

The Canvasback

Winter 1998
Vol. 7, No. 1

Havre de Grace Decoy Museum

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Havre de Grace Decoy Museum



can•vas•back (kan'ves bak'), *n., pl. -backs*, (esp. collectively) - **back**. 1. A North American wild duck, the male of which has a whitish back and a reddish-brown head and neck. 2. A style of decoy made famous by carvers of the Susquehanna Flats region. 3. A quarterly publication of the Havre de Grace Decoy Museum.

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FROM THE EDITOR

As we step into the new year, it is a time to pause and reflect what goals the museum should achieve in 1998. I feel one of the most significant goals for the Decoy Museum is accreditation. Accreditation is official recognition from the American Association of Museums that the designated organization is a leader through its policies, procedures, exhibits, publications, and programs. Accreditation is a two year process. During the museum's eleventh year of existence, the Board of Directors and the staff felt ready to apply for this recognition. We are now finishing up the first year of updating and writing new policies and will soon be submitting a formal application which consists of many, many pages of written documentation, copies of all of the museum's policies and publications, and photographs of the museum. After the application has been submitted, a review team from the American Association of Museum's will be sent to do an on-site evaluation. As we begin 1998, we are proud of the museum. Thanks to the support, dedication, and hard work from the membership, the community, the Board of Directors, and the staff, we are ready for this review.

Mary Jo Murphy

ON THE COVER

Two swan decoys by Fred Gillotte, Jr., swim in a sea of velvet.

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The Canvasback
Havre de Grace Decoy Museum
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*From
the
President*



Dear Museum Member,

Much has occurred since the last edition of *The Canvasback*. The most obvious was, that for the first time since the museum opened, we were forced to close for repairs. The 1988 addition to the museum, the section that houses the gift shop and library, settled to a point that required soil compaction to prevent further structural damage. This work has been completed and the museum has reopened.

This project has been expensive. City, County, and State government officials have been asked to help the museum with this undertaking. The Mayor and City Council of Havre de Grace have approved a \$15,000 donation to the museum for this restoration. We are hopeful that the County and State will also help so that we will not have to solicit the membership for funds.

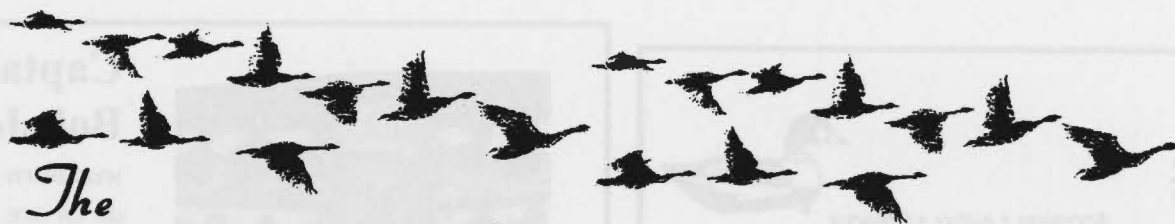
The other side of the coin is brighter. The Anniversary Dinner was our most successful ever. Carvers Appreciation Day on February 21, promises to be better than before. That evening, Dr. Mort Kramer will give a talk about the Ward Brothers, and his collection of their decorative decoys will be on display. April 4th will mark the official opening of the R. Madison Mitchell Shop. The museum is meeting accreditation requirements and continues to move forward with passage of a ten year Strategic Plan and a new Personnel Policy. We are opening discussions with an architect to consider the plan for the long anticipated expansion.

Come and visit your museum soon and often. It keeps getting better!

Sincerely,

John A. Carriere
John A. Carriere, M.D. President, Board of Directors

Tax deductible contributions can be made to the Havre de Grace Decoy Museum. The museum was incorporated in 1981 as a non-profit organization which exists to document and interpret waterfowl as this art form applies to the social and economic life of the upper Chesapeake Bay region.



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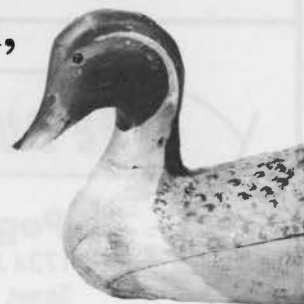
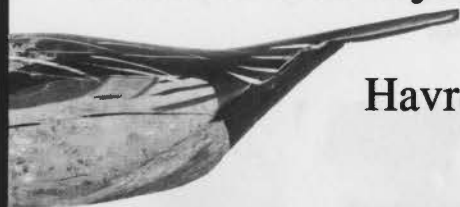


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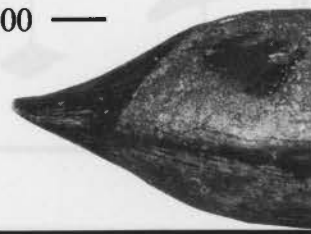
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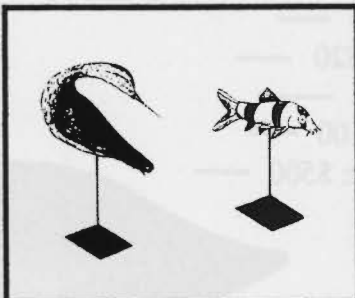
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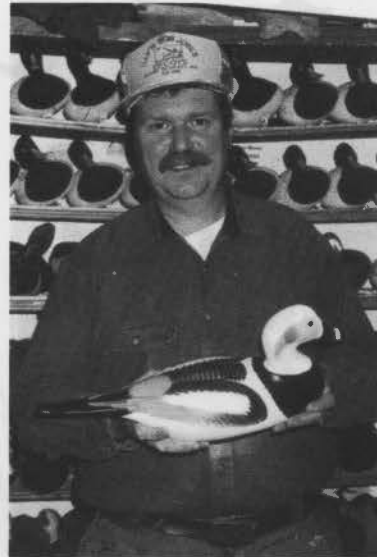
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**Captain
Bob Jobes**

was born in Havre de Grace, MD, nationally known as "The Decoy Capital of the World." Bob is the oldest son of Captain Harry R. Jobes of which all carve decoys for their livelihood, and are nationally famed for their

creativity of wooden decoys. Bob produces miniatures to full-size decoys. His shop is located at 721 Otsego St., which is the original Jobes home. Bob started carving at a very early age with his father at R. Madison Mitchell's Shop. After many hunting trips for ducks and geese, the realistic beauty of the real birds was brought to his attention. He now has his own style and techniques and produces over 22 species of decoys for you to collect and enjoy. He also specializes in lamps, pen sets, shore birds and award plaques. Stop by his shop to see how decoys are produced the old fashioned way.



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Book Review

THERE ARE NO DULL DARK DAYS

By Percy Thayer Blogg

Reviewed by

Bill Smart

Last Fall, while working the Havre de Grace Decoy Museum's information table at the Easton Waterfowl Festival, I spotted Mr. Blogg's book on an exhibitor's table. I had seen There Are No Dull Dark Days referenced in several hunting and waterfowling books through the years, but had not read it and knew very little about its content. What I found was a wonderful little book, filled with one man's experiences as a hunter and fisherman in the first half of the century.

Published in 1944, Mr. Blogg's book captures the reader with his perceptions of nature and his love of the outdoors. His writing skills must have come to him naturally as he worked at the Lore Baltimore Press, and as an artist with the old Baltimore Herald (with H.L. Mencken). In sixteen chapters, he blends his tales with drawings, pictures, and poems. His observations of nature

and personal experiences enable him to pass along to the reader some of his keen insights of life, and how to maintain the balance of nature. "Big Gun Blogg," as he was known to his friends, lived in a time when life was a little less complex but not necessarily easier. He enjoyed a time when hunting was a common pastime and the game was in abundance. As a member of two famed Maryland gunning clubs, Miller's Island Ducking Club and the Seneca Ducking Club, he is well qualified to document the experiences that today's hunters can only try to imagine. His reflections also include bird hunting (snipe, woodcock, rail, dove, and grouse).

If you are fortunate enough to find a copy of this little book, long since out of print, you are in for reading enjoyment.

There Are No Dull Dark Days is ninety-two pages and was published in 1944 by H.G. Roebuck & Sons, Baltimore, Maryland.



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Young Carver Profile

Fred Gillotte, Jr.

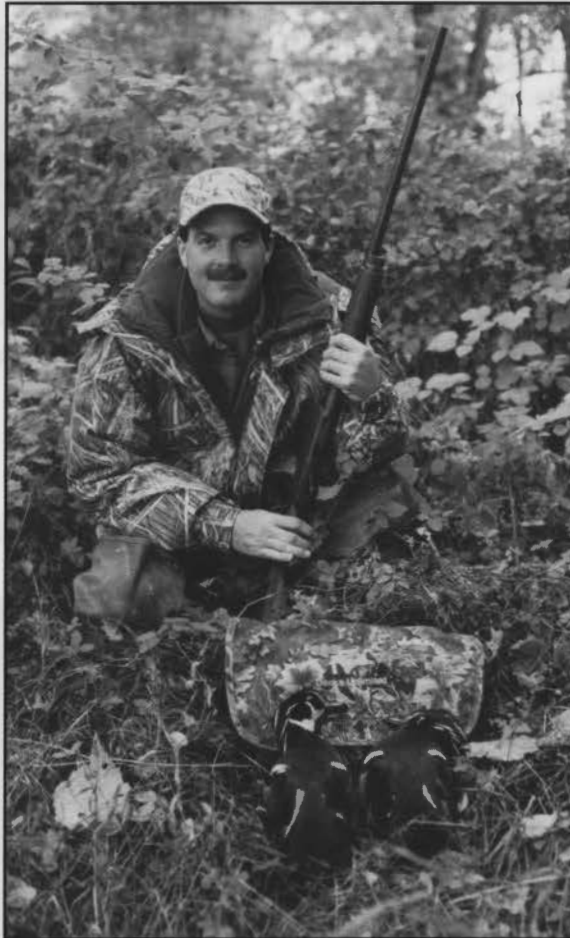
Kim Martin

For Fred Gillotte, decoy carving is not merely an art form but an expression. Decoys and carving them is just one of the ways that this wildfowler is able to project his uncanny understanding of waterfowl, and love for the tidal marshes of Maryland. Questions posed to Mr. Gillotte, such as how many eggs are in a typical black duck hen's clutch or what are the Fall migration patterns of the wood duck, are easily answered by this gentleman.

Fred is a native of Havre de Grace, Maryland and he is very proud of the region's rich and abundant waterfowling heritage.

His father, Fred Gillotte, Sr., initiated his son in the rites of gunning at the early age of twelve. One of the finest Canada goose farms in Kent County was the scene of Fred's first attempt at producing waterfowl decoys. Fred recalls, "In 1972 I made some goose silhouettes because we have a place to hunt on the Eastern Shore and I needed field decoys. So, I went and got some patterns, I believe from Bobby Jobes, brought them home, traced them out on sheets of plywood, and made a bunch of silhouettes. But, I didn't know how to paint them. I then asked Bill Collins, who had just moved to the area and begun working for R. Madison Mitchell, to come over to my parents' house. He actually sat down and painted them. As a matter of fact, I think he nearly painted all of them." Those goose silhouettes went on to serve Fred well during his first year of waterfowling and for many years to come.

Two years later, Fred took a summer job working for Mr. Paul Gibson (1902-1985). He credits this experience with giving him his "first real overview of how decoys are made from start to finish." When school began in September, Fred left Mr. Gibson's shop with fond memories and a few unfinished bodies that were considered seconds. Over the next couple of months, he worked on the bodies and produced



Fred posed with wood ducks after a day of gunning on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Photo courtesy of Fred Gillotte, Jr.

several working decoys in the local Havre de Grace style. His first birds were canvasbacks, of course. When questioned as to the whereabouts of his first decoys, Fred replied, "I believe I put them on lamps and sold them."

Since those first decoys, Fred has gone on to study the style of the Middle and Lower Shore carvers. Strong influences are the Ward Brothers, Charlie Joiner, and Oliver Lawson.

One of Fred's most memorable events and perhaps, most magical, was his pilgrimage to Crisfield, Maryland. This is where the masters of the decoy art, the Ward Brothers, had resided. The trip was two-fold as there was another carver that Fred had wanted to meet for some time, Mr. Oliver Lawson. Oliver Lawson was a very close friend of the Wards and learned his craft from them. After visiting with both Mr. and Mrs. Lawson for several hours, Fred mentioned that he had wanted to see the old work shop of the Wards. As if Mr. Lem and Mr. Steve were smiling down from above, Fred received a personal guided tour of the old shop on Sackertown Road by none other than

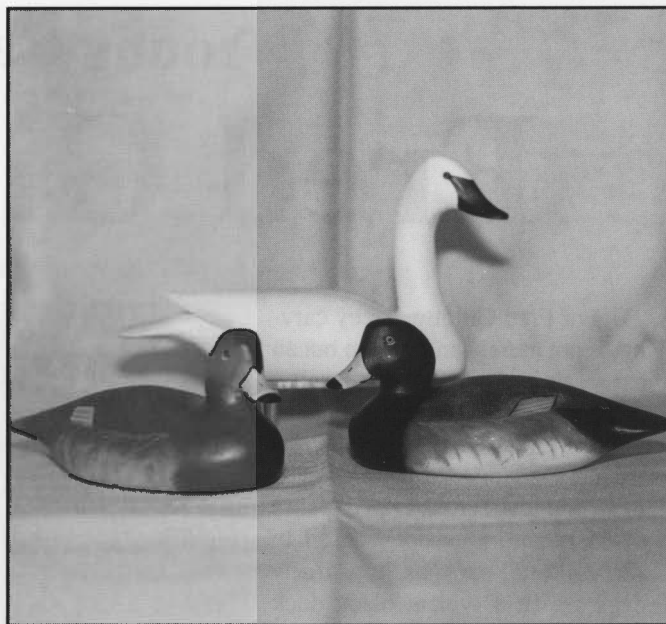
Mr. Lawson! The sight of the shop, the pungent smell of the nearby salt marshes, and old photographs of the Ward Brothers standing in and around their shop, is permanently etched in Fred's mind.

Presently, Fred carves only miniatures because his birds are hand carved, start to finish, without any power tools such as duplicating lathes. Fred will make at least one full-size decoy though, because at a recent museum fund raising event, Fred agreed to offer a certificate for a miniature swan for the audience to bid on. His good friend David Walker however, offered the donation of the wood for Fred to create a full size swan and that was how the bid proceeded. When the dust settled, a convinced purchaser had bought the invisible swan for \$400.00. Not bad!

The variety of species that Fred has carved includes pin tails, teals, goldeneyes, canvasbacks, redheads, and whistling swans. When asked what his favorite species is, Fred replied "wood ducks." One of the species that he has yet to carve is a gadwall, but he is quick to add that he is looking forward to the challenge. By using artist oils and deft brush strokes, he is able to achieve soft and subtle changes in the bird's, paint patterns. He commented that he enjoys the painting end of it more than the actual carving.

When not carving or hunting, Fred devotes his time and energy to several waterfowl related organizations. He is presently on the Board of Directors of the Decoy Museum and the Izaak Walton League. Additionally, he is the Izaak Walton League's Conservancy Director, and is the Chairman-Elect (1999-2000) for the R Madison Mitchell Chapter, Ducks Unlimited. You may find Fred volunteering for a variety of activities such as, guiding nature tours at Otter Point, assisting children in painting decoys at the Decoy Museum's Duck Fair, and promoting Ducks Unlimited's Greenwing program. Fred is committed to preserving this region's natural and cultural resources for future generations. He is proud to have instilled the same commitment in his daughter, Megan, who is a DU Greenwing, and who shares her father's love of the outdoors.

Carver, conservationist, sportsman, educator, and leader are all accurate descriptions of Fred Gillotte, Jr. As he continues in all his ventures, the decoy community is sure to see many more carvings being meticulously crafted by him. This is certainly something to look forward to.



Pair of red heads and a swan by Fred Gillotte, Jr. Photo by M. Murphy.

Fred, busy adding the finishing touches to a pair of wood ducks. Photo by K. Martin.



R. Madison Mitchell Endowment Fund Dinner

The R. Madison Mitchell Endowment Fund will host its 5th Annual Dinner on Friday March 13, 1998, at the Bayou Restaurant on Route 40 in Havre de Grace. The evening will begin with a cash bar, opening at 6 p.m., followed by dinner at 7 p.m.

After dinner, the program will feature Mr. James Cameron, Director of the Harford County Chamber of Commerce who will talk about the effect of the decoy business on the local economy.

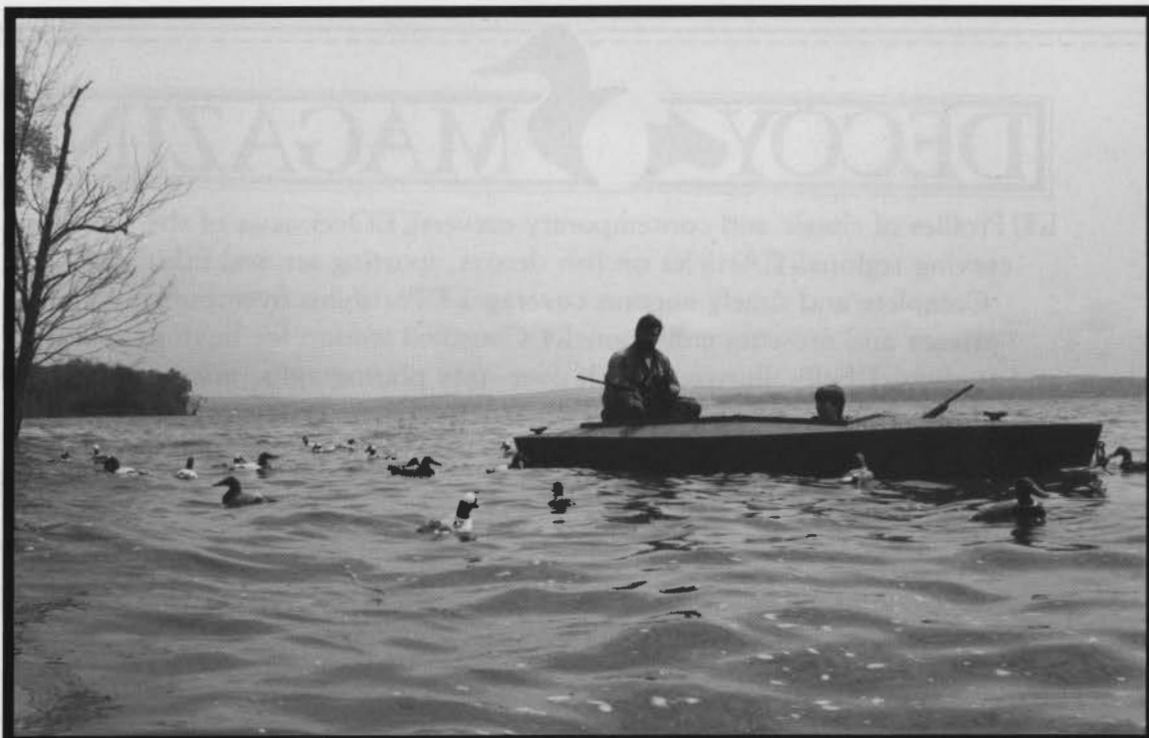
As a part of the program following dinner, twenty-five pairs of miniature canvasbacks crafted by Captain "Bill" Collins especially for the event, will be sold. Also a limited number of Mitchell decoys will be for sale.

The Endowment Fund's purpose is to provide a means of enhancing the collections of the Havre de Grace Decoy Museum by purchasing items which have been identified by the Museum as appropriate and desirable.

You can obtain tickets for this event by purchasing them at the Decoy Museum or by calling Madelyn Mitchell Shank at 410-939-3947. Tickets are \$25.00. Thank you for your support.



Miniature canvasbacks made by Bill Collins. Photo by M. Murphy.



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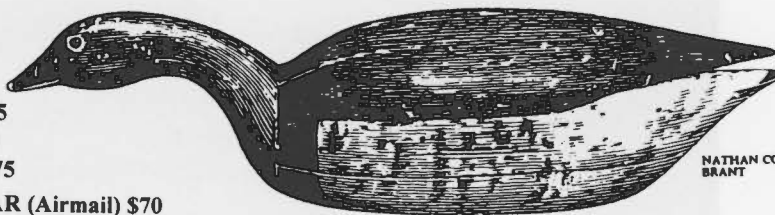
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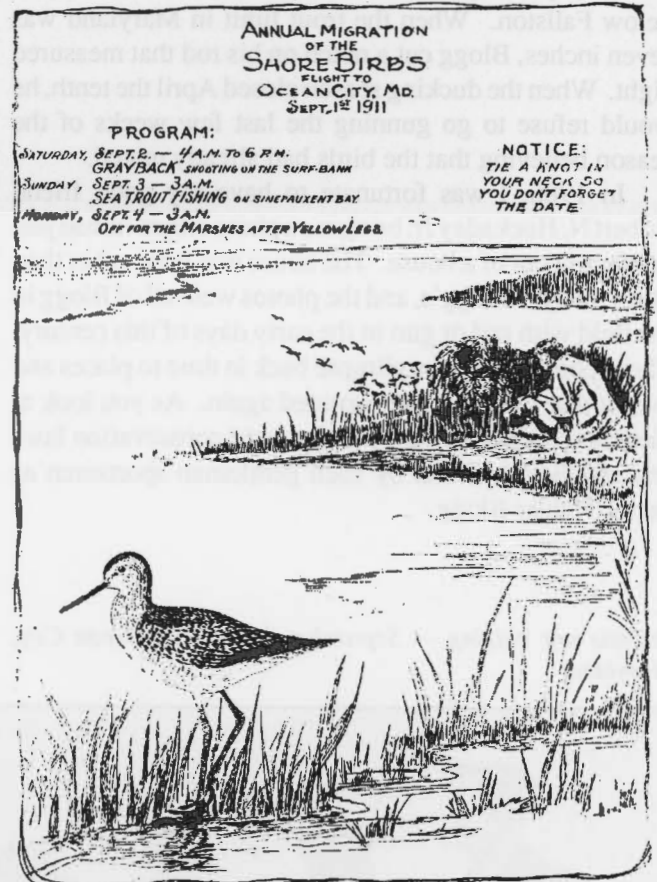
PERCY THAYER BLOGG

SPORTSMAN—CONSERVATIONIST

C. John Sullivan

Collectors of decoys will sooner or later find themselves collecting artifacts to complement their decoys. For me, it was sooner, and it was every sort of artifact to enhance and associate with my collection. Boats, guns, shells, powder cans, were enthusiastically accumulated side by side with the decoys. I have always enjoyed reading, and my library rapidly expanded to include every historic sporting book I could find. Reading of gunning excursions of years gone by helps us better understand history and the golden era of duck shooting.

Just as we all have a favorite decoy, I have a favorite sporting book. Mine is a delightful little work entitled There Are No Dull Dark Days by Percy Thayer Blogg. Blogg's book was published in Baltimore by H. G. Roebuck and Son in 1944. It is a collection of Blogg's writings and rhymings of his sporting ventures and outings in Maryland throughout his lifetime. Blogg worked for the Lord Baltimore Press and was an artist for the Baltimore Herald. Later in life, he founded The Alpha Photo Engraving Company. He was a dedicated sportsman and conservationist. He established his own bag limits and shooting standards more strictly than the existing game laws of those times. Blogg was an expert wing shot and an accomplished ornithologist. He was a dedicated fisherman and yachtsman. His skills as a wing shot, both from the duck blind and in the corn stubble behind his well-trained English setters, were widely known. He was a



An invitation to shorebird hunting and sea trout fishing in Ocean City, Maryland, September 1, 1911.



In the "sand pit" — Ocean City, Maryland 1911.

A good morning shoot by the Boardwalk.

member of the Miller's Island Ducking Club and Seneca Ducking Club. He shot railbird on the marshes of the Eastern Shore, shorebirds from sand pits on the beach at Ocean City, and grouse beside the Gunpowder River just below Fallston. When the trout limit in Maryland was seven inches, Blogg cut a notch on his rod that measured eight. When the ducking season closed April the tenth, he would refuse to go gunning the last few weeks of the season believing that the birds had already mated.

In 1986, I was fortunate to have my good friend Robert N. Hockaday Jr. bring me a photo album he had just purchased out of a house. The house was none other than Percy Thayer Blogg's, and the photos were all of Blogg in the field with rod or gun in the early days of this century. These photos give us a glimpse back in time to places and events that can never be captured again. As you look at them and dream, be thankful for early conservation laws and individual efforts by such gentleman sportsmen as Percy Thayer Blogg.



Pockets are bulging — September 1, 1911 at Ocean City, Maryland.





Back from the marshes, circa 1914. Percy Thayer Blogg seated on the running board with birds in each hand.



Seneca Ducking Club—a mix bag of game in 1912.



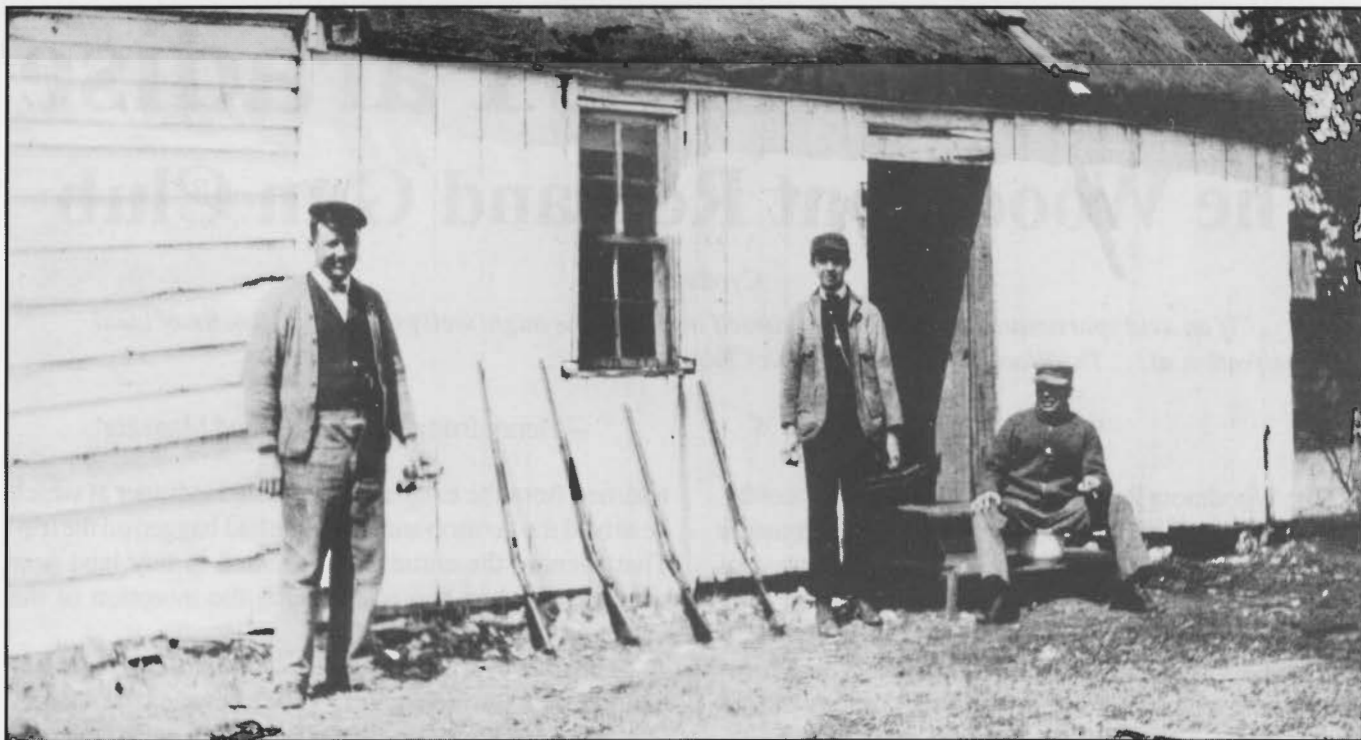
Shooting ducks off of Seneca in 1912.



Percy Blogg shooting over decoys at Seneca—1911.



Percy Thayer Blogg's Trap Shooting Club in 1914. Blogg is in his Shooting Suit.



Miller's Island Ducking Club in 1911. Blogg is seated on the steps.

*Fate set me down at an office desk,
'Tis here you must toil said she,
Four walls shall compass you day by day,
The Bore shall beset your weary way
And thus must it ever be.*

*But fortune brought me a dog and a gun,
A rod and a book of flies
And gave me a day to follow the trail
By river and field and wooded vale,
Where the "Land-That-God-Made" lies.*

*The shadowed hills and the reverend rocks
The talking stream and the pine,
Had been saved for me since the world began,
Had been set apart from the track of Man—
Had been made for me and were mine.*

*And thus through Fortune I laugh at Fate
At office desks and at bores,
For while I tread my four-walled mill
The other Man in me lingers still,
In my part of God's outdoors.*

Percy Thayer Blogg

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A Sportsman's Paradise

The Woodmont Rod and Gun Club

Cynthia Ott

"If an avid sportsman were to imagine himself in Utopia, he might well picture that domain of ideal perfection as . . . The Woodmont Rod and Gun Club."

—Henry Bridges, Secretary and Manager'

The Woodmont Rod and Gun Club was until recently, a private hunting and fishing preserve on the Potomac River, approximately one hundred miles northwest of Washington, D.C., near Hancock, Maryland. From 1881 until 1995, when the property was sold to the State of Maryland, its credo was "Protect and Enjoy," and management strove to insure that members and guests did not leave the club disappointed. Visitors came to immerse themselves in "wild" nature. When first established, club members hunted and fished the rich countryside surrounding it, but as local industry and other recreational activities drove off game and fish, Woodmont enclosed its grounds to create an isolated haven of natural abundance. The club stocked its private grounds, adorned the clubhouse, and, of course, prepared its meals—with wildlife.

Except for signs of age and neglect, little has changed on the property since the fence was erected in the late 1920s. Woodmont therefore provides a rare example by which to examine late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century ideas about nature. Those ideas had changed markedly since the nation's formative years. No longer a place for passive reflection, as envisioned by nineteenth-century Romantics, nature had become for many Americans a stage to recreate primeval challenges, pitting "the qualities of manliness and hardiness" against the natural elements. Woodmont measured its success by the size and numbers of its wild quarry. It also prided itself in the prominence of its sportsmen guests. Both game and clientele provided memorabilia to be displayed throughout the clubhouse.

According to Henry Bridges, Woodmont's Secretary and Manager from 1908 until his death in 1957, the club originated from a chance meeting between Robert Lee Hill, "an unknown mountaineer" from Hancock, Maryland, and Robley Evans, "a famous Rear Admiral," on a streetcar in Washington, D.C., sometime about 1880. Evans apparently accepted Hill's invitation to hunt in the vicinity of Hancock the following autumn. When Evans

returned from the excursion, he hosted a dinner at which he served the venison and turkey he had bagged on the trip. That evening the entire party decided to buy land near where Evans had hunted, marking the inception of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club.

The tract of land they purchased is situated in Washington County, which lies in a valley between the Allegheny and Blue Ridge mountains. It is located near the Potomac River, approximately five miles west of Hancock and fifteen miles north of Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. An abundance of natural springs had attracted settlers to the area as early as the 1730s. Later, the C&O Canal in the 1820s and the B&O Railroad in the 1850s followed the Potomac through the county. Even though the region never experienced any large-scale development, these transportation projects brought the area some recognition.

Railroads brought tourism. From 1877 to 1942, the Western Maryland Railway Company operated Pen-Mar, an elaborate amusement park located atop a mountain on the Mason-Dixon line that featured a roller-coaster, a carousel, and a dance pavilion among other attractions. More long lasting than the amusement park were fruit orchards. Since the mid-nineteenth century, apple and peach growing, along with sand-mining plants, have been the largest local businesses. The topography is one of steep hillsides, abundant creeks, open fields, localized dense forestation, and a temperate climate.

The original Woodmont purchase consisted of 2,023 acres. Existing dwellings "that were too far from the river to walk or ride," became club quarters until in 1882, a new clubhouse was erected just two hundred yards from the river. The old quarters became hunting lodges and housing for the game wardens.

The 1870s and 1880s witnessed the growth of hundreds of sporting clubs, but Woodmont's clubhouse received special attention for its architectural and ornamental details in the October 1882 issue of *American Angler*.

The building was a typical Victorian resort-style wooden-frame structure, with a wide porch on three sides, which the magazine described as an example of "an Italian style of architecture, painted in fancy but pleasing colors." It contained a club room, dining room, and ten sleeping chambers that together could accommodate up to forty people. A "grand old-fashioned fireplace" warmed the two central first floor rooms, and two "six-light kerosene chandeliers" provided illumination. The building was "decorated from top to bottom with pictures and engravings of fishing and hunting scenes and other works of art, acquired by purchase and gifts of friends of the club." Outbuildings included stables, hen-houses, an ice house (that could hold eighty tons of ice), and a cistern with a capacity of six hundred gallons.

Aside from a small basin that was cleared for the mooring of boats and a vegetable garden placed near the river, the landscape at Woodmont was not altered. The early wildlife management program consisted of posting the property and prosecuting poachers. The Washington *Evening Star* mentions that they "experimented" with stocking salmon and trout in the river. The limited numbers of hunters permitted on the grounds attracted game from more frequently hunted areas in the region so that game was supposedly in healthy supply. Record books, indicating the number and size of fish and game taken, were kept for "information and entertainment of the club."

During the late nineteenth century, isolated and underdeveloped regions such as Western Maryland attracted urban elites in pursuit of recreation and health. The publication of William H. H. Murray's *Adventures in the Wilderness* in 1869, is often credited with transforming eastern forests, especially the Adirondacks, into a Mecca for outdoor recreation. In his introduction, Murray, a Congregationalist minister from Boston, sought to "encourage manly exercise in the open air, and familiarity with Nature in her wildest and grandest aspects . . . [which will] prove a source of pleasure to many who, like myself, were 'born of hunter's breed and blood' and who, pent up in narrow studies, weary of the city's din, long for a breath of mountain air and the free life by field and flood."

Spurred on by his sentiments, those who could afford it sought refuge from the "clutter, corruption, and hectic pace of urban life" in America's less developed regions. Wilderness was perceived as an antidote to what was termed "neurasthenia," or nervous exhaustion, a condition characterized by sleeplessness, anxiety, despondency, and physical aches and pains. A few weeks of breathing fresh, balsamic air and participating in physical exercise were prescribed to alleviate the ailments. An article in the

November 1883 issue of *Outing* magazine assured readers that, "there exists, no doubt, a correlation between the processes by which the body and soul are kept healthy and vigorous by draughts on the great reserves of Nature. One grows tired of books and cloyed with all manner of art. Then comes a hunger and a thirst for nature."

While more glamorous resort hotels provided relaxation and family entertainment, the sporting clubs offered a chance to match one's predatory skills against the wiles of nature "without molestation by the general public." George Perkins Marsh, the influential author of *Man and Nature* (1864), stated in an 1857 report to the Vermont legislature that, "the chase is a healthful and invigorating recreation, and its effects on the character of the sportsman, the hardy physical habits, the quickness of eye, hand, and general movement, the dexterity in the arts of pursuit and destruction, . . . the courage and self-reliance, the half-military spirit, in short, which it infuses, are important elements of prosperity and strength in the bodily and mental constitution of a people."

The idealized wilderness, as described by poets and politicians and as pictured in fine arts and popular journals, was a place of plenitude and a paradise of lush vegetation. In both Worthington Whittredge's *The Crow's Nest*, painted in 1842, and Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait's *Going Out: Deer Hunting in the Adirondacks* (1862), densely forested hillsides and glimmering streams exude a spirit of natural abundance. The vast, untamed landscape, with its dark crevasses hiding the unknown, hints at danger and beckons sportsmen in search of adventure. Echoing the robust and earthy images of these artists, *Forest and Stream's* masthead during the 1870s portrayed two sporting gentlemen surrounded by mountains, trees, wildlife, and a rustic campsite. Sporting journals such as *Outing*, *American Angler*, *American Sportsmen*, *Forest and Stream*, and *Recreation*, among others, testify to the popularity of the activities and, at annual subscription rates of \$3.00 in 1882, to the relative affluence of the participants.

In the early years of the wilderness craze, from the 1870s through 1900, wealthy urbanites were generally the only group with the leisure and riches to afford such excursions. As "the assault of rapid industrialization and its accompanying Philistinism" began to intrude on public wilderness areas, they began to purchase large tracts of land for their private use. With the exception of a rare female guest, clubs were exclusively a male domain. The first rule of the "Act to Incorporate The Woodmont Rod and Gun Club" stated that, "no one shall be entertained on the premises except members, associate members, and their male guests. Women, as guardians of Victorian

mores, were sometimes blamed for the modern malaise, though they too sought rehabilitation in the out-of-doors."

In its early years, the club was commonly reached via railroad or canal. "Members may leave Washington by the 10:15 a.m. express, and be on the Club grounds by 2 p.m. in time for a good afternoon's gunning or fishing; or, angling or hunting all day, they may leave there after 6 p.m. and arrive at home by 9:30, in time for a ball or party or a good night's sleep," noted the *Evening Star*. Members either disembarked at Great Capcapon Station across the river in West Virginia, or at the siding right below the clubhouse.

Exorbitant membership fees and annual dues precluded all but the very wealthy from organizing such a club. Most of the gentlemen comprising the Woodmont membership were, noted the *Evening Star*, those to whom "the people of Washington need no introduction; but for the benefit of strangers it may be said that it includes prominent private citizens, members of both Houses of Congress and distinguished officers in the military and naval services of the country." Each of the original members of Woodmont contributed five hundred dollars to purchase a share of stock. Each succeeding member (the total number was not to exceed thirty-three) paid one hundred dollars in initiation fees. Annual dues were twenty-five dollars.

The club was very strict about opening the facilities to outsiders. Only one guest was permitted per member per season, and that guest had to be approved by two members of the executive committee and accompanied by the sponsoring member at all times. Despite this general policy, Woodmont enthusiastically welcomed some guests, particularly presidents of the United States. According to Bridges, James Garfield, Chester Arthur, Benjamin Harrison, and Grover Cleveland all visited Woodmont between 1881 and 1885. A large boulder in the Potomac a few miles up stream from the clubhouse was christened "Cleveland Rock" because it became President Cleveland's favorite place to fish. An avid outdoorsman, Cleveland apparently returned to Woodmont several times, though the record is unclear.

Cleveland's Rock is one of the few notable pieces of Woodmont that remained after a fire in 1903 destroyed the clubhouse. According to Bridges, the fire not only consumed the main building and practically all that it contained, but nearly became the undoing of the organization as well. A controversy erupted during discussions of rebuilding, whether the new clubhouse should be an elaborate or a simple structure. The divisions could not be resolved, and as a result, the organization disintegrated and the Woodmont property, which after additional purchases included five square miles of land, was placed on



Henry Bridges (right) posed before a days' catch with Edward E. Jenkins, President of the Woodmont Club, in 1940. (From Henry P. Bridges, *The Woodmont Story* [New York: A.S. Barnes and Company, 1953].)

the market.

Six years later, several "men of means and influence in the world of business and high finance" undertook "a prime investment in pleasure," and purchased the deserted property. Henry Bridges became the driving force behind the purchase and reorganization of Woodmont. Raised by a wealthy family in Hancock, Bridges was a successful Baltimore lawyer and co-owner of the Berkeley Glass-Sand Corporation in Berkeley Springs. Most of the other new members were from Maryland and Pennsylvania, with the exception of one of the better known stockholders, Eugene DuPont, of Delaware.

Bridges envisioned the new Woodmont as "a kind of jewel with many facets an excellent place to hunt and fish, a place to raise wildlife for the forests of the nation." At his direction, workers altered the landscape to create an idealized wilderness that provided sport and served as a laboratory for ecological engineering. These things are not mutually exclusive, but they do involve issues of class and show competing attitudes toward nature in the early twentieth century. While America from 1910 into the 1920s underwent massive urbanization and economic development, a simultaneous movement, led for the most part by the same men who guided the economic expan-

sion, tried to counter modernity's "forces of destruction." Preservation and conservation programs attempted to halt the loss of natural habitat after the country awoke to the extinction of the passenger pigeon and the near eradication of other species such as the bison. Conservationists, including Gifford Pinchot, George Bird Grinnell, and Aldo Leopold in his early years, advocated a "wise-use" policy that stressed the role of human intervention as a means of saving the wilderness.

These men were not romantics. They viewed the ideas of preservationists like John Muir, who believed in the spiritual and communal qualities of nature, as "sentimental" and poor substitutes for the practical work needed to halt the wholesale destruction of America's wildlands. Unlike preservationists, the conservationists valued nature more for how it benefited humankind more than any intrinsic worth it might possess. Aldo Leopold, a leader in the fight for wilderness reservations in the national forests was hardly a modern ecologist seeking to "preserve the integrity of natural ecosystems but a hunter and outdoorsman seeking to preserve the public hunting grounds and recreational space he cherished." Outdoor recreation was still widely thought to be a panacea for urban woes. Conservationist William T. Hornaday remarked in 1910 that, "if your nerve-wracked American will but get out into the rough places, and make his body fit to kill while his brain and stomach rest, he shall come back to his desk wholly made over as good as new."

Because their focus was on the benefits man might accrue by venturing into the rugged outdoors, many conservationists saw no conflict between hunting and fishing and preservation. "Animals are for man's use, and one of these uses is recreation, of which hunting is a wholesome form. So long as it does not interfere with the maintenance of a permanent breeding stock of any species this recreation is legitimate and praise-worthy," wrote Grinnell. Large preserves offered the best method for saving America's undeveloped regions for future generations. The National Park Service, established in 1916, was part of this stewardship creed. As the introduction to Grinnell's Hunting and Conservation: The Book of the Boone and Crocket Club explains, "Wild things [are] assets which possess a tangible value to the community and so are worth preserving, with the further thought that they have been given to us as trustees to hold for those who are to come after us."

Nature writing that extolled the therapeutic and educational value of trips to the wilderness found a willing readership. Ernest Thompson Seton's Animal Heroes (1905), John Burroughs's Signs and Seasons (1904), and Jack London's Call of the Wild (1904), were three of many

celebrated works. These novels and short stories usually portrayed animals with anthropomorphic qualities or wilderness experiences that tested their characters' fortitude. Some of those younger readers eagerly joined the new Boy Scouts of America and other "school[s] for manhood." Yet fictional heroes and boys' clubs were not permanent immigrants to the woods but citizens who returned to society. The conservationist movement did not intend a reversion to primitive barbarism, only a short exercise in the great out-of-doors. Clubs, like Woodmont, provided an opportunity for men of means to act out wilderness fantasies they had read about then return with relative ease to their lives in the city.

The sporting clubs' scenery was as essential to the idealized wilderness experience as it was to a Jack London novel. Woodmont's new executive committee quickly erected a fence around a five thousand-acre portion of the grounds. In 1941, the budget for the maintenance of the barrier, wooden posts and wire nine feet high and eighteen miles around, was \$66,000, a considerable sum. The fence was both practical and symbolic. It not only kept wildlife in and poachers out, it also signified the creation of a place distinct from its surroundings. It literally separated groups and ecosystems, and it metaphorically represented the differences between the social status of the club members and that of the neighboring community. Within its confines, the landscape reflected urban and upper-class values. Woodmont reshaped itself into a "virgin wilderness" that was ideal for recreation. A site plan of 1948 shows roads, game fields, and hunting grounds thoughtfully dispersed to create and sustain a feeling of vastness and solitude. Even when a hundred members and guests were present, the grounds permitted them to be practically unaware of one another. Just beyond the fence lay untidy, and to the membership undesirable reality.

The only straight, asphalted road in Woodmont was that leading to the clubhouse from the public road. Otherwise, the roads were narrow, dirt by-ways that meandered in wide arches through the grounds connecting game fields, lakes, and the clubhouse. By design, they emphasized the recreational aspect of the Woodmont experience. While on the preserve, one was to forget about time and simply enjoy the moment.

Dense forest and distant wooded ridges are nearly all that is visible along these roads. Although most of the land was presumably forested at the time of purchase, between 1924 and 1931 the club planted at least five hundred trees, including walnut, mulberry, and dogwood. Forty game fields, ranging in size from one to six acres, mimicked the natural habitats of game animals and provided ease of

shooting for the hunters. Thick wooden fences were usually placed high on an incline, below which the staff cleared a field and planted it with grasses, corn, millet, buckwheat, and clover to provide habitats for the game animals. No foot trails are indicated on the map, but a mile-long airstrip was cut into one of the ridges.

In the 1920s the club engineered two man-made lakes from a natural spring. According to Bridges, the lakes "fitted so naturally into the lay of the land that, when finished, they seemed to have been glistening forever in that wooded and hill-shaded solitude." In fact, Woodmont created its own lakes because pollution from local industries had nearly destroyed the fish population in the Potomac River and its tributaries. The upper lake, stocked with trout, was about one-quarter mile long and thirty feet deep. The lower lake, filled with bass, was about three-quarters of a mile long and thirty-five feet deep. The limit for either type of fish was ten per fisherman per day. The club also constructed fifteen small ponds "in strategic areas" for the wildlife.

Bridges described a wilderness utopia in the opening chapter of *The Woodmont Story*. The club grounds contained "mountains, valleys, lakes, and virgin forest" that would "burgeon forth" with enough birds to darken the sky, "the biggest bucks ever seen," and "huge aquatic fighters." Animals not abundant when Woodmont purchased the property were added in numbers to match the wildest imaginations. According to a Maryland ranger, local hunters were anxious to hunt at Woodmont because reportedly huge game propagated there. Actually, although the area was far from depleted of deer, Bridges wanted to create a larger variety than the indigenous ones. To that end, he crossbred local white-tail deer with a breed purchased from Michigan and Wisconsin to produce the largest bucks in the vicinity, ranging in size from two to three hundred pounds. The bag limit was usually one per hunter per season but the amount increased some years in an effort to balance the population.

Additionally, Bridges raised pheasants, mallard ducks, and quail. Early in life he had conceived a desire to propagate wildlife for entertainment and business, and as a youth he had raised and sold pigeons and sheep. He also opened "Bridges' Zoo," an animal park that contained grouse, turkeys, rabbits, deer, bobcats, and other "wild and furred commodity" he trapped or purchased.

His most active breeding program was with wild turkeys. (One of his motives for purchasing Woodmont was to enlarge the wild turkey farm, he owned near Hancock.) Hunters prized wild turkeys for their tenacity, their taste, and perhaps their symbolic national significance. By the turn of the century, most wild turkeys had disappeared, in part because their nocturnal habits made

them easy targets. During daylight hours, turkeys roam the ground and are nearly impossible to hit because they run at the slightest motion or noise. At night they usually perch in trees and can be shot with ease.

Furthermore, most wild turkeys had crossbred with domesticated turkeys, producing a tame bird that presented no challenge to the hunter. Bridges intended to reintroduce a wild turkey without any strain of domestication. He trapped adult birds, took eggs from local nests, and imported others. His hobby became big business—he paid more than a hundred dollars apiece for some birds and sold thousands across the country. Other gentlemen farmers were his colleagues, and their correspondence reveals their excitement over the size and quality of their birds. Bridges employed two full-time game wardens to manage his turkey breeding grounds. The birds were kept in enclosed pens until just a few weeks before they were to be released for a shoot. "Keeping the birds under cover," Bridges stated, "in no way lessens their wildness. Indeed, imprisonment seems to increase the bird's desire for freedom."

While Woodmont encouraged the propagation of many animals, others were not welcome on the property. "Vermin" was the term used to signify predators that intruded on their wilderness playground. "I am in the business of rearing game and not feeding predators," Bridges explained. He and the wardens hunted, trapped, and poisoned unwanted creatures by the score on the property, in accordance with what was a common policy in the early years of game management. Even Aldo Leopold subscribed to it until he recognized the devastation and ecological imbalances it created. Bridges had no such misgivings about eliminating, "those rapacious killers . . . the hungry fox, the predatory catamount, the greedy polecat, the dreaded horned owl, the mink, and that maniacal killer, the weasel—merciless villains all, who delight in killing by the hundreds of thousands the game animals and birds."

On the other hand, when a guest told Bridges, "I want to kill a big buck today. I want to be sure of it," Henry invariably responded with a cordial, "I think I can arrange that." Though the club was open seven days a week from May until January, a trip to Woodmont usually occupied a two-day weekend. From May to November members fished in the lakes. In November they began hunting game, too. Woodmont generally followed Maryland game laws but as an isolated preserve that bred its own animals, they were not required to do so.

Typically, members hunted or fished in small groups in the morning before meeting for a communal lunch at "Camp Cleveland," a large and picturesque log cabin located between the lakes. Its log walls were left unplastered

on the interior. A large stone fireplace decorated with an elk's head covered one end, and a large cookstove and a bathroom covered the other. A single long table filled the interior space. Like the clubhouse, the cabin emphasized the out-of doors. Guides prepared meals for the hunters and served themselves in a smaller cabin next door.

All hunting parties were led by guides and usually included no more than three or four people. Restrictions on the number of guests eased through the years, yet usually no more than twenty-five people hunted at the club at any one time. Hunts were conducted in the woods or the game fields. In either case, it was a controlled enterprise. In the woods, guides chased deer and game birds toward the hunters so that the animals crossed before them. During the turkey drives, as many as six hundred birds were released. No stalking or still hunting, that is, remaining in a stationary position and waiting for an animal to "naturally" approach, was allowed for safety reasons. Only birds were hunted on the game fields. They were



A Woodmont hunter with a day's kill. (From Bridges, The Woodmont Story.)

taken from the breeding grounds in crates and placed in large temporary pens until the shoot. Hunters knelt at the edge of the woods on the other side of the field as game wardens tossed the fowl over the fences toward them. Bridges claimed to be the only hunter ever injured on the compound.

According to William Lawyer, a member during Woodmont's later years, members usually visited the club only three or four times a year. Considering their fees and dues, this made each excursion quite expensive. Of course, they were not just paying for natural ambiance—they wanted something to carry away from their trip. As Bridges noted, "No amount of woodland acres would be worth a hoot to the hunter-fisherman if game and fish were scarce." The bag limit for a two-day hunt was one deer, two turkeys, six pheasants, ten quail, and several ducks. Hunters outside Woodmont's imposing fence might need weeks to take game in such numbers.

In his memoirs, Bridges mentioned a member who wanted to add "the distinction of having shot a deer to his accomplishments." Doubtless he was not alone. "Accomplishments" were best immortalized by stuffing and preserving heads or the entire animal. Bridges instructed novice hunters to aim below the deer's neck so as not to ruin a "trophy." The inclination to mount and display the tangible evidence of a sporting excursion was strong at Woodmont. As one author explained, "It attests that its owner has been somewhere and done something—has exercised skill or discrimination in the age-old feat of overcoming, outwitting, or reducing-to possession." The stuffed mount represented memories of a challenging and rewarding experience and, more to the point, offered proof of the superiority of its captor. The beauty, dexterity, and wit of the hunter's game became emblematic of his own abilities. As the clubhouse confirms, for many the essence of the Woodmont experience was best captured in a mounted carcass.

Woodmont not only had generous tangible rewards, it also provided a chance to mingle with America's aristocracy. Much of the legendary nature of Woodmont derives from evenings in the clubhouse where the prominent and affluent celebrated their successes on the game fields. In 1929 the club decided that their wooden clubhouse was inadequate and constructed a new, more "permanent" one. The result was a three-story, 120-foot-long stone building with a gambrel roof. A wide stone-arched front porch spans the length of the house with a covered balcony above. Two stone hunting dogs stand guard on either side of the entry steps. Protruding from the back of the building is a plain flat-roofed extension, housing the kitchen, the

cleaning room, cold storage, and grounds keepers' quarters. Except for the green tile roof all the construction materials, including the sand for the mortar, were extracted from the property. Bridges projected that over 600,000 feet of timber was used. The exterior resembles E. G. Dietrich's and Gustav Stickley's first "Craftsmen House" built in 1903. The club's choice of Woodmont materials and Craftsmen-style architecture and furnishings were aesthetic and philosophical statements.

The materials used to build the clubhouse reinforced Woodmont's identification with nature and strong attachment to its five-square-mile preserve. The design invoked the convictions of Stickley and his peers in the Arts and Crafts movement, who rejected the style and materials of modern technology in favor of hand-wrought structures made of natural materials. Theirs fit well with Woodmont's utopian vision of a primitive landscape with a lofty social purpose. Stickley's description of John Ruskin and William Morris, two of the most important English proponents of the arts and Crafts Movement, as bearers of "those great essentials of honest existence, . . . courage, . . . unselfishness, [and] . . . heroic purpose" must have rung with autobiographical truth to Bridges.

The wilderness aesthetic carried from the preserve through the front door of the clubhouse. Upon entering into the fifteen-foot-wide grand main hall, members literally confronted a menagerie of stuffed beasts—mounted on the walls, standing on the furniture, and lying on the floor. An enormous turkey and a variety of "vermin" occupied the hallway. Two bison heads and a moose stared from above the three downstairs fireplaces, and hundreds of cats, deer, birds, and other animals large and small were stiffly posed throughout the building. Prints and paintings that depicted wildlife and hunting scenes, including two engravings and one sketch by James Audubon, adorned the walls. Accented by the dark, hewn beams overhead, and the wainscoting and wooden floor below, the rooms conveyed "a feeling of the woods themselves."

The decor represented not only conquests of nature but social triumphs as well. Hanging alongside heads of bison and deer were photographs and memorabilia of presidents, congressmen, European noblemen, famous sports heroes, and popular celebrities. Grover Cleveland, Amos 'n' Andy, Gene Tunney, and Babe Ruth graced the club, often accompanied by letters expressing their heartfelt appreciation for a Woodmont weekend. A pipe owned by Sitting Bull, a pen with which Franklin Roosevelt signed the guestbook, an Arabian sultan's powder horn, and a dinner bell used by George Washington's slaves all added an aura of privilege and sanctity to the place. Even

the fireplaces were signature pieces. Each contained a significant stone in their mantels: in the hall fireplace a stone from nearby Fort Frederick of French and Indian War vintage; in the dining room, a survey stone used by George Washington; and in the club room, a stone taken from the fireplace of General Braddock's 1754 headquarters on the Potomac River.

The forty-foot-square grand main rooms on either side of the hallway and the smaller lounges contained Mission-style furnishings. A. J. Fink, owner of the Southern Hotel in Baltimore, was the interior designer, though it is unclear whether he purchased the furnishings or they were brought from the previous clubhouse. Cast-iron lamps and chandeliers accented heavy, Gothic-inspired mahogany tables and chairs. The club room to the right of the entrance contained leather sofas and easy chairs, an arm chair constructed of steer horns, and the celebrated "President's chair."

According to Bridges, this "President's chair" was the only surviving piece of furniture from the 1903 fire. The hickory, cane-seated rocking chair possibly was crafted by William Elkins, a Woodmont game warden. Ostensibly for the comfort and relaxation of visiting presidents, the chair was also, of course, a revered icon of the club's distinction. Six metal plates, each inscribed with the name and date of a presidential visit, were nailed into the chair's right arm. Herbert Hoover's and Franklin Roosevelt's names were added in 1932 and 1935, respectively.

The dining room, to the left of the entry way, contained two long tables that each sat sixteen people. Guests were not only served game for dinner, usually turkey or venison shot by Bridges himself, they also ate from Czechoslovakian plates decorated with a pheasant motif. Carved animal heads embellished two sideboards. Similar animal-carved pieces, such as cuckoo clocks and a wall-mounted coat rack, hung on walls throughout the building. The form of these wildlife-imbued furnishings far overshadowed their functions. The second floor, though inundated by the wildlife aesthetic, is more modest than the first. Bedrooms were organized dormitory-style with up to six beds per room and communal baths. The kitchen, the staff's domain, was commodious but unadorned.

Neither the magic nor the practical operations at Woodmont could have been managed without the assistance of employees hired from the local community. Three tenant families and other day workers staffed the farm, the game preserve, and the lodge, serving as game wardens, cooks, handymen, porters, and, perhaps most importantly, as guides. Although club members were long on enthusiasm, most lacked the skills needed to manage independently in the wild. Bridges repeatedly noted

incidents of “buck fever” (when a hunter freezes at the sight of a deer) and other sporting faux pas. Sportsmen relied on their guides to locate, carry, and clean game, and to generally keep them out of real danger. A guide wormed a fishing hook for FDR.

Nearly one hundred years before Bridges’s book, William Murray called guides “the most important of all considerations to one about to visit the wilderness . . . like a good wife, [he] is indispensable to one’s success, pleasure, and peace,” a sentiment that became part of Woodmont’s culture. While their backwoods wisdom was highly valued and regularly praised, employees were nevertheless portrayed as gruff, unsophisticated hillbillies. The contrast in Bridges’s memoirs between the “homespun” of Robert Hills, Woodmont’s first guide, and the “gold braided uniform” of founder Robley Evans, exemplifies the perceived cultural disparity. It is also revealed in a photograph of Bridges and the guide Otto Booth, which is strikingly similar to Frederick Remington’s Spring Trout Fishing in the Adirondacks - An Odious Comparison of Weights (1890). In both images, the guide crouches in a subservient pose. His disheveled appearance and goofy grin contrast sharply with the serious gaze of the sportsmen in their tweeded apparel. Bridges described another guide quite literally in terms of wild nature. “Abraham,” he explained, “scratched his mop of wild black hair until it shook like a briar patch with crows roosting in it.”

Just as urban elites expressed a great sense of loss for a vanishing primitive landscape, so too did they mourn the cultural loss of its inhabitants. The 1920s especially witnessed a surge in popularity of backwoods crafts and music. Educated, wealthy urbanites sponsored festivals throughout Appalachia in the hope of revitalizing dying traditions. At Woodmont, a young boys’ orchestra, supplemented by some of the guides, regularly gave concerts in the evenings. William Elkins’s accordion and Harvey Van Gosen’s fiddling so impressed President Roosevelt, that he asked them to perform at the White House in 1935.

It is difficult to determine what local residents thought of the club

and its members. Surely Elkins and Van Gosen were thrilled to perform in Washington, but the air of sophistication around them may well have been unnerving. Nevertheless, Woodmont did provide economic opportunity for the men, women (who served as cooks), and their children. While some resented the hunting and fishing privileges accorded Woodmont’s members, the locals, by and large, accepted it within their community. Presumably, the workers had their own stereotypes and regularly lampooned those they served.

Operating and maintaining a place like Woodmont entails a tremendous amount of money and strong personal dedication. When Bridges died in 1957, the club continued on but without the same panache. The fence collapsed in places and animals disregarded it. Slowly, without the diligent intervention of an energetic staff, native animals and vegetation reclaimed the land. In the 1990s, the annual budget was estimated to be \$300,000—beyond the reach of the remaining members, many of whom were descendants of earlier ones. As a result, Woodmont was placed on the market, where it was purchased by the state.

Without the finances to maintain the facility, Maryland’s Department of Natural Resources leased the clubhouse and fifteen hundred acres to a newly formed chapter of the Izaak Walton League. The lease includes a caveat that the club must open to the general public several times a year. Nevertheless, the Woodmont tradition appears to have survived, as a new generation of urbanites searches for rejuvenation, invigoration, and camaraderie in a landscape reshaped to exceed their wildest dreams.



Entry hall of the rebuilt clubhouse at Woodmont, filled with sportsmen’s trophies. (The Woodmont Story.)

Museum News

New Officers

New officers for the Decoy Museum's Board of Directors were elected in October.

The new officers for 1998-1999 are as follows: President, John Carriere, M.D.; Vice-President, Kenneth Lay; Secretary, Norm Smith; Treasurer, James Pierce; Board Member-at-Large, David Walker. Each officer is elected to serve a two year term. Terran Miller of Havre de Grace, Maryland and William Pyle of Fallston, Maryland are two new members of the Board of Directors. If any member of the Decoy Museum is interested in becoming a board member, please call Mary Jo Murphy at 410.939.3739 for more information.

Anniversary Dinner

The Decoy Museum held its 11th Annual Anniversary Dinner at the Bayou Restaurant in Havre de Grace, Maryland. Over one hundred museum supporters attended the dinner. During the evening, attendees participated in an oyster can raffle, a cash raffle, bid on items in the auction and entered to win several door prizes. Mayor Phil Barker gave a speech about the Decoy Museum that evening. Dolores Bungori received the Volunteer of the Year Award for her many years of service to the museum. On Wednesdays, you can find Dolores volunteering at the front desk at the museum.

Thanks go to the individuals and businesses that donated items for the auction, and to the Chairman, John Carriere, M.D., and Connie Daub, Special Events Coordinator who organized the event. If you missed this year's event, put November 7, 1998 on your calendar to attend the 12th Annual Anniversary Dinner.



Mrs Barker, Mayor Barker, John Carriere, M.D., and Gail Carriere enjoy the evening.



L-R: Dave Walker, John Carriere, M.D., Norm Smith, Ken Lay, and James Pierce. Photo courtesy of Leo Heppner.



Dolores Bungori holds her "Volunteer of the Year" award after receiving it from Director, Mary Jo Murphy.

CALENDAR

February

21

7th Annual Decoy Museum's Carver's Appreciation Day. An evening reception honoring the museum's Honorary Chairmen and volunteer carvers. Light refreshments served. Guest speaker, Dr. Mort Kramer. Held at the Decoy Museum, 215 Giles St., Havre de Grace, Maryland. Saturday, 6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. Free. Please R.S.V.P. by calling the museum at 410.939.3739.

March

7

5th Annual Decoy Show and Sale. Hosted by the New Jersey Decoy Collectors Association. Located at the Manahawkin Elks Club in Manahawkin, N.J. Call Clarence Fennimore at 609.758.7272.

13

R. Madison Mitchell Endowment Dinner. Bayou Restaurant. This major fund raising event for the endowment is held at the Bayou Restaurant from 6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. Tickets can be purchased by calling 410.939.3947.

22

Frank & Frank Sporting Collectibles Annual Spring Decoy Auction. Approx 400 lots of decoys and related art and Americana. Catalog available for \$15.00 from: Frank & Frank Sporting Collectibles, 422 Lakewood-Famingdale Rd., Howell, N.J. 07731 or call 908.938.2988.

21-22

21st Annual Ohio Decoy Collectors and Carvers Association Show to be held at the Westlake Holiday Inn in Westlake, Ohio. Contact Wayne Baldwin at 419.674.4361.

April

3-5

East Coast Decoy Collectors Association's Buy Sell and Swap. Located at the St. Michaels Motor Inn in St. Michaels, Maryland. For more information call Vance Strausburg at 410.745.9566.

4 -5

Wildlife Expo. In the heart of the Northern Neck. Located at the Woodland Academy in Montross, VA. Saturday 10am - 5pm and Sunday 10am - 4pm. Admission \$3.00 per day or \$5.00 for weekend pass. Original paintings, decoy carving, antique decoys, artifacts, fishing tackle, boats, jewelry, etc. Call 804.493.8244 or 804.333.3225 for more information.

24-25

National Antique Decoy and Sporting Collectibles Show. Held at the Pheasant Run Resort Mega Center on 4051 East Main Street, St. Charles, Illinois. For more information call Herb Desch at 630.444.4300.

May

1-3

17th Annual Decoy, Wildlife Art & Sportsman Festival. Held at the Havre de Grace Middle and High Schools. 250 wildfowl carvers and artists on exhibit, IWCA Sanctioned decoy and fish carving competitions, retriever demonstrations, decoy auction, silent auction, and "History Alive" programs. Hours: Fri. 6 pm - 9 pm, Sat. 9 am - 5 pm, DECOY AUCTION at 6 pm. Sun. 9 am - 4 pm. Admission \$5.00 per day or \$8.00 weekend pass. Sponsors are WXCY, J.M. Huber, Hostetter Ins. Agency, Pepsi, Sporting Collectors Monthly, Chesapeake Health Systems, Bel Air Construction, Crothers Insurance, Four Points Hotel, Harford Alarm, Metro Office Supplies, Peake Promotions, Piedmont, Wildfowl Carving and Collecting magazine, and RW Sporting. For information: 410.939.3739.

Decoy, Wildlife Art & Sportsman Festival Print



“Autumn Resting Place” by Rob Leslie

The 17th Annual Decoy Festival is pleased to feature Rob Leslie as the 1998 Artist of the Year. Leslie, of Turnersville, NJ is an exceptional artist who served as the 1997 Ducks Unlimited International Artist. Leslie has been commissioned to do a tribute to the work of master carvers Lem and Steve Ward. His 1998 festival print features a unique blending of live Canada Geese with a Ward Brothers Canada Goose decoy. Production of this full color 14” x 19” print has been limited to 500 copies. The print will be available to the public during the Decoy Festival. Advance orders for remarque and standard prints may be made by contacting the Decoy Museum.

Prices are as follows:

Original Oil Painting	\$4,500.00
Signed print with flying Canada Goose remarque*	\$225.00
Signed print with Canada Goose decoy remarque*	\$225.00
Signed standard print	\$80.00

To order, contact:

Havre de Grace Decoy Museum
PO Box 878, 215 Giles Street
Havre de Grace, MD 21078

Phone: 410-939-3739 Fax: 410-939-3775

*Remarque prints are numbered 1 - 20. Preferred numbers subject to availability.

Weekend Carving Demonstrations at the Havre de Grace Decoy Museum

February 15,	Nick Birster	March 22,	Art Boxleitner	April 18,	Butch and Mary
February 21,	Joe Cook	March 28,	Butch and Mary		Carol Larrimore
February 22,	John Ingoglia		Carol Larrimore	April 19,	Barb Wachter
February 28,	Michael Gleason	March 29,	Charlies Jobs	April 25,	Joe Cook
				April 26,	Bill Schaubert
March 1,	Barb Wachter	April 4,	Mitchell Shop Open		
March 7,	Wayne Thayer		House		
March 8,	George Stram	April 5,	Mitchell Shop Open		
March 14,	Harold Goodman		House		
March 15,	Bryon Bodt	April 11,	Ken Clodfelter		
March 21,	Ken Clodfelter	April 12,	Bob Jobs		

Call Pat Vincenti at (410) 734-6238 if you are interested in any OPEN carving dates.

Walker Decoys

221 N. Lapidum Road Havre de Grace MD 21078

(410) 939-4310

Species	Price
Bald Pates	\$40 ea
Black Duck	\$40 ea
Black Heads	\$40 ea
Blue Wing Teal	\$40 ea
Blue Geese	\$50 ea
Brant	\$50 ea
Buffleheads	\$40 ea
Canvasbacks	\$40 ea
Cinnamon Teal	\$40 ea
Coots	\$40 ea
Gadwall	\$50 ea
Green Wing Teal	\$40 ea
Goldeneyes	\$40 ea
Mallards	\$40 ea
Pintails	\$40 ea
Red Heads	\$40 ea
Ringnecks	\$40 ea
Ruddy Ducks	\$50 ea
Shovelers	\$40 ea
Snow Geese	\$50 ea



Species	Price
Common Mergansers	\$130pr
Red-Breasted Mergansers	\$130pr
Hooded Mergansers	\$150pr
Swan -Flat Bottom	\$350ea
Swan -With Keel	\$400ea
Wood Ducks	\$350pr
Canada Goose	\$80 ea
Loons	\$60 ea
Pigeons	\$35 ea
Doves	\$35 ea

Oversize	Price
Canvasbacks	\$50 ea
Red Heads	\$50 ea
Black Heads	\$50 ea

Decoy Lamps (most)	Price
1/2 Swan Lamps	\$120ea
3/4 Size Swan	\$125ea
1/2 Swan	\$75 ea

EXHIBITS UPDATE

Hand Loading Tools

A collection of hand-loading tools is presently on display thanks to a loan from Dave Walker of Havre de Grace, Maryland. The collection consists of shell crimpers, powder and shot measures, loaders, wadders, de-cappers, re-cappers, extractor rings, and shoulder pouches. The exhibit will be on display through March.

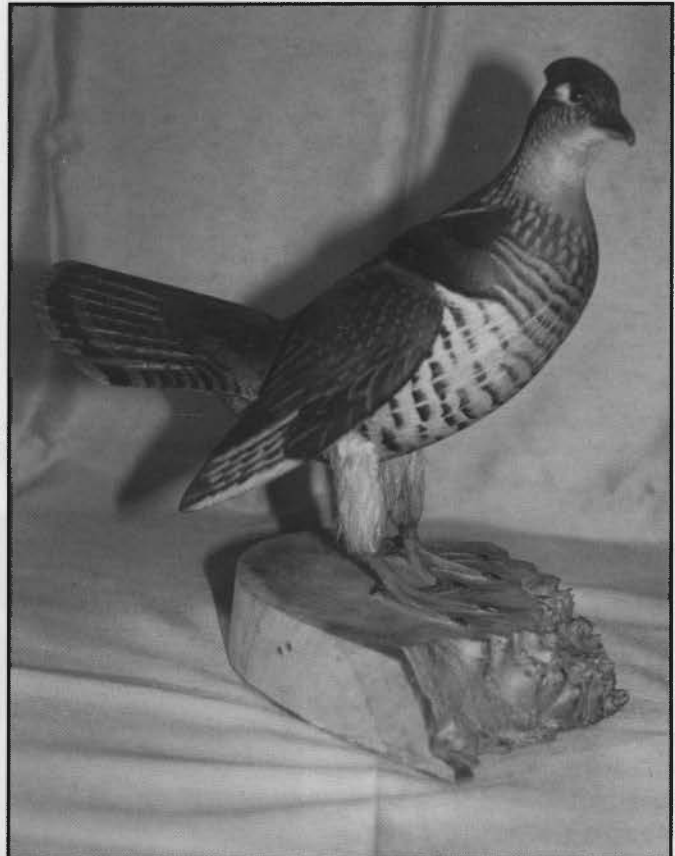
Lem Ward Decoratives

Without a doubt, the exhibit of Lem Ward decoratives that hail from the collection of Dr. Morton Kramer will be the highlight during the 1998 Havre de Grace Decoy, Wildlife Art, and Sportsman Festival. These exquisite works of art have not been on public display since the 1970s. Included in the exhibit are a sunbathing quail, preening chukar partridge, and a one-of-a-kind resting black duck that was originally carved for the Shelburne Museum in Vermont. The decoratives are currently on display in the museum's main gallery and will remain on display through May 1998.

Ruffed grouse by Lem Ward, 1968. Photo by M. Murphy.



Shell crimper, powder measurer, loader, wadder, and de-capper. Photo by M. Murphy.



CLASSIFIED

For our members we offer free classified ads to buy, sell, and trade decoys or related objects. Please keep it under 15 words. For non-members, it will be \$5.00 for 15 words. Mail your classified ads to: Decoy Museum, P.O. Box A, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

WANTED: Charles "Buck" Crawford miniatures. Contact Lou Nolan, 1123 Penshurst Lane, Penn Valley, PA 19072 or call (610) 664-5938.

FOR SALE: R. Madison Mitchell full-size swan. Signed and dated 1955. Call Deborah at (410) 939-1843.

NOTICE: * Free Decoy List * New red list, Masons, Evans, Canada & East Coast decoys. Send SASE to: John Freimuth, 12123 S 71st Avenue, Palo Heights, IL 60463. (708) 361-4343.

ATTENTION VA, MD, & DC Decoy Collectors: The Potomac Decoy Collectors Association (PDCA) will hold its next meeting March 17th. PDCA members meet once a month to socialize; examine decoys; exchange information on makers, history, care, and preservation; buy, sell, & trade decoys and related items; and just plain talk ducks! For more information please call Tom East at (703) 866-1735, or Chad Tragakis at (703) 768-2949.

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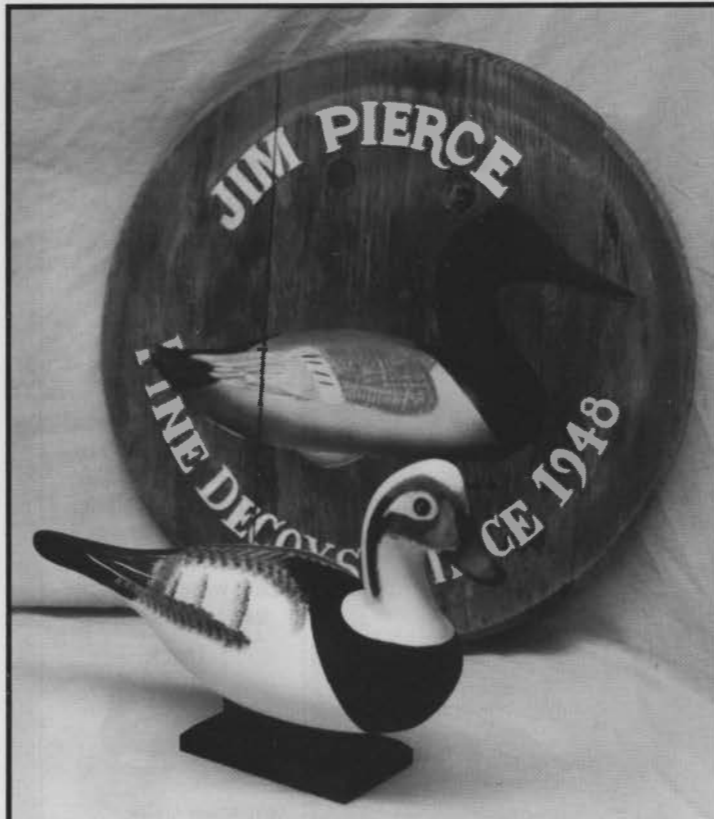
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