



QUARTERLY

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John and Cindy Swan (pictured here) and their parents Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Swan have made possible ACRES enjoyment of Hanging Rock

"Photo by ACRES Member SHELDON HINE."

THE STORY OF HANGING ROCK William R. Eberly, Manchester College

A former resident of North Manchester, writing many years ago about her youth in this community during the 1880's, said: "There was plenty of excitement in those days. Then we would go for a day's pleasure trip behind slow horses to Hanging Rock near Lagro, and we brought back specimens of rock for keepsakes--we had never heard of souvenirs. Hanging Rock was one of the wonders of our day."

Agreat painter, Mr. Homer G. Davisson, made Hanging Rock the subject of one of his famous paintings of Wabash County scenery. Tradition has it that the Indians built fires on the top of Hanging Rock as a part of their system of signals. A famous Miami Indian legend, recounted recently by Chief Clarence Godfrey in a book published in 1961, tells of an Indian maiden who was loved by two braves. She challenged the two men to fight a duel on top of Hanging Rock. She would then marry the brave who won the fight. On the appointed moonlit night, the two braves met at the top of the great rock to fight for the love of the Indian maiden, Wy-nu-sa.

The Indian maid climbed to the top of the rock, also. She stood in the background and watched the fight. Secretly she loved one of the Indian braves more than the other one, but she wouldn't admit this fact to anyone, not even to herself. The battle raged on and on until finally one brave fell over the edge of the rock and plunged to his death below. The Indian brave who was the victor came over to Wy-nu-sa to claim her as his bride. When Wy-nu-sa saw the brave she screamed, "I do not love you. You have killed my own true love. I cannot live without him."

With this exclamation the Indian maid ran to the edge of the rock and jumped off into the water. The Miami Indians believe she is now with her true lover in The Happy Hunting Grounds." The legend has been immortalized in a poem, Ballad of Hanging Rock, written by Stormy Sellers.

What is this Hanging Rock, so rich in historical, artistic, poetic tradition? What is this natural structure that was once one of the tourist attractions of northern Indiana? (It is even reported that at one time an excursion boat operated on the Wabash River carrying tourists and sightseers upstream to view the great rock and to perhaps enjoy a picnic on its lofty summit).

Hanging Rock is located on the south bank of the Wabash River east of Lagro and about a mile upstream from the mouth of the Salamonie River. The large mass of rock rises above the level of the river about 80 feet. From the level top (about 20 feet square) one can view the countryside for miles around. Because of the undercutting action of the river on the base, a portion of the rock projects out over the river. In recent years a large segment has fallen off and lies now by the base of the rock, alongside the river.

Geologically, Hanging Rock is known as a Bioherm, or an exhumed (uncovered) coral reef. Millions of years ago this area was covered by a great shallow sea. Coral reefs formed in this ancient sea much as they form today in our tropical oceans, often even forming exposed islands. The rocky material formed by the developing reef was very hard and flinty. Eventually the reefs were covered by a softer grade of limestone. Finally, as the great earth revolution occurred that raised the sea bottom so that it became dry land, the continent of North America appeared. There remained only the glacier to add the final touches, shaping the land's surface mostly as we know it today.

The huge volume of water that resulted from the final melting of the glacier created the great river valleys--the Wabash, the Mississippi, and others. Through this area the Wabash flowed with a volume greater than any present day river except, perhaps, the mighty Mississippi. The Wabash carved out of the limestone a channel in places 5 miles wide and nearly a hundred feet deep. The present Wabash River looks ridiculously small trickling along in the bottom of this immense post-glacial valley.

As the Wabash cut beneath the surface, the buried coral reefs would not yield so easily to the erosive power of the turbulent river. As a result, these ancient reefs, buried for aeons beneath other layers of limestone, emerged for a new world to see as the softer stone was eroded away. Often a reef would protect the softer stone behind it so that a long ridge parallel to the stream's flow would result, with a bold, sentinel-like bioherm absorbing the shock of the onrushing destructive waters. Sometimes they would occur in such a manner that the river channel would be forced to narrow at the point to less than a mile in width.

Many of these reefs are visible along the course of the Wabash River from near Bluffton to beyond Delphi. Some are larger than Hanging Rock, some smaller. But none has had such a glorious history as has Hanging Rock, nor has any attracted so many people who come for miles around to view its majesty and to get a glimpse of the countryside from its peak, or to enjoy a quiet picnic on its summit.

HARMONY WITH NATURE IS A NECESSITY Pollutants, Pesticides Becoming a Problem

By Dr. John W. Klotz, President

Is conservation a hopeless cause in our affluent, materialistic society? I'm bold enough to think not. I believe we can become conscious of the need for living in harmony with nature and of our need for the particular project in which ACRES is interested, the setting aside of natural areas. I believe that we need to educate people. I believe an intelligent person can see the importance of conservation and can understand that selfishness and exploitation of nature will in the end bring harm to himself.

Man has always polluted his environment. Man has always upset the balance of nature. The problem has been and is to keep pollution and disturbance at a minimum. There was a time when man was incapable of doing too much damage, when nature could easily heal the wounds that man inflicted. This is no longer true. Man by his very numbers makes it difficult for nature to undo the damage he does. Moreover man by his technological advances is able to inflict larger and rawer wounds.

One thing that education must do is to develop an appreciation for nature in its undisturbed state. It takes education to appreciate art and music. Once you have come to appreciate good art and good music you have little but contempt for the assembly line art of the 5 and 10 cent store or for the music that blares out of loud speakers at Christmas time. We need to educate people so that they appreciate the virgin forest and the clear clean unpolluted stream. You don't improve on nature by cutting and trimming and asphaltting.

We also need to show how important it is to man himself to live in harmony with nature. We spend so much to undo the damage that man has done. Literally millions of dollars have been spent to overcome pollution of water, and the end is not yet. Indeed there is reason to believe that on many fronts we are losing the battle against water pollution. Right now pesticides are much in the news. Most of these are necessary to combat pests that have been introduced by man or have become pests through human disturbances. Unfortunately the use of these pesticides to counteract the upsets in the balance of nature that man is responsible for are themselves creating problems. That's why we think the ACRES program is so important. We need your continuing support. And we need your help in interesting others in what we are trying to do.

THREE NEW DIRECTORS ELECTED AT ACRES ANNUAL MEETING

Three new members were elected to ACRES Board of Directors November 28, 1962, Melvin Berg and David Griggs, both of Fort Wayne, and Kenneth Bandelier, Grabill.

All three of the new directors have been ACRES members for two years, almost since its inception in 1960.

In addition to electing three new directors at its annual meeting, the Board re-elected all officers: Dr. John Klotz, president; James M. Barrett, vice president; Thomas E. Dustin, secretary; and Mrs. Ethyle Bloch, treasurer.

There is a new America every morning when we wake up. It is upon us whether we like it or not. This new America is the sum of the many small changes--a new subdivision here, a new school there, a new industry where yesterday there had been vacant swamp land--changes that add up to a broad transformation of our lives. Our task is to guide these changes for, though change is inevitable, change for the better is a full-time job

--Adlai Stevenson
The Izaak Walton Magazine
November, 1962

OWLISH REMINISCENCES

By. Fr. Conan J. Taylor, O. F. M.

The dusky June evening was provocative of reverie. My steps slowed as I dimly viewed the flowering orchard, twilight subtly emphasizing its delicate fragrance. Nothing prepared me for the sudden, harsh, eerie hiss that crackled and rasped startlingly above my head. I cringed, knees buckling, hair prickling, sweat pouring. As the cry re-sounded, I jerked my head up. Weak with relief, I straightened and thought wryly, "Good evening to you, too, Mr. Barn Owl."

This introduction to the ghostly, rattling snore of the Barn Owl really shook me. "Eight-hooter" Barred Owls conversing with their mates like barking hounds had never disturbed me. The deep, resonant "hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hooo" of the Great Horned Owl had mildly stirred me at campsites. The plaintive whinny-wail of the little Screech Owl was just mildly intriguing. But Mr. Barn Owl, him I'll remember!! I wonder, just how many abandoned houses and lonely barns have been "haunted" by the eerie calls and the pale, wraithlike underside of this "Monkey-faced" Owl viewed in the moonlight.

Owls are mysteriously fascinating. Their widespread, down-filled wings whisper through the air as they silently range a full mile area around their roost, nightly searching for small mammals to feed themselves and their broods. Needle-sharp talons, which in large species can pierce a man's arm to the bone just perching, make short work of the capture of small rodents (97% of their diet). A short flight to the roost tree, a brief choking struggle to gulp the prey whole, a lethargic period of digestion, and the hunt is on again. Under the roost tree or nest, evidence gradually accumulates of the successful hunt. Dry, disgorged pellets of fur, skulls and bones give mute evidence of a rodent population continually held in check by these skillful hunters--it is said that one pair of Barn Owls rearing young is worth a dozen cats. A few years ago, I had the chance to examine 48 pellets of a Long-eared Owl. The total count was 78 small mammals and 2 birds, quite a catch for a few short weeks.

The fascination grows with closer acquaintance. Who can forget the first time in a zoo, or more thrillingly in a woods, when he moved slowly in a circle followed by those brilliantly large, emotionless, yellow eyes as the head turned and turned and turned, a complete circle, until it was staring at you over folded wings. Then the quick snap of the head as it reverses itself to follow you all the way around. Wide-angle eyes and a swivel neck! What deadly efficient spotters for a deep-evening Nimrod! Yet some experimenters have shown that Mr. Owl attacks the rustling vole, the scurrying shrew, by sound. Surely his silent wings and his oversize, feather-filtered, ear openings are no hindrance.

Mystery plays about the Owl, famed for riding witches' brooms, haunting dank and shadow-vibrant moonlit paths, and chilling the spine of the sleeping-bag tyro. Who would believe that the great white bird, silently and swiftly patrolling the snow-covered fields and marshes on four-foot wings, or the two-foot mound of fluffy-white feathers resting on a dead stump overlooking a pond, is the Great Snowy Owl. It can't be true, because it's DAYTIME! But keep your eyes open. Snowys have already been seen this winter not too far from Fort Wayne. And Great Snowy is not a bird to be seen, then forgotten!

If, by now, you are hypnotically succumbing to the lure of Owl-watching, start stalking the pines, the firs, the evergreens. Peer cautiously but deeply into their emerald shadows. Who knows? It may be you who will slowly, with infinite care and just a whisper of sound, reach in near the bole, extend your finger under the claws of our smallest and cutest of owls, and carefully but with triumphant elation present to your friends a blinking, six-inch pygmy, the SAW-WHET OWL! Oh, JOY!

Mysterious, fascinating, beneficial--our Owls! How could anyone in his right mind place a bounty on them?

MARK THESE TWO IMPORTANT ACRES DATES!

No further individual notice is planned for these two winter meeting dates so please mark them on your calender right now, and plan to join us on:

- January 11 - Kekionga Junior High School at 7:30 p.m. to see two fine Disney True Life Adventures; "Water Birds" and "Nature's Half Acre." This is a fine opportunity for children to come so bring your friends, young and old.
- March 8 - Waynedale branch of Peoples Trust and Savings Bank at 8:30 p.m. for a lively panel discussion entitled:
"NATURAL AREAS TODAY.....TOMORROW"
followed by a collection of Bob Weber's fine slides of local areas in need of ACRES action.

ACRES, Inc. FINANCIAL STATEMENT July 1, 1961 - June 30, 1962

I. Receipts:

1) Membership dues-----	\$ 589.00	
2) Annual meeting dinner tickets-----	\$ 164.25	
3) Interest on Land Acquisition Fund-----	\$ 3.12	
4) Contributions:		
Land Acquisition Fund----	\$ 95.00	
Donations-----	\$100.93	
	<u>\$195.93</u>	\$ 195.93
Total-----	\$ 952.30	\$ 952.30

II. Disbursements:

1) Contribution to Nature Conservancy-----	\$ 28.00	
2) Annual meeting expense-----	\$ 200.67	
3) Expenses relating to land surveys and to land owned:		
Surveys and gasoline----	\$258.50	
Property tax-----	\$ 3.52	
Insurance-----	\$ 37.60	
Maintenance supplies-----	\$ 5.20	
	<u>\$304.82</u>	\$ 304.82
4) Operating expenses:		
Recording fee-----	\$ 2.32	
Bank Charges-----	\$ 5.00	
Film processing-----	\$ 23.17	
Film rental-----	\$ 25.70	
Room rental-----	\$ 5.00	
Printing-----	\$145.90	
Mailing-----	\$ 57.60	
	<u>\$264.69</u>	\$ 264.69
Total-----	\$ 798.18	\$ 798.18

III. Assets:

	Net Receipts-----	\$ 154.12
Cash:		
General fund-----	\$ 343.31	
Land Acquisition Fund-----	\$ 200.12	

Ethyle Bloch,
Treasurer

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NATURAL AREAS vs. RECREATION

By Richard H. Pough,
ACRES National Advisory Board

Minimal disturbance by modern man is inherent in our concept of a "natural area." We assume that the impact of the American Indian on nature, because of his small numbers and the crudeness of his tools, was almost negligible. Only insofar as he was responsible for more wild-fires than lightning alone would have caused, does the Indian seem to have influenced his environment to any significant degree.

Natural areas have many values for modern man. They preserve against the day when man or nature may have uses for the delicate species that cannot tolerate much disturbance of their environment. In this, natural areas serve as modern "Noah's Arks." They are also biological laboratories in which scientists can learn more about how the world of living things functions in response to the forces of nature. Here the causative agent for every observed phenomena must be sought in nature. In such areas, climate shifts and changing radiation levels can be more easily detected and evaluated.

Those who make a hobby of some branch of nature study will--in their search for the shy and the delicate and the rare--increasingly seek out natural areas. If such preserves are so scarce as to cause too great a concentration of hobbyists, there is danger that in time they may begin to lose their naturalness and with it some of their scientific value as research areas. It is to be hoped, however, that we can set up enough natural areas in every part of the country to permit free "public" use by those who seek the things which only a natural area can provide.

Already, however, we face the problem of increasing use of natural areas by segments of the public who have no interest in nature, but are simply looking for places to swim, picnic, hike, camp or enjoy some other form of outdoor activity. To these people, a natural area's chief attraction is its absence of "no trespassing" signs, and it is at this point that those interested in natural area preservation must firmly draw the line. What these people are looking for are recreation lands and it seems unlikely that we shall be so successful in preserving natural areas that we can afford to release any of them for purely recreational use.

Recreation lands in public ownership so that every citizen can enjoy reasonable access to the sea and lakeshore, to rivers and ponds, to forests and mountain peaks, are essential to the maintenance of our American standard of living. Unfortunately, the time is not far off when all land that possesses high recreational values will be either publicly owned or the jealously guarded private holdings of those who can afford to purchase such property.

We need both natural areas and recreation lands, but it would be a great mistake to let the public come to regard natural areas as recreation lands. Ultimately, the country should have probably a hundred times as much land in various recreation categories as in the natural area category. Nothing would be a greater disservice to the public at this time, when action to acquire more recreation land is so badly needed, than to let recreational use of natural areas hide the fact that adequate land is not being obtained for recreation.

Look up!

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANY take it for granted that progress means the gradual elimination of everything which God and Nature put into our world and the substitution for it of the conveniences which man has made.

I like many of them well enough myself, and I have no illusions concerning the "Noble Savage." Civilized life is the only truly human life. I will take wild flowers *and* television if I can have them both. But a civilization which has no

appreciation of or love for the beauties of Nature is only a new kind of barbarism.

It is good that we have our parks, our museums, our nature-study clubs. Nevertheless, opportunities to see wild birds in flight or a wild flower blooming in lonely loveliness grow fewer and fewer *because we do not value them enough.*

Of course, we need paved highways. But we need quiet wood roads, too. We need television, yet we also need the opportunity to see geese flying against the autumn sky. Unless we realize how much we need these simple pleasures, the time may come when we won't have them. "Nature is the Art of God," and a flower is more wonderful than the most ingenious of man's machines.

ACRES, INC.

2224 St. Joe Blvd.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

ACRES QUARTERLY

DIRECTORS: John W. Klotz, President; James M. Barrett III, Vice President; Thomas E. Dustin, Secretary; Ethyle Bloch, Treasurer; William C. Bloch; Jane H. Dustin; William R. Eberly; Florence S. Klotz; Allen J. Lomont; Glenn W. Poe; Elbert O. Roe; Robert C. Weber; David A. Griggs; Melvin Berg; Kenneth L. Bandelier.

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