

Here I am at the old Fort Klock School

I was once one of God's living creatures. Now I'm in a glass case with other birds who retain their colorful features but not their lives. I represent a species who once darkened the sky with their huge flocks. long ago we roosted in trees whose limbs broke from our great weight. Today there is not one of my kind living. You ask how that can be. We were hunted for sport and for the little meat on our bodies even though would have been only a small amount. Huge nets were set to capture us in great numbers. My glassy eyes peer out from this case trying to tell mankind that by his misuse of God's bounty, whole species can be and have been obliterated. Have you guessed what I am or once was? I was a healthy living passenger pigeon long ago. A lady by the name of Susan Ellithorp gave this case I'm in to the Fort Klock school. I'm advised that the last of my species, a pigeon named Martha died at Cincinnati Ohio Zoo on September 1, 1914. There are others of my species in several NY State Museums. All long passed into oblivion like me. I'm a good example of just how fragile a species can be. Why not stop in at old Fort Klock. Come up to the red school house to meet me

Can the readers indulge an old bird having an afterthought? It is not just my species that have gone away forever. The trees we once sat in have shared the same fates. The American Chestnut and the stately Elm are no longer dotting the landscape. The ash and maple are fast disappearing also. So goes the march of nature. I wonder where it will stop.

Skip Barshied, COLH (Connoisseur of Local History), Stone Arabia, May 10, 2017