CONNECTICUT Woodlands

THE ART OF THE MOSEY

ALSO: GYPSY MOTHS INVADE AGAIN

The Magazine of the Connecticut Forest & Park Association FALL 2016 Volume 81 No. 3

CHRISTINE WOODSIDE

Carefully planted vegetation begins to protect the banks of Laurel Brook in Wadsworth Falls State Park. *See page 8.*

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.

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On the Cover:

Trails Day hikers mosey along on the Highlawn Forest Trails in Middlefield.

PHOTO BY JAMES LITTLE

A self-rescue: Memorable adventures often are those that went wrong

BY ERIC LUKINGBEAL

The hikes we remember best are those where things went wrong. We do not think so much of the times with good weather, no accidents, no black flies, no getting lost, and easy terrain. At least, I don't. What was miserable or painful or dangerous at the time becomes quite pleasant when I think of it years later. I enjoy talking about these hikes with my companions. Is it because we made it through some difficulties and feel accomplished, or that we were just lucky?

Vergil made the same observation in the *Aeneid*, in what is recognized as the most famous quote. Shipwrecked on the shores of Carthage, Aeneas says to his remaining men, "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit*." The right translation is a bit disputed, but this one is generally accepted: "Perhaps, this too will be a pleasure to look back on one day." The key word is *perhaps*. Perhaps, it will not be so pleasant. My experience has been that Aeneas was right. Most of the time, a terrible time on the trail is remembered as a grand adventure.

My most memorable hike took place in December 1981. My wife-to-be and I decided to do a quick two-day hike to Zealand Falls Hut in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The ground was still bare, and there were no storms in the forecast. We brought no snowshoes. On Friday afternoon, we hiked in most of the way on an old woods road, then made a short, uneventful ascent of less than 2 miles to the hut. For reasons I cannot now recall, we brought a grim assortment of dried soups, gorp, and energy bars. Zealand was open for camping, and a caretaker kept a small fire going to keep the air slightly above freezing. We stayed with several other parties at the hut. A group of about eight Harvard graduate students had packed in a feast, with roast turkey, wine, and dessert.

Saturday morning dawned gray and cold, with a few flakes of snow. The caretaker said that a weather report would come in at 8 a.m. We decided not to wait for the forecast and headed down the trail. More snow began to fall as we descended. The wind kicked up too, and before we had gone half a mile, we realized we were in blizzard conditions. The white blazes on the trees began to be obscured by blowing, wet snow. We had both hiked the trail several times, but only in the summer, when trails are easier to follow.

We kept going. Eventually we found that we were no longer on the trail. We discussed and rejected the idea of turning back. It was snowing so hard, nearly horizontally in the wind, that we had trouble seeing our own tracks. We decided to follow the fall line straight downhill until we reached a stream, which would take us roughly parallel to the woods road we had come in on and eventually back to our car. When we found the stream, we met up with two high-school-age hikers from the hut. They too had lost the trail and had adopted the same find-and-follow-the-stream strategy we had. One had fallen in up to his waist and was quite cold. We decided to keep going as a group of four. The wind was getting stronger, and the snow deeper. Our progress was very slow.

When we found the woods road, our relief was extreme but short-lived. The snow was so deep—up to our knees—and heavy that it took quite an effort to push through it. On we slogged, silent, tired, and feeling a little stupid. It was now well past midday. After a while, the Harvard students caught up to us. They had made themselves a fancy pancake breakfast, had not lost the trail, and were in high spirits. We had had powdered pea soup, gotten lost, and were not happy.

They asked if they could go by us and break trail for the entire group. We readily agreed. But they lasted less than a hundred yards before leg cramps set in. We resumed the trail-breaking chore for the rest of the way.

About eight hours after we had left the hut, we reached our car, an old Volkswagen bug, with snow drifted up to the windows. We got in, started it up, and turned on the so-called heater. But we had no shovel and could not push our way out of the deep snow. The graduate students and the high school students we'd been hiking with all had parked in a different lot, which they thought had been plowed. We never saw them again.

We started walking, hoping to hitch a ride. Our luck now turned. The first to come by was a pickup truck, driven by the owner of the Boulder Motor Court in the town of Twin Mountain. He had a room for us, with a kitchenette. We relayed our adventure, and he took us to a grocery store, where we stocked up on Dorito chips, cheese dip, beer, and brownies—real food. We spent the night, and the next morning dug out the VW with a shovel our rescuer provided.

What had gone wrong? We were unprepared for the conditions. The storm, which broke the existing New Hampshire 24-hour snowfall record by accumulating more than 32 inches, had surprised the forecasters. Even had we waited for the weather forecast at the hut, we would have heard that only a foot was predicted with light winds. So we probably would have started off anyway. We both feel lucky we did not end up in the highly embarrassing "Accidents" section in the Appalachian Mountain Club journal Appalachia. I always read that section first. It is the one feature in which I never want my name to appear.

Vergil's Aeneas had it right. We tell this story now and then, and feel good about it. When we set off on a hike, no matter where that hike is, we cannot know whether it will be memorable. That is part of the attraction of hiking: It's unpredictable.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Lukingbeal mentions the "Accidents" report in the journal Appalachia, which I also edit. Many of us belong to more than one organization that promotes good trails, conservation, and adventure. Let us all tell our trail friends about both of these publications. And may we all benefit from the lessons in these stories.*

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.

Pokémon Go…Outside

BY ERIC HAMMERLING

True confession: My 16 year-old son, Mateo, is a big fan of Pokémon Go, the hot new smartphone game that requires players to explore and go to specific places. He also enjoys going for walks in the woods and doing other things outdoors with me or his mom, but if he had his choice, he'd be making a YouTube video, talking with friends on Skype, listening to music, or playing online community games like Pokémon Go.

Interestingly enough, Mateo watches very little TV—it's comparatively non-interactive, and boring to him—but he is certainly not alone in his attraction to screen time. A comprehensive report issued last November by Common Sense Media, Inc., entitled, "The Common Sense Census: Media Use by Tweens and Teens" suggests that Mateo is not alone.

According to the Common Sense Census, American teens aged 13 to 18 spend an average of about nine hours per day absorbing electronic media. Amazingly, this figure excludes any time spent on their computers doing homework. Tweens (those between ages 8 and 12) spend an average of about six hours per day in front of screens (computers, TVs, and mobile devices).

There are significant differences between how boys and girls connect to media. Boys, for example, are about 10 times more likely than girls are to play video games, and girls are three times more likely than boys are to read stories online or communicate through social media. Girls are also almost two times more likely than boys to listen to music electronically.

Should we be worried? Here are the facts so you can decide. The vast majority of media time (78 percent among tweens and 64 percent among teens) is being devoted to "passive consumption"—watching, listening, reading, and playing with media content created by someone else—rather than creating original content. Also, there is a large "digital equality gap" where teens from lower-income families are spending an average of 2.75 hours more with media each day than are teens from higher-income families. Last, if we only look at averages to describe the vast differences between gender, age, and income, we miss the extremes. At the extremes, one in five tweens is using more than six hours of screen media, and almost one in five teens is spending more than 10 hours using online media.

So, where does that leave us with Pokémon Go?

I tried it. I downloaded the app to my smartphone, and I have to admit that it was pretty fun and definitely less violent than many other games that attract teen minds. One useful skill that kids can learn in this game is how to read a map, and Pokémon Go can be a social lubricant for shy kids who need a conversation starter. Of course, the biggest benefit of the game is that it is getting kids outdoors who otherwise might be absorbing nine hours of media indoors and alone. So, as long as they aren't playing too much Pokémon Go and they are playing it in safe places, I am supportive of replacing currently acceptable passive media time with more active time playing the game.

Maybe it's time to use some reverse psychology with our kids. If we tell them it's "cool" and force them to go online, maybe they will resist it as they resist homework? Pokémon Go is currently the hottest craze on the planet, but perhaps by the time you're reading this, we will have used our mind games effectively enough to get our kids to step away from their screens and just play outdoors. For their sakes, I hope so.

Source: commonsensemedia.org/sites/default/files/uploads/research/census_executivesummary.pdf

Further reading: Forbes magazine article on the success and trends: forbes.com/sites/andrewcave/2016/07/31/pokemon-go-what-happens-from-here/#487d9bc52024

Eric Hammerling has directed Connecticut Forest & Park Association since 2008. He lives in West Hartford.

THE ART OF THE MOSEY

A TRIBUTE

BY LAURIE D. MORRISSEY

"He went out to see if the air was still there."

This was often my mother's reply if I asked my father's whereabouts after dinner. It was as good an explanation as any for what he was doing. He was practicing the time-honored art of moseying.

During the course of his day as a state park ranger in northwestern Connecticut, my father walked plenty. He supervised a maintenance crew and frequently made his rounds of the campgrounds and picnic areas on foot, wearing a silver badge. Along the way, he met people: people with questions, requests, complaints, friendly chatter, or (and this made him walk faster) just the need to expound. But he also took walks of a less professional nature. He moseyed.

My father was William P. Dougal. He worked for 40 years as a ranger (as they were called then) for Lake Waramaug and Mount Tom state parks.

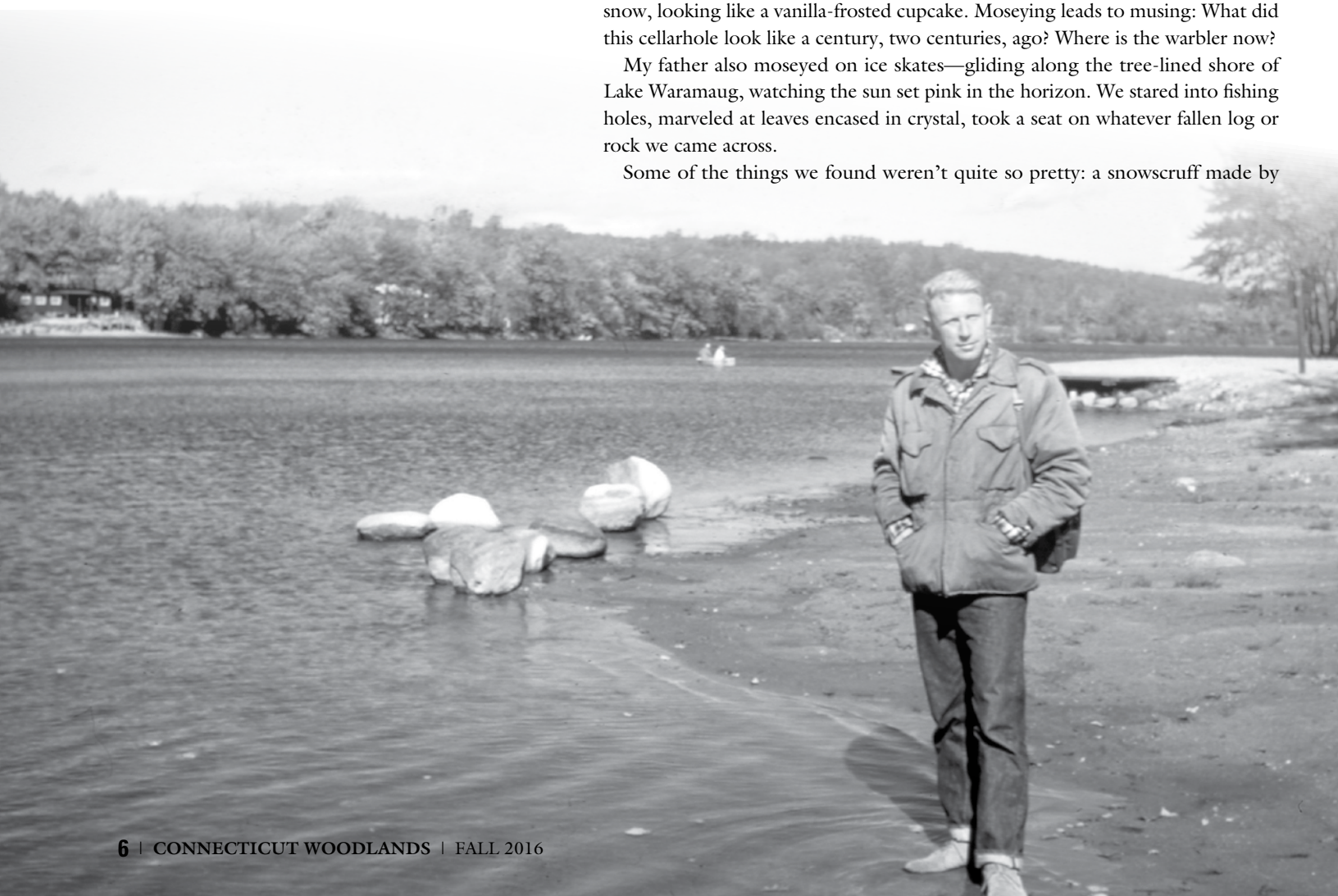
A mosey is a walk, but not necessarily one with a conscious destination or a purpose. If it does have a purpose, it is one that changes on a whim, depending on the way the wind blows or the direction a songbird takes into a thicket. Moseying can be done any time. It does not lend itself to lunch breaks. Or to pedometers, Fitbits, apps, or any equipment at all, even special shoes. It's not a workout, and there is no such thing as power moseying. It is movement, and as such, it is good for you—but the word exercise doesn't really apply.

When you mosey, you observe. You look at what you've seen a hundred times before, but never in exactly the same weather or frame of mind. You notice how the tips of the maple trees change in springtime from gray to light pink and then red. In the fall, you notice the double-winged maple seeds twirling to the ground. You watch the hillsides kindle day by day into a brighter blaze of color.

You find things you weren't looking for: traces of a cellarhole; the stones of an old mill; a rusty loop of wire threaded through a gnarled tree. A chickadee flitting out of a hole in a birch trunk; a warbler's nest covered by a tiny mound of snow, looking like a vanilla-frosted cupcake. Moseying leads to musing: What did this cellarhole look like a century, two centuries, ago? Where is the warbler now?

My father also moseyed on ice skates—gliding along the tree-lined shore of Lake Waramaug, watching the sun set pink in the horizon. We stared into fishing holes, marveled at leaves encased in crystal, took a seat on whatever fallen log or rock we came across.

Some of the things we found weren't quite so pretty: a snowscruff made by



Opposite page, William P. Dougal exploring a shoreline, location uncertain.

This page, clockwise from top: Mr. Dougal monitors a closed park road; on the job (at left) with an unidentified night watchman; hanging out in a field.

FAMILY PHOTOS PROVIDED BY LAURIE D. MORRISSEY

the wings of a captured bird; a wash of blood where a deer met a car; a lumpy pellet regurgitated by an owl. Some discoveries are pretty to some and creepy to others. I remember finding a snake sunning eight slinky babies in a patch of dry leaves.

While moseying with my father in and around the state park, my brother and I found an arrowhead in a freshly plowed cornfield. It was a true find—but there were also ones that (as I realized much later) my father contrived. Just beyond the park stood a massive, bare elm trunk. My father told us of a wanderer who had stopped to rest in the shade many years before: "Right there," he said, stirring the leaves with his foot. When the lightning bolt struck, the old man's money shook out of his pocket. Amazingly, every time we lingered under "the money tree," one of us found a dirt-caked coin.

My father liked the view from a hill, but he never kept track of how many hills he climbed. He liked birds, but kept no life list. His motivation for moseying was the pleasure of being outdoors, seeing what was there that wasn't there the day before. Feeling the weight of the air. Making sure it was still there.

Although my father never read *Walden*, he shared this occupation with a man who lived more than a century earlier, west of Boston. Henry David Thoreau "traveled a great deal in Concord," roaming the forests and fields at all hours. He scorned purposeful exercise: "Think of a man's swinging dumbbells for his health!" but he covered leagues on foot, observing small matters. Noticing the bubbles trapped in the pond ice, he stretched out for a good long stare. You can do this when you mosey. And he tuned in to sounds. One chapter of *Walden* is devoted to sounds: the whip-poor-wills calling to each other, the wailing of a screech owl, the "tr-r-r-oonk!" of bullfrogs. As much as he loved wilderness, he also appreciated the sounds of civilization: the train whistle or distant singers.

Moseyers accept invitations and succumb to curiosity. They stroll, pause, linger, dally. An expert can even fall asleep while moseying, given the right grassy hillside and the proper angle of the sun. Those who mosey are into aesthetics, not athletics. And if the air is ever not there, they'll be the first to find out.

Laurie D. Morrissey lives in Hopkinton, New Hampshire. Her writing has been published in the Christian Science Monitor and Kearsarge Magazine and on the website of Northern Woodlands.

PROTECTING A MUCH BELOVED STREAM IN WADSWORTH FALLS STATE PARK

A landscape designer meets Laurel Brook

BY KATHLEEN GROLL CONNOLLY

At first glance, Laurel Brook appears unremarkable. It flows between grassy banks just beyond the crowded parking lot at Wadsworth Falls State Park in Middletown. One might expect visitors to ignore it as they cross the covered footbridge on their way to the scenic waterfalls, ravines, and a swimming pond.

But many children spend hours exploring in the little brook. It's a natural playground. They dance across the narrow banks, skipping stones and tossing balls with their families and playmates. They gather crayfish and watch snakes. Dog walkers, handholding couples, and big families visit the stream in all kinds of weather. Laurel Brook is a resilient, year-round stream that has suffered a bit from all this attention. But this brook, a small tributary of the Coginchaug River watershed, is on a list of impaired waterways because of high bacteria counts.

The Coginchaug watershed drains an area of 40 square miles. The Coginchaug is one of the few rivers in Connecticut that flows north, beginning in Guilford at Meyerhuber Pond, flowing through Durham and Middlefield, then ending in Middletown. The Coginchaug River empties into the Mattabesset River, which flows into the Connecticut River, which ends in Long Island Sound.

In 2015, I was hired by a conservation team to choose and place plants for a riparian buffer along the banks of Laurel Brook. Streams and brooks are tremendous nurseries for plant communities ranging from wetland-adapted plants to upland species. These communities are full of variety, including everything from mosses to grasses and sedges, flowering plants, shrubs, and trees. As much as the water sustains the plants, the plants help keep the water clean and contained within its banks. Riparian plants slow the impact of storm water and surface flow. They absorb nutrients that can create imbalances in

water chemistry and filter pollutants. Trees and shrubs create shade, which keeps the water cool and hospitable to aquatic life.

Over eight months in 2015, we learned how resilient Laurel Brook is. We saw it in all weather and conditions. When we first visited the site that February, Laurel Brook cut a 10-foot wide canyon through 3 feet of ice and snow. Eight months later, on a 94-degree September day, we arrived to plant. Remarkably, Laurel Brook was still flowing, even as many other ponds and streams in the area had dried up. At some times of the year, the brook overflows its banks, encroaching on the surrounding picnic groves and even, on occasion, the parking lot.

The plantings along Laurel Brook are working to protect this tributary stream of the Coginchaug River, one small part of a much larger picture.

According to Jane Brawerman, executive director at the Connecticut River Coastal Conservation District, the Coginchaug River was added to the state's list of impaired water bodies in 1996 because of high levels of E. coli bacteria and is still not considered to support aquatic life. The conservation district has been coordinating a long-term project to improve the water quality of the Coginchaug River, collaborating with multiple local and regional partners and watershed landowners. Activities have included water-quality monitoring, outreach and education, and on-the-ground restoration projects. Although much has been done over the years to identify and address sources of pollution, the Coginchaug remains impaired.

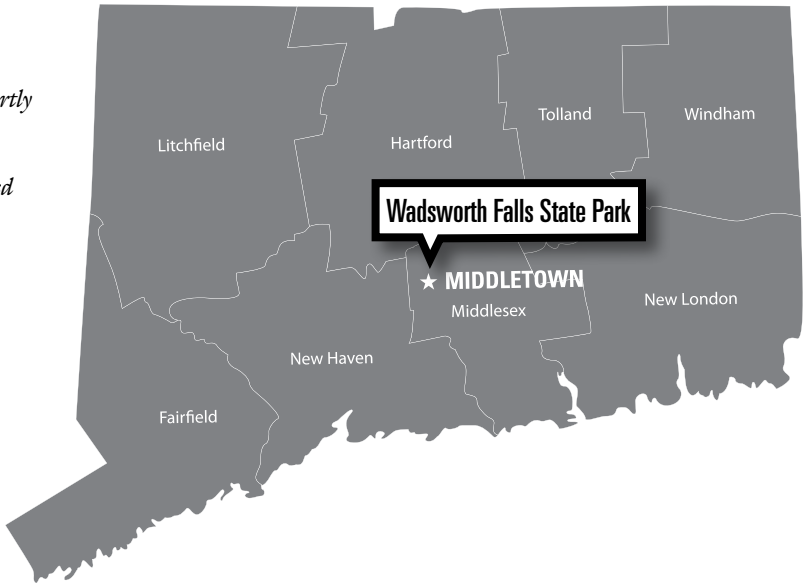
"There are many possible sources of pollution to the Coginchaug River, and small tributaries such as Laurel Brook are a good place to start implementing

Top, saplings and young plants establish themselves shortly after planting, April 2015.

Above, Kathy Connolly visits the brook, now surrounded by plants, July, 2016.

Opposite page, Laurel Brook runs unprotected between two close-cropped grassy banks, April 2015.

OPPOSITE AND TOP PHOTOS BY KATHY CONNOLLY. PHOTO ABOVE BY CHRISTINE WOODSIDE.



The plant list is shown here:

SHRUBS:

Canadian serviceberry (*Amelanchier canadensis*)

Buttonbush (*Cephalanthus occidentalis*)

Sweet pepperbush (*Clethra alnifolia*)

Sweet fern (*Comptonia peregrina*)

Redtwig dogwood (*Cornus sericea*)

Winterberry holly (*Ilex verticillata*)

Swamp azalea (*Rhododendron viscosum*)

Pussy willow (*Salix discolor*)

Elderberry (*Sambucus canadensis*)

GRASSES AND SEDGES:

Sideoats grama (*Bouteloua curtipendula*)

Appalachian sedge (*Carex appalachica*)

Plantainleaf sedge (*Carex plantaginea*)

Fox sedge (*Carex vulpinoidea*)

FLOWERING PERENNIALS:

Swamp milkweed (*Asclepias incarnata*)

Turtlehead (*Chelone glabra*)

Joe Pye weed (*Eutrochium dubium*) 'baby joe'

Fall Helen's flower (*Helenium autumnale*)

Perennial hibiscus rosemallow (*Hibiscus moscheutos*)

Short-tooth mountainmint (*Pycnanthemum muticum*)

Slender mountainmint (*Pycnanthemum tenuifolium*)

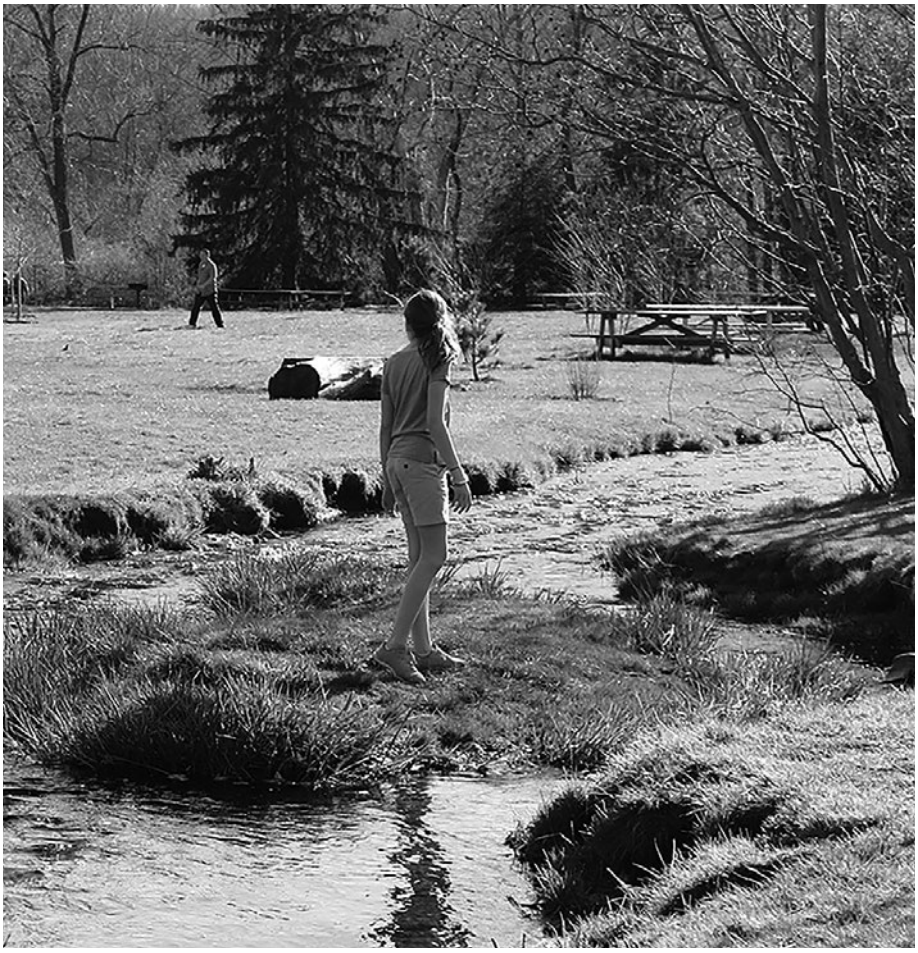
TREES:

River birch (*Betula nigra*)

Chestnut (*Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station*) (*Castanea dentata*)

Blackgum (*Nyssa sylvatica*)

Princeton gray elm (*Ulmus americana*) 'Princeton'



Opposite page:
Top and center, more scenes of the brook in July 2016. Bottom, Kathy Connolly checked the progress of plants. Some were doing well; others struggled in spots where children played.

PHOTOS ON OPPOSITE PAGE BY CHRISTINE WOODSIDE.

Left, a curious girl's exploration in 2015, before the new plants went in, illustrates the fascination young people hold for Laurel Brook.

PHOTO ABOVE BY KATHY CONNOLLY.

IN TOTAL, 27 LARGE TREES, 50 TREE SEEDLINGS, 72 SHRUBS, AND 378 GRASS, SEDGE, AND FLOWERING PERENNIAL PLANTS, WERE PLANTED IN KEY PLACES. AS TIME GOES ON, THOSE THAT SURVIVE WILL INCREASE THE STABILITY OF THE STREAM BANK, FILTER RUNOFF, AND RESTORE NATURAL HABITAT.

water-quality improvements," Ms. Brawerman said. She said that a vegetated buffer along Laurel Brook will help filter runoff from the parking lot and the grassed area between the brook and the pond. The plants also will prevent stream bank erosion and improve habitat for animals and fish.

Because Laurel Brook is so visible to the public, it's a great demonstration site.

Ms. Brawerman's organization worked with the Connecticut Department of Energy and Environmental Protection, using funds from a U.S. Environmental Protection Agency Clean Water Act grant. Connecticut State Park Supervisor Alex Sokolow represented the park system during the design process, emphasizing the need to keep the brook area open and friendly for children.

In total, 27 large trees, 50 tree seedlings, 72 shrubs, and 378 grass, sedge, and flowering perennial plants, were planted in key places. As time goes on, those that survive will increase the stability of the stream bank, filter runoff, and restore natural habitat.

As for plant survival, it is important to be realistic. It is always hard to predict what happens to plants in busy public spaces. Although we planted only native species, even the toughest plants are vulnerable to foot traffic, hot sun, and dry periods. The turtlehead—we planted many—is hard to spot among the otherwise abundant vegetation. Then there's the case of the missing pussy willows, upwards of 20. Did a pussy willow fancier make off with them? (I hope those plants are growing happily somewhere.)

As for the children, they're still dashing through the brook. Another bonus: trees shade some of the park's many picnic tables for the first time in a while.

The project includes a 24- x 18-inch outdoor educational sign with information about the Coginchaug River watershed, human impacts on rivers, and ways to protect water quality, including the benefits of waterside vegetated buffers.

Maintenance of the buffer will be the responsibility of park staff.

There are those who say, "Don't sweat the small stuff." Standard advice aside, little Laurel Brook may be on its way to bigger things.

Kathleen Groll Connolly is a landscape designer from Old Saybrook who specializes in wildscaping, native plants, and organic techniques. She presents about 20 seminars per year on a variety of horticultural and landscape topics, including meadow-making classes for Connecticut Forest & Park Association. Kathy is a longtime CFPA member. Reach her at Kathy@SpeakingofLandscapes.com.

A GRIM SCENE AT THE PARKS

Budget cuts close campgrounds and scale back lifeguards

BY CHRISTINE WOODSIDE

Connecticut's budget crisis hit all of the state agencies. But there's something especially heartbreaking about the way the cuts hit the state's beaches and parks in July right around the time people were packing their coolers and bathing suits and heading out for some well-deserved fun.

In short, there's no good way to cut $1.8 million, or 10 percent, from the Department of Energy and Environmental Protection's parks budget. (DEEP's entire budget was to be cut by $10 million.)

The department said it tried to make cuts to the parks budget by using statistics. It looked at the places people tended not to go. It looked at the days fewer people went out to the beaches. It tried not to disappoint too many families.

But try telling that to the people who might want to go camping, for example, at the gorgeous Devil's Hopyard State Park in East Haddam, where the campground has been totally shut down—no camping allowed. Try telling that to a nervous mother who gets Mondays or Tuesdays off and realizes she will be on her own keeping her children safe because Hammonasset Beach State Park stations no lifeguards those days.

DEEP Commissioner Robert Klee said, "Our plan is designed to reduce expenses while providing the highest quality outdoor recreation opportunities for the public and ensuring public safety." He said the department analyzed "how and when the public uses our state park system."

More cuts to park operations could come next year, he said.

The following list describes the cuts:

Campgrounds

The three campgrounds with the fewest campers were closed after July 4:

- Devil's Hopyard, East Haddam
- Salt Rock, Baltic
- Greens Falls, Voluntown

All but two of the other state park and forest campgrounds were to close after Labor Day—with the exception of the campgrounds at Hammonasset Beach and Rocky Neck state parks, which were to remain open through Columbus Day weekend.

"Several of the campgrounds in the state park and forest system have traditionally remained open until the end of September—but the number of fall campers is small and can be accommodated at Hammonasset Beach and Rocky Neck," DEEP said in a release.

State Park Beaches

The four popular beach parks—Hammonasset, Rocky Neck, Sherwood Island, and Silver Sands—lost lifeguard coverage on Mondays and Tuesdays. They had been guarded seven days a week.

The inland parks with guarded swimming areas—Black Rock, Burr Pond, Indian Well, and Squantz Pond parks—lost even more lifeguard time starting in early July. Coverage there was to be "between three and five days per week, including weekends."

(Note that lifeguarding is already at a low level. The state maintains 23 swimming areas in parks. It tests the water at these places and places swimming lines and signs on the beaches. But only 8 of these spots are guarded.)

State Park Museums and Nature Centers

Dinosaur State Park has long been closed on Mondays, but now people will not be able to even walk on the grounds. DEEP greatly scaled back hours at Gillette Castle State Park in Lyme and East Haddam. Instead of every day, that park (which was upgraded only a few years ago) will be open Thursday through Sunday, 11 a.m.–5 p.m., only through Labor Day (instead of through Columbus Day).

Heublein Tower at Talcott Mountain State Park will open only Thursday through Sunday until Labor Day. But that park will move to a six-day-a-week schedule during the fall, DEEP said.

Putnam Memorial State Park's visitors' center will open on weekends only. It used to be open every day.

Besides these, museums and nature centers were expected to reduce hours and staffing, and maintenance such as lawn mowing was to be reduced.

Additional Changes Expected

Mr. Klee said, "As we move into the second part of the fiscal year, and next spring, there will likely be additional adjustments. In making these decisions, our focus will remain on serving the greatest number of people and protecting public safety."

Connecticut has 109 state parks—as well as campgrounds managed by the park system within its 32 state forests—that attract approximately 9 million visitors a year.

DEEP's budget is funded by a combination of state, federal, transportation, and other sources. Thirty-seven percent of DEEP's budget comes from the state General Fund. This fiscal year, the department's allocation was reduced by 14 percent. Staffing is down to 809 people, a reduction of 203 since 2007.

Christine Woodside is the editor of Connecticut Woodlands magazine.

Exploring and Helping on the Paths:

CONNECTICUT TRAILS DAY 2016

Hikers stop for a break on the Zoar Trail.
PHOTO BY CLARE CAIN

Hikers at the Turtle Creek Preserve in Essex can't keep their eyes on the trail with so much to see up in the canopy.
PHOTO BY CLARE CAIN

A young hiker learns about a new plant at the Turtle Creek Preserve in Essex.
PHOTO BY CLARE CAIN

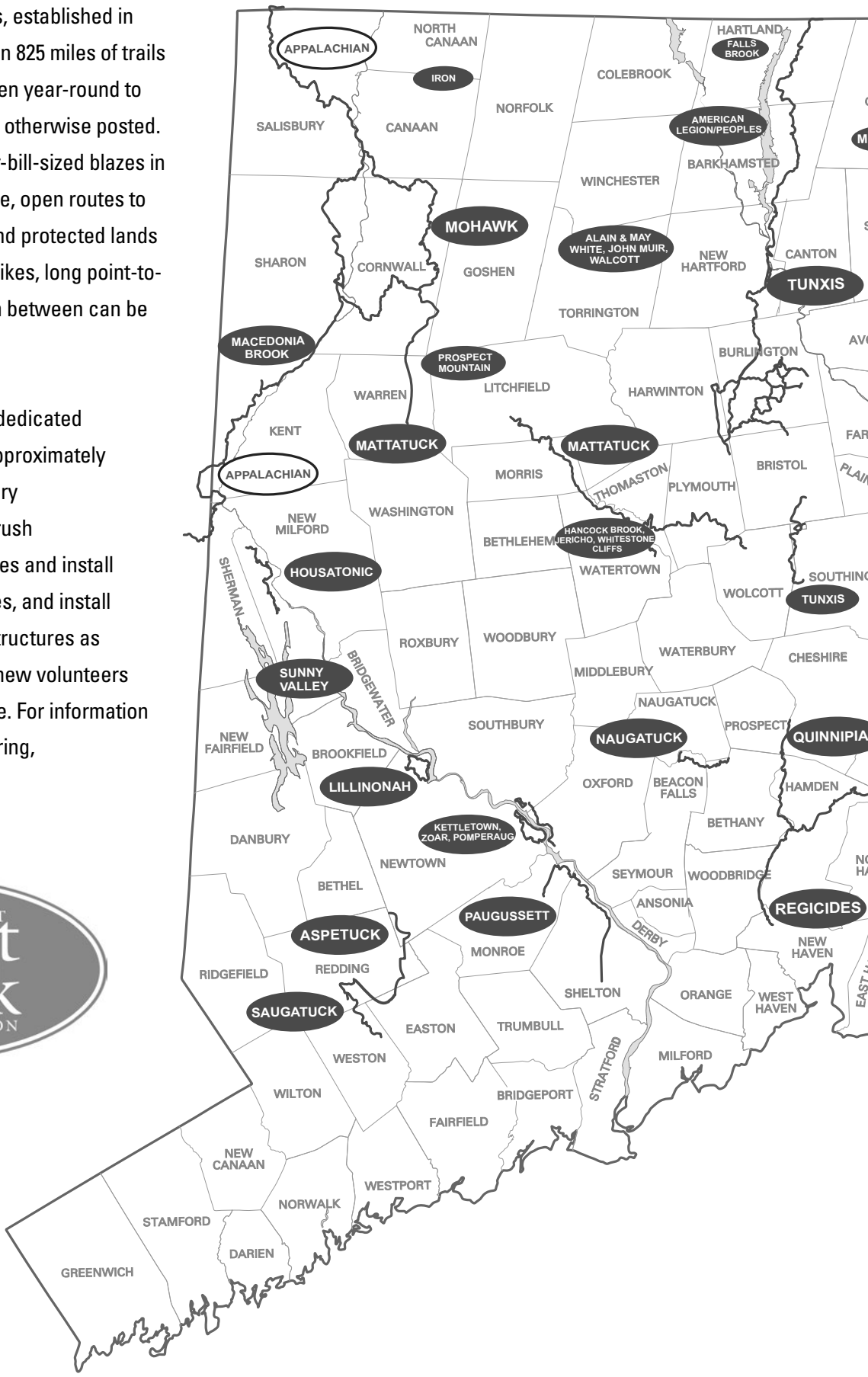
Walkers enjoy the trails at Highlawn Forest in Middlefield.
PHOTO BY JAMES LITTLE

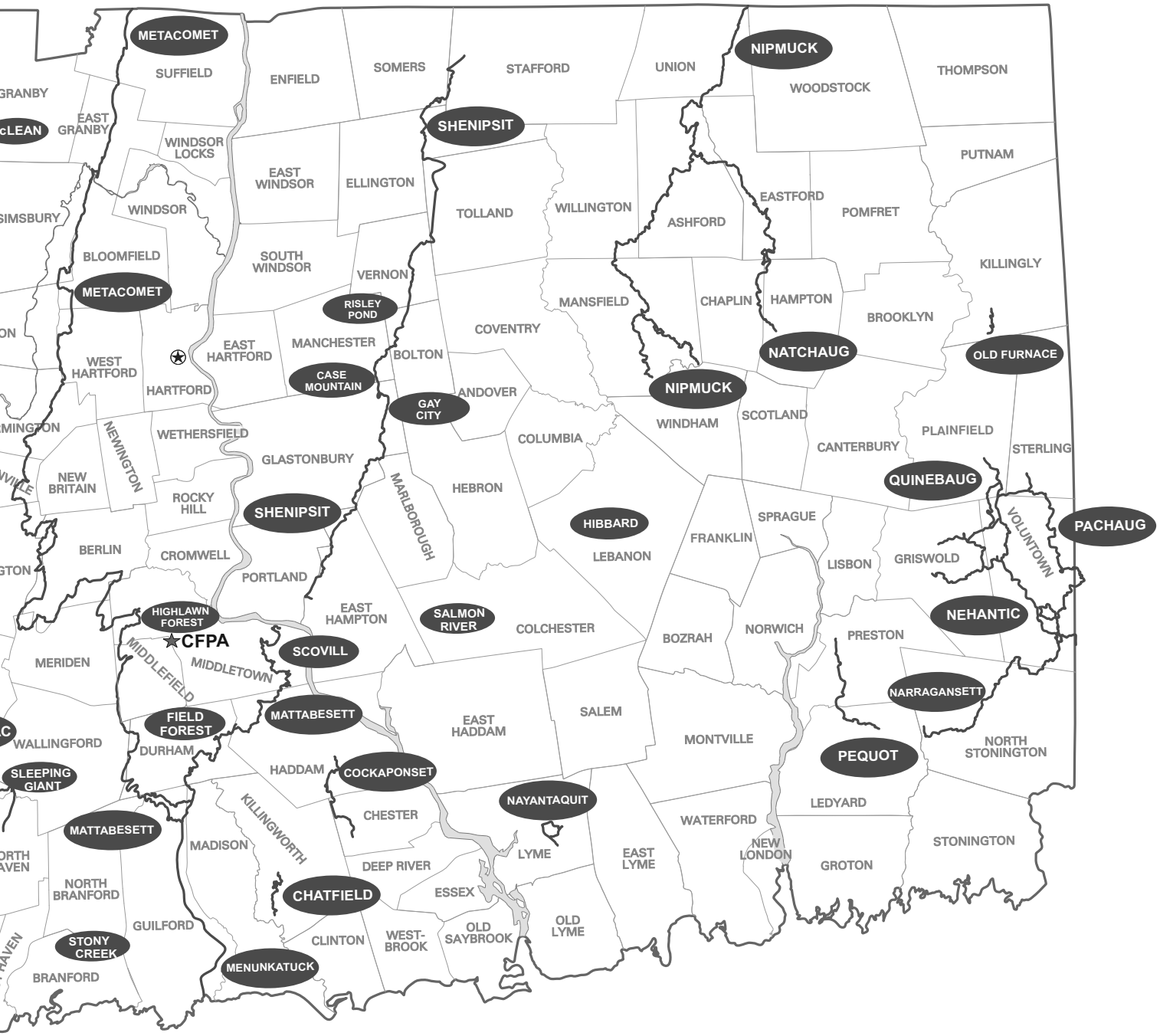
Volunteers gave back on the Appalachian Trail in Kent.
PHOTO BY JIM LIPTACK

Trails Day in Groton was a great success.
PHOTO BY SIDNEY VAN ZANDT

The Blue-Blazed Hiking Trails, established in 1929, currently total more than 825 miles of trails in 96 towns. The trails are open year-round to all forms of foot travel unless otherwise posted. The trails, marked with dollar-bill-sized blazes in a signature shade of light blue, open routes to exploring the open spaces and protected lands of Connecticut. Short loops hikes, long point-to-point hikes, and everything in between can be found on the Blue Trails.

The trails are maintained by dedicated volunteers who contribute approximately 20,000 hours of trail work every year. Trail volunteers clear brush and downed trees, paint blazes and install signs, coordinate work parties, and install bridges and additional trail structures as necessary. CFPA welcomes new volunteers to help with trail maintenance. For information about the trails and volunteering, see ctwoodlands.org.





CONNECTICUT'S BLUE-BLAZED HIKING TRAILS

INTERACTIVE BLUE TRAILS MAP ONLINE

http://www.ctwoodlands.org/BlueTrailsMap

Whether you're a devout hiker of the Blue-Blazed Hiking Trails or a walker looking for a local escape, the Connecticut Forest & Park Association's new online trails map will help you plan your outing before your boots hit the ground. As a companion tool to the *Connecticut Walk Book,* this map will allow you to zoom in and see the latest trail locations, learn trail names and distances, and fully discover all that Connecticut hiking has to offer.

MEET A NEW BOARD MEMBER AND THE NEW EDUCATION DIRECTOR

The talented people on the Connecticut Forest & Park Association's Board of Directors and professional staff bolster our focus on "connecting people to the land." We are pleased to introduce two talented new members of the CFPA family.

Antonio Mazzara joined CFPA's Board of Directors at our spring annual meeting. Mr. Mazzara is a native of Italy and has been inspired by efforts there to protect lands associated with the Italian Alps. He lives in Stamford and travels frequently as a partner in the venture fund of Invest Seek, Inc., providing his expertise in high tech startups in the augmented reality spectrum, but he makes time to enjoy Connecticut's trails and outdoors. He is a member of the Harvard Business School Alumni Angels of New York as a leader of its IT and hardware sector. Its more than 250 "angel investors" have given to more than 40 companies as part of a global Harvard Business School network of "alumni angels." (The companies in which they invest are not required to have any ties to Harvard University and cover multiple industries and geographies, although many are in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Eastern Pennsylvania.)

Emma Kravet is CFPA's new education director. She joined our staff in August. Ms. Kravet comes to CFPA from the Yale School of Forestry & Environmental Studies, where she managed the Sustaining Family Forests Initiative, a national program aimed at training natural resource professionals in more strategic and effective landowner outreach. She has previously worked in food and agricultural policy, youth development, and farm-based education. Emma also holds a dual MA/MS degree in Urban and Environmental Policy and Planning and Agriculture, Food, and Environment from Tufts University.

Emma's passion for experiential education has led her all over the East and West Coasts, Central America, and Nova Scotia. In both her travels and schooling, Emma has become proficient in speaking Spanish, which we hope will help our Education program continue to reach out to new audiences but with additional confidence. She lives in New Haven where she can be found exploring East Rock Park and samba dancing.

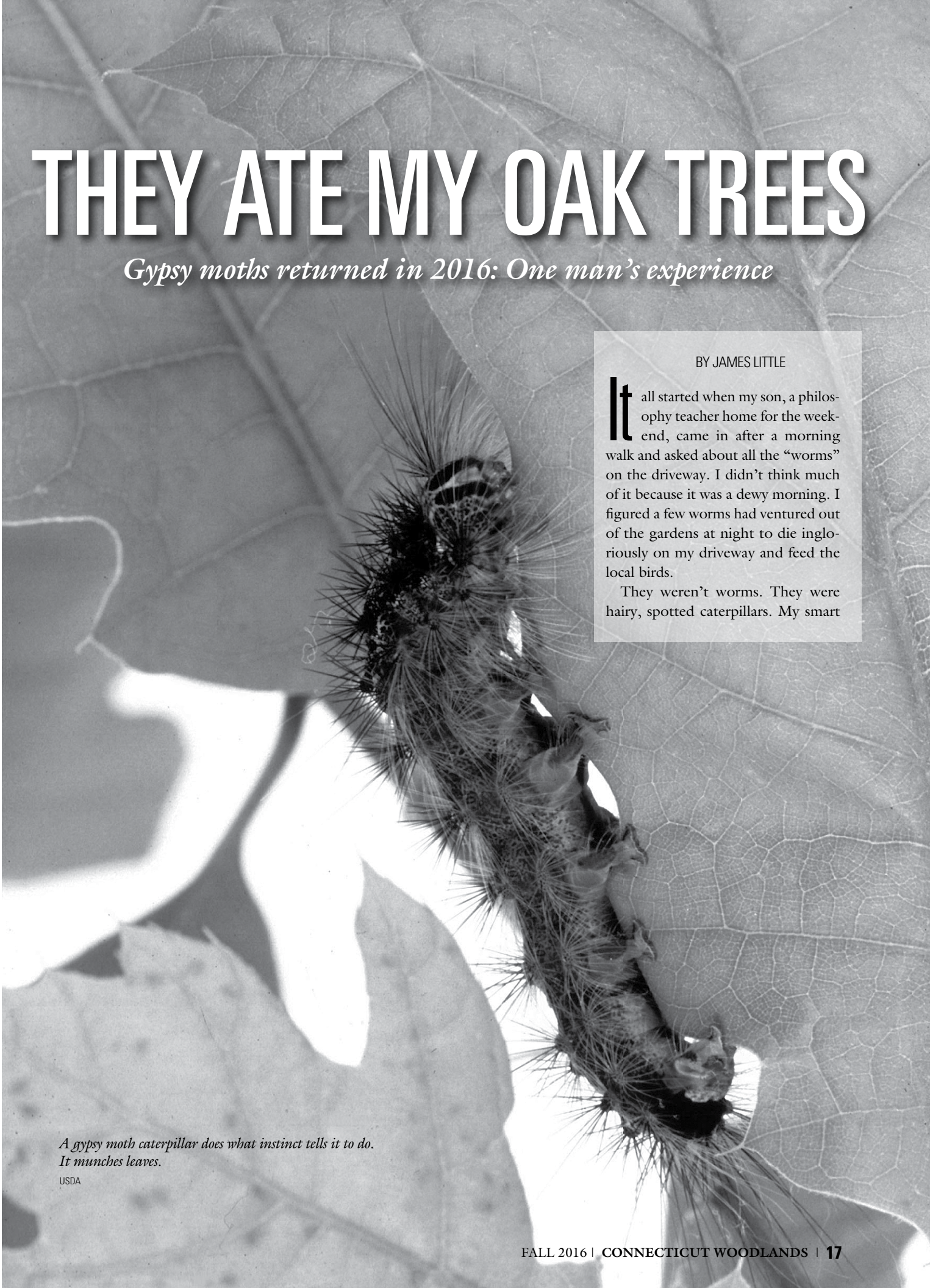
THEY ATE MY OAK TREES

Gypsy moths returned in 2016: One man's experience

BY JAMES LITTLE

It all started when my son, a philosophy teacher home for the weekend, came in after a morning walk and asked about all the "worms" on the driveway. I didn't think much of it because it was a dewy morning. I figured a few worms had ventured out of the gardens at night to die ingloriously on my driveway and feed the local birds.

They weren't worms. They were hairy, spotted caterpillars. My smart



A gypsy moth caterpillar does what instinct tells it to do. It munches leaves.
USDA

son was wrong. (Apparently you can be a Thomistic philosopher and not be able to distinguish between a worm and a caterpillar.) The critters, the gypsy moth caterpillar (*Lymantria dispar dispar*) were so thick on my driveway I could not avoid stepping on them. By the way, gypsy moth caterpillars explode in a gooey mess when you step on them, but after a day or two of seeing the damage they do, I stepped on them with relish.

I remember stories about the 1980s invasion. It was much worse back then. In 1981, gypsy moths defoliated 1.5 million acres. Last year, approximately 180,000 acres were affected. I now have personal experience of the negative impact they have. My neighbor and I were stunned to find our oaks leafless in just a few days. The gently swaying green canopy that was home to birds, and too many squirrels, and provided a quiet privacy barrier between our homes was gone in the blink of an eye. The good news, according to Connecticut State Forester Christopher Martin, is that "partial or even complete defoliation of a tree in one year does not mean the death of the tree." If it did, numbers of oaks in our yards would be goners.

There were also other gross aspects to the invasion. The droppings from the moths are disgusting . . . and plentiful. I had to take my leaf blower to clear the driveway of leaf debris and piles of black grossness (*frass* is the technical term for this excrement) that covered everything. It was as if someone had spread topsoil and leaf debris over my driveway and yard. The caterpillars are also incessant climbers, and I would use the hose to clear hundreds of them from the side of the house. An hour later, they would be back.

Like a hairy zombie invasion, you cannot stop them. Our best hope for relief next year is early summer rains. According to Dr. Kirby Stafford, state entomologist, the gypsy moth fungus, *Entomophaga maimaiga*, can kill the caterpillars in the right conditions. The Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station in Hamden, the oldest in the country and a wonderful but underappreciated asset to the state, discovered in 1989 that the fungus was killing the caterpillars and was a major agent

Left, close-up of gysy moth egg cases.

Below, the hairy blobs on this oak tree are masses of gypsy moth eggs waiting to hatch next season.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

JOHN H. GHENT, USDA

A gypsy moth blends in with tree bark.

suppressing gypsy moth activity.

But the fungus needs rain. If the rain fails us again next year, a concerned homeowner, like me, may elect to treat for gypsy moths. One can try to remove the egg masses and drown them in soapy water—a clean death—or smother them with a soybean oil product. This is probably impractical, but it still might feel good to take revenge on as many egg masses as one can find.

Another method to thwart the beasts is to use a burlap refuge/barrier band to capture migrating caterpillars climbing up and down the tree.

Finally, a more expensive option is to engage an arborist once the larvae have hatched, usually between mid-May and mid-June, and treat with an insecticide. One needs to be careful and find an arborist licensed by the Connecticut Department of Energy and Environmental Protection.

In only a few weeks and after much damage, the caterpillars become moths (the males can fly but not the females), and the breeding process begins all over again. Even at this stage, they are a nuisance, and, of course, one knows that they are laying the seeds of destruction for the next season. Alas, our hope is for a rainy spring in 2017.

Epilogue

Nature continually amazes me. My old oak trees are growing new leaves. I am delighted. I asked the patient Mr. Martin, who explained that unlike me, trees are resilient, and I was witnessing a "second leaf flush." The good news is that the trees are looking better, but Mr. Martin noted that trees expend a lot of energy in this process, which might lead to other, nagging agents to become a problem. For now, I am happy, but I have to remember to pray for rain next spring.

James Little is the development director of Connecticut Forest & Park Association. He lives in Hebron.

TOO LITTLE RAIN MEANS TOO MANY GYPSY MOTHS

A look at gypsy moth outbreaks and predictions

BY CHRISTINE WOODSIDE

Gypsy moths have defoliated large numbers of trees only a handful of times since 1989. Two of those outbreaks were in 2015 and this year. And this year was worse than last year.

Until recently, "We've been lucky," said Kirby Stafford, the state entomologist, who works at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station. But he believes that the outbreaks could become more frequent because the number of gypsy moth eggs has increased in the past two years.

A fungus, *Entomophaga maimaiga*, kills the moths if enough rain falls in the spring to activate it. The fungus was discovered in 1989 and until about 10 years ago had controlled the moths notably. But in 2015 and 2016, the springs were mostly dry, leaving the fungus dormant and the moths to hatch out and begin eating trees.

"The control is really weather dependent. And we were unfortunate enough to have really dry springs and summers" in both years, Mr. Stafford said.

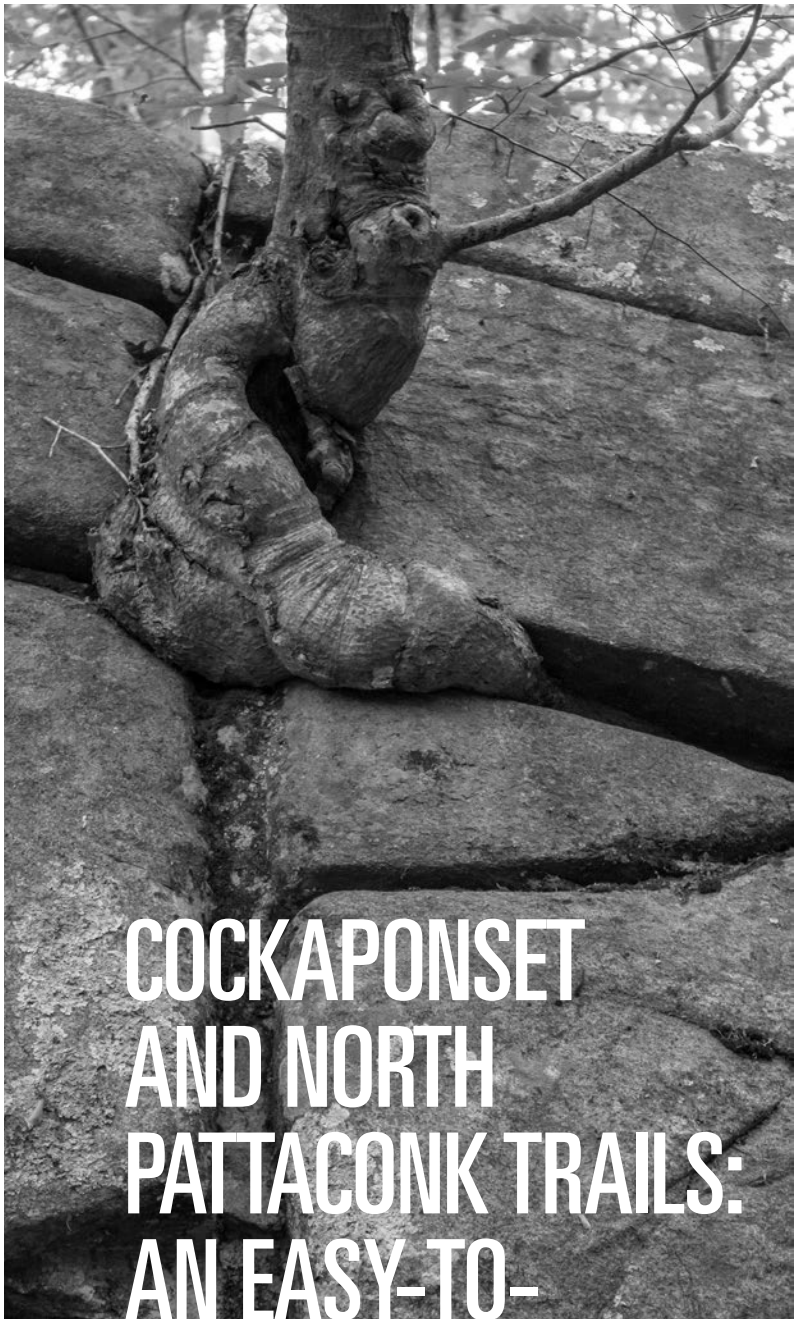
The gypsy moth was accidently introduced to Medford, Massachusetts, during research for a better silkworm in 1869. The first documented outbreak in Connecticut was in 1905 in Stonington. By 1952, gypsy moths had spread to every town in the state. Many people recall the bad outbreak of 1981, when the insects defoliated 1.5 million acres in the state. Since then, the largest defoliated area has been about 200,000 acres three times. The fungus clearly has its effect.

But another dry year could increase the damage, Mr. Stafford noted. A huge epizootic of the fungus would control the moths again, but the word is huge. And winter's cold, even bitter cold such as Connecticut saw in the past few years, means nothing to a gypsy moth egg mass. The hairy mass of eggs just sat and waited in the frigid weather. "It didn't faze them," he said.

Homeowners might try scraping these masses off trees, but for most people it would be impossible to reach the upper part of the trunk, Mr. Stafford said. He added that some municipalities are considering aerial spraying, but that this costs a lot of money.

This year's outbreak showed how determined gypsy moths can be: They normally favor oak trees, but this year moths destroyed quite a few conifers, a surprising development. Conifers don't recover from moth damage, but oaks usually do, even in the same year. The worst damage appears to have hit eastern Connecticut to the Rhode Island border. Aerial surveys will be completed later this year.

"We'll be going into next year with a huge gypsy moth population," Mr. Stafford said. Even if enough rain falls, the outbreak will be massive.



COCKAPONSET AND NORTH PATTACONK TRAILS: AN EASY-TO-MODERATE HIKE THROUGH A FASCINATING HARDWOOD FOREST

BY DIANE FRIEND EDWARDS

"Wish we had a field guide—or even better, a forester—with us," I commented to my husband, Paul, as we hiked in Chester along the Cockaponset Trail in Cockaponset State Forest. We had so many questions about the hardwood trees around us: Why does the bark on this part of the tree look different from the rest of it? What caused the huge gall (an abnormal growth) on that tree? How can those tree roots penetrate rock? Does lichen growing on the trunk mean that something is wrong with the tree?

Even though I'm no tree expert, I find forests to be endlessly fascinating. We saw maples and beeches, birches and oaks, as well as species I couldn't identify. (I had done this hike a few weeks before, with my friend Noreen, so I really kicked myself for forgetting the field guide!) Some of the trees were saplings, but others were very big and obviously old. Many looked healthy but some did not, which is good, to a point. Decaying trees provide shelter for cavity-dwelling wildlife and eventually return nutrients to the soil. But we did see a few bad omens: lots of gypsy moths laying eggs on tree trunks, and the smooth bark of beech trees marred by carved initials—something that makes the trees more susceptible to diseases and insect infestations.

PAUL G. EDWARDS

Above, the author about to cross a logs spanning a wet spot on the North Pattaconk Trail.

Left, a tree root works its way through cracks in a rock in search of nourishing soil and water.

DIANE FRIEND EDWARDS

PAUL G. EDWARDS

Numerous rocks provide steppingstones across this brook on the North Pattaconk Trail.

Paul and I were grateful that hot and humid July day for the shade the trees cast on the trail. But you will be reading this in the fall, when you will have another reason to like this hike: the foliage! And if you come here after the leaves have fallen, you will have better views of some of the other features that Paul, Noreen, and I enjoyed: undulating terrain, rocky streambeds, stone walls, huge boulders, slanting outcrops, and the pretty Pattaconk Reservoir (also known as Russell Jennings Pond).

The Hike

Our roughly 5.7-mile hike combined two stretches of the Blue-Blazed Cockaponset Trail and most of the blue-and-red-blazed North Pattaconk Trail. We picked up the Blue Trail at its southern terminus, on Route 148 in Cheshire. (The trailhead is to the right of a yellow gate blocking entry to a service road—Filley Road, according to the *Connecticut Walk Book East*.) For the first 1.8 miles, the trail is fairly easy, with gentle ups and downs and mostly good footing, although you do have to watch out for rocks and tree roots on the path.

"This trail would be a good introduction for people who haven't hiked before," Paul noted.

In just 0.1 mile, we passed the southern end of the blue-and-red-blazed South Pattaconk Trail, which comes in from the left. Shortly afterward, we passed a huge boulder left behind by a retreating glacier and then crossed the remains of a stone wall. Continuing on, we crossed several small streams or muddy spots, aided either by a wooden footbridge, a log bridge, or rock steppingstones. (Pay attention to the blue blazes. At one point, a wooden bridge leads to an unmarked trail on your right; you need to turn left there to stay on the Blue Trail.)

At the 1.8-mile point, we reached what the *Walk Book* refers to as the Pattaconk Crossover: the spot near the southern end of the Pattaconk Reservoir where the Cockaponset, South Pattaconk, and North Pattaconk trails meet. We could see a parking lot through the trees to our right. (The lot is used by visitors to the reservoir beach area.) Shortly after passing the parking lot, we crossed Filley Road and then took the North Pattaconk Trail, heading northward along the western shore of the reservoir. This trail offers good views of the water (a few short side trails take you right to the water's edge) and leads past a large cluster of boulders. About a mile from the Pattaconk Crossover, the North Pattaconk Trail again intersects with the Blue-Blazed trail (as well as a few unblazed trails; be sure to look for the blue blaze). Here, instead of continuing to the end of the North Pattaconk Trail (about 0.2 mile farther), we turned sharply left to head south on the Blue Trail. This led uphill for quite a while before descending and taking us back to the Pattaconk Crossover. Along the way, we passed an interesting rock outcropping on our left and crossed several small streams—probably the same ones we had crossed on the Pattaconk Trail. From the crossover, we retraced our earlier steps on the Blue Trail back to Route 148.

Directions

From exit 6 off Route 9, take Route 148 west for 2.5 miles. Look for the small Cockaponset Trail sign on the right. Park in the dirt pull-off on the left (south) side of the road, across from a gated service road (there's no sign, but it's Filley Road). The trailhead leads uphill a few yards to the right of the service road.

Diane Friend Edwards is a freelance writer, nature photographer, and lifelong lover of the outdoors. She has written this column for several years. She lives in Harwinton with her husband, Paul. She assists with proofreading of this magazine.

ADOBESTOCK PHOTOS

A COMEBACK FOR

CONNECTICUT FLOWERS

BY JEAN CRUM JONES

The rapid increase in imported cut flowers from South America during the last quarter of the 20th century had a devastating impact on Connecticut flower growers. Such significant floral operations as Pinchbeck's in Guilford and Pierson's in Cromwell had to close. Within about a decade, the South American flower industry, based in countries near the Equator—Columbia, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador—brought down Connecticut's flower growers. These countries benefited from excellent climate conditions of high light and moderate temperatures, very low labor and heat costs, and availability of large swaths of land—all of which allowed these South American countries to become major players in the world's flower market in a relatively short time. The South American growers could take advantage of the quick and easy airfreight to the Miami flower distribution hub. They were granted duty-free trade status in 1991 when the United States was trying to encourage trade that was not illegal drugs. Connecticut flower growers were hit hard by all this.

Some Connecticut florists who had been operating their own greenhouses and growing seasonal flowers outside quit producing. The competition from offshore cheap flowers in supermarkets and other big-box stores was too much. A proud and substantial floral industry that had thrived in Connecticut since the beginning of the 20th century was gone. One hundred years ago, the growing of flowers flourished throughout southern New England, but by the year 2000, commercial production was almost halted.

It is hard to fathom that on a national basis, the majority of roses sold domestically in 1991 were grown in this country, and today, less than 2 percent originate here. In 2014, more roses—some 1.6 billion stems—were imported to the United States, more than any other cut flower.

In 2007, a quiet, subversive book called *Flower Confidential* (Algonquin Books), by Amy Stewart, was published. Ms. Stewart wrote that flowers grown in developing countries were often tended by women and sometimes children who were poorly paid and suffered abuses. She revealed the high use of pesticides, many of which were banned in the United States. The descriptions of underpaid South American laborers, the large amounts of chemical fertilizer and toxic pesticides, the polluted water supplies, and the dependence on global transport painted a very sad story behind the flowers. Flowers whose purpose is to bring joy, comfort, and beauty into people's lives no longer seemed so pretty.

Local Flower Movement Arises

A "Bring Back the American Flower" movement began to emerge. Troubled lovers of flowers saw similar parallels with the noticeable disappearance of local foods in supermarkets decades ago, and they began to actively mobilize campaigns to increase U.S. citizens' knowledge about where their flowers came from and to encourage the purchase of local, seasonal, and sustainably grown flowers. As concerned flower consumers began searching for unique American flowers, they found very few varieties. Easily available at supermarkets and chain shops were daffodils and tulips, alstroemeria lilies, carnations, chrysanthemums, gerbera daises, sunflowers, and roses. These wholesale, imported flowers, bred to transport around the world, have the odd characteristic of not dying easily after many days in the home. It is difficult to discern where one's flowers are grown at the point of purchase because there is no labeling requirement for ornamental plants. There has been an attempt to promote the use of a "Certified American Grown" label that was developed in 2014 so consumers could be assured that their flowers originated in the United States.

The federal government has recently gotten involved with promoting American cut flowers. Deputy Agriculture Secretary Kathleen Merrigan launched a "Know Your Farmer, Know Your Flowers" initiative in 2013 to accompany the successful "Know Your Farmer, Know Your Food" campaign. At the White House, under the direction of Michelle Obama, there is a determination to use American flowers whenever possible for events and for the family quarters.

The void left by the death of big flower farms throughout the United States opened special niches for small flower growers to provide local flowers to conscientious flower

buyers. These new, agile flower farmers began producing high-quality, heirloom, scented flowers, which do not ship well. Consumers began to want more local floral choices and more interesting, less structural flower arrangements as seen in photos displayed on Pinterest and Instagram. Hipster brides, eager for a green wedding, insist on local flowers. Small flower producers have resurged, selling a broad range of cut flowers directly to consumers through farmers' markets, roadside stands, or pick-your-own operations. Other new flower growers focus on selling to specialty florists, local supermarkets, and wholesale co-operatives. Some just produce flowers for weddings and special events. Local flower growing is an exciting new agricultural endeavor.

A list of specialty cut flowers now grown in the United States is quite long, with well over 100 species, and includes many types of flowers: cool season spring annuals, warm season summer annuals, perennials, as well as woody trees and shrubs, grasses, and grains.

Connecticut has seen a renaissance in flower farming, which differs from the previous model of large producers growing lots and lots of a few flower species. In the last 5 to 10 years, many small Connecticut vegetable growers have added cut flowers to their mix of what they grow. Flowers are popular and profitable. Most methods used in growing vegetable crops are well suited for specialty cut flowers. Well-prepared beds, drip irrigation, organic mulch: if a small farm has these systems in place, it is fairly straightforward to add flowers to the farm's production. A 2014 U.S. Department of Agriculture report found floriculture among the most profitable crops for farms with 10 acres or fewer. Many farmers whose customers subscribe ("community supported agriculture" farmers or CSA farmers) are adding flowers to their vegetable shares in the weekly box. At nearly every farmer's market in Connecticut, one can usually find beautiful, unique flowers offered for sale. Check a Connecticut agriculture directory to find fresh local flowers near you. A few boutique farms in Connecticut have begun specializing in just cut flowers: Butternut Farm in Southport, Eddy Farm in Newington, and Muddy Feet Farm in Ashford. It is exciting that the interest in locally cut flowers is blossoming and growing!

My Awakening

I grew up in a 1950s plastic-flower-centerpiece suburban household. I marveled after I married and moved to our Connecticut farm to observe that my mother-in-law always had a small vase of fresh flowers from our farm on the dining table. I learned much later that when Elisabeth's mother came to Providence, Rhode Island, from Sweden, she had begun her working life as a florist's assistant. Huldah considered fresh gathered flowers as important as the food at her family's mealtimes. She came from a very humble family in Smaland; the family was unable to care for her after she turned 14 years old, so she was sent to America to find a better life in the late 1800s. By her example through her daughter, she showed me that fresh flowers nourish the soul and bring joy to the ordinary day. Let us cherish our Connecticut flowers and flower growers and our Connecticut natural environment so they may continue to bring beauty and comfort to our lives.

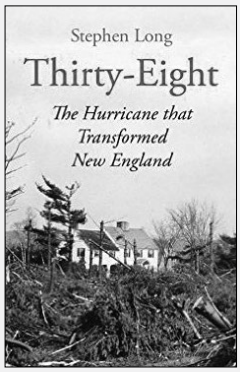
Jean Crum Jones is a registered dietician who works with her family running the Jones Family Farms and Jones Winery in Shelton. She is an honorary director of the Connecticut Forest & Park Association.

THIRTY-EIGHT: THE HURRICANE THAT TRANSFORMED NEW ENGLAND

By Stephen Long. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press, 2016. 251 pages

BY ROBERT M. RICARD

The *1938 hurricane* remains a fearsome phrase for New Englanders of a certain age. For the region's foresters and ecologists, it was the greatest natural disturbance in the forest. Stories and legends of the event abound in our formal education as well as in oral and written forest histories. Making landfall September 21, 1938, on the Connecticut coast and preceded by three days of heavy rains, the Category 3 hurricane swept roughly following the Connecticut River Valley up through Vermont and New Hampshire. It caused widespread flooding and killed hundreds of unaware people. Many New Englanders still can recall details of the storm. In fact, landfall was my mom's 13th birthday—that party didn't go so well.



Stephen Long is well known among nature writers and editors in New England and New York by most foresters and forest enthusiasts. Mr. Long is a founder and former editor of Northern Woodlands magazine and author of *More Than a Woodlot: Getting the Most From Your Family Forest* (Northern Woodlands, 2012). Perhaps he is most respected for his thorough, scientific view of the forest that is tempered by a personal and sensitive view of the northern New England landscape as it has been shaped by both natural and human influences.

His latest book, *Thirty-Eight: The Hurricane That Transformed New England*, focuses on a historical event that had affected the forest ecosystem as well as humans and the human-constructed world. His book takes us on a well-researched and magnificently detailed accounting of the destruction the storm wrought on the region's trees and forest. Mr. Long relies on the extensive ecological research conducted in the post-hurricane period and the written formal reports produced by the organizations and agencies that dealt with the cleanup. More interesting, perhaps, he draws on the recollections of many people who witnessed and were affected by the storm and the nearly eight decades of witnessing forest recovery.

In this current era of instant weather forecasts and real-time social media, it may be hard to think back to 1938 before the hurricane struck when people had limited or no knowledge of the approaching event. Imagine simply being tired of three days of torrential rain. Then along comes a Category 3 hurricane that topples trees around you whether you were in a city or rural setting. Mr. Long reminds us that such powerful hurricanes here are rare historically. Since permanent European settlement began, only three hurricanes, in 1635, 1815, and 1938, have come in full strength having no previous landfall. Most hurricanes that hit New England have been weakened by coming inland before reaching here.

Other hurricanes have caused significant damage to specific areas of New England. For example, rains from back-to-back hurricanes caused the worst flooding in Connecticut's history in 1955, resulting in about 87 deaths. The 1938 hurricane, however, had a regionally widespread, massive, and long-lasting effect on the forest landscape. This is what Mr. Long writes about quite deliberately, and he does it well. He clarifies that much has been written on the human impact of the storm, but little has been written (for a popular audience) on the changes the storm caused to the New England forest as a resource and its ecology.

Foresters (dare I say old-timers?) will be familiar with much of what Mr. Long tells us. Pleasantly, some readers may be familiar as well with a number of his interviewees, such as Fred Hunt of Rindge, New Hampshire. Mr. Long puts this information together in a comprehensive and very readable book. He weaves stories from people's experiences during the storm, then follows with the assessments, inventories, and salvage operations in the years after the storm. These were carried out by state agencies, the U.S. Forest Service, and the forest industry. The number of downed and damaged trees was staggering. Fire control had to be established first, then was followed by salvage of merchantable timber. Forest plantings followed as well.

The timing of the storm was in some ways beneficial. The country was still in the Great Depression, and the unemployment rate remained high. The recovery and salvage operations put many people back to work, often with federal subsidies. The Civilian Conservation Corps was already operational, and the recovery work was added to the duties of the CCC boys and men.

Much has been learned about the ecology of the New England forest because of the effects of the hurricane. Harvard University's Harvard Forest, in the west-central Massachusetts town of Petersham, has been in the forefront of just such research for decades. With a forest that had been studied before the storm and then having been hit hard by it, forest scientists have been in a position to do longitudinal forest ecology research of hurricane disturbance. Mr. Long relies on this source well and was a research fellow there too.

Stephen Long's *Thirty-Eight* should be a welcome addition to any forester's and forest enthusiast's library. I found it to be a pleasant read, and it flowed logically and well. I would have liked more pictures (who wouldn't?), but this is not a limitation. The illustrations Mr. Long does use support his narrative perfectly.

With a new hurricane season underway, I suggest you pick this book up and read it. Then look at the trees and forests around you, imagining what real forest disturbance might look like.

Robert M. Ricard is a senior extension educator for the University of Connecticut Cooperative Extension.

A YEAR ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD

By Adam R. Moore. Edgartown, Massachusetts: Vineyard Stories, 2015. 119 pages

BY DAVID K. LEFF

It's been some years since I visited Martha's Vineyard or have been in the company of author Adam R. Moore, former Connecticut Forest & Park Association executive director. In this delightful, slender volume that cycles through the island's seasons I became reacquainted with both and whetted a keen appetite for another trip off the coast of Massachusetts.

In a series of homey vignettes and journal-like entries, Moore takes readers on a tour of many of the Vineyard's natural places and seasonal moods. As executive director of the island's Sheriff's Meadow Foundation since 2008, a land trust protecting some 2,800 acres, he is well positioned to do so. This is a low-key book of thoughtful, poetic observations of nature—experiences that he demonstrates are accessible to anyone who focuses and takes the time. There is some quiet advocacy for protection not just of land but also of landscapes that define both a physical place and a culture. "Conservation groups can set aside the land," he writes. "That only matters, though, if we set aside the time."

Moore uses all his senses to experience the natural world. We join him in feeling "the wind [that] stung the face and froze the hands," hearing the "the tearing sound of the curling surf," and seeing how the "angled light of November casts long shadows and creates sharp contrasts." He has a deep sense of time that provides much-needed perspective in a world of ever-shorter attention spans. "To walk amid nothing but starlight is to encounter eternity," he notes while contemplating that Orion was seen by our ancestors and will be seen by our descendants. Conservation of the Gay Head Cliffs preserves "more than a magnificent piece of land." It also preserves time because in the "layered clays beneath the cliffs are fossils, remnants of prehistoric lives lived long ago by sharks, rhinoceroses, and majestic white pines."

Readers will feel a contagious joy as Moore wanders the island both for purposeful excursions and short, spur-of-the-moment adventures. "New-fallen snow makes everyone an explorer," he writes at one point. "I can step out for a ramble under the simple guise of walking the dog," he notes a few pages later.

Perhaps the book's greatest charm is in the time Moore spends with his wife, Melissa, and their four children. He's intrigued when his young son, Huck, considers a pair of ospreys as pets. Moore presses the two youngest into collecting hazelnuts; goes to the fishing derby with two of the kids where they have hotdogs but catch no fish; and watches all four of them climb over a large glacial erratic boulder in the Middle Line Woods Preserve. More than just touching family adventures, such trips become opportunities for poignant contemplations of our relationship to nature. Thus, watching the kids climb stirs thoughts about the general appeal of erratics "that seem so out of place, yet . . . are such distinctive, permanent features of our landscape." All this is done with a sweet self-deprecation. For example, after the whole family collects bayberries in a couple of coffee cups and a baseball cap, their attempt to make traditional candles meets with mixed success. "I can attest," he writes wryly, "that someone who chooses to rely on bayberry candles as a source off light will have a very dark winter."

With Moore as our guide, we not only experience wind-sculpted forests of pitch pine and oak proximate to surf-pounded beaches, but sample a tiny bit of island culture as well. There's cheap gas at Up-Island Mobil in West Tisbury during winter, the summer sound of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" on the Oak Bluffs bandstand "while a cyclone of marching children swirls about below," and customers "dressed in outdoor work attire: Carhartt pants, woolen caps, hooded sweatshirts, [or] coveralls" drinking coffee at Fella's catering at lunchtime on a cold December day.

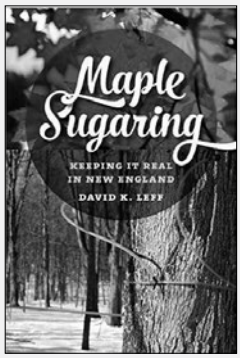
This book should be read by anyone who wants to heighten his or her acuity of natural phenomena while on Martha's Vineyard. In fact, Moore's openness to nature close at hand while pursuing all the trials and delights of a career and raising a family would benefit anyone who needs a gentle dose of the outdoors to soothe a frenetic life.

David K. Leff is a writer and the author of many books on New England, adventure, and the sense of place. He lives in Collinsville.

MAPLE SUGARING: KEEPING IT REAL IN NEW ENGLAND

By David K. Leff
Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 2015. 200 pages

BY ELISSA ELY



"When it comes to sugaring," writes David Leff, "maple people grow garrulous." They also grow euphoric, nostalgic, dreamy, sweet-toothed, and scientific; preoccupied with vacuum tubing, reverse osmosis machines, evaporators, and weather reports—and, at the end of a short season filled with long boiling days, very, very tired.

The author of *Maple Sugaring: Keeping It Real In New England* is a lawyer by trade, the former deputy commissioner of Connecticut's environmental agency. But he spent almost a dozen years in small-town Connecticut, tapping trees, hauling buckets, and working in his garage sugarhouse. When a related back injury forced retirement, he boiled his passions into a book, instead.

Sugaring is "an addiction, a fever, even a contagious disease," he declares cheerfully. Mr. Leff was first infected by a neighbor,

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Pat Wasserman in August 2007 on the Pachaug Trail with CFPA volunteers.

BOB SCHOFF

PAT WASSERMAN

Longtime Blue Trails manager

Arthur L. Wasserman Jr., known by many as Pat because he was born on St. Patrick's Day in 1930, a longtime trail manager for the Connecticut Forest & Park Association, died peacefully at his home on July 13. Only five days later, his wife, Johnnie Mae Cook Wasserman, died at a health care facility in Plantsville.

Mr. Wasserman grew up in Elmwood, graduated from Kingswood Oxford School in 1947, received an engineering degree at Cornell University in 1952 while on an NROTC scholarship, and served in the Navy on the USS Navarro from 1952 to 1955. He met his wife in Norfolk, Virginia. He worked most of his career managing his family's commercial heating supply business, Marsden & Wasserman, in Hartford. He ventured into two new businesses focusing on water pollution and wastewater treatment equipment through early 2000.

His many volunteer activities included running outdoor adventures for the Congregational Church in South Glastonbury, where he was a parishioner. He leaves his son, Burke; two daughters, Karen and Gail Goddard; and four grandchildren. Memorial donations may be directed to CFPA, 16 Meriden Road, Rockfall, Connecticut 06481, or the Congregational Church, 949 Main Street, South Glastonbury, 06073. A memorial service to remember both Mr. and Mrs. Wasserman was scheduled for 3 p.m. October 1 at the Congregational Church in South Glastonbury.

—From death notices

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who asked permission to tap his two maples. The next year he put in four taps himself and boiled the sap in his kitchen, "burning one pot, curling a few pieces of . . . loose wallpaper." A few years after that, gone amok, he was tapping his own trees, trees from the local church, and an outlier near the town phone company.

Eventually, he was producing 50 gallons of syrup annually, "which means I was hauling and boiling about two thousand gallons of sap." He had been colonized by the most pleasant of contagions.

Sugaring season starts on Lincoln's Birthday in Southern New England, and, in Vermont, on the first Tuesday of March, which is Town Meeting Day. Leff's sugarhouse during boiling time was like an ER, open 24 hours for visitors in need: this acquaintance distraught about a divorce, that neighbor with insomnia, someone else wandering by with an ache for contact. Each visitor was an antidote to the "quality boredom" that accompanies hours and hours of—truly, now—watching water boil. About 40 gallons of sap cook down into about a gallon of syrup; it's a paradoxical activity since, as he writes, "you rid yourself of most of what you've worked so hard to accumulate."

To understand his contagion better, Leff traveled all over New England, meeting sugaring men—most of whom, in these black and white photographs, seem to sport exactly the same dense and hearty beard—scientists, and foresters, who look at a tree and "imagine its vascular system as I might a road map." He visited the International Maple Hall of Fame in upstate New York, the Proctor Maple Research Center in Vermont, the Asian Longhorned Beetle Disposal/Processing Center in Massachusetts. He reviewed engineering research (there's an entire chapter on "maple hydraulics"), looked at historical tracts (back in 1557, a French monk first wrote about maple's sweet sap in Canada), and checked into nutritional claims (plenty of B vitamins). He learned a lot and shares it garrulously because that's what maple people do.

Much has changed. Wooden buckets have given way to galvanized steel and then, to tubing. Wood fuel gave way to oil. And the world, like the industry, also changed. There are sad but unsurprising warnings here. Maples are sensitive to invasive species, pollution, and global warming. Trees are collapsing from beetle infestation; the Beetle Disposal Center is a "maple graveyard," where marked trees are reduced to chips. Some scientists feel all 148 species in the Northern Hemisphere "may be the canary in the coal mine for . . . environmental transformations." Yet at the same ironic time, climate change may have useful effects in the most northern regions, where sugaring can start earlier and end later.

Finally, lest anyone forget that the point of making maple syrup is to consume it, recipes are cleverly tucked into the end of each chapter, like little candies that come with the bill. Imagine: your salad with roasted shallot-maple vinaigrette, a ginger-carrot-maple soup followed by a wedge of salmon in maple marinade. The maple pecan pie comes with a piece of maple fudge, and—in delirious overconsumption—a chaser of maple bourbon sour. In the midst of fearing what may lie ahead, life is still very, very sweet.

Elissa Ely is a Boston-based psychiatrist and writer.

Russell Brenneman Receives Award

Russell Brenneman, an environmental lawyer who for many years served as a dedicated member of the Connecticut Forest & Park Association Board of Directors, was awarded a Founder's Award from the League of Conservation Voters on June 26.

Also receiving a Founder's Award that day was Julie Belaga, a former Connecticut state legislator and Region 1 director of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. Mr. Brenneman and Ms. Belaga were the co-founders of the Connecticut League of Conservation Voters, which advocates for strong state environmental policies and laws.

The award recognized their tireless dedication to protecting Connecticut's open spaces, clean air, water, wildlife, rivers, and coastlines.

Both also received citations from the Connecticut General Assembly. In his more than 30 years working for environmental issues in Connecticut, Mr. Brenneman helped organize several of the earliest community land trusts, drafted the legislation enabling conservation easements in this state, and chaired the Connecticut Greenways Committee that was the precursor of the Greenways Council. A graduate of Harvard Law School, Mr. Brenneman was counsel at Murtha Cullina and Richter and Pinney, where he founded its environmental practice group. He was one of the organizers of what is now the Environmental Law Section of the Connecticut Bar Association.

—From press release

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