in groups of up to six or more. Overhead, osprey, broad-winged, and cooper’s hawks circle and spar. Feisty Merlins weave through the crowded airspace looking for a scrap.

On the hawk watch platform, the Official Hawk Counter, a sort of one-man air-traffic controller, tries to keep up with the broad sweep of migrating birds, answer questions and direct people’s attention to some of the more unusual species including ...

“*Peregrine! Peregrine overhead.*” The cry is heard a dozen times an hour on a good flight. A recovered arctic population of Peregrine falcons streams south each fall, many over Cape May. The one day record is 150—a number that more than doubles the total autumn Peregrines counted in 1977.

Many beginning hawk watchers are frustrated by the sheer mass of migrating birds and their inexperience where identification is concerned. You might want to arm yourself with a field guide specifically geared to identifying hawks in flight. There will be no shortage of expert guidance on the hawk watch platform. Hawkwatching is a very popular activity. But the very skilled hawk watchers may never give voice to anything less than a Peregrine or an Eagle.

Even if you aren’t a skilled hawk watcher, you can still come, look and be astounded by the sight of a sky filled with these usually difficult to observe

predators. You can stay all day, until the shadow of the lighthouse reaches toward the platform or you can take a break and try ...


### South Cape May

On your way back to the town of Cape May, on the right you will pass the South Cape May Preserve, a Nature Conservancy holding purchased by this effective conservation organization because of its importance to migrating birds. The freshwater pools in the meadows attract migrating shorebirds from July through October. Waterfowl are plentiful in November. Peregrine falcons, northern harriers, kestrels, Merlins and a host of other birds of prey can be seen hunting here regularly.

It is a fine place to stretch your legs after a few hours on the platform and a must stop on the Cape May birding circuit, but PLEASE STAY ON THE DESIGNATED PATH. Check out the pools and mudflats for waterfowl and waders.

Where the road crosses the dunes onto the beach, turn left. A return road running along the east side of the meadows begins approximately 150 yards down the beach. Watch for the crossover point.

The meadows have seen more than their share of “good birds” in the past decade. Wood Storks (a bird that breeds in Florida) have wandered up. A fulvous tree duck spent several weeks there in 1986. Wilson’s plover have been seen twice in recent years. Franklin’s gulls, white pelican, sandhill crane, sooty tern, scissor-tailed flycatcher (to name a few) have all stopped at the Cape.

The meadows are worth checking, and like all of Cape May, a place worth checking again. One trip to Cape May cannot convey the wonder of it all. Not every day is spectacular or even better than average. Like everything, if there are exceptional days, it necessarily follows that there are so-so days, days where the number and diversity of birds is just average. But once you come and once you’ve been privileged enough to see the incredible spectacle of birds at New Jersey’s migration mainline you’ll come again. And when you depart, you will leave a confirmed Cape May advocate. It will be your privilege and duty to tell others of the wonder and the importance of this Mecca where New Jersey land ends. 



# Country Roads

## Ravine Lake Bike Ride

BY ROSALIE STRACHAN

Those who are accustomed to whizzing through New Jersey on superhighways might be surprised to know that, a short distance away, bicyclists are enjoying winding country roads at a more leisurely pace.

I first explored these back roads by car after becoming bored with traveling to and from work on the same dull stretch of highway, and my whole perspective of New Jersey changed. Now I feel that you can't find roads any lovelier or more perfect for cycling anywhere, including in New England.

One of my favorite routes is in the area of Ravine Lake, located between Far Hills and Bernardsville, just off Route 202. The deeply shaded roads that wind beside shimmering streams and past waterfalls make the ride especially refreshing on a hot summer day. In the fall, the scarlet, amber and gold leaves against a bright sapphire sky, combined with the red barns and white colonial farmhouses, rival any scenery found in Vermont. Children are fascinated by the variety of animals that can be seen. In addition, the gently rolling terrain is suitable for any type of bicycle and any type of bicyclist.

Although many places could serve as the start of this tour, the pond in Peapack-Gladstone is convenient for those who'd like to picnic. Otherwise, food and beverages can be bought in stores and restaurants in both P-G and Far Hills. Another advantage to starting here is that the best part, the long downhill swoop of Mosle Road, is near the end, enticing cyclists back to enjoy the ride again.

Head south toward Far Hills on Route 512. Along the way, watch for the remains of an old lime kiln (it looks like an immense stone fireplace) and a mansion set high on a hill to the left. Across the fields to the right you'll see Peapack Ski Hill and the sprawling brick Beneficial headquarters.

Route 512 intersects with Route 202 at the "T" in Far Hills. Moorland Farms, once a private estate but now owned by AT&T Long Lines, is directly across the road. Two popular events are held here—the Midland Run (for people) in May and the Essex Fox Hounds Hunt or Far Hills Race Meeting (for horses) in October.

Turn left on Route 202, which is a winding country road with wide shoulders in this area. A long but gentle uphill of about one mile will take you to the left turn onto Lake Road. If you get to Far Hills Country Day School or start a long downhill run, you've gone too far.

Ride about a half mile on Lake and bear left when you see the brown-shingled barns. The road narrows, plunging briefly into shade so dense it seems almost black on a sunny day. Be cautious and keep right when going down the road; it bends so that you can't see if a deer or a car is coming.

The abandoned bridge right after the divided road is a natural spot to pause and rest. After this, the road is wedged between Ravine Lake to the left and an almost cliff-like hill to the right. The only tough spot is a very steep but blessedly short uphill stretch near the waterfall at the foot of the lake.

The ride along the lake is like a mini-vacation in the Adirondacks. Fish splash in the lake, you may see deer swimming across the water or bounding up the hillside, and the scent of spicy hemlocks and the earthy woods fills the air. Halfway down the lake, look for the ruins of the old boathouse that burned a few years ago. From certain vantage points you can also catch glimpses of the mansion on the hill.

The lake may look tempting on a hot day, but it's privately owned by the Somerset Fish and Game Club, whose clubhouse is at the far end of the lake. The bridle trails are also off limits.

Turn left at the "T" with the brown-shingled house in front of you, cross the bridge and follow the road as it makes a sharp right beside the river. You may see Black Angus cattle in this area.

Continue about a half mile and turn right where the road forks at the top of a slight grade. You'll ride between the river and a wooded hillside before coming to an open section of farmland. (Watch for Herman and his friend at the first farm. If they bark and chase you, dismount with the bike between you and them and scold them. They usually get embarrassed and stop.)

I especially like the next three houses in this valley. The first has a millpond and waterfall, the second looks so English it ought to be thatched, and the third is a colonial farmhouse with big red barns. Beyond here, the road becomes dirt for a short interval. At road's end, make a left onto Mosle.

On Mosle, you'll find both the worst and best riding of the tour. The worst? Two uphill parts on dirt and loose gravel; the first one is really steep, although neither is very long. Be careful going down because the dirt is sometimes deep and soft and can throw the bike out of control. A two-wheel-drive bicycle would come in handy here.

Once the pavement starts again, Mosle has to be one of the best downhill runs around. You seem to be sitting still as the road un-

Free-lance writer **Rosalie Strachan**, a frequent contributor, has written many recreational articles for *New Jersey Outdoors*. She is a resident of Basking Ridge.

*Heather meets a horse.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY AUTHOR





wraps beneath you for almost a mile and evenly spaced maples flash by. I often wish there were a lift to take me back up so I could ride down Mosle forever.

Turn left at the end of Mosle. It's about a half mile back to the start. On the way, you may wish to stop at The Stable, home of expensive and exotic automobiles.

As described, this is about an 11-mile ride. For a longer tour, make a right onto Mosle at the end of Branch and Hub Hollow and climb the hill. A shorter but steeper downhill grade will help compensate for missing the run into P-G, and you'll avoid those nasty dirt hills.

Turn left at Union Schoolhouse, dating from 1851. I like to imagine it as it was then, with children picking berries and hunting for nuts in the woods, playing in the creek behind the school and stoking the stove in the winter.

This road, also wedged beneath a steep bank, follows the rocky stream before a short but devilish uphill stretch joins it to Roxiticus Road.

A left will carry you along a broad, rolling valley of old farms interspersed with futuristic new homes. The road is generally downhill and surprisingly fast, even though the grade appears gentle. Cows, horses, sheep, goats and a donkey can be seen if you sacrifice speed for scenery. I find traffic more bothersome here than in any other part of the ride, mainly because there are no shoulders and the road is often rough. (Four cars at a time is heavy traffic.) From the intersection of Branch and Mosle, it's about five miles to the pond in P-G.

Another option is to park in Bernardsville and head south on Route 202, joining the tour at Lake Road about three miles from the Bernardsville railroad station. You'll pass Meadowbrook Farms, where chubby Herefords graze in the lush grass. Watch for the Good Shepherd, a statue carved from a whole tree trunk, across from the Presbyterian Church. Again, the terrain is mainly gently rolling with one long, steep uphill part just before Far Hills Country Day School.

On the other hand, if 11-miles is more than you'd care to bicycle, park at the abandoned bridge near Ravine Lake and make your own out-and-back route.

Experienced runners and walkers can take the train to Bernardsville and enjoy the route their way, catching a return train from Gladstone. Another alternative is to park along the route and enjoy a shorter jaunt.

If you need a small vacation and don't have the time or money to head for more exotic places, check out your own backyard, the back roads of New Jersey. NJ

# Explorer

September / October 1988 Issue Number One

## A Different Kind of Bird Watching



Birds have always fascinated people. Perhaps this is because many birds are colorful like the cardinal, bluejay and goldfinch. Maybe it is the birds' songs and calls that people value. Or could it be that we just appreciate their ability to fly? Whatever the reason, birds play an important part in nature and people enjoy watching them.

It's not too difficult to determine what role a bird plays in nature. All you have to do is look at the bird- **really look!**

A bird's beak will tell you what it eats. A bird's feet will tell where, and sometimes how, it gathers food. You also need to look at a few more things to figure out exactly what job, or **niche** (*nitch*), the bird has in its habitat. Looking at the bird's size, shape and color, and observing its behavior will help you solve the mystery.

All these clues- beaks, feet, size, color, shape and behavior- are **adaptations**. Adaptations are changes that living things make over hundreds, sometimes thousands, of years. These adaptations help living things compete for food, water, shelter and space.

Do the activities in this issue of Explorer and sharpen your ability to look.

## Bird's Eye View

Sight is a very important sense to all animals. We are fortunate that when our sight is poor there are people who will help us. But birds are not as lucky. Their eyes tell them where and what kinds of food to gather, as well as where a future mate might be and what predators are nearby.

To get a **Bird's Eye View** you will need a ruler, a drawing compass and a pencil.

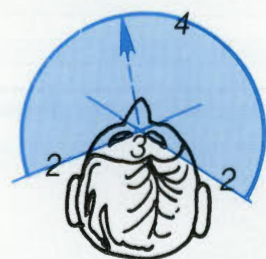
### Now follow these steps.

1. Look at the drawings below. You are looking down on the top of these birds' heads.

2. Draw a line under each eye like the example.
3. Put the point of the compass at the middle of the "X".
4. Next, connect the legs of the "X" with the compass pencil like the example.

The semi-circle you have drawn shows the field of vision for each bird. Are you wondering why some birds have wide fields of vision while other birds have narrow ones? **Answer the questions below to understand this adaptation.**

1. What do the barn owl and golden eagle eat?  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. Does anything prey upon them?  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. What do the cardinal and goldfinch eat?  
\_\_\_\_\_
4. Does anything prey upon them?  
\_\_\_\_\_
5. Which birds are predators and which birds are prey?  
\_\_\_\_\_
6. What conclusions can you make about the fields of vision of birds that are predators? Birds that are prey?  
\_\_\_\_\_



Example - Human



Barn Owl



Goldfinch



Golden Eagle



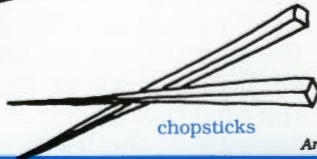
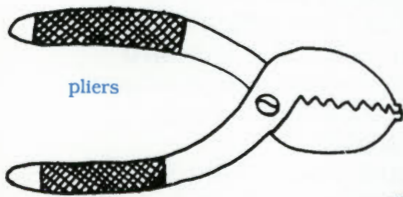
Cardinal



Answers are at the bottom of the next page.

# Beak Up!

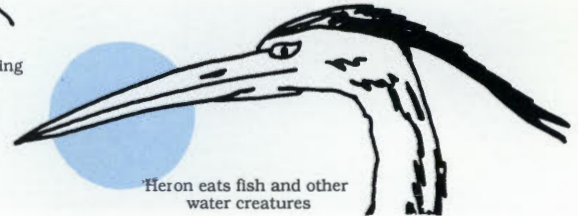
Birds don't use tools like knives, forks or spoons to eat their food. They use their beaks. Below are pictures of birds and some tools we use to eat our food. Draw a line from the tool to the bird with the beak like the tool.



Whip-poor-will eats flying insects



Hummingbird drinks nectar



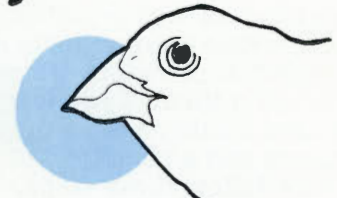
Heron eats fish and other water creatures



Flamingo eats tiny aquatic plants and animals



Warbler eats insects



Grosbeak eats seeds

Answers are at the bottom of this page.

## Explorer in Action Put the Habitat Back

F — Food C — Cover N — Nesting

When we build a home for ourselves we often take away the homes of birds and other species of wildlife. But we can bring these animals back by creating a habitat that meets their needs for food, water, shelter and space.

We can plant grasses, flowers, shrubs and trees that grow to different heights and produce a variety of food and types of shelter. Water can be poured into a bird bath, flowerpot saucer or even a baby pool.

Below is a chart that shows trees that many people plant in their yard and the trees' value to wildlife. Keep these trees in mind when you landscape your yard.

Tree Species	Mammals			Birds			
	Deer	Rabbit	Gray Squirrel	American Robin	Cardinal	American Goldfinch	Bluejay
Maple	F	F	F,C,N	C,N		F,C,N	
Serviceberry	F			F	F		F
Flowering Dogwood	F	F	F,C,N	F,N	F		
American Beech	F		F,C,N				F
White Ash	F	F	C,N		F		
American Holly	F	C		F,C,N	C,N		
Crabapple	F	F		F,C,N	N		C,N
Mulberry			C	F,C	F		F
Black Gum	F		C	F,C			
Norway & Blue Spruce	F	C		C,N		C	C,N
Eastern White Pine	F			C,N		F	C,N
Black Cherry	F	F	F,C,N	F,C	F	F	F
Oak	F		F,C,N		F	F	F
Eastern Hemlock	F			C,N			C,N
Elm	F		F,C	N		F	
Hawthorn	F	F		F,C,N	C,N		N

### Answers:

#### Bird's Eye View

1. They prey upon, or eat, other animals
2. No
3. Both eat seeds
4. Yes - cats, hawks & other predators
5. Predators - golden eagle & barn owl  
Prey - cardinal & goldfinch
6. Very simply, animals that are prey have wider fields of vision to spot predators.

#### Beak Up

- Hummingbird..... straw  
Grosbeak..... pliers  
Flamingo..... sieve  
Heron..... chopsticks  
Whip-poor-will..... sieve  
Warbler..... tweezers



# Garden State

# Striped Bass Bonanza

BY RUSS WILSON  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY AUTHOR

**The Fall Run of Striped Bass is About to Get Underway. Knowing When, Where and How to Present Baits and Lures Will Go a Long Way Toward a Successful Season**

A fish resembling a rocket with stripes surged up from the depths, shot across the surface and smashed the plug like a runaway express. Hardly slowing, the big linesider, feeling the sting of the treble hook, headed east so fast I scarcely had time to react.

I knew from the giant swirl it made when it savagely attacked the seven-inch long plug that it was big, perhaps the largest striped bass I'd ever seen. For the next 15 minutes I wasn't sure whether I had the fish or he had me.

The first run was a scorcher, the bass taking close to a hundred yards of 17-pound test monofilament line against a tightly set drag. That tactic failing, the fish headed north toward the next jetty in an attempt to escape into the jumble of sharp-edged rocks barely visible above the white-capped waves.

Knowing it was now or never, if the big bass made it to the rocks he would surely cut the line, I leaned back on the rod applying all the pressure I dared and felt a surge of power as the fish made one last ditch effort to make the sanctuary of the sunken rocks. It wasn't good enough. Scant feet from the jetty the big fish slowed, rolled on the surface and turned toward the sandy beach.

I knew it was over. Big bass seldom have the staying power to make more than one long run. This one had given it his all the first time around and was thoroughly beaten as I brought him into the surf and waited for the next wave to carry him onto the beach.

Kneeling in the sand to remove the plug I thought to myself, this cannot be the same bass. It isn't big enough to have caused so much trouble. The needle of my pocket scale sagged to 37¼ pounds, a very respectable fish, but not the 50 pounder I so desperately sought.



Large striped bass caught in Island Beach surf.



*Author with young Golden Eagle captured at the Kittatinny Mountains Raptor Banding Station.*





# Golden Eagles

## Along New Jersey's Kittatinny Ridge

BY LEONARD J. SOUCY, JR.

Where is the most likely place to see a Golden Eagle in the wild? If like most New Jerseyans you replied, "Out west, maybe in Montana or Wyoming," you'd be right. In North America the Golden Eagle is primarily a western bird. Yet I wonder how many New Jersey residents realize that this eagle can be seen every year here in our state. It's true.

I know it's true, because for the past eighteen years I've spent countless hours perched atop the Kittatinny Mountain Ridge in northwestern New Jersey, observing, capturing and banding migrating hawks and eagles. The Kittatinny Mountains Raptor Banding Station is a research project I began in 1970 to study the phenomenon of hawk migration in New Jersey's Kittatinny Mountains.

The research station is located on the ridge near the town of Culver Lake in Sussex County. Every fall, from early September until late November, a small group of state and federally-licensed bird banders operate this station to count the number of migrating raptors and to capture and band as many individual birds as possible. During the eighteen years of this study 9,100 raptors have been captured, marked and released, including 20 Golden Eagles. Over 210,000 migrating raptors have been counted—150 of which have been Golden Eagles. Since 1970 I've seen Golden Eagles every year without exception, not in Wyoming, but in Sussex County, New Jersey.

The fact that Golden and Bald Eagles, plus thousands of other raptors, migrate through New Jersey will come as no surprise to the state's intrepid hawkwatchers. They have spent many hours watching and marvelling at the great birds of prey in migration. Each autumn this spectacle unfolds in the sky above New Jersey. If you have never witnessed it, you have missed one of nature's premier

shows and a free show at that.

Might some of you be interested in seeing a wild Golden Eagle in the mountains of New Jersey? How does one best go about such a pursuit? To begin with, it would be useful to know a bit about their natural history, including why, when and where they pass through New Jersey.

The Golden Eagle, *Aquila chrysaetos*, although primarily a western species, breeds across the entire North American continent. In eastern North America the bird breeds chiefly in Canada, in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Labrador. In the United States, some breed in northern New England and a few in New York state. Golden Eagles prefer mountainous country. They often nest on remote cliff ledges, but trees are also used.

Most of the birds do not remain in their northern breeding areas year-round but migrate southward in autumn, some traveling as far as Texas and Mexico. These are the birds we see along the Kittatinny ridges. Very little is known about their northward movements in the spring. The eagles may also use the Kittatinny ridges on their northward migration in spring, but the birds seem to be more widely dispersed and less predictable at this time.

During their southward migration, eagles, like many raptors, concentrate along certain routes such as mountain ridges, coastlines and lake shores. In New Jersey there are two such migratory routes called flyways: one along the Atlantic coast, the other along the Kittatinny Mountains. The Kittatinny ridges are part of the great Appalachian Mountain Chain which begins in eastern Canada and sprawls southward nearly 2,000 miles, almost to the Gulf of Mexico. In New Jersey these

mountains extend diagonally across Sussex and Warren Counties for a distance of about 40 miles, varying in elevation from approximately 1,200 to 1,800 feet.

Hawks and eagles tend to follow flight routes which allow them to use the least amount of energy when migrating. During the fall, the predominantly northwest winds strike the sides of continuous mountain ridges and are deflected upward, creating strong updrafts. The birds use these air currents to glide on. Along the flanks of such ridges, with proper winds, migrating eagles can find sufficient "lift" to sail for many miles without flapping their wings, an energy efficient way to fly. The Appalachian Mountain Flyway, including the Kittatinny, is one of the major migrational routes in North America, and birds have traveled this "road in the sky" for thousands of years.

The raptor movements in the Kittatinny take place during the months of September, October and November. Golden Eagles most often pass through late in the season, from the last week in October until the end of November, although on several occasions they have been seen in December. The eagle schedule is approximate and subject to change without notice. But if you spend an entire week "eagle-watching" in the Kittatinny during this prescribed time period, it's a sure thing you'll see an eagle. Would you believe, almost a sure thing?

If you look at a map of New Jersey's Kittatinny Mountain area, you will see that the Appalachian Trail follows the ridge top from the New York state border to the Delaware Water Gap. Almost anywhere along this 40-mile stretch can be used as a lookout. You can't drive your car to the mountain top; you'll have to hike some, but it's well worth the effort. The view from the ridge top in many places is truly spectacular, especially in mid-October when the fall colors are at their peak. Of course, the spot you choose for eaglewatching should have an unobstructed view to the north, the general direction from which most of the birds will be coming. If possible, also find a spot with comfortable rocks.

There are several popular locations along the Kittatinny ridge that have been used as hawk and eagle lookouts for years. The most famous, Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, is not in New Jersey but in the Kittatinny Mountains of eastern Pennsylvania near the town of Kempton. Two well-known New Jersey lookouts are Raccoon Ridge near Blairstown and Sunrise Mountain near Culver Lake. There are many other places suitable for hawkwatching in Stokes State Forest, High Point State Park and the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area.


Because at many favored locations, dedicated watchers have kept accurate records of what they have seen over the years, we have some excellent data on raptor movements, including when each species migrates, their numbers, and how raptor migration is affected by weather. Furthermore, the data reveals the following surprising fact: although both Bald and Golden Eagles are seen along the Kittatinny, the Golden is by far the more common. The eagle counts from four of the regularly manned ridge lookouts for the ten-year period from 1974 to 1983 are as follows:

Sunrise Mountain	18 Bald,	35 Golden
Raccoon Ridge	122 Bald,	150 Golden
Kittatinny Mtns. Raptor Banding Station	43 Bald,	120 Golden
Hawk Mountain	249 Bald,	440 Golden

Eagles can be identified in flight by their large size, dark color and the way they fly, but the two species can be confused. Both Golden and Bald Eagles are very large with wingspans of 6½ to 7½ feet. Both are dark brown, heavy birds that soar on flat wings for long periods of time without flapping. Golden Eagles always have golden colored napes and crowns, which give them their common name. Adult Bald Eagles have distinctive white heads and tails, but immature birds have brown heads and tails, similar to Golden Eagles.

There are a number of good bird field guides available that are small enough to be carried with you and will help you identify all raptor species. Identifying hawks and eagles in flight is really just a matter of knowing what to look for. To become good at it takes time and practice.

When embarking on an eaglewatching expedition I suggest you take as many of the following items as possible: binoculars, warm clothes, sturdy shoes, good things to eat, hot coffee, a soft cushion, a field guide and, if available, an experienced hawkwatcher to accompany you. That's about all you'll need; as mentioned, the show is free.

So by all means, this fall set aside some time and spend an exhilarating day in the Kittatinny Mountains, one of the few remaining pristine areas of New Jersey. Unglue your eyes from that overused VCR and cast them to the sky above the Kittatinny. Breathe the clean, crisp mountain air cascading out of Canada. And if the hawk gods see fit to favor you that day, the winds may bring within your sight one of nature's true masterpieces, the Golden Eagle—"Aquila," King of Birds. 



**Len Soucy** is a naturalist, lecturer, photographer and raptor researcher. He is the past president of the New Jersey Raptor Association and a member of numerous nature and environmental organizations.

*Author with bear cub.*

*Jon Rosenberg with 520-pound tranquilized black bear.*

a  
future  
in  
New  
Jersey?

# Black Bears

BY PATTY MCCONNELL

Warm and comfortably nestled inside one of our coats, the orphan cub was sleeping soundly as we carried her down the ridge. We slipped on the rocks and the resultant jolt disturbed her. She poked her head out just for an instant before resuming her nap. She was oblivious to the difficulty we were having intercepting one of our radio-collared female black bears that we hoped would adopt her. The cub was already showing some effects of being abandoned by her own mother; she was listless and appeared weak. Could we get her placed with a foster mother while she was still aggressive and strong enough to keep up with the female's own cubs?

We had been at it for several hours. The female we were tracking had three cubs of her own born in January in a rock den at the top of the Kittatinny ridge in Sussex County. We hoped the family would still be in the den as we climbed to it that morning. No luck! We tried to catch up with them, but she had outmaneuvered us and headed into the thick, impenetrable cover of a nearby swamp. We would have to try something else.

We climbed back into the truck and headed several miles down the ridge toward the den of another radio-collared female with new cubs. If she had also left her den, the cub's prospects would be dim indeed. Even if we intercepted her, a female is much more likely to accept a strange cub while in the den than after emerging from the den. It was difficult to remain objective as we approached the next den with our small and helpless passenger, knowing that she might not be accepted and could possibly be killed by a hostile female.

We arrived at the den site. Our spirits sank as we realized that this female was also out of the den. However, she was close by which



meant she may have moved from the den that morning. We had to give it a try. We were also concerned as to how the female would react to us approaching her. Each female reacts differently to human interference when she has cubs.

We proceeded through the thick brush. The signal was very strong. We spotted her! She was about 50 feet ahead of us, lying in a thicket of mountain laurel. Her own three cubs were playing close by. She appeared calm, certainly much calmer than the three of us were feeling. We kept approaching a few feet at a time. Ed, my husband and a volunteer assistant on the black bear project, began taking hold of the cub who was now riding comfortably inside his coat. Not wanting to be disturbed, the cub hooked her claws into his sweater. A pint-sized struggle ensued. He tugged at her; she protested by nipping his fingers.

We had now attracted the full attention of the adult female and she raised up on her front legs. A final tug and the cub was disengaged from the sweater and held up in the air for the female to see. A moment's hesitation and then the cub was gently tossed toward the female now thirty feet away.

The female appeared to forget about us completely. Her whole attention was riveted on the cub who had landed a few feet away. Time was suspended. This was the critical moment of acceptance or fatal hostility. The cub regained its footing and went directly over to the female who began sniffing it. After what seemed an eternity of mutual sniffing, the female gently tossed the cub with her nose toward her own cubs. She then resumed her prone position. It was as if the whole incident had never occurred. The cub was already taking a position at her side with the others for a nursing session. We quietly and quickly made our retreat.

As we drove away we reflected how our research efforts had come full circle this long day. We had proceeded through capture and tagging, to radio telemetry, and concluded by examining reproduction and cub survival in New Jersey. This led us to our first successful introduction of an orphan black bear cub.

The black bear has indeed made a real comeback in New Jersey (see *New Jersey Outdoors* Nov/Dec. 1987, May/June 1988). In order to maintain this large predator in a state as densely populated as New Jersey, there are important issues to be understood. In this, our final segment of a three-part series, we need to explore some hard facts affecting the future of black bears.

The black bear, like other large animals, has suffered through the years from image problems. He is often the target of great mis-

understanding and unnecessary fear. At the other end of the spectrum is the Walt Disney image of the "Teddy Bear." Neither "Teddy Bear" nor ferocious predator, the black bear demands all due respect. However, their usual shy behavior and ability to adapt to close association with humans makes fear unnecessary.

HUMAN TOLERANCE is a most important issue to explore when speaking about the future of black bears in New Jersey.

We can better understand the issue of human tolerance by looking at one area in northern New Jersey where black bears are undergoing their most striking increase. Eastern Sussex and western Passaic counties contain prime habitat for black bear. This area has large tracts of undeveloped land with the dense mix of evergreen and hardwood cover bears prefer. It is also surrounded by increasing development. Although the existing habitat could probably support more bears in terms of food and cover, the potential for conflict is already high. It is obvious that the human tolerance level has been reached if not exceeded. The homeowner who tolerates three or four raccoons in his garbage or deer in the backyard just does not have the same tolerance for two or three black bears.

Homeowners that live within prime bear habitat can and should exercise certain disciplines regarding garbage storage and birdfeeders if they and the bears are to coexist peacefully. Black bears given access to garbage come to rely on it heavily in the spring and again just before denning. It is a great source of easy, nutritious food, and females with cubs have to expend little energy to feed the entire family. Residents should make an effort to use alternate storage areas for securing garbage during early spring and late fall. This will prevent bears from associating these yards with easy pickings.

A garbage can, even those with springs on the lids, will not stand up to a 100+ pound black bear. Bears can be unbelievably inventive. Techniques employed for opening garbage cans include pouncing, squashing, rolling or carrying the entire can into the woods where it can be attacked at leisure. Birdfeeders should be suspended from wires at least eight feet above the ground or removed in early March. Beehives and small livestock which occasionally attract black bears can be effectively protected with electric fencing.

All of the activities that help maintain a peaceful coexistence between humans and bears depend on the individual landowner having the desire to make this additional effort. Not all are willing to change their lifestyles to accommodate a species such as the black bear. The wildlife manager, at best, has

Ed McConnell installing radio collar and telemetry transmitter.



to balance the numbers in accordance with the degree of accommodation and tolerance level. Many people will tolerate one or two black bears crossing through their residence at 3:00 a.m. once a week. Few will tolerate bears in the yard during daylight hours or the raiding of garbage pails on a nightly basis.

At the other end of the spectrum is the homeowner who is so tolerant that he encourages the bear's presence by feeding. This only helps to create a nuisance animal and robs the bear of its best defense—fear and avoidance of humans. Although well intentioned, they are doing the black bear and other wildlife a great disservice.

The number one partner to HUMAN TOLERANCE is HABITAT. Black bear habitat has been at a premium for decades in New Jersey and development continues to erode it at an alarming pace.

One saving grace with respect to black bears is that they are found in areas that are not necessarily choice development sites. Rocky ridges and swamps found in northwest New Jersey are preferred bear habitat. However, the bears must travel through prime development sites to move from one nondeveloped area to another. HUMAN TOLERANCE rears its head again. It becomes vitally important to protect the travel corridors that link one critical habitat with the next. Of all the habitat types that black bears frequent during different seasons, wetlands are the most critical. They provide the early spring foods and thick escape cover.

How fast is habitat disappearing? Sussex County, which has accounted for 50 percent of all bear sightings over the past five years, at present has 12,000 housing units in the planning or construction stage. West Milford Township, Passaic County, by far the most important area in that county for black bears, has over 1,600 units in planning or construction. Similar figures could be produced for northern Morris and Warren counties.

Black bears, with their large home range, will be pushed harder than ever by increased development and loss of habitat over the next five years. A further increase in black bear numbers, inevitable because of a lack of any control, will be difficult if not impossible to absorb without undue conflict.

The black bear is once again at a crossroads in its history in New Jersey. It has made a promising comeback with protection of some vital habitat and a boost from emigration from Pennsylvania. Education and a new awareness and appreciation for our fellow creatures have increased tolerance and understanding of large animals such as the black bear.

The expansion in black bear numbers now presents a dilemma to the wildlife manager.

Only so many black bears can live in New Jersey and retain a positive image. (There's that concept of HUMAN TOLERANCE again!) If the numbers become too high, even if adequate habitat is available, the public will no longer see them as an asset but as a liability.

Given the probability of increased conflict, what options does the New Jersey wildlife manager have in dealing with bears that become a "problem" when no control such as legal hunting exists? The public often sees relocation as an answer to "too many anything" or "problem" animals. Prime bear habitat in northern New Jersey is already occupied, so moving a black bear from one county to another just moves the "problem" around. Also, black bears have well developed homing instincts. Most have to be moved 60-100 air miles to ensure that they will not return to a complaint area. Northern New Jersey is too small to accommodate moves of that distance. The pine woods of southern Jersey have potential habitat for black bear. A proposal to restore bears to this area several years ago met with a good deal of public opposition. The atmosphere has likely not changed enough to make relocation to this area feasible. Our neighboring states have enough black bear of their own and will not add "problem" bears from New Jersey.

There are no easy answers and not everyone will agree as to how our renewed black bear population should be managed.

This article began with a success story; the cub that we introduced to a foster mother is now a healthy three-year old who will give birth to her own cubs in January. It was a rewarding experience professionally and personally. But caring about the individual black bear is simply not enough. There are tough decisions ahead that must be made if a black bear population is going to continue to thrive in New Jersey. The issues of human tolerance, habitat preservation, overpopulation and problem animals will have to be faced head on and decisively.

One cannot have a passing interest in a wildlife species that demands particular and large expanses of habitat. If this animal is to continue to survive in New Jersey we must actively strive for further protection of its habitat. In addition, wise management will have to include control on the rate of expansion. Community involvement in planning boards for wise residential development, cluster housing and acquisition of critical areas for preservation are absolutely necessary.

The black bear has returned to New Jersey. How long it remains here as an integral part of New Jersey's rich and diverse wildlife resource depends on each and every one of us!

**Patty McConnell**, a biologist with the Division of Fish, Game and Wildlife, is Project Leader of the Black Bear Project.

*Cheryl Stimble, Cook College graduate student, getting a radio fix on a bear.*



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# 9<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL REGATTA

## PASSAIC RIVER AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION



### OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

ON THE PASSAIC RIVER, AT NEWARK, N. J., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1883.

By CLIFF ROSS



# The Passaic River in an Earlier Era

Program cover and illustration of Passaic River regattas of the 1880s.



A tour boat on the Passaic, circa 1920s.

Can you picture race days on the Passaic River? The City of Newark glowing in the national attention focused on rowing clubs as they met in regatta competition viewed by cheering thousands lining the riverbanks?

You have to take it on faith almost, this vision of the river at its nostalgic and glamorous best, in view of its dreary reputation today. About 15 years ago the poor Lower Passaic was given the appellation of "one of the country's 10 dirtiest rivers" by a Presidential Water Pollution Council, which visited New Jersey and looked in shock at the Passaic for two days.

Newark doesn't bask in regatta glory anymore. But it was only about 80 years ago that regatta days brought pride to the city and glory to the boating clubs that rowed in the Passaic. Back then a holiday spirit seized Newark, Kearny and the other river towns; banners fluttered along the banks of the river and thousands of spectators cheered their favorite rowing clubs, some pointing to the sculls in midstream where crews in bright-colored rowing togs lined up awaiting the crack of a starter's pistol.

It takes some imagination now to realize the gaiety and cheer of these turn-of-the-century events on the Passaic, a river of immense recreational value at the time—a place to row, picnic, to swim and fish.

A newsletter of a local environmental group, the Passaic River Coalition, a few years ago published a colorful account of the first amateur regatta of the New Jersey State Rowing Association. That first regatta, according

to the Newark newspaper stories of the day, took place on Saturday, October 10, 1868—a brilliant sunny day, the story goes, with a course chosen over a three-mile picturesque section of the river in the northern part of present-day Newark.

The newsletter noted that "four races that day were viewed by dense crowds that spilled over from the spectator stands erected opposite the residence of the late Civil War hero, General Philip Kearny, to wharves and piles of lumber nearby."

It was a site of busy activity, of childrens' shouts and a continual roll of laughter from the crowds. The writer further recounts, "During a nearly two-hour delay, the Passaic became filled with waterborne onlookers and a newspaper of the time remarked that 'the river was covered with little boats darting in and out after one another while half a dozen steam yachts screamed and sputtered in and out among them like some fussy old hens after their rebellious chicks.'

"Finally the first event began, a single scull race. It was followed by a double scull and four-oared lapstrake competition. Among the local groups competing were the Nereid Club from Newark, the Hudsons from Jersey City and the Passaic Club, also from Newark."

The final and most exciting race of the day was a six-paired gig race. Characterized as the "crowning of the sport" this event drew four competing teams whose oars were said to "tremble and quiver as they ducked in and out of the water."



*Recreation on the Passaic today.*

**Cliff Ross**, a retired Department of Environmental Protection employee, is the Editor of *Rossmoor News*, a monthly community newspaper, and a Commissioner of the Monroe Township (Middlesex) MUA.

And as the story goes, the crowds loved it.

The teams of struggling rowers had to row around a stake boat, positioned in the river, and then proceed to the judges' stand. Crossing the finish line first in that inaugural amateur regatta of 1868 was the team entered by the Hudson Boat Club. The prizes were a set of silk colors and a gold badge for each crewman.

These and other awards were presented upon the races' completion by Mayor Thomas B. Peddie of Newark after he and other officials were taken by steam yacht to the spectators' stands.

"The honorable mayor stressed his keen interest in rowing by declaring his 'long-desired' hope that this noble, manly and graceful recreation be instituted on the beautiful Passaic."

Mayor Peddie's call for the second Saturday in October each year to be known as the "Grand Regatta Day of Newark" was warmly received by the cheering crowds and seconded by the local press.

"As the day drew to a close and Reinhardt's Band added to the festivities getting underway, one of Passaic's most memorable chapters in her varied history had begun."

Along with the opening of the regatta era for the Lower Passaic, much of the social life of the city of Newark seemed to center about the boat houses along the river banks. Rowing was classy and civilized, a sport for gentlemen of many pursuits and pleasures. More amateur regattas followed the first one, and during the latter part of the 19th century the regatta days, whether statewide or smaller, "were occasions for stringing banners along the river, holding festive parties. And always the beer taps."

The Passaic River regattas drew national attention as a rowing course over the next 40 years and often they were the sports features of holiday festivals such as July Fourth. In many of these events as many as 16 boat clubs would compete, coming from all over the Middle Atlantic States and New England. "Some of the great clubs of those days were the Institutes, Eureka's, Mystics, Tritons, Ariels, Newark Rowing Club, and the Nereids."

Rowing clubs of the time drew their memberships from all walks of life although the Tritons were referred to by one source as an "aristocratic club" because of the heavy concentration of bankers, merchants, and professionals among its members. The Nereids also had many bankers, government officials, judges, and prominent businessmen on its rolls. Several clubs had their own boathouses and docks in Newark and nearby Belleville.

The Institute Club, the account said, won


national acclaim in 1895 in a four-oared event that took place in Saratoga, New York. The captain of the crew was a 21-year-old Irish immigrant, Owen Fox of East Orange. As the writer suggested, "A leather factory employee, Fox put in a 12-hour work day and then reportedly walked three miles to the club boathouse in order to get in a few hours of practice each night." Such was the character of the rowing brotherhood.

Fox's teammates were varied in their professional backgrounds. They included Bill Kiley of Newark, a machinist, Ed. J. Carney of Harrison who worked as a school principal and Valentine Lockmyer who toiled in a celluloid works.

The Passaic River couldn't keep up with the pollution, however. It was rapidly being choked with untreated sewage and industrial discharges, and by 1902 increasing pollution of the river from municipalities south of the Great Falls took its toll on the regattas. Rowing activity declined precipitously. Finally, in 1909, a planned and publicized big regatta had to be cancelled because, according to one account, an "open sewer of waste matter coming from the mills of Paterson and other towns was too much to expect respectable racing crews to tolerate."

That was the beginning of the end. Over the next 16 years most of the boat clubs gave up on the Passaic. Two notable exceptions were The Institute and the Nereids, who kept on rowing. By 1925 construction of the Passaic Valley trunk sewer had been completed and a major source of raw pollution was eliminated. Though the water was cleaner, boating activity was never the same and the glory of the past was never to be seen again.

The embarrassment of 1909 signaled the end of the glory days for the regattas on the Passaic—and thereafter leaving only a few, now-and-then local race meetings—is well remembered by the Passaic River Coalition (PRC), an urban watershed association serving the 935 square-mile area of the Passaic River Basin.

The PRC dream for the past six years has been the creation of an 8-mile recreational corridor along the eastern banks of the Lower Passaic that will link the existing riverside parks, encourage more sculling races and the rebirth perhaps of more boating clubs that once marked the river scene. Additionally the dream would be an attraction for the bicyclist and those walking parties that once proved popular. It's a restoration goal already well underway with 11 municipalities eager to get on with the plans. They include Kearny, the City of Newark, East Rutherford, Lyndhurst, Belleville, North Arlington, Rutherford, Harrison, Nutley, Wallington and Garfield. 

**Gay Mocerri is**

Administrative Supervisor of Business, Industrial Arts, Art, Music and Home Economics at Audubon High School. She also teaches two English classes and debuts in NJO this issue.

*Bob Clark, Chief Chemist for CCMUA, performs pH and dissolved oxygen tests, as students Phillip Schepacarter (standing) and Scott MacMillan observe.*

BY GAY C. MOCERI

# Rebirth of a Lake

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL PETRUZZELLI



Once upon a time in a small community east of Camden, there was a beautiful lake fed by natural streams and underground springs. Haddon Lake provided pleasure and recreation for the residents of Audubon. People went swimming, boating and fishing there. There were two beaches, life-guards and even a first aid tent. People caught bass, eel and carp. Young boys made money selling the fresh fish to residents and even restauranters. Surrounded by trees, it was a beautiful sight and a pleasant place for a leisurely stroll.

As in most stories that begin "once upon a time," there is often a monster. The monster in this particular story was pollution. One possible source, a sewage treatment plant in a neighboring community, began dumping its treated water into a stream which fed the lake, beginning the pollution process which continued for over thirty years. What was once a recreation area enjoyed by many became an eyesore. The fish died, swimming and boating came to a halt, and the lake became a problem instead of a pleasure.

Residents of Audubon are hopeful that the lake may once again return to its original state. The handsome prince helping to battle the monster is the Camden County Municipal Utilities Authority (CCMUA). Hopefully, this story will have a happy ending, and as the plot unfolds, students at Audubon High School are monitoring the results.

Using Haddon Lake as a tool for environmental education is not new to the Audubon School District. As long as ten years ago, all seventh grade students were required to participate in a nine-week environmental cycle course. The students did temperature and protozoa studies at the lake. Even then the fish were dying and, especially on warm days, the stench was unbearable.

The science department at the high school has always maintained the need for environmental education. Supervisor Bill Westphal, a former resident of Audubon and a graduate of the high school, saw an opportunity to expand the environmental curriculum.

Once a month Bill Peterson, Audubon's teacher of Advanced Biology, will take juniors and seniors to the lake to test its waters. With the aid of CCMUA, the students will monitor the water temperature at various points of the lake. They will test for dissolved oxygen levels. In polluted water the oxygen count is low. They will perform sludge tests for metals. Fecal coliform tests, used as a bacterial indicator of water quality, will show levels of waste. Students will also track the pH level and monitor the amount of nitrates in the water.


Students will run some of the tests in the school and others will be sent to the CCMUA lab. They will also be given the opportunity to tour the plant and use the lab facilities. The CCMUA laboratory facility is equal to those at the finest universities. Representatives from China, Japan and New Zealand have come to Camden to examine the facility.

CCMUA received negative reactions from school districts to its first public rate schedule for schools throughout the county. Executive Director Herman Engelbert says the authority felt a responsibility not only to treat the water but also to educate the people. "Understanding the need and seeing results are the best defenses of the cost of the program," he said. They have met with the Camden County school boards to provide workshops and show videos that proved the need for a modern treatment system countywide. Offers were made to all county schools to provide programs for students. To date

Audubon is the first and only school to respond. If pollution and sewage treatment are introduced to students, it is hoped they will be more knowledgeable as adults. Educating people through involvement seemed to provide the best answer.

A positive side effect to this cooperative program is the opportunity for career education for students. Working with the experts and visiting the lab, students will see all the professionals connected with the field of wastewater management. It is a highly technical field comprised of computer experts and laboratory technicians, to name just a few. Ideally, CCMUA would like to have a full-time educator to help with other educational and cooperative programs.

Audubon students began their testing of Haddon Lake on May 11. The class divided into three groups, one at each end and one in the middle of the lake. The date, time, location and water temperature were all noted. The on-site test results showed discrepancies at various points of the lake.

All results will be recorded. Students will track the progress of Haddon Lake's improvements, the result of the new countywide sewage treatment program. Teacher Bill Peterson hopes to continue the cooperative program for four or five years culminating in a report of the results. Improved water conditions at Haddon Lake would be only one of his goals. Most of all he would like to see the students made aware of the results of environmental abuse or environmental apathy and the high cost of such neglect. Educated youths potentially become responsible adults who could join the fight against the monster—pollution. And that indeed would be a happy ending. 

## Environmental Education in the

# P.I.N.E.S.

BY DON KIRCHHOFFER



"Here they come!" said Bert Nixdorf as the two yellow school buses rounded the turn between the cranberry bogs at the historic Village of Whitesbog just off county Route 530 and state Route 70 in Burlington County. Each bus managed to contain 30 eighth graders and two or three teachers from the Iselin Middle School in Woodbridge Township.

On a cool, rainy day the eighth graders were unloaded in front of the building that was originally the general store in Whitesbog and serves as both headquarters and classroom for the Pinelands Institute for Natural and Environmental Studies or P.I.N.E.S. as it is often called.

The Pinelands Institute is part of Glassboro State College. Gary Patterson, an Environmental Studies professor in the Life Sciences Department at Glassboro, is the Director of P.I.N.E.S.

The large classroom in the Pinelands Institute building is filled about 100 days of the year with students.

In the 87-88 school year, nearly 5,000 students and 600 of their teachers and parents, representing 181 classes from 54 different school systems, came to Whitesbog. All of these students, from the first grade through seniors in high school, participated in a three to five hour session that included a formal presentation in the classroom and a trip out into the Pinelands to see, touch, hear, feel and smell what they had studied in the classroom.

The subject matter of the classes available to public and private schools is varied. There are 17 different subjects for the primary grades, 24 for the upper primary and junior high school level and 12 for high school. Typical course titles are: What's in a Pond?, Where do Cranberries Grow?, Animal Ecology, Signs of Spring, Water Quality-Probing for Pollution and Potability.

All of the classes and course material are built around the basic purpose of the Pinelands Institute, which is to "provide information and educational experiences about the unique New Jersey Pinelands ecosystem and its related human culture."

In addition to the Director, the instructors of these classes are Bert Nixdorf and Howard Boyd, familiar names to naturalists and hikers of South Jersey. Nixdorf, long associated with the Outdoor Club of South Jersey, and Boyd are both professionally trained. Nixdorf was an elementary school administrator. After a career as a Boy Scout executive, Boyd returned to the University of Delaware to get a master's



degree in Entomology. Both have a high level of knowledge about the Pinelands ecosystem and are able to transmit their knowledge, commitment and love of the Pinelands to their students. Both are adjunct professors of Environmental Studies at Glassboro State College.

For half an hour before the two bus loads of Iselin Middle School students arrived, Patterson, Nixdorf and Boyd were in the classroom preparing for them. These eighth graders were to be given the course titled "Reading the Environment with Map and Compass." After 60 compasses were laid out, the worksheets organized and the classroom prepared, they discussed alternative inside activities to substitute for the outside projects in case the rain didn't let up.

Once the 60 children and their five teachers were settled on the floor of the large classroom, the two adjunct professors went to work. Boyd and Nixdorf split the lecture/telling portion of the program. Then each took half of the class to work on map problems.

Fortunately the rain stopped in time for the outside compass plotting exercises. These exercises were gamelike and even the most shy of the students became excitedly involved as the accompanying pictures testify.

The Iselin Middle School uses team teaching in the eighth grade. This trip was arranged by math teacher Ben Jackson because it gives the children practical experience in such mathematical concepts as distance, angles, directions, geometry and space. The guidance counsellor, history and English teachers on the trip all said that the experience at the Pinelands Institute would be woven into their teaching in future classes. This was the third year the eighth grade class had participated in the Map and Compass course, evidence of the value the teachers place on the experience.

On another cold, rainy day the faculty of the Pinelands Institute (The same three, Patterson, Nixdorf and Boyd, plus Sandi Redfield, another Adjunct Professor at Glassboro and an elementary school teacher at Elmer) taught a workshop for 27 teachers. The students were from 25 school districts from townships such as Merchantville, Manahawkin and Somerset.

This all day workshop is designed to teach the teachers at a higher intellectual level the same subjects taught their students, teach them how to bring the subjects back to their classrooms and let them experience the Pinelands and its fragile ecosystem.

The subjects covered in the morning were Pond Study and Worlds in Miniature. After a brown bag lunch in the classroom (it was raining again), the students could pick between the subject of Pine Barrens Ecology or The Cranberry Industry.

The 27 teachers, who had been told that "appropriate wetland attire is advised," were enthusiastic about what they learned. Those who were experiencing P.I.N.E.S. for the first time said they would bring their classes to the Institute as soon as possible.

During the last school year, The Pinelands Institute has held five such workshops, attended by 155 teaching staff from all levels of public and private schools.

And, as one might expect, since P.I.N.E.S. is an "Institute" of Glassboro and funded by the College, 366 students from Glassboro attended 28 lectures and field trips at the Whitesboro center. Many of these classes are for graduate student school teachers in Glassboro's Conservation and Environmental Education Program.

Working with teachers is a high priority with Patterson. "If we can educate the teachers, we multiply our effect hundreds of times," he says. "Our mission is to raise the environmental consciousness of the people we come in contact with. If we can do that with a teacher and that teacher transmits it to his/her students, we will be helping to create an environmental ethic in the next generation. We have a unique opportunity to do this because our classroom is in the Pinelands National Reserve, the first such area in the United States, and a part of a worldwide system of biosphere reserves under the United Nations 'Man and the Biosphere Program.'"

P.I.N.E.S. is an outgrowth of the former Conservation and Environmental Studies Center, Inc. (C.E.S.C.), a non-profit educational corporation founded by Glassboro Professor Emeritus V. Eugene Vivian. C.E.S.C. was originally funded by federal grants and gained national recognition for its environmental education programs. When Federal funding dried up, Vivian disbanded the corporation and retired in 1984.

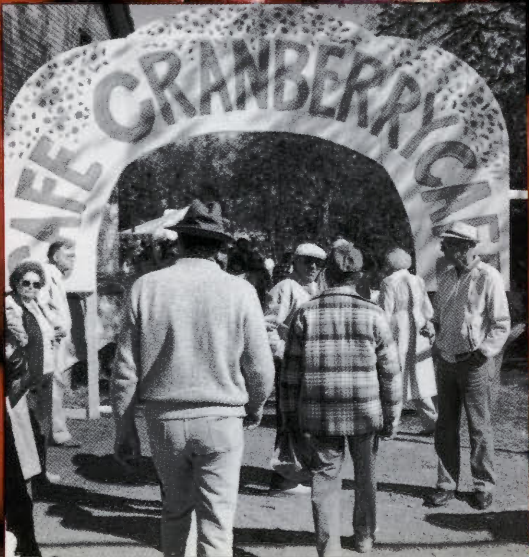
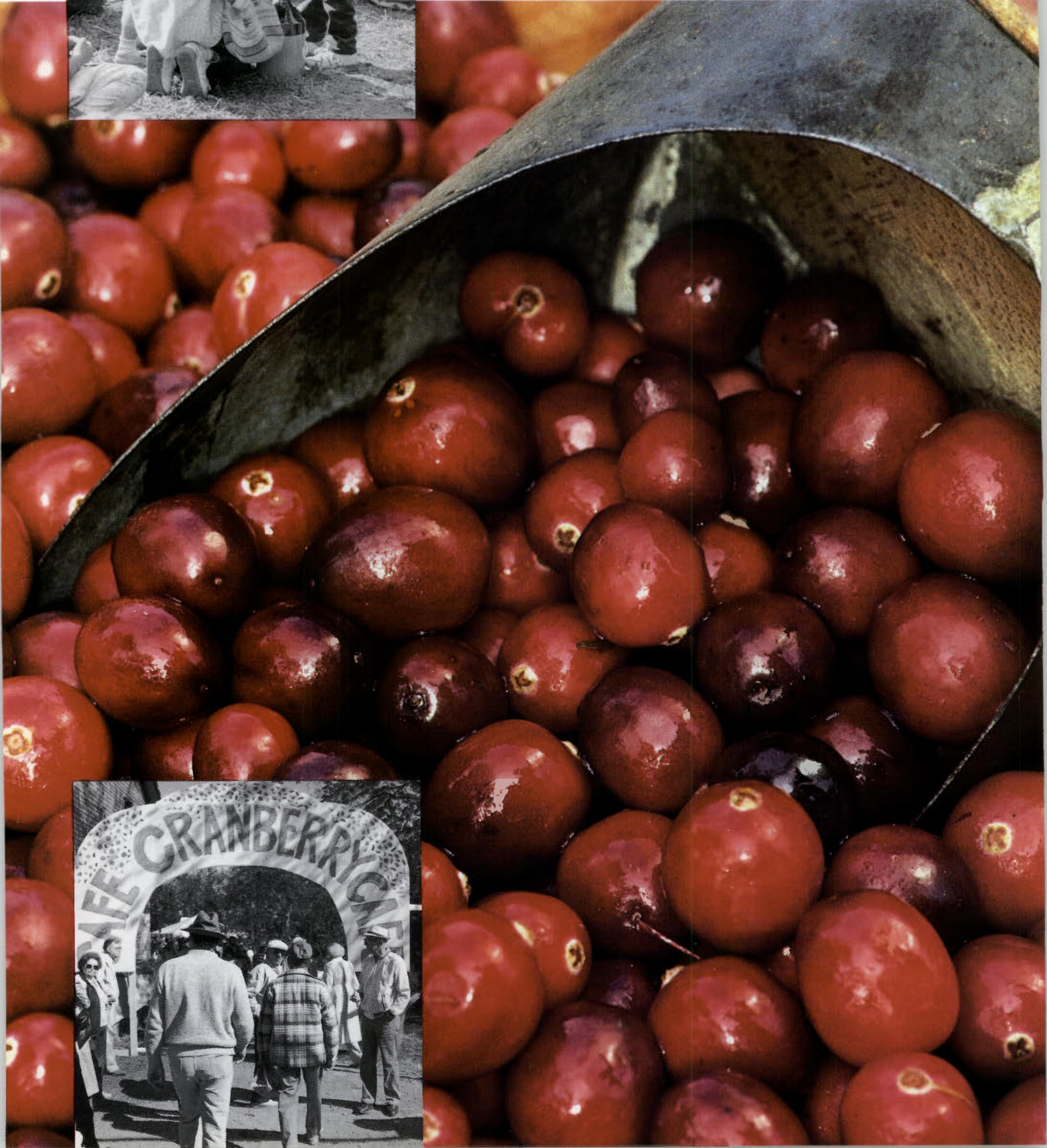
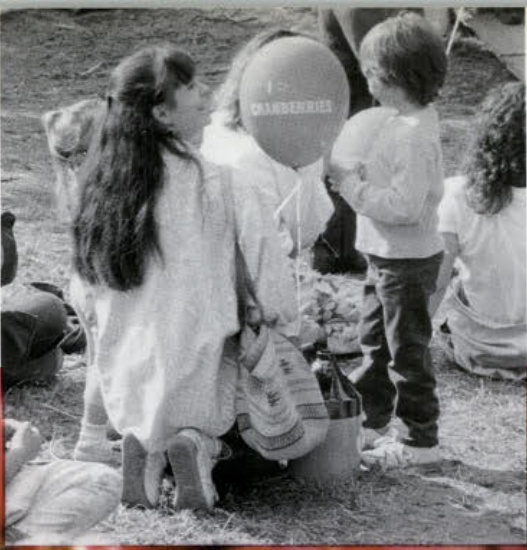
Less than a year later, Glassboro State College, with the encouragement of DEP's Division of Parks and Forestry, reactivated the educational portion of C.E.S.C. The course material created by Vivian and his staff is still the backbone of the programs now taught by the Pinelands Institute.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
HOWARD BOYD

*A group from Iselin Middle School works out a map problem.*

*Bert Nixdorf, P.I.N.E.S. faculty, explains the chemical composition of pond water to two teachers.*

Free-lance writer **Donald Kirchoffer** writes a monthly nature column for the *Burlington County Times* and lives in Vincentown. This is his first article for *New Jersey Outdoors*.



BY CORNELIUS HOGENBIRK

# Craving Cranberries?

Enjoy the 5th Annual Chatsworth Cranberry Festival

**The 1988 cranberry festival will be held on Saturday and Sunday, October 15 and 16, from 10 am until dusk. The fairgrounds are just a grasshoppers' jump from the center of Chatsworth, Woodland Township, at the junction of routes 532 and 563.**

**The historic White Horse Inn is on the east side of 563, on the fairgrounds. This is the side where the buses leave for the harvest tours—where the antique automobiles line up for a gawk and perhaps a toot—where the colorful music tent provides a stage for the country and folk music entertainers—and where Cranberry Cafe serves endless lines of patrons in want of eat and drink.**

The first New Jersey Cranberry Festival that was held in Chatsworth in 1984 drew an estimated crowd of 5,000. In only four years the Festival has grown ten-fold. An estimated 50,000 cranberry fans pressed into Chatsworth in 1987, to view and do, during the fourth annual event, now a two day affair.

The New Jersey Pine Barrens, or what is today the nation's first National Reserve, is a contiguous area of approximately 400,000 hectares that is dominated by forests of the

Pitch Pine, *Pinus rigida*. Tidal rivers, shallow lakes, cedar bogs and swamps relieve the landscape and give character to the region. Beneath its sands lies the Cohansey Aquifer, which is said to hold a reserve of 17 trillion gallons of clean, pure water.

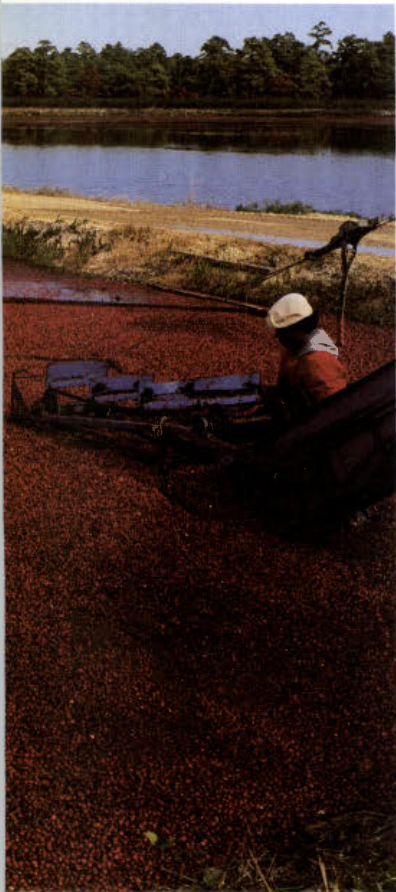
It is the availability of water, together with vast acreages of swamplands and bogs, as well as a flat terrain, that makes for a viable cranberry farming environment. Water is the key cranberry culture element and the life blood of the bogs, from winter to fall harvest. It is harnessed, conserved, and recycled repeatedly.

Mary Ann Thompson, Esq. of Vincentown, the originator and chief organizer of the Festival in an article "Landscapes of Cranberry Culture" said that, "Cranberry growing in New Jersey began on a large scale around the time of the Civil War, when cranberry fever swept the state."

Mary Ann spent her childhood on the extensive family blueberry/cranberry fields and bogs. Today much of her spare time is devoted to the study and documentation of the history and folklore of cranberry farming—and the Cranberry Festival. Her restored three-story home (once her grandmother's) is replete with cranberry-colored furniture and memorabilia too numerous and varied to describe. She is also a vigorous advocate for the preservation of the Pine Barrens and its vital water resources. In regards to the Festival, she said: "We were looking for a way to promote cranberries ... to show what the cranberry growers were doing to conserve water, and for a way to fund the preservation of the White Horse Inn."

The 130 year-old decaying and all but forgotten, cedar-sided and multi-fireplaced Inn was once a grand stagecoach stop. It later served rail passengers on their way to the famed Jersey Shore from north Jersey, New





Harvesting the cranberries.

**Cornelius Hogenbirk** is a writer and photographer. His words and pictures have appeared in several past issues of *New Jersey Outdoors*.

York and Philadelphia; a stopover for food, beverage and rest. It introduced city folk, if but briefly, to 'Piney' hospitality in a rather strange place of unruly pines, monotonous bogs and barrens.

One might well wonder what the thoughts of those yesterday travellers may have been as they reboarded their train. The heat rising from the ground carried with it a mixed scent of the sands, its special vegetation, and of the resinous pine needles so characteristic to the Barrens. First time visitors may have perhaps wondered if they were still in New Jersey.

The White Horse Inn will someday be restored to a semblance of its former self. Today it is just a mute reminder of a simpler way of life, sepia-toned and faded, that has had its day.

During the Festival it serves as a backdrop, with old time photographs temporarily affixed. Volunteer workers at sawhorse supported tables dispense information and sell varied cranberry goodies.

The Inn with its twenty some rooms, eleven fireplaces, and a indoor bathroom (a rarity in the early 1900s) once served as royal living quarters. A Prince Mario Ruspoli de Poggio-Suasa of Rome, an attache to the Italian embassy, lived there with his wife at the turn of the century. He then joined in a partnership with a Jonathan Godfrey, a manufacturing millionaire, forming a syndicate to build a hideaway playground for the elite of that era.

A Palladian villa was built for himself and a country club/vacation retreat for his friends that rivalled Newport. The complex included a lake with boardwalks, a golf course, riding stables, and landscaped paths through the quiet woods. All that is gone now, a victim of fire and changing times.

During the Festival the grounds surrounding the Inn become alive with hundreds of fairgoers. An erected portal invites one and all to enter "Cafe Cranberry," where food and drink is available for those willing to wait patiently in long lines.

This Festival, like all country fairs, has a full quota of contests—to say the least. There is a Pinelands photography contest, a cranberry arts contest, a cranberry floral design contest, a classic car show, with awards for the "most cranberry colored" car or truck, as well as for the oldest vehicle still being used in the bogs—and one for the largest Jersey grown berry that was entered for judging.

The hottest contest, and one that draws hundreds of entries, is the cranberry recipe contest. Would you believe ten categories? If one were to sample from each it would surely be a unique and tasty experience. Categories ranged from cakes, pies, cookies, candy, jams,

jellies, and on through relishes, sauces, and variety, meaning anything goes just as long as it has a cranberry or two therein.

Each category winner received (you guessed it) a case of Ocean Spray juice along with their ribbons. The best of show also earned a \$250 cash prize.

The harvest tours are without doubt one of the Festival's most popular events. A memorable experience for those fortunate to get tickets for the somewhat limited number of tours. More growers are starting to participate at each succeeding fair, so that future chances of getting to go on a harvest operations tour should be much improved.

Country and Blue Grass singers are always crowd pleasers. The audience seated on benches, or simply on the ground, surround a colorful tent where the bands perform. On occasion a band will include a "Get Bucket" player, or an old time "Spoon Clapper" to everyone's delight. Much applause rewards the performers.

In addition, members of the Pinelands Dulcimer Society entertain groups of fairgoers with the hauntingly sweet sounds of their "Mountain" dulcimers.

That sly "Jersey Devil" slinks about the grounds and then is gone. Half man, half devil, cloven-hooved and with forked tail, the "Devil" joins in the fun and allows snapshots to be taken while holding a child's hand or being embraced.

One Festival performer who has shown up at each of the fairs so far is "Rotten Ralph," Ralph Alburger of Turnersville, lover of children and country poet. Ralph fastens stilts onto his 70-year-old plus legs and, in either flour sack or clown costume, transforms into 10-foot tall, hop-skipping and jiggling "Rotten Ralph". And everyone starts snapping pictures.

There is never a letup in the sale of prime, fresh Jersey Cranberries, as bag after bag are sold and barrel after barrel gets emptied.

Chatsworth is located right in the center of the Burlington County cranberry farming area. A very large percentage of the New Jersey crop is harvested from the 3,200 acres of bogs in this region. In recognition of this fact Ocean Spray will soon have a large and modern cranberry processing complex in operation here. It is now under construction and is hardly half a mile from the center of town.

The Chatsworth Festival is sponsored by the American Cranberry Growers Association, Jersey Fresh, Ocean Spray, and Chatsworth Club II. For information, write to:

Chatsworth Club II  
Box 331  
Chatsworth, N.J. 08019





PHOTOGRAPHS BY AUTHOR

In this age of sophisticated communication systems, it is good to see that the traditional private mailbox, with its daily gift of promise and anticipation for its owner, is still holding its own. More than just holding its own, there seems to be in recent years a renewed interest, even a silent competition of sorts, among New Jerseyites in owning the 'best little mailbox' in the neighborhood.

Driving along the backroads and through small towns of our state, one is amazed and amused by the variety of mailboxes that populate the countryside. While most are still fashioned from practical plain tin or aluminum, many boast a personality all their own

or reflect the imagination of the folks who own them.

Some boxes are proud, well kept and declare their presence in no uncertain terms, while others hide shyly in a bush or even go incognito. There are mailboxes that speak to the passe-by in plain English or whisper mysterious messages.


Beside the ones that announce the owner's occupation, hobby or love of nature, there are those that are just pretty to look at. There are loners, and there are sociables that need company—and lots of it.

In some cases, it is not the box that grabs one's attention but its support. While most boxes follow a traditional

## Is that a Mailbox ?

By SUSANNA SZILARD

bent and rest on cinderblocks, water-pipes, freshly-painted milk cans or wooden poles, the more discriminating ones prefer to dwell in a tree, perch on top of a trash can—a practical case of killing two birds with one stone considering all the junk mail that comes its way—or make themselves comfortable on a pile of rocks ("if you haven't got a horse, a donkey will do," my grandfather used to say).

The next time you are out on a long and boring drive, try to spot unusual mailboxes and see your trip shrink in length and grow in fun. Be careful not to take your eyes off the road completely or you may wind up as part of one of the 'interesting' ones. 

Clara C. Cohen  
607 Plaza Street  
Princeton, NJ 08500



Dear Editor

## Testing to Make the Jersey Shore Safe

I have just finished reading the July-August issue of *New Jersey Outdoors* and believe it to be one of your best issues (our family has been receiving *New Jersey Outdoors* for over 5 years). I found the article on plastic pollution very timely and, unfortunately, all too accurate a description of what has happened to one of New Jersey's most beautiful natural resources, our beaches.

The article on shark fishing in the July-August issue of *New Jersey Outdoors* promotes using a styrofoam block as a float. When the fish strikes, the styrofoam block is cut in half and floats away to wash up on our beaches. Isn't it ironic that this article appears in the same issue with the plastic pollution article!

I am over forty years old and have gone to the Jersey Shore every summer of my life and enjoyed it both as a child and as an adult. My children, ages 10 and 5, enjoyed it. But our family will no longer be vacationing at the Jersey Shore. Beach pollution is the reason.

By beach pollution, I do not refer to the refuse left by people who use the beach—their trash is unsightly but not life-threatening—I refer to the industrial and hospital waste that has devastated our Jersey beaches. Episodes of hypodermic needles and blood vials washing ashore are common occurrences. Industrial polluters, such as Ciba-Geigy, are allowed to dump their chemical wastes one-half mile off Ortley Beach through a pipeline the DEP approved. No one knows the long term effects of Ciba-Geigy's dumping but the DEP, by allowing the dumping to continue, is willing to gamble with our future health and the condition of our ocean and shore.

This summer, our family will be vacationing on other states' beaches. That's lost revenue for New Jersey but, more sadly, it's a commentary on the state of our environment and our inability to deal with it.

Anthony J. Crosta, Jr.  
Princeton Junction

## National Hunting & Fishing Day



Sept. 24, 1988

*We're glad you hit on the styrofoam block. The true irony is that we intentionally left it in the story to illustrate how even those of us with the best of intentions are part of the man-made trash problem on our beaches. The investigation for sources of the plastic and medical wastes continues. If it lies beyond the three-mile limit, it will require federal intervention and enforcement of the MARPOL treaty which makes ocean disposal of most plastics illegal.*

*Ciba-Geigy initially received a discharge permit from the federal government. Testing of Ciba's effluent by the DEP resulted in a state-issued permit which is the most stringent industrial permit for discharge to ocean waters in the country. Under this permit, substantial improvement in effluent quality has occurred. The DEP has also been involved in at least four long-term studies of the effluent and has found no impact from the waste-*

New Jersey Outdoors welcomes letters from readers. Letters for publication should include the writer's name and address and should be mailed to: Editor, New Jersey Outdoors, CN 402, Trenton, N.J. 08625. Letters may be edited for reasons of length or clarity. Please keep the letters coming. We'd like to hear what you think about the magazine. We'll also try to answer questions and if we cannot, we'll ask our readers for help.

*water in the nearshore waters. Additional ocean research continues, as does a State Department of Health study to determine if any potential health impacts exist.*

*Our coastal monitoring program and the testing of ocean waters for contact recreational use is the most comprehensive in the nation, and no state uses a lower bacterial standard and more stringent criteria than ours. On those occasions when you are informed of a problem in the water, it is because county and state agencies are out there looking and testing. Several years ago Atlantic coastal states followed New Jersey's initiatives and tested their crustaceans and finfish for contamination. They too found the same contamination we had found first.*

*When you swim at another state's beach, ask our counterpart agencies what they test for, how often and what is their standard. Let's not erroneously assume their waters are safe.*

## More "Shark Bait"

On page 24 of your July/August 1988 issue you have an article on the horrors of plastic pollution. Yet in the same issue you have an article on shark fishing which describes how to use a styrofoam float for bait: "When the shark hits, the block will be cut clearly in half, permitting an unencumbered fight." And what happens to the pieces of that block of styrofoam?

Apparently "sportsmen" are excused from social conscience.

Bruce Freeman  
Neptune

*Many shark fishermen attach a rubber balloon to their lines rather than the styrofoam float. When the balloon is pulled underwater by the hooked shark, it ruptures. As the line is reeled in, the deflated balloon remains attached, either becoming caught on the rod's tip guide or reeled into the line's spool. In either case, the ruptured balloon can be removed, stowed aboard with the trash for proper disposal on shore.*

*Anglers, beach users, campers—what say you?*

# Calendar of Events

## SEPTEMBER

- 10 7th ANNUAL DECOY AND WILD-LIFE SHOW, sponsored by the Ocean City Arts Center. Categories for decorative birds and floating/hunting decoys. 10 am to 8:30 pm on the Music Pier, Moorlyn Terrace and the Boardwalk. Call 609/399-7628.
- 10 2nd ANNUAL NEW JERSEY SEA-FOOD FESTIVAL, on the banks of Silver Lake in Belmar. Seafood sampling, educational exhibits, entertainment, costumed sea creatures. 10 am to 5 pm. Call 201/932-9158.
- 11 1988 SPRINT TRIATHLON, sponsored by the Monmouth County Park System. 8 am start at Seven Presidents Park, Ocean Avenue, Long Branch, for the 1/4-mile ocean swim, 14-mile bike ride and 4-mile run. Call 201/842-4000 X237.
- 17 FLY FISHING FOR BEGINNERS, a 6-hour course by East Jersey Chapter of Trout Unlimited and Division of Fish, Game and Wildlife. 10 am to 4 pm. Registration required. Call Pequest Trout Hatchery and Natural Resources Education Center at 201/637-4125.
- 17-18 6th ANNUAL WINGS 'N WATER FESTIVAL, fundraiser benefitting the Wetlands Institute, Stone Harbor. Woodcarving, wildlife art show, oyster shucking, marine biology and photography exhibits, seafood, music, guided nature walks and harbor cruises. 10 am to 5 pm Sa, S til 4 pm. \$6 adults, \$2 children. Call 609/368-1211.
- 18 ANNUAL ART, GLASS AND BOTTLE SHOW at historic Batsto Village, located in the Wharton State Forest, Route 542, 8 mi. east of Hammonton. Special commemorative postmark to be issued at historical Batsto Post Office. 9 am to 5 pm. Call 609/561-0024.
- 18 STEUBEN FESTIVAL '88, German-American festival featuring music, dance, food, crafts, historical house tours and reenactments at New Bridge Landing Historic Park in River Edge. 11 am to 4 pm. \$2 admission. Call 201/343-9492.
- 21 HAWKS OF NEW JERSEY. 8 pm slide show and talk about identification, habits and migrations of hawks. Pequest Natural Resources Education Center. Call 201/637-4125.

- 24-25 CIVIL WAR ENCAMPMENT AND COTILLION. Military buffs recreate an early Civil War muster camp. 10 am to 4 pm, Cotillion at 7 pm Sa. Historic Cold Spring Village. \$1.50 admission. Call 609/884-1810.
- 24-25 BIKE TOUR FOR MS, 100-mile bicycle tour benefits Bergen-Passaic Chapter, National Multiple Sclerosis Society. Ramsey to Port Jervis, NY, overnight in Sussex and return via chartered NJT train. Call 201/837-0025.
- 24-25 OLD TIME BARNEGAT BAY DECOY AND GUNNING SHOW. Tip Seaman County Park, Lakeside Drive and Route 9, and Pinelands Regional H.S., Tucker-ton. Sponsored by Ocean County Dept. Parks and Recreation. Call 609/296-5606.

## OCTOBER

- Sept. 30-NEW JERSEY AUDUBON SOCIETY AUTUMN WEEKEND. 42nd natural history mecca in Cape May for workshops, programs, field and boat trips during the peak of bird and monarch butterfly migration. Call Cape May Bird Observatory 609/884-2736.
- 1 WHITESBOG & CRANBERRIES, WALKING TOUR AND HIKE. Visit to this historic company town sponsored by Glassboro Alumni Association. Slide presentation, walking tour of village and 3½-mile hike. 10 am start at Elizabeth White Reception Hall, Whitesbog Road, 1/2-mile north of Route 530. Call 609/267-7052.
- 1 5th ANNUAL HUNTINGTON'S DISEASE BENEFIT BIKE TOUR. Sponsored by Huntington's Disease Society of America, NJ Chapter, in cooperation with the Central Jersey Bike Club. 25, 50 and 100-mile tours start at Raritan Valley Community College in North Branch. Call 201/828-3070.
- 1-2 ANTIQUE FISHING COLLECTIBLES SHOW at Historic Cold Spring Village. Dealers and collectors of rods, reels, lures and other sporting memorabilia. 10 am to 4 pm. \$1.50 admission. Call 609/884-1810.
- 2 FUNGUS FEST '88, conducted by NJ Mycological Association at the Somerset County Environmental Education Center. 11 am to 5 pm mushroom cooking demonstra-

- tions, slide lecture on fungal flora, wild mushroom exhibit, trail walks. (See NJO Sept./Oct. 87) Call 201/766-2489.
- 7-16 VICTORIAN WEEK, Cape May City. Historical lectures, period entertainment and walking tours of some of this city's finest "painted ladies." Call 609/884-5404.
- 15 BIRD WALK, in search of marsh and upland species. Hackensack Meadowlands Development Commission (HMDC) Environment Center, end of Valley Brook Avenue, Lyndhurst. 8:30 am. Call 201/460-8300.
- 15-16 3rd ANNUAL CRANBERRY FESTIVAL, Chatsworth (Burlington). See story on ppg. 30-32. From 10 am to dusk at junction of Routes 532 and 563. Call 609/859-9701.
- 16 COUNTRY LIVING FAIR, 10 am to 5 pm at historic Batsto Village. Nearly 100 exhibitors of authentic early american living, Farm, forestry, craft and animal exhibits, food and refreshments. Call 609/561-0024.
- 19 FLY TYING, creating your own "match the hatch" flies. Sponsored by the East Jersey Chapter of Trout Unlimited at Pequest. Call 201/637-4125.
- 22 MOONLIGHT HIKE: HISTORIC WHITESBOG, 7-mile hike over sand roads, along cranberry bogs and through the pines. Bring flashlight, snacks and beverage. 5:30 pm start at Elizabeth White Reception Hall (see Oct. 1). Call 609/267-7052.
- 22-23 WOODCARVING SHOW. Exhibit, demonstrations and sale by North Jersey woodcarvers at HMDC Education Center. 10 am to 5 pm. \$2 admission. Call 201/460-8300.
- 29 15th ANNUAL ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS, sponsored by Association of NJ Environmental Commissions at Princeton Day School. "The Ratables Chase: Taxing the Environment," day-long session of speakers, workshops, exhibits and environmental achievement awards. Fee. Call ANJEC at 201/539-7547.
- 30- Nov. 1 26th FALL CONFERENCE OF THE WATER RESOURCES ASSOCIATION OF THE DELAWARE RIVER BASIN at Harrah's Marina Hotel. "Water Resources, Land Use And Economic Development—Not Something to Gamble With." Call 215/783-0634.

# Northern Goshawk

BY BOB ERIKSEN

Majestic sugar maples and beeches stood tall in the afternoon sun. Four blue jays and a mixed winter flock of chickadees, titmice, nuthatches and downy woodpeckers foraged along low branches and in the leaf litter exposed by melting snow.

Intent on their search for food under the hardwoods, the songbirds failed to notice a gray form hurtling toward them at breakneck speed. The hawk was twenty feet away when one of the jays realized what was happening. The jay screamed a warning causing all the feeding birds to flush. Although the reaction of the winter flock was quick, the hawk was on a downy woodpecker before he moved more than a yard. With incredible agility the hawk struck with its feet extended in mid-flight. Black and white feathers exploded in a shower. The woodpecker died instantly from the force of impact and the strength of the raptor's feet.

Blue jays sounded alarm calls from branches near where the hawk landed. The large bird pulled a few feathers from its quarry and dropped them on the ground. Then it flew to a nearby fallen tree used as a "plucking post" for several years to devour its prey. *Accipiter gentilis*, the northern goshawk had struck in typical accipiter fashion. After approaching the feeding flock by moving stealthily from one tree to another, its final approach consisted of a dive to attain speed and rapid flight to the target.

The northern goshawk, largest of three accipiter species found in New Jersey, is an uncommon nester in four or five northwestern counties. Quite common in the boreal forests of New England and Canada, New Jersey is on the southern edge of the species' breeding range. During the fall migration, however, goshawks may be seen in any wooded area of the state. They winter in woodlots and forested areas throughout the state. Periodic increases in the goshawk population to our north result in heavier than usual migration of these birds through New Jersey in some years.

Goshawks are large handsome birds

measuring 18 to 24 inches with a wingspan of 38 to 45 inches. Weights of 24 to 43 ounces have been recorded. As is the case with many raptor species, female goshawks are larger than their male counterparts.

The head of the adult goshawk is black with a thick white superciliary line. The back and upperwing coverts are slate blue while the underparts are blue-gray with fine black barring and some black streaking. The flight feathers are lightly barred on the underside, and the tail is dark gray with three or four indistinct dark bands. The undertail coverts are fluffy and white. Characteristic of the adult bird is a deep red iris in the eye.

Two-year-old birds are known as subadults. They differ from the adult in that the streaking and barring of the breast is heavier, some brown upperwing coverts are present and the iris color is orange to red. First-year birds are brown where the adults are black, blue and gray. The back and upperwing coverts show tan and white mottling. Flight feathers of immatures are boldly barred once the dark bands on the tail are quite obvious. Immature undertail coverts are streaked and the iris of first-year birds is yellow. All age classes have yellow legs.

Goshawks are excellent hunters, masters of fast flight and highly agile. Pursuit of dinner often takes the birds on high speed chases through branches and thick brush. Not easily discouraged, goshawks have even been known to follow prey on foot. Availability of prey species affects the diet of the goshawk. Red squirrels and ruffed grouse are favored items although the goshawk will also take rabbits, grey squirrels, pheasant and mice. Passerine birds are a regular food item in late winter through early summer. Various thrushes, chipmunks and red squirrels comprise the bulk of the grocery list during the goshawks' nesting season.

Arriving at their nesting territory in late February or early March, goshawks spend a great deal of time in courtship flights and territorial defense. An

elaborate stick nest is built at a height of 25 to 50 feet at a site which provides the birds with good visibility for detection of possible threats. The nests are large and may be reused should the pair return the following year. Tiercel goshawks periodically decorate the nest with fresh sprigs of hemlock or pine. The hen lays a clutch of two to five off-white eggs which hatch in mid-May. Both parents staunchly defend the nest by vocalizing and attacking any perceived threat including people.

Young goshawks are well cared for by their parents. They are protected and fed at the nest until they fledge, a period of about four to six weeks. After leaving the nest young goshawks follow their parents and are fed after chasing an adult bird with its quarry. Adults may occasionally release prey captured alive for the young to practice hunting. By late July the juveniles make the transition to capturing their own dinners and the family groups begin to break up. Mortality is high among first-year birds. A goshawk which makes it through that critical first year is likely to survive six to ten years.

The reputation of the northern goshawk as an adept and relentless hunter is well-earned. They will, however, occasionally take an easy meal from a barnyard or backyard chicken flock. Such behavior is typical of young goshawks and is usually short-term rather than habitual. Goshawks have also been known to take advantage of the concentrations of songbirds around bird feeders. Kills of this type are natural predator-prey interactions. If an accipiter makes a kill at your bird feeder, try to think of it as another form of bird-feeding rather than a threat to your feeder.

Goshawks are one of our most beautiful and fascinating raptors. Sightings of northern goshawks in New Jersey should be reported to the Endangered and Nongame Species Program. Spring or summer sightings and nest locations are especially important. Keep your eyes peeled for this large accipiter and enjoy the experience of seeing him.



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Carol Decker

1984

5th ANNIVERSARY

1988



# NEW JERSEY

1988 WATERFOWL STAMP

Rob Leslie