

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Forest Buchanan – Life History

Personal Experience

O.H. 1912

FOREST BUCHANAN

Interviewed

by

Ray Novotny

on

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N: This is an interview with Forest Buchanan for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program, on his life experiences, by Raymond Novotny, on July 8, 1995, in Amsterdam, Ohio.

Well, Forest, to get started, I wonder if you could tell us when you were born and where.

B: I was born June 2, 1905 on the farm, two miles from Amsterdam. I lived there all my early life until I was married. It was a wonderful life. Dad did not have much extra money. He was always in debt, but it did not matter. I did not need any spending money on the farm. I roamed the hills and woods and down by the creek. My dad and my mother were extremely conservative. I think all the farmers were way back then. They never hugged me nor kissed me. They never told me they loved me. They did not have to. I knew that they felt that way about me all the way. It set me free to roam my hills in the morning of life. How green was my valley. [Laughter]

N: Did you have brothers or sisters?

B: Yes. I had two older brothers. Frank, who died in 1965 at the age of 70, he was a veteran of World War I. He was in the battle of the Meuse-argonne. It was over in France, the last big battle that broke the back of the Germans. He lived through it, and he lived many more years after that. But he died in 1965, only 70. Then, my next older brother, John, was a year younger. John lived until 1978. John had a son, Keith, who was a mental genius. Keith was extremely interested in the early ancestors of the Buchanan family. He had correspondents in Glasgow, Scotland, who dug up a great deal of early information about the early ancestors.

In fact, they found out that the earliest ancestor they could find was a tribe of celts living in the province of Offaly in central Ireland about 200 A.D. The tribe was known by the name of B-H-U-A-C-H-A-I-L-L-E. Bhuachaille it looks like. I do not know how they pronounced it. Some hundreds of years later, some of them had moved north to Ulster, North Ireland. One of them, who would be my direct ancestor, was the king of Ulster. We do not know his first name, but the rest of his name was Bhuachaille O-Khyan. O - K-H-Y-A-N. He and his son had a mercenary army, not very big. But they would fight for hire, for money. There was a Scottish noble on the eastern shore of Lochelomand. I do not know his name. He was going to have to have a battle with a neighbor. So he made his way to Ulster, North Ireland, and asked the king if he would bring his army over and help to fight the battle. Yes, they would do that. But he had his son bring the army over and lead the fighting. The son's first name was Anselan, A-N-S-E-L-A-N. Anselan Bhuachaille O-Khyan. He took the little army over to the eastern shore of Lochelomand in Scotland about 1015 A.D. They had the battle, and they won.

He met a Scottish girl that he liked, and he decided that he would marry

her and stay in Scotland, which he did. They founded the Buchanan clan. The original name, Bhuachaille, was shortened to Buchanan. It became a major clan in the mountains of Scotland, eastern shore of Lochelomand, for 665 years. By the way, he was the son of the king of Ulster. So that would make it that I am a direct descendant of the king of Ulster. Imagine that.

N: Does that make you a prince? [Laughter]

B: I am not sure. Such things are not recognized over here in America, are they? Finally, the English brought an army up to Scotland, an army that was too big for the Scottish, and they beat the Scottish very badly. The Battle of Culloden it was called. It ruined the Scottish clans as they had been. Some of them moved down to England. Many of them moved to our eastern colonies before the revolution, especially in the southern colonies, Georgia and the Carolinas and Virginia. Their descendants are still there, and there are many of them. A fewer number moved to the New England colonies, and my ancestor was one of those. Oliver Cromwell had forcibly made quite a number of the clansmen from Scotland move back to Ireland, especially Ulster. My ancestors were among those.

My direct ancestor, my great, great, great-grandfather -- his name was John Buchanan -- lived in Londonderry, Ireland. He was a cloth merchant. He would bring big wooden boxes of cloth over to Massachusetts to start with and sell it there, and he decided to stay. He was born in 1735, and he came over to stay in Massachusetts, in Boston, in 1755. Then, when the Revolutionary War came along, he joined Washington's army. He did not fight. He was an expert drummer. They had no walkie talkies then, so during a battle he would relay messages from the bigger commanders in the rear to the lesser commanders up front by beating on the drum, and they would know what the messages meant. He did that finally in the Battle of Yorktown, the last big battle.

After the revolution was over, John Buchanan, my great, great, great-grandfather was given a big tract of land in western Pennsylvania by the Continental Congress. It is about a mile west of West Middletown, between Washington, Pennsylvania, and Wellsburg on the Ohio River. He died in 1799, the same year Washington died. Keith had found out that he was buried in a little country cemetery on the top of a hill near Route 88 going toward Bethany, West Virginia. He had twelve children, and they began moving farther west to Ohio.

One of his sons was Samuel Buchanan, my great, great-grandfather, who cleared the land and built a cabin about a mile southeast of Jewett, Ohio. I know exactly where the cabin was, or roughly, because there was a spring there and the cabin was near the spring. It was right at the left of the road as you were going southwest. He was my great, great-grandfather. By the way, one day he and the boys were out working on the land and an Indian came and knocked on the door of the cabin asking for food. My great, great-grandmother gave him food.

One of his sons was John Buchanan II. He would have been my great-grandfather, born in 1803 in the cabin just beyond Jewett. He eventually moved to western Carroll County, near Levittsville. The farm -- where I was born and raised and where my daughter, Mary Blanche Bright, is living with her family, two miles from Amsterdam -- that farm had been owned back in the early 1800's and on through by a Shober family. George Shober was the father. They lived in a log cabin on the hillside across the road from the barn, which is still standing. He had a younger brother, Silas Shober, who was an attorney in Carrollton, Ohio. Silas had been born and raised there in the cabin. He had a great affection for the old farm.

They decided they would build a new house, a big house, fairly close. That is where I was born and raised, in the house they built. It is a very large two-story house painted white. They went in debt. To make a payment, George Shober drove a herd of horses -- he was riding on one of them -- to Pittsburgh, where he sold them. On the way home he was camping one night and was robbed of the cash.

N: That is terrible.

B: Because of that, they could not make the payment on the new house. They lost the entire farm and went bankrupt. The farm was sold at sheriff's auction on the courthouse steps of the older courthouse in Carrollton, Ohio. My great-grandfather, John Buchanan II, who had loaned Shober's money to build the house, bid it up and bought the farm at sheriff's auction in front of the courthouse. He was 80 some by that time and married a second time. They moved to the farm. The day before they were to come down and make arrangements with the Shober's, Silas, the attorney brother from Carrollton, was there, and Mrs. George Shober asked him if he would not stay until the next day and meet the Buchanan's when they came down to make arrangements for taking over the farm. Silas said, "I cannot do it. I just cannot stand it." It was evening. He left the house, and he did not come back. So they went looking for Silas and found him in the Carding Mill up the valley about a third of a mile. He had hung himself. They brought him back and laid him in the bed in the spare bedroom upstairs.

My great-grandfather, of course, took over the farmland. He brought his second wife, who was much younger, and he brought my father with him to help to work on the farm. My father was born in 1870. The house was built in 1879. My great-grandfather brought my father to live with them in 1884 when my father was 14 years old. So Dad grew up there living with his grandfather and working on the farm.

My mother's father was Dr. Hiram Kirby, who lived in Carrollton. Her father, Dr. Hiram Kirby, died of Bright's disease at 56. My mother's mother died first of cancer. She was only 41. Dr. Kirby was not well by that time, and he did not feel up to caring for the three children. One was Blanche, my mother, a younger sister, Mary Kirby, and a brother, John Kirby. So my great-grandfather's

second wife asked that they be brought down there, and they would care for them and raise the children. That was done. Then, Dr. Kirby died when he was 56. He was still in Carrollton.

My mother was three years younger than my father. She was born in 1873. They grew up there together, and when they grew up, they got married. The first child, a girl, was born dead. The second one, my oldest brother, Frank, was born in the 1890's and then John a year later. Then, Ralph was born six years before I was, I believe. They had moved back to Carrollton by that time. John and Frank -- it was late fall, and a neighbor living not far away was butchering pigs. They were down there watching. One of them, John, brought home the measles. Ralph caught it from John, and Ralph died of the after effects of the measles. He was not quite six years old. He died in 1904, and this was very, very hard on my mother. She would visit the grave every day in Carrollton Cemetery and cry.

So my father decided they had better move back to the farm, and they did. I was born there in 1905. I took the place of Ralph in a way, I guess. But I was sickly, and for the first few years they thought I would not make it over each winter. But I did, and I am still here. And I am 90 years old now. [Laughter] However, my dad and mother both died at the farm up the valley here from Amsterdam. Dad died in 1965, and he was 95 and a half. My mother died in 1968, and she was 95 and a half. So if that is inherited, maybe that is why I have reached 90.

N: How did you get your name?

B: Forest has one R. F-O-R-E-S-T. When they were living in Carrollton, John and Frank had a playmate whose first name was Forest, and they liked that name. When I was born later at the farm, they asked that I be given that name. It was as simple as that.

N: It sure fits you, does it not?

B: Yes, I guess it does. A big woods.

N: What about the Civil War and your grandfather?

B: Oh yes. I left that out. My grandfather then, by the name of William Buchanan, I remember him very well. He was a son of John Buchanan II, of course, my great-grandfather. By the way, my older brother, John, would have been John Buchanan III. My grandfather, William Buchanan, attended Mount Union College. About the time he graduated, the southerners bombed Fort Sumter.

N: Wow.

B: President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, and he got 125,000. My

grandfather was one of them. The way I feel about war now, I would not join up with any war. I think war is horrible. Old age helps make it worse to me to think about war and how horrible it is. What is wrong with the human species that they have had and still have all these wars? I cannot understand it. His first battle was in Kentucky. I forget the name of the town. It was some distance southeast of Lexington, a number of miles. The union soldiers were on a ridge and were being attacked across a broad field by the southern soldiers. They had, of course, muzzle loading rifles. My grandfather loaded and shot his gun quite a number of times. He was not sure whether his bullets had hit any of the approaching confederate soldiers way down in that field where they were approaching or whether they were hit by other bullets. He could not be sure of that, but he did load and fire quite a number of times.

Finally, a confederate bullet hit my grandfather in the side of the head, a sort of grazing blow. It took off the skin and shattered some of the bone in his skull but did not kill him. But it did knock him out. When he came to, he was a prisoner of war. It was hot weather. All the prisoners who could walk, including my grandfather, were forced to walk along with the confederate soldiers who had won the battle to the town there in Kentucky. I cannot think of its name, though I have been there. They farmed my grandfather out to a minister and his wife who promised to care for him. They left him there, and he eventually got over the wound. It healed. He was exchanged, a prisoner of war, and later was drafted back into the union army again.

N: Wow.

B: He was wounded later a second time and got over that and went back into the army again, a third time. Finally, the last year of the war, he was in Sherman's army in the march from Atlanta to the sea. One day, it was summertime, very hot weather. He was ahead of the main army as a scout. There was no one else near him. There were other scouts, but they were rather far apart. He was advancing slowly through a big patch of woods. There was a southerner -- whether a soldier or not, we do not know -- who was hiding behind a tree. When my grandfather got ahead of him, he shot my grandfather in the back of the head with a 60 caliber musket bullet. We still have that bullet. It was soft lead and rather badly mashed. The bullet is still up at the farm.

So the main army caught up with him. That evening it was dark, and they had him lying on the ground. They thought he was dead, but he had been able to wake up. He could not speak, but he could hear them talking. One of his friends went over to look at the body, and he came back to the commander and said, "Billy Buchanan is not dead. He is alive. He cannot speak, but he is alive." So they took him into the surgeon's tent, and he examined him. In the back of the head, very low down below the brain, was this big hole. It was full of fly maggots, which probably saved his life from infection. The surgeon scraped the maggots out the best he could, and then he noticed a bulge in the upper nose. Here it was the bullet. So he made an incision up one nostril and drew the bullet

out with a pair of tweezers, and we still have that bullet.

N: It sounds like your grandfather carried luck on his shoulder.

B: I remember my grandfather, William Buchanan, he became a preacher, a Methodist minister later. He lived with my father's twin brother, John L. Buchanan, on a big farm near Levittsville in western Carroll County. Our farm, by the way, is in Loudon township, Carroll County. Anyway, as I say, he lived with my uncle, John L. Buchanan, for a number of years until his death. Dad and Mother and I would go visit him there. This was in the horse and buggy days. There were no cars yet. It was quite a long drive with one horse pulling the buggy. It took several hours to reach John L. Buchanan's home where grandfather was still living.

But I remember those years very well. He would be sitting in a big rocking chair in the front room. He had a long white beard, and he was not well, of course. I guess he never felt well. But I never saw him smile and no wonder. It was a wonder that he was even living. I remember one time I was there with my father, and we went walking down over a hillside pasture. We sat down in the grass and talked a while, and Dad told me that he never dared to take a chew of tobacco with his father present. His father did not believe in that. [Laughter]

N: So that bullet wound to the head really did not affect him very much.

B: It did not do him any good, of course. But he lived many years after that, which is amazing, and became a Methodist minister. When he died, it was wintertime, I remember, and still horse and buggy. I was in my early teens at that time. Funerals then were held at the homes, never a funeral home. My father rode there over the narrow dirt roads on horseback to attend the funeral services. My grandfather, William Buchanan, is buried in the mausoleum in the Carrollton Cemetery.

N: Refill? (offering more to drink)

B: Frank, my oldest brother, died first in February of 1965. Then the next year, 1966, my father died in the house at the farm. We had a lady there, Esther Williamson, who cared for my father and mother and my wife, Skeet, until each of them passed away. Then, as I said, my father died in 1966. Skeet, my wife, Barry's mother, died in 1967 there. Then my mother died in 1968. I neglected to mention that Aunt Mary Kirby had been living there. She died only a few months after Frank died in 1965. So I lost five of my loved ones in four years.

N: That had to be a tough four years.

B: It was. For four years I did not attend the Oglebay Mountain Nature Camp because of that.

N: In the beginning, you mentioned as a kid how you would roam the farm, the fields, the woods, and all that. Is that where you got your interest in nature?

B: Yes. Frankly speaking, my brother, John, was extremely interested in nature of all types. When I was only three years old, he was collecting butterflies and moths and mounting them and putting them under glass in glass cases. He just did a wonderful job. I would watch him. When I was four, he made me a net and a killing jar, a cyanide killing jar, and I began. He had a very good guide to the butterflies by Holland, and Holland was the director of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh.

N: Yes.

B: And a great lepidopterist. I still have the book. The pictures of the butterflies are in color, and how they made them to look like that so perfectly then, I do not know. I learned the common name of every one. I memorized the Latin name also. I did not know how to pronounce them, so I did it my way. They were the first Latin names I memorized, butterflies. Then at the same time, when I was three, my brother, John, had sent away and had gotten lessons on how to mount birds and mammals. He did a lot with birds. There were no laws then. There were no wildlife service laws, no state laws. He could collect anything, and he did. He collected hawks, owls, and the small birds even, sparrows, finches, warblers, snowbuntings, and did a lot of taxidermy. I would watch him by the hour, and I was only three.

At four, I borrowed a pair of glass eyes from him, and I mounted the head of an English sparrow. I have given that to Willard Talkington here in this restaurant. He has it up at his home. That was my first thing to mount. Then I mounted a mouse. It looked pretty bad. Then I mounted a crow, and it looked pretty bad, too -- flat breasted and flat backed. I did not know how to fill them out to make them look right yet. But I learned, and I kept at it. I did not start in school until I was six, and I began that about four.

Everything John did I was interested in doing. He became quite an expert. He had four very good books on birds, just very good. I have them yet. Two of them were revised, just excellent reading. So he taught me the names of most of our birds. I would go out with him, to fields and woods. I remember one time he found a nest of a cooper's hawk in the rather early spring. So he took me with him up in the woods, and we sat down in a patch of rather thick brush so they could not see us and watched the male and female at the nest. They would change places in sitting on the eggs. I watched that myself, and he was very interested in all that and where they nested and the songs of the songbirds. And he taught me. So I began at a very early age.

I kept on with the mounting. Finally many years later, 1939, the Cleveland Museum of Natural History asked me if I would collect and do study skins for them. They would get me the fish and wildlife service permit and also the permit from the Ohio Division of Natural Resources which I kept for years. I collected

many birds and did study skins for the Cleveland Museum. Also, I was teaching seventh graders and sophomore biology. I did a lot of nature study, a lot of field trips. During the bad winter weather, I would bring mounted specimens over one at a time on a certain day, and I had an outline ready for every student for each bird. We would study the bird. Then a couple of days later, I would give them a little test on that. I would pass the bird, the mounted specimen, around. They are very easily damaged, especially little birds like warblers and sparrows. I would show them how to handle the specimen by picking it up by the mount, not the bird. They never damaged a single bird in all those years. They were very careful with them.

I had two big cases in my room in school, in our old high school. For big birds like hawks, owls, so forth, I had a big wooden shelf above the blackboard if they were too big for the cases. I would have them at school. Then I had a lot of potted plants in the room. I had a big aquarium with fish from our creek, wild fish. I made cages for snakes. I had especially one boy who had hated school. But I got him into all of this nature study, and I made him my assistant. He would handle the snakes and collect them. He would roam the hills evenings and weekends, and he would bring me more of them. I would have to build another case. I had a wonderful life, and the kids loved all that. They are grandparents now, but they still talk about it.

I never dreamed how much they were affected by all that until June 2, my birthday, when I was 90 here this last month, they had a celebration for me at the old high school auditorium, now owned by the fire department. Many, many people came. It was a big celebration, lasted for several hours. They brought cards and letters which they put in a large box. For days and days, I got other cards and letters through the mail from people who did not live nearby who would write me instead. A good many of them enclosed checks or cash, which really surprised me. I did not think I deserved all that. It was a big event. Even yet, I think I may be dreaming. That was not really true. [Laughter] One of the things they did, they had four big signs made, big road signs. There is one of these at each of the four entrances to our little town, Amsterdam. Each sign reads as follows: "Home of Forest Buchanan, Educator, Naturalist, Amazon Explorer."

N: I saw one today on my way in. I was thrilled to see that.

B: I cannot believe all this. It has never been done for anybody else around here or any town I know of.

N: Well, you are a hero here. There is so much to talk about. How was school when you were going to school in Amsterdam?

B: By the way, grade school, I attended Number Seven a couple of miles away up over the hills toward Apex. There was a date on it up in the front near the bell under the little roof up on top. It had been built in 1867. One room had all eight

grades. The boys were all on the right of the room, the girls all on the left. They were separated. The teacher's desk was up on a raised place about one step higher than the main floor. In front of her desk was a long recitation bench. She would bring each class up there for a session for a certain amount of time. During the day, she would get all eight grades in. I do not know how she did it, but she did. She or he. I had several teachers in eight years. Some of them were just wonderful teachers. The first one was Zela Whigam, who later lived in Carrollton.

My first year, I attended the first three months. Then I got sick. I was sick all winter, and I was not able to return. Of course, there were no school buses in those days. It would have been walking, of course. About March, the truant officer came. Dan Miller, a short man, he was the truant officer, the township constable, and the game warden. He was all three. The teacher, Zela Whigam, had asked him to try to find out why I had not been at school. He came and knocked on the kitchen door. My mother invited him in, and he asked her. She told him I had not been well. I had been sick. I had been a sick little boy anyway growing up. I repeated myself. So he said, "That is alright. The teacher wanted to find out."

The neighbors all said, "Wow! Forest Buchanan will have to take the first grade over again next year." Well, they did not know that my mother had taught me all winter while I was at home. I wanted to learn to read so I could read the fairy tale books, the ones that John and Frank had. I always liked letters, spelling, reading. I learned the ABC's quite well and how to spell shorter things like dog, cat, mouse, four letters. She also had taught me the multiplication tables, and I never did like math very well. It did not interest me all that much. But I learned them anyway, the multiplication tables. So I went back to school then second year. The first day, Zela Whigam was still teacher, and she gave me some little tests. There was a big wall chart, and it had cat, dog, mouse, rat, and more difficult words spelled out. She tested me, and she tested me in the multiplication tables. Then she put me in second grade.

N: Yeah?

B: I had no trouble.

N: Great.

B: I went right on, right through. The neighbors were wrong when they thought I would have to take first grade over. I had eight wonderful years there. World War I, I remember. The flu epidemic broke out, I think it was 1918. Several of our neighbors died, one a father, Jimmy Simmons. He had several children. A playmate of mine who died lived only half a mile up the valley, Annie Warner. She caught the flu and died. She and I, at the time, were 13 years old. That hit me hard. I had often gone up there, and she and her younger sister, Hallie, and I would play hide and go seek and other games. Annie died. I remember so

well. Services were held in their home, a little log cabin. The undertaker was Charlie Grayham. His hearse was white and drawn by two white horses. After the services, she was taken and buried in the Kilgore Cemetery where most of my family is buried and where Skeet, my wife, is buried, and I will be, and Barry.

N: Is that here in Amsterdam?

B: No, it is at Kilgore which is about five miles away. A small country town right on the top ridge of the Flushing Escarpment.

N: Which road is that on?

B: It is on 164 going out of Amsterdam west.

N: Okay. So then the high school was here in Amsterdam?

B: Yes. By the way, I was afraid to come down to that great big building in Amsterdam, a two story building, and there were three teachers. A lot of the students I would not know. So I asked if I could take the eighth grade over again which was silly, but I did. I did not want to leave our old country school. By the way, one of my classmates the first day of school about 1911 was Russell Harsh. H-A-R-S-H. Russell died in his twenties of tuberculosis. Russell and I were up in the front row seats on the right side. We had small seats and desks. He was at my right. The third day of school it began to rain. Russell looked out the window and yelled at the top of his voice, "It's wainin'." I looked at Russell, and I looked at the teacher. I thought, "Russell is going to get a beating." She acted like she had not even heard Russell, but I noticed a twinkle in her eyes. He did not do it again. [Laughter] Let us see. What else was I talking about?

N: You said you repeated eighth grade.

B: Yes. Then I decided, "Well I want to go to high school." Frank had attended six months of high school way back. (End of Tape 1) I had a bicycle then, of course. The dirt roads were still in pretty good shape in early fall before rains. I would ride my bicycle to town two miles away in Amsterdam, and I would park it in E.N. Lloyd's backyard, which was near the big old wooden high school, two stories up on the hill. We call it the hill part of Amsterdam. There was a superintendent, Mr. Peoples, a very nice man, and two other teachers. They all three taught. One of the other teachers was a Mr. Goodman and from him I took Latin One. A third teacher was Wilma Knox. Another course I took that first winter, freshman year, was Algebra One. It was very difficult. I wanted to make good grades, so I worked hard. Every night I would work up at home on my lessons. Like I say, the Latin was difficult, and the algebra was very difficult. But I made high grades just by spending long hours.

I might say this. All through grade school, high school, and college, I

stammered badly. I had to make nearly all my grades on tests, even in college. I improved a little in college but still mainly made my grades on tests. When I graduated at Mount Union College in 1928, I had prepared to be a teacher in high school. I had majored in English at Mount Union College. English is always a diverse study -- reading, spelling, writing, all that, geography, and history. I had a minor in social sciences, and I taught government and history and geography, also. Seventh grade, I taught English and history, geography. Eighth grade, history. Sophomores, ancient history; seniors American government. I was busy.

But I stammered badly, though I had improved some but not a lot. So in order to get my job, the president of the Board of Education told me I would have to go down and have a conference with the superintendent, Forest A. Houston. Great big man, weighed 225 pounds, very tall and big, a stern man. I taught under him 14 years, and they finally fired him because he may have had a touch of schizophrenia because when he got angry at a student he would overdo it and beat him too hard. Sometimes girls, too. He finally lost his job because of that. It is a wonder he lasted as long as he did.

The very first fall he asked me if I would take him hunting squirrels. I said, "Oh, yes." So I did. All day long Saturday, he was a real prince while we were hunting. Just great. He liked to talk about guns and different loads and powder weights and everything. He knew a lot about it, and I knew a good bit too because of my brother, John. I was a good listener. We would just have a good time in the woods all day. I would think, "I think he likes me." Then the next Monday in school I would meet him in the hall, and I would sense there was something wrong. For 14 years I did not know what it was.

After four or five years, we were hunting squirrels one day, and he told me the board had wanted to fire me and he talked them out of it. He had told a very big lie. I found out later because after they fired him, after my fourteenth year and his fifteenth year, my father was talking to Tom Beynon, the president of the Board of Education. Dad told Tom Beynon how Houston had told me that he talked the board out of firing me. Tom Beynon snorted and said, "Huh. It was the other way around. He did not want us to hire Forest in the beginning because of his stammering difficulty." I just might mention this now. The board hired me anyway because they liked my dad, and they kept on hiring me because they liked my dad. Beynon told my dad that at the end of the first three years Houston would attempt to have them fire me, and they would not do it. I outlasted him.

N: You sure did. [Laughter]

B: I gradually improved, bit by bit, and gradually got into the nature study, first with the seventh graders. After they fired Houston, the next superintendent was Russell Woolman. Houston told me that he was trying to get all the teachers who would do it to resign to spite the board, and he wanted me to do it so he could get me a job teaching biology in Newark, Ohio. I said, "I am sorry. I own

my home. My father and mother live nearby, my brothers and their families. My roots are here. I am staying." He said, "You will be sorry." I did not answer that. He said, "That Woolman will give you a hard time." Well, it was Houston who had given me a hard time, anyway, behind my back. He did not want me to advance, I found out near the end. That is another story. He did not know that Woolman and I already were good friends and that Woolman backed up my nature study teaching 100%.

By then, in the summer of 1939, after 11 years of teaching, I had gone back to Mount Union College and had three courses under a great teacher, a Dr. Scott, Joseph Mulholland Scott, one of the two greatest teachers I think I have ever had, in undergraduate biology. That allowed me to enter Cornell University the next summer, 1940, to begin a masters' in biological science. It was not all they desired, but I had to have letters of recommendation from three important people to get accepted at Cornell because I did not have enough credits of what they desired. I was told that if I did well my first summer, 1940, they would let me go ahead. The reason I went to Cornell was I wanted to study under Arthur A. Allen, the great ornithologist.

So that summer I took three courses. One of them was photography of birds and so on, and recording their songs. That was Dr. Kellogg, Peter Kellogg. One of the courses under Dr. Allen was Birds of Eastern North America. There were 40 some students in the class. The other course under Allen was Birds of the World. In both the courses, he would lecture before noon. Then all afternoon would be laboratory work on study skins. I already knew most of our native birds, and he would have field trips, two or three a week, early mornings. I already knew most of those birds. For me, it was very easy. I also knew their songs and where each one might nest, you know, nesting place. There were only a few species up there around Ithaca, New York, that we did not have at home. I learned those very quickly from him. I made A's in everything because I had been at that all my life, and my older brother, John, had gotten me started at a very early age. Then I had gotten into bird taxidermy. It became an art as much as painting or sculpture.

N: I want to hear more about Cornell, but we skipped Mount Union almost entirely. How did you end up going there and what was it like?

B: I will tell you. Mount Union College, my grandfather had gone there, of course, and my grandmother, his wife. They met there and got married when they graduated. Then the Civil War broke out, and he joined up. But I went there in 1924, graduated in 1928. I majored in English -- I think I mentioned that -- under a great teacher, and his wife also. His wife taught Shakespeare, and she was a fine teacher, too. Anyway, I had one course in biology. That was all I had. It was a fine course. By the way, when I was a junior or senior, I think a junior, I had a course in geology under Professor Lamb, and it was so interesting. It was a very difficult course. He expected a lot, and I made the only A that I made in college in his difficult course because it was so interesting. Geology. Did he

teach me a lot of things.

N: Were there field trips in that course or was it all book work?

B: Yes. There were some field trips. I should have made practically all A's, but instead I made nearly all B's. The reason was I wanted to study violin. My father had bought me a small violin when I was very young. Later, then, one a little larger, and finally when I got bigger, a full size one. I had no teacher, but my mother had taught me hymns and comparatively easy numbers out of the golden song book when I was very little. My mother was rather gifted in music. She played the old organ that they had, and we would sing. My brother, Frank, had gotten a good mouth organ, and I began to play it. Later he bought an accordion. I began to play it all from memory. Then, my dad got me the violins, and I began on that. I tuned them my way since I did not know a note of music. I tuned them my way, and I played all the numbers that I learned.

A little later on Dad, he got it from Sears and Roebuck, he sent away for a piano, an upright. It is still in form. Beautiful wood, pure maple, very heavy, and it was a player piano. They had gotten a lot of the player rolls, and one of those rolls was "The Burning of Rome." Very fast, so much of it. I would sit at the piano pumping the pedals and play along with the notes on the piano.

N: Wow.

B: I memorized it. They had only three years in the high school in Amsterdam. At the end of my third year, we had a graduation ceremony at the Methodist church. I was asked if I would play a number on my violin. "Yes. I will play 'The Burning of Rome' if I can find somebody who will accompany me." We had a man in Amsterdam then, an Englishman, who was very good at piano, and he was also the director of the Amsterdam band. So I went to his home, and I asked him. I said, "Do you have the music of 'The Burning of Rome'?" "Oh yes, I do." I said, "Well they have asked me if I would do the number at our graduation ceremony," -- there were eight of us in the class -- "at the Methodist church on a certain evening." "Yes" So later the next day, I came to town and brought my violin. I went to his home, and we practiced. We really ripped it off, top speed. [Laughter] I did not know a note, all from memory. We did it then that night at graduation.

So then I took my fourth year at Bercholz high school, five miles away, where they had four years. I finished there in 1924 in May, and then I entered Mount Union College. While at Mount Union College, I lived with Uncle John L. Buchanan and Aunt Eva, his second wife. Uncle John had moved from the farm in Carroll County near Levittsville. He had sold the farm and moved to Mount Union. I think he was in the real estate business at that time. They charged my father \$5.00 a week for my board and room. My dad made all his money from selling apples, peaches, pears, strawberries, and so on. Sometimes in the summer, we had a job working on the roads, dirt roads at that time. The total

charges for my four years at Mount Union College then were about \$2400, including the \$5.00 a week for my board and room at my uncle's and aunt's. What would it be now?

N: Would that have been a lot of money back then?

B: Yes.

N: Okay.

B: Yes, that was a lot of money then. We were still on the gold standard, and a dollar would buy a lot.

N: Okay.

B: By the way, after I taught at Amsterdam for two years I saved my money, and then I borrowed money from the bank, a few hundred. I had written letters all winter before. I made plans to be in Brooklyn at the Harbor and board an old English freight ship, the Cuthbert, loaded with gasoline which would finally land me up the Amazon at the city of Belem or Para. Sure enough, I went by train from Steubenville over to Pittsburgh, got on a bigger train, crossed the Appalachian Mountains at night, and in the morning landed in the big depot in New York City.

N: Where did this idea come from to do this?

B: Well, I had read articles in magazines, and I wanted to explore and collect. I would have really rather gone to Africa or to southwest Asia, India, Vietnam, or some place like that. But it was going to take too long. Getting there and back, on ship board, would take too long. I just could not do it in a summer, too much. Africa was awfully expensive, not like now, but for then. Getting over there and back would have taken about half the summer by ship board. It would not have worked very well. Southeast Asia, even worse, farther away. I would have liked to have gone hunting for a tiger and other animals and birds and everything. But no, it was too much. So I decided on the Amazon.

June 7, 1930, I boarded the train, as I have mentioned, Steubenville to Pittsburgh and then to New York City. I went five days early so I could explore around in New York City, and I did. I visited the American Museum of Natural History for one place. One or two nights I would attend a big show downtown in Manhattan. I really got around five days. Then when the time came, I made my way to the dock, Brooklyn, and boarded the Cuthbert. C-U-T-H-B-E-R-T. A ship, an old British freight ship loaded with gasoline. There were five passengers, and I was one of them. We all had to sign a paper saying that if anything happened the company would not be responsible, because of the gasoline. At that age I thought, "Oh, nothing will happen." Luckily, it did not.

The first night out we reached the docks in Norfolk, Virginia, and it was night. They stopped there, and they loaded up the old ship with coal for the voyage. I remember all that noise of the coal being dumped down the chutes into the hold. It kept me awake. The next night we were in a region off the coast farther south, and there was a horrible storm. The old ship creaked and groaned and shuddered. I was very much afraid it was going to sink. It is a wonder it did not because that region had been known as the graveyard of ships. Many had sunk in storms in that region. But we made it. The next morning I went up on deck, and I went up front. The waves were still so high that each wave would come clear up over the bow of the ship. I remember. I went and saw being up front was not very good space. I would get either soaked or washed off the ship. It was dangerous. So I went to the back to the stern, and I could look down. The ship would make its motions up way, way up and way, way back down. Once as the stern had gone way down and we were not far from the water, I saw a fish over a foot long, I remember, right near the surface. It was a type of fish from the deep that was -- what is the term for when they shine?

N: Luminescent?

B: Luminescent is the word. Luminescent fish. It must have been brought up by the storm, somehow, from deeper water. I remember seeing it. Then we had no more storms. It took 17 days and nights from Brooklyn to reach Belem or Para. I thought we would never get there.

N: What did you do on board?

B: Well it was interesting. I had a cabin mate, Mr. Kirk. He was an American but manager of the electric system and tramway system in the city of Manaus, 1000 miles up the Amazon. A friendly man, but as he talked he cursed all the time. He was something else. One morning, the seventeenth day, the ocean water was muddy, and it had not been like that. I went up on deck, and I was told that we were not yet in sight of land. Muddy water of the Amazon is noticeable 200 miles out.

N: Wow.

B: The biggest river in the world and about one fifth of the freshwater of the world, the flowing freshwater, so it was believed. We crossed the equator that morning, and I was told jokingly that people who had never crossed it before must be dunked in the ocean. [Laughter] The river, at its mouth, is 200 miles wide, as wide as the Hudson River is long.

N: Wow.

B: As we went up, the southern shore became visible. I remember it was my first

sight of a tropical jungle. There were a lot of palm trees, probably Asiae palms. We kept on up river. In the afternoon, we reached the city of Belem or Para. P-A-R-A. It was started by the Portuguese in the 1500's, a pretty big city. It was very, very old. I had a five day wait there in a small hotel waiting on another ship of the same boat line from England that would take me up river nearly 1000 miles to Manaus about eight miles on the right bank of the Rio Negro. Downtown on Main Street there were one or two expensive hotels. A bit farther away on a side street there was one that was not so expensive. It was called the Pensao Suissa, the Little Swiss Inn, owned by a Swiss family. I stayed there for five days and nights. The breakfast was served in bed by a maid.

On the way down from Brooklyn, there was a Brazilian boy who just finished college in Vermont, I believe it was, at the university. His name was Ramundo Del Silva, in English Raymond Del Silva, Raymond of the Forest. He was from a rather wealthy family up in Manaus. We became good friends. So he and I stayed the five days and nights at the Pensao Suissa. Breakfast served in bed. We each had our own big bed in the big room. Old, that is certain. The lunch -- on the farm we called it dinner -- was served in courses, one course after another. Excellent meats and fish and salads, fruits. Then the supper, we call that dinner now. At the farm we called it supper. It was served likewise, one course after another of meats, fish, vegetables, fruits. What do you think it cost me for one day and night for the room and all the food?

N: Oh, I do not know. \$5.00? I do not know.

B: \$1.25.

N: \$1.25.

B: Imagine. We were on the gold standard then, and a dollar bought a lot. It bought a lot more down there because their money was inflated at that time. For one of our dollars exchanged bought a lot of milreis. By the way, I remember when here at home in the post office we could buy a postage stamp for one cent. Later they doubled it and made it two cents, and I thought that was terrible. [Laughter] So that gives you an idea of what a dollar was worth way back on the gold standard.

N: Right.

B: I was never a drinker of alcoholic beverages. One day at the noon meal my friend was sitting with me.

N: Raymond?

B: Raymond.

N: Yes.

B: Ramundo Del Silva. If we got wine, we must pay extra for it. He said, "Let us just get us a bottle of table wine, grape table wine." I said, "Okay." He did not tell me -- he should have -- what we did not drink would be left on the table for the next meal. I was thinking that it would be thrown away. Gee, I hated to waste money like that. [Laughter] So I drank a glassful, and I thought, "Gee, I do not want to waste this." So I drank another glass. That did it. I was drunk. [Laughter] I began laughing, talking fast and silly. I could not quit laughing, and he was terribly embarrassed with me. And he took me walking. He said, "Now do not ever do that again. You did not have to drink that extra." I said, "You should have told me. I did not want to waste it." [Laughter]

Anyway, one day I took my butterfly net and my cyanide killing jar to go hunting butterflies. I boarded a trolley car, and it was a short little car like a Tunaville trolley, a little cartoon you know. It worked up and down and sideways, and it went on the track. The only other people on it were very poor people in ragged clothes and bare feet. Here I had shoes and socks on. However, I was not wearing a coat, nor a tie. I reached the end of the line, and the jungle was not very far away, low lying jungle. I walked there. I found a trail, and I walked that trail, kept on going. There would be shallow pools of water here and there near the trail, I remember. I do not know what all might have been in those pools. But butterflies, beautiful, absolutely fantastic. I brought back with me a lot of beautiful butterflies from the Amazon. I have them yet, which you have seen in very good shape yet, 65 years ago.

Anyway, walking the trail approaching me was another white man, and white people were pretty scarce down there. A large percent of the people have Negro blood and Indian too, a mixture of all three with many of the people. As we approached each other, we spoke. He was carrying a butterfly net and killing jar. He was a German, Walter Praetorius. P-R-A-E-T-O-R-I-U-S. Walter Praetorius. He had fought in the German trenches all four years of World War I, and he was a good naturalist. He made a precarious living by hunting butterflies, and he knew all their names, big moths too. He would capture them, and would sell them to collectors in Germany and other countries in Europe. Also, he took me to the place where he stayed there in Belem on the margin. He collected quite a number of snakes, lizards, birds, mammals -- alive -- and he sold those to zoos in Germany and other countries in Europe. He was really something else. He spoke five languages. His English was with a heavy German accent, but that was alright. I could understand him.

So I told him I needed a guide up the Rio Negro on to Manaos. "Would you be my guide?" "Yeah, I will do that." I asked him how much he would charge me. He said, "You buy my steamer ticket round trip to Manaos and back." That was \$50.00. "While we are in Manaos," M-A-N-A-O-S they spelled it then, I believe, "you pay my hotel bill and restaurant bills and 55 cents a day wages then after we are out in the bush." I said, "It is a deal." Now I never had any common sense. I trusted everybody I ever met. I have never gotten over it.

I trusted him, and I was just lucky. If I had had any common sense, I would have tried to find out something about him first. I did not. It did not bother me. But there was nobody else who could have done what he did for me, no one else at that time 65 years ago. There was no organization to take people out. There was no one person. I ran across him by pure accident and made him my guide, and we had adventures, I will tell you. I was lucky to get back home alive.

So we finally boarded another ship. Frances, I think it was called, the Booth line from Liverpool, England. It took five days and nights of sailing up the river to Manaus. We made it. We were there for a few days, and we bought food. I borrowed a big heavy dugout from Mr. Kirk who had been my cabin mate on the way down. He was in charge of the electric system and the tramway system in Manaus, very important man. He did not charge me. He just lent it to me. Well made, big dugout. Praetorius helped me buy a used out board motor, a Swedish Archimedes motor, two cylinders. It ran well.

To do it, he had made contact with Berringer and Company, a German import export firm in Manaus. We went there, and he had already talked to the man that we would deal with. I went along. We met this man, and it was very obvious he was a German of noble family, a very straight man, the way he talked, only in German, to Walter Praetorius. We made the deal for my out board motor, and then he began to talk in perfect English, perfect grammar. I knew I had been had. Out of the proceeds I was quite sure is what I would pay Praetorius. The big part of it would go in his pocket. There was nothing I could do about it. I just kept my mouth shut, but I knew I had been had after that man began to talk in perfect English.

Finally we were all ready. I had brought an old 44.40 Winchester. It was not even accurate. I had it with me. I bought a single barreled Stevens shotgun, which was very useful. I collected a lot of birds with it and made them up as study skins. Later on then after we got back and started another trip out of Manaus, I bought a brand new Winchester 95, 25.35 octagon barrel, 20 inch barrel. I wish I had kept it. I did not. It was very accurate, extremely accurate. Anyway, one evening at 4:00 we left the floating docks at Manaus, started up the Rio Negro, and at dusk, a little before dusk, we stopped along the river's edge. The jungle came right down the river. It was still high water season. We built a little fire, and we had our supper. I said to Walter, "Walter, will we hang our hammocks up here between the trees and spend the night here?" We had no tent. We had no rain gear. It was still raining every afternoon. We would get soaked and just dry out as we traveled, and I did not catch a thing.

The Amazon was, even then, known for many diseases that the doctors knew nothing about. I have read lately that there is a lot more than they even knew about then that are not understood or named. I was lucky. I did not catch a thing all summer. We would get soaked every afternoon and dry out. Nothing happened. I got away with it. In certain areas we would be nearly eaten up by mosquitos however. [waitress interrupts and tape stops] Walter Praetorius said, "No. We need to travel until midnight." Here he was this experienced veteran of the German trenches in World War I, and I am very young and inexperienced.

He knew it, and he took advantage of me. That was one of the times. I did not want to do that. So "Okay."

Away we went up river veering left toward the center of the river. It got to be 15 miles wide up a distance, with long narrow water-covered islands with the jungle sticking above the water. Anyway, it was high water season, and the river was above the islands but the jungle sticking up out of the water. There were hundreds of these long, narrow water-covered islands. How far we were out in the river, I have no way to know. We were not half way out there, but we got up where it was probably nearly 15 miles wide. About 9:30, a tropical storm hit us, a severe storm. The wind was so bad the first wave went clear over us. We were soaked with the first wave and every wave then after that. Our boat was overloaded. I was bailing with a small tin can which was not big enough, and I could not bail fast enough. The motor was drowned out, and the boat was thrown every which way. The only reason I am here is that the storm did not last, and we found out a little later that the region was loaded with crocodiles. Had we been sunk, we would have been eaten very quickly. That is for sure. Luckily it did not last.

It was gone. It became very calm, and a full moon came out. Walter Praetorius said, "I do not know where the right bank of the river is." Well I knew. As a very little boy I had a bird brain. I knew directions. I do not know how and why. I have no idea. I have lost it now, but I did then. I still had it. I said, "Walter, it is way over that direction beyond that island." He said, "How would you know, you who have never been here before?" He would not listen, so I shut up. So he said, "We paddle the boat over to that island, set the bow into the bushes so it will not float." The river was rather swift. He said, "I work on the motor." So we did.

He began to work on the motor, and he said, "Listen. I show you something." He grunted like a crocodile, and the water under all the trees and bushes was loaded with crocodiles. They splashed water and grunted and roared and bellowed on three sides of us practically. It was dark. Well, it was moonlight. It was not clear dark. That was something else. But then they quieted down. Then he continued to work on the motor. While he was working on it, we heard the faint barking of a dog away beyond that island in the direction I had pointed out as where the shore should be. I was right, and he did not give me credit for it. I had known I was right. Now why did I know? I do not know. I just knew directions. So he finally got the motor working, and we went upstream around the upper tip of that island, and way, way across a bay there was a faint light. It was a native thatched hut and the only one within many miles. So we motored over that way.

We motored right into a shaft of moonlight on the water, and ahead of us, I noticed, looked like a big black log about 15 feet long at least. As we neared it, it dived. It was a huge crocodile. We reached the shore, and the hut is up from the shore a little ways where the high water would not reach it. We went up, and there were only two people, an older lady and what was obviously her daughter, who might have been 35 or more. I wondered why there were no men. But the

only reason I am here now is Walter was a terrible liar. He told the ladies in Portuguese -- he was very fluent in Portuguese -- that we were medical missionaries on our way up river. They gave us hot coffee. They had a native sugar in it but no milk. Oh, that was so good. We were shivering by that time. We were soaked.

After the coffee, we went back down to the boat and got on dry clothes, came back with our hammocks, and the older lady said we could hang our hammocks up under the thatched roof which was out from the one room that was thatched all the way down. That was their room, and they had their hammocks in there, of course. So we did. I wondered why there were no men. The next morning we had a little breakfast, and we gave them some canned food that we had. We were down to the boat, and we noticed up the shore some distance two men. We knew that they lived in that hut. They must have been law breakers and thought that we were law men. I am quite sure they came back that night when we were asleep. They could easily have cut our throats with their machetes which they did not do probably because the old lady had told them we should not be harmed, that we were medical missionaries on our way up river. So that night there were two very narrow escapes, one from being drowned in the storm and being eaten by crocodiles and the second one from having our throats cut, probably.

N: Wow.

B: So we were back down at the boat, nearly ready to take off and go on up river, and we were way out in the bay. Going across very slowly was that giant crocodile. Walter had a Winchester pump gun, 95 maybe, I forget, that shot shorts, .22 shorts. So he got his little gun, and he began to shoot at the crocodile. I could hear each bullet hit in the side of its body. It paid no attention to it. It did not even flinch. They were not penetrating. It was off quite a distance, but he could hit it. It paid no attention to those shorts what so ever. It went on across. Then we went on up river.

Finally, toward evening of the third day, hours of travel, we approached the mouth of a big tributary called the Apuahu, an Indian name, probably. It is not even on our maps, and it is at least as wide as the Ohio River. At the left of the entrance, there was a native graveyard with wooden crosses. Then on up about the mouth of the river there were two thatched huts, and we were there overnight. By the way, the river natives were known as Coboclos. C-O-B-O-C-L-O-S. They were all friendly enough but one. We were sitting on logs on the outside visiting -- Walter visiting with them in Portuguese, in which he was very fluent -- and there was one there who did not visit with us. He was sitting sort of by himself on a log, and he had a rather long knife. He would stare at us and scowl, touching the sharp edge of that blade as he scowled at us. I did not like his looks. [Laughter] (End of Tape 2)

Anyway, there was this young native, a Coboclo. His name was Alfredo. A-L-F-R-E-D-O. It would be a Portuguese name. Alfredo, that is all we ever

learned, would be his first name. Praetorius hired him to be our guide the next day up the Apuahu River, the Rio Apuahu. I suppose I paid him a little bit, probably not very much. We motored up the Apuahu a big part of the day. Finally, we started up a side stream. I do not think it had a name. It was still high water season, and for quite some distance we did not have to follow the main bed. We could just go through. We tried to follow the main bed, though, because there would not be as many trees and brush. But it was out over the banks for a few miles. We would go very slowly. Finally, we reached the place where we had to stop the motor and paddle.

Well, first let me mention this. At one place, we went under leafy bushes, and there was quite a number of little black bats that were hanging on the twigs of those little bushes. As we brushed through them, they fell down on our heads, shoulders, backs, into the boat. They did not bite luckily, but that was some experience. Thinking of bats, I might mention this to you. On the evening we were approaching the Apuahu where we stayed all night at the two huts, before reaching the mouth of it, it was about 4:00 in the evening. The sun was still shining. Ahead of us was a big flock of very large bats. They were flying back and forth feeding on insects, obviously flying insects. We motored right through that group of big bats, and they did not touch us. They were feeding on those insects. But the bats that landed on us going out this branch of the Apuahu were little black bats. Luckily, they did not bite us.

But we finally reached a place. We had already turned the motor off. We were afraid of damaging the propeller. One place where somebody had to take his clothes off and get into the stream ahead of the boat and pull the boat by the bow, so I volunteered. I took my clothes off, and I got in the stream waist deep. Alfredo is standing up in the bow of the boat looking into the stream, very clear water. All of a sudden, he began yelling in Portuguese which I did not understand. But Praetorius said, "Get in the boat." There right ahead of me, had I gone any farther, I would have stepped on a huge electric eel about six or seven feet long which would have killed me without a doubt had I stepped on it. I got into the boat, and we paddled over it. I can see it now. That was another narrow escape. A wonder I ever got home.

Then finally, we reached a place where there was a fallen tree over the stream. We could not get across it. So, we moored the boat and went walking. Alfredo knew where we were going. Finally, about evening, we reached a thatched hut, and there was a man and his wife and two little boys, and a young Indian living with them. They were rubber hunters. The native Amazonian rubber tree, *Hevea brasiliensis*, I believe, was the Latin name. That is what they would tap to get the rubber sap. There was still a small business in that at that time. They would make some extra money. So, they were very friendly. Now he and his wife both were very dark, almost black. They were a mixture of white and Negro, maybe some Indian. They were just very friendly people.

This one thatched hut with a thatched roof had no sides to it even and no floor. The floor was dry sand. That evening for supper, dinner you call it, she stretched out a tablecloth on the sandy floor of the hut, and we sat down with our

legs crossed around the edges -- Walter Praetorius, Alfredo, the man and his wife, the two little boys, and the young Indian. And we had supper. The main dish was a big bowl of meat stew with chunks of meat in it. I thought, "Oh, boy. This looks great." So I ladled out a bowl of it, and Praetorius did not take any. I said, "Walter, why did you not take any of this good looking stew?" He said, "I will tell you. It is tapir meat and spoiled. But, now that you have taken yours out, you will have to eat it because if you do not they will be insulted." Sure enough, when I began to eat it, I saw that it had been. They did not have a refrigerator or an ice box, and I ate it. I did not get sick. It did not hurt me. She had cooked it long enough, obviously, even though it was spoiled, tainted. She had cooked it long enough that it did not make us sick. It did not hurt me. They had also some fruits from a wild palm tree.

Of course then, I did not know any botany. If I went down there now, I would still know very little of what is there. I am quite sure there are many species of plants not yet known nor described in the Amazon. I found a new wild flower in Puerto Rico four years ago in the El Yungue Mountains, one that was never named or described. I hope Dr. Procter will name it after me.

N: I hope so, too.

B: But, I will not ask him to. That is another story. Anyway, next we put our hammocks up there between trees. It did not rain. Next morning we were dry. We were there only one night. That first night, we had finished our supper. It had gotten dark, and we were sitting around there visiting. Right across the stream, which was not very wide way up there, it sounded like somebody chopping at a hard log with an ax. I said to Praetorius, "Walter, there must be somebody over there chopping at a log or a tree with that ax." He said, "That is a frog."

N: You did not learn the name of it, did you?

B: No. I am not sure he knew the name of it. He said, "That is a frog." The next day, I went adventuring with the Indian, a young Indian man. Him I remember so well. He had, I think, a 20 gauge shot gun, and he shot a monkey that day out of a tall tree. That would be good food for them back at the hut. Also, we ran across a palm of which he knew the small fruits would be very good to eat, and he gathered quite a group of those and brought them back with him. It was an interesting trip through the jungle there, absolutely virgin forest. There were many huge trees with no limbs until you got very high. Huge trees like that, on the ground there would be a minimum of thick bushy growth, and you could walk through that forest very easily. Also, it would be easy to get lost if you did not know where you were going. Luckily, I was with that young Indian who knew what he was doing. We got back.

N: So then, you were in the Amazon for how long?

B: All summer.

N: All summer. All along you were collecting things.

B: Yes.

N: You were just carrying all these along with you as you collected them?

B: Yes.

N: Yes?

B: We were lucky we got back to Manaus. After reaching the mouth of the Apuahu with Alfredo the next evening, we started down river. The wind became stronger and stronger, until there were big waves. I was, frankly, very scared that we would not make it. I was really worried. Finally, we saw smoke above the horizon from the city of Manaus. I thought, "Well, with some luck we will make it." And we did make it that evening to the floating docks.

N: So then what did you do after you left Manaus?

B: We did not leave Manaus yet. We figured on another trip up the main Amazon from Manaus, which we did. To do that, I sold the out board motor. We sold it to a German lepidopterist, another butterfly expert there in Manaus, by the name of Mr. Boy. B-O-Y. He was an expert like Walter Praetorius was on butterflies and moths. We sold the motor to him, and I was quite sure that Walter got a kick out of that sale, too. I paid Mr. Boy enough so that he could give part of it back to Walter when I was not looking. I think he took me both ways, going and coming, on that. He made a little extra off me.

Anyway, we made arrangements on a river steamer, a wood burning river steamer, and we went up river. We boarded it in the evening. We went all night up river. The next day, we landed near a little river town called Manacaparu which would be an Indian term. Manacaparu. We got off. Praetorius had learned that there was a side river going a way up in land. Still high water season. A way up there, there were two German plantation owners. Being German, we would be welcome. Walter would be, and I would be with him. We did it. Walter hired a man in Manacaparu to take us up river in his boat, up that side river, several miles. As I remember, he had an out board motor on his, and we finally landed at this area and met one of the Germans. He was not married. He just lived by himself. His name was Otto Paecek. P-A-E-C-H-E-K. Otto Paecek was very friendly, no problem. We were there two weeks. He had a thatched hut, and Praetorius and I were allowed to move in to one of the rooms, one of two rooms, to hang up our hammocks. That would be each night.

I did a lot of collecting there, a lot of collecting. I worked at it every day. I would go out alone. Walter would go his way and hunt for butterflies or

whatever, and I would go my way. I took a lot of chances, and I would go pretty far into the jungle often. Then I had to get back. But then, like I say, I had a bird brain when I was young. I could tell where to go.

N: You were collecting mainly butterflies and birds?

B: Yes.

N: And you would make study skins.

B: Yes.

N: At night or during the day?

B: If I had any time left in the evening, I would work at them. I collected a trunk full of bird skins after they were prepared. I gave most of them later, donated most of them to the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. A few years later, they got rid of all foreign material, gave about half of them to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, the other half to the Museum of Zoology at the University of Michigan up at Ann Arbor. I kept just a very few of the best ones and relaxed them and mounted them. Have you seen them?

N: Are they in your living room? I must have whenever I was there.

B: One of them is an adult hoatzin. H-O-A-T-Z-I-N. This is in the front room. Another one in the back hall with its wings out, a five foot wing spread, is a horned screamer. The adults still have two sizeable claws on the wings. They are sharp and three-cornered, and the longer one is about this long.

N: Wow.

B: See? The wings are out. In the next to last issue of "Natural History" from the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the magazine is filled with articles on dinosaurs.

N: Yes.

B: Have you seen it?

N: Yes.

B: I think the last article is on the Diatrama. It was one of the very earliest birds, a very early type of birds that was descended from a dinosaur ancestor. I will bet you have read it. It mentions in that article on the Diatrama -- it shows painted pictures, too, very good, big walking birds with great big bills, ugly things -- the

article mentions the two still existing species in the Amazon that would date back to the dinosaur ancestors in the Diatrama group. You can read it as soon as you get home. And they are the hoatzin and the horned screamer.

N: Oh, boy. Got them both. How about that? That is great.

B: Now with the hoatzin, it is about this long, has a long tail. I saw them frequently. They were fairly common. Along the jungle's edge, one day during the two weeks we were at Otto Paechek's place, the German who cleared the jungle and had a bit of a plantation, the logs of the trees were still all over the ground, and they planted mandiocas -- that is the same as tapioca -- between the logs. One day, I borrowed a small leaky dugout and went paddling by myself up on the bayou some distance from there, jungle overhead. I remember there were a lot of mangrove bushes along the edge of the shore, and I paddled on slowly. A pair of hoatzins became very disturbed at my presence. I found out why. There were, I think, three young ones up in the mangrove bushes five or six feet above the water. They were naked, no feathers, and as I neared them they dived off into the water and disappeared. I thought, "Oh, those poor baby birds will drown."

Little did I know that after I would be gone, they would swim back and climb up into the mangrove bushes using not only the claws on their feet, but the claws on their wings. That I did not know until later. By the time they have grown up into adults, they will have lost the claws on the wings which, of course, were something from the dinosaur ancestors. The big horned screamer has never lost them. There are two left on each wing.

N: Okay.

B: Very noticeable. And what they use them for I would not know, if they do use them. This article in "Natural History" on the Diatrama mentions that the hoatzin and the horned screamer both are plant eaters and have a special sort of a digestive system descended from the dinosaur ancestor that allows them to manage plants, certain types. That I did not know.

N: Wow. I hope I can see that today. So you and Walter were together the whole time then?

B: Yes. We had a big fuss one day while we were at Otto Paechek's. [tape stops] Praetorius had gotten more and more nasty with me on occasion, and he was a great boaster and a great liar, a very intelligent man, spoke five languages, and a veteran of the German trenches four years in World War I. He was the hardest bitten man I have ever come across in my life. He was hard-willed, and it did not show at first. It gradually did show, and I made the mistake of talking back to him more than once and accused him of his boasting. He became very angry with me. He had a hot temper.

One day, we were in the hut at Otto Paechek's and I had shot one of the two horned screamers out of the top of a tall tree with my 25. 35 Winchester. It is the one that I have mounted. We were talking about the gun needing to be cleaned. He said, "Here. Give me that gun. I clean it for you." He grabbed it out of my hand, and he began to ram rod in and out with a rag on it in a way that would not be good. He was not being careful with it. So, I really talked back to him. I said, "This is my gun, and I will clean it the way I see fit." He became extremely angry. We eventually kind of got over it. We kept going.

But finally, we were there for two weeks, and we started on a third ship after we got back to Manaos. The third ship of the booth line took us down river to Belem or Para, then another ship home to Brooklyn. He stayed there, of course, but I would go home out of Belem on another ship. On the way down river, I remember so well. One of the British officers on that ship approached me one day and said, "We have no business for that German of yours." World War I was not that far in the past yet, and they had not gotten over it.

Anyway, a few days down river, I forget how many, maybe three. Going down the river did not take as long as coming up. Finally, it is morning, and a little later that day we would reach the harbor in Belem or Para. Before we had left Belem in the first place, Praetorius had shown me the study skin of a harpy eagle that he had done and asked me if I would like to buy it. "Yes." I said, "How much?" He said "Well, I will charge you \$20.00." Then that was a lot of money. I said, "Alright." But, by that time, I was nearly out of money. So that last morning I told him. We were in our room. I said, "I have run short of money, and I cannot buy your harpy eagle." I said, "I want to, but I cannot." He got angry at me, and he cursed me at the top of his voice in German and Portuguese. I had heard some of those words, and I was pretty unhappy about it. I just laid there in my cot taking his insults and yelling at me. He was bigger than I was, but I was very angry.

Years later I was sorry about that because I did not keep in touch with him. I only wish I had. He probably has been dead for many years. That is my guess. After all, that was only 1930 and way before World War II. The life he lived -- "in the bushes" he called it -- was not very safe with the chances he insisted on taking. He has likely been gone many, many years ago. If he were living, let us see, I was 25, and he was 38, I believe. So if he were alive now, what would he be?

N: 103?

B: Probably been gone many years.

N: Did he say where he was from in Germany, what town?

B: Yes. He was married and had a little girl in the city of Hamburg, Germany. Many years later, I had gotten over being so angry with him when he cursed me. I wanted to get in touch. I wrote a letter to the American console in Belem or Para

asking if he could find out anything about Walter for me. He wrote back. He said he could find nothing whatsoever. Either he had gone back to Germany, or he was dead. Chances are he was not even alive at that time, the life he led.

N: Was he collecting for museums or for individuals?

B: Butterflies and moths for individuals mainly, I think, collectors who had the money to buy them. The live birds, mammals, lizards, snakes he sold to zoos in Germany and other countries. A precarious life that man lead. He was a real nut. To think that I had all those adventures with a person like that, just fantastic. I was lucky to get back home alive, very lucky.

N: How was the return trip?

B: That was only 11 days. The ship did a little better, another ship of the same line, and it had 11 passengers. Only five on the way down. I got acquainted with some very interesting people. Believe it or not, in the cities of Para and Manaus and in the wild jungles, I never was threatened at any time by a person. Never until I got back to Brooklyn harbor. There was only one taxi there, and I did not like the looks of the man driving it. But, there was no other one to ask to take me to the Hotel St. George where I had been at the beginning in early June in New York at the foot of the Brooklyn bridge. So, I asked this man if he would take me to the Hotel St. George. "Yes." So, I got in with my things. I had heavier luggage sent to the hotel ahead of time from the ship. When I got there, all my luggage was in my room, the room that I had mentioned, where I had been before.

But, he had gone with me in the back seat of his taxi only a short distance, and that son of a gun drove to a great big empty warehouse. Way over in a corner to one side were two men standing, and I knew right away I was going to get mugged. So, I talked fast. I said, "I have been to the Amazon all summer." I said, "I have only enough money left to pay you." That was a lie because I did not have enough, and I did not tell him that. I said, "That is all I have." He pulled up very near those two men. I did not like their looks either. There he stopped and shook his head no, which meant I was not worth mugging. He drove on and took me to the Hotel St. George.

I got out first before I told him how much money I had. I got everything I had out of my pockets. He told me how much. I did not have that much. I said, "This is all I have got." "Well alright, I will take that." I said, "I also have a Brazilian coin you can have here." "Alright I will take that for a keepsake." He left, but I was sure I had gotten out before I told him that. I went on into the hotel. All those adventures in the Amazon and I was never threatened by a human being. Then I had that happen.

By the way, we were four or five days in the Grand Hotel in Manaus. That is Walter Praetorius and I. Raymond Del Silva, my friend I had made on the way down, lived in Manaus. He lived in a very nice house right next to the famous

building where they had had grand opera back in the rubber hunting days. The top was a big dome, a big rounded dome, beautiful building. At the time I was there, they had come on hard times, and it was not even being used any more. Ray's father and mother lived in a very nice house right next to that big opera house there in Manaus.

By the way, while we had been waiting down in Belem at the Pensao Suissa Hotel, Raymond had run out of money, and I lent him money. So after we got to his home in Manaus, he told his father and mother. One day, I ran across his father in the street, -- Ray told me that his father would pay me back -- and his father gave me quite a bit more than I had lent to Raymond. I tried to give the extra back, but he would not take it. He was a mixture of white and black, I could tell, but he had been a rubber hunter or a dealer, rather. He did not hunt the rubber. He dealt in it, and it made a lot of money in the earlier years when rubber was a big thing down there. A lot of rubber. He was a trader. He still had a good business going of some kind. I do not know what.

Then one day Ray said that his father and mother wanted me to have lunch, I call it dinner, at their home. The father was not there, but the mother was. The mother was Portuguese and very white. She did not have any mixture of races, I remember. She did not speak English. She looked like a very imposing lady. I was very impressed with his mother. At the end of the meal, I told Raymond. I said, "I would like to thank your mother in Portuguese for being so kind to me and this wonderful meal." So he told me, if I can remember now, "Muito abregado para hospitaliti," meaning thank you very much for your hospitality. She smiled. I had learned that much Portuguese right there from her son.

Another day, they were going to have a great big party to celebrate Raymond's homecoming, and it was at night at their home. I was invited. By the way, at neither time was Praetorius invited. He was so angry about that because he was not invited. There was nothing I could do about that. I guess Ray had not very much use for him either, did not seem to. So, I attended that party, and it was something else. I will tell you. It was attended by the boys and girls, teenagers, some maybe a little above, from wealthy families in Manaus. Portuguese speaking, Portuguese period. Every girl who came was not brought by a boyfriend. She was brought there by the mother or aunt or some other older lady who stayed right there in the room all the time, never let them out of her sight.

Among other things, there was a lot of dancing. It was all tango, and Ramundo, Raymond, had taught dancing at the university in Vermont. He was so good. At one certain time, he and a girlfriend who was very good, and they danced and everybody else stood aside and watched while they did a tango. It was something else, just great. The music was furnished on the piano with a girl, a Portuguese girl there. She not only played tangos, but she tried foxtrots and things like that, what was then modern American music up in the states. The funny thing was, even if it were a foxtrot, she could not help but give it the tango time. [Laughter] Every one. She could not do otherwise. It was so funny.

- N: Before you left, how did your family feel about this idea you had?
- B: I will tell you what. My mother did not say anything. My father did not either, but I could tell that he was afraid he would never see me again, as I thought back on it. Frankly, with that Praetorius, it is a wonder I ever did get back. He took so many chances with our lives, but I got back.
- N: How was your family when you got back?
- B: They did not say much about it, but they were glad to see me. They were people, like I said before, that never said much, never told you they loved you nor hugged me nor kissed me. But, it did not matter. I knew they felt those things beyond all shadow of a doubt. As I said, it left me free to roam my hills in pure freedom when I was young. How green was my valley. A perfect life. I have often said, "I wish that I could do it all over again and have them all back and be young again." I have met other people who would say, "Not me. I have lost my parents and other loved ones, and it is too much to go through again." But, I have not felt that way. It was such a wonderful life, my young years. Then I ended up by doing those horrible things like going to the Amazon alone with no plans whatsoever after I got there and running across that German naturalist and made him my guide.
- N: You kept a diary, right?
- B: Yes, I kept a daily diary. The following winter I wrote it up in detail, and it was published over a period of many weeks, one day a week, in the Carrollton newspaper. I have a few copies left.
- N: How was that received? Did people ask you about the trip after they read it or not?
- B: Oh, yes. As you noticed on the signs approaching, the last thing it says is "Amazon explorer."
- N: 65 years ago today you would be there, right, already?
- B: Yes, all summer. Then in 1962, my folks were all still living, and Barry was grown up. Mary Blanche was a little girl. She was born in 1945. No, she was not so little by that time, was she? 1962. Still living at home. Skeet, my wife, was still living. Her mother, Mary McKibben, had died in 1958. I made arrangements to go hunting in Tanganyika, East Africa, with Harry Lee Wingfield, an Englishman, a guide. I was with him six weeks.
- N: Six weeks. Whoa.

B: He was going to originally charge me \$1500 for four weeks, but he wrote me that he wanted to take an exploring expedition into the southern province, which was not too well known. If I would go along with that, he would make it only \$1300. I wrote back, "Yes, I like to explore, too." If we did not have a time. I shot that big elephant you know, charging, a big elephant. I found out a couple years ago that Harry had died. Now it would be 12 years ago. At the time I hunted with him I was only 57, just a kid yet in 1962. He was only 38. He has been dead now 12 years.

N: So the first Africa trip was mainly big game hunting?

B: Yes. And I collected a number of bird specimens, too. I had permits from the Carnegie Museum, and those birds are there. I do not even have the study skins.

N: Was Ken Parks there or somebody else?

B: Yes, Ken Parks. As far as I know, he still might be there.

N: I think he is.

B: I have not been in touch with him for years. He has been in charge of all that material up on the fourth floor. If you go there and ask for him, you could go up to the fourth floor and he could show you a lot of that material.

N: Yeah.

B: Amazonian and African.

N: That was one of three trips you took.

B: 11 years later in 1973 I planned and I made a hunting trip to Rhodesia, way south. The guide was Gordon Cormack. He was, I think, 38. He was something else, too. He is still guiding. I got a letter from him some months ago. Something else, people like that, they are amazing. You know, on that first time in Tanganyika, Harry had his tent, and I had mine to myself. A pretty big tent, no zipper on it, no way to close the front. It had a canvas floor. We would camp in the wilderness. I asked him at the beginning. I said, "Harry, are you not afraid of a lion or a leopard or a black momba or a cobra coming in your tent at night and killing you?" He said, "I just never worry about such things." I gradually got that I did not either. I got used to it, and it could have happened so easily. There was nothing to keep them out, not even a zipper. [Laughter] The lions with one big scratch could make a big hole in the side of the tent and go right in. There had been hunters, guys, other people killed in Africa in the past that way.

I knew that cobras and mombas did their hunting at night, and that worried

me more than anything else. I borrowed a big heavy flashlight from Harry Wingfield, and slept on a cot with a little mattress and sheets and blanket and a mosquito net on a wooden rod over the cot lengthwise. I would get into the cot and lie down, and I would tuck the edges of the mosquito netting under the mattress so it was around my head too because there were the tetsi flies. They carry sleeping sickness. Each night about 4:00, I would have to get up and go around back to go to the toilet. To do that, I had the light. So, I would have to loosen the mosquito netting from around the pillow and reach down under the cot on the floor to get the flashlight. I was always afraid that I would put my hand on a black momba or a cobra. I never did. That is why I am here. Then, I would flash the light all over the floor of the tent to make sure there were not any in the tent. Then, I would go out flashing it all around to make sure there was not a lion nor a leopard nor a snake within reach, and I would go out back and then back. I did that for six weeks at different camps. Nothing happened like that. That is why I am here. That did not happen. Then I think back to all the terrible things that might have happened.

N: Well then, your third trip to Africa was when?

B: That was in Kenya, northern frontier district, 1976, three years after the Rhodesian one. That was something else. That was planned. I did not plan that one. That was planned by the Safari Club International, C. J. Merlroy, the founder, who was a good friend of mine. I have been naturalist, as you know, at the Wyoming camp for 11 years. 80 of us went, and I met the others in New York at the airport. 40 of us hunted, if my memory is correct, and the other 40 were wives and other people who did not hunt. Lindly Vickers went with me on that hunt. That was something else. Practically desert country out there and old volcanic peaks here and there over the landscape. (End of Tape 3)

N: You told me a little bit about your first summer at Cornell.

B: Under Arthur A. Allen, 1940, and Peter Paul Kellogg. I went for three summers, and then I was out for two summers. Summer of 1944, I worked all summer. No, 1943 I worked all summer at Mingo Steel Mill. I had Barry in college, and I needed the extra money. The following summer, 1944, I worked half the summer. Then in 1945 I missed a third summer at Cornell. I had gone three years. Then I missed two summers. Then I went back and finished in 1946 and 1947. In 1945, the acting naturalist at Oglebay Park was drafted to World War II. They could not find anybody else, I always say, and Judge John Worley of Cadiz, Ohio was on their nature committee. He knew me. So, he told them about me, and they had me come down for an interview. They hired me to be head naturalist at Oglebay for the summer at the park. That was a nice experience. I worked hard at it.

Back to Cornell, I remember in the class of 40 some, in Birds of Eastern North American, there was a lady teacher from Brooklyn, New York. She was a

city person, had never had the opportunity to learn birds like I had from a little boy on through from my brother, John. She could not learn the bird songs and calls fast enough, and she was flunking the course. She just could not cut it, the lady told me. For me, it was easy. I already knew all but a few. I suppose I was a little cocky about that. On Allen's field trips, instead of being right up there with him all the time, I would wander in the back visiting with one or more of the other students. He would notice, but he never said anything. He sure let me have it later.

In 1947 at the end of the summer, I was to have my oral exam under Dr. Allen and Dr. E. Lawrence Palmer, under whom I majored in the teaching of nature study. I thought that Palmer would be the one that would give me a lot of trouble. He did not. Instead it was Dr. Allen, and he purposely gave me a lot of trouble. The evening before that test, I went to Fernow Hall, which had a lot of mounted bird specimens in the upper store and the halls. I went over every one of them, a lot of foreign birds too, and made sure I had in my mind everything, the families, the genera, everything, and the common name. I also had Allen's book on birds, a very good book, and I had had his work and made A's under him. In fact, in Birds of the World I was the head of the class. Kellogg approached me the day after the test in the morning. He said, "You know, we figured you would not do very well. You have surprised us." So, I fooled them. I made the highest grade on the final test. Allen laid out 40 bird skins, a few of them we had not seen. But we were supposed to have learned them by the characteristics. I missed four of them. That is all. I made the highest grade in the class. There were 40 some in the class in Birds of the World.

In 1947, on my orals examination Allen -- and he was kind of a fast talker - - started asking me questions one after another, things he had never mentioned in his classes and were not in his book. There were a lot of them that I could not answer. I had no background for them. I thought to myself, "I am afraid I will not get my masters' degree now. I have flunked his test." So, he was still acting pretty stern with me. So, they said I could leave the room then and they would talk it over. I thought, "Uh oh. I am finished. I failed his oral test." I went back in at the appointed time. They told me that they had decided to pass me. I said to Dr. Allen, "I was sure I had failed your test. You asked me a whole bunch of questions I did not know anything about." He grinned and said that he did it purposely. Well, he did not put it in words. What he meant, he did it purposely to take me down a few pegs. He did not say why, but I knew why. In his classes there in 1940, not in his classes so much but in field trips, I already knew most of the birds and their songs. He felt I was a little too cocky. He waited all those years, and then he let me have it. He really let me have it hard.

Allen, at the end of my first year, advised me that I had better major under Palmer rather than Allen because if I was going to stay as a high school teacher I had better have a broader range of nature studies, and that would be under Palmer. So I switched. The next year I began under Palmer, in 1941. He is the one who taught us those nature games.

N: Right.

B: And that one, you know, that I used at Terra Alta camp and at the Wyoming camp all these years. I figured it was the best one. Teachers, students, all people, like that game. Do you have a question?

N: What was he like as a person or a professor?

B: Well, he was okay, alright. He farmed me out to other professors, botanists basically. Finally the last year, comparative anatomy.

N: Vertebrates?

B: Vertebrates. Yes. Human, of course, was at the finish of it in the evolutionary cycle. It was quite a course. About 40 students and about all the others were going to be doctors. After that course, they would be entering medical school. They were smart cookies. I got there a week late. I had been at Terra Alta for my first time, 1947. I left there, and it made me a week late to get to Cornell. I should not have done it, but I did it. He let me in the class, Dr. Gilbert. He said, "Now there is no way you can make up the skeletal systems, which we have had the first week. There will be one hour of credit that you will not get." But, he let me enter for the rest of it. He told me later he did not think I could do it because I had white hair, even then. [Laughter] An old man in 1947. I fooled him.

My first week, their second week, I did pretty well, but I was not at the top. My second week, their third, I had learned by then what to expect from Dr. Gilbert and from the lab periods all afternoon. The next day we went back to our class with Dr. Gilbert to find out our grade for that week on Friday. One of the young men in the class who was going to be a doctor, very bright young man, said, "You got the highest grade in the class on Dr. Gilbert's exam this week." I said, "Oh, you are kidding me." He said, "No, I am not." So, I went down to see Dr. Gilbert. He said, "You got the highest grade in the class." It did not happen again. That young man worked harder from then on, and he would beat me only just a very little bit. I was still high. That was a tough course. It was something else.

Thinking of the second year there and the first year under E. Lawrence Palmer, he told us about one nature game, and he taught it, where he would put a stake with a number, like a number one, by one plant, shrub, tree, whatever. A little way farther on another stake with number two on it. Then, we could follow those, kind of a trail. We would write down number one and its name if we knew it. He said he had a chemistry student one time in that contest. One of the plants was the oxeye daisy. O-X-E-Y-E. A chemistry student wrote down O-X-I-D-E daisy. [Laughter] I thought that was funny.

N: Did you have Professor Albert Wright? He was big into frogs and snakes. Did you ever have him?

B: I did not have him, but I heard him lecture on a couple of occasions. Yes, he was something else; very, very good. He was an older man by that time.

N: Yeah.

B: Anyway, that second year, 1941, Palmer had me take my first botany course, Woody Plants, under W.C. Muenscher. M-U-E-N-S-C-H-E-R. He, at the time, was the greatest expert in the country on water plants and poisonous plants. I have his book on poisonous plants. It has a lot of material in it, amazing. It makes me wonder about young people who go in for this cooking and eating wild plants when they do not know much botany.

N: Yeah.

B: They could make a mistake and get very sick or dead, especially mushrooms. My third year, the second year under Palmer, he had me take Taxonomy of Vascular Plants under Robert T. Clausen. C-L-A-U-S-E-N. He was a great teacher, too, a genius. That was something. In those botany courses, we had to learn not only common names but the Latin names of the family, genus, species, everything. I want to tell you I worked day and night seven days a week, but I did it. I got high grades, but I had to work all the time to do it. All that changed my life, practically. I got started in botany.

My brother, John, and my father and my brother and other farmers, knew some of the trees. They knew the white oak, which was our dominant tree in the virgin oak sand. They could not distinguish the black oak, nor the scarlet oak, from the red oak, and I learned how to do it in that course. They could not distinguish the white sugar maple from the black sugar maple. I think they knew the red maple. They knew the white or American ash. They knew the shag barked hickory and, I think, the pigmat. They knew the black gum or sour gum, red gum, tupelo, or pepperidge, five names, but did not know any Latin names whatsoever. In 1941, I came home, and I got into what we had around here at home. I quickly learned what I had not known before. It just changed my life, and I have never quit.

N: No. 50 years.

B: I still have it.

N: More than 50 years later.

B: Then in 1972, I got into the Caribbean Islands the first time, again in 1973. Windjammer cruise each time, the Lesser Antilles. Then back to Puerto Rico, rent a little car, and go for another week. Let us see. 1972, 1973. Then back in 1976 with Carl Chuey, Youngstown University, and he had a group. We were in the Virgin Islands a long weekend, then three days and nights in Puerto Rico,

just a few of us. Carl and Lindley Vickers and two graduate students. We went up into the El Yungue Mountains in the northeast. He is into the ferns, of course, Carl Chuey. Then I did not go back until 1984. Barry came home. He had retired. I took Barry his first time down in Puerto Rico. Two weeks and we did the whole island practically, the best parts of it, in a rented car. Every year since, even March of last year, he got along fairly well. Barry enjoyed it and, my goodness, he took part in all the botanizing. He would have a notebook, and he would write down every plant, every fern, tree, shrub, wild flower that we would find in English and Latin. I had two very good books on trees of Puerto Rico.

I have a book, "Ferns of the Caribbean National Forest," by Kay Kepler, and it has been my "bible" for over the years. Her husband was an ornithologist who found a new warbler in the upper mountains. Let us see, it looked like a black and white, but it is another species. It is only in the upper mountains and no place else. Kay, the wife, wanted to learn about ferns. She had the help of Dr. Roy Woodbury at the university there in San Juan. I met him on my second trip and spent an afternoon with him in his office. I took notes. He told me a lot of interesting things. He was very good at ferns, and he helped her. She did this book, and it has been a great help to me. As you go west, you start finding ones that are not in her book. Barry and I, in 1984 -- his first time -- met Dr. George Procter. He had done a key book on the ferns and fern allies 412 species. I only know 180 some after all these years.

This last March George, Barry and I went again for three weeks. It was pretty hard on me. In February, I had had a bad fall on ice out there in front of the fire station. I thought I could make it over town. I did not. My feet went out from under me, and I landed hard on the ice. I hurt my back. I was screaming with pain. I could not get up. I finally got up and got back in the house. The next day I went to the chiropractor in Carrollton. I went six times. They helped me, but it took a good while for me to get over it. During the Puerto Rican trip it bothered me a lot, really. I kept going, and I climbed two major mountains there that I should not have. But, I did it. I could go three or four steps and have to quit and rest. Very foolish, never did have any common sense. I did it.

N: Could we go back to Cornell for a little bit?

B: Okay.

N: Your masters' thesis. I thought I brought it. It must be out in the car. I thought I brought it.

B: Oh, yes. I worked off and on for six years on that. I made big changes in it two more times, and they accepted it. I earned six hours toward a Ph.D., but I did not go ahead and finish the Ph.D. Then years later, I was visited by two Ph.D. people, one a lady from the museum at Ohio State University. I cannot think of her name now. They were with me a long weekend. One day we visited Specht Marsh, a big swamp, now known as "Still Fork Swamp." The lady asked me if

anybody had ever done any work on this area. I said, "Yes. It is part of my masters' thesis." Well, did I have a copy? I said, "Yes. I have one at home. I can show it to you." That evening I dug it out and showed it to her. She asked me if she could take it back with her and show it to the executive director of the Ohio Biological Survey. I knew him.

N: Charles King, was that who it was?

B: Charlie King. Thank you. That is it. So, he got in touch with me in a few days. He either phoned me or wrote me. I forget. He said, "If you bring this up to date, we will publish it." I spent four more years on it.

N: Oh yeah?

B: There are a lot of tables in it. A secretary of his would write me over and over, "What did I mean by such and such a thing in this table. Exactly what did I mean?" I would write back and explain. I got Willard Talkington, who runs this place, and I had brought him up to know birds well and mammals, by the way. I taught him bird taxidermy, too. I taught Willard how to make notes on birds, their nests and habitats. He spent years at that in high school and after he was out of high school. One evening I went up at his place, and he got out those notes out. I did not leave there until about 1:00 that night. I copied the material he had on nesting birds which I did not have recorded in my original thesis. As you have noticed, publications of the Ohio Biological Survey, the old material that was in the thesis is in smaller letters above. Then underneath would be the newer material in bigger letters. Remember that the name, Willard Talkington, is in those newer notes over and over quite a number of times about bird species and nests he had found and where and when and habitats. I taught him to take notes.

N: Great.

B: His name is in there over and over and over.

N: Right. It must be out in the car. I thought I put it in this bag in case you wanted to point anything out.

B: Had you ever known Willard before?

N: No. I had seen his name and all that, but no.

B: How about that?

N: That is amazing. It is appropriate we are sitting right here, right?

B: Is that not funny?

N: Yes.

B: When he was in sixth grade in Bergholz, I went down one night. A teacher there asked me to do it. She said, "He is very interested in birds." I had never heard of him before I went down. She wanted me to give a slide show on birds, and I showed one of my sets that night at her class. He was in sixth grade, and I met him. She introduced me to him. He said he would like to learn how to mount birds. Later, somebody brought me a little parrot, a pet that had died, and I got in touch with Willard's father. He brought Willard up here one evening. I skinned it and mounted it and showed him all the steps and things to do. He began, and he never quit.

Later, I had taken him to a taxidermist up in a suburb of Cleveland. He had a taxidermist who had worked in Denver and was very good on African materials, mammals, heads, everything. He taught Willard how to do a deer head, African animals, everything. Up until then, Willard's work on that had not been very good. After many lessons up there for free, Willard became very good. He mounted what I have, African heads.

N: Really?

B: Yes.

N: I will bet you it was quite a thrill to have your thesis published then.

B: Oh yes, it was.

N: More work, but it had to be quite a thrill.

B: They published it in the spring of 1980.

N: Okay.

B: It is Biological Notes number 12. They immediately sent a free copy to the biological department of every college and university in the state of Ohio. That is one of their customs. Over the years, I would go visiting colleges and universities, trying to get them interested in buying my slide sets. I would be told that they had their copy, and they would show it to me. I found out later that a copy got to a university in Edmonton, Alberta.

N: Really?

B: Yes. I had a friend, Jim Butler, who was one of the instructors at the Terra Alta Nature Camp in June, 1972. The first week, we were hit by the edge of a

hurricane out east, Hurricane Agnes. The first five days and nights it rained solid and never stopped. The place was a swamp. It would blow the ladies' tents down. We had to transfer the ladies to the quonset hut. Their tents were more exposed by the lake, and ours were protected more by trees. They did not blow down, but they were damp, wet. I got along in our tent. I made it. The rain stopped about Friday night of the first week. The next week was okay. Saturday, I think, at the end of the first week, we went to Black Water Falls, and the amount of water going over those falls was beyond belief. You would not believe it, and I have pictures of it. I have one or two of them in some of my earlier sets of slides. That was fantastic.

N: I brought a book along. Do you remember this?

B: I sure do. Conant, "Reptiles of Ohio."

N: Let us see. Your name is here. Where is it? I cannot read upside down.

B: Right here it is. "Forest Buchanan of Amsterdam, Dr. Ralph W. Dexter of Kent State University, Dr. H.R. Egleston of Marietta College, and Seymour Van Gundy of White House have sent me a number of interesting specimens for useful data or both. B.E. Leety of the Ohio division of forestry at Chillicothe has furnished me with detailed maps showing localities where he has encountered copperheads and timber rattlers. P.H. William Baughman of Brooklyn, New York, has added considerably by helping to assemble records from the literature."

N: How did you know that Conant was looking for information?

B: Years earlier before he ever published this, I think it is the second copy.

N: Second edition.

B: Second edition. Yes. I think I had met him at a big meeting in Columbus one time. He had written me later and asked me if I would send him preserved specimens of reptiles, mainly snakes, from my region so he could use the material in his new second edition which this is. My name is mentioned in a number of places here.

N: For specimens, other specimens?

B: Yes. A number of places. He mentions Specht Marsh, as I called it then.

N: Is it for the spotted turtle or something?

B: Yes. I found the first specimen of the spotted turtle known in Unglaciated, Ohio, up there. The first time I ever went there, I parked the car at the edge of the

road, climbed over an old gate, and there was water about, not a foot deep, very clear. At the bottom of it was a turtle. I saw it was different. It was almost black with yellow spots. I brought it home. I photographed it, and I have the photograph in one of my sets. I think in the seventh set probably, reptiles and amphibians. I found out later that it was the first specimen from Unglaciaded, Ohio. Over the years, I would take groups of seventh graders and other classes up there. We would wade. Like a Sunday, take them in a school bus. We would wade the marsh and see everything possible, and the kids liked it, of course. We all got wet feet. It did not matter. Students on those trips found two more in different years. That made a total of three we found in Specht Marsh. Records for Unglaciaded, Ohio.

N: The reason I brought this up is next week I am going to see Conant.

B: No kidding?

N: He is getting an award from Roger Tory Peterson, and I figured you knew both of them. I do not know if I will get to talk to Peterson, but I am going to get to talk to Conant. So, if you had anything to say, hello or anything, I could.

B: Roger Tory Peterson was a good friend of mine way back when we were both young. I would attend meetings then, big meetings, Cleveland, Detroit. He was always there, of course. One at Washington D.C., a very big meeting. I went with Hughes Barnes one time, a long weekend. We went to the hall where there was going to be a nightly meeting. Roger would see me. He would wave and say, "Hi, Forest," and ask me to come over. I would sit with him. He would ask me to sit with him at the meeting. He was a wonderful friend. I doubt if he would know me now. It has been so long ago. He is an old man now. So am I. It has been many years. But, do you know quite a few years ago his second son, Lee Peterson, came to the Terra Alta Nature Camp?

N: Oh, really?

B: He was not interested in birds. He was working on a book on edible wild plants.

N: Yes, yes, yes.

B: Sunday, at the end of the first week, he took me on a long ride over into the eastern panhandle of West Virginia. It was quite a long ride. Then, he said he would like to spend some days in the Ohio valley. I said, "Be my guest." He said, "Well, I will see." "I will take you out." He came three days and nights and we had a wonderful time. He mentions me in the foreword of his book.

N: Oh, really? I will have to take a look at that.

B: Lee Peterson. While we were at the Terra Alta camp, I introduced Lee to the other campers and other instructors. I would say, "This is Lee Peterson, the son of Roger Tory Peterson." They were quite impressed with that.

N: I am sure.

B: He told me aside after I had done it once or twice. He said, "I wish you would not mention my dad." He said, "I would rather just be known for myself."

N: Yes.

B: The very next night I will bet I mentioned here. I can hardly read that. My eyes, it is that fine print. I am someplace there near Carroll or Jefferson. "Carroll County near Amsterdam, Loudon township, F.W.B."

N: That is you.

B: Yes. For a number of things in here, a number of snakes.

N: So, you just met with Roger Conant at the one meeting you think?

B: Several.

N: Some other way back.

B: I would go long distances to attend these big national meetings of the Wilson Ornithological Club and the A.O.U down in Columbus once. Peterson was the main speaker that time. I have not done any of that for a long time.

N: Right.

B: You know why. I have gotten too old.

N: I like to nominate people for awards. As I did you, I nominated Roger Conant for an award, and it is being given by Roger Tory Peterson next Saturday in Jamestown, New York, which is where Peterson was born.

B: Are you going there?

N: Yes.

B: You are kidding.

N: I am going to see Conant, but I do not know if I will get to talk to Peterson. I am going to sit down and talk with Conant. I just wanted to see what your

connection was.

B: Many years later, we had not seen each other for a long time. Skeet had gotten sick before Mary Blanche was born in 1945, and I quit attending all these meetings. I just could not leave her.

N: Yeah.

B: After Mary Blanche was grown up but still pretty young, I had a friend in Carrollton, an attorney. Mr. Saltsman. He has been dead for years. He called me up and told me that Roger Tory Peterson was going to give a program and show a movie on the Galapagos Islands at a college up in Canton.

N: Mallone?

B: Mallone College, in the auditorium. He would like for me to go along with Mary Blanche. Mary was living with me and was not married yet. We went up to Carrollton, to his home, and we went to Canton in his car. We got there early. We went in, no other visitors yet, and there was Roger Tory Peterson arranging his equipment to show the program. The man had white hair. I got old, too, I guess. I went up. I thought he would remember me. He did not know me. I told him who I was. He said, "Oh, yes." But, I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was not telling the truth. He did not really remember me. It had been so many years.

N: Yeah.

B: He did not then. He would not now.

N: Yeah.

B: However, a former student, Susan Sweeney, lives up in Cleveland. They would go to Chataqua.

N: Yeah.

B: Where you were going every year. There was Susan Sweeney, who got one of them to take her in town. She sent me a letter. I am a member of that Peterson Club there in Jamestown.

N: Oh, are you?

B: She paid for it and had it sent to me.

N: Oh, great.

B: If you do meet Roger, he may have seen my name on the list.

N: Yeah. Okay.

B: I doubt that he will remember me from our early years, doggonit. I remember him over and over. He was so good to me. He was a great guy.

N: That was in the 1940's probably?

B: Yes.

N: 1930's or 1940's.

B: Mary Blanche was born in 1945, so it was before that. I would attend all these meetings.

N: Yeah. So, it is at least 50 years ago.

B: Oh, yes.

N: Okay.

B: Black racer. It should be mentioned there. Lawrence E. Hicks. Ever hear of him? He was a friend way back. He was something else. That would be my specimen. It would have to be.

N: Ohio University maybe? OU?

B: Ohio University, I sent them specimens for a long time to a professor down there. So, it is in one of those that I sent them. That is why it is mentioned here. "Jefferson County, F.W.B." That is a timber rattler specimen. Pilot black snake. Now it is a black rat snake, *opseleta opseleta*. Near Amsterdam Loudon Township and again the professor down at Ohio University. That is what that would mean. OU, Ohio University V.C. I do not know what that means.

N: Vertebrate collection?

B: Yes. That would be it. How about J.? [tape stops] She could not understand why would I not be interested.[tape stops] "Carroll County, Buchanan who has supplied the data below on the geology of the region near his home, plus specimens from the Specht Marsh in the northeastern part of Washington Township, Ohio, which is a poorly drained area in the valley now occupied by Still Fork Creek. This valley was a lake that was created when the glacial front advanced southward to Big Sandy Creek and dammed the streams of the region. Silt and glacial debris subsequently filled the valley of Big Sandy Creek to a

depth of 200 feet and the other valley to a lesser degree, but with silt only. Both the ribbon snake and spotted turtle occur in the Specht Marsh. They may have entered the area from the north crossing the glacial boundary but finding habitat foundations not greatly different from those prevailing in glaciated territory. All three species, the two snakes and the turtle, are known from many localities in northeastern Ohio but from very few in the unglaciated region. Buchanan also has seen several De Kays snakes from the extreme eastern part of Loudon Township, and there is a specimen in his collection from Lee Township. Lee's locality is east of the Fleshing Escarpment. Several De Kays may have crossed this physiographic boundary, but it also is possible that it entered the region of Amsterdam from the northeast by way of the filled valley of the Ohio. That is westward up the valley of Yellow Creek. A De Kays snake, what do you think of that? I had forgotten that we found a few near here. What do you know. I will be darned. He will remember me by name, I am sure, because he used my material in this book, much of it.

N: I have written to Roger Conant off and on since I was 13, and I sent him some information about you from a newspaper when you got, I think, one of the awards from Safari Club and they had a spread on you in the newspaper.

B: Oh, yes.

N: Somebody got me that. I made a copy, and I sent it to him.

B: I will be darned.

N: He thought that was really great.

B: That was another part of my life, big game hunts in Africa, three of them.

N: Yeah.

B: There were a number of specimens from Tanganyika from my first hunt at the Carnegie Museum. I forget the name of the ornithologist of the Cleveland Museum way back there who asked me to collect for him and who got me the permit which I had for years. After being back a few years from the Amazon, I took most of the study skins from the Amazon up there and gave them to the museum in Cleveland. I had given them one of the horned screamers. That is a pretty big bird. So, I asked about it. He said, "Horned screamer?" He said, "I have no recollection of that." It was such a rare thing. I might be guessing. He would keep that for himself. He must have.

N: Could be.

B: He must have.

N: Okay.

B: I cannot think of his name by now.

N: I do not know anybody from the old days there.

B: He went to the Smithsonian, I think, years later. Eastern ribbon snake. "Carroll County, Washington Township, F.W.B." That would be a Specht Marsh ribbon snake. "Buchanan in commenting upon the specimen in Carroll County states that in the valley of Still Fork Creek, which stretches from Mechanics' Town to Minerva where it hits Big Sandy Creek, the ribbon snake is abundant in all marshy and swampy places. Several tributaries in Sandy Creek flow southward from glaciated territory, and they probably served as readily accessible migration routes across the glacial boundary." Eastern garter snakes. I will be darned. You remember Edgar S. Thomas?

N: I read about him. I never knew him.

B: He was a great friend.

N: Really?

B: Two different years, one in late August one in early September, I had him and graduate students come and be my guests for a long weekend. We would go out and explore Specht Marsh. He was into insects, of course, hot and heavy. One night, they thought they heard a cricket that was different. We went back the next day, and they began looking under old rotting logs and found a number of them. Crickets a little smaller than the common one. They saw that it was different, but they were not really sure until they would hear the song. So that night, it must have been about 9:00. It had gotten dark. We were all in the front room. They had caught a number that day and had them in a screened box in my bedroom. The graduate student, and by the way, he has been a professor up at Ann Arbor for years now. I forget his name. He said, "I am going in and see if they are singing." He went, and he rushed right back to the front room. He said, "We are right. It is a new species." Oh, they were so excited.

N: I will bet.

B: That really put Specht Marsh on the map for the first time.

N: Yeah.

B: It helped, from their viewpoint anyway. Later, Dr. Thomas wrote an article about it and gave it a name. It was published. He sent me a copy. I have the copy someplace in Barry's bedroom. He called it nemobius which was not a new

genus, but the species was new. *Nemobius melodius*.

N: For the song, melody?

B: Yeah. Northern copperhead, I never found one right near Amsterdam but about three miles away toward Bergholz, up on the ridge. A man, Mr. Smith, used to live there, and he caught several. He gave me two, maybe three of them, alive. "The following reports from Buchanan, Gier." Gier was the professor at Ohio University, was he not? Gier. G-I-E-R. "May be added to the list. Jefferson County, the valley's of Brush Creek and Yellow Creek from the vicinity of Bergoles to the Ohio River. The copperheads from Jefferson County furnish a notable but not unexpected extension of range. This snake probably is locally common throughout most of unglaciated Ohio. Although it is interesting to note that all the known records in the extreme eastern part of the state are from close to or east of the fleshing escarpment." I will be darned.

I think it was Dr. Edgar Thomas's first trip, and he had that graduate student. They had already been at my house one day and one night. The next night, they wanted to get out there to hear the crickets sing. (End of Tape 4) Anyway, we were headed after dark purposely for Specht Marsh down in Still Fork Valley. Dr. Thomas was driving his car, Edgar S. Thomas. We had gotten maybe two or three miles beyond Bergholz. On the road was a snake. I did not notice it right then, but the graduate student did. Dr. Thomas did not notice it, and he ran over it and did not hurt it. The wheels did not touch it. So, Dr. Thomas pulled over and stopped, and we went back. There it was on the road. It was not hurt. A copperhead very much alive and in good shape. Dr. Thomas had a box with screen on it for anything like that. He got that out of the trunk. The graduate student, I think he had a snake stick or something, and he was wearing boots which came up a little ways. I do not know whether he used a snake stick or just stepped on it gently, back of the head. It was pretty lively. It did not want to be caught. He managed to not get bitten. He reached down and put a foot on up near the head to hold it, and grabbed it right back by the neck with his thumb and finger on the head to hold the mouth shut and brought it up. They put it in that box. The next day, they took it out and let it out on my front lawn. They photographed it, and he took it back with him to the Ohio State Museum. I remember that.

I have got to say there was a man, a Mr. Smith, who used to live about three miles down the valley. Springfield Local High School was where I was principal from 1954 to 1971. Up on that ridge just beyond there at the right, the man who lived up there, Mr. Smith, would catch a copperhead every now and then. He had one on his front porch one night. He gave it to me alive, and I had it in a big glass jar with a big lid on it and holes in the lid. I had it over at school in a little side cubby hole. I would show it to my students in my classes, but some of the teachers were worried that it might get loose I heard later. It did not. One day at noon, I got a couple of students to help. One had a broom. I took the lid off the bottle and dumped it out on the floor of the gym. It could not run

very fast on that smooth floor. One of the boys had a broom anyway so he could head it off. One of the students, Dave Shultz was great with snakes. He finally got hold of it right back of the head with his thumb and finger over the head and got it back into the big glass jar tail first and head last.

Then I let the water seep from a spigot through the holes in the top of the lid until the jar was filled with water. The next morning, it was dead. It had drowned, which I meant it to do. I wanted to preserve it. I put a little bit of formaldehyde in the bottom of the jar and then filled it with water. I coiled it up with the tail sticking up on one side. I propped the mouth wide open with a little stick to show the fangs. After three days, I took that little stick out, and the mouth remained open showing the fangs. I think it is still down at school. I never brought those things home.

N: Oh, really?

B: No. Also, I had a timber rattlesnake that was caught in 1947 up at the Terra Alta Nature Camp. A few miles away there was a man-made lake. A big resort is there now and a big hotel and expensive restaurant and small houses where people with money move in to retire. It was near there that Robert T. Carroll, director of the camp in 1947, captured the snake. They brought it in alive, and I brought it home and drowned it later and preserved it with the mouth wide open and the rattlers showing on the outside. It is down at school, too, down at Springfield School. I had a former student who teaches down there, Rich Gregor. He teaches biology, and he uses all those things now. I brought home my bird study skins. I had over 50 of them in cardboard boxes, and I brought those home a number of years ago. I was afraid they would get damaged. They are upstairs. Dr. Stansbury was at the Ohio University Museum. I used to write to him, and I finally quit. I told them they could come up and get these specimens, but they never came. I still have them upstairs.

N: Edward Thomas was at the museum, was he not?

B: Edward S. Thomas.

N: He was at the Ohio State Museum, was he not?

B: Yes. Edward S. Thomas. But there is another still living, Dr. Stansbury.

N: Okay.

N: There is a guy who is big into mussels and that. I cannot think of his name.

B: Yes, Dr. Stansbury. I guess that Colonel Robert T. Carroll died a year or two ago. He was 90. He was a head biology professor at V.M.I., Virginia Military Institute, for a long time. He was quite a personality. He drove his car with one

arm.

N: Oh, really?

B: He told me that first year, 1947, when he directed the Terra Alta Nature Camp. He told me that when he was a boy he lived on a farm up here near Specht Marsh in Carroll County. I do not know whether he was grown up or not. I think maybe he was, and worked in a saw mill. He had an accident and lost part of one arm. He said if that had never happened he might never have become a professor at an important university. He was a character. I will tell you. There were 40 some students at the camp that time, most of them adults, a few upper teenagers. In the evening at the camp there, he would start out, "Dear darling dumb bells." Knowing him, you were not insulted really, kind of a joking way to begin to talk. He was something. Did you ever hear of Dr. Roger Barbour?

N: From Kentucky?

B: Yes.

N: Yeah.

B: Did you ever meet him?

N: No.

B: Years later, he became the head naturalist down at Oglebay Park.

N: Oh, really?

B: He was not interested in the camps. He practically ruined the camps, sorry to say, but he became a good friend of mine. He died a couple of years ago of Alzheimer's.

N: That is what he had.

B: He lived near Lexington, and when I would be down there visiting Barry at Nicholasville, I would come over and drive over near Lexington and visit with him one evening. It has been many years ago now. Roger Barbour.

N: Is it Billy Altimus that runs Terra Alta Camp now?

B: Yes. Still does a great job, great job. In 1947, Billy was there at camp. Her husband, Don Altimus, was there. Her maiden name was Billy Brosch, a German name, B-R-O-S-C-H. They were upper teenagers in 1947, and were married later.

N : Okay.

B: I was doing early morning bird walks, and I knew most of the birds and their songs. But, there were a few that I did not yet know their songs. I had them as study skins or mounted specimens but did not know their songs because in migration they did not sing. There were a few in the mountains there at the Terra Alta Camp that nest in the north, but also nest there in the high mountain country too. Don Altimus had already learned their songs. The first morning, I asked him to go out early with me and teach me the few songs I did not know. He did it. He did a great job. He knew them. Later that morning, after breakfast, I led the bird walk. My hearing and my eyesight were excellent way back then.

N: Yeah.

B: Years ago, 25 and 30 years ago, I had trouble with my inner ears. It destroyed my hearing for high pitched warbler songs. It destroyed my good sense of balance. It destroyed my bird brain for knowing directions. I do not have much of that left. Anyway, it finally got that they just did not ask me to lead early morning bird walks anymore, and that was okay. Now, I sleep in. They have to get up. The bell rings at 6:30, and the bird walk starts at 7:00. Breakfast is at 8:30. So, I just wait, and I get up in time for breakfast. Easier on me. If I did go out for the bird walk, I would not hear many of the songs, and my eyes are not nearly so good. Seeing it would be more difficult. It is best that I do not. In Puerto Rico in the first years, I was into birds first. I got into botany later. In botany, the plants cannot fly away from you.

N: Right.

B: They wait on you.

N: I was thinking. It is almost 8:00.

B: 8:00? I do not believe it.

N: Do you want to stop here?

B: Yes, I think we had better.

N: We can sit. I will come down again.

End of Interview