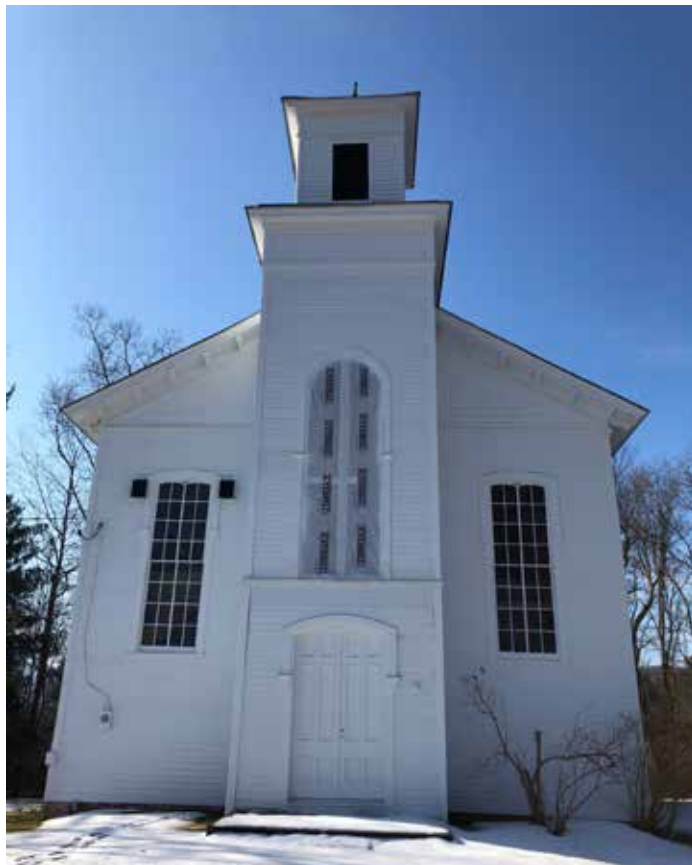


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WALPACK METHODIST CHURCH

Renovation Update



Late last Fall, when the last painting touches were being applied to the Church facade, an active carpenter ant colony was discovered at the sill area where our new shutter array will be installed. A carpenter removed the infestation and the damaged wood. The affected area was covered with a weatherproof material until an exterminator could assess what action needed to be taken. Several weeks later, that assessment was made by a local pest control contractor and a course of action was recommended. The Park Service (DEWA) subsequently approved the remediation efforts which were completed early in the new year. The sill area has since been repaired, made weather tight and is ready for the installation of the historic replicas of the original shutter array. (Note: The Walpack M.E. Church Rededication will be held on Sunday, May 19.)

MISSION STATEMENT

The Society actively stimulates an awareness and interest in the Walpack area through lectures, tours, publications and special events, such as Van Campen Day, hikes and exhibits at county-wide events.

It promotes collection, preservation and dissemination of Walpack area history and acts as a repository for artifacts of the Walpack area, and also maintains a small museum and book store.

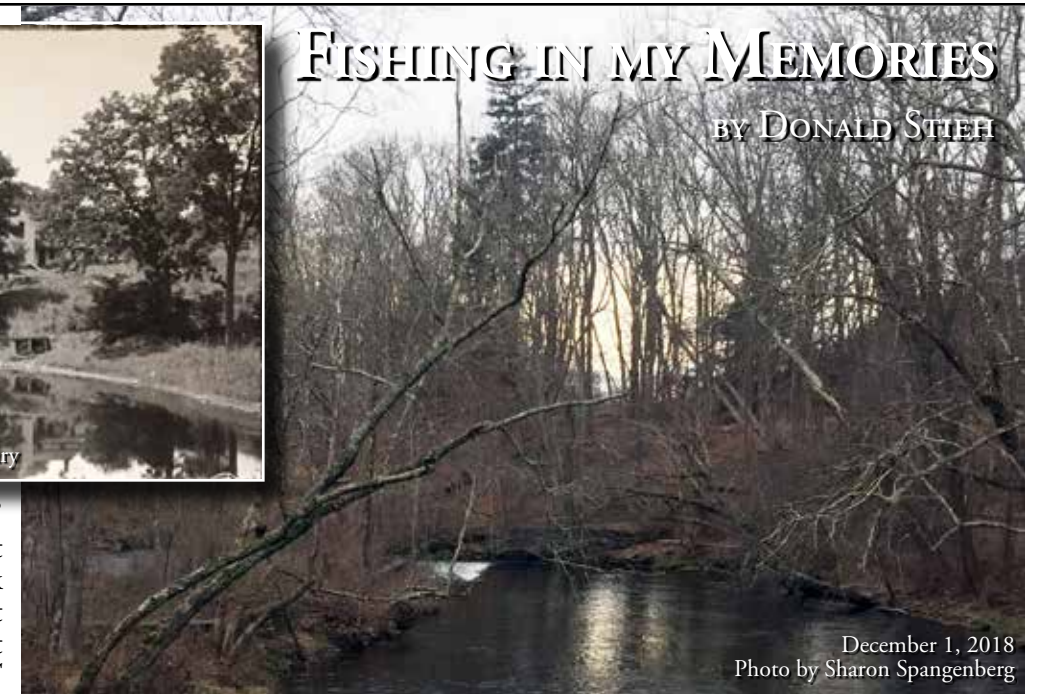


Seeing the great "then and now" photos of Haney's Mill brought me back to a time in my Walpack life when as a little kid I first went to visit Jake Haney. No, it was not at the old mill (I am not THAT old) but at the open air saw mill Jake ran in a farm field down from the stream gauge station on the Flatbrook. Dad would hitch up a utility trailer to the bumper of the car, and off we would go to get a load of sawdust from the mill, to use as mulch around our fruit trees. It was fun to watch the logs being pushed thru the giant whirling steel blade, creating uniform slices of boards. Do not remember exactly what a trailer load cost, no more than a dollar or two at most. After we were done shoveling up the load, it was time to head down the road to the St. Moritz for a visit with the owner and barkeep Nick Musa, with a cold beer for Dad and soda for me. Hard work has its rewards. Those times we went to the sawmill and Jake was not there, we helped ourselves to a load and next time Dad found Jake at the St. Moritz they would settle up. Lesson learned was that the Walpack economy worked well on the principles of cash and trust.

When I developed an interest in trout fishing, Dad took me first to the real mill site to try our luck. I was really impressed with his tale of how one afternoon years before I came along Dad caught over 30 trout on dry flies fishing the fast water at the base of the old dam. This was way before the idea of "catch and release" became popular, and I sure hope he did not keep all of those fish! In the time before the mountain developments took over the Kittatinny ridges, Dad also spoke of how they would fish native brook trout from the small mountain streams. Armed with a frying pan and a WW II surplus single burner Coleman GI gas stove, a wilderness gourmet stream side lunch would be cooked up in short order. I

FISHING IN MY MEMORIES

BY DONALD STIEH



never did anywhere near that well at Haney's but had enough action to keep a kid interested. A trip up the mountain to fish would have to wait until later on in life.

I never realized until much later that Haney's was part of the very first public hunting and fishing grounds established by the State of New Jersey. Since 1932 generations of outdoor enthusiasts have tried their luck in pursuit of trout, pheasant, turkeys, deer and other game on the 387 acres that make up the Walpack Wildlife Management Area. But what really impressed the kid in me was knowing that the great baseball immortal Babe Ruth had fished the Flatbrook! Perhaps I was actually wading in the footsteps of the Babe!

As I matured both in age and fishing skills, Haney's was one of my favorite places to hang out. Spring break week from school frequently coincided with the early weeks of trout season. Dad would take a few days off from work and to Walpack we would go. Dad would use some of the time to catch up on chores around the house, and I would get dropped off somewhere stream side for a few hours of fishing. Many people today would not dream of sending their young son off alone to fish in the wilderness, with no cell phone for instant communication. But Walpack was far more populated in the early 60's, other fishermen were helpful, Dad must have had confidence in my abilities, and all could rely on the fact that if help was needed, Walpack would take care of its own.

Getting a driver's license meant one no longer had to rely upon parental convenience to provide transportation to fishing adventures. Cousin Ken

continued on pg. 4

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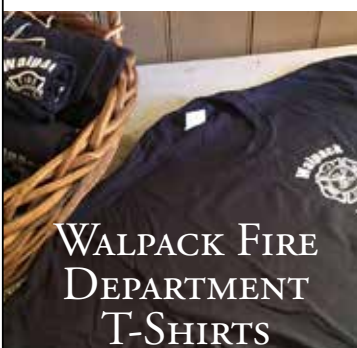
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Event Photos by Tom Dust
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THE BEST BOAT LAUNCH FOR SHAD FISHING



St. Matthew's Catholic Church - Photo courtesy National Park Service - 1972. The arrow points to the general location of the boat launch entrance.

In preparing questions/answers for the crossword puzzle, (elsewhere in this newsletter), I asked my husband Hixon to help me with clues to include. Having grown up in Layton, he was quite familiar with Walpack since he did a lot of hunting and fishing in the area for many years. One of his suggestions was: "What is the best boat launch for shad fishing in the 1960's and 70's?" Although I knew the answer, I was not sure whether anyone else would know it.

I decided to ask Walpack Historical Society President, Don Stieh, whose family had a seasonal residence just south of the Van Campen Inn. I thought that if Don knew the answer to the question, others may also know; thus, I would include in the puzzle.

An email was sent to Don, and immediately he responded that Father Tully created a boat launch on St. Matthew's property since it was a very popular spot for shad fishermen. I mentioned to Don that Hixon and I had used that same boat launch back in the 1970's. In fact, in May of 1979, we spent our two-week honeymoon shad fishing every day on the Delaware.

Don recalled that Father Tully would charge a \$2.00 fee for access to the boat launch at St. Matthew's Church and that he would actually preach about it from the pulpit. Don went on to say that Father Tully would keep close watch of the launch area when he used the Bishop's retreat house as St. Matthew's

Rectory until he was transferred out of the area. Don pointed out that before the Government acquired land along the Delaware River, St. Matthew's boat launch was the only semi-public access point to the Delaware from, he believed, Milford to Worthington State Park. He added that if Walpack residents or others wanted to put their toe in the Delaware, they needed to know people, such as his family, who had shoreline property.

Hixon recalled the fun he always had as a pre-teen fishing for shad with his father and brother-in-law in his dad's handcrafted V-bottom boat. He reminisced on how he would spend many days after school shad fishing with his friends, and years later when he took me fishing on weekends. He also remembered how slick it would get after a rain and how difficult it was to get back up the grade - everyone helped each other get back to the main road. Shad fishing "by the Catholic Church" was always the place to go.

Although I have not gone shad fishing in nearly 40 years, I have fond memories of those two weeks spent with Hixon in May 1979. It was so enjoyable trolling on the river, casting out my line, hooking the shad, throwing out the anchor, struggling while reeling in the shad, then netting and finally landing the shad. I can't think of any better place that I would rather have spent our two week honeymoon than on the peaceful and beautiful Delaware River.

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HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WALPACK? by Sharon Spangenberg

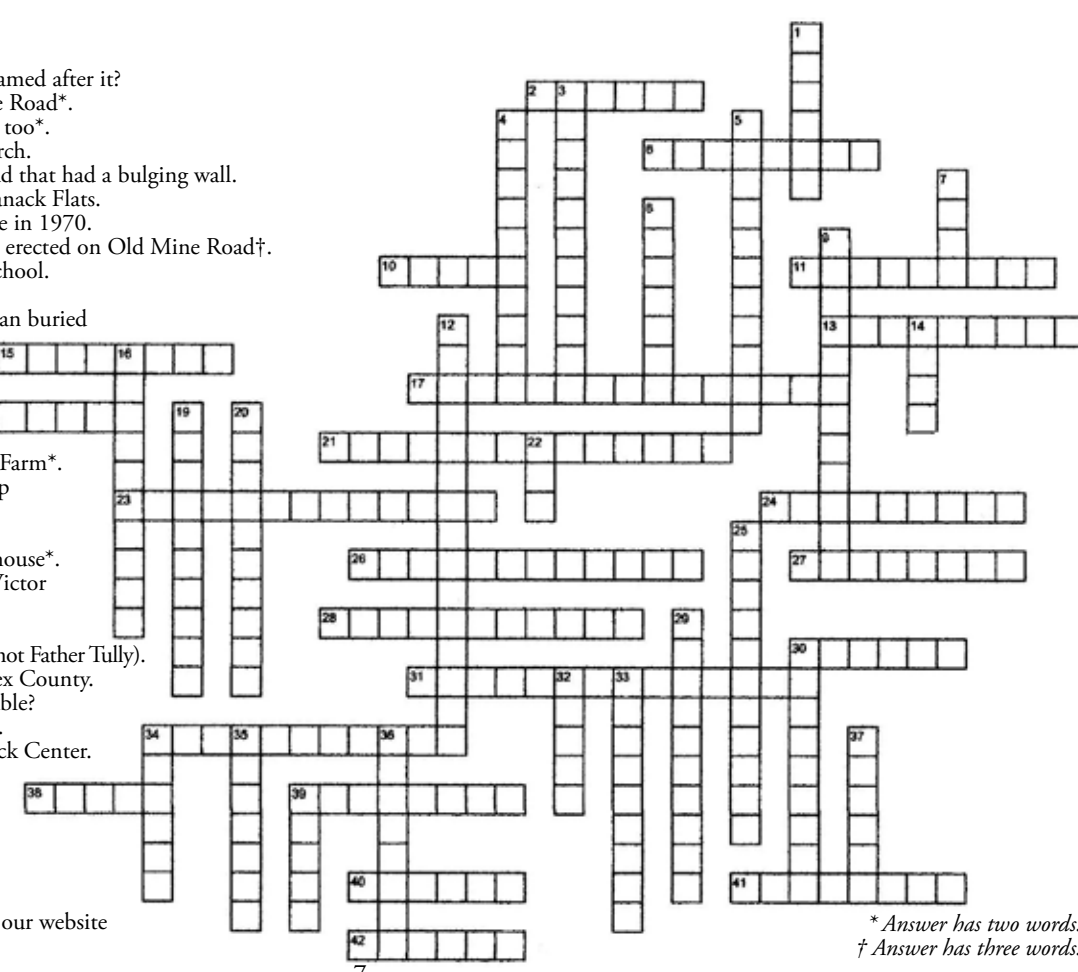
ACROSS

- 2 Once the source of water for Walpack Center.
- 6 Batten operated one of these on the now known Jacob Roe Farm.
- 10 _____ Van Campen Inn (first name).
- 11 Where the ME Minister lived.
- 13 German religious sect that taught in Lower Walpack in the 1700's.
- 15 House that was the former NPS Headquarters*.
- 17 Hoofbeats Dude Ranch/Camp*.
- 18 One who leads and interprets tours of buildings and museums.
- 21 Community that is located at Walpack Bend.
- 23 Known as the 1812 house*.
- 24 Delaware View House.
- 26 Lake community.

- 27 Family who served gourmet dinners in the 1812 house.
- 28 Olympic equestrian who once lived in the Chado Farm*.
- 30 Farm House destroyed by fire in 2018.
- 31 Best boat launch for shad fishing in the 1960's & 1970's.
- 34 Founder and first Walpack Historical Society President*.
- 38 Several of these furnished lime for nearby farmers.
- 39 Airplane landing field.
- 40 Flatbrook fishing mill site.
- 41 Former road that began near the Van Campen Inn and ended in Elizabethtown (Elizabeth) NJ.
- 42 One of the ferries that operated in Lower Walpack.

DOWN

- 1 What farm animal had a corner named after it?
- 3 Long hill that intersects Old Mine Road*.
- 4 They feed the deer and the people too*.
- 5 Inn that was once a reformed church.
- 7 Former stone house on Ridge Road that had a bulging wall.
- 8 Crop that once grew on the Shapanack Flats.
- 9 Rock Festival that never took place in 1970.
- 12 Colonel for which a monument is erected on Old Mine Road†.
- 14 Last teacher of Walpack Center School.
- 16 Well-known cascade.
- 19 Last name of the last known woman buried in the Slave/Black Cemetery.
- 20 Mother-in-law of a former President buried in Walpack*.
- 22 Darrone's lone tree.
- 25 Known as the Shoemaker/Houck Farm*.
- 29 Defunct Warren County Township that was once part of Walpack.
- 30 The meaning of Walpack.
- 32 Dude ranch north of the Knight house*.
- 33 Military Road/Trail's Moses and Victor Hull stones.
- 34 Who built the retreat house just off Pompey Ridge Road in the 1940's (not Father Tully).
- 35 Least populated township in Sussex County.
- 36 What cut the Rosenkrans Ferry cable?
- 37 Albert's house on Old Mine Road.
- 39 Name of the first school in Walpack Center.



NOTE: The answers will be posted on our website and printed in our next newsletter.

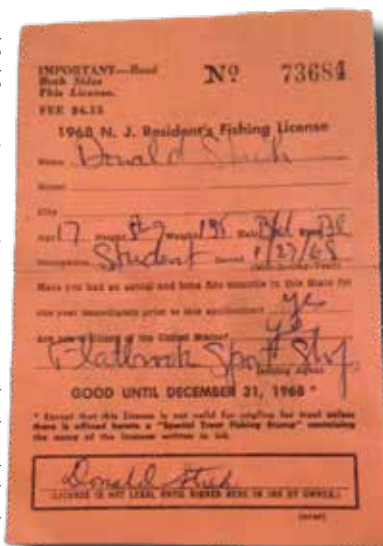
* Answer has two words.
† Answer has three words.

Our appreciation and thanks to all the members and friends of WHS who remembered the Society while taking advantage of their employer's *Employee Matching Gift programs*.
Your generosity helps projects such as the Walpack M.E. Church Restoration Project.

The Walpack Historical Society would like to acknowledge and express its appreciation to our many Lifetime Members for their generous support.

FISHING IN MY MEMORIES CONTINUED

got his license first, so we were all set. The long anticipated Opening Day of trout season on the Flatbrook would start the wheels in motion. Aside from getting licenses and readying tackle, the most important item was the recon trip on the Friday afternoon before the Saturday morning opener. By Friday the Flatbrook would have been fully stocked with hatchery trout. We would stop in at the Walpack Center



General Store, say a quick hello to Hazel Christie who would wait on us, and depart with several boxes of breakfast cereal. Visiting all of the bridges crossing the Flatbrook, we would toss handfuls of cereal into the water, and where we got the biggest reaction, that is where we would be found on opening morning. For some reason the trout seemed to like Captain Crunch cereal the best, perhaps it was the colorful mini marshmallows floating along in the mix, and the feeding frenzy made us think of piranha in the Amazon attacking their prey.

On opening day all the access roads along the brook would be lined with cars, and you had to arrive real early to get a parking spot and a place to stand stream side. Back in the day Fish and Game had campsites along the east side of the brook south of Haney's, and people would grab a spot and camp out. Our family friends the Sedlak brothers, Emil, George and Andy would camp out for all of opening week. All of this



added to the anticipation, excitement and the opening day confusion. One time a couple of wiseguys arrived with a car top boat, intending to launch it to gain advantage. This went entirely beyond the pale, and the resulting hue and cry made them think better of it, and they drove off.

Starting time was 8:00 AM. Anxious anglers were constantly checking their watches, and keeping a wary eye on everyone else. Someone would always jump the gun and cast in ten minutes or so early, and this would set off a frenzy of activity. People casting away, tangling lines, sometimes falling in, and once we had a guy who somehow managed to snag a muskrat! But it was a lot of fun, people were outside in the fresh air after the long Winter doldrums, and were even catching some fish!

Howard Brant, who wrote the Hunting and Fishing

column for the Star Ledger, would make his opening day rounds of the popular fishing spots, checking out who caught what where, and if you were fortunate you might even see your name mentioned in his column. As a general rule, when Ken or I were asked "How's Fishin'" the response was always "poor to excellent" as we never wanted to encourage competition. Our Dads knew Howie well from hangin' at the Walpack Inn, so this was never a problem, and we could find ourselves in print. Howie, an avid outdoorsman and a champion skeet shooter, belonged to the Overlook Hunting and Fishing Club which was located downstream from Haneys. This club remains in operation today, one of the very few private landholdings remaining in Walpack. One time Howie took me on the Overlook stretch of the Flatbrook, and it was both an honor and privilege for this young apprentice fisherman



to learn at the side of the old master. What I learned from Howie remains with me today. Howie shared a great tale of how one day he was fly fishing at the Walpack Center bridge, and a real lunger hooked into him. The fish streaked off downstream, as if heading for the Walpack Inn. The short length of floating fly line was flying fast off the reel, and for some reason the reel was not equipped with any backing line. If Howie had any chance at landing his prize, the only choice was to run downstream with the fish until it tired out and could be netted, all the while holding the rod tip high and managing not to fall in. Now, those who knew Howie may recall him as balding, bespectacled, somewhat portly and not at all athletic in appearance. All of this must have been quite an amusing sight, with our wader clad angler making like some badly out of place cross country runner. If only cell phone video existed back in those days! Yes, Howie managed to land his trout, and I sure hope it was catch and release that day, the trout certainly deserved it!

When it came to trout fishing, it was not just for the guys; the ladies had absolutely no problem holding their own. One opening day we found fishing at the Roy Bridge, Bea Utter Rourke, our neighbor who had lived at the nearby Van Campen Inn. This was the first year Fish & Game stocked some hybrid Golden Trout, and Bea had landed a really fine specimen, the very first Golden I had ever seen out of the water. Mary Porter lived on the Flatbrook upstream of the Myers bridge, and several times I heard her bragging in Lombardi's Hardware Store of the great catches she was making. I thought about sneaking into her place, but just never managed to carry out this



of stream you could have for yourself, and see how your skill would stack up against the trout. Stocking would continue to the end of May, and proper recon of the best places to go was still important. In these days before the existence of stocking schedules and fishing reports on websites and social media, I relied largely upon what was heard from other anglers. Most useful was finding Fish and Game land manager Russ Spinks attending Sunday Mass at St. Matthews. He seemed to know where the most fish were stocked, and if Russ suggested you might want to try Warner pool or the stretch at Hal Lewis's you had better take heed of his words of wisdom. Attending Sunday Mass like a good Catholic was supposed to do sometimes yielded great rewards.

I always enjoyed introducing friends to the art of fishing. One time I had a few city friends visiting for the weekend. Walt had never done freshwater fishing, although he had much experience and success catching Cod off of Montauk NY. So to the Roy Bridge we went. Set him up at the pool with some spin tackle, showed him what to do, and when he seemed to have the hang of it, I went upstream to try my luck. Properly outfitted with the split bamboo fly rod Dad bought years ago at Ernie Riddell's Flatbrook Sport Shop, and with one of Fred Aun's hand tied streamer flies at the end of my line, I soon landed an adequate 12 inch rainbow trout. Thinking it would be a good idea to show our novice angler how it was done and what a trout looks like, I worked my way back to Walt. As I approached, Walt slowly turned around, and I almost fell over into the brook. He was holding up what later measured out to be a 25 inch rainbow trout, and then with a bemused unconcerned look on his face asked me if it was any good! I guess catching many 20 lb plus Cod on his family fishing trips understandably caused him to question the significance of the trout he was holding. A

plan.

When the turmoil of opening day was over, after a few weeks the fishing pressure and things became more manageable. One could put down the spinning tackle and get out the fly rod for trout fishing the way it was meant to be done. Find a short stretch

fish of a lifetime for some, and Walt missed out on the appreciation. Quickly regaining my composure, I replied "not bad, you can keep it", and slunk off upstream to resume my hunt for trout.

To encourage interest in fishing, the State of New Jersey offers free fishing days each year, when anyone is welcome to fish for free without the necessity of buying a fishing license. (Children under 16 and NJ resident adults 70 and over can fish free anytime without needing a license or trout stamp.) In 2019 the days are Saturdays June 8 and October 19. So, come out and try your luck, take a kid fishing, and who knows, you may get lucky and score a big one just like Walt did. For info on fishing, check out - <https://www.state.nj.us/dep/fgw/ffd.htm>.

In the quiet peaceful times one can find stream side, it became more and more challenging to push from our minds the knowledge that the time of our enjoyment on this sacred stream might be drawing to a close. The Tocks Island Dam was to capture the flow of the Delaware, with water backing many miles up the Flatbrook, obliterating the pools, runs and riffles that we loved. Fortunately, thanks to the herculean efforts of many people and diverse groups, that tragedy was averted. Although I find myself among the legion of the many wrongfully dispossessed of the homes and places dear to their hearts, I find solace and comfort in what remains for future generations to enjoy. I hope and truly believe that our stream and its spirit flowing in the shadow of the high mountain shall endure forever.

The cool late June evening finds us on the Flatbrook, with the setting sun casting lengthening shadows across the quiet pool. I smile as I watch son Dan effortlessly working his Grandpa Al's classic fly rod, line gliding silently through the air. A tiny winged creature softly lands like a gentle kiss, and the surface breaks as the waiting trout takes its prey. The two of us are the only ones in sight, but at that moment I truly sense that we are not alone.



MEET THE FISHERS BY AUDREY SCHWAB

Most of the familiar wildlife species in the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area (DEWA) have been readily spotted neighbors for a good long while. More recent arrivals, such as bobcats and porcupines, are frequently captured on trail cams and occasionally seen by hikers and hunters along DEWA's roads and woodland trails. Lately, one of our newest residents has been making a more stealthy and seldom noted comeback to the neighborhood. So, roll out the Welcome Wagon for the fisher; a member of the mustelid or weasel family which also includes badgers, otters, martens, ferrets, mink and wolverines. Sometimes referred to as a "fisher cat" or "Appalachian black cat," it is definitely not of the feline persuasion.

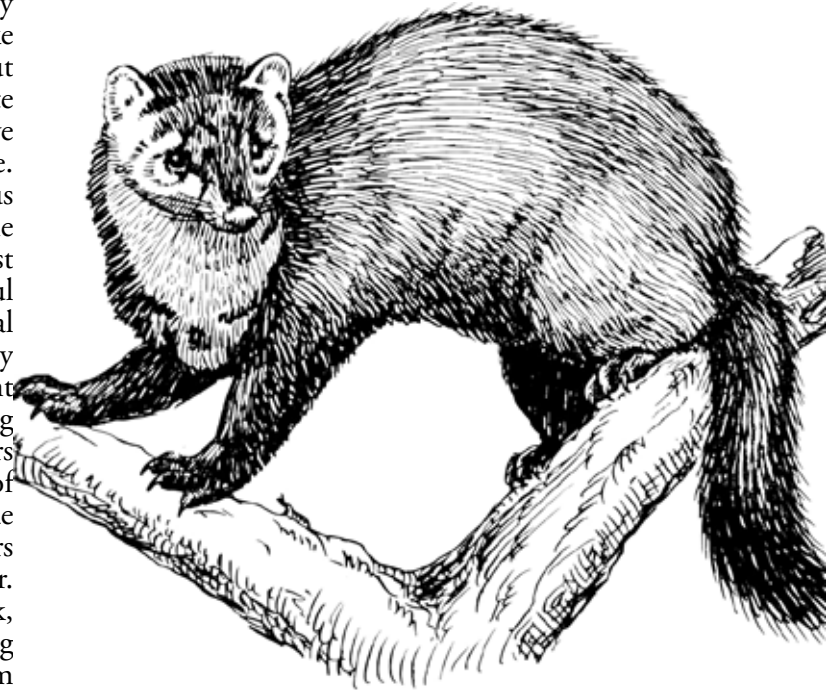
Local hunters and area residents occasionally spot the large weasel-like creatures on trail cams, but actual sightings are quite rare given the fisher's elusive and mostly solitary lifestyle. Sometimes nature rewards us with a brief glimpse of some of the more secretive forest denizens and how wonderful it is to enjoy that magical experience. Given the dreary nature of most of our recent February days, a promising dawn beckoned us outdoors to witness the gilding of the Pennsylvania cliffside and sun-fired sparklers on the Delaware River. Unexpectedly, a sleek, dark, cat-sized creature sporting a very long tail broke from heavy brush about twenty yards in front of us and loped through light tree cover about thirty yards wide giving us a nice opportunity to make his fleeting acquaintance. Predictably, neither spotter wished to miss a second of the visitor's brief drop-by and no photo proof of his passing was made.

Several years ago, we captured a blurred visage of what we thought might be a fisher on a trail camera in this same location. Local hunters likewise verified area sightings of their own. Somehow, there was no question in either of our minds; we both pointed and exclaimed "it's a fisher!"

Found only in North America, fishers were mostly eliminated from their entire natural range during the days of unregulated logging and fur trapping in the early 1900s. Naturalists use the word "extirpated" to describe New Jersey's population, which means completely destroyed. From a small population of fishers remaining in the New York State Adirondacks, a few were live-trapped and released into the Catskills in the 1970s. A Finger Lakes Land Trust newsletter (2010) notes that the

efforts to restore the fisher population in the Catskills and in northern Pennsylvania were met with great success. It is conjectured that these neighboring fisher populations have migrated into our area and are reestablishing themselves here in Sussex County.

The DEWA habitat possibilities are particularly favorable to our newest neighbors. As our coniferous and mixed forests mature from former pasture and abandoned farmland, the fisher is finding the perfect larder for his needs. Edge habitats between forest and field provide a large population of small mammals which comprise the primary source of the fisher diet. In spite of what their name might indicate, fishers don't fish. They are, however, by no means picky and opportunistically prey upon porcupines, reptiles, amphibians, birds, eggs and even carrion. Being what biologists refer to as "dietary generalists," berries and acorns are not scorned either. Female fishers prefer hollow trees, logs, and rock crevices for denning and forest floors with woody debris are prime neighborhood requirements; all creature comforts which DEWA has aplenty.



The fisher is mainly nocturnal, but may be seen during daylight hours, particularly at dawn or dusk. So, if you happen upon

an agile, swift, weasel-like creature with a long slim body, relatively short legs and rounded ears, you may be witnessing a fleeting glimpse of the new kid in the DEWA woods. According to The New Jersey Furbearer Management Newsletter (Spring 2017), male fishers range between 34-47 inches in length and weigh between 7-13 pounds, whereas the female is between 30-37 inches and weighs between 3-7 pounds. Their tail extends about 2/3 of their body length, and overall, they are about the size of a large house cat. The weasel, which is very similar in appearance, is about the size of a squirrel and has a tail length that is less than half of his body size. If you are unable to capture your encounter on camera, try to find a footprint to verify your sighting. Look for five toes and four central pads on each foot. Unfortunately, "our" fisher was bounding over an icy snow pack and left nothing behind except our determination to reacquaint ourselves in the near future, photograph him or her and thereby confirm their visit to our DEWA big backyard.

2019 CALENDAR

April 7	Spring Hike to the Gunn House
April 28	Spring Dinner at <i>The Walpack Inn</i>
May 19	The Smith Descendants of Walpack/ Walpack Church Rededication
June 1	<i>National Trail Day</i>
June 23	Fort Nomanock Presentation - S. Spangenberg
July 21	History of Fire Towers, M. Orłowski
Aug. 18	Artistic Heritage by Marie Liu
Sept. 8	TBA
Oct. 13	Van Campen Day
Nov. 3	Fall Hike, TBA
Dec. 7	Walpack Christmas - Church and Museum open
Dec. 8	Holiday Dinner - Walpack Inn
Dec. 14 & 15	Walpack Christmas - Church and Museum open

Visit WalpackHistory.org for calendar updates, changes and details.

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All memberships must be made current to 2019 in order to remain on our mailing list. Thank you!

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A Docent is a person who acts as a guide, typically on a voluntary basis. We are always looking for new people to help us at our events and meetings throughout the year. Please call, 973-948-4903, and ask to speak with Jen Wycalek to learn more about how you can help play a part in history.



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