

FEBRUARY 26, 1968JOHN H. GARBER

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1 John James Audubon - Some Random Comments

Beyond a doubt, John James Audubon is one of the most fascinating and versatile as well as baffling persons in all American history. Any brief attempt at a life story would be as dry as a Who's Who biography while detailed accounts and appreciations, run to many pages. The carefully researched study by Francis H. Herrick is considered the fullest, most authoritative. It is a large two volume work to a total of 908 crowded, foot-noted pages of text and of 183 more, devoted to documents relating to time and place and circumstances of his birth and early years in France.

Our paper will be confined largely to his Cincinnati period touched upon lightly in standard accounts. Though his stay here was short, it was here and then that Audubon and his courageous and devoted wife Lucy made their joint, heroic decision, the carrying out of which made his great achievement possible. But at the time, friends and relatives considered their plans to be reckless, futile and highly discreditable to him.

In the summer of 1803, when 18 years of age, Audubon came to America, to look after some landed property of his father, located near Philadelphia. The years following were characterized by him in his "Ornithological Biography", as follows: "For a period of nearly 20 years, my life was a succession of vicissitudes. I tried various branches of commerce, but they all proved unprofitable, doubtless because my whole mind was ever filled with my passion for rambling and admiring those objects of nature from which alone I received the

greatest and purest satisfactions."

Six years after his arrival in America, he married Lucy Bakewell, daughter in a well-to-do family near Philadelphia. On their wedding journey, they came over the mountains in a coach, floated down the Ohio River in a flat-boat and landed at Louisville, where he intended to embark in business. For ten years he was so engaged, in Henderson and Louisville areas, but always unsuccessfully. His last plunge was a large saw-mill, his biggest failure, ending in his being jailed and forced into bankruptcy.

After the business failure in Kentucky, Audubon, his wife and their two small sons, came to Cincinnati. Here he found employment in the Western Museum, then being established by Dr. Drake. Audubon's work was to "stuff birds and fishes" for exhibits in the new Museum. This task did add somewhat to his self-taught bird-lore but little to his finances. The Museum was a creditable undertaking for its time but adequate financial support was wanting and Audubon's pay was sadly in arrears at the conclusion of his work.

To keep the wolf at bay, he taught dancing, fencing, French, painting and several musical instruments, and did portraits at prices of \$5.00 or more. But the supply of sitters declined and pupils, whom he had taught, became competitors. Of an overall lifetime estimated 100 portraits, including those done in Cincinnati, about a third have survived. Included are Cincinnatians Daniel Drake, Gen. and Mrs. William Lytle, Elijah Slack, Pres. of Cincinnati College and his wife and John Cleves Symmes.

These months in Cincinnati were unhappy and frustrating for Audubon and his wife. It brought them to a joint decision, previously referred to, namely that she assume the entire support for herself and the boys and that he be completely free to explore the wilds of America and to pursue his dream of a publication in which he could show all the birds of America in full color, life-size and in their natural environment.

As a "Woodsman", (a term popular with early biographers), he was possessed of many, highly useful skills. Expert with the rifle; at home, on and in the

water; tireless and sure on the trail; and able to eat, sleep and live like a Daniel Boone; he commanded the respect of Woodsman and Indian. Alert to the wild life around him, he was unequalled in his ability to observe accurately, to record in words and to draw and paint, with the exactness of a scientist and the beauty of an artist. Recognition as an artist came rather late. Had he specialized in portraiture or in depicting western mountains or Niagara Falls or Indians with their wigwams and ponies, he would have had early acclaim. It is only recently, and since his original paintings have been on display at the New York Historical Society, that he has received belated recognition as an artist.

Such was the man, and, in accordance with the mutual agreement of husband and wife, Audubon, with no money in his pocket, started in October of 1820, down the Ohio and Mississippi. With him went one of his pupils, Joseph Mason, who, though but 13 years of age, was a great asset because of his skill in drawing flowers and plants. Many of Audubon's earlier prints owe much to young Mason's skill. Audubon's gun supplied the meat for those on board and thus paid for his passage. On an accompanying barge, Capt. James Cummings, author of an early river navigation guide, was a welcome fellow-traveler.

As usual for him, Audubon kept a Journal or diary. We give here early entries, dated Oct. 12, 1820. "Left Cincinnati this afternoon at half past 4 o'clock, on Board of Mr. Jacob Aumack's flat Boat -- bound to New Orleans -- the feeling of a Husband and a Father were my Lot when I kissed My Beloved Wife & Children with an expectation of being absent for Seven Months -- without any Money. My Talents are to be my Support and my Enthusiasm my Guide in My Difficulties", and later, "Early in the morning, the wind rose and we came to, on the Ohio side by General Harrison's Plantation and remained until nine o'clock, P.M."

The gradual descent down the Ohio and Mississippi had begun. At night, and often by day, the flat-boat anchored at the river shore. Audubon provided food for the party, but also collected birds for his drawing board. At times, afoot and through the dense wild growth, he kept pace with the flat-boat, especially

at bends in the river, where he could cut across the neck of a peninsula.

Audubon kept a full record of this trip and wrote many letters to his wife, which largely have survived. In his Journal he describes a three-day over-flight of Passenger Pigeons. We quote:

"The air was literally filled with pigeons, the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse; the dung fell in spots not unlike flakes of melting snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose".

Audubon calculated that more than a billion birds passed over in a three hour flight, - and they were only a part of a three-day migration. A century later, the Passenger Pigeon was extinct. The last survivor of a species so fabulously abundant was a female, affectionately called Martha, in the Cincinnati Zoo. She died on Sept. 1, 1916, at the advanced age of 29 years. Promptly frozen in a block of ice and sent to the Smithsonian Institution, and skillfully mounted, she tells the sad story of a vanished race.

The flat-boat continued slowly down the great rivers to Natchez, then, the only important stop between Louisville and New Orleans. Here a few portraits brought him some ready cash, while bird-watching and bird-drawing were, of course, not neglected. He arrived in New Orleans in January (1821). By mid-February he could send Lucy, 20 complete drawings, including the 'Wild Turkey hen'.

The following summer and autumn he remained in the Louisiana region. In December, 1821 he was joined by his family, his wife continuing to support their sons and herself by teaching and as a governess in the home of a wealthy planter.

By 1828, Audubon had completed some hundreds of drawings and was beginning to give thought to publication. The long trip down the rivers and side excursions; the vast Gulf area, east and west of the swampy, lower Mississippi region and the return voyage to Pennsylvania, had been most regarding in specimens. But not all had been smooth sailing. For himself he did

not require much. As to his clothing, he was a 'hippie', long before the word was coined. But he was particular as to his needs as a naturalist. Tools and materials, always were kept up to a high standard. Imagine him as lugging along, baggage, which included his drawing equipment, his gun, his notebooks and above all the over-size sheets of Whatman drawing paper, some with completed drawings and others, blank, awaiting his brush and pencil. These all had to be protected most carefully, against wind, water, and careless handling. A quotation or two will illustrate:

"New Orleans, Oct. 25, 1821. Rented a house in Dauphin Street, at seventeen dollars a month, and determined to bring my family here. Since I left Cincinnati, one year ago, I have finished 62 drawings of birds, three quadrupeds, two snakes, fifty portraits of all sorts, and have subsisted by my humble talents, not having a dollar when I started. I have sent a draft to my wife, and shall begin life in this city with forty-two dollars, and much anxiety to pursue my plan of collecting all the birds of America".

Audubon's diary includes many personal adventures, descriptions of scenery and of the manners and customs of the times, in what then were the more unsettled parts of the country. These he often introduced as separate chapters in his "Ornithological Biography", to break the monotony of the scientific descriptions accompanying the plates in the "Birds of America".

In the spring of 1822, despairing of success in New Orleans, he started for Natchez, paying for his passage by doing the portraits of the captain and his wife. On the trip he found that a box, containing a large number of his drawings had been much damaged by the breaking of a bottle containing gunpowder; a misfortune but not as serious as the following, which afterward befell him. In a single night, two rats destroyed more than two hundred sheets, representing several hundred birds, so much so that only a few pieces of gnawed paper remained. Again a quote: "The burning heat; which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights and the days passed like days of oblivion, until my animal

powers, being called to action through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book and my pencils and went forth into the woods, as gaily as if nothing had happened".

In the fall of that year, his wife and family rejoined him. Despite all his enthusiasm and determination, it may be a question whether he would have succeeded ultimately, had it not been for his wife's encouragement and for her own personal efforts to aid in the support of the family. Again a quote: "My best friends solemnly regarded me as a madman, and my wife and family alone gave me encouragement. My wife determined that my genius should prevail and that my final success should be triumphant".

Early in 1824, Audubon arrived in Philadelphia with his drawings. Here he made the acquaintance of Sully, the portrait painter, Le Suer, the geologist, Rembrandt Peale and other eminent artists. It was the faintest beginnings of recognition.

The two years in the East were devoted to efforts to find a publisher. In this he was completely unsuccessful, but he continued his explorations and did over many plates. Giving up hope of publication in America, he began to save money for a trip to England, doing this chiefly as a portrait painter but also by teaching art, French and dancing.

He arrived in Liverpool in July of 1826 in search of a publisher. Exhibitions of his bird drawings were held in Liverpool, Manchester and Edinburgh. Paintings would be a better word, as Audubon combined pencil, crayon, ink, oil, gouache, lacquer as well as water colors, using them as best they could portray the texture and color of feathers, down, claw and eye and of flowers and landscape. Acclaim was immediate and tremendous. Scientists and artists and patrons of the arts and social leaders were anxious to meet this American woodsman and to see the marvellous, life-size drawings of the birds of America.

But Audubon was on a business trip to find a printer, who could do this monumental, unprecedented color job. After a first, unsuccessful start with one firm, he found the Havells, father and son, who for the

next ten years, fully met the challenge. The four, large volumes required 435 copper plates, (26 x 38 inches), known as double elephant folio in size. From these, after the outlines of the original had been acid etched, were pulled, the sheets, to be colored individually by hand. The full story of the engraving, printing, coloring, publishing, and selling problems, during the next ten years, would alone require a full length paper for the telling.

Audubon's long stay in England, (1826-1839) was interrupted by a trip to France and by three returns to the United States. In England, in addition to supervising the production of the "Birds of America" he secured many subscriptions, delivered sheets as printed in installments of five plates each, and kept books on payments made.

Exhibits of originals and prints were many, increasing both reputation and sales. He was feted, voted a member of scientific societies and presented at Court. To supplement the illustrations in the "Birds of America" he issued his "Ornithological Biography: or, An account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America, etc", in five volumes. To add interest to this scientific, explanatory text, he included brief essays of a general nature. These are now available, separately, under the title "Delineations of American Scenery and Character". They provide interesting sidelights on pioneer life in America, especially in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

His long stay in the British Isles was broken by return trips to America. Part of the time was devoted to making sales to American customers in the Eastern cities. Extended tours of exploration included the Atlantic coast from Labrador south to Florida and the Florida keys. He also managed a trip into the then new Republic of Texas. On his first return to England he was accompanied by his English-born wife, who enjoyed greatly the familiar countryside as well as the recognition now accorded to her husband.

Audubon made his final return to the U.S. in 1839. The remaining twelve years held for him a journey to the upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers and the publication of the four volumes of the "Viviparous

Quadrupeds of North America". After two volumes, blindness and partial paralysis necessitated his relinquishment of the "Quadrupeds" to his sons and to John Bachman, his co-worker for many years. Audubon died in January of 1851, successful, honored and financially in comfortable circumstances and leaving a close-knit family, loyal to his memory, as it had been to him in life.

Carl Vitz

2

Revenge

The Student entered the class room in high spirits. This was his favorite class, Plane Geometry. Although it came late in the day, the seventh period, he found it relaxing after his earlier classes which were taxing indeed. In Geometry he was receiving straight A's; in any of his other subjects he was doing well to receive a C.

English was most difficult; Sir Walter Scott was slow, hard to read and to understand, and never seemed to come to the point. French was even worse with its grammatical genders and subjunctive moods which seemed pointless except for the purpose of confusing the student. And as for Ancient History, the instructor was impossible! The subject might possibly be interesting, but that fact, if such was the case, was well concealed with such a dull, meticulous, uninspired person, who could not even maintain adequate discipline, trying to teach it.

But Plane Geometry was another story! True, the Teacher was strict and would tolerate no foolishness whatsoever--There was no whispering, giggling, or passing of notes--But for all that, he was a good teacher, and the class was making progress. The Student loved this course. He had quickly caught on to its purpose and at times would try to master some of the more advanced propositions in the textbook, alone, before they were covered in the regular class work.

Today the class began much the same as on previous days. The first fifteen minutes or so were

devoted to checking and discussing last night's homework and clearing up any questions that anyone might have. Then the Teacher began to explain a new proposition. He drew a figure on the blackboard, a complex mass of lines and angles, and then posed a question as to the relation of two particular angles. The Student's hand was up immediately; this proposition was going to be easy. But, although no other hand appeared, the Teacher refused to recognize the Student. The Teacher waited patiently until another of the Student's classmates dared to volunteer. This volunteer was not at all sure of his answer and floundered around miserably, but the teacher stayed with him; and by well-directed questions eventually extracted from him the correct answer, much to the annoyance of the Student who knew the correct answer all along.

The Teacher then posed a second question. Again the Student's hand was up, almost immediately, but again the Teacher refused to recognize him. This time the Teacher called on a classmate who had not raised his hand, since none other than the Student would volunteer. The process of getting the correct answer was most painful, but it was apparent that the Teacher had no intention of allowing the Student to shine, preferring to try to stimulate some other classmate.

Finally and laboriously the correct answer was obtained, and the Teacher posed to the class a third question. This time the Student did not volunteer, although he knew the answer--It was quite clear to him what the Teacher was trying ultimately to prove, and he could have, if permitted, given the proof of the entire proposition. But what was the use? It had become abundantly evident that the Teacher had no intention of allowing the Student to take part in any way.

The Student's mind began to wander. After all, he understood the proposition, so that further attention to the class was not really required. It would probably take the rest of the period to resolve the problem that was being discussed. The Student had more important things to think about. The basketball game Friday was a most important one--Could the team win? And the party this weekend also posed problems - Would the fair damsel he was courting go to it with him

or with his rival? And then there was always that English term paper that kept haunting him -- But since it was not due for ten days, he quickly put further thought of this particular item out of his mind. The problems of the weekend were more pressing.

And then it happened! Out of the blue the Student heard the Teacher call his name. Sure he understood the problem, but where were they now? He realized that he had not been following the discussion for some time. He had to say some thing, so he hesitantly asked the Teacher to repeat the question. The Teacher was just not about to do this, at all! Instead he accused the Student of being stupid, of being inattentive, and of making foolish remarks. He delivered a lecture the likes of which had not been heard in many a long day. The Student was crushed! His classmates were told that he had committed some awful sin. The bell rang at long last, bringing blessed relief to his desolation.

As the Student left the class room he felt that somehow he had been wronged. He certainly was not stupid; he fully understood the problem that was being discussed, and, what is more, he was sure the Teacher knew he understood it; otherwise why did he not call on him sooner? Yes, he had been inattentive, but what of it? Was that such a sin when that particular discussion really had nothing whatsoever to offer the Student? After all, his mind had been employed more profitably, so that to ask that the question be repeated did not seem like a foolish remark. His favorite class suddenly took on an unpleasant aroma.

Little did the Student realize that the opportunity to redeem himself was so close at hand. A few days later the procedure was to be repeated. Again, after the usual preliminaries, the Teacher started to demonstrate another new proposition, this time the proof by the use of parallel lines that the sum of the three angles of a triangle were equal to 180 degrees. The Teacher drew a triangle on the blackboard, and then he drew a line through the peak that was parallel to the base.

The Teacher then posed a question relative to two of the angles thus created. As in the previous

instance, the Student raised his hand immediately, but again the Teacher ignored him, waiting for others to volunteer. When with much stumbling and fumbling this question finally was answered by another, the Teacher posed a second question. Again the Student's hand was up only to be ignored in favor of some lesser light in the class. The familiar pattern was to be repeated unless the Student did something to change it.

He did the unthinkable--something that never had been done in that class before. He deliberately turned his back upon the Teacher and proceeded to give the appearance of engaging in conversation with the classmate sitting immediately behind him.

"Hey, what are you doing?" that classmate asked. "DO you want to get into trouble again the way you did the other day?"

"Not this time", the Student replied. "Don't pay any attention to me because he might call on you, but I'm going to try to make him call on me. I'm going to get this guy!"

The Teacher proceeded to develop the third step in the proof. The Student continued to appear to be absorbed with the classmate in back of him. The class felt that something dramatic was in the offing -- they did not know exactly what.

Having completed the third step, the Teacher proceeded on to the fourth. The Student continued to seem entranced with what was behind him. In reality he was concentrating intently upon the figure drawn on the blackboard as he remembered it, since he could not see it. Angles a and b were the two base angles he was sure, and the peak angle was angle c , while the two supplementary angles were d and e , but was angle d on the left or on the right? It must be on the left! During the development of the entire fourth step of the proof the Teacher continued to ignore the Student, while the Student continued to concentrate furiously on the picture in his mind of the diagram on the blackboard, a procedure that was taxing his mental powers more and more. Would there ever be any relief? To complicate things even more, the Teacher inserted a new, though unnecessary, line in the figure which the

Student had to visualize in his own mind. The challenge which he had imposed upon himself was becoming more and more intriguing.

The Teacher was well into the fifth step when he called the Student's name. The class became tense--Now surely there would be some drama.

The Student turned slowly around to be greeted by a series of veritable daggers emanating from the Teacher's eyes. The Teacher's look told the Student only too clearly that the very least he could hope for would be an hour's detention after school each night for the next two weeks. The class waited eagerly - The Student had to do something quickly to extricate himself from his predicament. Again he had to say something, but this time he said, "Angle a equals angle d because when two parallel lines are intercepted by a third line or transversal, the alternate angles thus created are equal." The class gasped -- This was the correct answer!

The Teacher was stunned--He could not say that the Student was stupid; he could not say that he was inattentive; he could not even say that he made a foolish remark--in fact he could not say anything, and it would have been better if he had left it just that way. But teachers must have the last word. "That is correct", he said rather lamely, "but it would be better if you would face the front of the class".

In actual fact it was the Student who had the last word. In a voice that was audible enough to be heard and appreciated by those classmates who were sitting close by but, fortunately, not audible enough to carry to the Teacher's desk, he uttered just one word, "Why?"

Roger W. Clark

3 Our Departing Friend, Ulmus Americana

Ulmus Americana is one of our five, native, elm trees; it is the one which I wish to write. First, let me quote what The American Forestry Association has

to say about it: "The elm tree, *Ulmus americana*, which is preeminent in the lives of the American people was a wilderness tree when the first settlers landed; it put aside its wild ways and made friends with the newcomers; a friendship was formed between tree and man that was to endure for more than three hundred years. By nature it was a gentle, hospitable tree - - an extrovert; it won the hearts of our forefathers; its gracious outline brought spiritual comfort in a new world which was strange and savage; they built their homes beneath its spreading branches; where the tree was absent, they went to the woods and obtained young ones and transplanted them at their doors, beside their windows, along their streets. As the years passed by and the young elms took on the glory of their clean nature; solid contentment came to the people who dwelt with them. So deep became this companionship that when the settlers moved westward, beyond the natural range of this tree, they took *Ulmus americana* along, to share their fortunes. Through three centuries tradition has blended this tree with the lives of the American people"; end quotation.

The American elm, this one which raises its form so graciously above us, in town, in the country, and along the roadside, is sometimes seen in its fullest maturity in our old forests. You and I have known them, here, there, and everywhere, through all the years of our awareness of trees.

This photograph, which I present as an exhibit, is one I took in 1937 while visiting Deerfield, Massachusetts. My urge was to show man's relationship to this friend, *Ulmus americana*. This tree, no doubt, was placed here while very young, when the house was being built, about 1760. In my opinion it is three times the height of the house; they grew old together. It illustrates some of the points of this paper and the words of The American Forestry Association. At the time of taking this picture, the Dutch elm disease was just beginning its intrusion into our world; I was not aware then of the impending danger. This tree at Deerfield and its companions thereabout which may be still living, belong, now, to a foundation established to preserve the town, its trees and its institutions. What such a mighty elm as this one has done for Deerfield, other specimens have done likewise throughout the country.

As a child, living in Illinois, such a monarch towered over our house and yard. It was well formed, its trunk rose upward, uninhibited toward the sky; its size and sturdiness impressed me, just as my memory of it still does. Heavy storms swayed it back and forth but never was it uprooted. Each spring orioles returned to attach a swinging nest to the tip of a low hanging branch. After swinging there in the breeze, the birds flew to a neighboring tree and sang their fullest enjoyment of spring -- spring just coming.

My strongest awakening to elm trees came later, at college; I had never been in the presence of so many great elms; everywhere I walked about or sat, each time I entered through a door or looked from a window, their friendly shadows followed. Their tidyness encouraged me to be so myself; their willingness to live beyond my life fortified my spiritual beliefs. Finally, commencement came and it was held on the green lawn beneath their promising cover. On weekends, during those years, we walked into the country and there we found other forms of *Ulmus americana*; these forms were a new experience to me. They would be growing along a fence line, tall and straight, bearded with small branches all the way up the stem to the limbs high above; there they would burst out into foliage, as flowers in tall vases; bearded elms, we called them. They had been obedient to man's will, as they grew; they grew in gardens and in fields, restrained, as points of emphasis, as statuesque ornaments, not as shade trees.

Down East, along the coast towns of Maine, and inland, such places as man had established himself, *Ulmus americana* had been taken with them. They grew profusely, especially about the village greens, the town streets, the churches, the town halls, wherever people congregated; some lanes still exist in these locations with avenues of arching elms, with joined hands; they welcomed your approach to their environment. Do not think these elms are unattended; they are fertilized, watered and pruned, regularly. Lilacs grow abundantly with them, as foot soldiers to the trees, then under and around it all a bed of green grass covers the ground. Stop, now, and enjoy the ancient elm trees, the lilac hedges and the blankets of weedless lawns!

Here and there, not far away, a roadway may lead to places most opportune for your quiet meditation, your thoughtful reflections, visions of small houses and their brood of attached buildings, resting comfortably on grassy knolls; always, old elm trees are there embracing the site. A twisting lane may wind lazily from such a group down to the sea. Here lives a farmer with his family; they are good carpenters, fishermen, and foresters; they can build a house, a barn, or a boat; they can till the soil; they can give service to the community; their property and their hands are sufficient aids for most all their needs. As here, in other parts of New England, the elm tree has molded itself as a useful, affectionate part of the lives of the people who live with them.

Look upon that steel engraving, hanging on the wall in that old, white mansion! The title reads: "Sunday morning in New England"; the date is 1860; it is what the artist saw and knew, at that time. Groups of people are approaching white churches and meeting houses which stand facing a tree-shaded park. The elm trees here are larger and fuller than any you and I have ever seen; the paths and roads are unpaved; they are bordered only with turf; the children who are dressed in pantaloons, stoop to pick wild flowers along the way; the ladies wear hoopskirts and the gentlemen wear tall, silk hats; the roadway is filled with horse-drawn buggies; a few shadows filter through this shelter of great encompassing, elm trees; this is a picture of peace, when man was not in a hurry and a picture of plenty, when his needs were simple.

This is winter, 1968, as I write; the Dutch elm disease is full-blown upon us, uncontrdable, fatal to all our disappearing elm trees.

This past summer I was driven from Torrence Court, where I live, to South Bristol, Maine. Being chauffeured gave me a full opportunity to observe many landscape changes in our country-side. I was particularly appalled by the visitation of the Dutch elm disease all along the way; gaunt figures in the pastures, death along the fence rows, death in the forests, death beyond man's ability to remove the remains. Occasionally a picture of yesterday would appear on the scene, an elm tree growing full and lusty, green and beautiful,

enveloping a farmer's house, his barns and his lawns - a refreshing, hopeful scene; the blight had passed by this scene, this year. These outlooks of death and good health followed one after another; first a scene of death, such as a bare skeleton of a perfectly formed tree, showing sharp against a good pasture where it had lived a good life; it was surrounded by many neighbors which too had given up the ghost and were coming apart, limb after limb. Then would appear a thrilling *Ulmus americana* standing alert and tall in perfect condition, abounding with foliage, blessing everything about it; cattle grazed beneath its shade, undisturbed; a spring watered its roots on the way to a water hole. The tree had been left standing out of a forest from which it came, skipped because of its commanding character.

I am privileged to have lived before so many of these giants have departed. What circumstance can we find before the advancing disease brings death to all of them? What tree can surplant this loved one we have found, *Ulmus americana*?

At Peasenhall Lane, there are two *Ulmus americana* over which I have a responsibility. Their heights, spreads and good health have improved each year as I have watched over them, never-the-less each spring I hold my breath as they come into leaf again; they are tardy, usually. One is taller than the roof tops of the houses in the neighborhood; the other has a low stem; it is shaped as a bowl; its limb spread is one hundred fifty feet wide. Adjoining is a private lane to several houses; each house is sheltered by a series of great American elm trees. What tree can take their place if all should perish? The red maple, perhaps, with years of waiting.

There is another variety of elm tree growing in our country about which I should speak. It is an important tree and can be even more important as the Dutch elm disease progresses against our native *Ulmus americana*; it is *Ulmus procera*, the English elm, imported from the British Isles, long ago. Its character of growth, appearance and adaptability to man differ substantially from the American elm; its leaves are similar but smaller, darker and tougher. I have lived with them for fifteen years on Torrence Court, long enough to be well acquainted with their habits. I

like them, for what they are; they lend dignity to the area. They have been here for one hundred years, as long as the house, and for the life of a tree in a changing city this is a long time. Among them are eighteen masters watching over their off-spring. These young ones do not germinate from seeds but are direct descendants from the parent tree; they grow as sprouts off the roots. They are dependent on the parent until they are fully established; they are nursed, protected and disciplined until they have the habits of the parent trees; this limits their spread to other locations. There is a continuous out-cropping of them around this hillside, specimens of all ages. If I am helpful and careful with them, as they grow, this can become a Sherwood forest, dark, dense, exclusive. They are never sprayed; the bugs, beetles and dangling worms like them too, and especially birds and squirrels. They are resistant to the Dutch elm blight.

I think of *Ulmus procera* as being masculine both in manner of propagation and habits of living. They are strong, persevering and almost brutish in their desire to control the space around themselves.

Ulmus americana is a lady, in contrast; it is gentle, accommodating, affectionate in her desire to please and is even a little careless about her girth and how she swings her skirts in a breeze. She gives of herself in spring time, freely throwing her seeds in quantity, not concerned about the final outgrowth of the off-spring. When encouraged by man she rewards him with her delicate beauty.

Finally what tree can successfully take her place if she departs forever? What tree can make man love his home, his streets, even his country as she can? We can try to preserve her. Her complete disappearance and another genus coming will steal away many, many years of man's patience to accept the changes that will come.

John H. Garber
