

When I chose the Pine Barrens for my paper, I knew absolutely nothing about them. I had heard of them, of course, knew that it was a vast wilderness but that was about the extent of it.

I called the Pineland Commission and they were most helpful and sent me a great deal of information. And then I bought John McPhee's book on the Pine Barrens which really tells about the area as he explored it in 1969. Marie loaned me a book on New Jersey that included information on all the counties in the pine barrens and the internet was also of help. So my paper is bits and pieces of that most interesting area.

About two weeks ago Whitney and I drove down Rt. 206 into the pinelands – our destination was Batsto, a little town brought back as it was in the 1800's and beautifully kept by the Pinelands Commission. Unfortunately, all of the buildings were closed because of the winter season but the little museum was open and the nice lady there told us about the area – and to stay off sandy roads unless we had four wheel drive. The Wharton mansion was closed but we ate our picnic lunch on the front porch overlooking the river and walked on the paths and looked in the carriage house. The one building that was open was a dear little post office, a tiny one room with an iron wood stove in the middle and a young man behind the counter who looked delighted to see a real live person. This is a working postoffice, they hand cancel all the mail and during the summer season he told us it is quite busy. There is a large picnic area with tables and grills and in season it is a very popular spot with guides on hand to give one the history of the area and to tell that Batsto was once a very thriving area.

We drove by acres and acres and acres of blueberry bushes already pink at the top and by more acres and acres of cranberry bogs. It was all fascinating to me, my first trip into that region, and so here is a bit of a story of the pine barrens.

The Pine Barrens are part of 1.1 million acres of the Pinelands National Reserve created by the National Parks and Recreation Act of 1978 and range from northern Ocean County south and west and occupy 22% of New Jersey's land area – portions of 7 counties and all or part of 56 municipalities.

In 1979, the state of New Jersey created the New Jersey Pinelands Protection Act which led to a state-designated Pinelands area and encompasses 927,123 acres which includes 7 counties and all or part of 53 municipalities. The 7 counties are Atlantic, Burlington, Camden, Cape May, Cumberland, Gloucester and Ocean.

Also in 1979 the Pineland Commission was established. It consisted of 15 members made up of 7 county representatives, 7 gubernatorial appointees and one representative of the U. S. Secretary of the Interior. In 2002 former Governor James Florio was a gubernatorial appointee and was named chairman. The commissioners serve staggered 3 year terms without compensation. There is an executive director who heads a staff of 58 and the 58 include scientists, analysts and environmentalists.

45% of the Pinelands National Reserve or about 493,000 acres is in public ownership – including 370,000 state-owned acres that encompass not only state parks and forests but institutions, prisons and colleges. 13,000 acres are owned by county and municipal governments and 110,000 acres are home to Fort Dix, McGuire Air Force base, Lakehurst Naval Station, Cape May National Wildlife Refuge, the Forsythe National Wildlife Refuge and a technical center and weapons range.

According to the 2000 U. S. census, the population of the Pinelands National Reserve is approximately 616,000. The population of the state designated area is 277,000.

The economy in the pinelands is varied – government services, construction and manufacturing as well as forestry, sand and gravel mining and shell fishing, but of special importance is agriculture. All of the state's cranberry production and almost all of its blueberry production is located in the pinelands. New Jersey ranks third in both cranberry and blueberry production nationally according to 2001 figures. That year pineland farms produced 57 million pounds of cranberries and 38 million pounds of blueberries.

At the end of last year, 2003, the New Jersey Conservation Foundation bought, for 12 million dollars, 9,400 acres in the pinelands from DeMarco Enterprises, a very prominent and influential cranberry grower, the largest in the pinelands. DeMarco Enterprises was founded by Anthony DeMarco in 1940 and upon his death the business was left to his three children.

The benefit of this important sale is that it will take the land out of commercial hands and link it to 200,000 acres of public property in five forests and preserves in the pinelands. Plus, it is a habitat for endangered species and also includes 600 acres of Atlantic white cedar forest.

The property will be closed for a year while studies are made as to management and it will eventually become a nature preserve for the benefit of hikers, bird watchers and others and the areas used for cranberry farming will be restored to freshwater wetlands.

Not everyone felt this was such a wonderful gesture by the DeMarcos, that there was more to it and there was. Garfield DeMarco, president of the company, was deeply in debt, he did not get along with his brother, a lawyer in Hammonton, and his sister who were co-owners with him of the company and he wanted out. Garfield DeMarco was a big power in Republican politics in Burlington county. He never married, is 65 years old and enjoys the good life. He lives in Hammonton in a very large and quite elegant Victorian home for which he charged the company \$50,000 in rent. His brother took him

1 year

To court over his extravagant spending habits – Garfield was and is extremely generous to his many friends – for instance, an \$8,000 tab for dinner with 6 friends at Le Bec Fin in Philadelphia was just one of the things his brother took exception to. This was settled with generous payments to the brother and sister.

The land now owned by the Conservation Foundation was appraised at 27 million dollars but in 2002 Garfield agreed to sell it for 12 million and this caused the brother to head for court again to try to block the sale but he soon gave that up. The difference, Garfield said, between the 27 million and the 12 million would be a charitable contribution which I don't understand and I'm pretty sure the brother doesn't either.

Garfield defended the sale and his management of his property but other cranberry growers in the pines were not happy – for years the berries all went to the Ocean Spray Cranberry Cooperative and the growers said the loss of this huge tract would have a major long term effect on the area.

This huge area, just sold to the Conservation Foundation, is ringed by Wharton State Forest, Brendan Byrne State Forest, Bass River State Forest and the Greenwood Wildlife Management area.

Wetlands make up about 35% of the Pinelands National Reserve including pitch pine lowlands, hardwood swamps and coastal marshes. Something I found incredible is that the pinelands lie above the 17.7 trillion gallon Kirkwood-Cohansey aquifer with enough water to cover all of New Jersey 10 feet deep.

Aquifer – an underground layer of porous rock containing water

The Pinelands is home to many rare and unusual plants and animals, many of them threatened or endangered. For instance, the Pinelands tree frog is unique and rarely found anywhere else. He is an important fellow – only 1 and 3/8 inches long with legs stretched out. These tree frogs are hard to catch – if you were to stalk them at night you would follow the sound they make which is a wonk-wonk-wonk and then surprise them with the light from your flashlight. However, they are crafty and they are ventriloquists so you may wander around all night. But if you do see one, he is bright green with white trim and lavender stripes down his legs and one pineland resident said they look like state troopers.

Snakes are not too plentiful in the pinelands I am glad to say. Those that are there are mostly timber rattlesnakes. A man known as Rattlesnake Ace Pittman made his living collecting rattlesnakes for zoos and also for shoe manufacturers. I thank Ann Suydam for an article she sent me about stainless steel metal fences and culverts that were built to keep the endangered timber rattlesnake away from a housing development. This was in Evesham which I couldn't find on a recent AAA map but it is in Burlington county. There were gaps in the mile long fence apparently caused by animals or vandals. The fences and culverts were designed to allow the snakes to move between dens and along a local roadway and foraging habitats without getting into the 700 acre housing development. It is all part of a three year study by biologists in conjunction with the Pineland Commission and paid for by the developer of the housing development in order for construction to continue in this Burlington county community. It doesn't sound to me as though these snakes are so endangered and I trust prospective buyers in that community don't mind snakes as much as I do.

The gray fox is a favorite of the inhabitants of the Pine Barrens. He can climb like a cat and he is the one that native hunters go after with their dogs, sometimes packs of dogs. When the dogs are released into the woods, the hunters race up and down the sandy roads in their trucks, listening for the hounds and following their direction. The idea is to sight the fox and the man who scores the most sightings is considered

the very best hunter. The chase finally ends when the fox is treed – no native pinie would dream of killing a fox. One of the hunters climbs the tree and very gently puts the fox into a bag. The fox is then driven by truck to a safe place in the woods far removed from the hounds, the bag is opened, the fox jumps out and everyone is happy.

There are many deer in the pines – deer season is 6 days in December – but the problem has been with the poachers and poaching is against the law. Usually, the poachers come from outside the pine barrens and they meet a contact in some bar on route 206 – route 206 runs north and south thru the pinelands. They agree on a price and when the poacher has killed one or more deer they meet again and money is exchanged for the deer. Fish and game men try to prevent this kind of dealing but it is difficult because the pineland area is so big.

In what is called the heart of the pinelands, the Preservation district, almost 300,000 acres, there is virtually no development and there are agricultural areas and forest areas. Then there is the rural development area which allows for moderate density residential and business development and then the regional growth area with moderately high residential development with commercial and industrial development. There are the military and federal installation areas and lastly, the Pineland towns, 54 unrelated settlements located throughout the pinelands. County and municipal master plans have to conform to the comprehensive management plan and be certified by the Pinelands commission.

Not too long ago, New Jersey magazine listed interesting day trips to take = the Pinelands was one of them – and they said: Bring a compass, drinking water and snacks in case you need to make a deal with the New Jersey Devil. How will you know that you have found him? Horse head, large wings, claws, a four foot serpentine body and your immediate desire to hightail it out of there”.

Now about the New Jersey Devil. The legend is that he is a creature feared since the 1730's. The story most believed was that a preacher tried to convert, without success, a woman by the name of Mrs. Leeds,

mother of 12. When her next child was about to be born she told one and all that she hoped it would be the Devil. As the story goes, it was the N. J. Devil and he has haunted the earth ever since, flying down and taking pigs right out of their pens, little lambs from the fields and snatching little babies. People used to hang lanterns out to scare him away. Most people believed this was pure legend but there were many who didn't. If you are picnicing in the Wells Mills County Park in the pinelands you can join in a hunt for the Devil – the hunts are offered periodically and perhaps your guide can track him down for you. This is how he looks if you come face to face with him in the park.

Fire in the pinelands – could it happen here as it did in California? Environmental officials think that it might – they are concerned because the pine barrens are bordered by an ever increasing number of homes and businesses. Just as it is in the western states, wildfire is part of the pine barrens ecology. Every year New Jersey's fire service puts out about 1,000 wildfires in the pinelands. In 1963 about 193,000 acres burned in just two days. In June 2002 a 1,300 acre fire in Berkley township which is in Ocean county, destroyed a house and jumped across the Garden State parkway closing a 24 mile stretch for more than 12 hours on a busy summer Sunday. For more than 20 years now, builders have been required to provide 2 access roads for fire fighting equipment and in a large development homes are required to be built 200 feet from the woodlands. In 1980 this was not a requirement – homes could be built right up to the woods – and today this is a constant concern to the firefighters. *

If only we could have taken a trip to the fire tower on Bear Swamp Hill in the pinelands. There the view extended about 12 miles in every direction – it's all forest with streams flowing thru here and there and if you turned south you would see a lake and a cranberry bog and if you turn west you see the outline of another fire tower on Apple Pie Hill. No matter where you would look from the tower it is all wilderness.

*Last week on NBC I shared fireman doing
"prescribed burning", & wildfire safety practices.*

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(Thank you, Vona)

Until a friend gave me a clipping recently from the Trenton Times about John McPhee and his book "The Pine Barrens" being chosen by New Jersey librarians as the must-read book for 2004 – chosen in the state's 2nd annual literary promotion program – I didn't know that the bear swamp fire tower was no more. The fire tower was destroyed when hit by a U. S. fighter jet that went out of control in December 1971. Mr. McPhee's book was written in 1968 and I was so pleased that in 2004 it is being recognized as a very special book.

John McPhee, a Princeton resident and a teacher at Princeton University, spent a great deal of time in the Pine Barrens, exploring and interviewing some of the residents. He studied the woodlands on foot and by car, drew up maps and, in his opinion, the center of the pinelands was Hog Wallow, home to 25 people. Some of the residents there said it was really a suburb of Jenkins, a town 3 miles away with 45 people.

Mr. McPhee told of a meeting with one Frederick Chambers Brown, a Hog Wallow resident, when he stopped by to ask for a drink of water. He had noticed a pump in the front yard, along with 8 automobiles, 2 on their sides, one upside down and surrounded by old refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, old radios, one ski, an orange crate dated 1946 and what seemed like hundreds of other things. The house of 2 stories was covered in peeling tar paper revealing original shingles made of Atlantic white cedar. Mr. McPhee called out and a voice answered – "come in, come on the hell in". He did and Mr. Brown turned out to be a friendly fellow, a man of 79 who looked 60, in fit condition and in spite of primitive living conditions – no electricity, no water (he kept a big bowl of water on the kitchen table – he was a very genial host and Mr. McPhee ended up staying for lunch, enjoying a pork chop and onions. Mr. Brown said – never eat except when you're hungry – and his guest looked hungry.

Mr. Brown – Fred by this time – turned out to be a great woodland guide and John McPhee would pick him up in his car and they would set off for the day, just exploring the back roads with Fred showing him where old deserted villages used to be and sawmills where Fred

said there used to be more rattlesnakes than anywhere else in New Jersey.

In early days the pinelands attracted – or were a refuge for – many diverse people. Getting away or staying away from everybody meant as much to the people living in the pines as it did to their forebearers. Tories fled into the pines during the American Revolution, Quakers who couldn't live up to the standards of the Quakers were exiled to the pines. Many young Quakers who fought in the Revolutionary War found they were no longer welcome when they came home and so they built cabins in the pines. Some negroes fled from slavery but today the negro population in the pines is almost zero. American Indians asked for land they could call their own and were given over 3,000 acres in the pinelands. ^{THEIR} ~~Their~~ place was named Brotherton and was the first Indian reservation in North America. They tried to make a go of it, setting up sawmills and grist mills but disease and poverty finally won out and in 1802 most of them left for northern New York state and eventually to Indian territory. There is now a small village called Indian Mills on the site of the Brotherton reservation.

However, the pinelands ^{were} ~~was~~ not just for those who wanted to retreat. It was a great place for smugglers – there was good money in smuggling and in Colonial America it was a respectable business. New York and Philadelphia were close by and through the inlets from the sea came hundreds of thousands of tons of sugar, molasses, tea and coffee. Cargoes were put on wagons and traveled over the sandy roads, often moving at night. One of the earliest smugglers was John Mathis whose descendents live in the Pines today. He made his fortune by sending lumber from the pine barrens to the Carribean and when his ships returned they were loaded with rum.

Also in the pines were the iron towns, now no longer there. Scattered throughout the pines were the iron bogs where very good grades of pig and wrought iron were made. Cannonballs were made by the thousands, sent by wagon over those sandy roads, to the Continental Army at Valley Forge and other army outposts. Iron masters made the steam cylinder for one of John Fitch's experimental steamboats

and the wrought iron fence that once surrounded Independence Hall in Philadelphia was made by them. The iron workers made nails, firescreens, dutch ovens and kettles that could hold 125 gallons. There were even iron tombstones – hog iron was almost rust proof. A town called Atsion at the height of the iron industry had a population of 700, in 1968 it was 15.

Batsto was also home in the 1839's and 40's to an iron furnace and 800 people and today Batsto is one of the few iron towns remaining in the pine barrens. It is also the headquarters of the Wharton State forest. Joseph Wharton, a Philadelphia industrialist (the Wharton School at the University of Pa. is named after him) purchased the town in 1876, enlarged the mansion built by a previous owner and had a plan to dam the rivers and streams and sell the water to Camden and Philadelphia. This plan failed but he succeeded in clearing land for cranberry crops, and expanding the manufacture of forest products. By the end of the 19th century, Batsto had become Wharton's "gentleman farm". Joseph Wharton died in 1909 and Batsto is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Batsto welcomes visitors to its museum and its sawmills and grist mills where corn is ground and the cornmeal may be purchased by visitors.

The furnaces in the pine barrens were started up in the spring when the ice was gone and the water flowing for the waterwheels. The water wheel powered giant bellows which kept the furnace going until the winter freeze came. Men worked 12 hour shifts, no days off and the happiest day of the year was when the winter freeze arrived and all hands went out and got drunk.

Life in the pine barrens could be rough and tough. At most of the intersections of the sand roads there were taverns and the taverns were meeting places for elections and town meetings, community suppers and sometimes even a wedding. Also they served as training ground for militiamen. On training day ~~or what might be an equivalent~~, the officers barked out the orders which no one obeyed, the bartender kept serving drinks, fights began in the ranks and in one instance the Captain was court martialed in the tavern for being too drunk to give orders. Whenever a young, healthy, fit-looking iron worker came into the

tavern, a recruiting sergeant would buy him a drink, tell him what a fine fellow he was and wouldn't he like to serve in the Revolutionary army?

A great deal of the goods that traveled the sandy roads during the Revolution had been captured at sea by pineland pirates who had the consent of the Continental Congress to attack, possess and sell British ships and cargoes. In all, these pirates captured over a thousand British ships, worth over 20 million dollars. So many of these ships were hauled into the pine barren rivers that their hulls and scattered timbers are still in the river beds. The British tried to destroy the ships of the privateers and also destroy the iron works at Batsto but a small boy warned the people in Batsto that the British were coming and as a result the British were ambushed and failed in their attempt.

The iron industry in the Pine barrens lasted for about 50 years after the end of the Revolutionary War and then, in western Pennsylvania, high grade coal and iron ore were discovered and that marked the beginning of the end of the iron industry in the pinelands. Every iron furnace used a thousand acres of pine a year and the wood supply was being depleted. In Pennsylvania coal was used to keep the furnaces going and the ore was superior to the ore in the pinelands so by the 1850's it was really all over. The pine towns tried other things including a huge paper mill but eventually competition from other parts of the country forced it out of business. Glass factories were built but eventually they were forced to close because of a lack of fuel. The forests were so cut down and new trees couldn't grow fast enough to sustain the need for fuel.

There were cabinetmakers, very fine ones in the pinelands. The wealthy people in New York and Philadelphia, even before the Revolution, had white cedar paneling in their spacious homes and one cabinetmaker ~~in particular~~ made the writing desk that Thomas Jefferson used when he wrote the declaration of Independence.

With the end of the iron industry and after other endeavors failed, people began to leave the pine barrens and seek their fortune

elsewhere and those who remained eventually faced a life of isolation much as it is today. It was and is a very separate world and the pinies as they are called live a very, very different life. It would be hard to imagine how different it is but for the pinies it is their world. Although it is so desolate for the most part, they have no fear of their surroundings and they manage to make a living but it is not easy.

There is a cycle they go by: when spring arrives they go into the lowland forests and gather sphagnum moss which they sell to florists. Boxes of flowers from all over the east used to be delivered with the moss wrapped around the flowers. Nowadays, plastic moss is used instead of the real thing but there is still a market for the sphagnum. This moss contains so much water even after wringing it out many times that during the Revolutionary war, if bandages weren't available the soldiers would use the moss instead.

June and July were the blueberry season and the pinies would set out with large home made baskets around their necks, bend the tall bushes down and then beat the bushes with sticks and the berries would fall into their baskets. ~~These days galvanized pails are used instead of the baskets.~~ In 1967 the average price for a pound of blueberries was 14 cents. The cultivated blueberry as we know it was developed in the pinelands and today if you buy a box at the market you will almost always see that the blueberries come from Hammonton.

Next came the cranberries which are white in the summer and by fall bright red. In the 1860's and 70's the people began to transplant them from the stream banks to clear and excavated bogs (formerly the iron bogs) and that was the start of commercial cranberry growing in the pine barrens. About a third of all cranberry growing in the United States is done in the pinelands. The cranberry bogs are shallow basins, dammed on all sides. Streams fill the bogs in late fall and this keeps the cold winter winds from drying the vines. In Vermont on our land cranberries grow in tall grass far from any water and each fall our neighbor picks and sends us a big box of cranberries that last most of the winter. Frozen they can last a year and they are great in muffins and cranberry-apple pie.

The old times used wooden scoops which looked as though they had many fingers and the scoops went thru the vines like big claws. ~~Today~~ ^{NOW} those scoops are expensive treasures in antique shops. Today in the fall when the bogs are flooded about an inch above the vines, the cranberries which float are knocked free by motorized water rakes until they form a great boom and they are hauled in.

In winter the main occupation was wood cutting. Fred Brown said "oak isn't worth nothing, but the pine is way up". With a chain saw a man could cut a cord of wood in less than an hour. In December there is a market in New York for holly, mistletoe, ground pine and laurel. Those who specialize in pine cones are known as pine ballers and this continues to be an important source of income. It is not unusual for 3,000 pine cones to be picked in a day. In season landscape gardeners are interested in the rhododendrums, ilex and laurel. Also wild flowers are sent to market in the cities – arbutus, lupine, azaleas and wild magnolias. In earlier days, box turtles were sold by the gross to people in Philadelphia and the turtles job was to keep their cellars free of snails – not a very profitable market today. I found a poem by Ogden Nash that follows:

The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks
Which practically conceal its sex
I think it is clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile.

While John McPhee felt that Hog Wallow was the center of the pinelands, Chatsworth, 6 miles north, is the main community in the pinelands. I don't know the population now but when he wrote his book in 1968 the town had 306 people, 74 homes, 10 trailers, a firehouse, a church, a liquor store, a post office, a school, 20 sawmills and one general store. The store, built in 1865, had no competition – the nearest competitor was at least 10 miles away. Besides having the usual grocery products and the glassed-in candy case with many varieties of penny candy, there was a red kerosene pump set into the floor and each week about 400 gallons of kerosene was sold and used for heat and light.

When John McPhee visited the general store, it was run by a Mr. And Mrs. Buzby. She had gone to high school in Pemberton, staying there during the week and coming home on weekends. Mr. Buzby went to a one room school in Chatsworth and never went to high school. They had one daughter who ^{also} went to high school in Pemberton, married a classmate who, at that time, ^{was} doing research at the University of Michigan. They had two daughters, one a Radcliffe graduate married to a Harvard Medical School graduate and the other a student at Wellsley. A Wellsley banner ^{was} hangs above the canned goods section in the general store.

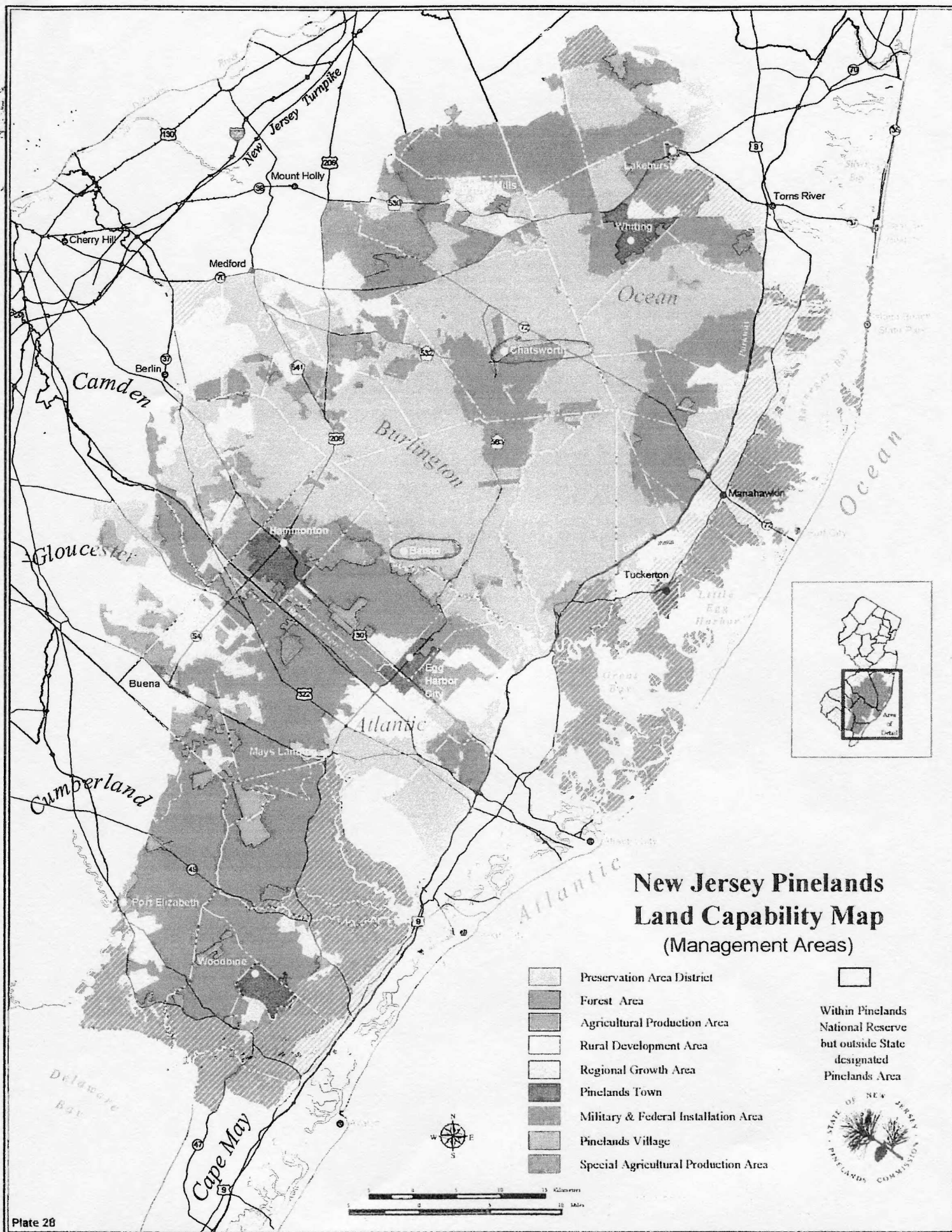
In one of the wildest parts of the pine barrens is a monument 12 feet high in the shape of a pylon. It is in memory of Emilio Caranza who was called the Mexican Lindbergh. In 1928 he made a good will flight from Mexico City to Washington where he was welcomed with great fanfare and later in New York city where he was greeted by Mayor Jimmy Walker and Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover. When he had flown from Mexico City His plane had been forced down in North Carolina by bad weather before he could continue on to Washington. When he was in New York he decided to correct that failure and fly non-stop from New York to Mexico City. Unfortunately, over the pinelands he ran into a fierce thunder storm and his plane crashed. He was found two days later by blueberry pickers and men went out and carried him back to Chatsworth. Every July, on a Saturday, a ceremony is held by the monument and many Mexicans from all over the region as well as the people of Chatsworth and others. ^{also} An Army band from Fort Dix plays and American Legionnaires from the Mount Holly area ^{attend} come. The Legionnaires organize the ceremony each year and it is a very proper ceremony as well as a festive one.

For a long time people were led to believe that those who lived in the pinelands were strange, lazy or just plain weird. Yes, in some cases, if marriage took place at all, brothers might marry sisters, fathers might marry cousins or daughters and a week later marry someone else. It didn't seem to matter – they could be married by a “squire” – a native in the pinelands – for one dollar and no questions asked. But this applied to only a small percentage of the populace. Most of those who

lived in the pinelands were – and are today – mild, shy people who resent any disparaging remarks about their background or way of life. They know they are different from most other people but that is all right with them – they are proud of their area and they work hard to make a living but not too hard. They would just rather live there than anywhere else and do not seem envious of people who live elsewhere and have so much more in the way of material goods. Two themes in the woodlands seem to be “nobody bothers you” and “you can be alone”. One man who left to make his living elsewhere returned to the pines to make his home and said to John McPhee “it’s a privilege to live in these woods”.

Over the years – the early years – more than a million people have bought or somehow acquired land in the pine barrens but no homes have been built. Some lots were 20 feet wide and 89 feet deep – titles were very cloudy to say the least. In the 1920’s lots were given away if you subscribed to a Philadelphia newspaper and during the depression lots were sometimes given away at movie theaters or if you bought a set of encyclopedias. When prospective buyers came to check out lots, developers tied apples and pears to the branches of pine trees and fishermen in small boats on a lake hung a dead fish at the end of a line and would yank the line out of the water every 10 minutes. At that time the price of a lot was \$5. Unscrupulous realtors would fake the signatures of so-called original owners in order to gain title to pieces of land. It was said that one realtor would disappear into deep woods and come out moments later with a signed deed. * Explain -

The pinelands have been irresistible to real estate developers – industry once thrived here, why can’t it again? And it would be an ideal spot for a major jetport, people with great vision think it certainly would be. It would also be an ideal place for huge residential developments given its location between New York and Philadelphia. Think of all the commissions, committees, corporations, counties and municipalities that would be involved in such decisions and try to imagine an agreement on anything. When all is said and done, the chances of any great changes in the pinelands are very, very small with the Pinelands Commission and the New Jersey Protection Act to watch over and protect the pinelands.



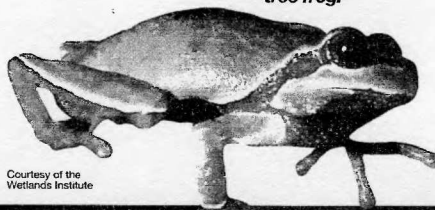


A sand road winds its way through a typical Pinelands pitch pine upland forest in Shamong Township, Burlington County. (photo: John Bunnell, Pinelands Commission)

New Jersey Devil - current version



Wetlands and hardwood swamps along the river provide habitat for rare and endangered species such as the Pine Barrens tree frog.



Courtesy of the
Wetlands Institute

PINELANDS TREE FROG