

## Paul Moore lives a life that many other people only daydream about



Paul Moore

Last week while interviewing Lucy (Mrs. Guy) Haines, 830 E. Main St., Mount Joy, the **Bulletin** met her father, Mr. Paul Moore.

Mr. Moore, who resides in a small trailer beside his daughter's home, was broiling a very juicy T-bone steak over a small charcoal grill in the Haine's backyard.

Moore, almost 75 years old, is a stocky man with a ruddy complexion beneath his long white hair and the beard he was sporting when we met him.

He had just returned from three months of camping at the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania in Tioga County.

There was a twinkle in his eye and an excitement in his voice as he talked of the Canyon and about fishing this past winter off the Florida Keys.

On our way home from the Haines we decided to go back to see Mr. Moore. We were certain that there was an interesting story about him.

When we went to see Mr. Moore the next day, he had shaved off his beard. He said it had begun to itch.

He had let it grow while in the Pennsylvania Grand Canyon, because it kept the flies off. Finally, at the end of June the flies got too bad

and Moore came back to Mount Joy to stay briefly in his trailer.

We found out that we weren't the first newspaper to write about Mr. Moore. The first to get interested in him was the **New York Times**. Three years ago Dave Knickerbocker devoted his entire "Recreation" column to the subject of Paul Moore.

He has also been written up in **Pennsylvania Angler**.

Every winter as soon as deer season is over in Pennsylvania, Moore drives in his station wagon to Islamorada, Florida, on the Keys. There he lives in his station wagon and fishes, sometimes late into the night, off the bridges that link the keys.

He says he is a "fish bum." He has caught over 60 different species of fish from the bridges - including Barracuda, Kingfish, Red Snapper, African Pampano, Amberjack, etc.

He also does a lot of shrimping, for bait and eating.

A few years ago he met a realtor, Jack Silber, from Long Island, who has a boat at the Keys. Silber started taking Paul out on his boat. Silber pilots, Paul does the fishing. Now he could catch sailfish, dolphins, and King mackerel. Sometimes Moore and Silber go out to sea 30 or 40 miles in search of tuna.

Moore won a tournament sponsored by the state of Florida when he caught an 8-foot sailfish.

It was in 1962 that Moore, a bricklayer, retired from full-time work at his vocation. He still puts in several weeks every year, however,

at his trade. This spring he built a 100 by 40 foot cow barn in Tioga County for friends there.

Moore was born in Kinderhook. At age 16 he married Anna Helwig with whom he raised eight daughters and one son. Anna died in 1958.

"She was the best wife there was," says Moore.

By retiring at age 62 Moore lost some Social Security benefits, but He says it was the smartest move he ever made.

He always hunted and fished a lot, but now he gets his heart's content of both. He has hunted and fished in Canada, Maine, and Texas as well as Pennsylvania and Florida.

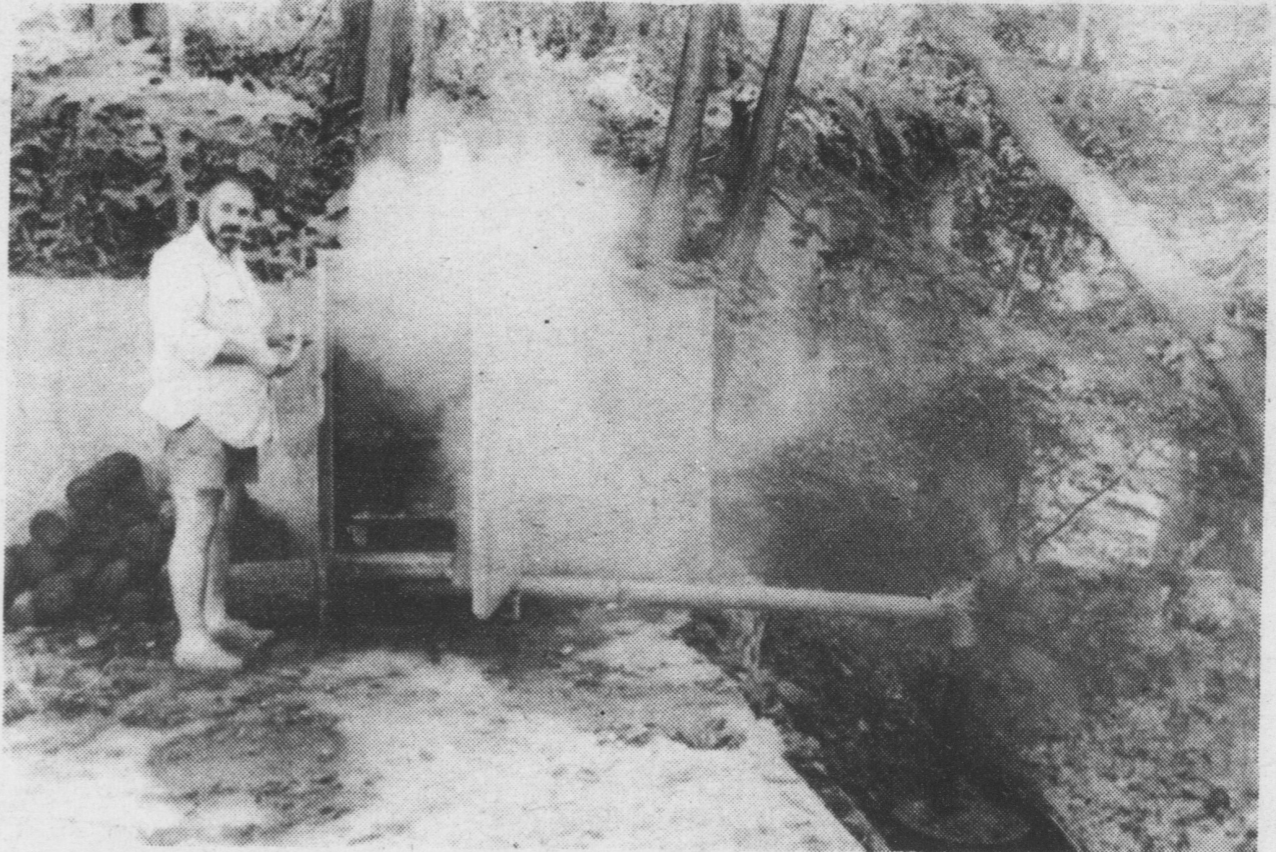
His stays at his residence in Mount Joy are short.

Today he is off with Alvin Greider of Marietta to fish for trout at Spring Creek.

Unlike a majority of people, Paul Moore lives the life he most wants to live.

The secret of his happiness is advice he received as a boy from his father: "Never put it on; you won't have to take it off."

## S. Sargen builds fish smokehouse



Scott Sargen smoking fish

Scott Sargen of Locust Grove lives a good life.

His house, once inhabited by a French trader with the Conoy Indians, is on a property that borders the Susquehanna River and the Conoy Creek.

Scott and his family enjoy both swimming and fishing in the creek.

The fish he catches are not prepared in any ordinary way.

Scott with the help of Carl Lewis, Falmouth, constructed a mechanism to smoke the fish, made out of an old refrigerator. The fish are laid on racks in the refrigerator, and the door is closed.

Hickory and sassafras smoke from a stove below pours into Sargen's smokehouse and seeps out a little stack.

The fish after a day of this treatment have an unusually delicious flavor.

Smoked sea trout tastes like baked ham, Sargen says.

## Triplet calves are born and thrive on Elvin K. Brenneman's farm

Triplet calves were born last week to Cow #47 on the Elvin K. Brenneman farm west of Donegal Church on Donegal Springs Road.

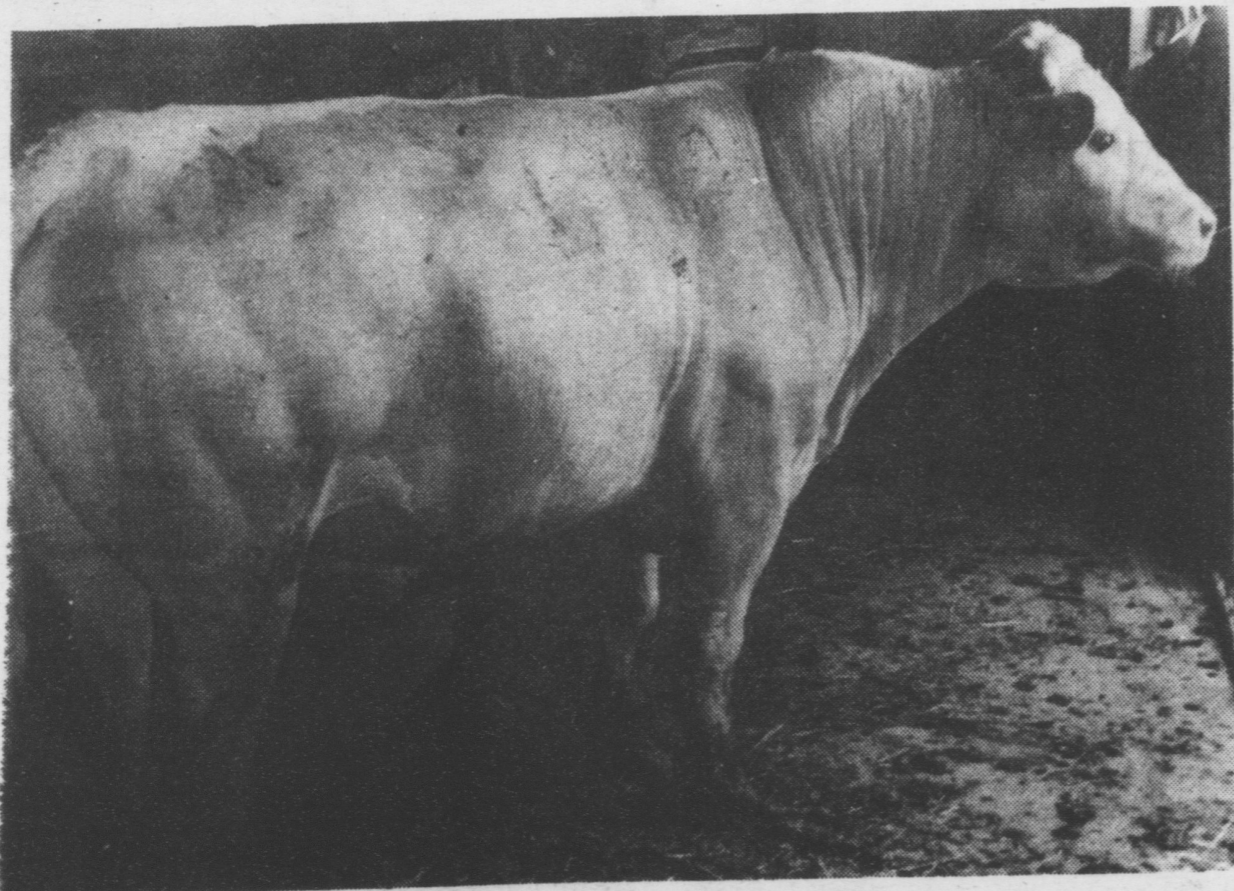
Triplets are rare among cattle. Still more rare are healthy triplets and healthy

mothers.

The last time Mr. Brenneman had triplet calves, he lost all of them and the mothering cow too. He said his father-in-law had never had triplets in his herd in 30 years of farming.

Cow #47 is a fairly old Holstein grade cow.

The sire, called "Bullie" by the Brenneman children, is a Charolais. Two of the calves are tan like their father, and the other is black like the mother.



ABOVE  
Left to right; the triplets being held by LuAnn, Roger, and JoAnn Brenneman. The mother, No. 47, in back.

LEFT  
The proud father, "Bullie"