# Among the Clouds

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# BEAVER AT LAKES

A beaver the size of a small dog has been spotted in the lower of the two Lakes of the Clouds. This reporter, having heard such rumors, tossed a rock into the tranquil waters of _____ Lake (see trivia questions below) in an attempt to stir the critter from his hiding place. A splash followed, and a ripple revealed a rodent-like head at the apex. With guile and steadfast light step, a closer vantage point was gained, and the animal complied with wishes for a closer look. A broad, flat tail undulated just below the surface, and the rumors became confirmed fact. The questions that immediately surfaced were

a) where does he live, b) what's he going to eat, and c) how did he get there? Theories abounded, but the most likely is that he's a "spring beaver", frustrated by a winter in a stick mud hut without a proper dose of lovin' and seeking out greener pastures (bluer waters ?) in the high country. At any rate, he's there for who knows how long. Beware, Lakes' bathers, lest you become a beam in the beaver hut. Krummholz is bound to be unsatisfactory to a tree and beaver-hungry beaver.

THE DAYS OFF SYNDROME - An Attempt at Remediation

You've been humping food, cooking meals, placating hikers, and giving information for the past nine days. In two more days it will not be, Miller Time, the weekend, or any other form of valley reprieve but...Daze Off. By the ninth day a little voice begins nagging at your conscience asking that musical question "What are you going to do this set?" By the tenth day, a more neurotic daze off procastinator may become irritable and enuretic (might wet the bed). One who has not been blessed with AMC employment may ask "Why would such symptoms manifest themselves in an apparently low stress, gregarious and mentally healthy atmosphere?" In this writer's opinion, the problem lies not with the environment but the alternatives. Given the employees small fiscal renumeration and the inverse proportion of cars to employees, an employee can not usually travel to, let alone afford other accommodations. The second alternative is to spend your set at Pinkham Notch Camp. This alternative is usually not acceptable to most employees. As one person was quoted, "It's like going from the frying pan into the fire."

Now, thanks to those folks at Crawford's, a third alternative has been introduced---"The Daze Off Room". Blessed by an immaculate dispensation from on high, funds were provided to spruce up the croo rooms and create a room specifically set aside for visiting employees. Bask in the solitude of low Crawford counts, roadside accessibility (Red Parka Pub - 25 minutes) and championship fishing. Your room is provided with double thick, double wide old style AMC mattresses (vibrators are back ordered), an electric lighting and convenient shower (4 feet away). Volleyball and net are available for use on our official court. Food usually isn't a problem unless the attending party numbers more than two. So for the relaxation you need and want for free, Crawford Notch is your one stop facility for implementing your recuperation from hut life.

Offer subject to change without advance notice. Reservation appreciated but not required.

Jeffrey Worst

## Western Huts Secede

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, due to the failures of the old system, to form a more perfect system of huts, one must take matters

(see page 9)

# Editorial

Parties. More parties. Parties celebrating parties. Work (getting ready for parties). Splash. Contradance. Augustfest.

What's a manager to do?

Party.

Now recovered from the twelve hour beer and chicken fest in honor of the Waddell's, I'm able to hold and guide my pen without writing like a seismograph recording an earthquake. How do you younguns do it, drinking and cavorting into the wee hours, and still cook breakfast the next morning? Congratulations are inadequately bestowed upon the Zealand and Galehead crews for fantastic hosting of a difficult, but colorful, entourage of OH and guests, Huts Managers and Tucks caretakers. The highest party average is a dead heat between Dave Warren and Joe Gill (Zool, Ghoul, and Wads) and Al Folger (Zool, Ghoul, MMVSP), each batting .750 on the weekend party scene. Hats off to Dave, Joe and Al for phenomal stamina. Today's trivia question: what was the composite blood-alcohol level of the Hut System at midnight, June 26? Answer in next week's "Crowds".

Out of last weekend's parties came one conclusion, from Willy Ashbrook Sr., A 60+ year old OH, Italian opera expert and hut system observer of many years. He worked at Zealand in the '40's with his wife, and through the course of the evening was seen sipping glasses of liquor, getting mellower with each pursed-lipped intake of liquid. As the evening seemed to peak, and the events thirsted for a summary comment for all to take with them, he muttered to one high Hut System official, "The Huts are more with it," and he returned to the lip of his glass. And from an OH, no less.

Your hutmasters should be passing on the guts of the meeting held June 29, so I'll skim some gunk off the top and throw it randomly your way. Carter's experiment with a crew journal that kept track of meals, ideas, and special occurances has been dropped because it seemed to replace verbal communication. Now the crew is rotating the leadership of weekly crew meetings, which they feel gives each member a chance to guide a meeting in their own particular way, challenges them to take stock of the hut's operation and helps them feel needed. They are to be commended for giving communication such intense scrutiny and importance, and for innovating their own effective tool for seeing that it's done regularly. Zealand is tracking and recording all their meals. Galehead has been reseeding patches of trampled flora and cleaning up can dumps and generally neglected colch inhabiting their nearby woods. The place has never looked sharper, inside or out, since Joe Dodge and friends cut the ribbon on it fifty years ago. What's your hut up to? Mark Dindorf says, about the upcoming contradance at Lakes "All afternoon, all night. Dance your pants off." An event not to be missed, on July 8. On July 5, the WHA will host a Raiding Conference at twelve noon at the roadside Mt. Eisenhower picnic area on Rt. 302. R Raiding rules, for future breaking, will be set and undoubtedly a few cold ones will grease some all-too-vocal vocal cords. Be there, or run the risk of being desig--nated the only no-holds-barred raidable hut in the system. That tyrant, the King of the West, has a few zingers up his sleeve, no doubt. A schedule of upcoming events follows, or at least all that I've heard about:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July5 | Raid Conf. | |
| July 8 | Contradance | Lakes |
| July 9 | Crew Mtg. | Pinkham |
| July 10 | NCB Mtg. | Lonesome |
| July 10 | Craw. Depot | Dedication |
| July 13 | Splash Pty. | Lonesome |
| July 27 | HM/AHM Mtg. | Pinkham |

Keep us posted on happenings, opinions, accomplishments at your hut. But remember, the press is a powerful tool. Use it right, and it can work for you. Use it wrong, and.....

# THE C.C. REVIEW

by Stroker

## Things we've done

Incredible as it may seem, despite the recent round of 50th Anniversary Parties and a formal drinking engagement (Mr. & Mrs. Waddells' wedding reception), the Construction Crew has been as productive as ever. From 6/19 through 6/29 we have accomplished the following, again presented in no particular order:

Lowered coffee shelf at CRAWFORD; roofed the lower bunkhouse at CATA; lowered bulletin board cum brochure racks at CRAWFORD; built and installed drop-leaf counter for CRAWFORD, along with a glass OTC counter top to match; two new greywater pits dug at CATA, between rainstorms; and two grey water chutes with strainer screens installed; drank whiskey in our coffee; old CATA shit-pit and greywater pit filled with rock and earth, retaining crib chopped into firewood; drank coffee in our whiskey; new massive shit-pit cum mastadon trap excavated at CATA; drank Irish coffee, VERY Irish- hold the coffee; one wall display for CRAWFORD historical exhibit relocated; fished logs (the wooden variety, placed in the tank last fall to prevent ice damage) from first septic tank at LAKES; repaired another door knob assembly at GALE; broken windows replaced at ZOOL; plywood cover over ZOOL greasetrap; two Filon covers repaired on LAKES filter field roof; new kitchen sink fawcet for GALE, sink leaks siliconed as needed; new gate valve for GALE waterline; six-inch flue cap for LAKES chimney; stained one porch and bomb platform at GALE; rock platform constructed to support gas bomb for GALE water pump, bombed chained to pumphouse; trap door in LAKES dining room planed so it closes; remaining coathooks installed at GALE; formica screwed down around GALE kitchen sink; exterior trim painted at GALE as needed; touch-up painting and staining at ZOOL; and God knows what else. If it didn't make it on this list, it might make it on the next.

## Things we haven't done, but have been accused of

Dave Wemett voted "Finish Carpenter of the Year" by Woodworker magazine.

Ghost-writing "Shogun" for James Clavell.

Drinking decaffeinated coffee.

Again, the Construction Crew feels compelled to publicly deny these patent falsehoods Those perpetrating these rumors, mainly salacious, must cease or suffer the consequence Whatever they may be. We haven't thought any up yet because we've been rather busy (see above column: "Things We've Done"). But when we do, they'll be nasty. Be Forewarned.

# HELICOPTER SAFETY by STROKER

No scare stories here, and no lecture. We all know the Bell Star Jet Ranger III (the type of helicopter most often used in Club airlifts) is a large, powerfull ship, capable of great destruction. Consequently, much care and planning is put into every airlift. Just as the Construction Crew, the pilot, and others periodically review helicopter safety, it's probably a good topic for hut crews to occasionally reconsider as well.

You will find listed below the major precepts of helicopter safety. Read them. Often. Familiarity with these points, and the logic behind them, will make every airlift safer and ensure that you are still with us come Labor Day.

1. Never leave loose items on or near an airlift site. Rotor wash can be severe, especially (but not exclusively) when the ship is near the ground. These high winds can pick up a full backpack and send it hurtling... into a tail rotor, into a goofer, into you. There is always the danger of something becoming entangled in a rotor and pulling the ship down. Very nasty. Laundry loose packropes, mittens, tents? Tie it down, pull it in, crush it into the earth with large rocks!

2. Never approach an airlift pad with the ship still airbourne. Stay put. You could be wandering onto the very spot where the pilot intends to land. In any event, you will be just one more distraction, one more factor for the pilot to consider in an already crowded field of critical factors.

3. When the ship is on the ground, never leave or approach uphill. Always walk toward or away from the ship downhill. On flat ground the main rotor clears the ground by a full eleven feet. But who in these mountains has seen flat ground? A rock, a clump of krumholtz, or a slight uphill slope may be enough to get you that crew-cut you don't really want.

(over, please)

4. Make every attempt to remain within the pilot's field of vision; roughly speaking, the front 180° of the ship, from the pilot on forward. Joe Brigham, a pilot who regularly flies for the Club, has been able to avert more than one fatality simply because he saw the accident before it happened and took preventative measures.

5. NEVER go anywhere near the rear of the ship. Collisions bewtixt tail rotors and people are, regretably, all too common. A tail rotor revolves at speeds which render it virtually invisible. Many an experienced aircraft mechanic has lost life and limb to this shadowy killer. So could you.

6. Caution onlookers to keep themselves, their belongings, and their animals well clear of an airlift site. On a hot dusty day, rotor wash can kick up enough sand to do a hefty number on car paint, cameras, contact lenses, chihuahuas, capped teeth, and countless other items of inestimable value. Keep the crowds at bay.

WANTED-Bed-warmers for personnel at the Franconia Info. Booth. Female species preferred. Send name and photograph to the Booth, or just show-up some evening.

Something to consider- For those of you with a bent for physics, picture this: during take-off and landing the main rotor of a Bell Star Jet Ranger III is travelling at approximately 275 to 290 RPM. The rotor blade is about 34 feet long, which means the tip of each blade travels 106 feet and 8 inches per revolution, or 30,960 feet per minute (351 MPH). This is, of course, damn near half the speed of sound, 750 MPH, which goes a long way toward predicting the results of meeting that rotor with any part of your anatomy.

Interested parties are invited to ascertain the weight of the rotor from Mr. Brigham, and compute the mess resulting from a union of one average-size watermellon and said rotor blade, travelling at or near 351 MPH.

# 50 YEARS

## THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF ZEALAND FALLS HUT

Two sweaty, foul tobacco and beer reeking bodies came thorugh our side door at 6:01 p.m. and added their fragrance to an already pungent soup. Our 33 guests of meek and mild background were quiet as they stared at Joe Gill (Zool '75) and Will "Swill" Small (Zool '75), who wore ferns, sweaty bandanas, and aerated pack trough. "Hi guys!" Joe piped in, "We carried in 6.25 cases of beer." "Actually", Will added, "we packed in seven cases but not all of it is still in cans!"

Despite their arrival, we served up a fine meal and then began preparing for the next day. I was up until 2:16 a.m. putting the finishing touches on the enlarged version of the Kelley & Crane Zealand Falls Hut Croo List 1932-1982. The kitchen was a wreck--so it was up early for all as we clamoured for the sinks. Between dried flour and egg yolks, dupan and dynamite barely dented some of our creative artwork. We should have turned our penstock toward the kitchen!

George had drank two beers by 8:15 a.m. With the arrival of Tim "The Kriener" Fursal, his daughter Cara, and Doug "Da Beef" Shaffer, all from the mid sixties croo (except Cara who is only 4 years old), the party had begun! Doris Meyer and her daughter Laura arrived next. It was out of our hands by 12:30 p.m. Jim Marston (Zool '43) Dave Hickcox (Zool '65) and his family arrived. Apparently, Dave was one of the last mule skinners.

We were beginning to wonder if our supply of beer was going to last when Alex McPhail, commonly known as McPhool, and the El Wackos, Bill and Willie ('43 and 1963-68) showed up with several cases of Bud tall boys and hard alcohol in gallon bottles.

The arrival of Peter Crane (Zool '79) meant the historians were here, and shortly afterwards, Cal Harris (Zool'45) and her brother Tige Crane (Zool 37,38, 39) arrived with their family. This brother and sister team captivated our attention and it was a marvel to see them here!

Jim Severen and his dog Useless gave a tour of the lower hydro electric system as we finished up dinner prep. Where is the Wave? Professional photographer Doug Schaeffer and McPhool took enough pictures to keep Kodak going for years. There should be some classics from this gig. Kelley, Colt, Bazilchuk, and Burnside arrived about 9:30 p.m. We then searched for the winter caretakers gift to the summer croo, which was unearthed in the woodshed in the form of a bottle of homemade Kalhua (bottled 3/1/82).

Meanwhile, the OH began some serious drinking and so began a slide show meant to embarras all and celebrate none. It is amazing that there actually was a show, thanks to a handy little adapter available at any hardware store....

The ruckus raising continued till 2:31 a.m. Suddenly, all were tired, and aside from the usual night sounds in a hut, the rustle of the wind, rain, mice, snores, and farts, it was silent by 3:00 a.m. The morning brought on a surge of energy. George cooked omlettes with all the leftovers, Katy did cinnamon bread and McPhool cooked pre-cooked sausage. A stunning success! Dutch Tober of Guided Fantisies did dishes with Tige Crane as dip king.

The oldest person here was Cal Harris (80) and the youngest was Heather Adams (11 weeks). Cal's brother Tige Crane and his wife Ruth came from Eureka, CA (3,187miles) and Joe Gill and Alison Dodd traveled the least (11.6 miles). John Michael Field (Winter Zool '79) packed in a 3 gallon tub of chocolate ice cream, which we've had for breakfast for a week now.

Al Folger wandered in with down mittens on and began his bourbon renewal program without hesitation. Alan made it to Zealand, Galehead, and MMVSP. Not a bad showing for a senior OH!

As I was crushing empty beer cans Saturday morning in the rain, separating chocolate cake from watermelon rind, soggy paper plates from cole slaw encrusted bottles of scotch, I thought to myself, what the hell am I doing, I should go to Galehead!

No, actually, I thought about the sheer excitement in the eyes of Tige Crane who hadn't been to Zool in 40 years, the tears in Cal Harris' eyes as OH and Hut crews welcomed her with hugs and handshakes, the exulation and happiness of OH who had lost contact but not memories with members of their croos. The warmth and friendship passed among young and old, no holds barred. Things may have changed, packing records in the past, but the feelings of friendship, warmth, and delight in the changes in the mountains, and bonds made in cramped croo quarters never change and this was clearly seen through the fog at Zealand on June 25.

by David Moskowitz
'82 Zool Hutch

# trivia

1) Where is the only latchstring still out in the Hut System?
2) Name the Lakes of the Clouds.
3) Is Katy Terrell being held hostage at Lakes?

# NOXIOUS ODORS

*Tales in the wind from Tuckerman Ravine*

Let's face facts. Tuckerman's Ravine is haunted. Call it ghosts, specters, gooks, spooks, or just plain inexplicable things that occur in the night, there is something out there, jaws snapping,ready to weird you out.

Considering all that has happened here in Tucks in the last century, it is a wonder we don't charge $2.50 to all of the presently non-paying haunts. Why, if we aren't careful, Joe and I may get a part-time job as apprenticesailors to Charon ferrying souls across the River Styx to the infernal regions. This time of year the Ravine certainly is an infernal region, the Cutler River runs through some pretty dark caves and tunnels up in the rock-fields below Lion's Head, and in a way I can kind of see Joe asking the goofers that come to the desk every day, "Well, it costs $2.50 a person per night to stay in the shelters, or an obolus if you're not of this world."

Ghost stories and peculiar spine-chilling tales are nothing new to the hut system. The log books of the old days, the era between '40 and '55, speak of "Daid Haid", a human skull that used to make the rounds of the huts as a raid item. Instead of waking up in the middle of the night to find the propellor missing, or the Madison Ave, sign gone, you would wake up to the smiling, gaunt face of Daid Haid on the pillow next to you. A common prank of the old days, but mysteriously Daid Haid disappeared. My question is, where is he, or her, now? Lurking in a dark corner of the Lakes croo room? In the Carter Ramparts? Where indeed... you figure it out. Some night if you feel a cool bony face on the pillow next to you, you know that Daid Haid has returned for another season of mischief.

There are other stories. Ever had the hair on the back of your neck start crawling around like a troop of earthworms at one of the annual Robert Service readings by candlelight at Carter? "The Cremation of Sam McGee?" What is it about Carter that makes the place feel so eerie at certain times? The cliffs, the notch, the lack of light, the wind? Perhaps Red Mac is still lurking around the rockfields keeping an eye on his flock-not maliciously, but just as, shall we say, a presence?

Mizpah. Now you guys have a problem. A drowning victim from the Dry River (how can you drown in a dry river?) way back in '71 was left in the Mizpah basement overnight until the corpse could be taken out the following day. The basement has never been the same since. You're never alone in the Mizpah shower...

Or Lakes. Now Lakes is haunted. You don't even have to believe in ghosts to know that. Would you want to spend a night alone at Lakes with no one around for miles? Why not? The howling wind, the shadows out on the Tundra weaving to and fro? Perhaps the creaking in the walls, the dark hallways, or the toilet flushing next to you in the middle of the night? Don't laugh. The entire Lakes croo of '74, such staunch types as John Davie, Sam Osborne, Jack Tracy, Paul Boghossian, Gary James, Jean Farquar, and Joe Gill, refused to go to the bathroom alone at night because of a strange phenomenon, a plumbing presence. They would wait, sometimes in severe pain, until they could all venture from the croo room together in relative safety. Why?

The stories go on. Madison. Why do the Aetherians come every year to Mt. Adams, chanting and praying to the force that encompasses what they consider the sacred mountain. Madison: nearly always in the fog, the oldest of huts. Who knows what lurks out there in the dampness...

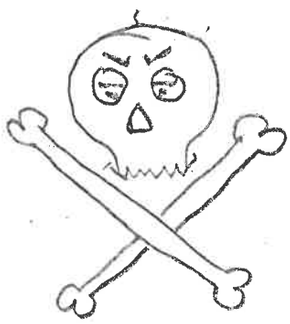
Why is Galehead called Ghoul?

Is Lonesome really that lonesome?

Have ghosts of the Zealand Valley gone? I doubt it. The hellish fores that purged the valley in the logging days carry a lot of ghostly significance. The peaceful valley wasn't always so peaceful, and lord knows ghosts have an attraction to places that aren't peaceful, or else they wouldn't be ghosts. Maybe a few exceptions, call them guiding spirits, but when I think of ghosts, I think of a wavy, translucent fellow clanking around the woods at night with a chain tied to his foot, moaning as a lost soul. The dark forests of the Pemi seem like the perfect place.

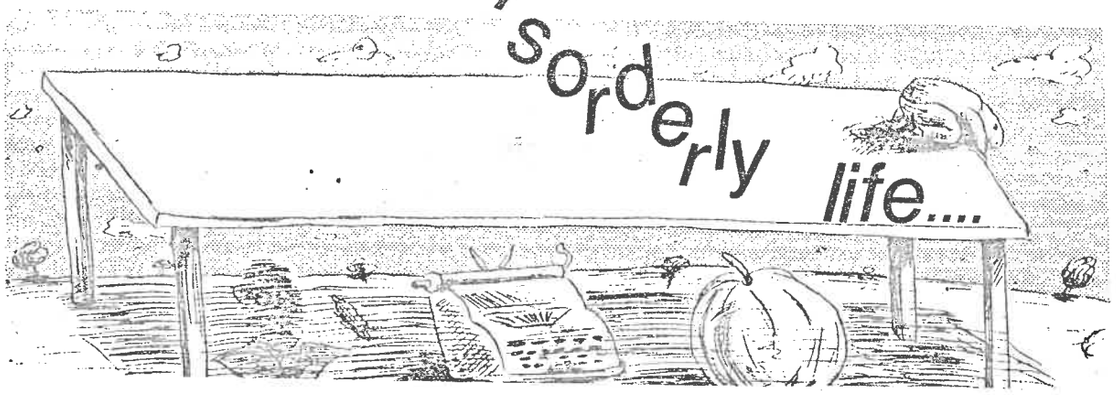
Bill Kelley

TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT: THE GHOSTS OF TUCKS



# from: the manual of a disorderly life....

by dr. rick boyce



FROM THE MANUAL OF A DISORDERLY LIFE

(Note: all of the below is true, even the lies.)

"So what did you do this summer?" I groaned inwardly once again at the sound of what my questioner surely thought was an innocent query. I had had a difficult enough time telling people from the East about my summer, and they had at least heard of the Whites. But how was I going to answer a flatlander from Illinois, a land where I had the misfortune to be last fall, a land where a hill is anything a marble will roll down, given a good tail wind?

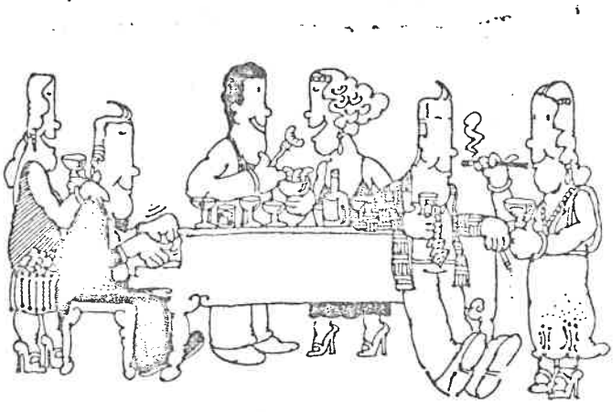
There are several approaches that can be used. You can give them official, right-off-the-literature answer: "I worked for an organization called the Appalachian Mountain Club, etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseum." Now this tactic has the advantage of completely explaining what you doing (not why you were doing it, but that's another story); however, you should have a fondness for watching people's eyes glaze over, and it is advisable to have a voice loud enough to be heard over the snores which ensue. Also, if this mehtod of explanation is overused, you will soon find that people will avoid you in public places, and no one will talk to you at parties.

Or you can give a vague, spacey, California-type reply: "Well, man, you see, I decided to blow off a summer, so I was working up in the woods in New Hampshire, at this sort of, like, lodge in the mountains..." By then, your unlucky inquisitor is convinced that you are a class-A, wicked-key-to-the-max space cadet, and a charter member of the Order of the Outer Planets with asteroid, clusters, and he is desperately trying to think of some way to make a graceful exit. However, this sort of reply will also tend to cut down on your social life, will definitely not impress beautiful members of the opposite sex, and won't tell anyone what you really did with your summer.

My favorite means of answering and my most successful (yep - you guessed it, especially with beautiful women) is the question and answer game. It starts out quite simply: I say, "Well, I worked in a hut." Of course, the obvious rejoinder is, "What's a hut?", and you're off and running. The trick is to keep each answer short enough so that they have to ask another question. Not only does the questioner find out exactly what you're doing, but since he, or preferably she, is taking an active part, they won't fall asleep while you're explaining what the hell a hut is, anyways. In addition, you come off as just odd and strange enough to be called eccentric and exotic, and after 15 minutes or so you should have her (or his, depending on your preference) address and phone number.

Last, but not least, is a highly effective method of dealing with this question (especially if you've had a bad day) for which I owe credit to certain members of the Construction Crew: "None of your !@#? business!"

Rick Boyce

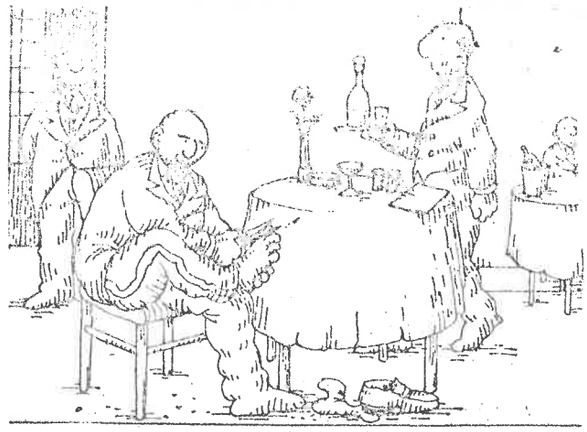


The LAKES CREW is pleased to announce CONTRA-DANCE BASH on Thursday, July 8th. Come dance your pants off from 2:00 p.m. till you drop. Music provided by Crossbow Crosby (of Augustfest Fiddling Fame), Bernie Wah, and a host of others. Beer and other delectable consumables (sardines, etc.) provided. Resis have been held at 45, so there is plenty of space. The dining room will be the dance floor and we plan so much stompin' hootin' and hollerin' that the CC will have to re-build the floor when we are done.

SEE YOU THERE - LAKES CREW

RAIDS

Rooney Self, Bob Granger, Macy Moulton and two unidentified trail crew members (they prefer anonymity to showering in the Admin.) pulled an anti-raid seldom to be equaled when they tied the Lakes crew in their crew-room, intending to cook and serve breakfast for them. The Lakes crew, due to unavoidable natural urges and misunderstanding Mizpah's humanitarian intentions, found it impossible to stay incarcerated, visions of burst bladders and missing Tundra phone (not to mention a myriad of other treasures) dancing through their suspicious minds. With the aid of Rick Boyce, Steve Mc Kenna of the Franconia Information Booth, and Mike Torrey, the crew, who used the safe for a hammer, extricated themselves by pounding the pins out of the door hinges. After finding that only a few items were gone (Madison Ave., Washington Ave. signs, and the GOOK license plate) and that the perpertrators were still on the scene, dressed in splendid evening clothes, the Lakes crew was chagrined by some of their comments made while entombed and paranoid. Quotes gained by this on-the-spot reporter (who is guilty of uttering at one insane moment inside the locked crew-room "Tell 'em Mike Torrey said to open the door!" to which a voice outside replied "Mike who?") are as follows, in no particular order: Ruth Goldman, "I just want to pee and go back to bed." Mark Dindorf, "Mizpah you'll pay." Steve Mc Kenna, "Just go berserk." Mark Huntley, Dave's brother, "This is Mark Huntley. Let me out, I have a penal problem." After ascertaining that there was little they could do about the missing raid items, and even less that they wanted to do about Mizpah's breakfast plans, the crew re-racked until dishes were put away, and then they emerged for a good laugh at the expense, and to the benefit, of all.



# E.T.R.

THE E.T.R.*-She is alone; she is afraid; she is 5050 feet (and 8 inches?) above her home.

*Eternally Traumatized Rookie

As a Lakes Rookie, I am finding life on the Tundra full of wonder and surprise I never imagined that hidden talents of mine would be so useful. I had never mentioned on my resume, for example, that I am a deadly shot with a strawberry-rhubarb pancake at 50 ft. Or that I am able to leap tall boulders in thirty baby steps, slipping twice, twirling once, an landing on my left collarbone (The Colla bone Crump). Or that I can wiggle my ears and recite all the Presidents of th U.S. up to Nixon in under ten seconds. All of these many talents are essential for survival a' la Tundra.

My hutmaster says working in the Hu is working with people and learning to respect the rights of others. Climbing down from my skyscraper bunk and lodging the heel of my foot squarely on the nose of my sleeping cohort in the bunk below is all a part of the AMC experience. Or spilling gallons of boiling soup on the cook's legs during a busy cook-day adds to the challenge of group interaction. My hutmaster says that I have a ways to go on crew interatction.

But I am making progress. I have already cooked my first meal of knuckle-

(over)

This newsletter IS NOT to be read on company time -- as it wasn't written, layed out or Zeroxed on company time!

# ETR:

bread and Dupan au gratin for an unsuspecting mob of trons. And I have achieved a heightened level of communication by receiving the weather on radio call with only a minimum of idiot cards and visual aids prepared for me by my patient croo. Delighted with my progress, my hutmaster is allowing me to clean the grease-trap every week.

My hutmaster described packtrips in the sun, and being showered with the applause of thousands of admiring fans from Goofer Point. So far my packtrips have been showered with hailstones travelling at 75 miles per hour, and wet goat oozing down my shoulders. The only admiring hikers I have run into were a couple of folks who quizzically watched as I tied a 45 pound box of eggs back onto my pack about a half a mile from the summit of Washington. I am not a masochist. I do not do packtrips because I like the sound of cartilege crunching in my knees. I do packtrips because I want the glory. I want little boy scouts to look at me with admiration and awe; I want their parents to offer me large amounts of money. But no trons are stupid enough to go out on the trail in this weather. They are all back at the hut, busily dirtying up the cups and dishes with hot cocoa. Only I, Queen of the Wings, Fool of All Fools, am stupid enough to go outside, loaded-down with wet goat. I spend my packtrips wondering if Ft. Lauderdale needs an extra lifeguard this summer. I debate my sanity. I consider becoming a rock-and-roll singer. I perfect the Collarbone Crump. My hutmaster says that I must be patient, though. Soon he will let me carry up all the empty propane bombs. He says they are much easier.

Helen Fremont

# WHA(cont.)

# (Wha??)

(from page 1)

into one's own hands, and force a change. Therefore, we, the Western Huts, Galehead, Lonesome, & Greenleaf, do declare our independence from the AMC Hut System. We do this because of a growing concern about the relative unimportance which is placed upon the Western Huts in the entire scheme of the Hut System.

The new Hut System shall be called the Western Huts Association, (W.H.A.). We will still follow general AMC policy, when it suits us, but we will implement our own policy as we deem necessary. We will have a Western Huts Manager, and a West-Country Board of volunteers to oversee us. Burnham Martin has been appointed to the position of Western Huts Manager, and Jon Leonard has been named head of the West-Country Board.

On Saturday, July 3rd, the W.H.A. will have a symbolic tea dumping ceremony. We shall throw bags of Lipton Tea into our respective lakes. On Sunday, July 4th, on Mt. Garfield, this document shall be signed by an elected representative of each of the three huts, and the separation of Galehead, Lonesome, Greenleaf shall then go into effect.

The following changes shall immediately go into effect in the W.H.A. Blankets shall be folded widthwise - widthwise - widthwise, or the WIII method. Meals shall be served at 6:05 and 7:05, to compensate for Western Standard Time, (drinks 8:35, lights out 9:25). Other changes will be forth coming as we think of them. Reservations, paychecks, storehouse reqs, and transportation will continue as normal, for the time being, in exchange for hut reports. Zealand has not been included in the W.H.A. for three reasons,

1) They are not in radio contact with us,
2) They take the East truck trip
3) They have an Eastern mentality.

Any effort to prevent this separation will be dealt with harshly. Any questions or discussion should be directed through our representative and counsel in the East, David T. Huntley (LHM). Freedom from tyranny is our cause - let nothing stand in its way.

THE WEST IS THE BEST!!

Flea Crew

EXTRA -- Lunar Eclipse July 5 & 6
(meet at Madison moon rocks)