



"What the Kennedys are to politics, the less famous Craigheads are to nature – a prolific and accomplished clan." – Kirkus Reviews

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

JOHN COYLE

TRAILROAD

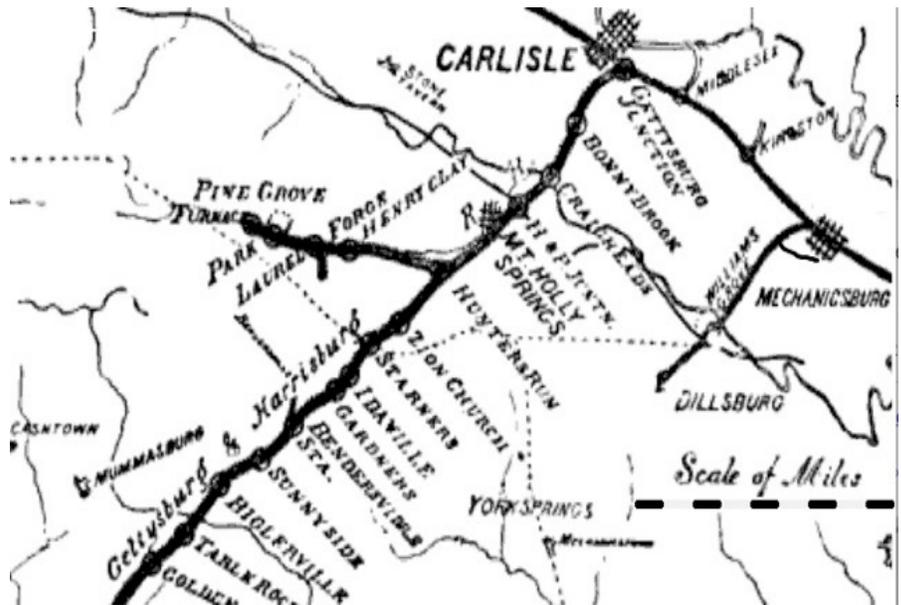
Stories about wild animals -- usually cuddly ones. Preserving our natural wonders. Teaching children to enjoy and appreciate nature. These are the topics you usually read about here on page one. Those are indeed a large part of Craighead House's mission. But let's consider a less publicized part of our mission, which is **local history**.

Just after the Civil War, when water-wheels powered mills and wood, the first renewable fuel, was yielding to coal, the South Mountain Railroad was chartered. Ferrying freight and passengers between busy Pine Grove Ironworks and the metropolis of Carlisle, trains crossed a stream and a dirt road at a prized industrial village called Craigheads. Here newlyweds Charles and Agnes Craighead built their home in 1886.

After the Craighead preachers and farmers who first settled in Cumberland County, and before the Craighead Naturalists, there emerged the Craighead merchants and businessmen. Charles was the Stationmaster in a small office inside their water-powered mill just east across the tracks from today's Craighead House. The mill and tracks are long gone leaving only the rail bed, an imitation train station, photographs and memories. But grieve not!

YOU can soon be among the first in nearly fifty years to experience a trip along the route of the South Mountain Railroad! See information elsewhere in this issue about a possible late summer excursion from Bonnybrook Station to Craigheads, thanks in part to the Central Pennsylvania Conservancy and their generous partners.

No train, though...and wear your walking shoes!



Above, map of the Gettysburg & Harrisburg RR routes, successor to the South Mtn. RR, circa 1885. Below, travelers Paul E. and Alice Kathleen Heffelfinger standing at the passenger shelter near Paul's family home, early 1940s.



Rail Trail to Craighead?

Plans are afoot -- *pun intended* -- to expand the existing Letort Nature Trail beyond its current path from Carlisle to Spring Garden Street in South Middleton Township. This new effort of the Central Pennsylvania Conservancy will extend the trail to the south as far as Heiser's Lane, following the original right-of-way of the South Mountain Railroad across lands of Wendell Eberly and Glenn Peffer. The dimensions and surface of the new extension will be similar to the existing trail. (See map.)

The new portion of the trail has been largely established, and by fall, it is hoped that further development will extend the trail all the way to the site of the former Craighead Station. The mill containing that station is gone. But, in a nod to history, last year a very practical depiction of a railroad station became the latest convenience-oriented addition to the Craighead House site. There is work to do before that happens.

The vision and hard work of the Central Pennsylvania Conservancy and their private and public partners is to be commended. This new recreational feature would please the Craighead family and offer local families an enjoyable walk, as well as a comfortable rest by the Yellow Breches.



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The Craighead House Committee Corporation was established to provide an educational and recreational resource that focuses on nature, literature, history, and respect for our environment as exemplified by the life's work of the Craighead family of naturalists.

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A 501(c)(3) non-profit organization

www.craigheadhouse.org



The CHAMPIONS AND MARSHALLS

and the Craighead Connection

Part 2 by Delia Marshall

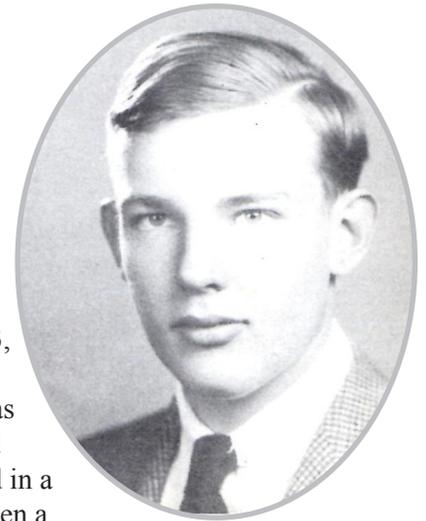
Fearing Germany's war plans, in 1940 Oxford University sent 125 children of their faculty and 25 mothers to America for safety. About 50 children and nine mothers came to Haverford, PA, sponsored by Swarthmore College. Siblings Heather and Jim Champion were among them and joined the Marshall family, friends of the Craigheads. The following is Part II of memories of their stay from the granddaughter of the hosting Marshall family.

After about a year in America, Heather and Mary Marshall went to a summer camp on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. Camp Rigs O' Marlow offered swimming, hiking, and sailing. But of course Heather's favorite part was the horses. Writing to my grandparents on August 7, 1941, she said:

"... the days have simply flown what with riding every day and sometimes twice a day...One of my jobs is going out to the stable every morning and saddling and bridling all of the horses—that is my favorite job. I also have two ponies to look after; Bobby a black and white ex-circus pony, and Friday, a small paint that I do with Mary. My other job with the horses (along with Mary) is putting castor oil on warts on two horses' noses. The stink is positively foul...As you know there are two colts here, they are lovely and one of them is always getting loose. Also there is a beeeeeoooootifulllllll roan mare here that is just being broken in, it is what I imagine when someone mentions mustang."

I love this letter of Heather's, warts and all. It's long and chatty and filled with details, and I recognize in it the correspondent she would be as an adult. From the mid-1980s to more recent times I was the lucky recipient of long, entertaining airmail letters from her. Most began with a cheerful announcement of whether she'd been "visited by The Muse" or not. If the Muse was with her I was in for a good, long, read.

My husband and I stayed with Heather and her husband, John Ashton, repeatedly in 1984. While traveling on a shoestring through Europe and the British Isles, we used their wonderful, Edwardian Era house in Newcastle-upon-Tyne as our base camp. At their kitchen table, warmed by the Aga stove and pots of tea, we compared notes on my blood relatives, and I got a sense of Heather's way of seeing the world with a writer's eye.



My clearest memory of Jim Champion is also my first. In 1968, the summer I turned 13, he brought his family for a stay with "Obi," as we called my widowed grandmother. She lived in a cottage on what had been a gentleman's estate but was now more of a children's paradise. My grandparents had bought the property as a fixer-upper in 1946, the year Mary and Heather graduated from Swarthmore High School. This was in the rolling hills of Chester County, near Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania.

Summers were magical in this spot we called The Green Forest, and my parents, my four siblings, and I lived next door to Obi in an enormous Victorian house.

Jim had long outgrown his silent adolescence and was a charming fellow with Old World manners. The kind of guy who showed up with a bouquet of flowers for Obi, or planted a hundred bulbs in her garden as a promise of future flowers.

In 1968 we all got to witness Jim's love of painting. Stretching out on the lawn with a set of watercolors and a pad of paper, he performed what looked like magic to me, effortlessly producing a portrait of our green-stone house and the gorgeous old trees around it.

Jim also left a masterpiece of caricature in our guestbook. His drawing shows more than a dozen immediately recognizable Champions, Marshalls, and dogs around our swimming pool.

Jim's elegant wife Molly is shown chatting with my mother in the shade. His teenage daughter Sally catches some rays, and is about to catch a splash as my 11-year-old sister Heather leaps off the diving board. I'm shown timidly deciding whether to stick a toe in the water. Jim drew himself broad-shouldered and beaming at the pool's edge, with his 8-year-old son David bouncing at his side. My grandmother, seated a few feet away on the pool steps, basks in this sunny moment, 28 years after the summer day Jim first arrived.

(continued on next page)



Jim Champion's sketch of the Green Forest pool filled with Marshalls and Champions, circa 1966.



At age 14, Jim Champion added two pouncing cats to Eugene Craighead's artwork around the kitchen stovepipe hole. His artwork didn't end there...

About the Author

Delia Marshall and her husband, Walter Booth, live in Somerville, Massachusetts. Whenever they can, they visit Delia's stepmother, Pat Marshall, who still lives at the Green Forest, near the house Delia grew up in. Pat has fond memories of staying with Jim and Molly Champion in London, and she carried on a true-blue, trans-Atlantic friendship with Dr. Heather Champion Ashton, a renowned psychopharmacologist, to the very end of her life in September, 2019.

For more information, go to:

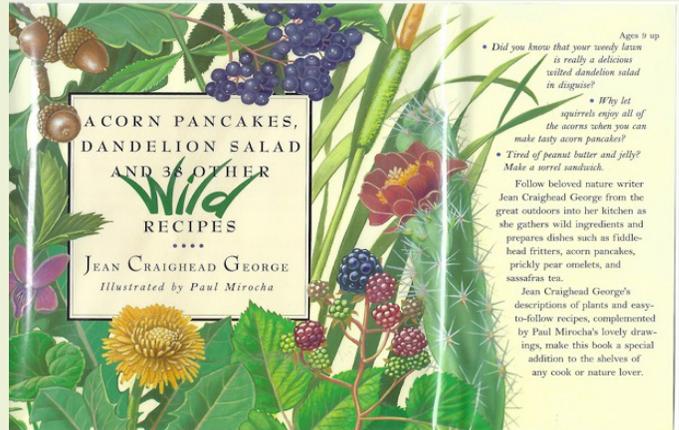
[https://www.nytimes.com/
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dr-heather-ashton-dead.html](https://www.nytimes.com/2020/01/03/science/dr-heather-ashton-dead.html)





Wild food? Why not! said Jean Craighead George

We continue our “wild” recipe corner with a focus on summer, those lazy days that are great for pickin’ berries. In Central Pennsylvania, there are several types of berries that do well including blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, red currants, and gooseberries to name a few. So grab your pail, and let’s head to the nearest patch.



Berry Leather (“Wonderful,” said Jean.)

Take thoroughly ripe strawberries, raspberries or blackberries and mash into a pulp. Press through sieve to remove seeds. Spread on a cookie sheet and dry in the sun or oven. When dry, dust with powdered sugar and roll like a jelly roll. Store in tin boxes and jars (today we might choose Tupperware) and use as a candy treat or in pies, sauces and tarts.

Dried Berries

Spread berries on cookie sheet and put in moderate oven (325 F) until dry or in the sun. Watch out for birds!

Berry Milk Punch

½ cup wild berry juice
1 quart of milk
juice from ½ lemon
nutmeg
sugar or honey to taste
Add first three ingredients to milk and serve sprinkled with nutmeg.



COVID-19 Nixes Programs

Though the progression of COVID-19 infections in Cumberland County has diminished, orchestrating a safe environment for families to participate in meaningful programs, even outdoors, has not been possible. So, unfortunately the planned read-aloud and sensory activities schedule involving Jean Craighead George’s books will be saved for future use.

Please watch our website for updates on re-scheduling programs and for an announcement of possible fall events, including a trail walk noted elsewhere in this issue. Naturally, our program plans will evolve around the status of community health.

We miss seeing our friends by the Yellow Breeches. Thank you for your patience!

Help Wanted!

Craighead House needs a person (or persons) to help us maintain our website and social media presence.

Our soon-to-be-launched new website will need someone who can work with committee chairs and board members in developing content, updating events and activities listings, and posting on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter as needed. This is not a big job - a few hours per month should do it!

The pay is nonexistent, but our gratitude would be enormous!

If interested, please contact us!
CraigheadHouse@gmail.com.

Grizzly Bears Receive Protection ... Again!

In an effort to avoid a journalistic no-no and “bury the lede,”¹ a federal appeals court recently upheld the reinstatement of Endangered Species Protection for grizzly bears. Now, for the rest of the story.

It’s no secret that one of Frank, Jr. and John’s—the Craighead Twin’s—most heralded environmental achievements was the ground-breaking study of and successful advocacy for protection of the grizzly bears in Yellowstone Park. In the early 1960s, with help of Carlisle friend and ham radio buff Hoke Franciscus, they crafted telemetry collars which required replacement every spring (see image 1). To safely install these collars, they experimented with never-before-used animal anesthesia supplied to them by childhood friend and falconer Dr. Morgan Berthrong, often with heart-racing results, theirs and the bear’s (see image 2: *Frank, Jr. and John Craighead cautiously remove a tranquilized bear from the trap*).

An oft-viewed YouTube video chronicles one of these trial and error adventures: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-QCZY6eUWVA>.

In spite of the twins’ documented efforts, federal wildlife managers have attempted to remove protections for the iconic grizzly bears in the Yellowstone region. Removal from the list of endangered species had been expected since the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service proposed delisting them in November 2005. The latest government efforts occurred in 2017. However, environmental change has drastically reduced the plant-based diet for the grizzly bears, namely pine nuts, threatening their long-time survival.

Noting this, Earthjustice filed a legal challenge to the agency’s evaluation of the mortality consequences of the bears’ recent shift to a more heavily meat-based diet in response to the scarcity of traditional foods. “With grizzly deaths spiking, now is not the time to declare the great bear recovered and federal protections unnecessary,” said Timothy Preso, Managing Attorney of Earthjustice’s Northern Rockies Office.

In 2018, Montana District Court agreed with Earthjustice. Two years later, on July 8, 2020, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld that decision

At least for now we can say *sweet dreams*, Grizzly Bears!

¹*Spelling the word as lede helped copyeditors, typesetters, and others in the business distinguish it from its homograph lead (pronounced \led\), which also happened to refer to the thin strip of metal separating lines of type (as in a Linotype machine). Since both uses were likely to come up frequently in a newspaper office, there was a benefit to spelling the two words distinctly.*



Coming Soon...

A new Craighead website, digital home of all things Craighead, is under construction. Hopefully, all our friends will enjoy the new format and ways to follow the latest news from the Yellow Breeches Creek.

