

starting in the year 1870—1871 at the time when the eastern section of the United States was passing from an agricultural to a manufacturing era. A small tannery with a capacity of possible fifty hides per day was built by Andrew Hawser as a speculation. He sold it on January 14, 1874 to B. G. Brandon of Williamsport who sold it in 1876 to the Thorne McFarlane Company. Hoyt Brothers of Sanford, Connecticut who purchased it in 1878 rebuilt and enlarged the tannery until with a tanning process covering nine to twelve months, they finished and shipped daily five hundred sides of leather.

The tanning industry in Hillsgrove from 1878 to 1904 enjoyed peace and prosperity, the decline was brought about in 1904 by the formation of the Union Tanning Company, a branch of the leather trust. The year 1922 marked the end of the industry, the dismantling of the local plant and the disposal of the company houses. The residents of Hillsgrove then joined the restless army of American pioneers who rushed pell mell from the ease and safety of rural life to be swallowed by the merciless maul of cities.

#### ROD AND GUN

The Red Men with crude implements matched their skill and craft against the natural instinct of denizens of forest and stream and ever since then, sportsmen have found recreation by following the example of their savage brothers. The crude instruments of the savage have been transformed to high power repeating guns, automobiles that conquer time and distance, arts and inventions which add enchantment to fishing and hunting, these with invisible lures and the club house have supplanted the teepees which reigned supreme in the days of the Red Men.

We wonder that game has not been exterminated ere this when we face the facts that scream across the front pages of dailies in distant cities;—"TWENTY-TWO BLACK BEAR KILLED ALONG THE SOCK ON THE OPENING DAY OF 1933 HUNTING SEASON". "TWO

#### HUNDRED DEER SHOT IN SULLIVAN COUNTY".

The miracle is apparent that nature still preserves her balance. Real sportsmen still find a thrill in matching wits with gamey trout and the swift and graceful buck, so beautiful in flight and so savage when at bay.

Supposedly, intelligent individuals have asked, why this useless slaughter of God's innocent creatures, the answer cannot be given in words. To really understand one must experience the thrill of uncertainty in those exciting moments when a speckled beauty, seemingly several times his actual size and weight strikes at a fly and perchance luck or science, or a combination of both, enables the mere man on the end of the rod to hook the fish, then the purr of the reel and the thrust of the net give all the appearances of a successful catch but a possible misstep on a slippery stone and the line breaks or the big one gets off the hook disappearing before the fisherman has time to realize what happened.

We ask, can the remaining years of that sportman's life be of any real value after an experience like this?" "Who will believe his tale of woe?" "Who but the initiated can measure the joy when success crowns his efforts and the creel holds the legal number and perhaps his boots hold a few over the limit?"

There is said to be "kick" in the liquid concoction called White Mule, but Brother did you ever experience an attack of Buck Fever? Have you stood upon a ledge of rocks, above and against the wind and seen two buck deer settle the question in their own way, which of the twain will claim the favor of the docile doe that meekly stands awaiting the outcome of the battle royal.

Have you stood terse and alert when the dogs were in full cry on the trail of four hundred pounds of black bear, and suddenly seen the quarry break and head in your direction? You need not trouble to explain why you did not shoot. There are those among us who know and while we roast you unmercifully, in