CONNECTICUT Woodlands

THE WORLD OF HELEN BINNEY KITCHEL

ALSO: ON THE PATHS OF OLMSTED, AND BALANCING RURAL MANSFIELD WITH URBAN STORRS

The Magazine of the Connecticut Forest & Park Association SUMMER 2015 Volume 80 No 2

DAVID K. LEFF

Frederick Law Olmsted's 1870 design of New Britain's Walnut Hill Park still works despite many changes. *Story on page 10.*

Connecting People to the Land

Our mission: The Connecticut Forest & Park Association protects forests, parks, walking trails and open spaces for future generations by connecting people to the land. CFPA directly involves individuals and families, educators, community leaders and volunteers to enhance and defend Connecticut's rich natural heritage. CFPA is a private, non-profit organization that relies on members and supporters to carry out its mission.

Our vision: We envision Connecticut as a place of scenic beauty whose cities, suburbs, and villages are linked by a network of parks, forests, and trails easily accessible for all people to challenge the body and refresh the spirit. We picture a state where clean water, timber, farm fresh foods, and other products of the land make a significant contribution to our economic and cultural well-being.

Connecticut Woodlands

Published quarterly by the
Connecticut Forest & Park Association,
16 Meriden Road,
Rockfall, CT 06481-2961
Indexed in the Connecticut Periodical Index,
ISSN 00106257
Telephone: 860-346-TREE
Fax: 860-347-7463.
E-mail address: info@ctwoodlands.org
Web site: ctwoodlands.org

Annual Membership

Individual	$ 35
Family	$ 50
Supporting	$ 100
Benefactor	$ 250

Life Membership

$ 2500

Corporate Membership

Club / Non-profit	$ 75
Sustaining	$ 100
Landmark	$ 250
Stewardship	$ 500
Leadership	$ 1000

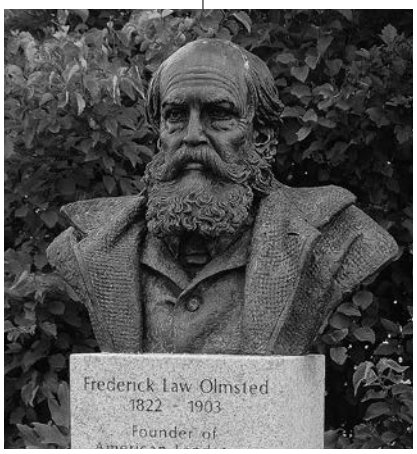
Member of EarthShare New England

Printed on 60% Recycled,
FSC and Green-e Certified Paper

CONNECTICUT Woodlands

The Magazine of the Connecticut Forest & Park Association SUMMER 2015 Volume 80 No.2

CONTENTS



DAVID K. LEFF

A bust of landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted greets visitors to the Institute of Living grounds in Hartford.

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

GREENWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On the Cover:

Members of Helen Binney Kitchel's family staged a play on a wooded farm property in Greenwich sometime in the 1920s. They tried to save this land for a state park. That conservation ethic drove Mrs. Kitchel in her political and volunteer pursuits. *See page 6.*

CORRECTION: The caption for a sketch of an old tar kiln, accompanying Emery Gluck's article, "Pitch Pine-Scrub Oak Barrens," in Spring 2015, misstated which part of the tree holds the tar. Kilns extract the tar from pitch pine deadwood, stumps, knots, and logs.

Trees by the roadside

BY ERIC LUKINGBEAL

Ten or 15 years ago, the sixth largest elm in Connecticut grew by the side of Route 189, north of Granby's commercial center. It died a few years ago, and the state Department of Transportation removed it. The stump remains. Nothing was planted to replace it. It stands about two miles from my house. I pass it often on my way to town, and when I do, I wonder if it could or should be replaced. Granby has many roadside trees, but not as many as when I came here more than 30 years ago. Storms—especially the October 2011 snowstorm—disease, age, and road salt have taken their toll. Sugar maples seem especially hard hit. Many appear to me very old, though still spectacular in fall. The crowns are dying back, and many shed branches in winter. My own roadside sugar maple is failing. It loses its leaves earlier than it did 10 years ago. The situation is the same in many towns: Roadside trees are in decline, and the oldest and most-diseased are regularly taken down by the state, the town, or the electric utilities. No one seems to replace these trees.

Here in Connecticut, we have a State Vegetation Management Task Force, formed as a response to the two big storms several years ago during which many lost power for more than a week. The task force was chaired by our own executive director, Eric Hammerling. The task force compiled a lot of data on public spending on trees, and on the state of trees in general. In one sense, a strong case can be made for feeling pretty good about our trees. Connecticut has the 16th greatest percentage of tree cover in the United States (almost 60 percent), and within New England ranks first in urban tree cover (49 percent). But how much is actually being spent on trees in town budgets? After all, most roadsides are managed by towns. Under Connecticut property law, the town owns a right of way from the centerline extending out about 25 feet on each side. This is based on the old measurement of three rods, which is equal to 49.5 feet. The town has the legal right to cut down and remove any obstruction in its right of way. If you lose a tree in the town's right of way, the town has no legal obligation to replace it. The utilities also have somewhat more limited rights to remove trees and branches. Again, there is no right to a replacement.

Town spending on trees (which seems to include pruning, treatment, removal, and replacement) varies widely. The vegetation task force's figures are revealing. Greenwich spends more than $900,000 per year; Sprague spends $217.00. On a per-capita basis, New Canaan spends $16.60, Greenwich $14.73, Naugatuck 10 cents, and Sprague 7 cents. The state average is $3.00 per capita. Total annual spending on trees by all towns is estimated to be $10.5 million. By contrast, the two regulated utilities spend a total of $27 million. Most towns spend very little, with 102 of 169 having budgets under $3 per capita. Only 15 towns spend more than $4 per capita. My town of Granby and neighboring Simsbury each spend less than a dollar. Such rough comparisons are probably a bit unfair to towns that are small and rural.

The report recommended that all towns should develop five-year roadside forest management plans, to be based on a model ordinance that would include pruning, removal, and planting guidelines. One of the suggested guidelines is that all proposals to plant trees should be approved by the town tree warden. The task force also recommends that towns appropriate $100,000 for two years' tree maintenance. The model ordinance has not yet been drafted. It's not clear whether or when it will be. Vermont has a model ordinance that could be adapted to local conditions and finances and used by any town here. It will take money and resolve by a town's citizens to do right by our roadside trees. Governor Dannel Malloy's budget czar, Ben Barnes, said not long ago that Connecticut is in a state of "permanent financial crisis." My wife is a selectwoman in Granby. She tells me there is no money to spare. Still, wouldn't most of us agree to spend a few dollars per person to take care of and replace roadside trees that are dead or dying? We all know what roadsides without trees look like. It's depressing, in every season. And it's hot without shade. Our descendants will view us as wise ancestors if we make this relatively small investment.

Eric Lukingbeal is a retired environmental lawyer. He lives with his wife, Sally King, in Granby, where he serves on the town's land trust and planning and zoning commission.

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CONNECTICUT WOODLANDS

ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNALISTS TALK ABOUT THEIR BEAT

Also: Poetry on the Mattatuck and Finch Brook Trails

Women make the conservation world go round

BY ERIC HAMMERLING

My dad taught me to love history and football, but my mom taught me both to love the outdoors and to think about our important role as stewards of the environment for today and future generations. My mom was active in our local chapter of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, eventually becoming chapter president. She ensured that I spent several summers at the Pleasant Valley Nature Day Camp in Lenox and at the Berkshire Botanical Garden in Stockbridge. Her nurturing influence was profound. She instilled in me a respect for the natural world that helps guide my daily actions. It should come as no surprise that many women like my mom (or leaders such as Helen Binney Kitchel, featured in this issue of Woodlands) both are the inspiration for their children and have become leaders in the conservation community.

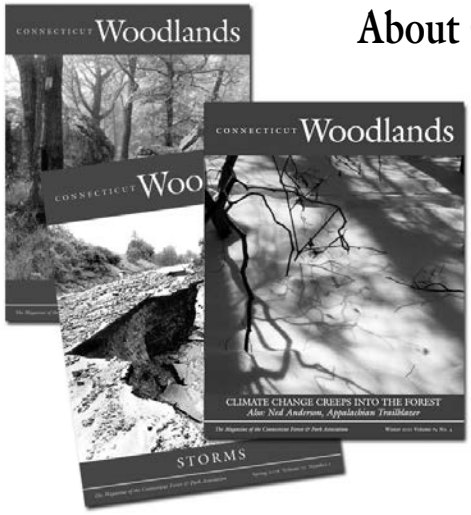
Although many authors on the influence of women on environmentalism today tend to start with the growth of "ecofeminism" in the 1970s, women led the environmental movement much earlier in the United States and internationally.

Indeed, the first "tree huggers" were women. In the early 1900s in India, government-sponsored loggers and peasant villagers fought over forest clearing. As the story goes, the government wanted to cut trees for industrial purposes, but the women in the villages wanted to preserve the trees, which provided food for their families. In one famous encounter in 1906, the government lured the men away from a few villages to a site where they were promised payment for the trees. As the men left their villages for the meeting—which was a sham because the government had no intention of paying them—loggers were hastily dispatched to cut down the forest around the villages. The women who remained in the village hugged the trees, literally, to prevent their being cut down. Tree-hugging by women in India who were otherwise disenfranchised gave rise to the Chipko movement. Chipko is a Hindi word meaning "to stick" like glue. Since that time, the Chipko movement that began with these women has inspired many nonviolent protests against unsustainable deforestation in the developing world.

Women are viewed as the spokespeople for positive environmental change in their communities. In fact, the International Union for the Conservation of Nature launched a special initiative a few years ago to develop Climate Change Gender Action Plans, called ccGAPs. These ccGAPs describe the potential impacts of climate change in each country. They are designed to combat climate change by empowering women, both as green entrepreneurs and community leaders. The IUCN has found that if women are both informed about climate change and empowered to make a difference, good things happen.

We are fortunate at CFPA to follow in the footsteps of influential women who were passionate about making a difference for conservation in Connecticut. Women such as Helen Binney Kitchel and Frances Osborne Kellogg, who are no longer living; and many women who continue the movement today: Sally Taylor, Sidney Van Zandt, Jean Crum Jones, Ruth Cutler, Starr Sayres, and many others. They have been and continue to be essential to the fulfillment of the Connecticut Forest & Park Association's conservation mission, and we thank them *all!*

Eric Hammerling has directed CFPA for seven years. He lives in West Hartford.



About Connecticut Forest & Park Association *and* Connecticut Woodlands Magazine

***Connecticut Woodlands** is a quarterly magazine published since 1936 by CFPA, a member-based nonprofit organization dedicated to conserving the land, trails, and natural resources of Connecticut.*

Members of CFPA receive the magazine in the mail four times a year.

For more information about CFPA, to join or donate online, visit our website, www.ctwoodlands.org, or call 860-346-TREE.

Give the gift of membership in CFPA.
Contact Marty Gosselin at 860-346-TREE.

Helen Binney Kitchel in a 1970s newspaper clipping.

HELEN BINNEY KITCHEL

CHAMPION OF NATURE

BY CHRISTINE WOODSIDE

A few years ago, Greenwich local history librarian Carl White called Helen Binney Kitchel "the Rachel Carson of Greenwich, Connecticut." The two women were very different but similar in a basic sense. Both were New England natives who feared that civilization was damaging the natural world.

Ms. Carson was a marine biologist who wrote lyrical books about the sea. Her magnum opus, *Silent Spring* (Houghton Mifflin), appeared in 1962. She changed public attitudes about chemicals. The opening of that book starts with an ideal town, before pesticides' effects had poisoned birds and animals: "Along the roads, laurel, viburnum and alder, great ferns and wildflowers delighted the traveler's eye through much of the year. Even in winter the roadsides were places of beauty. . . . "

Mrs. Kitchel became a politician and writer in middle age. She also thought "roadsides were places of beauty." Her greatest political fight was against billboards. It sounds like a small thing, but it symbolized much more. She scrawled, in pencil for one of her many speeches, the reason why. "Connecticut is in reality a huge garden—not awe-inspiring, like the Canadian Rockies or Yellowstone Park or the Grand Canyon—but comfortable and intimate and restful." She then recited images she'd listed on the page, almost like a poem. "Sheen of sea across the sand or marsh, beauty of snow and ice in winter, glory of autumn foliage, shadow of meadows and farming—this is our heritage. This is what we are fighting to preserve."

"Billboards along rural roads are an affront," she went on. "Not only do they obscure the view—they destroy the effect of relaxation and recreation which are induced by communion with nature. Even though this effect is often entirely subconscious."

GREENWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Young Helen, standing in back, with her siblings and mother.

Crayola Crayon Family

Mrs. Kitchel was born September 9, 1890. The family lived in Old Greenwich, which then was called Sound View. Her parents were Edwin Binney and Alice Stead Binney. Her grandfather Joseph manufactured charcoal in upstate New York. Her father Edwin expanded the business as Binney and Smith with his cousin C. Harold Smith. The company manufactured marking pencils, school slates, and chalk and perfected the modern crayon. Mrs. Kitchel's mother Alice coined the name *Crayola*, which combines (the Binney and Smith history relates) the French word for chalk, *craie*, with "ola," meaning oily (derived from the word *oleaginous*).

Mrs. Kitchel's mother, a former teacher, wrote and published songs reflecting her lighthearted love of nature and children—such as one called "Bobolink," and a piano piece inspired by her daughter, "Helen's Caprice." Mrs. Binney also was a published poet.

The Binneys were the first family to live on the shore in Old

Greenwich. On a carriage ride early in their marriage, they spotted the land where they would build their fieldstone house, "Rocklyn," in 1895. Their old albums are filled with photos of the family enjoying the beach and the outdoors. Helen had a brother, Edwin "June" Binney Jr., and two sisters, Dorothy and Mary.

Mrs. Kitchel attended Catherine Aiken School in Stamford and married Allan Farrand Kitchel in summer 1909, when she was 18 and he had just graduated from Yale University. Her parents gave them a house on Binney Lane, "Oaklyn," as a wedding present. Allan Kitchel joined his father-in-law's company and later was its president. He also was active on town committees.

The Kitchels had four children, Allan F. Kitchel Jr. (called Tim), Douglas, Barbara (called Bobbie), and Happy. "I should not say politics or a career and domesticity were incompatible," Mrs. Kitchel said in a 1934 interview with the Bridgeport Sunday Post, "but for me they were." But she got involved, deeply, in politics when her children were in college. Originally, this involvement came through the Garden Club of Old Greenwich, which was part of the greater Federated Garden Clubs.

Campaign Against Billboards

In 1931, she was elected to the first of four terms in the Connecticut House of Representatives, 1931 to 1939. Almost right away, she began an intense campaign against billboards on the side of roads. She was the first woman in Connecticut ever to have a bill named after her, the Kitchel bill. She introduced anti-billboard bills several times, and although the core of her argument never became part of the eventual state law covering billboards (Connecticut General Statutes, 21–58), she instilled an attitude that changed how people viewed roadsides. Cities, towns, and policy bodies such as the Merritt Parkway Advisory Commission exercised control over billboards that Mrs. Kitchel surely influenced in her early fight.

Her ability to write and her natural affinity for a good campaign, plus her parents' love of nature instilled in her from birth, came together in that campaign against billboards. In 1927, the state had passed a regulation requiring permits for billboards in its law concerning outdoor advertising. The permits ranged from $3 to $9 for 900 square feet. And the billboards could not stand within 100 feet of parks, forests, playgrounds, or cemeteries. But Mrs. Kitchel and her garden club friends felt that this was not far enough away.

From her first sponsored bill in 1933, the friendly, approachable Mrs. Kitchel made friends all over New England in this campaign. This was the decade when car travel had taken a firm hold on the state's life. Outdoor advertising organizations fought her campaign, but that did not seem to faze Mrs. Kitchel, who joined forces with the Federated Garden Clubs. She spoke to the National Council for Protection of Roadside Beauty in New York City on October 8, 1934. She asked Governor Wilbur Cross to mention billboards in his inaugural address of 1934. He wrote to her, "I may find a way." As far as we can determine, he did not find a way to mention billboards in his inaugural address.

Right top, Helen grew up in this house, called Rocklyn. It was the first shoreline dwelling in Old Greenwich. Right, Helen, with her family on a tour of the Binney and Smith factory, where Crayola crayons were made.

GREENWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

When her billboard legislation passed in the House but failed in the Senate, Mrs. Kitchel started a movement to create the Connecticut Roadside Council. She approached the Connecticut Forest & Park Association, which in 1936 invited her to speak during the Roadside Reservation division of the annual meeting. She marshaled the brother of CFPA President Goodwin B. Beach to help with the roadside council. And she wrote to the United Advertising Corporation. The following year, Dorothy Thompson, the columnist and wife of Sinclair Lewis, joined the campaign against billboards in one of her essays.

The next year, 1938, Mrs. Kitchel's campaign continued, even though it was in between legislative sessions. She solicited comments from former Governor John H. Trumbull against billboards. By the 1939 session, her bill called again for higher permit fees, and it greatly expanded the proposed distance billboards must stand away from parks and natural areas—to 500 feet.

Mrs. Kitchel seemed to have become fearless at this point. And the pushback from advertising was strong. The Outdoor Advertising Industry published a newsletter against the bill. By the end of it all, when she left the legislature, she had fat files of letters from the many groups and individuals she'd enlisted in what for her was as philosophical as it was a practical campaign.

State Park Effort Fails

The anti-billboard quest symbolizes her commitment, but her conservation quests began and ended in her hometown. The Binneys tried and failed to stop development of a tract of land where she'd played as a girl and young adult, the Will March Farm. This 200-acre property was really a natural wooded tract, not strictly a farm. Old photos show the family putting on plays in the woods, dressed in pseudo-tribal costume. In the early 1930s, when Mrs. Kitchel had started her political career, a donor who had offered to buy the Will March Farm withdrew the offer, and the land was sold to a developer. The loss greatly upset Mrs. Kitchel who, with her sister, Mary, turned their efforts to preserving nearby land as a park for the town. The sisters persuaded their father to buy and landscape 10 acres of land. That work included creating a dam for two lakes. Later, Mrs. Kitchel's mother bought surrounding hilly land and expanded the park to 20 acres. Mrs. Kitchel in 1934 joined again with Alice Binney and Daniel Waid in buying land that became the Helen Binney Kitchel Natural Park.

IN 1935, MRS. KITCHEL TOLD THE CONNECTICUT FOREST & PARK ASSOCIATION, "IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS WE HAVE SOMETIMES ACCEPTED CHANGES WHICH WERE BLIGHTS RATHER THAN BLESSINGS."

Collaborator with CFPA

Mrs. Kitchel and members of CFPA helped plan the landscaped Merritt Parkway, and later, she wrote a multipart series about the Merritt. The connection between the easy car travel the Merritt encouraged and the negative aspects of highways became apparent soon enough. Secretary Edgar Heermance invited Mrs. Kitchel to speak at meetings about these problems. She saved the notes from her March 13, 1935, address, in which she described her second billboard bill, which in that iteration called for a 200-foot buffer between roadside and billboard, limited their sizes and certain placements, and increased fees:

> It is safe to assume that you who have travelled by rail or motor need no argument of mine to convince you of the need of this proposed legislation. Although the first robin is still to arrive—and the shad blow buds are sheathed in brown—the spring crop of billboards bursts glaringly upon our view at every turn—in every meadow. . . .
>
> This is 1935. We are reviewing 300 years of history of our state—and much of it fills us with pride and reverence. . . . But in the name of progress we have

GREENWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Kitchel's mother, Alice Binney, rides at the Will March Farm, which the family unsuccessfully tried to save for a state park.

CONNECTICUT STATE LIBRARY

This clipping from the January 24, 1937, Bridgeport Sunday Post detailed Mrs. Kitchel's anti-billboard campaign at the start of her fourth term in the state legislature.

GREENWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Helen Binney Kitchel led a privileged childhood that included much happy outdoor time.

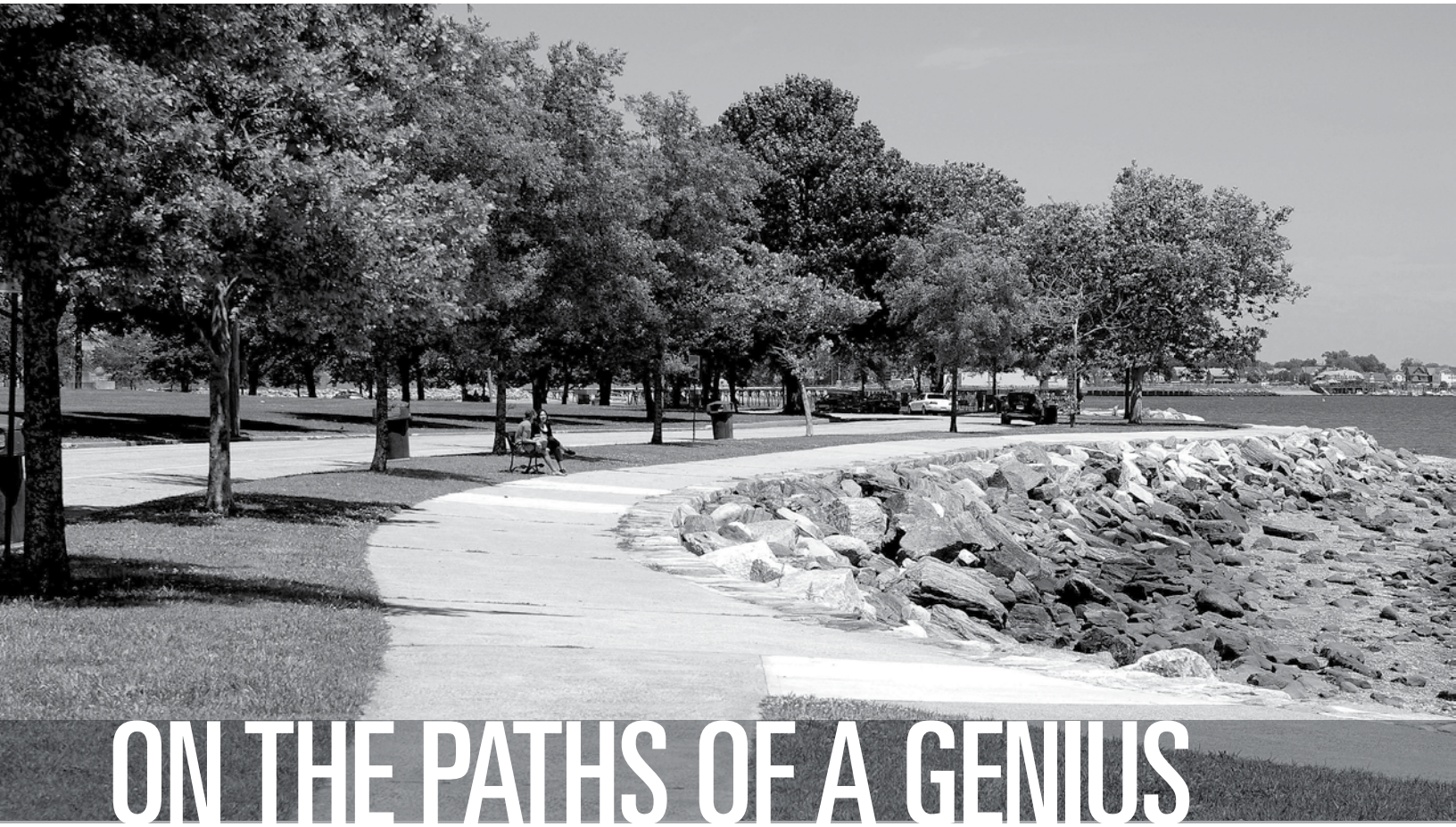
sometimes accepted changes which were blights rather than blessings.

Mrs. Kitchel, a longtime member of CFPA, donated most of Algonquin State Forest in Colebrook to the state starting in 1963. (Originally the land was known as the Kitchel Wilderness Preserve.) Her family had begun buying acreage in the area in 1926. She was named an honorary director of CFPA in 1968.

Mr. Heermance once described Mrs. Kitchel at a CFPA meeting just before she gave a speech. She sat quietly in the corner, scribbling, and others weren't sure whether they ought to disturb her. When she made notes for her talks, she always reached into her personal moral well. She asked CFPA members once whether Connecticut residents should allow outdoor advertising into the countryside, as if it were uncontrollable, like a storm. "That an earthquake or hurricane spreads death and destruction seems beyond man's power to control," she said. "But if we sit idly by while commercialism destroys our natural heritage we are guilty of a cowardly negligence."

In other words, she said, pay attention. Mrs. Kitchel's legacy is unmistakable and goes way beyond roadside advertising. She said in so many words, *be brave*. She railed against apathy and sloppiness. She demanded that we would stand up for Connecticut's beauty, its wildlife habitat, and its open spaces. She said that land serves functions deeper and more lasting than acting as a backdrop for clutter.

Christine Woodside has been writing about the Connecticut landscape for a long time. She is the editor of Connecticut Woodlands.



ON THE PATHS OF A GENIUS

FINDING FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED IN CONNECTICUT

BY DAVID K. LEFF

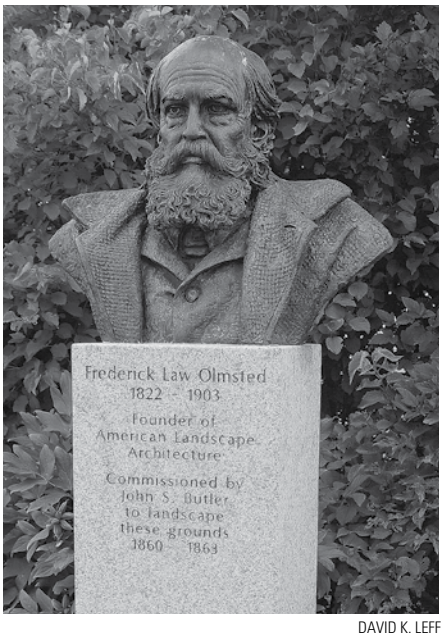
Stepping Out at Seaside Park

On a sun-washed summer day, my wife Mary and I wandered the winding paths of Bridgeport's Seaside Park. We meandered through copses of mature shade trees and into patches of brightly lit lawn that felt like outdoor rooms. We passed the tall, three-tiered granite Soldiers and Sailors Monument erected in 1876. Bright flower beds surround it, and on top stands a larger-than-life bronze woman extending a laurel wreath. Best of all, we looked across the greenery to the flickering silvery surface of Long Island Sound, whose distant horizon teased us with the illusion of infinitude.

We watched lovers walk hand-in-hand on the well-trimmed grass while families picnicked at tables set in deep shade. A couple of children tossed a Frisbee. A few shrunken, elderly men and a boy fished from the seawall, while, nearby, a neat baseball diamond awaited its next game.

After several rainy days caught indoors, our foray into the natural world felt liberating. Yet, despite the trees, grass, and hint of salt on the breeze, we were experiencing no fortunate accident of nature. We walked through a carefully planned space created by Frederick Law Olmsted and his architect partner, Calvert Vaux. Using natural materials and unique site characteristics, they had sought to affect visitors with the very kind of soothing sensual delight we now experienced. It took visionary design, meticulous engineering, and tactful diplomacy in raising funds and acquiring land.

Seaside Park is a graceful 300-plus-acre crescent of greenery stretching for two and a half miles along Long Island Sound. It features not only quiet glades and curving paths, but statuary, a bathing beach, a band shell, sports fields, and a triumphal stone entry arch, among other amenities. Before park development started in the 1860s, the area was rocky



DAVID K. LEFF

A bust of Olmsted set amid shrubbery stands on the grounds he designed at the Institute of Living in Hartford. Above, Olmsted placed trees and paths that soothe walkers at Seaside Park in Bridgeport.

farmland with swampy sinkholes and tidal marshes that author and Bridgeport historian Eric Lehman has called a "home of cows and cormorants." Creating the park was the brainchild of impresario and future mayor P. T. Barnum who, along with other powerful Bridgeport businessmen, promoted and helped finance and design a public recreation ground. Without their foresight, this stretch of shoreline would no doubt have sprouted smokestack industries and houses.

Although the park grew west over decades, the eastern third where Mary and I wandered still bears Mr. Olmsted's mark from the 1860s. I couldn't avoid the somewhat eerie feeling that the great landscape architect's artistic sense guided our eyes. We gazed into spacious vistas, encountered layered greenery, and experienced the relationship between foreground and distant objects just as he wanted us to see them.

Half a century before the state park and forest system began preserving significant representative chunks of Connecticut's countryside, Mr. Olmsted sought to recreate an idealized version of that bucolic ambience in the heart of cities and immediately adjacent areas. But as early as 1865 he foresaw the need to protect even larger and grander swaths of land. "The establishment by government of great public grounds for the free enjoyment of the people," he wrote in a report as one of the first commissioners to manage Yosemite Valley in California, is "justified and enforced as a political duty." Such views and the public's experience of his smaller-scale designed landscapes likely stimulated interest in national and state parks and forests here and around the country.

DAVID K. LEFF

Bridgeport's Beardsley Park is a peaceful island of greenery in a sea of commercial and residential development.

The Making of a Master Park Maker

Hartford born in 1822, Mr. Olmsted is the father of American landscape architecture. Best known for his first effort, the design of Manhattan's Central Park he submitted with Mr. Vaux in 1858, Mr. Olmsted founded a firm that continued for more than a century. Mr. Olmsted designed parks, park systems, estate landscapes, subdivisions, college campuses, cemeteries, and institutions. Among his projects were Prospect Park in Brooklyn, New York; Boston's Emerald Necklace park system; the U.S. Capitol grounds; Stanford University in Palo Alto, California; and the Biltmore Estate in Asheville, North Carolina.

By his mid-30s, when he found his calling, Mr. Olmsted had been trained in surveying and engineering and worked in a dry-goods store, run a farm, written, and published. He traveled widely, carefully observing landscapes on trips to Europe and the British Isles, in the American south, Central America, and other places.

Mr. Olmsted's ideas "had their basis in the experiences and influences of his youth," wrote scholar Charles E. Beveridge. Mr. Olmsted's father, a successful dry-goods merchant, enjoyed traveling in search of natural scenery. "As soon as young Frederick was old enough," Mr. Beveridge notes, "his father set him on a pillow in front of his saddle and took his son through the countryside around their home in Hartford." By his mid-teens, Mr. Olmsted had seen the Connecticut Valley, White Mountains, Hudson Valley, and Adirondacks. Often at boarding schools, he "hiked in the fields and forests of rural Connecticut; when he was home, he walked about Hartford," according to biographer Witold Rybczynski.

In November 1837, when Mr. Olmsted was 15, his father sent him to study with Frederick A. Barton, a surveyor, civil engineer, and mathematics teacher at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. Mr. Barton himself was studying for the ministry, and a year later was called to the Collinsville Congregational Church in Collinsville, Connecticut, less than 20 miles from Hartford. He brought Mr. Olmsted with him to this bustling axe-manufacturing village little more than a decade old. Here the young man witnessed firsthand the building of roads, houses, shops, and factory buildings, the layout of drainage, and planting of street trees in an area surrounded by woods and farms.

With his eye for scenery, Mr. Olmsted must have been struck by how neatly the small mill village fit among the hills and winding river, and he missed Collinsville after he left. "How I long to be where I was a year ago," he wrote to his stepmother in March 1841, "midst two lofty mountains, pursuing the uneven course of the purling brook, gliding among the fair granite rocks, & lisping over the pebbles; meandering through the lowly valley, under the sweeping willows, & the waving elms, where nought is heard save the indistinct clink of anvils & the distant roaring of water as it passes gracefully over the half natural dam of the beautiful Farmington [River] . . . then & there to be—'up to knees in mud and sand' chasing mush-quash [muskrats]."

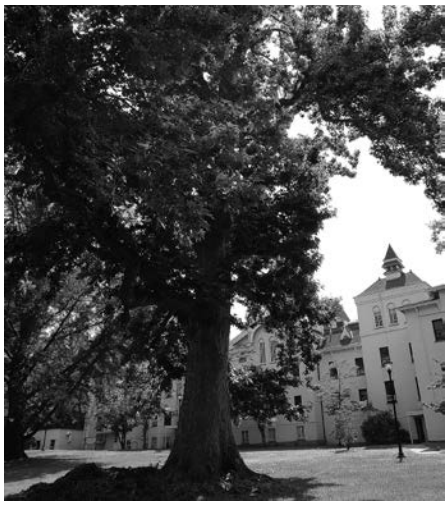
In Collinsville, Mr. Olmsted learned the rudiments of surveying and engineering, but much of the time he roamed nearby woods, fields, and streams. "I was nominally the pupil of a topographical engineer," he later wrote, "but really for the most part given over to a decently restrained vagabond life, generally pursued under the guise of an angler, fowler or a dabbler on the shallowest shores of the deep sea of the natural sciences." He could walk quickly beyond the houses, factory buildings, and noise of the village, perhaps igniting in him the notion that screening with hills and greenery could lend a sense of remoteness close to urban activity. He probably peeked into factory windows where sweat-drenched men stripped to the waist strained at their work beside smoky fires. Maybe here he first

contemplated the power of rural scenery to sustain the physical health and mental tranquility of people stressed by hard labor.

No one calling Connecticut home should be surprised at feeling some nostalgia while walking through an Olmsted design, however far away. After all, Mr. Olmsted was greatly influenced by his native state's scenery, which Mr. Rybczynski has described as "countryside of undramatic but exceptional beauty." Though Mr. Olmsted traveled widely, he put a bit of bucolic Connecticut into most every project. I've sensed it while on the broad path-crossed lawns of Central Park, which sometimes have the feeling of Connecticut town greens. While gazing at the slopes of Mount Royal Park in Montreal, I've recalled Connecticut's hillsides patched with pasture and forest.

Landscape and the Human Mind

Less concerned with ephemeral fashions than with human psychology and the emotions evoked by his landscape designs, Mr. Olmsted believed in the calming powers of scenery to relieve tensions brought on by the noise, artificiality, and harried pace of urban existence. Nowhere is this faith better illustrated than in the plan for the Hartford Retreat for the Insane, now the Institute of Living, undertaken by Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Vaux a couple years after winning the Central Park competition.



DAVID K. LEFF

At the Institute for Living, a mental health center, Olmsted's design transformed 37 wet, rough acres into a parklike setting that even additional buildings have not disturbed.

In an 1861 walk of the grounds with retreat superintendent Dr. John Butler, Mr. Olmsted "pointed out the 'rare capacity' to transform 'its somewhat rude abundance of trees and shrubbery' into a lovely park," Lawrence B. Goodheart wrote in *Mad Yankees* (University of Massachusetts Press, 2013). Afterward, Dr. Butler envisioned "a therapeutic Arcadia" where natural beauty was critical in treating insanity. The 37-acre site was rough and wet, requiring draining and some significant grade changes before it could become a park. Mr. Olmsted's plan called for goodly vegetative buffers along the streets and expansive lawns in the center punctuated with carefully selected and placed trees.

Although parking lots, a few buildings, and a ball field with a battered backstop have infringed somewhat on the original design, the institute site remains a quiet respite from the bustle of surrounding streets. Birdsong and wind sough dominate over the sounds of traffic. The large lawn crisscrossed with paths is dotted with trees, some of which are huge and awe inspiring as they draw the eye skyward. The Connecticut Botanical Society's Edward Richardson has said, "Within this relatively small space is perhaps the greatest concentration of historic trees" in Connecticut. Among them are a state champion sweet gum (*Liquidambar styraciflua*) and co-champion honey locust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*) and a New England champion pecan (*Carya illinoensis*), Japanese zelkova (*Zelkova serrata*), and ginkgo (*Ginkgo biloba*). The pecan is believed to have predated Mr. Olmsted's work.

No doubt approving of the many saplings planted in recent years to replace aging giants, a nearby bust of Mr. Olmsted stands watch. Dedicated in 2005, it's set in a rich montage of shrubbery and sits on a simple granite pedestal where the long-bearded park maker looks at visitors with deep, piercing eyes.

The grounds have always been open to the public as well as to patients and their guests. I'd taken many a relaxing stroll in this private park over the years, but not until I found myself visiting a loved one, who was then living at the institute, did I feel the full impact of Mr. Olmsted's creation. After a tense encounter in one of the sterile wards full of lost people, I took a walk to settle my nerves and found myself slowly unwinding. Anyone who doubts the power of such a landscape to calm a troubled soul has never traversed these grounds after spending time with a patient dear to them.

Change and Continuity

About 181 acres of rolling greenery stretching along the Pequonnock River and its impoundment, Bunnell's Pond, Beardsley Park is a peaceful island of greenery in a sea of commercial and residential development marking the northern reaches of Bridgeport. With gently undulating countryside, naturalistic plantings, and a slightly wild feel, it

is unlike carefully manicured Seaside Park. Mr. Olmsted found on this former farm, in a then-rural area, an opportunity to use its somewhat rugged and dramatic features to create a more natural experience. His work made it appear a landscape preserved rather than designed.

On a hot July day last summer, Mary and I took a long walk through Beardsley. The pond sparkled at the feet of fishermen, and several 20-somethings sunned themselves on blankets along the gently sloping lawn above the shore. Though the quiet I remembered from childhood visits was compromised by construction of limited-access state Route 25 along the park's western perimeter years ago, I found that when I considered the traffic's constant whoosh as the rush of wind through the trees, the noise faded to background.

We followed the road paralleling the river's wooded banks, where more fishermen shared the water with Canada geese and ducks. Iridescent wetland pockets were lit with blue flower stalks of pickerelweed. The narrow pavement wound through copses of pine, arbor vitae, and oak. In several irregular, almost hidden meadows, families picnicked and kids played catch and tag in a landscape of Olmsted-sculpted elevations and plantings created to make the city beyond disappear.

DAVID K. LEFF

In New Britain's Walnut Hill Park, this 90-foot limestone veterans' memorial dedicated in 1922 fits within Olmsted's design. Below, a plaque in Walnut Hill's "The Common" honors a Revolutionary War general.

The zoo, which Mr. Olmsted did not plan, stands on 56 acres on high ground in the park's southeast corner. Although Mr. Barnum paraded his circus animals through the area at the time of Beardsley's inception, the zoo wasn't established until the 1920s. It's gone through hard times, but under the stewardship of the nonprofit Connecticut Zoological Society, the facility has experienced a renaissance. We found an attractive cluster of well-landscaped buildings with bright flower gardens and a variety of animals in relatively naturalistic settings. Warm memories of my childhood visits with monkeys, big cats, and other critters I'd only dreamed about cascaded through my mind. Watching wide-eyed children squealing at exotic creatures they'd seen just in books and movies, I envisioned my long-ago self. There was a carousel, ice cream for sale, and educational exhibits. Though it's a major intrusion on the park's original plan, the zoo has become a beloved institution demonstrating the resiliency of Mr. Olmsted's design and its flexibility in the face of changing needs.

Although a zoo might have surprised him, the park maker anticipated new uses. "Special playgrounds for children, ball or tennis-grounds," he wrote in an 1895 issue of Engineering Magazine, "even formal arrangements such as are most suitable for concert-grounds and decorative gardens, may each and all find place within the rural park, provided they are so devised as not to conflict with or detract from the breadth and quietness of the general landscape."

Mr. Olmsted's and Mr. Vaux's curving roads and paths in New Britain's Walnut Hill Park wind through flat open greenswards punctuated by trees and then rises steeply through more wooded terrain to a high point. Just a few blocks west of downtown, but featuring some rugged topography, the park has irregular, naturalistic elements not far from more carefully groomed spaces with sweeping lawns and neat walkways. It's hard to imagine the barren promontory of 1856 that several prominent New Britain industrialists bought as core land for a park.

Demonstrating great strength in design by its adaptability, the 1870 plan still seems to work largely as intended despite many

continued on page 17

CFPA

The shallow soil beds by the courtyard have been planted with shade-loving native plants that can handle fluctuating moisture and temperature.

THE "GARDEN GANG" WORKS

An evolving landscape at CFPA headquarters

ELIZABETH FOSSETT

Ken Sherrick, a member of CFPA's "Garden Gang," weed-whacks the upper garden.

The landscape around the Connecticut Forest & Park Association headquarters is slowly evolving from an overgrown jungle of storm-damaged trees, invasive vegetation, with a backbone of native plants, to an inviting and educational garden—all thanks to a number of supporters. In time, with the help of the volunteer Garden Gang, the goal is to demonstrate that native plants can make appealing gardens that give enjoyment and need less long-term maintenance while providing habitat for wildlife and pollinators.

In 1999, CFPA Honorary Director Sally Taylor donated plants that were used on the bank near the doorway to the Genevieve H. Goodwin Meeting Room. The plants replaced the overgrown nonnative cotoneaster. Mrs. Taylor is a Connecticut College emeritus professor and the author of *Garden Guide to Woody Plants: A Plant Handbook: Selection and Care of Woody Plants* (Connecticut Arboretum, 1979). Her donations of native plants (placed in the ground by the Roving Trail Crew including the late Dick Blake), thrived despite very little maintenance and through various major storms.

Mrs. Taylor's choice to use "right plant, right place" in this location demonstrates the resilience of the native plants such as leucothoe (*Leucothoe racemosa*), bayberry (*Myrica pensylvanica*), blueberry (*Vaccinium angustifolium*), and sweetfern (*Comptonia peregrina*). However, years of neglect allowed the infestation of nonnative invasive plants to encroach on these natives. Many hours dedicated by the Garden Gang were spent removing invasive species, mulching the area to control the weeds, and pruning remaining shrubs. In an effort to stifle

the growth of invasive plants without the use of herbicides, tarps were placed on areas to roast the invasives under it. Some perennials were also added to the bank in 2014.

The small concrete courtyard area at the entrance of the meeting room doorway was originally planted with pyracantha and English ivy. The bed along the concrete wall was designed as a rain garden with only 4 inches of soil over concrete. The bed still functions to collect the water flowing through the wall from above and catch the rain on the terrace. Several years ago, CFPA Director of Development James Little and others removed the overgrown plants in time for a group of Wesleyan University architecture students to design and install the benches featured in the courtyard. Large pots were also donated to enliven the area with summer annuals. With the transformation of this courtyard, the space is now a relaxing and pleasing location to enjoy your lunch or take a break during a meeting.

The courtyard bed has been replanted with natives that thrive even though this site has extremely shallow soils, a fluctuation of moisture in the soil, high amounts of shade, and temperature changes. The native plants were mostly donated from residential gardens and planted as a trial to see what would come back after the winter. The garden tends to be late blooming, and there will be more experimentation with shallow-rooted shrubs and some native vines planted in the garden above to hang down dramatically.

Along the path to the upper-level office entrance is a large garden space. Former CFPA Director Barbara Girdler along with Mrs. Taylor started a woodland garden featuring a redbud tree, mountain laurel, azalea rhododendron, daffodils, and a variety of ferns and wildflowers. Many of the plants survived without care because the correct native plants were chosen for the location. In 2008, Mrs. Girdler generously bequeathed funds in her will to help maintain the CFPA landscape.

By the path to CFPA's upper-level entrance grow mountain laurel, azalea rhododendron, ferns, and other native plants that thrive in this soil and location without special care.

ELIZABETH FOSSETT

DAMON HEARNE

The volunteers, working with an arborist, trimmed or removed damaged trees and transplanted small evergreens, ground covers, and native shrubs.

The overstory of oak, hickory, dogwood, and a few red cedars is growing on dry shallow soils. As you move closer to the office entrance, the soils are made up of hard-packed, backfilled clay and stone—this soil type combined with shallow soils and very few hours of very bright sun make for a difficult site.

In spring 2014, CFPA contracted arborist Dennis Panu from Thompson to prune and remove damaged trees. That summer brought one of the Garden Gang's great triumphs. The volunteers transplanted huge maidenhair (*Adiantum pedatum*) and Christmas (*Polystichum acrostichoides*) ferns, and began to implement a new design of small evergreens, ground covers, native shrubs, and rocks. Dedicated people watered the new plants to encourage the success of the new garden.

Even with the countless hours donated by the dedicated Garden Gang and CFPA Directors Ruth Cutler and Caroline Driscoll, there is still much to do.

The CFPA landscape is evolving and, with it, our understanding of what will flourish on the site. If we are able to secure a donation, the plan for the site is to install a stone bench in the upper garden and place small tables and chairs in the courtyard adjacent to the meeting room. We also hope to reduce road noise with shrubs that will grow on dry, shallow soils with an overstory of mature trees.

CFPA looks forward to our gardens being educational spaces where one can go to see native plants as part of a successful garden within the Connecticut landscape. If you are interested in lending a hand, visit ctwoodlands.org/VolunteerOpps to learn more about how to get involved.

UNDERSTANDING CONNECTICUT WOODLAND OWNERS

A Report on the Attitudes, Values and Challenges of Connecticut's Family Woodland Owners

BY MARY L. TYRRELL • Yale School of Forestry & Environmental Studies

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is part of a report summarizing a study by the Yale forestry school and the Connecticut Department of Energy and Environmental Protection. Mary Tyrrell presented the findings to the Connecticut Forest & Park Association at its annual meeting on May 17, 2015.

1. Summary of findings and implications for programs and policy

Healthy and well-managed private forestlands are critical to achieving Connecticut's goals to conserve, improve and protect the state's natural resources and the environment. With this study,we now have good information about Connecticut's woodland owners that can be used to develop programs and policies that will help landowners keep their land intact and healthy.

- 17,000 families and individuals own close to 600,000 acres of forest across the state, in parcels of 10 or more acres, which is about 34% of Connecticut's forest estate. These are Connecticut's woodland owners.
- This is an older population – only 15% are under the age of 50. This has implications for all sorts of things, including lifestyle, ability to take care of their land, and potential turnover in ownership.
- They have more formal education than the general population – which implies that they would be receptive to well-designed education programs.
- The major themes that stand out among Connecticut woodland owners are a strong conservation ethic and the very high value they place on a woodland-owning lifestyle.
- By far the most important reason for owning their woodlands is to enjoy the beauty and scenery, followed by privacy, home, and protecting wildlife habitat, nature, and biological diversity.
- The vast majority of owners want their woodland to stay woodland (80%) and believe that keeping their land intact benefits the community (77%) and improves the environment beyond their community (74%). This is evidence of an incredible conservation ethic and understanding of the value of forests in the landscape of their community, the state of Connecticut, and beyond.
- Most of these same woodland owners, who have strong conservation and stewardship ethics, do not appear to actively manage their lands, at least not in the way that natural resource professionals define as good stewardship. They do not participate in landowner assistance programs, attend workshops, seek advice and help from professionals for managing their woodlands, or have conservation easements to protect their land from future development. This combination of high stewardship values and low participation in assistance programs makes them what can be called "prime prospects" for well-designed programs and outreach campaigns.
- Although few woodland owners have conservation easements on their land, they do know about them. Forty-six percent say they are at least somewhat familiar with conservation easements. This is much higher than the national average of 15%. This is a testament to the strong land trust community in Connecticut.
- Keeping their land intact for future generations is a major concern; nonetheless, almost a third would sell their land if offered a reasonable price (representing nearly 300,000 acres) – and 17% say they are likely to sell or give away their land in the next 5 years (200,000 acres). The challenge is to keep this land from being further fragmented as the inevitable turnover happens.
- In the focus groups, aging came up as the key reason why some owners are considering selling now or in the future. Older respondents said they find it increasingly difficult to take care of the land.
- Forest health is uppermost in the mind of many woodland owners, although that might not be the term they use. Influences on forest health, such as vandalism, insects and disease, invasive plants, and pollution are high on the list of their concerns. Although only 21% have received advice about caring for their property in the last 5 years, many more say that advice on wildlife management, invasive plants, insects and diseases, and caring for their property in general would be helpful.
- The data from the National Woodland Owner survey reflect the benefits of Connecticut's current use property valuation tax on forestland, PA490, in several ways. Owners of woodland that do not qualify for PA490 (10-24 acres) are more likely to say that high property taxes are an important concern than owners of 25+ acre parcels. Of those who are enrolled in PA490, 96% say it is important to helping them keep their land.
- Connecticut's woodland owners' biggest challenges are 1) keeping their land intact for future generations, especially for larger landowners; 2) maintaining forest health, that is to say, protecting their woods from invasive plants, insects, and diseases; and 3) knowing when and where to get good advice and assistance to manage their woodlands.
- Even though Connecticut woodland owners are primarily motivated by aesthetic, lifestyle and conservation values, there is also a modest interest in timber management.
- Both awareness and use of traditional landowner assistance programs are extremely low. Traditional assistance programs are often geared towards silviculture or other forms of active management, which although they play an important role in improving forest health and wildlife habitat, are not necessarily appealing to our 'woodland retreat' landowners. In order to get these landowners onto the engagement ladder of more and more active management of their woodlands, perhaps the traditional programs should be supplemented with lighter touch advice and assistance focused on activities the landowners enjoy, and solving the landowners' problems. Once a landowner is actively engaged with a professional in small ways, such as getting advice on how to best cut firewood or build a trail, they are more likely to take some of the bigger steps such as silvicultural management for bird habitat or stand regeneration.
- A significant barrier to more effective landowner outreach and assistance is the low number of service providers in the state. Landowners by far prefer to get advice and assistance from government foresters. However, between DEEP, UCONN and NRCS, there are only a handful of service/extension foresters in the state. More assistance is needed on the ground to assure that Connecticut's private forests are well managed and able to face the increasing threats of invasive species, wind and storms, climate change, and poor or negligent management.
- Partnerships will be crucial to achieve any reasonable level of landowner support for woodland management. Land trusts and conservation organizations such as the Connecticut Forest & Park Association and Audubon Connecticut have a significant role to play, especially as they have a strong educational mission. Collaborations between DEEP, UCONN, NRCS and these conservation partners for landowner outreach and education should be encouraged and supported.
- Finally, the small woodlots of less than 10 acres, dispersed throughout the urban and suburban area, amount to 300,000 acres of woods. These small landowners should not be neglected – they need good advice and support to manage their woodlots and wooded backyards well. Currently Connecticut has only one urban forester – and there are 122,000 of these small woodlot owners scattered throughout the state. Knowing something about their attitudes and values, and what kinds of advice and assistance they need is a good start, but it is not enough. Innovative programs and partnerships are needed to reach and work with small woodlot owners.

continued from page 13

changes. At the high point, there was a reservoir, and Mr. Olmsted planned a quiet overlook among trees with winding paths down the steep slope to West Main Street. Today, a set of monumental steps rises from the street to an Art Deco–style 90-foot limestone memorial column surrounded by a plaza dedicated to World War I veterans in 1922. Just beyond the memorial are a rose garden, fountain, and the shallow reflecting pool that replaced the reservoir. Near the toe of the slope is the Darius Miller Music Shell built in 1939 as a series of increasingly larger concentric arches reminiscent of the Hollywood Bowl. Destroyed by fire in 1966, it was quickly rebuilt.

The meadow area, which Mr. Olmsted designated "The Common" with a small portion reserved for "The Playstead," is largely taken over today by well-maintained ball fields, tennis courts, and playscapes. So strong is the design, however, that these additions don't disturb the overall effect. On a drowsy summer afternoon, Mary and I sat in the shade of a large oak dedicated to Revolutionary War General Israel Putnam as we watched colorfully attired men with musical West Indian accents play cricket with inspiriting enthusiasm. Beyond the field, the spacious lawn continued until swallowed in a dark fringe of trees. Playful abstract sculptures stood on the grass near the adjacent New Britain Museum of American Art, the nation's first institution dedicated to displaying the work of American artists.

DAVID K. LEFF

Sun and shade play off each other at Beardsley Park.

Aftermath and Legacy

Failing memory and physical frailty caused Mr. Olmsted's retirement in 1895. During his tenure, the firm was involved in roughly 500 commissions, according to Mr. Beveridge. In addition to Mr. Olmsted's four major efforts in Bridgeport, Hartford, and New Britain, home state projects included work on the state capitol grounds and at Trinity College and Yale. He died in 1903 and was interred in the family crypt in Hartford's Old North Cemetery.

His firm continued operating until 1979, first under direction of his sons and then others who shared Olmsted's design philosophy. The Olmsted firm worked on about 6,000 projects, almost 300 of them in Connecticut, including private estates, school campuses, public buildings, cemeteries, and recreation areas. Among other sites, projects the firm members consulted on included Pope, Riverside, and other Hartford parks; Coe Park and Hillside Cemetery in Torrington; Edgewood and East Rock parks in New Haven; schools such as Taft in Watertown, Choate in Wallingford, and Westminster in Simsbury; and the grounds of Chase Brass in Waterbury, Aetna Life Insurance Company in Hartford, and the Ansonia armory.

Parks are created by acts of imagination. But like any built place, they require maintenance. Without accolades, ribbon cuttings, or grandeur, maintenance is an act of love. Fortunately, Mr. Olmsted created places people could love. For a time, these places were forgotten. I remember as a teenager in the late 1960s and early 1970s visiting Seaside Park with its broken benches, graffiti, rusting backstops and a stinking haze that frequently hung over the area when the adjacent dump caught fire. But Mr. Olmsted built places to last, and recognition of their value has now brought investment even by financially troubled cities.

When Mary and I visited Beardsley, the road was being repaved and the zoo was so bright and cheery that we wished our children were still little. Saplings are being planted in Walnut Hill Park and at the Institute of Living. We couldn't find a single broken bench or picnic table at Seaside Park.

Few of us can walk the path of a genius. But if that genius is Frederick Law Olmsted, the possibility is literally true and near at hand. Get out and find yourself lost in a landscape that simultaneously soothes the mind and enlivens the senses, that offers both seclusion and a sense of the infinite. Enchantment awaits.

David K. Leff is a writer who lives in Collinsville. For many years, he guided environmental policy as deputy commissioner of the state's environmental department.

Mature trees overlook a picnic area at Seaside Park.

DAVID K. LEFF

A CITY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY

How Storrs, the home of expanding University of Connecticut, works with an old farm town, Mansfield

BY TERESE KARMEL

It is pin-drop silent this unseasonably warm fall day. Leaves the color of honey float lazily to the ground; a small waterway trickles by. There's a mysterious, dark feel to the Dorwart Preserve, a dense woodland in the town of Mansfield, just 5 miles from the University of Connecticut campus.

It might as well be 5,000 miles.

At least that's what it seemed to be one hot July day when college students from North and Sub-Saharan Africa in a cultural exchange program hiked the mile-long rough trail into the ever-increasing silence. The quiet was broken when one precocious young man asked the hike leader, "Where are the monkeys?" The forest was so quiet, the wood so dense, he thought he was at home in his native land.

After the hike the group returned to Mansfield's Storrs section, where a growing urban center—ethnic restaurants, walk-in health clinic, museum, florist, candy shop, and all manner of retail and service businesses—has given this section of town the feel of a bustling metropolis, a far cry from the Dorwart Preserve and the dozens of other protected woodlands that residents of Mansfield hold dear.

Standing in the town square, where rock bands perform on a summer's eve and people enjoy pastel yogurt cones while others dine al fresco on Italian food, one could easily overlook the fact that Mansfield is 65 percent rural. Here lie the Mountain Dairy, established in 1871; more than a dozen parks, preserves, and recreation areas; the Nipmuck Trail (part of the Blue-Blazed Hiking Trails) stretching 40 miles through Eastern Connecticut; a human-made swimming hole surrounded by woodland for summer activities; and countless other protected areas.

And now Storrs Center is on the rise—growing in commercial and rental facilities but strictly contained on 35 acres (only 15 are buildable; the rest wetlands) just off the University of Connecticut campus.

"We are a rural town with a city in the middle of us," says Jennifer Kaufman, the town's natural resources and sustainability coordinator, who played a large part in developing the town's newly unveiled "Mansfield Tomorrow" Plan of Conservation and Development for the next 20 years.

"People in Storrs think it's urban, but that's not what it is," Ms. Kaufman said. "There's a big dichotomy of residents

between people who lived their entire lives here and university people. We have all the elements of a city and then you go a mile down Gurleyville Road and it's rural."

"When we were looking for a model for Storrs Center, there were very few examples of an urbanized center in the middle of a rural area," said former Mansfield Planning Director Greg Paddock, who retired in 2011 after 20 years. "We may have a pretty little green but it's not sustainable without an economic base," he said, referring to the years of failed efforts to attract businesses to a rundown commercial block (since demolished) owned by the university. In early 2000, the notion of Storrs Center took hold, a unique "three-legged stool" that relied on the cooperation of the town, private businesses, and the university, Mr. Paddock said.

The town seems to have finally embraced Storrs Center, but when the town was reviewing the proposal for expansion, residents said they were worried about development creeping beyond Storrs. Officials insisted that development should be contained and that Mansfield, for the most part, would remain rural. Over the years, after much back and forth, these guarantees have been made. Some longtime residents have grumbled about too much development. In countless surveys and documents relating to Storrs's growth, the terms *control development* and *preserve the town's rural character* appear over and over again.

A recent referendum approval of sewers for the blighted Four Corners area at the intersection of Routes 195 and 44 prompted the same complaints about over-development. "People thought it (the sewer referendum) was the anti-Christ," Ms. Kaufman said. "There's always been the concern that the town's natural resources will be overrun by too much development," Mr. Paddock said.

But the new town plan of development has strict safeguards to prevent that by limiting any major commercial development to Four Corners, Storrs Center, and the southern end that borders Willimantic, all with or soon getting sewers and public water supplies.

Mansfield Town Manager Matthew Hart, who has been in charge since 2000, said recent cooperation between the university and town has been sound on a number of fronts, including off-campus student housing, once a bone of contention among residents resenting noisy after-hours parties, litter, and parking issues, as well as agreements on public utilities. The town plans to construct pipes and a pumping station for sewers at Four Corners, mandated by a decades-old state Department of Environment Protection abatement order, and UConn has agreed to treat the sewage in its plants.

STEPHEN WOOD/CT MUSEUM QUEST

Photos on the previous page and above show the Moss Sanctuary, which the town of Mansfield bought from UConn in 2010.

In the past, the university's infrastructure decisions were made a little more quickly than the town expected. The university extended water and sewer services to areas surrounding the campus. But at the time, Mr. Hart said, Mansfield was "a rural community . . . we were not ready."

As for Storrs Center, he commended UConn officials for "hanging in there on the project" since 1998 when discussions first started until ground breaking in 2011. He said, "They could have said, 'We're not going to do this,'" especially during the recession, "but that didn't happen and we have a strong partnership with UConn."

The task of maintaining a balance between residents' repeated desires to maintain the rural character of the town (defined in the town plan as "the rhythm of forests, farms, meadows, hills, and waterways that provide scenic vistas and support the town's robust network of natural resources") and the university's plans to beef up its science and technology sectors, infrastructure, and student life components has not been easy over the years. Wills have clashed when university officials have sought to develop state-owned land—about 12 percent of the town's 45.1 square miles—prompting bad feelings among local officials who felt their own priorities were dismissed.

However, in the past few years, the tug of wills appears to have subsided through the hard work of professional planners for both UConn and the town. This fall the university rolled out its 20-year master plan, approved in February by the Board of Trustees with little comment, that projects 5,000 additional students in 10 years. UConn planners held several hearings both on campus and in town to get feedback. Of the town's roughly 26,000 residents (in the 2010 census), 20,000 are university students.

Town officials complimented UConn for its plans to improve the internal structure of the campus rather than develop outwardly, for the attention to preservation of open space and agricultural land and for the proposal to create "woodland corridors" that would connect various parts of campus.

In a series of town subcommittee reports on the UConn plan, repeated emphasis was placed on a greater need for sustainability provisions.

The town sustainability committee, in particular, urged UConn to discourage the use of bio-based containers (unless recyclable), provide excess food to shelters, promote solar and other renewable resources, reduce carbon use, and create and preserve public trails on university farm and the forest tract on the north campus—to "enhance UConn's leadership as an agricultural school." The committee also expressed concern that human activities rather than environmental preservation were the major focus of the plan's references to campus "green spaces."

Committee members also criticized a proposed hockey rink at the intersection of Routes 275 and 195. The Town Council joined in that fear, writing to the university planners that a 4,500-seat rink could increase traffic problems in Storrs Center and, most importantly, disturb the adjacent revered

continued on page 26

BEACH CHAIR ACTIVISM

Read to your favorite young adult and nurture environmental understanding

BY RICH NOVACK

This summer as you and your family head to a state park for a picnic or make a beeline for the beach with book in hand, I suggest you share a book with someone sitting in that beach chair beside you. The summer is a time when we tend to lighten up and take a load off our mental plates. We also recharge and reenergize now. A beach read can inspire us to take civic actions, especially when it comes to preventing environmental degradation.

Washashore (Lucky Marble Book, 2013) by Suzanne Goldsmith puts an engaging character-driven narrative alongside the story of one of the Northeast's most iconic birds, ospreys. Clem, a well meaning ninth-grade girl, is transplanted to a new life on Martha's Vineyard, where she finds a way to fit into a new social atmosphere and comes to appreciate a threatened ecosphere.

The book appeals to many kinds of readers. Set in the 1970s, this novel combines a hint of the time period for those nostalgic adult readers with themes familiar to readers of young adult literature, including fitting in, loss of innocence, and family turmoil. But, for those readers with a passion for the outdoors and a penchant for conservation, the book offers a story about osprey.

Clem finds a dead osprey washed ashore. Like other animal lovers, Clem feels "her heart go out to the bird. It was beautiful and strong, even in death." She goes on a journey of discovery in which she learns about osprey, their seashore lifestyle, and the history behind the people who saved them from demise. In the process, readers are subtly educated about a conservation success story. If you have a young adult in your family, this is a great book to read together. As an English teacher, I cannot emphasize enough the importance of reading with children. Literacy is a social act, and parents who read with their children foster a healthy literacy lifestyle.

Some adults may become fatigued by tales of teen angst, a characteristic of a stage of life that some adults would rather leave behind in their adolescent past. For this reader, I have some alternate suggestions.

If you're an adult who is not into young adult literature, let your young reading companion enjoy *Washashore* while you read the work of Rachel Carson. *Washashore* alludes to Ms. Carson's life and frequently references two of her books that you might consider. *Silent Spring* (Houghton Mifflin, 1962) is Ms. Carson's seminal work that persuasively, explicitly, and beautifully lays out the story of DDT, the chemical once widely used for pest control and responsible for the population declines of large birds of prey such as osprey. As recounted in *Washashore*, "The DDT made the female birds lay eggs with very thin shells. Then, when the mother birds tried to sit on the eggs, they broke." Ms. Carson's book *Under the Sea Wind* (Oxford University Press, 1952) is a gorgeous account of the ecosystems along the sea and shore. As your reading partner experiences *Washashore*, your reading of Ms. Carson might spur some intertextual dialogue. We are all indebted to the heroic work of Ms. Carson for the survival of the osprey, and we should spur further environmental stewardship by sharing her stories with others.

If these books do anything, they raise awareness in readers of a world that some take for granted: our waterfronts. When I went looking for a book to suggest in this article, I sought something that readers could enjoy while sitting beside a body of water. Although the seasonal setting of *Washashore* represents a cooler school calendar, beach-going readers will find plenty of New England seashore imagery that enhances their coastal visits. Long Island Sound lovers will connect with descriptions of "the pebbly sand on the soles of her feet, the dangerous jagged rocks hidden beneath the surf, and the way the water looked in all kinds of weather." Ms. Carson's imagery in *Under the Sea Wind* is even more textured with the sounds and visions of sea life.

So, as we sit beside our waterways, let's continue to read the texts of the natural world. *Washashore*'s discussions of osprey will inspire readers to pay more attention to our avian neighbors. I encourage readers to keep a tally of the number of osprey they sight this summer. With each hash mark, let's remember the work of writers such as Suzanne Goldsmith and Rachel Carson, who raise our consciousness about the harrowing plight of these birds. Thanks to Ms. Carson, I notice osprey soaring both along the shore and through the valley of the Housatonic River. When we hike beside rivers or sit along the shore, let's count these birds as a measure of successful environmental activism, and let's foster future activists in the process. Many more birds struggle today. The nesting grounds of piping plovers continue to be threatened by encroaching development and us beach goers. As a society, we should continue to appreciate birds, and we should share in our appreciation as a means of preservation.

So this summer, as we picnic at the terminus of the New England Trail in Guilford and swim alongside birds who share our love of the water at Shelton's Indian Wells State Park, let's ignite our sense of activism with literature and with observations of nature. And, let's share that sense with other readers. Our environmental stewardship has come a long way, but unfortunately, we have a long way to go. We should never become complacent in preserving our environment, even in the summer.

Rich Novack is an English teacher at Fairfield Warde High School. See also his article in the spring 2015 issue, "Finding Memories on Wild Trails."

LYME LAND TRUST WINS A LONG LEGAL SAGA OVER DEED RESTRICTIONS

BY GWEN E. MARRION

EDITOR'S NOTE: This work of original reporting and analysis by the president of the Bolton Land Trust originally appeared in its May newsletter. We thank the author for permission to reprint it here.

In 1981, Lyme resident Paul Selden offered to place restrictions on a portion of his land to protect the natural resources of the property. The 21.3-acre property is located on a peninsula between the Connecticut River, Selden Creek, and Selden Cove, a perfect area to be preserved because of its ecologically sensitive location. Mr. Selden and the Lyme Land Conservation Trust entered into an agreement, called a Declaration of Restrictive Covenants, to allow structures to be built on 4.4 acres of the property and to prohibit structures and other activities on 16.9 acres. The purpose was "to assure retention of the premises predominantly in their natural, scenic or open condition and in agricultural, farming, forest and open space use and to assure competent, conscientious and effective preservation and management in such condition and use." The agreement was binding on Mr. Selden and subsequent owners.

The pertinent restrictions that Mr. Selden and the land trust agreed to are these:

- No . . . temporary or permanent structure will be constructed, placed or permitted to remain upon the Protected Areas.
- No soil, loam, peat, sand, gravel or other mineral substance . . . will be placed, stored or permitted to remain thereon.
- No soil, loam, peat, sand, gravel, rock, mineral substance or other earth product or material shall be excavated or removed therefrom.
- No trees, grasses or other vegetation thereon shall be cleared or otherwise destroyed.
- No activities or uses shall be conducted thereon, which are detrimental to . . . wildlife or habitat preservation.
- No snowmobiles, dune buggies, motorcycles, all-terrain vehicles or other vehicles of any kind shall be operated thereon.
- Except as may otherwise be necessary or appropriate, as determined by the Grantee, to carry out beneficial and selective non-commercial forestry practices, all woodland thereon shall be kept in a state of natural wilderness.

In 2007, Beverly Platner purchased the property and regular monitoring by the land trust alerted them to activities that violated the terms of the agreement. After two years of unsuccessful discussions with the landowner about those activities, the land trust began a lawsuit against the landowner to enforce the terms of the agreement. Those violations, as described in court documents, are the following:

1. The natural field was turned into a lawn. According to court documents, 39 truckloads of topsoil were spread on the field, an irrigation system was installed, and the area was hydroseeded and mowed twice a week during the growing season. Fertilizer was applied six or seven times per year and herbicides, fungicides, and pesticides were regularly applied. A landscaper testified that he created tree rings at the base of a number of trees by removing native field grasses and soil and installed numerous landscape beds with ornamental plantings within the restricted area. A botanist testified that these activities destroyed the native field grasses that previously existed. The land trust argued that these activities violated prohibitions against bringing in or removing material, using heavy equipment in and placing structures in the restricted area.
2. The bank of the Connecticut River was altered. According to testimony by a landscaper, 22.5 tons of sand were brought onto the property. Aerial photographs of the property show that this sand was spread along the bank of the Connecticut River, which the land trust claimed violated prohibitions against placing any material, including sand, in the restricted area.
3. The woodland areas were dramatically altered. Testimony by a plant scientist revealed that all of the native plant species that formed the woodland understory, which the expert had inventoried, were removed, creating a "manicured, park-like appearance." The land trust argued that this violated the provision of the agreement that required the woodlands to be "kept in a state of natural wilderness."

continued on page 23

FROM STATE OF CONNECTICUT COURT DOCUMENTS

Top, the Selden property before alterations, and below it, how the land looked after extensive landscaping.

LIMA BEAN MEMORIES

BY JEAN CRUM JONES

The lima bean incident almost canceled a wedding. In mid-August 1969, I was visiting my fiancé, a farmer in Connecticut. We had met and courted in college, and I, admittedly, knew nothing about farm life. I had grown up in suburbs outside Philadelphia. I was at the farm to begin cleaning up the dilapidated old farmhouse that was about to become our home in six weeks. My about-to-be neighbors, his parents, were away on a special wedding anniversary trip. After I arrived, he told me excitedly that the lima beans in the garden were ready, waving his arm in an arc to point out the quarter-acre plot up the hill and that he would like to have some limas for dinner. He drove off on his tractor to finish some hay cutting.

Later that afternoon, I went up to the garden to gather lima beans. I searched and searched, and then I searched some more, but I couldn't find them. Discouraged, I came back to his mother's kitchen to fix some supper. I found a can of ravioli that I heated up. Shortly, Terry arrived, saw the pot of canned pasta and just exploded, "How could you serve that stuff when there is a garden full of vegetables?!" Through my tears, I said I tried to find the limas but couldn't. When he finally calmed down and walked with me up to the garden to show me the row, I still couldn't see the limas. I was looking for light green beans like the ones that spilled out of the boxes my mother bought in the freezer section of the supermarket.

We did get married, and a year later, I knew lima beans hid inside pods. My next big lesson was just how much food a garden was capable of producing. After customers had harvested Terry's strawberry crop (pick-your-own was a new concept then), it was time for me to harvest the green beans. I was tired after working 30 days straight, even though it was fun to greet strawberry-pickers and collect their money. After several hours of picking green beans on a hot July morning, I had gathered four baskets. My mother-in-law taught me how to freeze them. We froze enough to last a year.

Another month later, lima bean season arrived. My crafty mother-in-law invited her Boston relatives to the farm just in time to help. My husband helped me harvest limas in the morning. In the afternoon, I shelled lima beans with the Boston kinfolk around the outdoor table under the hickory tree. We shared stories and laughed as we worked. The Jones family liked lima beans, and we put up a lot of frozen boxes. They were used in bean salads, casseroles, and in succotash made with our own frozen corn. My mother-in-law had given me a vegetable cookbook for my first Christmas on the farm, so I could experiment with lots of ways to use garden produce. It wasn't long before lima beans became one of my favorite vegetables.

Despite my startling immersion into farm life, our marriage has endured and we celebrated 45 years together last year. We decided to celebrate by taking a special trip to the Peruvian Amazon. Somewhat appropriately, I came face-to-face with lima beans again. Before heading off for our Amazon River adventure, we spent several days in Lima. I visited the Larco Museum, where Rafael de Larco Herrera had amassed an amazing collection of pre-Columbian pottery. Many of the pots had artistic designs of symmetrical rows of lima beans. Some of the pots featured anthropomorphic lima beans, with faces, little legs, and feet.

I had never thought before my trip that lima beans originated in Lima. After I returned home, I did find that the lima is one of the oldest beans in the Americas, with remains dating from 6,000 to 5,000 B.C.E. Scientists recognize two main branches of the genus domesticated in Latin America. The Central American type are small, while the South American beans consumed in ancient Peru were larger and richer tasting. In some parts of the world, they are now called butter beans. Lima beans taste like no other bean. Their texture is creamy. In Peru, they are known as *pallares*. While there, I discovered some new recipe ideas using the lima beans as a puree with Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese and served as a dip or side dish. Many Italians settled in Peru in the 19th century and have enormously affected the cuisine of Peru. They also make a creamy dessert with pureed lima beans, similar to dulce de leche, called *manjar blanco de pallar*.

During the Spanish Viceroyalty of Peru, the Spanish explorers found the large seeded beans, which were unlike the familiar fava beans of Europe, under intensive cultivation by the Indians of the north Andes coast, liked them, and began carrying them on their ship voyages. Lima beans are a highly concentrated energy food and are easily carried and stored for long periods. Lima beans were also exported to the rest of the Americas and Europe, and because the boxes had labels of origin as Lima, Peru, the beans picked up that moniker. The Spanish explorers and the Portuguese slavers of the 1500s carried the beans to the farthest parts of the globe—Europe, the East Indies, India, the Philippines,

and Africa. Consequently, lima beans are known today throughout the world, and there are countless ways to prepare them.

They are called by many other colloquial names, such as Burma beans, Java beans, Rangoon beans, and Madagascar beans, to mention a few. How the lima beans got to North America is unclear. Some Indian tribes, below Virginia, were growing a small lima bean when explorers first arrived, a plant scientists today think originated in Guatemala. Theories abound about the arrival of the familiar lima bean of today—perhaps brought by a naval sea captain, perhaps by slaves from West Africa? However they came, Thomas Jefferson was growing lima beans in his extensive gardens at Monticello, and recipes appeared for lima beans in America's first cookbook by Amelia Simmons in the late 1700s.

Climate Influences Growing Patterns

Lima beans grow well where there are warm growing conditions and adequate water, as in northern Peru and Ecuador. Lima beans never became widely accepted in Europe because the climate was not right and because fava beans had been enjoyed there since ancient times. In America, home gardeners sought lima beans. Frank S. Platt, a seedsman and florist in New Haven, developed one of the most prolific and popular varieties, "King of the Garden Limas." He introduced this Connecticut version of the lima bean in 1885 and claimed it to be the "largest podded and most prolific lima bean extant." The plants lived up to his claims, and it is still one of the most popular pole varieties. Because the bean was developed in Connecticut, it is much more adaptable to cool summers than other lima varieties are. Mr. Platt claimed that his pods would measure from 5 to 9 inches long and that the lima beans inside would be huge. He was not exaggerating. You need a 15-foot tepee to grow this monster plant.

Bush varieties were developed in the mid-1800s. They do not bear as many beans as the pole varieties, but they are easier to harvest. The advantage of lima beans is that they can be enjoyed as shell beans, which means the pods can be harvested 9 to 11 weeks after planting in a warm soil, and the enclosed seeds will be tender to eat and quick to cook. They will all be light green. This is the way the Jones family members prefer their limas, but the beans must be frozen, canned, or pickled for winter storage. The plants can also be left to mature to the dry bean stage, which requires about 12 to 14 frost-free weeks on the vine. Then the beans can be harvested and held in dry storage. These taste best when used in baked or stewed recipes. Generally dried limas are white, but it is possible to select varieties that are red, black, orange, or mottled.

Truck Farmers and Frozen Cases

Getting fresh lima beans is not as easy as it used to be. Over the hill from us was a neighbor who grew a thousand poles of lima beans each year. He had a vegetable route and would peddle his produce from his truck through the nearby cities. The ease of supermarket shopping put an end to that type of vegetable truck farming in the 1960s. Nowadays, some Connecticut farmers carry limas at their vegetable stands or at farmer's markets, but one has to do a bit of searching. Limas can also be found in local farm deliveries. But in today's time-stressed world, many families question the value of shelling beans. Limas are available year-round in convenient frozen or canned form. I prefer buying the frozen Fordhook variety, developed by W. C. Burpee in the early 1900s, compared with the more available baby lima beans, which are a small Fordhook variety but, I think, lack the flavor of the larger-sized beans.

Lima beans are nutrition powerhouses full of vital nutrients and modest in calories. For those seeking a more plant-based diet, lima beans can easily become the star of the meal. Some flavors that are superb with limas include olive oil, mushrooms, onions, garlic, tomatoes, sage, butternut squash, cheddar cheese, dill, nutmeg, sour cream, chives, parsley, and black pepper. Limas are also delicious with bits of pork. In short, I say—YUM.

Jean Crum Jones is a registered dietician who helps run the Jones Family Farms in Shelton. She is also an honorary director of Connecticut Forest & Park Association.

LYME LAND TRUST SAGA

continued from page 21

4. The driveway was relocated across a portion of the restricted area, which violated sections 1.2, 1.4, and 1.6 of the agreement.

After six years of court proceedings, Superior Court Judge Joseph Q. Koletsky ruled on March 12 in favor of the land trust, finding "a deliberate violation of the existing restrictions on the property." He said the terms of the restrictions were not ambiguous and that the landowner's intent "was to incorporate the restricted area into the unrestricted area for aesthetic purposes as desired by the defendant without regard for those restrictions." He ordered that the property be restored to the condition that existed when Mrs. Platner bought the land and awarded $350,000 in damages to be used to restore the property and $300,000 in attorneys' fees to the lawyers who represented the land trust.

The board of directors of the Lyme Land Conservation Trust deserves recognition for their management of this trying situation. They monitored the easement regularly, which gave them early knowledge of the violations. They took photographs of the property when it changed hands in 2007, which provided valuable evidence of how dramatically the landowner altered the natural resources that were at the heart of the conservation restriction. The directors honored the intent of the original landowner to protect the land's natural resources, they fulfilled their responsibility to enforce the provisions of the restrictions, and they upheld their duty to current land trust members to be diligent stewards of land trust property. The lawsuit must have placed a financial and emotional strain on the directors as they stood their ground while more than 200 court motions were filed during the 6-year case.

The Lyme Land Conservation Trust worked with the New London law firm of Waller, Smith and Palmer and its primary counsel, Tracy M. Collins. The result is a clear legal precedent and good lesson for other land trusts. The case sends a message of support to land trusts and a note of caution to landowners living on property covered by a conservation agreement.

Gwen E. Marrion serves as a selectwoman in Bolton, where she and her husband, Tom, have lived for 28 years. They have two sons. Among her many community land preservation activities, she helped found the Bolton Land Trust in 2001 and has served as its president since then.

PAUL G. EDWARDS

A viewpoint from Lantern Hill overlooks Lantern Hill Lake.

THE NARRAGANSETT TRAIL: TWO SHORT HIKES TO THREE GOOD VIEWS

BY DIANE FRIEND EDWARDS

Had it not been for the *Connecticut Walk Book East*, I would not have known that a trail with high points and good views exists near Foxwoods Resort Casino. I remembered the area as mostly flat, with the resort appearing to loom above surrounding cornfields. But the *Walk Book*'s maps of the Blue-Blazed Narragansett Trail showed several viewpoints. Intrigued, my husband and I set out one beautiful April morning to hike to three of the viewpoints, on two different sections of the trail, both in North Stonington.

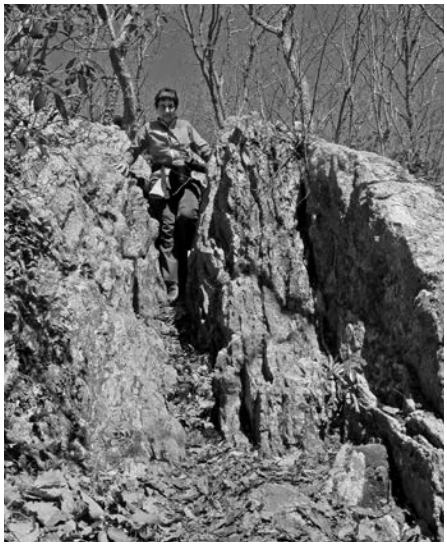
The trail was a delightful surprise, with terrain that varied from flat and easy to steep, rocky, and a bit challenging. On that blue-sky April day, the expansive views of lakes, Long Island Sound in the distance, and even Foxwoods itself were worth the effort.

The Hike

According to the *Walk Book*, the entire Connecticut segment of the Narragansett Trail (the trail extends into Rhode Island) is 18.3 miles long, beginning in North Stonington and heading mostly northeasterly to the state line in Voluntown. The book divides the trail into three sections, each of which were too long for Paul and me to hike round-trip; we were only taking one car, so we couldn't do them one way, either. So we decided to hike one section of the trail to the first two viewpoints, on Lantern Hill, and back (1.4 miles round trip), then drive to the next segment of the trail and hike from that trailhead to High Ledge and back (2.4 miles round trip).

Lantern Hill

The trailhead for the "Lantern Hill to Wyassup Lake Road" section of the Narragansett Trail is on Wintechog Hill Road, off Route 2 just southeast of Foxwoods. It's only 0.7 mile from the trailhead to the top of Lantern Hill. Note that several other trails intersect with the Narragansett, including tribal resort trails. (This area crosses property of Foxwoods' owners, the Mashantucket Pequot Tribal Nation.) But the blue blazes are well marked and easy to follow.



PAUL G. EDWARDS

The author squeezes through a cleft in the rock descending from Lantern Hill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is about the western end of the Narragansett Trail. Please note that a section of the eastern end of this trail, just west of Route 49, has been closed for one mile at a property owner's request. See the interactive map at ctwoodlands.org for the latest trail notices.

For the first half mile or so, the trail is mostly flat, passing through a hardwood forest with a rock outcropping off to the side. Then begins a moderately steep climb on rocky ledge to a shoulder of Lantern Hill. From there, you can see a view of Foxwoods in one direction and the prettier (to us!) Lantern Hill Pond in another. Continuing on the trail, a steeper, more challenging ascent brings you to the top of Lantern Hill (elevation: 470 ft.). On a very clear day—such as the one when we were there—you can see for miles, all the way to the Sound.

Being curious, Paul and I decided to hike a little farther on the Narragansett Trail, down the steep backside of Lantern Hill. At one point, the trail there became so narrow, squeezing between a cleft in the rocks, that I wondered if I would have to turn sideways. (I didn't; guess I'm not as wide as I thought.) At the bottom, I turned to look back up and saw a young father carrying a baby considering the climb down. I warned him it wasn't easy. Undeterred, he made it through the tight spot with both of them unscathed. (Yikes! I would not have done that with a baby.) At the advice of another hiker we met, Paul and I took a five-minute walk on a side trail to a spot where we could watch rock climbers scaling a cliff on the side of Lantern Hill. From there, we retraced our steps back to the trailhead on Wintechog Road. (I estimate that the climb down the backside of Lantern Hill and the side trail added another three quarters of a mile, round-trip, to this hike. So in all, we did a little more than 2 miles.)

High Ledge

Back in our car, we followed the *Walk Book*'s directions to the trailhead for the "Wyassup Lake Road to Pendleton Hill" section of the Narragansett Trail. (It was about a 10-minute drive.) This hike is a lot easier than the one to Lantern Hill. It begins on a woods road that travels through a pretty forest with a mix of hardwood and evergreen trees, mountain laurel, and occasional boulders. After crossing a utility right-of-way and a small brook, we stopped to examine an unusual stone wall, wondering why someone had built it so narrow and tall.

A few minutes later, the trail turned left, and a steep ridge loomed directly ahead of us. "Oh, boy, do we have to climb that?" I wondered. Thank goodness, the trail turned left and skirted around the ridge to its far side and then went up a moderate incline to the top. After enjoying the view of nearby Lake Wyassup, we turned back and hiked out to our car.

Directions

To the Trailhead for Lantern Hill

Heading southeast, leave Route 2 at the fourth light for Foxwoods, getting onto Foxwoods Blvd. Turn right off that onto Wintechog Hill Road, then travel about 0.2 mile to the trailhead, on the right. There is a pull-off big enough for 8 to 10 cars, but on the day we were there, we counted 25 cars, most of them parked along the side of the road. The *Walk Book* mentions a trail sign at the trailhead, but it's no longer there. The blue blazes, though, are easy to spot.

From Wintechog Hill Road to the Trailhead for High Ledge

Return to Route 2 heading east. Immediately after Route 2 joins with Route 201, bear left on Ryder Road. In just under 2 miles, turn left onto Wyassup Road. Go 2 miles, then turn left on Wyassup Lake Road. In 0.5 mile, park at the boat launch on the right. The trailhead is 0.5 mile up the road, on the left. Note: When we were there, the boat launch area was filled with anglers' cars. We parked on the side of the road directly opposite the trailhead. (If you park at the boat launch, you will add 1 mile round trip to your hike; besides, you'll take up a parking space that could be used by a boater.)

Diane Friend Edwards is a writer, photographer, and lifelong lover of the outdoors. She lives in Harwinton with her husband, Paul.

ARTHUR L. HOLLINGS JR., FORMER CFPA TREASURER

Arthur L. Hollings Jr., who served as treasurer of the Connecticut Forest & Park Association between 1967 and 1982, died in Hartford on March 26. He was 95 years old and lived in Newington, where he spent most of his life.

Born on March 21, 1920, Mr. Hollings graduated from New Britain High School and Morse School of Business. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II. He worked as office manager for the Goodwin family for many years. Later he worked as a bank trust officer, retiring from Bank of New England in 1984. He leaves two sons, John of Wethersfield and Charles of North Palm Beach, Florida; his sister, Joan Rogers of Storrs; and two grandchildren. His wife was the late Lucy DelVecchio Hollings. Mr. Hollings was also predeceased by his son, Steven. A funeral took place March 30 in Newington.

—From death notices

ROLAND CLEMENT, NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY CONSERVATIONIST

Roland Clement, who as a staff member at the National Audubon Society played a role in the restoration of condors and the banning of DDT, died March 21 at the age of 102. He spent most of his life in Norwalk.

Mr. Clement was the first president of the Connecticut Ornithological Association, between 1984 and 1986. He was a founding member of the Aton Forest.

A memorial service took place in Hamden on March 24.

For more information on his many accomplishments in conservation, visit the Web site of the Connecticut College archives, which hold his papers: collections.conncoll.edu/clement/.

—From death notices

A CITY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY *continued from page 19*

Albert E. Moss Sanctuary, a 133-acre natural preserve of hiking trails, meadows, hemlocks, and majestic evergreens that is home to a variety of wildlife and aquatic life. The centerpiece of the Moss Sanctuary, named for a beloved forestry professor, is the five-acre Tift's Pond, fed by a waterfall.

According to longtime Mansfield historian Roberta Smith, who was raised in town, Tift's Pond should be named for the Hanks family, one of the town's earliest settlers, who created an historic stone dam for a water supply for their silk mill, one of the first in the country. The university owned the land, which is recorded as farmland back to 1840, but in 2010, sold it to the town for $100,000 through a unique deal brokered by Joshua's Trust and the Connecticut Forest & Park Association, which holds a conservation easement that will protect it for time immemorial as a forest and wildlife habitat.

The hockey rink dialectic is vaguely reminiscent of a similar debate in 2000 when UConn planned to put a new football stadium on the northern end of campus off Route 195. Again, the town had no control over the decision because this was not the town's land, but nonetheless at countless planning meetings, residents spoke vehemently against such a notion with the rallying cry of "it will disturb the peaceful atmosphere" of the community. Fortunately, an even larger monolith stepped in and bailed everyone out when UConn got a $1 offer from United Technologies to build the 40,000-seat stadium on vacant land in East Hartford, a plan that disturbed virtually no one (except for noise complaints during the summer rock concerts) and has helped local food suppliers.

"One of the first things you learn in planning is how to develop a site without it having negative effects on adjoining sites," said distinguished landscape architect Rudy Favretti. Placing a hockey rink adjacent to the Moss Sanctuary violates that principle.

The hockey rink proposal—the outcry has forced planners to consider alternate on-campus sites—is the latest wrinkle in so-called town-gown cooperation efforts, which have had a troubled past.

One town official recalls a session in the mid-1980s, when a top university official walked into a joint meeting and announced, "We're the 800-pound gorilla in the room and you have to deal with it."

Mr. Paddock has seen firsthand the ups and downs of the town's relationship with UConn. For example, in the early 1990s, the nearby Eagleville Brook turned white because UConn was washing paint utensils in the water that fed the brook, eroding its ecological life. Further, in the past, the university has been "irresponsible" about how it handled its storm water runoff, at one point so out of control that a wetland spilled over at a busy intersection just off campus and froze in the winter. Chemical waste pits in the northern section of the campus led to much controversy over allegations that they polluted residents' ground water sources, prompting the state to order them sealed.

And then there was the Pfizer affair, an ongoing battle that occurred in the late 1990s when the chemical giant wanted to build a $35 million, 90,000-square-foot animal vaccine laboratory to connect with UConn's growing pathobiology department on the lovely sloping Horsebarn Hill. The iconic campus landmark is regarded as the most peaceful and historic section of the 134-year-old land-grant college established after Charles and Augustus Storrs donated 170 acres of farmland, a few barns, and $6,000 to start the Storrs Agricultural School. The far-flung Coalition to Save Horsebarn Hill organized lively demonstrations against Pfizer and filed two lawsuits to block the construction. In the end, Pfizer pulled out, stating its mission was to discover new drugs for animal health, not waste its time and money in court.

Mr. Favretti has had a foot in both the town and university camps for decades. A former longtime member and chairman of the Planning and Zoning Commission, he has served on numerous town agencies concerned with land use and environmental matters. Favretti said in the past university officials have been less than enthusiastic in their support of some of the oldest parts of campus, many of which are on the National Register of Historic Places. One such building, the 1870 Farwell Barn (also called the Jacobson Barn), a striking red building that sits at the crest of Route

195 overlooking Horsebarn Hill, was nominated in 2001 to the register by the Horsebarn Hill coalition, which led the restoration efforts.

Mr. Favretti served on the state reviewing agency that passed applications onto the national register board. He said UConn, which had commissioned its own studies, requested the application be tabled—sure death to a proposal—because officials claimed that the barn did not meet some of the qualifications to be put on the register. But Mr. Favretti argued the university's data was bogus. The Connecticut agency voted to pass on the application, and in 2001, the U.S. Park Service placed the Farwell Barn and 25 adjacent acres of the campus on the National Register of Historic Places. Since that time, the barn has been cared for by the university, which has spent considerable money protecting it.

Both Mr. Favretti and Mr. Paddock are reluctant to assign any nefarious motives to UConn's past actions. Mr. Paddock thinks a lack of planning expertise and management from the top led to random decisions with no thought to the consequences of their actions on the community and the surrounding environment.

"The university had a strong educational orientation. It didn't have strong administrative orientation," he said. "In this day and age, the university is much more prepared to address issues and has a professional staff to plan and monitor things. They have also learned that providing information is beneficial to both sides," he added.

"They've been kind of forced to do that, by all of the mistakes they've made in the past," said Mr. Favretti, referring to the extensive planning department that is in charge of UConn growth and development. He said the fact that there appears to be more continuity at the top has also helped.

The care with which the town and the university cooperated on the Storrs Center project is testimony to the new era of rapprochement. The university needed it for recruiting and for staff and student convenience; the town needed to provided much-desired amenities to its residents and to reap rich tax benefits from the development.

"The region needed Storrs Center," said Mr. Favretti. "The main concern has always been could such a thing survive the summer when students are gone. I'm a born optimist and there have been signs of optimism and Storrs Center seems to be pulling in people from other regions," he said, citing "ladies from Putnam coming in for lunch" as an example. Town and UConn employees frequent the restaurants for lunch; the UConn Co-Op bookstore, which still has its academic merchandise on the main campus, has a more retail-oriented branch in the center; and the world-renowned Ballard Institute and Museum of Puppetry is now in Storrs Center, whereas for years it was virtually ignored on the Depot Campus.

And so in the middle of this peaceful rural town, with its Moss Sanctuary and Dorwart Preserve and other stringently protected areas of forest and meadow, live thousands of texting, partying, studying university students—a blend that at least for now seems to be working to everyone's satisfaction.

Although the days are long gone of historian Roberta Smith's youth, when the community joined the university for the annual Messiah sing on campus, there are encouraging signs that town and gown may peacefully coexist for many years to come.

Terese Karmel is an instructor and academic advisor in the University of Connecticut Journalism Department and a frequent freelance contributor to various newspapers and magazines.

CONNECTICUT Forest & Park ASSOCIATION

16 Meriden Road
Rockfall, Connecticut 06481-2961

U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
STANDARD
Permit No. 344
New London, CT

RUN FOR THE WOODS

Sign Up Now!

5K AND 10K TRAIL RACES
Saturday, September 19th

at Sessions Woods WMA in Burlington, CT

www.ctwoodlands.org/runforthewoods

RUN FOR THE WOODS IS A PART OF THE BLUE-BLAZED TRAIL RUNNING SERIES