



"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

My old legs won't carry me as far or as fast as they used to. Once I was up for a 10-mile hike with altitude changes, but over the years, the folks in front gradually seemed to be walking faster. Sure, they would eventually wait for me. But I would have the disappointment of joining them, ready to sit and rest, and they would immediately take off, rested.

To paraphrase Arlo Guthrie, you may know someone in a similar situation, or you may BE in a similar situation. And if you are, then I have a suggestion. Walk with a two-year old.

The eyes of a child are forever bright with excitement, ready to delight in any of a thousand natural wonders that you and I would find mundane. A stroll through any common field or woodland must seem like an arboretum or natural history museum when seen through the eyes of a child. And best of all, they are rarely in a hurry. They meander along, playing with anything and everything.

Think back to the times you have seen wild animals or unusual plants in their native setting. Chances are you were



not walking at three miles per hour, talking with your friends. Most of the interesting birds I have seen or heard were when I was resting silently by a trail, (or in a deer stand.) I have no proof, but I suspect that wild animals recognize small humans as non-threatening and they approach without fear.

Spend an unhurried hour with a child and you will begin to see through their eyes. For those so blessed, this is a precious treasure given to grandparents. There are millions of small children, each one ready and willing to delight in nature...

Think of someone you know, and begin to see the glories of nature through their eyes.



*Soda Lake, Colorado
Late winter 2020*

Lisa and Josephine (JoJo) Coyle reflecting on the solitude of a county park during pandemic times.

Thanks to the continuing support of donors, several new names are being added to the Donor Appreciation Board located on the porch adjacent to the main entrance to the house.

The brass plates have been engraved and will be installed by Dr. Stoken as soon as weather permits.

In Memoriam

Jeffrey W. Rudolph, (1949-2020), husband of Laurie Craighead Rudolph, passed away on Tuesday, February 4, 2020. Jeff graduated from Boiling Springs High School, class of 1967 where he excelled in track and played football. He attended Kutztown College, Holyoke College and HACC.



Jeff served in the United States Air Force, first as a military Air Force policeman and then proudly during the Vietnam War from 1969 until 1970. After an honorable discharge, Jeff continued his career at the Cumberland County Sheriff's Department and Carlisle Police Department before he became a North Middleton Township Police Officer. He later became the Chief of Police and served the citizens of the township in 1980 until 2011.

To honor Jeff and the Rudolph family, a tree will be planted on the Craighead House grounds. Our sincere thanks to the many donors who made this memorial possible. We know the friends of Craighead House will join with the Board of Directors in wishing comfort and peace to Laurie, her family and close friends of Jeff as we all mourn his passing.

Bluegrass Concert Postponed



The *Concert @ Craighead: Bluegrass on the Breeches* has been rescheduled to June 2021. The concert had been scheduled for June 14.

Rather than move to a date later in 2020, the Craighead House Committee Board decided to reschedule the concert for a 2021 date to avoid:

- any possible risk to attendees from COVID-19 virus and
- any conflicts with the many other groups that will be rescheduling events for this summer and fall.

Bluegrass on the Breeches was being coordinated by Davis Tracy, who had signed a nationally-recognized bluegrass band, Charm City Junction. Bluegrass on the Breeches was shaping up to be a big success, and full underwriting had been secured from individuals and the Charles Bruce Foundation. Charm City Junction has already agreed to perform next year, and we will provide further details in the future.

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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 1 by Delia Marshall

Immediately after the Dunkirk evacuation of Allied troops in 1940, it was apparent that Germany would soon bomb or invade England. A committee of Yale faculty wrote the faculties of Oxford and Cambridge offering to house the children of those professors for the duration of the war. Cambridge faculty found the offer elitist, but Oxford dons participated and sent 125 children and 25 mothers to America for safety. Some stayed in New England but about 50 children and nine mothers landed in Haverford, PA, sponsored by Swarthmore College. Heather Champion and her brother joined the Marshall family, who were friends of the Craigheads. Her father, Sir Harry Champion, a “don” at Cambridge, knew Frank Craighead (Sr.), a fellow forester. Heather and her brother, Jim, visited the Craigheads in their DC home and also at the Yellow Breeches creek house. The following memories are from the granddaughter of the hosting Marshall family.

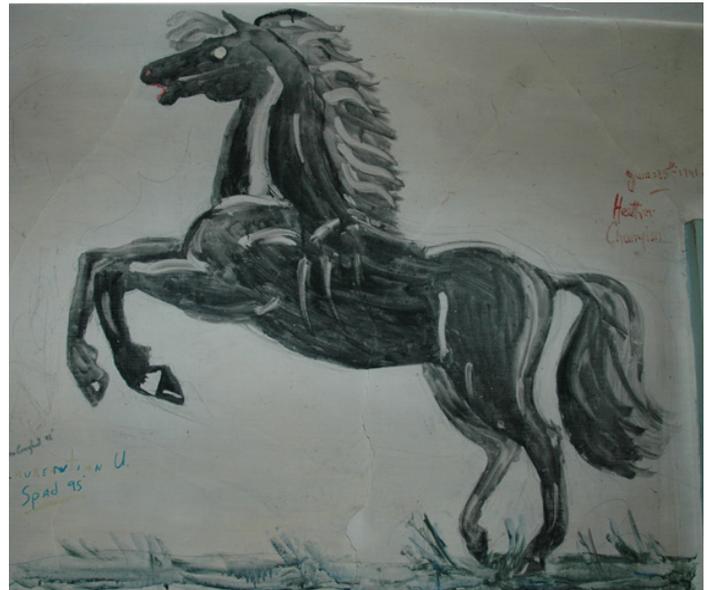
I’ve been looking at my family’s letters and photographs and learning more about two people who added art to the kitchen walls of Craighead House. My bond to Jim Champion (1927-1996) and Heather Champion (1929-2019) is a sweet by-product of a terrible war. They were evacuees from England, sent by their parents to America for safe-keeping during World War II. Jim was 13 ½ and Heather was 11 when they crossed the Atlantic. They were placed with my grandparents, John and Dorothea Marshall of Swarthmore, Pa., in July 1940, and they became beloved members of the Marshall clan.

Jim and Heather’s father, Harry Champion, was an Oxford don and an expert in the forests of India. He had befriended Frank and Carolyn Craighead in the 1920s, and the Craigheads hosted the young Champions on several occasions, both in Washington, D.C., and at Craighead Station. One Washington visit came in July 1940, soon after the Champions’ arrival in America, and the two spent an October weekend there as well. The visit to Craighead House that resulted in their kitchen paintings took place in late June 1941. Writing to my father on June 28, my grandmother said, “Well, Heather and Jimmy are back from a glorious week with the Craigheads. The three young people there set out to give them a good time, and certainly succeeded.”

I can imagine Jim and Heather reveling in the stories told by John and Frank Jr., fresh from their falconry adventures with rajahs in India. And Jean made sure that Heather got to go horseback riding. In later years, Heather freely described her own girlhood as “horse-mad.” Not surprisingly, what



Heather Champion, age 15, in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, where she lived with the Marshall family from July 1940 until the spring of 1946. Heather went on to study medicine at Oxford University and later joined the faculty at the University of Newcastle. In addition to raising four children with her husband, Agricultural Economist John Ashton, she gained worldwide recognition for her work in helping patients end their addictions to prescription tranquilizers.



Heather Champion’s horse, near the east wall door of the Craighead House Kitchen. Heather signed and dated her painting June 25th, 1941, a few weeks before her 12th birthday.

Heather chose to paint on the east wall of the kitchen was a noble steed rearing up on its back legs. Jim’s contribution, neatly balancing the cat and rats that Eugene Craighead had painted years earlier, was a pair of pouncing cats.

By June 1941 the Champions had lived with my grandparents for nearly a year. Heather had adjusted quickly and cheerfully to the Marshall household, thanks in large part to

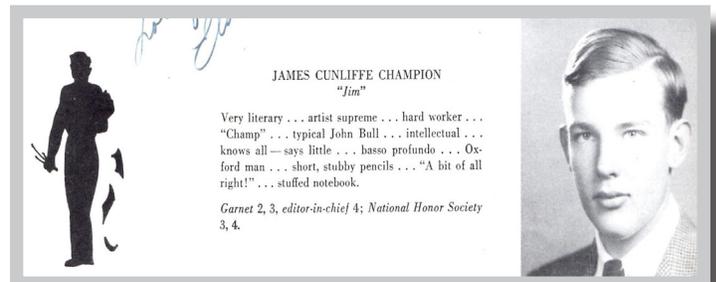
my aunt Mary, just a few months older than Heather and a great buddy from day one. But Jim, who was in the throes of adolescence, gave his new family the silent treatment for a while. He could be, in my grandmother's words, "thorny at times" and "a bit disagreeable." But he gradually thawed at home, and he was popular at school. My grandmother's letters mention Jim's dancing class, his excitement about getting a bicycle, his invitations to parties and picnics, and his delight at rebuilding a radio. Meanwhile, Heather and Mary liked to "trot down to the stables nearly every afternoon to play with the burro." The Swarthmore College stables allowed locals to ride real horses, for a fee. And there was no charge at all for sitting on the donkey and trying to get it to move a little.

That June my father, Tom, was 19, a chemistry major spending a summer term at Princeton. My namesake, Dad's 22-year-old sister Delia, was at nursing school in New Haven, and their brother John, Jr., 23, was a graduate student in physics in New York. All three kept in close touch with their parents and regularly came home for visits. My grandmother was a reliable and beloved part of Swarthmore's close-knit family network. My grandfather, though known for breaking into song at the dinner table, was facing an increasingly heavy burden of war-related work as a chemist with the DuPont Company.

Heather's letters and more on her brother, Jim, in Part 2 this summer.



Jim Champion, third from right, and Heather Champion, center, with the Marshall family on Christmas Day, 1941. John Marshall is at left, and Dorothy Marshall, later known as Obi, is second from the right. Their daughter Mary is at John's side, and daughter Delia and son John, Jr., are seated in front. Their son Tom took the photo, which also includes Dorothy's brothers, John and Frank Bechtel, her mother, Emma, and her Aunt Peg.



Jim Champion, one of the scores of artists featured on the kitchen walls at Craighead House, was known for his artistic talent at Swarthmore High School. Jim had already returned to England to study geology at Oxford University when this yearbook came out in the spring of 1944. His people skills and ease with languages, from Mandarin to Arabic, contributed to Jim's globe-trotting career in textile manufacturing and in mining operations.

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/2020/01/03/science/dr-heather-ashton-dead.html>



Jim Champion was 14 when he added a pair of pouncing cats to Eugene Craighead's cat and rats near the stovepipe hole in the Craighead House kitchen in late June 1941.

Wild food? Why not! said Jean Craighead George

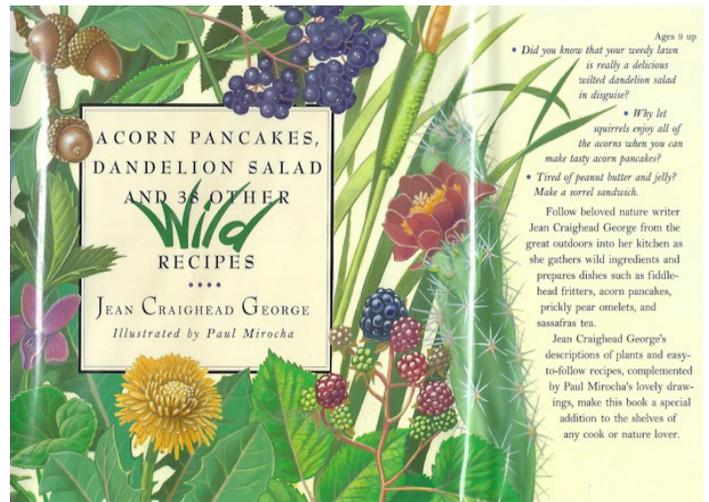
“Why bother with wild food plants in a country that produces a surplus of domestic products? Why go fishing for mountain trout? Why bother with hunting and game cookery?”⁽¹⁾ Euell Gibbons, an American forager, food writer, healthy-food advocate, and outdoorsman, asked those rhetorical questions over 50 years ago.

Jean Craighead George suggests great answers with simple and satisfying recipes in her book, written in 1982. And the benefits don't stop there. “The food is fresh and healthful, but there is also the serendipity of harvesting ... unsought gifts abound. You become aware of the interdependency of plant, bird, beast, and human.”⁽²⁾

We hope to bring you a few of Jean's “wild” recipes in the *Chronicles* this year. Starting with the ubiquitous acorn, as Jean did, seems appropriate. But if you didn't collect them last fall, the squirrels took your key ingredient. So, why not start with dandelions, something to our chagrin we all might see in abundance? Note to bacon lovers: yep, you be mak'n with bacon!

⁽¹⁾ Gibbons, Euell. *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*, p.1, David McKay Press, NYC

⁽²⁾ George, Jean Craighead. *Acorn Pancakes, Dandelion Salad and 33 other Wild Recipes*, p. 4,5, Harper Collins, NYC.



Wilted Dandelion Salad

(Choose tender center leaves for a spring and summer treat.)

- 4 cups dandelion leaves
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- 4 strips or diced bacon
- salt, pepper
- 2 tablespoons of sugar
- 2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
- 3 tablespoons cider vinegar

Wash the dandelion leaves, pat dry and place in a bowl. Fry bacon until crisp and drain on paper towels. To the bacon fat, add sugar, cider vinegar, dry mustard, salt and pepper. Heat until sugar dissolves, then pour over the greens. Add bacon and toss well. Garnish with sliced eggs and serve hot.

Craighead Programs Postponed

As you might expect, we pushed the pause button on a variety of upcoming programs that our Education Coordinator, Dr. Sarah Fischer, had worked quite hard to organize. We're sorry but the April, May and June list of activities, such as the annual perennial exchange, a pollinator talk, our Weekday Walk at Letort Spring Preserve and, unfortunately, the bluegrass concert, have all been canceled or postponed.

Sadly, a wonderful array of children's activities, aptly named Camp Craighead, that offered workshops in reading, writing, dance, painting and cooking, has also been delayed. It is our hope to conduct some of these events for our very special young visitors in late summer.

Please watch our website for updates on re-scheduling programs and for an announcement of our July through September events. Currently, our hopes for events are evolving but include a *Summer of the Falcon* tour at Craighead, a South Mountain Railroad Talk and new Weekday Walks!

Thank you for your patience and focus on staying safe and healthy.



Construction Update

We've all heard the quote, "Life is what happens to us while we are making other plans," and many of us are experiencing that right now.

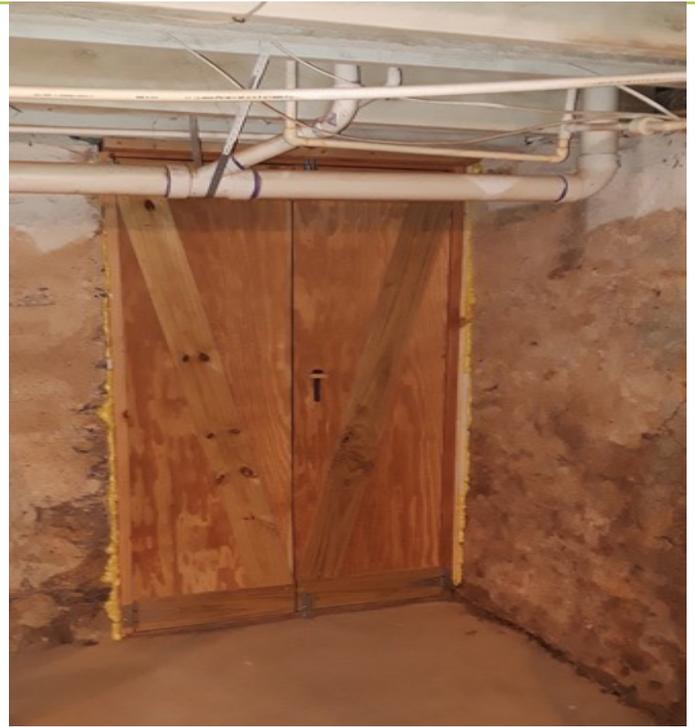
After receiving generous grants and donations to begin interior renovations on Craighead House late last year, we expected installation of HVAC systems to be well underway by the time this edition of Craighead House Chronicles was released. But that was not to be. Governor Wolf has closed all but a few types of businesses here in the Commonwealth. This means that our architect isn't allowed to show the mechanical services contractor around the property, the mechanical services contractor cannot draw up the plan necessary to obtain a building permit, the architect cannot submit the plan to the township, and township staff cannot review the plan, if it was ready, because the township office is closed due to COVID-19.

We hope to have better news in July. Thank you for your continued support. With your help, we will get Craighead House open to the public.

Comfort Station Status

We had planned on opening the outdoor ADA-compatible restroom for the beginning of trout season. The Pennsylvania Fish and Boat Commission's schedule changed due to the coronavirus pandemic and then changed again to open trout season everywhere on April 7th. However, their announcement of the opening included this statement; "... Anglers should note that state park facilities, including restrooms may be closed."

We will reopen the restroom when it is prudent for the public to use it and for our staff to service it. The last thing we want to do is to unwittingly expose someone to the coronavirus.



One small project that didn't require plans and approvals was accomplished. Board members Larry Smarr, with Tom Benjey's help, installed doors in the basement to seal off the outside entrance. These doors should help with controlling the environment in the basement by reducing airflow and humidity. They can be opened easily when outside access is needed.