A. W. Schorger: Naturalist and Writer

This paper was read before the Madison Literary Club in Madison, WI in 1979. The author gives an account of the professional life of his University of Wisconsin colleague, A. W. Schorger.

by Robert A. McCabe

Arlie William Schorger was born in Republic, Ohio, in 1884, educated at Wooster College and Ohio State University and culminated his academic training at the University of Wisconsin in 1916, with a Ph.D. in chemistry. He worked for the federal government in the IRS and the Forest Products Laboratory. Eventually he entered the business sector as an industrial chemist working for C. F. Burgess Laboratories, and the Burgess Cellulose Company of Freeport, Illinois. He was also associated with the Research Products Corp. of Madison. After his retirement and at age 67 he was appointed a professor of Wildlife Management at the University in 1951 and, from 1955 to 1972, he was professor emeritus. He was given a token salary which he returned to the department mainly for the purchase of books.

In 1917, he married Margaret F. Davidson of Fox Lake. They had two sons, William D. and John R. Mrs. Schorger was a friendly, gracious woman involved in civic and social activities of this city, and although she may never have received it, she deserved at least 50 percent of the Schorger honors and esteem. The hard work of maintaining a household and attending to family matters to provide a suitable environment for our author/naturalist certainly equalled the arduous efforts of her husband.

A. W. was a man difficult to get to know. He was selective in his friendships. I never heard him say he either liked or disliked anyone (except FDR). He seldom raised his voice, but he was capable of genuine anger. I have not seen a photograph either candid or professional that shows him smiling. This is a paradox since he had a wonderful sense of humor that was not restrained by puritanical concerns. He was frugal in the extreme: most of his latest writings were on the back side of ancient business letterheads. He was a social and political conservative, but he was not an extremist.

As a scholar he was diligent, thorough, untiring, meticulous and precise. He suffered ineptitude lightly,

and did not hesitate to make that fact known. He was not athletic, but he hunted and fished when these activities did not interfere with business or books. He could be vain and stubborn: had he been otherwise, a hearing aid in late years would have kept him in better touch with his surroundings. He could be as abrasive as a McCarthy-hearing lawyer one moment, and as gallant as Sir Walter Raleigh the next. There was virtually no natural phenomenon that did not elicit his curiosity, and no self-chosen chore exhausted his patience. He was in most respects a loner and a keeper of diaries.

After his wife died he was a lonely man. I offered to spend some evenings with him discussing early Americana, but he was not enthusiastic so I did to press the offer. He retreated more and more between the covers of books. He came to work at his office every day so his eyes were used during virtually all of his waking hours, the strain ultimately contributing to his loss of sight.

This then is a thumbnail sketch of our hero as I saw him.

After Schorger joined the staff of the Department of Wildlife Ecology, I visited with him every day that we were together. Our conferences lasted anywhere from five minutes to an hour. It was a learning process for me and on rare occasions for him. He was brought into all phases of departmental functioning. I asked him to teach a course in mammalogy, for which he was well qualified. The content of his lectures was as excellent as his delivery was uninspiring, so with his complete cooperation, he was weaned away from teaching. Those graduate students who were willing to make an effort to understand him and therefore to know him were abundantly rewarded. His rapport with the secretarial staff and faculty was outstanding.

He and I met on the common ground of ornithology, natural history, hunting, fishing, and books. I did not realize it at the time, but he shepherded me into the rank of elected member and then onto Fellow of the American Ornithologists Union. It frequently occurs that a member's name must be presented to the clan of Fellows two or more years in succession before the rank of Fellow is bestowed. On the initial failure to achieve approval for me, he took it as a personal defeat, and later to my astonishment related to me who supported my application and who did not. A candidate should not be privy to such information. The second try was successful, however. Later when A. W.'s personal involvement had faded and we were discussing professional politics, I told him that I deeply appreciated his confidence, but my election to Fellow was more of a tribute to his perseverance than to my ornithological skills. The point was not disputed. This episode underscores again the bulldog determination to have his will prevail.

Schorger held memberships in many scientific organizations in the natural sciences. He joined the American Ornithologists Union in 1913 and became a Fellow in 1933; the Wilson Ornithological Club in 1927 and became a life member in 1949; The Cooper Ornithological Society in 1928. His major interest in natural history was in the field of ornithology. A. W. was also a member of the Wildlife Society, the American Society of Mammalogists, the Audubon Society, AAAS, and The Nature Conservancy. In Wisconsin he was a charter member

of the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology, and a member and president (1942–43) of the Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters; as well as a member of the Wisconsin Archeological Society and the State Historical Society. He was not a casual joiner: he participated in the meetings of these organizations, and with manuscripts contributed to their scientific journals.

I first met A. W. Schorger in the fall of 1939. As a graduate student of Aldo Leopold's, and at his suggestion I joined a Madison bird club called the Kumlien Club. It was named after Thure Kumlien, an early Wisconsin naturalist who lived near Lake Koshkonong at Fort Atkinson. A. W. was one of the club founders. A major ritual at the onset of the meetings was for each member to present any aspect of ornithology that he regarded as interesting. Oddities of bird behavior and early arrivals were common contributions, as the recitations spread around the table. If a very early arrival was reported, all eyes focused on Schorger since he always challenged such observations, and the interrogation that followed was often as intimidating as it was brusk. Graduate students, particularly new initiates, were cowed into silence. On one occasion Elton Bussewitz, a very competent young ornithologist, reported seeing a Western Meadowlark near Poynette. This innocuous report came under immediate fire from A. W. "Were the birds singing?" Answer, "No." "Then how do you know they were Western and not Eastern Meadowlarks?" After a moment of apparent discomfort, Elton rallied and he replied simply,"I saw them at close range and the yellow of the throat extended up to the bill"—an indisputable reply. The expression on the faces of the younger members was that of a loud cheer. A. W. merely sat down.

I doubt if Elton actually saw the facial featherings of the Meadowlark that day: the observations were made in a habitat where Western Meadowlarks had been found for many years. We neophites revelled in Elton's fast thinking. In later years, however, we came to appreciate with equal, if not greater satisfaction, the important role Schorger played as the devil's advocate guarding the integrity of our club.

Several years later I had an occasion to collect an arctic Three-toed Woodpecker in Jefferson County during a rabbit hunt. I had the skin put up by a skillful preparator and deposited it in the Department of Wildlife Ecology's skin cabinet. It was a rare specimen and so I reported the observation at the next meeting of the Kumlien Club. Before my last words echoed across the room, A. W. was on his feet. "Did I realize that such a report requires that the specimen be produced?" Before I could open my mouth he fired question two: "Did you collect it?" I answered, slowly "Yes, of course." I had won my first skirmish in the field of ornithology.

As a naturalist, Schorger was one of the old school that regarded all sight records with skepticism—but a specimen in hand was a fact. A Brown Pelican, a rarity in Wisconsin, appeared on Lake Mendota in 1943. In true scientific form, it fell to A. W.'s collecting gun. Unfortunately, many of the local bird watchers had no opportunity to see the bird before it traded flesh and bone for cotton body and changed its habitat from lake to museum cabinet. Resentment ran high, but A. W. was more pleased with the record than ruf-

fled by the attitudes of local birdwatchers.

His interest in natural phenomenon made oddities, rarities and new records of any kind a particular fascination. Thus he investigated the fat content in the feet of gallinaceous birds to determine if those species having a greater resistance to cold had a higher fat content. Even as eminent a chemist as the late Conrad Elvehjem was drawn not the project. There were differences but none that provided a positive test of his hypothesis. None of the wild species tested had known cases of frozen feet. Comparisons between a native grouse like the Ruffed Grouse and the Mourning Dove would have been more enlightening, since the dove suffers frozen feet when it winters too far north.

In the mid 1950's Schorger learned that the last known specimen of a mountain lion, killed in Wisconsin near Appleton in 1857, and mounted in lifelike stance, could no longer claim as habitat the biology halls of Lawrence College. It was put on the college trash heap during a spring cleaning, from where it fell into the hands of a tavern owner in the northern part of the State. For a short while it was a gin mill conversation piece. The faded cougar, scuffed and scratched and reeking of cigarette smoke and stale beer was ransomed for science by A. W. for about $50. He had the hide removed from the manikin and the well-travelled skin made suitable for its now dignified and final resting place in a museum cabinet in the University of Wisconsin Department of Zoology. It was given the equally dignified designation as a type specimen for science named *Felis concolor Schorgeri.*

In A. W.'s research on the mammals of Dane County, which he published in the Transactions of the WASAL in 1973, there were four species that he coveted, but if any occurred in the areas he trapped, they eluded his capture devices. They were the bog lemming (*Synapotomys cooperi*); red backed mouse (*Clethrionomys gapperi*); star nosed mole (*Condylura cristata*); and the red squirrel (*Tamisciurus hudsonicus*). A. W. was certain the bog lemming was to be found in the tamarack swamps of eastern Dane County. A redbacked vole was captured, recorded, and then destroyed by one of my students in a local class exercise in the 1950's. Also L. B. Keith took 4 redbacked voles from the stomach of a Snowy Owl killed on Lake Mendota in February, 1961. The star nosed mole certainly could be here. I once found one dead at Sullivan 25 miles to the east in Jefferson County in 1936. The red squirrel is found in Sauk, Columbia, Jefferson and Dodge counties, all bordering on Dane County. But, A. W. searched in vain, in spite of the fact that between 1940 and 1970 he logged 16,544 trap nights.

Two of his indoor natural history projects that illustrate his dogged determination to finish what he started were in making a cross section of a single "hair" in the beard of a wild turkey, and in identifying the calcified tendons in the legs of gallinaceous birds.

On the turkey beard he spent hour on hour in an attempt to make a thin cross section slice of the single hairlike shaft. In all cases the slice or the shaft itself fractured. He went so far as to design and have built a cutting device, but it too failed. His next approach using chemicals as softening agents was more successful. The end

process was soaking a shaft in a wetting agent (common laundry detergent) for 24–48 hours prior to normal microtome cutting. The results, though interesting, were not commensurate with the sectioning effort. He just would not be deterred once he had made up his mind to see the project through, but in this case as in others he paid dearly in tender he could ill afford, namely *time.*

The calcified tendons in the legs of game birds (the same tendons we encounter in turkey drumsticks at Thanksgiving) became objects of investigation. A. W. was interested to see if there were patterns of size, shape, number, location etc. in the leg tendons among the various taxonomic groups of chicken-like game birds. He asked colleagues up and down the continent to send him legs of such birds as lived in their geographic areas. Many responded, and after shipments arrived, the legs were boiled until the muscles were soft enough to allow the tendons to be separated. Frequently, those of the smaller species were exceedingly small, very thin, almost transparent, and were well hidden in the musculature. Only laborious teasing of the cooked flesh, under magnification, released the elusive tendons. Each group of these calcareous splints from a given leg were dried and mounted one by one in relative leg position on file cards and filed for future reference. After a number of examinations A. W. suddenly discovered the presence of very tiny unattached tendons, and now the labor doubled and the completed dissections became suspect. Endless hours were spent and the task was unfinished when ill health called a halt to the boiling of bird legs. At times our laboratory and offices smelled as one staff person put it, like a lower east side delicatessen; I thought it was more like Colonel Sanders' kitchen at high noon. No one is likely to pick up this line of investigation and whatever progress was achieved will be lost.

Schorger's intellectual curiosity and his education in the physical sciences gave him a bent for innovation and hence invention. He held some 35 patents, primarily in the field of wood chemistry. To my knowledge, he pursued as a naturalist two fruitless lines of inventive reasoning. One concerned a genus of grass called *stipa* or needle grass, the florets of which on maturity have a long twisted tail called an awn. When the mature seeds leave the mother plant and are picked up in clothing, the spiral awn helps auger a sharp pointed seedhead toward sensitive skin, or if fallen on the ground, it bores into the soil surface. The spiral tail is widened or narrowed by atmospheric moisture. A. W. thought that this sensitivity could be calibrated as a measure of relative humidity. For weeks he measured the length of a group of erratically expanding or contracting awns against a commercial hygrograph before conceding defeat.

A second more pretentious undertaking occurred in the late stages of World War II. Sleeping bags were in short supply—down and feathers were difficult to obtain, and kapoc was the only organic alternative. A. W. conceived of using cattail fluff as a third possibility. He and his cohorts gathered a warehouse full of cattail heads, only to find that before they could develop a processing scheme, the demand for sleeping bag filler disappeared. When the warehouse had to be emptied, the fluff from millions

of cattails had been released by the action of an insect bore working on the stems, thus turning the building into a giant sleeping bag with tin exterior. He told this tale on himself.

I recall only *one* occasion when Schorger's assessment of a field occurrence was in doubt. In my opinion he was in error. In a paper in the ornithological journal, *The Auk,* 1929, he claimed to have seen a woodcock chick carried between the toes of an adult. The woodcock literature records the carrying of young by adults, but modern researchers, many of whom I know personally, who have spent far more time than those cited, and have not observed this kind of transport. Sheldon, summarizing such action in his book on the American Woodcock explains it thus: "It is possible that a hen woodcock suddenly flushed while brooding small chicks might accidentally catch a chick between its thighs and carry it a short distance." I agree completely with Sheldon.

How A. W.'s eye deceived him is difficult to understand, particularly since he was aware of the anatomy of Woodcock appendages. While very little is impossible in nature, the probability of this kind of behavior by Woodcock is very remote. I wish I had queried him about this occasion since he never mentioned it or volunteered an explanation.

Schorger wrote three books: (1) *The Chemistry of Cellulose and Wood* (1926). Only one edition of this volume appeared. How it fared as a reference work or as a textbook I do not know. I was unable to find a review. (2) *The Passenger Pigeon: Its Natural History and Extinction* (1955) was published by the University of Wisconsin Press. It is perhaps his best work, and it earned for him the 1958 Brewster Award of the AOU for a meritorious publication in the field of ornithology. (3) *The Wild Turkey: Its History and Domestication* (1966) was his most ambitious work.

He contributed to three other books. One was *Fading Trails,* a book on endangered American wildlife (1942), by Daniel B. Beard and others. For this effort A. W. was given one of the illustrations, an original black and white drawing of spruce grouse, executed by Walter Webe. It became his bookplate. Second, the section on the food habits of water birds and waterfowl in vols. 1 and 2 of Ralph Palmer's *Handbook of North American Birds* (1962 and 1976) was doubtless the least rewarding and certainly the most tedious. Third, the section on turkeys in A. Landsborough Thompson's *A Dictionary of Birds* (1964) was Schorger's. It is crisp and to the point.

His two-part work on the Birds of Dane County, published in the transactions of the WASAL (1929–31) could have been accorded hardcovers and thus given the dignity that such boards allegedly give to printed pages. The scholarship was worthy.

A. W. Schorger in 1951 also revised with updated records Kumlien and Hollister's *Birds of Wisconsin,* originally published in 1903. The revisions were brief but adequate. Much more could have been done, but as Schorger himself put it in the Introduction, "The added information has been held to a minimum in view of the comprehensive work on the birds of the State now in preparation by Owen J. Gromme of the Public Museum of Milwaukee."

The Passenger Pigeon book had been on the drawing boards of his mind for many years, and was perhaps initially stimulated by a talk he had as

a boy with his uncle in Ohio. The major underpinning for this effort, however, came from his searches among the weekly newspapers of the state, since Wisconsin was one of the last places to have pigeons nest in its forests. I watched the development of the manuscript and was consulted on many aspects that it contained, so I was surprised when A. W. asked me to review the finished product. I made a number of suggestions, of which all but one were minor. When I discussed these ideas with him, he rejected them in a very hostile manner and in a way that regarded my sincere effort as less than competent. Experience had taught me when to back off. As a parting shot, however, I let him know in terms not easily confused that he, who was in the best position, ought to philosophize in the summary and underscore this tragic loss of a species through avarice and greed of man. It is a lesson we must learn in a day when more and more species are approaching the threshold of extinction. The suggestion fell on deaf ears. The last sentence of the book, following page after page of historical and biological statistics on the Passenger Pigeon, reads, "A photograph of a nest with an egg occurs in Craig[84]." The superscript guides the reader to the bibliography. There was no last word, no summing up, it was as if the pen had run dry. The sensation to me was like watching a miner laboriously dig a shaft and just as he at last reached the mother load turned and walked away to dig another shaft in another mountain.

Professor J. J. Hickey of our Department was also asked to review the manuscript. Since his editorial experience was greater than mine, he doubtless had more suggestions to make. When we compared notes on our respective conferences with the author, we found that our experiences were identical. I never doubled-checked to see if A. W. used any of the suggestions that so thoroughly annoyed him, but this much is clear: neither Hickey nor I was ever asked to review any of Schorger's writings thereafter.

The reviews of the Passenger Pigeon book in scientific journals were on a whole complimentary to each lauding of the scholarly presentation, although one reviewer said, ". . . there is no attempt at fine or dramatic writing . . .". I am not sure I know exactly what that means, but if it means warmth and reflecting the personality of the writer, then I agree with the reviewer.

History, even the history of natural history, is the reordering and rearranging of vital statistics, observations, and opinions from diverse sources, and with great variation in age and credibility. More often than not, verification is impossible. The bits and pieces that provide a historical narrative can be held together by superscript citations to footnotes or the bibliography or the cohesive material can include the personal feelings of the writer. Perhaps this is the fine writing aspect that was earlier referred to. A. W. unfortunately did not use the latter style often enough in any of his writings. In spite of a dour demeanor, he could be a charming, & amusing person with an understanding and appealing way with words. Reviewers picked up this impersonal shortcoming as well in his next and largest contribution, *The Wild Turkey*. In this effort, he also entered a subject area with a voluminous literature including sev-

eral books, and also an ongoing research program by trained wildlife specialists. In general however, the book fared well.

During the developmental period of the manuscript, our daily meetings were frequently on various aspects of wild turkey ecology. When the task was completed, not one word of text did I see. In fact, Schorger allowed no one to act as a presubmission reviewer before it was delivered to the University Press to be considered for publication. The mistaken wounds created by the critique of *The Passenger Pigeon* manuscript ten years earlier had not healed despite the salve of friendship.

I was asked by my friend Tom Webb, Director of University Press, to recommend three persons knowledgeable on the wild turkey as prepublication critics. I gave him names of persons I considered to be the very best. The review copies were distributed, and on return all critics indicated that moderate revision was necessary. The blue-penciled copy, on its ultimate return to the author, put him into a state of shock, followed rapidly by resentment and bitterness. Instead of checking on the merits of the three-party critique, along with those of Tom Webb's staff, A. W. tried to find out who the reviewers were—to what end I am not sure. After several subtle attempts to have me help in this futile exercise, he asked me outright if I knew who they were. Reluctantly, I said I did, but in such a way that he knew no identification was going to follow. In apparent frustration, he then asked me point-blank, "Were you one of the reviewers?" I savored the question as I would a mouthful of earthworms. My answer was a simple "No."

I mention this painful episode for two reasons. First, because it shows how deeply he felt about the adequacy of his prose, and in addition that he regarded editorial changes as destructive to the order and system of his writing style. The second reason is a personal one, as it was the only time in almost 30 years association that our friendship was strained, from my end.

One of A. W. Schorger's major natural history contributions was a series of papers on the early records of plants and animals in Wisconsin. The data base for these papers were records extracted from the weekly newspapers of the state from their inception to 1900. A project from 1937–39 was initiated by Aldo Leopold and Schorger whereby a group of people would scan weekly newspapers county by county for any kind of natural history articles or news items. The project lasted for only three years, supported by WPA funds. Schorger continued, however, and single-handed (that is, with the help of Historical Library personnel) examined page by page all Wisconsin weekly newspapers up to 1900. His notes were written in longhand, and systematically filed for ready retrieval. He could have written additional papers from this backlog of data, but time ran out.

I know that he wanted to write a paper on the history of the axe, and one on the wild rice harvests in Wisconsin. He also left unfinished an investigation on the brown staining found on the teeth of shrews. A book of only fair quality by a Minnesota author on market hunting (i.e., the killing of wild animals for profit) scooped him on a subject he planned to exploit.

Schorger was made a member of the then State Conservation Commission in 1953. It was an excellent appoint-

ment by Governor Walter Kohler. He brought to the Commission a degree of professionalism that it had not had since Aldo Leopold's term, and has not had since. What was not known to the other commissioners and those who appeared before them was that A. W. could not hear all that transpired. I attended several sessions as an observer and took notes for him, but even this was not completely satisfactory, so his effectiveness was reduced. After he left the Commission in 1959, and after his wife died I was determined to have him obtain a hearing aid. No one in the Department of Wildlife Ecology thought it could be done. By gentle persuasion and rehearsed propaganda plus the fact that the appointment would be for both of us, he agreed to investigate. We went to the hearing clinic and were subjected to the standard tests. The results indicated that I was not without problems, but A. W. needed immediate attention. Before he could escape, the lady in charge made a plastic mold of his ear opening as a model for the sound receiver. No high-pressure sales pitch was given, and when we left the establishment I was elated. But in the weeks that followed I could not get him to return for additional consultation. When at last the hearing aid firm had to charge him $15 for the earmold that could have been part of a complete outfit, he was very annoyed. That ended the hearing aid episode and any chance of improving communication with those around him.

His writings and interest in natural history were based on books. He was an outstanding bibliographile, who compiled a substantial personal library of books on natural history and Americana. Whenever possible, I engaged him in conversation regarding editions, authors, rarities, booksellers, book binders, and where to search for information in the world of books. Book prices and auction catalogues were shared. He was as anxious to teach on these subjects as I was to learn. They were memorable experiences. When he donated his natural history library to the Department of Wildlife Ecology (in addition to a handsome endowment to sustain it), he asked me to appraise it for tax purposes. It was by indirection a compliment, and an admission that I had some competence in an area where heretofore A. W. was the principal authority. There were times when I felt that he used books as an escape as well as an intellectual exercise. Virtually all of his rapport with the world around him came through the written word. He had no television set and rarely if ever used the radio.

A. W.'s skill in the use of library facilities was self-taught and that skill challenged only once. Although he was at one time the president of Friends of the Library, he lost interest in and at times was even hostile toward the library because of a misplaced book. One morning on a regular stop at his office, I found him extremely agitated because he said he was "accused" by the rare book librarian of losing a book. I had seen the book several times so I had a mental picture of it. He asked me to accompany him to the rare book room that afternoon for a discussion on the missing book. The confrontation was not a pleasant one. The curator and his assistant were as adamant as Schorger was indignant. Finally we asked permission to inspect the place in the vault where the book should be. For the next 15 minutes all

four of us prowled the stacks. By chance I spotted the book two stacks from where it was supposed to be, and on a shelf near the ceiling. I got a ladder, checked to be sure, and called A. W. He also checked, and produced the book for the librarian, who to my surprise clasped the book to his bosom with criscrossed arms. His assistant asked if she could return it to its proper place—no, he wanted to look at it in his office. Schorger, who was livid, but relieved, asked if he was satisfied. With an affirmative reply, we left. No apology was offered by either party. A. W. and I walked part way back to the office in silence, and when conversation was resumed it was on other matters. The lost book was never mentioned again, nor was the library.

In addition to his books and parts of books, he wrote 172 papers dealing in the main with natural history subjects. In none of these did he have a coauthor. The papers were published in 19 different journals. He also produced 87 obituaries for the AOU. These were in fact abbreviated biographies that became part of a very valuable reference book on the lives of American ornithologists deceased. His terse impersonal style lent itself to this effort, but his own obituary excellently done by Joseph J. Hickey, was perhaps the longest of any published by the AOU.

A. W. Schorger became a member of this club in 1933 and presented the following papers:

1. Rafinesque, The Eccentric Naturalist (1933)
2. The Passenger Pigeon (1938)
3. Longfellow in the Annals of America (1945)
4. W. H. Hudson: Naturalist and Mystic (1952)
5. As the English Saw Us (1959)
6. Ambrose Bierce: Cynic (1968)

On two occasions I read poetry that he had written. I tried without success to find those examples. What I read was not humorous doggerel, but verse with classic rhyme, meter and stanza construction and the word pictures were pleasant to contemplate.

He waited too long to produce what he thought might be his *magnum opus.* He gave it the tentative title of *Prairie, Marsh and Grove: The Natural History of a Midwestern County.* This was later contracted to *The Natural History of Dane County.* I liked the original version. The manuscript bristled with facts, many often unrelated to Dane County or to other aspects of the text. I first suspected that the manuscript was in trouble when our secretary who was typing from his longhand sheets told me there were considerable errors in the writing. Misspelling, syntax peculiarities and inconsistencies in treatment of subject matter were examples. Since she had typed his earlier manuscripts, the contrast was disturbing, but there was little that could be done on substantive changes since he gave no one permission to review the paper. Although the manuscript was complete, A. W.'s health at the time had deteriorated to a point where he could not be expected to revise it. As a possible posthumous publication it ran into severe criticism by virtually all reviewers. At present it lies in limbo. The text could be broken into parts and the best published separately, or it could await a skilled naturalist and writer to undertake a complete revision. A final solution would be to publish as it is,

but this would be demeaning for the man who is regarded as the premier natural history historian of his day.

I found it difficult to treat A. W. Schorger, the naturalist and writer without looking at him as a friend. I don't know how others will judge him as a naturalist, writer, or person, and I don't really care. The bottom line in our relationship was that I admired him, I respected him, I was grateful to him, but most important of all, I had great affection for him.

This paper was not intended as an extended eulogy or comments at a delayed wake. I would however, like to close with words I have used before.

It is often said in jest or as a warning that "you can't take it with you," but A. W. Schorger did. His wry humor, his erudite scholarship, his dignified presence, his sense of history, and his friendship he took with him. His gift of pen and worldly goods, however, remind us constantly that a man of stature passed this way.

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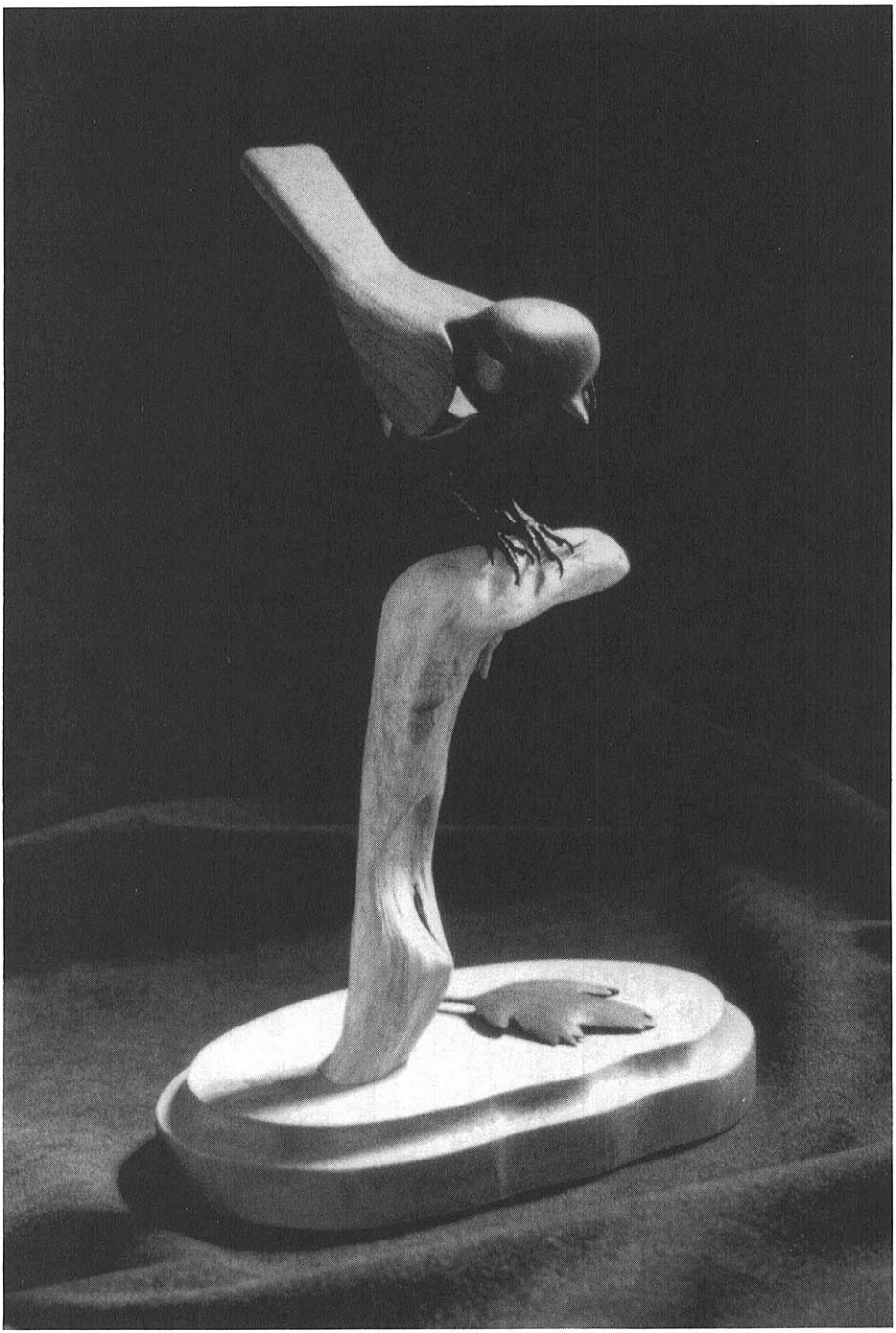

"Quality Air" (Black-capped Chickadee) *by Hollis Reich*