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CHARLES SOUTHWORTH
FOSSIL COLLECTOR OF THEDFORD, ONTARIO
1880-1968

BY

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MUSEUM OF PALEONTOLOGY
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE MUSEUM OF PALEONTOLOGY

Director: ROBERT V. KESLING

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FOREWORD

Words are poor tools with which to re-create a man, particularly a man as full of vitality as the late Charles Southworth. Sorting through memorabilia he left behind and re-reading scores of his letters to us made me realize that here were bits of Charlie's life story which should be shared with his friends.

Charlie had an unusual role. He knew every inch of the Thedford-Arkona region in Ontario, famous for its outcrops of Middle Devonian strata. He spanned the era between the pioneer giants of paleontology and the present day. Only Charlie remembered where to find the type locality of the Widder formation for the village of Widder is no more. Only Charlie knew about old, now vanished, landmarks along the Ausable River. Only Charlie was acquainted with all the paleontologists who had done field work in the area.

Much that Charlie knew and told us should be set in print for other generations. It is the key to older literature on the stratigraphy and occurrence of fossils of that region.

It is not possible for me to write an impersonal biography of Charlie Southworth. Memories of collecting days with my late husband and with Charlie are warm and treasured. If the account seems nostalgic, please forgive me. I wish only to present Charlie as I knew him—a generous friend to uncountable paleontologists, both professional and amateur, and a dedicated fossil collector for three-quarters of a century.

I

With the first thaw Charlie Southworth's thoughts always turned to fossil-hunting. Work on his stamp collection in the warmth of the kitchen range was a poor substitute for getting out in the field and he kept an anxious eye on the weather. "It varies," he wrote to us one February. "One day the eaves are runing, snow melting, roads deep in mud. I get out the hammer and polish it up. Next day zero, 8 inches of snow, high wind, deep drifts. I put the hammer away."

By April he was plainly exasperated. "If it dont soon clear up I am going collecting in hip boots and an umbrella." His next letter, however, was more optimistic. "The weather is definitely breaking up, warm sun and snow almost gone. I hope to be out in the field within three weeks. My fingers are itching for the feeling of fossils."

Charlie's fingers were in that state perpetually; he spent the major part of his eighty-seven years collecting fossils near Thedford

and Arkona in southwestern Ontario. He himself was the first thing many paleontologists sought on arrival in the area. He knew all the best outcrops, he could identify all the local fossils, and he had a fund of anecdotes that enlivened any day spent in his company.

Charlie was fifty-nine in 1939 when my husband and I first met him. He did not seem that old. He was a big man with twinkly eyes, a mischievous grin, and an infallible sense of humor. His enthusiasm for fossils was catching and we went collecting with him after that whenever we could, sometimes joined by Annie, his wife (see text-figure 12). She knew and cared little about fossils but she enjoyed the outings. Annie hailed from the Isle of Jersey; her speech had a pleasing English accent with a smattering of Channel Island French.

Charlie taught us to recognize the fossiliferous rocks exposed near Thedford and Arkona. The Arkona shale, lowest of the formations, was overlain by the Encrinal limestone and Coral Zone of the Hungry Hollow formation;

it in turn was topped by the "Widder beds." He explained that their Middle Devonian fossils were considered to be about 350 million years old—"give or take a month or two," he would add.

He took us to all the outcrops including, of course, such popular places as Hungry Hollow and Rock Glen. We asked him how Hungry Hollow got its name and he told us it was because the ground around there was so poor the only good crop was fossils.

"First the place was called 'Saul's Mill,'" he continued. "There used to be some yellow ochre nearby and they ground it up to make paint. Then it was known as 'Bartlett's Mills'—they were stone grist mills—then as 'Marshall's Mills'. A little later it became a chopping-mill called 'Marsh's Mill'. The mill's a ruin now and I guess the name 'Hungry Hollow' will stick since Dr. Cooper's named a formation after it." (See text-figure 6.)

We wondered about Charlie's past and gradually we heard the story. Once while collecting with him at "Jim Bell's quarry" northeast of Thedford he told us that he had been born October tenth, 1880, in the little house across the road (see text-figure 9). It was an appropriate birthplace for a child destined to become an authority on fossils; the house was built on the fossiliferous Widder formation and was near several noted exposures of it.

He said he grew up in the village of Thedford itself, on Royal Street where he and his mother (see text-figure 1) lived with his grandparents, the Levi Southworths. The early years had been lean ones. He remembered times when there was so little to eat they saved part of their supper in order to have something for breakfast.

He first became interested in fossils when he was a small boy. He had gone fishing in the creek at the brickyard, now the tile yard (see text-figures 5 and 9), and he noticed in the water two queer stones. He took them to his schoolmaster, Nicholas J. Kearney, who was an ardent collector in his spare time. Mr. Kearney explained that they were fossils and often after that took Charlie with him to look for them.

There were other amateur collectors in Thedford then. Among them was the Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Hector Currie. Years before, he had found a small blastoid that was new to him. Inserting it in the center of a cut turnip and binding the two parts together, he sent the turnip to Dr. Billings of the Canadian Geological Survey. Billings described the blastoid in 1874 as *Codaster canadensis* in his "Palaeozoic Fossils." Mr. Currie loaned

Charlie his copy of the book to study. "When he died," Charlie recalled regretfully, "he left his books to N. J. Kearney so I had to give it to him."

Another local collector at that time was Mr. G. Kernahan, a storekeeper who lived next door to the Southworths. A brachiopod he had found was named *Pugnax kernahani* by Whiteaves.

When Charlie was thirteen or fourteen the famous Professor James Hall, Paleontologist of the State of New York, came to Thedford to do some collecting; he was past eighty then with a full white beard. Both Mr. Kearney and the Reverend Mr. Currie undertook to guide the old gentleman to some of the outcrops. Charlie was allowed to go along and to carry his bag of fossils.

Charlie once wrote us about it. "We went to the tile yard and to a small quarrie a little ways down stream. I remember that Mr. Hall was pleased with his findings. James Hall had a one track mind. He lived only for fossils. You could not hold a conversation with him on any other subject. He was so enthusiastic, so delighted with any nice specimen. He had the advantage over other paleontologists in that he was first in the field. Almost all that he found was new."

Hall had collected in the area before, in 1855 with Alexander Murray of the Canadian Geological Survey.

Charlie had to leave school at fourteen and go to work. He got a job at the brickyard at a "boy's wages," he told us; they were not enough for the needs at home. Being as large and strong as a man, he figured he was earning a man's pay. By the next year he had grown such a luxuriant moustache that he qualified.

Work at the brickyard proved to be higher education for Charlie (see text-figure 5). When the noon whistle blew he would take his lunch out to the pit, eat it in the first ten minutes of his lunch period, and spend the last twenty minutes hunting fossils. At night he read every book on the subject he could borrow.

At about this time he met and collected with Professor William A. Parks of the University of Toronto; they went around on bicycles. He was the first person to whom Charlie sold fossils—three dollars and seventy-five cents' worth, he remembered.

Levi Southworth, Charlie's grandfather, died in 1897. Two years later Charlie built a red brick cottage for his mother, his grandmother and himself near their house which was beyond repair. He did much of the actual building himself, with bricks he had helped to make.



TEXT-FIG. 1—Charles Southworth and his mother around 1894.



TEXT-FIG. 2—Charlie and his first wife, Alice.



TEXT-FIG. 3—Field excursion sponsored by the Canadian Geological Survey at Rock Glen in 1913.



TEXT-FIG. 4—Geologists of the excursion set forth upon the flooded Ausable, leaving disconsolate attendants.



TEXT-FIG. 5—The Tile Yard, then known as the Brick Yard, in 1913. From Guide Book No. 4, Canadian Geological Survey.

II

In the summer of 1901 two distinguished geologists, Hervey W. Shimer of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Amadeus W. Grabau of Harvard, came to Thedford. To quote from the introduction to their paper *The Hamilton Group of Thedford, Ontario*: "It was our good fortune while at Thedford to make the acquaintance of Messrs. Aldridge, N. J. Kearney, and Charles Southworth, of Thedford, students of the local geology. They generously conducted us to the most interesting sections in the vicinity and aided us in making the collection on which our study is based."

Charlie elaborated on this. He told us that John Aldridge was an amateur and an old man. They rode about from one place to another squeezed into a small horse-drawn buggy. At Rock Glen, Shimer and Grabau wished to measure the rock section, so they lowered Charlie on a rope over the falls with a tape.

They were much interested in the specimens of the brachiopod then known as *Spirifer* found in the area, all quite different from *Spirifer mucronatus* of New York State. In their paper they re-described that from the "Upper beds" (the Widder formation and the Coral Zone of the Hungry Hollow formation) as *Spirifer mucronatus var. thedfordensis*—now *Mucrospirifer thedfordensis* (Shimer and Grabau). The long-winged one from "the lowest beds exposed at Bartlett's Mills" (the Arkona shale at Hungry Hollow) they re-described as *Spirifer mucronatus var. arkonensis*—now *Mucrospirifer arkonensis* (Shimer and Grabau). Thus as a young man Charlie had a hand not only in making the first detailed section of the local rocks but in the study of two characteristic brachiopods.

Still another of the great geologists with whom Charlie collected at about this time was Professor Charles Schuchert of Yale. They went to the tile yard, Charlie recalled, and later Schuchert sent a copy of his book on Continental Drift.

Charlie's mother became ill with typhoid fever in August, 1904. Charlie devoted himself to her care and nursed her day and night "through one dreadful week," in vain. They had been very close and Charlie was heartbroken.

Later in the year, on November 2, 1904, he married Alice LeGallais Oke, a young widow of Forest, Ontario (see text-figure 2). He was then tall, handsome and twenty-four, with dark hair and that splendid moustache. He took his bride home to the red brick cottage on Royal Street. This proved to be a sad mistake. Char-

lie's grandmother, a pipe smoker, "always lit up just before a meal to be disagreeable," he told us, and it was not long before he and Alice moved out.

In 1907 he built another house for Alice and himself—the gray frame house on the corner of Pearl and Franklin Streets, Thedford, where he lived except for a short interval until he died (see text-figure 14). They had no children, they were both active in Salvation Army work, and they were very happy together.

The Canadian Geological Survey sponsored an excursion to Rock Glen in the summer of 1913; it seems likely that Charlie took Alice to it. He showed us pictures taken then. One (text-figure 3) shows the geologists, both men and women, standing near a picnic table properly set with a white cloth. A second (text-figure 4) shows the women, in dresses with ground-touching full skirts, watching the men in five row boats on the flooded Ausable (above the old dam). The third (not reproduced here) shows two young ladies sitting forlornly by the empty row boats which are pulled up on shore near that dam.

The worst storm ever recorded on the Great Lakes occurred that November; nineteen freighters went to the bottom with the loss of 248 lives. Charlie had often mentioned this Great Storm of 1913, and at our request described his experiences in a letter:

I was working for the electric light company at the time. The storm started about 5 o'clock the afternoon of the 8th with a blinding wet snow storm which froze to everything it touched. The wind kept working up and the cold getting worse. About 8 o'clock our lines started going down and by 11 we were out of business. Next morning was clear and very cold. I was out getting our lines up as best I could and by noon I had them working again. By then news of what had happened came to town that many dead men were strewn along the lake shore. Jack Woodhall, our undertaker had come back with six bodies in his sleigh. I helped him unload them and he asked me to go back with him for more. We found seven between Ipperwash and the mouth of the Sauble [Ausable]. Great quantities of canned goods were washed up on the beach, all with the labels washed off. I loaded about 200 cans on the sleigh and divided them up with Jack when we got home. I did not go with him on his next trip. The bodies were found all the way from Grand Bend to Ipperwash and were all from two vessels. Some from another ship were found up on the Bruce but did not come to our undertaker. In all 22 bodies were laid out on the floor of the undertakers building. None of them were drowned but all died of exposure. We took two out of a small boat which washed up on the beach. All had life belts on and were all from the "Price" ["Charles S. Price"] and the "Regina". The Regina broke up and went to the bottom but the Price floated, bottom up, in Lake Huron for some months. It is thought that the Price and the Regina were in

collision as one of the Regina men had a Price life belt on.

The "Ocean Queen" ["Northern Queen"], captain W. Harrison was driven into the mouth of the Sauble where she lay for two days and then managed to work out under her own power. Captain Harrison, "Woody", had been a fisherman in Port Franks in his younger days. Was that not a strange quirk of fate.

We lived on cans of this and that all winter. It was a great gambel. Anything from pumpkin to shrimps, you never knew what you would get. A lot of brandy and whiskey was washed up and the men that found it mostly buried it in the sand. Some of it was lost and some was dug up years after. I did not find any.

Charlie and his wife moved to London in the summer of 1923; two weeks later Alice died of pneumonia. Charlie became despondent and contemplated suicide. A friend of his, Captain Horace Howes of the Salvation Army, persuaded him to go up to Bracebridge with them and Charlie gladly left London.

Soon after Alice's death he began to receive sympathetic letters from her cousin, a recent widow who lived in Jersey. It was not long before Charlie suggested that since they were both lonely, she might come to Thedford and keep house for him. If after a trial period it was mutually agreeable they might be married. The cousin, Mrs. Annie Mourant Cabot, at once sold her property, packed her possessions, and in May came by boat and train to Thedford.

Unfortunately Charlie had not understood just when she would arrive. He was not at the station to meet her but off collecting fossils.

III

Annie was a good cook, a good housekeeper, and a good sport. She considered Wednesday the proper day and June the proper month for a wedding so they were married on Wednesday, June tenth, 1924, in the Anglican Church, Thedford. She enjoyed Charlie's company and she learned to enjoy hunting fossils, preferring a three-pronged fork with a long wooden handle she had brought from Jersey to the customary hammer.

In the summer of 1926 Dr. Erwin C. Pohl of the Smithsonian spent some time collecting with Charlie and his old schoolmaster, Mr. Kearney. That fall Dr. Pohl proposed Charlie as a member of the Paleontological Society, writing him as follows: "I thought perhaps you would enjoy the privelege of belonging to the society which is made up of the leading men in paleontology throughout the world." A note signed by Dr. R. S. Bassler dated January 7, 1927, announced that he had been elected to membership "by unanimous vote."

Having heard of Mr. Kearney's recent

death, Dr. Pohl wrote Charlie on January 29, 1930, to inquire about the disposition of the former's fine collection. The "Currie-Kearney Collection of Fossils" was placed eventually in the Royal Ontario Museum of Palaeontology, Toronto.

The Southworths went to the annual meeting of the Paleontological Society held in Toronto in December, 1930. This gave Charlie an opportunity to meet men in the profession, many of whom came to Thedford during the succeeding years to collect with him.

One of these was Professor Merrill A. Stainbrook of the Texas Technological College. In 1931 Charlie took him to an outcrop on the bank of the Ausable. Seeing another exposure of the shale, they waded the river and walked downstream to it. There they found the shale dotted with crinoid heads. Between them they picked up 31 crinoids—29 specimens of *Arthroacantha carpenteri* and two of a crinoid subsequently described as *Corocrinus calypso*. They named the place "Crinoid Hill" as it is known to this day.

The next April Professor Stainbrook wrote Charlie to thank him for a starfish: "I think that this is one of your best finds for a long time. Of course excepting that day on Crinoid Hill, I dont think we shall beat that for some time." Stainbrook had only one eye, Charlie told us, "but he had all the luck in creation. He used to pick up the good ones after we passed over them."

At some later date Charlie decided to go to Crinoid Hill from the other direction. He had a frightening experience which he wrote me about (March 5, 1966):

... I left Annie at Hungry Hollow and started up stream for Crinoid Hill. The first field had been grazed over and was nice walking. I opened the gate and went through into weeds, not up to my knees but up to my neck. It was a job to tear my way through them. A small stream came from the hill to the river but owing to the weeds I did not see it. I walked right into it and went down into the soft, slimey mud up to my arm pits. I would have gone over my head but at some time a small tree about the size of a stove pipe had fallen into the stream. I managed to get my arms over it and pull myself out, just a mass of slimey, stinking blue mud. Had it not been for the little tree no one would have known to this day what had become of me. I went on to Crinoid Hill where I went swimming with all my clothes on, even my boots. I wrung my clothes as best I could and went hunting fossils in the nude. I put them on partly dry and made my way back to Hungry Hollow. It was the nearest thing to the end that I ever had.

In August, 1932, the Southworths went to Europe. Annie was homesick and wanted Charlie to see the Isle of Jersey. Charlie missed



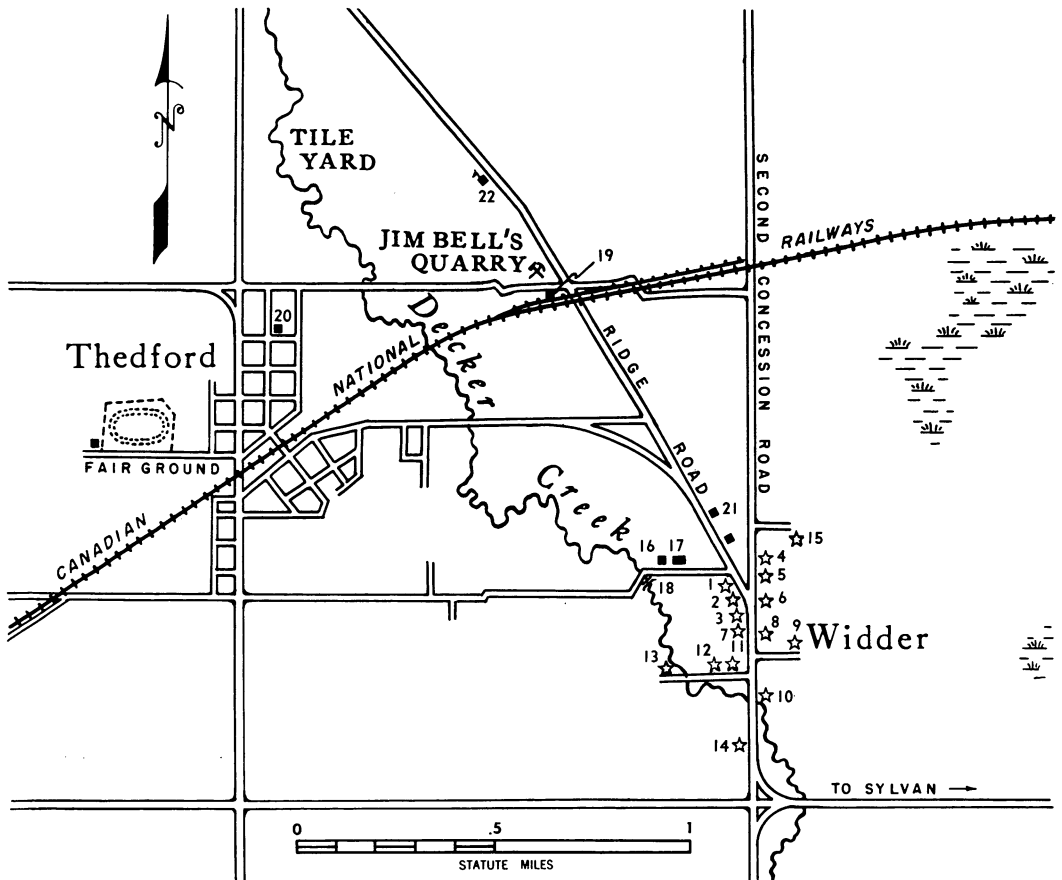
TEXT-FIG. 6—Marsh's Mill, which no longer existed in 1913 at the time of the excursion. From Guide Book No. 4



TEXT-FIG. 7—Luncheon in the field. Annie, my husband Put, Charlie, and my daughters Elizabeth and Jean.



TEXT-FIG. 8—Time out from collecting, around 1948. E. C. Stumm, my husband, Charlie, and myself.



TEXT-FIG. 9.—Map of Thedford, Ontario, and vicinity, showing sites (represented by stars) of buildings in the abandoned village of Widder, as recalled by Charlie Southworth. 1—Hotel, Sam Dark, prop. 2—Blacksmith. 3—Wagon works, C. Hall, prop. 4, 6, 7—Stores. 5, 9, 12, 15—Residences. 8, 11—Hotels. 10—Pottery, Mr. Munger, prop. 13—Tannery, Mr. McMillan, prop., on the west bank of Decker Creek. 14—Photographer's studio, later owned by Mr. Phippen. 16, 17—Present house and barn of Mr. Earl Nutt. 18—Former dam and sawmill. 19—Birthplace of Charles Southworth. 20—Home of Charles Southworth, where he died. 21—House where Mr. Earl Nutt recalls seeing millstones years ago; perhaps the "corn syrup factory run by Mr. George Underhay" mentioned by Charlie. 22—Old school house.

nothing; he described various episodes later to us with a glint in his eye.

The next few years brought more paleontologists to Thedford. These included Dr. G. Arthur Cooper, then an Assistant Curator of Stratigraphic Paleontology at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, Professor George M. Ehlers of the University of Michigan, and Professor Clinton R. Stauffer of the University of Minnesota. Irving G. Reimann and Raymond R. Hibbard, both doing research in Buffalo, were frequent visitors. Charlie valued their friendship and treasured their letters.

These years brought also a measure of fame to the two Southworths. In 1934 Dr. Winifred Goldring described a crinoid found by Annie at Rock Glen as *Gennaeocrinus mourantae*, and in 1935 Mr. Reimann described a blastoid Charlie had sent him as *Pentremitidea southworthi*. The following year Dr. Bassler described the rare edrioasteroid Charlie had discovered on a brachiopod as *Agelacrinites southworthi*.

Charlie had worked at the mill most of the time since he was twenty-three. In 1935 when he was fifty-five he decided to retire. This would give him more time to hunt fossils. He was now selling specimens as well as giving them to his friends in universities and museums across the continent. Retirement would also give him more time to attend to his voluminous correspondence. Dr. Cooper wrote him on December 22, 1935, concluding his letter as follows: "This brings warmest wishes for a happy and pleasant New Year and good luck in your newly found leisure."

IV

By 1939 Charlie had grown tired of leisure. He was glad to do any odd job that came along. He would shingle a roof, wire a house or paper a room, and he sold insurance on the side. First of all, of course, he was always a fossil-collector. He was able to postpone almost any work to go collecting if sufficiently tempted. My husband and I hunted fossils with him several times a week during vacations and when possible during the rest of the year; often Annie joined us (see text-figures 7 and 8). Sometimes we found fine specimens, sometimes none; that was unimportant. As Charlie put it: "The thrill is in the finding but the *fun* is in the hunting!"

We became much interested in the stratigraphy of the Thedford-Arkona region, particularly in the Widder formation. The name puzzled us and we asked Charlie about it. He told us that the village of Widder, located approximately a mile southeast of Thedford, had been a thriving community in the middle of the

19th century (see text-figure 9 for map). When the Grand Trunk Railway tracks were laid from London to Sarnia, they by-passed the village. "Widder Station" was built in 1860 on land donated by Charlie's great-uncle, Nelson Southworth, in what is now Thedford. He asked that the new settlement growing up around the station be named "Thetford" after his old home town in Vermont. However, as Charlie explained it to us, the Town Clerk's penmanship was poor and the Post Office Department mistook his "t" for a "d".

He told us more about Widder in a letter dated December 12, 1956, and enclosed a map sketched from his recollections (also see text-figure 9):

... when Widder Station, now Thedford, was established so far from the village the place started to deteriorate. A number of houses were moved to Thedford. As I remember it about 1890 there were three hotels (taverns then), two general stores, a blacksmith shop, a wagon shop, a pottery in the valley of the creek run by Mr. Munger, a tannery run by Mr. Macmillan. This was west of the main road and on the bank of the creek. A little farther west on the creek was a mill, whether saw or grist I don't know. The wagon maker moved to Thedford. He was Charles Hall. There were some quite nice houses in Widder but of the old houses, there are only five remaining. The rest mostly burned down, always well insured. I almost forgot the corn syrup factory run by Mr. George Underhay, later a cider mill. There were two or three cross streets, all of which have been closed except one. This is all I know about Widder.

Highway 82 was cut through several limestone units in the upper part of the Widder formation; these can be seen on either side of the road at the curve to the east of Thedford. Many of the older geologists including James Hall and H. A. Nicholson refer to fossils from Widder or Widder Station.

In 1948 Charlie became Thedford's Librarian, a position he held until 1962. Although his time for collecting was regulated now by library hours, his time for reading was increased. He felt it a pleasant obligation to read as many of the books on the shelves as he could and he was seldom without one in his hand or pocket. He happened to be passing the Thedford bank on that memorable May day in '48 while two thugs were robbing it. He watched the holdup through the window, got a good look at the men as they fled, and was thus a valuable witness, with a trip to Sarnia later in the police car to give evidence.

We corresponded frequently with him and kept more than a hundred of his letters; they were too much like Charlie to throw lightly away. He wrote on January 20th, 1948: "Your nice, cheery letter found us hale and hearty

except that I have a slight cold and Annie has a pain in the neck." He then mentioned subscriptions to two magazines he had received for Christmas and remarked: "I think it is wonderful to have such friends. Long may they live." The subject turned to fossils and he wrote:

I always count that Jan. 15th is the middle of the winter and on that date I quit looking back on the best year I have ever had, both in collecting and selling and start looking ahead to the best year I am going to have next summer (I hope).

A letter written in March, 1953, was addressed to me alone but it was meant obviously for us both. It said in part:

Put told me in the note he sent me that the wind was blowing from this direction and he could smell a Trilobite. Tell him to stop sniffing. I found the Trilobite last Sunday. Annie and I went to the Hollow in the afternoon but we could look only around the bridge head as the mud was very bad and the river very high.

"The weather here is wonderful," he continued, "and every fine day we keep watching out the window and wondering if this is the day you will come. Try to come as soon as you can."

It was moving to read once: "You are our only family."

Charlie's appetite for sweets was insatiable and we sent him one October a two-pound box of his favorite chocolates. Three days before his birthday he acknowledged its arrival thus: "I received your nice box of candy and thanks very much for them. They are delicious. I am hoping that by exercising rigid self control I will have a few left for my birthday."

In January, 1949, we learned that Annie had inoperable cataracts on both eyes. From then on Charlie did his best to help and care for her. "Annie and I manage to keep going but with sundry creekings and clatterings," he wrote.

The following April the tone of his letter was gay. "The weather today is beautiful; we washed this morning and I washed the car this afternoon. If it is nice tomorrow morning I am going to the tile yard again if I can give Annie the slip."

He tantalized us in early May (see text-figure 11). "Yesterday I had to go to Jim Bell's on insurance business," he wrote, "and while I was there I went over to the quarry for a few minutes. I found *SOMETHING* but I dont intend to tell you now. I want to watch your eyes fall off when you see it. Be prepared to be astonished." We were; it was a beautiful and rare blastoid.

Charlie had a narrow escape in the winter of 1950; he wrote us about it on February 16th.

I think that my last letter to you crossed one from you to me. I should have answered yours

sooner but I had rather a bad accident which put me under the weather for some time. I went to see my insurance agent about paying the insurance on my house but he was not in his office. He runs a public garage in the back of his building and I went through the connecting door to look for him. The garage was much darker than the room I came from and I did not see the open grease pit and walked right in to it. My head hit the cement edge and I dont know much more about what happened then. They took me to the doctor in Arkona who stitched up my head. I also had a cracked rib, a badly cut and bruised leg and a cut hand. This happened two weeks ago and I am all right now except for the cracked rib which is yet so sore that I cant lie on that side. This kind of thing is hard on an old man.

He was nearly seventy.

A letter written in April, 1951, showed he was back to normal in every way: "Annie has started house cleaning and I have the greatest difficulty in sneaking away without her grabbing me and puting me to work. How glad I will be when it is over."

By 1953 Annie's eyes had grown very much worse, she had diabetes, and the arthritis in her knee was so painful that she needed a cane to get about the house. Charlie took on more care of her and more of the household chores. In May, 1955, he himself had a severe attack of gallstones and to his great disgust was put on a candy-free diet; an operation was out of the question on account of his heart. He wrote in September: "There is not much to write about except the weather and our health, both of which are deplorable. High wind dry and dusty. (the weather) No wind, dry and not so dusty (me)."

Annie's diabetes became alarming in January, 1957, and Charlie had to give her an injection of insulin every morning. "I dont like to stick needles into her," his letter said, "altho she says that it dont hurt, but it hurts me." As if that were not enough, they both developed arthritis in their shoulders. "It does hurt cruel," this letter continued, "in fact I can hardly run this typewriter for the pain."

His sense of humor was his salvation. "Now for the bad news: I am no better," he wrote me in March. "Now the good news; I am no worse. We send our love to you and Put." A month later he was cheerier: "I have opened the collecting season about two weeks ago. I went to the tile yard to see if any fish were coming up the stream. I did not see any but happened to look down and saw a fine large *Nucleocrinus* so I now declare the season officially opened."

We still went fossiling together whenever it was possible. Poor Annie had to be helped into the car and out of it, then guided to her folding stool placed on level ground in the shade. She

Box 151, Theford, Ont.

Feb. 16, 1947

Dear Jean;

I should have written before but I have been so busy sorting over some stamps that a dear friend was so kind as to send me that I could not tear myself away from my album long enough to write a letter. I do thank you very much for them. I have had the time of my life this last week with them and expect to make them last another week. I found 85 that I did not have which is more than I usually get in a year.

A few years ago a friend sent me some U.S. war savings stamps but as I am not interested in these stamps they are of no use to me so I am sending them to you to partly reimburse "the man who had a lot of extra stamps he did not want!"

Now that you are a professional paleontologist you need a hammer. Some day you will find yourself working in shale or rock where you will miss something good unless you have a hammer. Well, it so happened that I met a man who had a nice hammer that he did not want so I got it for you. It is just like mine except that it is a little lighter than mine. You will find it waiting for you when you come in the spring.

The geological item from the Detroit Free Press which Put sent me is interesting but I can not comment on it as it is from a formation about which I know nothing but something like that happened here. A visiting geologist found a fine crinoid in the wall of the hotel and pointed it out to the landlord.

The weather has been lovely here this last week. We are now looking forward to spring, not backward to last fall. Annie and I are both fairly well. We hope that you and Put are in good health.

Well, so long for now, and love to all of you from your friends.

Chas & Ann Southworth
Chas. and Ann Southworth

JEAN D. WRIGHT

Box 151, Theedfoed, Ont.

May 2. 1949

Dear Jean and Put.

I had your letter this morning and was much interested in it and pleased (with the fine new stamp).

If Dr. Knight is a specialist on the gastropods he is just the man I have been looking for. I have a few that should be looked over.

I looked up my back numbers of the Journal and found the one of Sept 42. It has Stumm's paper on the Prout in it.

Yesterday I had to go to Jim Bell's on insurance business and while I was there I went over to the quarry for a few minutes. I found SOMETHING but I don't intend to tell you now. I want to watch your eyes fall off when you see it. Be prepared to be astonished.

If the weather is fine and we feel up to the mark we may go to No. 4 hill next Sunday but on the other hand we may not. I have a bad cold.

Annie is very well. Her Sunday collecting did not appear to do her any harm. We both send regards and expect to see you soon.

Yours as ever,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Chas. Southworth". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right from the end of the name.



TEXT-FIG. 12—Charlie and Annie collecting, a scene remembered by their many friends.

JEAN D. WRIGHT
Box 151, Thedford, Ont.

May 2. 1951

Dear Jean and Put.

This is to notify you that the season is now officially open. Annie and I went to the Hollow last Sunday afternoon and she found a fine Trilobite also an Arthracantha. I found nothing. This afternoon I went to Harrison's and found a Pentremite. Underfoot is quite dry and if it does not rain too hard in the mean time Sunday should be the big day. I think it would be all right to go to Frazer's if you wish. At any rate we should try some place that does not take too long a walk for the first time out.

I had a letter from Dr. Stauffer last week and he tells me that he is working on the Microcyclus and he wants a lot more specimens from me. This reminds me; What did Stumm think of the strange Microcyclus I sent by you. The one with the short septa marked with fine concentric rings. I don't think that I had any report on this.

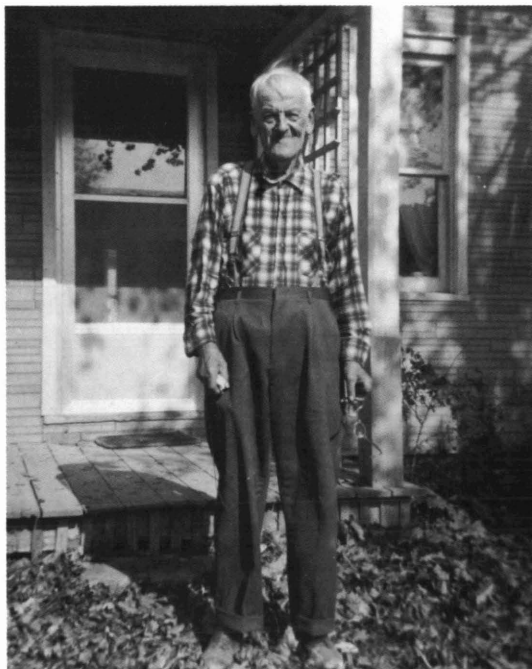
Well, we will be looking for you this week end. Be sure to call us up and tell us when to look for you.

Annie and I are both fine. We send our regards.

Yours as ever,

Chas. Southworth

TEXT-FIG. 13—Letter written by Charles Southworth in 1951.



TEXT-FIG. 14—Twilight of a long career of collecting fossils and friends. Charlie as an old man in front of his home in 1964.

was remarkably uncomplaining. One of us usually sat with her while the others collected and she talked about life in Jersey.

Charlie learned to prepare the meals and to sew. His letter of November 15th, 1957, begins with this paragraph:

I am slow in answering letters, aint I? but wait till you hear my troubles. Every evening as soon as supper is over Annie brings out a big basket of mending for me to work on. I dont mind mending my own clothes but when I get a lot of ladies undies and dresses to do I get confused. Then stockings to darn and even corsets to mend. Gosh!!! It's awful and no end to it.

In March, 1961, he reported that "Annie and I are both a lot better and are now enjoying our usual bad health."

Late that October Charlie had a bad case of flu. As he was recovering he wrote: "My legs are made of rubber hose, thin rubber that is, and if I sit down with more than two dollars silver in my pocket I cant get up again."

My husband died April 7th, 1962, after a long illness. I hunted fossils occasionally with Charlie and Annie that summer and the next. Then Annie had a stroke in October, 1963, and died about two weeks later, November third.

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For months after Annie's death Charlie was unconsolable and those of us who loved him wondered if he would be able to make the adjustment. He could not bear the loneliness. Although he went up town every day for the mail and groceries and to see his friends, he dreaded coming back to the empty rooms of the little gray house.

Then very, very gradually his interest in life, in food, in fossils revived. He bought himself a new typewriter in the spring of '65 and wrote me on it April 13th:

I am getting a little more used to the typewriter. At first I did not know how to space the lines but have gotten over that. When I bought it I asked the man if it was a good speller. He said that he could promise me that it could spell the hardest words in the English language as good as any high priced machine. Of course, with a fine guarantee like that, I bought the machine but there must have been some little mistake as it has not lived up to his promise, however it is doing better now as it has not misspelled a word in the last too weeks.

The new typewriter was put to new uses. Early in January he was asked by the Ausable River Conservation Authority to write a brochure on the rocks and fossils of Rock Glen. This he finished before the summer.

He was also writing a paper on "The Fossil Bearing Areas of Arkona, Thedford and Vicinity." Dr. Cooper, now Senior Scientist, Depart-

ment of Paleobiology, at the Smithsonian, wrote a fine tribute to Charlie which became its foreword. The text begins thus:

Definition: A paleontologist is a person who gathers fossils and friends.

Charles Southworth

This was certainly true of him; he gathered hundreds of both. The booklet was published in April, 1967, by the Lambton County Historical Society.

He was making many new friends these days—people who had heard of him and who came to Thedford to take him out for a little collecting, at outcrops handy to the car. "But there aren't any small fossils any more," he observed sadly.

He was invited to give talks on the local fossils and he wrote me about one of these occasions on November 22, 1967:

A few weeks ago I had a meeting with a rock hound club in London and baring the fact that I mislaid my glasses and left at home my notes I had a wonderful time. About 250 people in the hall and they all seemed to have a good time. I am enclosing a report of the doings.

Due to Charlie's age—he had passed his eighty-seventh birthday that October—it was necessary for him to take a road test every year to renew his driver's license. He failed that test four times in 1967, getting more and more discouraged each time. "Why *would* I stop at that stop sign?" he asked me in an exasperated tone. "I couldn't *see* it!"

The net result was that Charlie was taken off the road. He felt housebound until he figured out an answer—one could drive a *tractor* without a license. He wrote me soon afterwards:

I am driving up town and back on a little tractor now and getting along fairly well. It is cold and wet and bumping over the railway tracks just about shakes me to pieces but otherwise not too bad. I think that I can manage. My health keeps fairly well. I am getting a little more frail as the time goes by but all in all, not too bad.

His health did not keep fairly well, however. He had pneumonia over Christmas and he developed gangrene in one foot. He was determined to stay home rather than go to a hospital or nursing-home; the doctor and his friends did everything they could to keep him comfortable.

On the morning of June 13th the neighbor who was caring for him asked: "And how are you feeling today, Charlie?"

"Well, not as bad as you think," he replied.

He died the next day—June 14, 1968—four months before his eighty-eighth birthday.

Some of the fossils Charlie gathered stand as a memorial to him. These include:

Pentremitidea southworthi Reimann 1935
Agelacrinites southworthi Bassler 1936
Arabellites southworthi Stauffer 1940
Cadiscocrinus southworthi Kirk 1945
Prototaxites southworthi Arnold 1952
Microcyclus southworthi Stauffer 1952
Billingsastraea southworthi Ehlers and Stumm 1953

Phacops iowensis southworthi Stumm 1953
Devonaster southworthi Kesling and Wright 1965

Two fossils were named after his wife, Annie, the former Miss Mourant:

Gennaeocrinus mourantae Goldring 1934
Spinocyrtia mourantae Ehlers and Wright 1955

After Charlie died another friend and I found in his home boxes of letters dating from 1926; most of these were from paleontologists. They wrote of the pleasure they had had in the field with him and of their gratitude for his help and generosity.

The following list includes the writers of those letters and the names of other paleontologists whose visits to Thedford he used to tell us about.

Chester A. Arnold
 R. S. Bassler
 Kenneth G. Brill, Jr.
 Preston E. Cloud, Jr.
 G. Arthur Cooper
 Carl O. Dunbar

George M. Ehlers
 E. R. Eller
 Rousseau H. Flower
 Madeleine A. Fritz
 J. J. Galloway
 Winifred Goldring
 Amadeus W. Grabau
 James Hall
 Raymond R. Hibbard
 B. F. Howell
 Lewis B. Kellum
 Robert V. Kesling
 Leroy F. Kindle
 Marius LeCompte
 Alfred R. Loeblich, Jr.
 Andrew H. McNair
 William A. Parks
 Erwin R. Pohl
 Gilbert O. Raash
 Percy E. Raymond
 Irving G. Reimann
 Rudolf Ruedemann
 John T. Sanford
 Charles Schuchert
 William H. Shideler
 Hervey W. Shimer
 Robert R. Shrock
 G. Winston Sinclair
 Merrill A. Stainbrook
 Clinton R. Stauffer
 Erwin C. Stumm
 Harold E. Vokes
 A. Scott Warthin
 Tsun-Yi Yang

This list may be far from complete.