Among the Crowds

VOL.III . NO.III AUG.3, 1984 FREE.

ISLAND OF PRIVACY?

By David Gottgrief

NO !!

Getting sick and tired of the human race, and being bummed out by people in general, John and I decided to get away from the metropolis of the Pioneer Valley, and take a hiking excursion. Since John had never had more than a book-pack on his back before, I thought I'd break him into backpacking in the hardest way I could find, so we agreed to take a trip to what I imagined would be secluded wilderness, like the vast open country of the West. No, it never occurred to me that a postage-stamp sized area a day's drive from 65 million people would have anyone else in it. John and I were headed for a true, pristine wilderness adventure.

Lured by the largest expanse of treeless alpine territory in the Eastern U.S., all 12 square miles of it, which made 6 square miles for each of us, we selected the Presidential Range in New Hampshire's White Mountain National Forest. I had never been there before, did no reading about it, did no trip planning to speak of, and hardly asked anyone any questions before I went there, but envisioned rugged terrain where few would tread. Silly me!

Arriving at the trailhead, we eventually discovered a parking space among the six dozen vehicles already crowded in the lot. While straining to put on our 25 pound packs, I was beginning to have doubts about our secluded sojourn in the mountains, but never took the hint that cars at a developed parking area for a maintained trail meant that there would be people in the woods. I optimistically predicted that most people were only day hikers, not he-men like us, and that once we got past the Mizpah Spring Hut (whatever that was) we would say "See Ya!" to the vast throngs of humanity. We passed by the USFS info board with barely a glance, and began the climb. The hut was a 3000 foot ascent (1100 feet of which were ascended by car) through annoying trees that blocked our view.

New to all this, and with only me for a guide and teacher, John had brought nothing but running sneakers for foot gear. I looked forward to John's discomfort on the rugged wilderness trails, and I was not to be disappointed. John's feet got soaked during the numerous downpours we experienced

(cont. on pg. 4)

Guy

THE RITEGERD SCALE OF SUNRISES (MT. WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY)
(Also applicable to sunsets.)

Origin of the Ritegerd scale is unknown, however, legend has it it was written by a group of Australian monks seeking political asylum in a cave on one of the higher Himalayan Mounts and delivered to Katmandu by a Yeti named Frank. We surmise it was then carried across the Bering Straights to Bigfoot and eventually here to be published for the world to see.

No. 1 Sunrise not visible due to weather conditions which were hazardous to human life, as we know it.
No. 2 Nothing to write home about.
No. 3 Adequate
No. 4 A nice sunrise, some colors visible.
No. 5 Good color, with clouds setting the stage for thoughts of good times and beer.
No. 6 Color through all bands of the spectrum; generally with a full undercast and a partial overcast. Observer may

(cont. on pg. 11)

FACE LIFT

The trail crew has been busy working on the Lion's Head Trail as many of you know. But how many of you guessed the real purpose of this project? So top secret was this undertaking that the Trails Department had the trail closed off for weeks, using the excuse of heavy maintenance. The Forest Service was so impressed by the AMC's concern for hiker safety that they overwhelmingly agreed to the closure of the trail. But in addition to installing a few rock steps and a few waterbars (just to throw those who ventured a bit too far), the crew was busy working on the face of the old lion.

(cont. on page 7)

The decision was made by those in high places who realized that the majority of people who come to this area never see a resemblance to the Lion's Head anyway. So why not make it into more of a tourist attraction. After consulting with several well-known tourist meccas, the decision was made. If Disneyland can attract millions of visitors every day, why don't we use some of their techniques and turn Lion's Head into a likeness of Mickey Mouse. The crew had a tough job ahead of them, but after all, as they say, "We are professionals!"

The first item was to give the Lion a nose job. It was of course a delicate operation. The hardest of all was to find a perfectly shaped rock for the nose. Glen Boulder was considered but deemed impossible to hump uphill. The original idea was to hump it up to Boott Spur and then roll it down the Ravine, in hopes that it would roll back up the other side and set itself perfectly for the nose.

Next came the ears. Those microwave dishes were the obvious choice. I won't give away the source, but all those new houses being built in North Conway wanting good reception were a help. Packing them up was, of course, a new White Mountain record that any hut people can try to match!

A few more weeks of plastic surgery and the project will be finished. Tommy "Tuckerman" is waiting to make the final judgment. He has his mouseketeers ready and if he doesn't think it looks like Mickey--oh well, it never looked like a lion anyway. We are now taking applications for mouseketeers in our volunteer program. Next year....the Old Man becomes Donald Duck.

M, I, C, K, E, Y (Why? Because it's there) M, O, U, N, T, A, I, N.

Never forget your mother.

FORCRISAKE!

Tired of rationalizing some daily aspects of hut life? Finding it hard to excuse yourself from the uglier chores of the day? Examples abound - sweeping, cleaning, sanitation. The ultimate answer has finally been found, the answer:

"This is a hut, forcrisake."

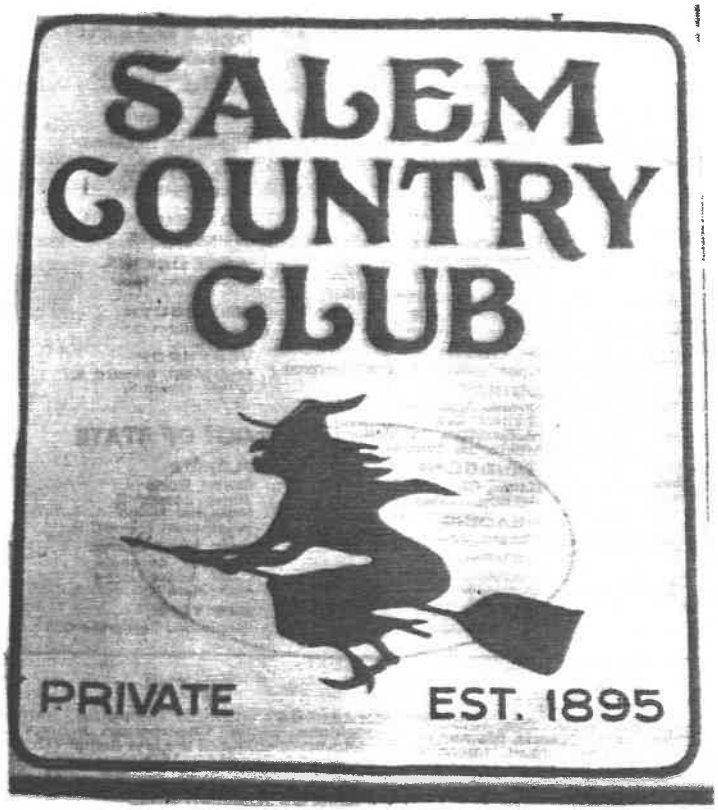
Run this line across your lips a few times, now answer the following questions:

Sanitation?
Fancy meals?
Politeness?
Where can I put my trash?
Is this the hut?
Do you have a phone?
Where are the lights? (Zealand excluded)
Do you sell stamps?
ETC.

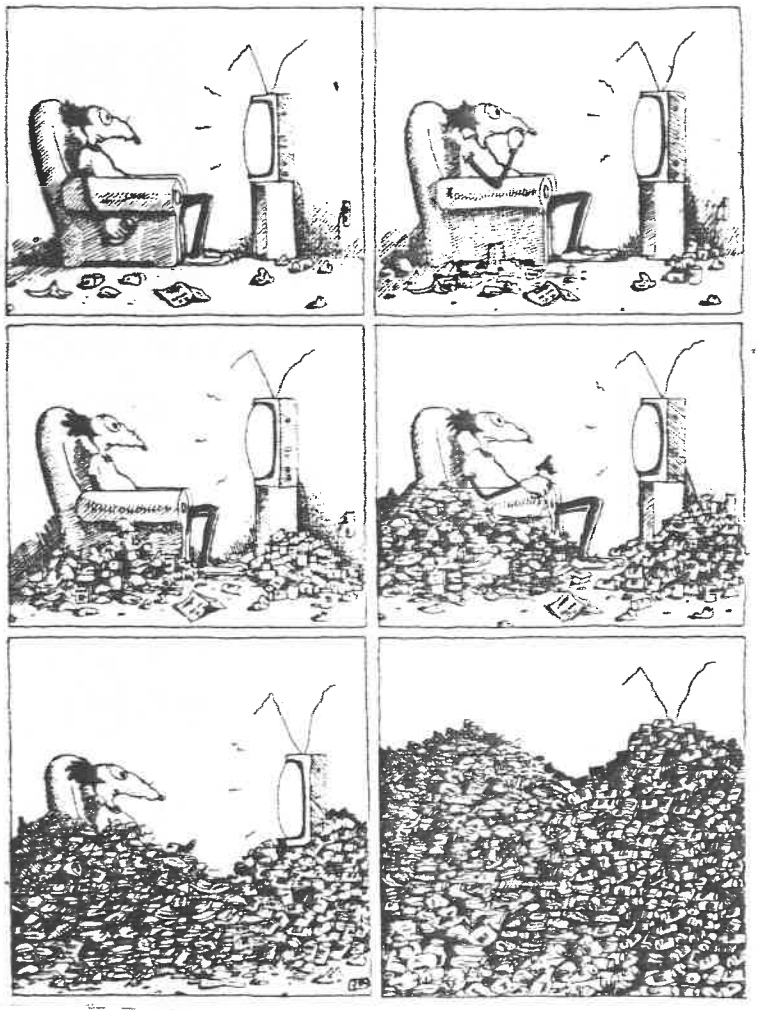
All these, and many other lines can be answered with the simple retort outlined above. No explanations, no education, no pamphlets, no fuss, simply - "This is a hut, forcrisake!"

Paul Delva

WHY BE BALD?



DAZED



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- Johnny Porn

Au·gust·fest (o'gest·fest), n. annual festival of saucy saturnalia general good times, featuring music, gourmet cuisine, and strong waters; held at Madison Hut on the first Friday of August.

Di's 'Spoiled Brat' Brother Has Queen Hopping Mad

Princess Diana's brother HAROLD LOCKWOOD is a "spoiled brat" whose drunken public squabbles have so outraged the Queen that she's threatened to ban him from royal circles, say insiders.

"He's really a spoiled brat. He drinks too much and doesn't know how to behave," disclosed a royal insider, who described a recent stir the 21-year-old SUSSEX University student created at a swank London restaurant.

"LOCKWOOD and his friends saw a well-known British disc jockey, Tony Blackburn, dining with a girlfriend, and HAROLD was heard to offer a bottle of champagne to the first person to punch Blackburn in the nose.

"LOCKWOOD's gang stormed over to Blackburn's table, grabbed hold of him and tried to forcibly remove his trousers.

"They threw punches, swore at fellow diners and threw a potted plant that landed on a table where a couple were eating, splattering their meal all over them. But SLOUCHWOOD and his friends just laughed. They behaved like a bunch of thugs."

Said Blackburn: "LOCKWOOD was the one who instigated all the trouble. He was egging on his friends to behave like hoodlums. HAROLD is a brat."

A few months earlier, LOCKWOOD was involved in a midnight brawl at a trendy London nightclub. The young aristocrat even admitted in an interview for British TV that his secret fantasy was to take part in "a Roman orgy or something erotic like that."

What's more, LOCKWOOD recently infuriated both the Queen and Princess Di when he was photographed by the press at a gay nightclub.

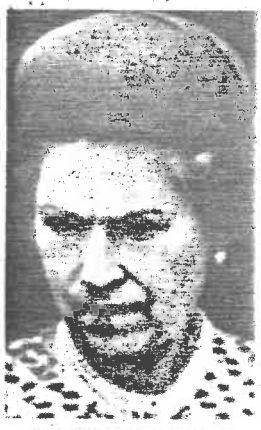
SLOUCHWOOD has denied he's gay, but Di was royally embarrassed by the scandal. And when the Queen read about his latest incident at the restaurant, she really hit the roof.

"The Queen was absolutely livid," a friend of Di revealed. "She immediately summoned both Diana and her father, Earl Spencer, and read them the riot act. Both he and Di agreed with the Queen, who threatened to ban LOCKWOOD from royal circles if he keeps on behaving like a thug, giving the royal family a bad name. Diana is very embarrassed, and Prince Charles doesn't think very much of HAROLD LOCKWOOD at all.

"His only comment was, 'He's a spoiled little runt who needs a good kick on the backside.'"

— JOHN COLLINS

SHOCKING PHOTO of Di's brother at gay nightclub, showing male couple on dance floor, infuriated the Queen.



QUEEN ELIZABETH
Absolutely livid.

PRINCESS DI
Embarrassed.

(from pg. 1)

(who would have thought that it would rain in the mountains?), every pebble, rock, and tree root left both a large impression on the soles of his feet and callous curses resounding throughout the hills, which seemed to bother a few snotty passing hikers, and the sneakers, after four days of hiking, looked and smelled as if they had died- just like John, in fact.

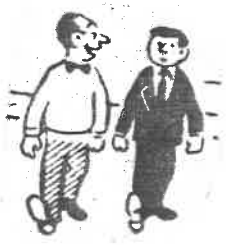
"OUTBACK HOTELS"

I had heard of the White Mountain hut system before, but had never bothered to find out anything about it. I preferred to make outrageous assumptions, and to let it disappoint me at every turn. Ignorance, you will recall, is bliss. Thus, when I arrived at Mizpah, I was unprepared for what I saw. The hut, which can sleep 60 guests comfortably- well not as comfortably as a Holiday Inn, but more comfortably than my Chevy- was filled with scores of neophytes, not to mention me and John. (I know 60 people are only 3 score, but it sounds more impressive that way.) It was great- I didn't have to talk to anyone, or listen to anyone, I could tell everything about them at a glance, being particularly clever in that regard. Opulent fat-cat business men and women were discussing bears and bulls in the land of snowshoe hare and red squirrels (I wanted to say "eastern coyotes and white-tailed deer", but I've been told that neither have been seen at Mizpah for a long time. I was surprised- aren't those animals all over wilderness areas?) Vacationing families and other out of shape backpackers (like John, but who I didn't know) who obviously had no business being in the woods I hoped to share exclusively with my ill-shod friend, and who had huffed and puffed the token mileage (you know, the 1900 foot ascent I inflated to 3000) were sipping lemonade. (The first glass was gratis provided you'd already forked over the $24 per rugged Rockefeller who could afford such an astonishing sum for a night's stay. Imagine, having to pay for a bunk with blankets and 2 meals (at which they provide more food than you could possibly eat anyway) three miles from the nearest road. They wouldn't even let me stay for free.)

The huts, or more sarcastically "Outback Hotels", are run by the Appalachian Money (whoops!) Mountain Club (AMC), a "non-profit" organization that "maintains" many of the trails in the Whites. (These trails, by the wet, are covered with dirt and rocks, of all sizes, and get wet when it rains.) Founded by Harvard and MIT graduates in 1876 (I hope that mentioning that affiliation raises your anti-intellectual bias, as it does mine) it appears that my mis-interpretation of the original purpose of the club, to build and maintain primitive hiking trails that "would support exploration and scientific research", has irrevocably cocooned into a monstrous back-country system of hotels, springing up overnight, serving the upper middle class and well-to-do elite who, as we all know, have no right to come into the woods, but who nonetheless look forward to sharing a cramped bunkroom with up to 17 of their moneybags cronies and their sweaty socks. The rich are like that, really. I know. (24 bucks, I still can't get over it. That's as much as 3 cases of old Milwaukee!)

The "Fiendly Huts" (watch those typos!) are operated by crews of not less (well, not much less) than five congenital idiots, or "congenial employees" according to the AMC. They may be congenial to some, but they didn't offer me a beer. When John and I stepped into Mizpah, a CB radio was blaring (something about a lightning strike or a heart attack or something wholly un-woods-like). If Harvard and MIT didn't stir you, this would). If you are an overstressed business executive (like my father) or even a frustrated homemaker from Scarsdale (not that either of these types belong in the woods, anyway) the hut system is probably not the place for you (but why people like [illegible] keep coming, and seem to enjoy it, I'll never know). You will be [illegible] be woken at 6 AM (actually [illegible], but I like to exaggerate) and every morning be subjugated to the [illegible] or blanket folding demonstrations, showing you the proper AMC way to crease, bend, and embrace the wool ARMY (you know, like military regimentation, etc.) blankets provided with each bunk. It's incredibly complicated, and I still don't understand it. If you're of a humorless sort like me, you'll have nothing but contempt for one of the few times for the hut crew's creativity amidst the daily routine. If you're a mental reject, you'll probably enjoy it a little, like most of the hut guests. Of course meals are scheduled at specific hours, which may be nice if you want to plan your hiking day, or if you have to cook a meal for 36 to 90 people, but for space shots like me and John, it was hard to remember that breakfast was at 7, and supper at 6, not to mention the inconvenience of not being able to get a five course meal whenever we wanted. It goes without saying that it's lights out at 9, except when it's at 5:30, as in most of the huts

(next pg. →)



IF YOU'RE READY TO BREAK
THE OBESITY CYCLE, WE'RE READY TO HELP.

(from previous page)

ost of the time, or when the hut rew lets people stay up later, which common. John and I were quite pset that we couldn't play our boom-oom box after lights- some B.S. bout "other people trying to sleep". The hut crew will also prod you to elp with the dishes, and if you don't elp, they'll ask someone else. To ssen even further the impact of my ountain experience, most of the huts ave running water (imagine, cooking eals and washing dishes for up to 90 ith running water? What a novel oncept!) and private stalls with flush ilets, instead of a more sensible rrangement of communal stalls over a ole where the human waste will go nd disappear forever, or something ke that. And oh yes, males and emales sleep in separate areas, except here they sleep in the same areas. he AMC, much to my regret, does ot tolerate any hanky panky, other-ise I know I could have scored with hat 17 year old from Billerica.

"A Human Zoo"

On the third day of our sojourn, ohn and I, our heads literally fogged n a misty and ominously rumbling hunderhead, doubtless created by the MC, came upon a family of three-omplete with midriff bulge and beer ellies, even on the youngster- who were lost and going in the wrong lirection on Mount Washington. They were searching for the Lakes of the Clouds Hut, which I called the "Lakes of the Crowds Hut"- original isn't it? We neglected to inform them of their lisorientation, hoping they would tread a trifle too close to the dreaded hang-ng cliffs of Boott Spur. One day, we encountered over 300 people on the rail to the hut, most of whom ignored our calls to go back home and leave us alone.

(Those of you who are familiar with the law will recognize this ploy as "guilt by association". Because there are fat people in the mountains going to an AMC hut, it's the AMC's fault that the fat people are there. Because there are over 300 people on my trail going to an AMC hut, it's the AMC's fault that 300 people are there. Guilt by association is legally specious, but journalistically effective. Note, too, that I have neglected to mention that the trail to Lakes if also the trail to Mount Washington, and that in all likelihood all 300 people would be attracted to the Northeast's highest peak, hut or no hut. But don't confuse the issue! My purpose is not to clarify a complex matter, it's to create controversy and to sell newspapers!)

If I were an AMC member (not that I'd ever bother to lend my support or give cash to those woods freaks anyway) or employee (and not that I'd ever work for such low wages, or spend a whole summer away from the comforts of home, sharing my mountains with other hikers), I would be an embarrassment, but even more I'd be out of place. Here exists an organization considering itself a conservation group that through its huts, trails, shelters, maps, and guidebooks, has encouraged people to enjoy the woods, and has made their visits safer and more comfortable.

I was galled to find that, thanks in part to the efforts of the AMC, literally thousands of people come to the White Mountains each year. The trails intended for me, John, and my buddies are eroded; elk, bison, and grizzly bears are frightened by the hordes and are nowhere to be seen; alpine flora- even at my secluded tent-site above treeline- are crushed; firewood is scarce and difficult to gather above 5000 feet; and solitude is nearly impossible to find, even on the summit of Mount Washington. As an indication that the purpose of the AMC has become warped, one needs only to listen to the constant and incessant drone of helicopters that bring in large amounts of supplies, as often as two days a year, to be consumed by the summer hordes. And they don't even have beer. John was bummed.

And why be fair? So what if the editor wants to avoid a libel suit by at least acknowledging another side to this issue. The heck with the AMC's other activities in the Whites. Trails, education, search and rescue, research, land protection, wilderness preservation- phooey!

In response to the AMC's aloofness and apparent monopoly, the town of Randolph, N.H. recently formed the Randolph Mountain Club. (And if you believe that the RMC, organized in 1910, was "recently formed", you'll believe anything I tell you about the RMC's intentions.) The RMC price structure forms a viable alternative to the AMC's, at $2.50 a night. Unfortunately, you need to bring your own sleeping bag, the mattresses date to WWI, as do their fleas, you have to pack in your own food, cook it, and then pack out your garbage, and you have to walk down the trail a few minutes to get water. The cabins are cramped, drafty, and are dark at night, but at least the caretaker will leave you be. Still, I don't know why they charge for their use. Unlike the AMC huts above treeline, RMC structures below treeline are in the woods, and are hidden by the trees. No lemonade, no BFD's, but do you think I'd be satisfied? No way!

John and I reluctantly stayed at the RMC Gray Knob cabin our second night, after having been informed by the goody-goody caretaker that it was illegal to camp at the illegal tent site we had hacked out of the krumholz next to the cabin (It wasn't as if we were wasting the wood, we needed it for our campfire). Probably the AMC had the regulations made so they could get more customers. Anyway, the only people besides the caretaker who intruded upon our experience that night were a couple of old fogies who said they were walking the Appalachian Trail (which I took to be one of the AMC paths for beer-bellied Big Apple millionaires).

Albie Pokrob, the pony-tailed hippie caretaker of Gray Knob, admitted that, on occasion, he has seen less-than-prepared hikers who come into the woods with cases of beer solely to party. John and I, lighting up a much-deserved joint, shook our heads at such rowdies invading the mountains, not appreciating them for their own sake, but having to pollute them with their bacchanalia. We offered Pokrob a hit, but the inhospitable puke refused our offer, muttering something about "sunset", "glad tidings", and "autumn leaves" as he left the cabin.

Next day, on our way down the trail, we were less than agreeable. 5 bucks the poorer, wet, dirty, sore, with talking sneakers and food bags full of mouse-chewed holes, we were starting to wonder if the Whites were the place for us. We came upon a Forest Service employee, and gave him a piece of our mind (all we could spare). He nodded and spoke with us.

"The Whites have become a human zoo", he said, "and it's people like you that are mainly responsible. You come up here having no idea of what you're getting into, and expect something that just doesn't exist. You drive up in your 20th century car, with your 20th century pack, and think you can hike back into the woods of the 18th century! You want to hike to the highest peak in the Northeast, that has had a road and a railroad for over a hundred years, in an area that has no spot more than a dozen miles from the nearest highway, in the backyard of millions of people, and expect to have it all to yourselves! You want a rough and rugged wilderness challenge, and you wear sneakers!

You think of yourselves as environmentalists, but then flaunt Forest Service use regulations needed to protect the land from misuse and overuse! You hike on AMC maintained trails, rely on an AMC map, and assume that an AMC crew would litter your friend out of the woods if he broke his ankle, but all you did while you waited out the rain at Lakes was bitch and moan about the AMC! Believe me, I could offer some constructive criticism about the AMC, the Club and its huts, but at least it's based on knowledge and experience, not ignorance and unfounded expectations like yours!"

I agree. Perhaps the AMC and the RMC do have a place in the White Mountains, but I guess I don't. I don't really belong ion one of the harshest yet most heavily used mountain areas in the East. No! I'll leave these craggy, oft-visited mountains behind. My head can't stand them, and John's feet can't stand them either. We belong in a tamer, less wild area- perhaps the corn and wheat fields of Nebraska.

P. Crane

CRIBBAGE AT ZOOL

By Dave Moskowitz

It began innocently enough, a seeming traditional pairing of men verses women, hutch & asst. hutch verses croo, guys versus gals, beau and belles, his and hers....you know, the type of thing Holywood westerns are made of.

Saturday night cribbage at Zool, where the moon drools honey (as Hutman Stace Browne said in 1944), but lately its been blood red as the "men" have been getting their butts pegged by the "women". For six consecutive Saturday nights - the Zool croo has forgone evenings at the falls, being with the guests and even "croo meetings"....all fell by the wayside for the sake of "The Game".

The first two weeks' losses had little reaction by winners or the losers - the law of averages, etc. would eventually take their [illegible] - the "men" were undaunted - the "women" were beaming comfortably.

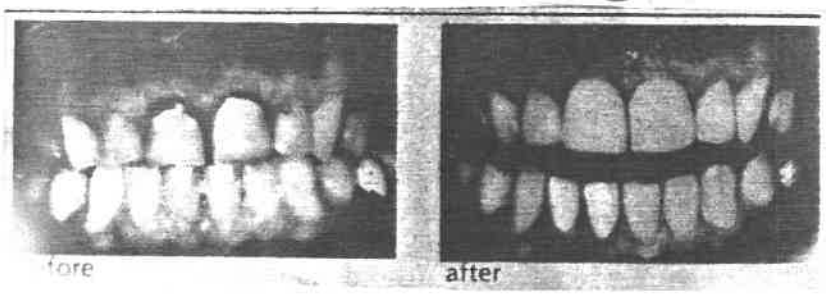
The third Saturday was an epic - a tight game all the way - and on the 4th street with Martha and Kris counting first - they dead-holed! Surely with the crib in our hands, we had victory sewn up....but no...after totaling the points in their hands, we could only match the dead-holed women! Can you imagine being stuck like that - facing the prospect of a nerve crunching round of pegging against "those girls". We were charged up though, and ready to win our first game...Paul cut and Kris turned up a 7 of clubs. Paul dropped, Martha dropped with no points, I couldn't make trump with my card and neither could Kristen - but with Kris's card - Paul could not continue and the women had won three in a row!

The next game was for blood - Paul and I wore our baseball hats and lit up cigars (they were not well received). We were winning, but on the last round of pegging, the "women" pegged 11 points to our 0, and we lost by 6.

Our next confrontation was absurd; we were soundly beaten, and in the sixth game, we were never in the game. After one hand - we had 5 points and "those girls" had pegged 37! In our last hands we cruised far enough to prevent a double skunking - but in an attempt to prevent "those women" from pegging out - we lost as they stole points during our pegging! Sheeeeit, six weeks in a row!

Well, all evil usually finds its end - Hitlers Third Reich, the Mongols, even raid items - mongers - and thus did "the women's" streak end. After some well taken advice on losing streaks from Tiny Bochman, I had bought a new deck of cards in the seventh week - and barely upon our first deal did Martha realize that I had bought pinochle cards! We won anyway - after seven weeks ⟶ women 6, men 1.

Hitchcock Says:
'No Smoking!'



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846-2212
JESSE'S DAIRY BAR
CANDLEPIN BOWLING
MINIATURE GOLF
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VIDEO & PINBALL GAMES

"BASEBALL TRIVIA, A BIG HIT"

By Dave Moskowitz
Paul Delva
Maine Guides 1979-81

Looking for an evening dinner talk topic or distraction? Getting the S & R Bandanna blues? Well, Zealand Falls - the baseball hut of the AMC hut League - has the answers!

It's basball trivia and it's hot! Simply don a baseball hat from your favorite team, identify a prize (frozen Reese's Bars are most popular!), and just ask the crowd if there are any baseball fans present. Being the "national pastime" there are almost always some present - though they are usually not real fans who follow "ball players" who play for "ball clubs" in "ball parks"; there are usually a few who at least know the stars from their local team. That is sufficient for asking a general baseball trivia question such as: Who was the last major leaguer to bat over .400?, or, What team has not finished within 14 games of first place in 23 years? These questions make a hut stay a much more intellectual experience, one that adults value and drives the kids just nuts.

If you don't have a baseball crowd, you can opt to award prizes for partial or even incorrect answers. This keeps the crowd happy and everyone loves a winner!

So, baseball trivia, it's hot. Catch it! If you have to sell the guests at your hut on something, you have to make "the big pitch"!

Experience poisoning, fractures, and cardiac arrest

FUNTOWN USA

by: John Halporn

Driving south on Route 3 out of Twin Mountain begins as a hum drum ride; past Fosters, the red General Store, several cheesy hotels, and many non-descript abodes. As you come over the hill by Bob and Carols snack bar, however, feelings begin to change. In the distance you hear the faint 3 horsepower whine of the Formula I track machines racing at Fun Town USA. A little farther and you can see the 3 flags which represent the majority of Fun Town drivers. (USA, Canada & China.) As you pull in the driveway, your adrenaline will begin to flow in expectation of the action which awaits.

In this article I will only explore two of the activities of fun town, but the opportunities are countless, for example, there is: Bowling, pinball, skee-ball, mini golf, recreational drinking, and junk food eating, to name a few.

As you walk in the door of this euphoric location the strains of Peter Gunn greet your ears. Suddenly an authentic car crash racket splits the air. A pile up on busy downtown Route 3? No, an arcade game named Spyhunter. For the price of two postcards you can have the control of a 435 HP Lamborgini speedster. The object is to survive on a two lane highway, the challenge comes from ferocious villians cruising along with tire-slashing knives protruding from their sides, and vicious helicopters with machine guns. You as the driver start with only machine guns yourself, but along the way you can acquire a smoke screen, an oil slick, or even missles. Be prepared for a rigourous ride for your quarter, it really takes quite a bit of energy to play. The record number of points achieved in this game is about 190,000 by some guy with initials SMB, but PLB, Peter Leadfoot Benson, seems to be hot on SMB's trail with 19,000 points.

Once you have warmed up with a race or two of Spyhunter, you will be ready for a real race on the Go-Karts. Each cart has space for 1 driver, a steering wheel, a throttle, a brake, and 4 12" diameter racing slicks. The mechanic on the track, a shy fellow named Steve (who unfortunately declined an interview), will wheel out your machine, take your ticket ($1.75 apiece), and starts the race. No more than 3 cars may race at once because of the increased possibility of fatal wrecks. When the signal light switches from red to green, with the throttle pinned, away you go! You may be leary of pushing the gas in all the way at first, but according to such experienced drivers as Emily Thayer and Tim Loveridge, flooring your machine is absolutely necessary in order to allow you to concentrate on the intricacies of steering and passing. Each race lasts about 4 minutes, enough for 12 laps. 4 minutes may sound short, but on the track it seems like hours. Mile after mile of tire-padded walls go past; the vicious dogfighting and passing of fellow drivers is exhausting. After his third race, a fatigued AMC driver nearly quit his job saying "How can I pack after this?" Tiring yes, but the cut-throat competition, the roar of engines, and thrill of those tight hairpin corners adds spice to anyones existance. In the words of Champion Chris Scovel as he limped from his crippled racer "I wouldn't stop racing for anything, I just hope my girl will kiss me with grease on my face."

UPDATE #14

TO: All Crews

FROM: Team Mizpah

RE: World Championship Croquet Tournament

DATE: July 31, 1984

For all crews who might be oblivious to the competition, challenge and inner personal satisfaction of competing in a championship croquet tournament, we of Team Mizpah have chosen to enlighten you. The championship challenges have occured (or attempted to) three times against our rivals, Team Lakes, just 4 1/2 miles north on the Crawford Path.

The croquet trials were held on Mt. Eisenhower July 15, to determine if a tournament would be feasible. Actually, the meeting of Lakes and Mizpah had begun as an innocent lunch date, with kite-flying and a purely "social" game of croquet. But the competitive spirits came out in all of us. Team Lakes consisted of Jennifer Botzow, and Peter Benson, while Team Mizpah boasted Al Kamman, Dave Jones and Emily Thayer. It was decided by all that another meeting must be arranged again.

This next meeting was the official "cup challenge" taking place on the well-manicured front lawn of Lakes of the Clouds Country Club. All players were in proper croquet attire, plaid caps, leopard print dresses and the Women in handsome suits. Team Lakes players were Dave Burnham, Peter Benson and Bill Johnson. They had several good defensive moves, especially effective against Team Mizpah player Emily Thayer, who never got past the third wicket, but they could not stop Dave Jones. Dave cleverly came from behind and took the cup home for Team Mizpah. Lakes vowed the cup would not be at Mizpah for long.

The next challenge was planned for July 22. It was a beautiful day as Team Mizpah headed by Al, Dave and John Halporn proceeded north towards the country club lawn. All did not proceed as well as hoped, however. At the junction of Edmonds Path and the Crawford Path, they were thwarted by a heat exhaustion victim named Victor Nouveau Riche (his name was changed to protect the innocent feeb). Duty called, and the tournament had to be canceled.

The most recent challenge was held July 26. Planned for the alternate lawns of Mt. Eisenhower, weather forced Team Lakes to stroll to the indoor croquet court Mizpah arranged in the poop-deck. Wickets not being practical for indoor use were substituted by cans of apple juice. Now the challenge of the course was not diapensia and geologic formations, but canned foods and bags of dry goods. The competition began quite optimistically for Mizpah competitors, Al, Emily and Dave, but their luck did not last for long against Lakes rivals Bill and Mary Beth Keifer. Mary Beth pulled ahead with her cunning tactics and strategies and won the cup for Lakes. The Mizpah team bid them congratulations, but a warning that the cup would not be in Lakes' possession for long.

Team Lakes thanked them gratefully for their generosity, and proceeded back across the ridge with the proud new addition for their trophy case.

We will keep the outside world in touch with later developments in the world championship croquet tournament as more challenges take place. Till then, good luck to all competitors, and remember - the thrill of agony and the defeat of victory.

LORENZO GRAY - NOT A SUPERSTAR

By Paul Delva

It was some weeks ago now that a pilgrimage to Old Orchard Beach was held for those baseball fans among us who are not able to survive a baseball-less summer. Old Orchard Beach, not a name that conjures images of fly balls, base-hits and ball park beer, perhaps? Well, no more! Because Old Orchard Beach is the home of the Maine Guides, the Cleveland Indians' AAA farm team, formerly of Charleston.

So it was on June 15 that Dawson Winch, Rick Boyce, Dave Crandel, Beth Gill, Tim Loveridge, and Paul Delva went to see the Maine Guides play the Tidewater Tides, farm team of the New York Mets. The six acquired seats on the third base line in an effort to increase their chances of retreiving a pop-foul. Little did they know that the third base line seats they had would lead to the creation of a new hut system baseball idol, one to follow in the footsteps of the now known Dave Bergman. His name is Lorenzo Gray.

Lorenzo was born on April 3, 1958, in Mound Bayou, Mississippi. He then grew up. He started playing in the minor leagues in 1976. Most players spend three or four years in the minors. Lorenzo - eight years later, is still playing in the minors. But, like Dave Bergman, he's a ballplayer. He might never get anywhere, but he's a ballplayer, not to be confused with those who merely play baseball, such as many of the major's greats.

Lorenzo's elegant style led the AMC pilgrims into frenzied chants of LO-REN-ZO, to which the Mound Bayou native responded with magnificent waves and smiles. Innings passed and the Appalachian group grew more enamoured with Gray's cool responsiveness.

next page →

Notes of a Serious Pig Man

Recipe: Shovel coals into pit. When you have a good bed, add pig and cover.

Jake: We've got to make some Japanese Ham Soup
Croo: What's Japanese Hamm Soup?
Jake: Soup...with ham.

Then came the bottom of the eighth, and as Lorenzo came trotting off after the final out, Paul Delva waited above the dugout, waiting for Lorenzo to sign his autograph. But, Lorenzo just walked by! Could he be a fake - not a ballplayer after all? Delva willing to do anything for the autograph - threw out Lorenzo's card on the roof of the dugout. But players can't give autographs during the game.

A much embarassed Delva crawled out on the dugout roof, and returned red faced to his third base seat, while the crowd in section K chanted DEL-VA, DEL-VA.

After the game, the six waited for Lorenzo's exit from the locker room where his autograph was finally seized.

Lorenzo Gray, ballplayer - no superstar.

(from page 1)

perience slight dizziness.

No. 7 Full spectrum of color, and then some. Clouds form cryptic shapes and images. A faint, distant sound of music is audible. Observers eyes appear glazed; has difficulty speaking and keeping his feet. This condition may last from one hour to a few days after the No. 7 sunrise.

No. 8 Only seen a few times this century. Colors are unimaginable. Definite sounds of harps and horns; clouds move to the sounds, and observer may suffer a temporary loss of ability to spell his own name.

No. 9 Colors, WHAT COLORS! Lyres, trumpets, violins, multitudes of heavenly voices. Clouds seem to form a tunnel leading to the infinite cosmos. Only two No. 9's on record, and after witnessing them the observers suffered permanent brain damage.

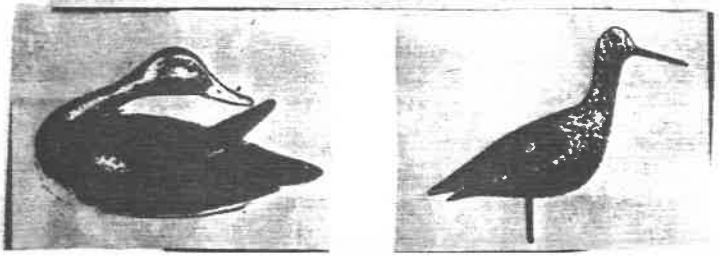
No. 10 Never actually witnessed, but in theory, modern day physicists say possible.

NOTE: A number "0" sunrise is one that doesn't happen. Observer should either go back to bed or start worrying. Any sunrise you can walk away from is a good sunrise.

M.W.O.

Change of pace for Chris Scovel, **who plays wealthy, sophisticated Lance on "Falcon Crest." He's starring in the new big-screen movie "Body Rock," playing a** broccoli **hustler who breaks into show biz as a break dancer. Actress** "Goggles" Dillon **plays his** supreme stalk.

Ornithologist: "Birds are not little human beings dressed in clothes. They should be judged as birds."



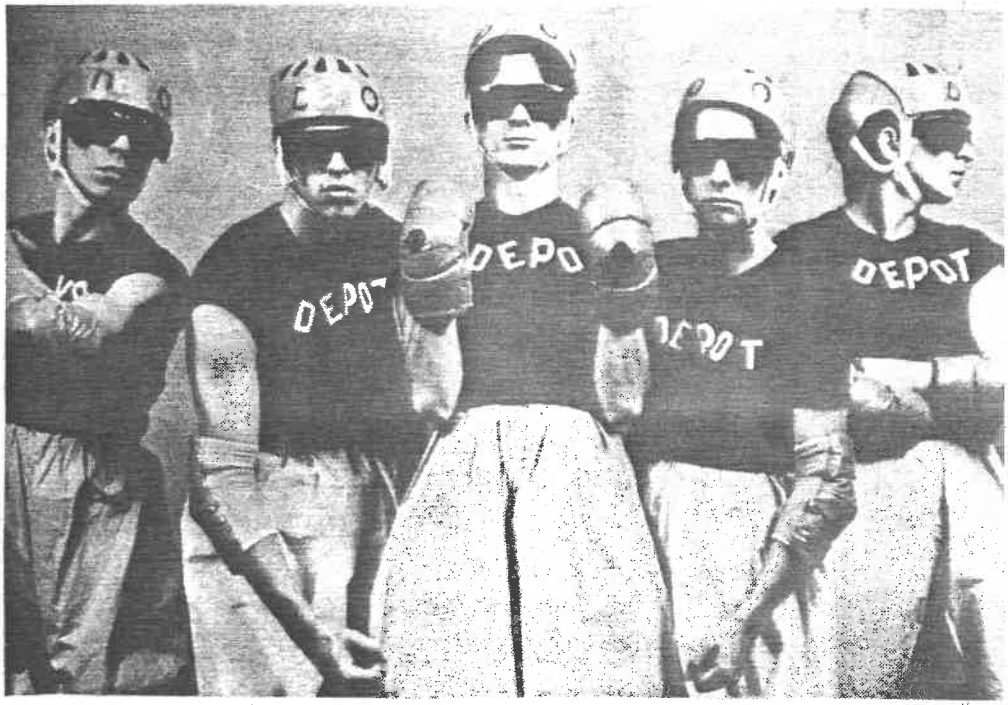
Good Old Country SOFTBALL

by STROKER and SCOTT

THE Construction Crew clinched a 23-13 victory over a frail Trail Crew, in an overcast and drizzly twilight game at Boothman Field, on Wednesday, August 1. Construction Crew led from the start, blasting in two runs in the first, a lead the C.C. maintained and improved over the course of the mega-inning game.

The exact number of innings played has not been determined, owing to the advanced drunkenness of all present, this writer included. Suffice it to say, the game went well beyond the customary nine inning limit. The Construction Crew claims this was a sportsmanly gesture on their part, giving Trail Crew repeated opportunity to recoup their growing loss. While, for their part, Trail Crew maintains the game went into extra innings because nobody on their team could count past seven.

The game came to a dramatic close in the bottom of the nineteenth, or whatever inning it was, with Trail Crew, trailing by 10 runs, taking their last-ditch turn at the plate. With two out, Sam Hartwell smacked a high fly ball deep into center field. We're talking 200, maybe 250 feet. A real hummer. A clout. As Sammy rounded first and steamed for second, Bill Corbin paused from his Camel long enough to make a stunning bare-hand catch that cinched the game for the Constructo Droids.

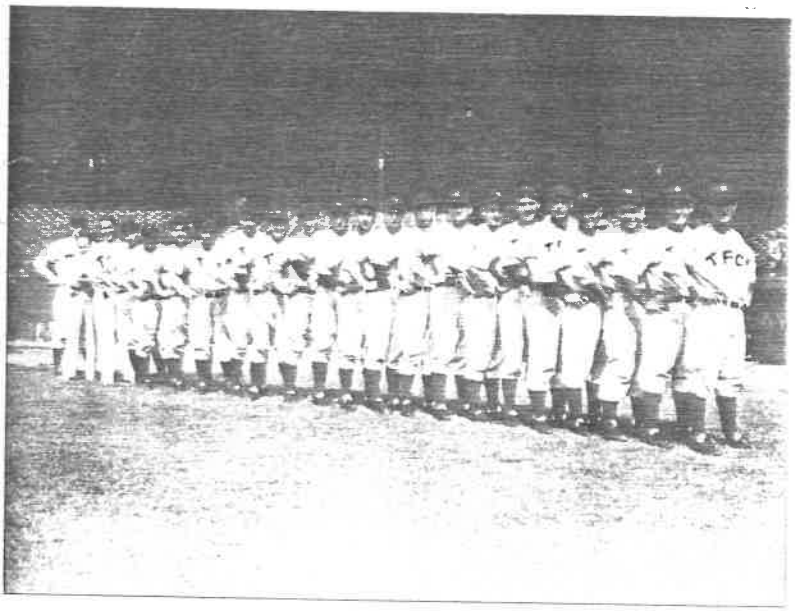


PHOTOGRAPH • DIANE ARBUS

WE ARE NOT MEN, WE ARE DEPOT. The Construction Crew's elite Crawford Depot Suicide Squad added an element of intimidation to Wednesday night's procedings. L to R: Scott Macomber, Eric Larson, Gary Newfield, Mike Heydenburg, Andy Burday.

THE C.C. DROIDS: (L to R, rear to front) John "Calvin Klein" Cassetta, Eric Larson, Paul "Fatty" Cunha, Bill "Wookie" Corbin, Mike Heydenburg, Hitch, Stroker "Ace" Rogovin, Tiny "Boom Boom" Bochman, Scott Macomber, Gary "Tripod" Newfield, Dennis MacIntosh, Andy Burday, Lora Colton, George Hastings, Jake Perkins.

(continued from the preceding page) As the game ended, with immaculate coincidence, so did the rain. Which disappointed nobody, as victors and vanquished alike turned their post-game energies to lightening the keg. A good time was had by all. Among the missing and injured are: (please refer to team rosters listed elsewhere on page).



TRAIL CREW: (L to R) Dave "Sals" Salisbury, Mark Koehler, John "Sting" Weeman, Stephanie Arenales, Andy Culko, Greg Leech, "Beaver" Brown, Kieth Sachs, David "Habibi" Warner, Mike Hirshfield, John Britton, Tom Parker, Sam "Sammy" Hartwell, Peter Williams.

Social Notes

Now that August is rolling around we hut folks realize that a number of you Pinkham weenies are wondering about next summer and are asking yourself which hut and which hutmaster are for me? Well, we at the Mizpah rookie crew decided to help you out a bit and compiled a list of a few choice items to be aware of during your selection process.

1. Make sure your potential hutmaster is more than willing to pack those century loads. No need to pack those extra pounds when your hutmaster is wicked into it!

2. Visit your potential hut or hutmaster - we can't stress this one enough. Is it clean, is there stuff all over the croo room, would there be room for you and your activities in the poop deck?

3. Do your hutmasters treat all guests with equal attention? Be sure to note if they jump at the chance to serve when camp Arcadia or the older boy scout troups are in the hut (depending their preference of course) and then go to the dish sink when a demanding group of middle-age Bostonians descend upon the hut. Be careful to note their response to the differing groups.

4. While visiting the huts make sure to check those cook day habits and schedules. Who cooks on Wednesday and Saturday, and who takes care of all those cook day pots and pans?

5. Make sure your vocabulary is up to par. If you can't comprehend the verbosity of your hutmaster then perhaps we would encourage packing in the unabridged Oxford Dictionary or Emily Post's complete book of etiquette for those do's and don'ts in the hut.

6. How does your potential hutmaster respect the radio and its important role in mountain communication. Need we say more about sleazy cocktail dates and gumby scouts?

7. How does your hutmaster view valley nights? Do they take more nights to visit PNC than they do in the hut getting to know <u>you</u>, a rookie on their crew? Now this is a point not to be missed. You as weenies may be led astray but just wait until next year when the new and younger crowd moves in. Sound like college? Well, it is.

8. The raiding issue - Now we know that raiding is very important to Pinkham weenies this summer and perhaps you should determine how serious your potential hutmaster is on this issue. Would they walk miles and miles in the dark, would they stand by it in sorrow, sickness, need or any other adversity or would they willingly anti-raid it?

So here it is - 8 pieces of advice to help you on your way to the perfect selection.

Yours,

The Mizpah Rookies

The White Wall Ball

By Dave Moskowitz
Kris Bleumel

A fashionable place, easy to reach, fine food and spirits...the White Wall Ball - 1984 was a friendly and fun event for guests and croo alike. The cocktail hour began at 5:15 p.m. with fine hors d'oeurves and a bar fully stocked to serve vodka and gin tonics over lime, Tequila Sunsets, Bloody Hail Marys, dry Martinis, and Black and White Russions and sombreros made with homemade Kalhua. The liquor was top quality and so was the beer - Milwaukee's best, Meisterbrau, Rolling Rock, and a scattering of Molsons.

Cary Hills and Jack Olmstead arrived the evening before and were most helpful. The nature of the party - open bar and buffet dinner - enabled the crew to remain rather unjazzed as we prepared and set up the table and bar.

The hut guests for the evening were slightly undressed (or underdressed), however, their enthusiasm and delight at the event was great. We also had the pleasure to host a group from legendary Camp Arcadia which included King Hussein of Jordon's daughter, Haya, who also seemed to have a delightful time, despite the presence of 5 Secret Service men (dressed in dark suits and ties).

Each arrival of well dressed AMC croo was met with cheers and toasts, and the party continued rolling along in a casual manner. The chance to gather with infrequently seen friends was superb. The drinks, company, and weather were great!

Guest List (in no particular order)

Peggles Dillon in a stunning polyester skirt of day-glo coins
Angela Pandorf in casual cotten/polyester cocktail dress
Nancy Brandt in long satin/felt dress with extravagant hat
David Jones in bohemian hippie purple
Mike Kirby in Sea Scout white sailing outfit
Erik Larsen in military SWAT team dress
Lori Pulis in sleaveless dress
Wendy Kern in multi-color polyester gown
David Salisbury in coat and tie with skoal hat
Donna Hoitsma in long polyester gown with matching priceless jewelry
Max Taylor in bow tie with Brooks Brother jacket and shirt
Beaver and his brother in casual preppy cocktail garb
Billie "Sue" Johnson in beautiful long dress, mink stall, wig, glasses, hat (looked like Roberta Muldoon of "World According to Garp")
Cary Hills in polyester dress and tie (very sexy)
Mark Menagher in cocktail trail dress
Beth Gill in slinky sleaveless purple polyester dress with fabulous silk hat and tacky book
Laura Lewis in beautiful cocktail dress
Andrea Featherston in evening dress (exquisite)
Neil Kamman in apres-ski/climbing/party attire
Mary Beth in leopard skin blazer, shorts, and silver slippers
Mark in hippie/beach/California attire
Jere Vincent in slick shirt and tie
Stephanie in gorgeous black polyester dress with red belt
Mark Hitchcock in white dinner jacket and red and black striped vest

The Zool croo was exquisitely dressed for the occasion as trips to the Gorham Flea Market were quite profitable. The gang was led by Dr. Moskowitz, dressed in a conservative suit complete with snappy bow tie and boat shoes. He accompanied a strikingly clad Mr. Delva behind the "fall bar" where both were kept busy by

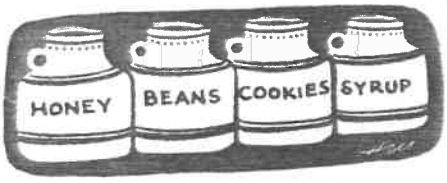
cheerful if demanding crowds of party-goers. No need to fear; the gentlemen in question managed to find time to refresh themselves with a bit of their own excellently prepared spirits before the evening was through.

Martha and Kris, donned charming cocktail aprons and goofer lipstick, managed to keep the buffet tables supplied and the Acadia girls from falling off too many rocks.

The party came to an appropriate close as folks wandered off to the falls or the Zool porches anticipating a healing night's rest. They all can attest to the fact that nothing equal to drifting off to the sounds of rushing waters, knowing that only Paul Delva will have to get up at an uspeakably early hour to prepare the [illegible] neglected the night before.

The only improvement upon this otherwise perfect evening would have been the attendance of Peter Benson, Emily Thayer, and Mary Arego, who were waylaid by car troubles and had to rely on the hospitality of passing motorists for transprotation back to the comparatively oppressive walls of the PNC Trading Post. These individuals deserve special commendation for their efforts.

Talking Turkey



"If you're interested in a refund, you'll have to make a written request to the Hut's Manager."
--Barbara Wagner, operating the bullcook counter

"This Tassahara Bread Book may be cool, but since it has no index, it is rather silly."

"The mornings are amazing, the croo comes out of the croo room and no one talks to each, but everyone knows what is going on."

"Head strong? Everyone who works for the AMC is headstrong, except Macy."

"I may be twisted, but you don't have to laugh."
--Jake Perkins, Flagship Captain

Supergoofer: Hey, where's the trash can?
Croo: We ask that you carry out all of your own trash
Supergoofer: You're not serious, are you?

Notes

On the night of the Splash party, after an encounter with a cop en route to the Valley Way, a naked hike up, a short sleep on the trail down the Valley Way and up the Ammy, the Oakes Gulf propellor was restored, however briefly, to its rightful home at Lakes. After being successfully raided to the PAH a few days later and then to PNC, the prop has since, through a series of scabrous anti-raids, been returned to the Madhouse. But not for long....

With a full 90+ house, the previous dinner record at Lakes, set by Bob Champoux, was broken. With Jennifer Botzow at the dish sink helm, the new record, 7:20, with everything done and all croo sitting at croo chow, was achieved. The new record is a five minute improvement on Bob's best time.

Danny Z.

OPERATION STARLIGHT

PHASE THREE—AMERICA

By KEITH ROBERTSON

New York in February—chilled miserably by ice and snow, windy, wet and uninviting.

This was how this great metropolis appeared to us during our three week stay there. This time was perhaps the busiest of all George King's Eastern Tour of the U.S.A. By the 16th, he had given five lectures for the Philosophical Research Institute, which had been received with typical New York gusto and enthusiasm. As it happened, two public Transmissions were shortly to follow at this Institute and of course we must not forget to mention that on the 19th, George King was interviewed for 5¼ hours by Long John Nebal on radio station WOR (see Issue No. 22 of *Cosmic Voice*, page 6).

However, at 3 p.m. on Tuesday, 16th, amidst the noise of this city, which never sleeps, **The Master Aetherius, during a Special Transmission through George King, gave instructions for us to proceed to the Mount Washington district of New Hampshire as soon as we could.**

With this, the big question arose: could we possibly "squeeze" this Phase of Operation Starlight between the New York Lectures and those we had scheduled for Washington D.C., which would start at the beginning of March. It was obvious that we would need a couple of days at least in the Mount Washington district to survey the area.

After a rather expensive but necessary 'phone call to the observatory on Mount Washington our decision was made for us. It appeared that everything except the main roads were hopelessly snowed in, so we decided to wait until after the Washington and Philadelphia meetings had been completed before going into New Hampshire, hoping that two or three weeks would make all the difference in the weather. Thus assumption was to prove wrong!

With the completion of lectures in Philadelphia, we journeyed north through the New England States, only to be met by the most **atrocious weather we had ever experienced!** Hour after hour, our 1956 Ford ranch wagon, which was also feeling the strain after having been on the road for so many moons, churned its way somewhat slowly through blinding snow and howling blizzard into the beautiful, yet uninviting, countryside of New Hampshire.

About midday on Monday, March 14th, we arrived at the American Mountaineering Club's Lodge at Pinkham Notch, a few miles south of Gorham, which was our destination. It was here that we made our first enquiries on the climbing conditions of the different mountain peaks in the Presidential Range, Mount Washington itself merely being one of half a dozen eligible climbs for Operation Starlight. The picture indeed was black. It appeared that all trails leading to Washington, Madison, Adams and Jefferson, were completely obliterated and lost beneath several feet of snow. The mountains in this area are thickly wooded to about 4,000 ft. which, of course, makes the presence of an open trail essential. When climbing, one cannot see the peak at all until after the major part of the climb, at which time you have climbed above the timber line. So the fact that all trails were hidden under snow made the situation grim.

However, the people at this Lodge did tell us to contact two people in Gorham by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, who were keen mountain climbers and knew the surrounding countryside well. George suggested that I 'phoned them at once. On entering Gorham, we immediately put a 'phone call through to these people. Inviting us over, we were amazed on meeting them to find that both of them were well over 60 years old. As we sat in their comfortable living room and looked out over the snow-covered landscape, we learned that prior to living in Gorham, they had climbed extensively in the Himalayas and European Alps. Finally settling down in Gorham, they had made it a practice to blaze trails on some of the local mountains during the winter months. We did not tell the Underhills about our real Mission. George merely mentioned that we wanted to take movie pictures. Mrs. Underhill suggested that we could easily climb Mt. Washington, the highest peak in that part of America, because the road to the observatory, though not open to traffic, could be traversed quite well. George was not interested in this mountain at all—but began asking questions about Mt. Adams, 5,798 feet. We found that they had blazed a trail on Adams only as far as the hut—they could not go any further. **It had taken them two days to get this far and back.**

George's obvious interest in Mount Adams, plus the fact that I did not believe it was by coincidence that these people had blazed a trail, at least part of the way up, gave me the idea that **Phase No. 3 of Operation Starlight in America was to be enacted on this difficult mountain.**

Gradually, the daylight began to fail and darkness together with a blizzard began to close in. Through the large picture windows of the Underhills' living room we could see the distant peak of Mt. Adams fade from view as it was gradually shrouded in a curtain of blinding, swirling snow. Feeling it was time to book in at a motel, we bid good-bye to the Underhills, who in turn, wished us every success in the following day's climb. Glancing at the weather as we left, we wondered if climbing in this part of the World would be possible for another month or so. It was disturbing to note as we walked up the garden path to our car, that although the Underhills had kept their path reasonably clear of snow, at the sides and through the rest of their garden it was up to shoulder height. In fact, walking to their garden gate was like walking along a 5 ft. deep trench.

After booking in at the Mt. Madison Motel, we busied ourselves for the rest of the evening preparing our mountain kit for the following morning. Although we did this, at the same time, we felt individually that a climb in such conditions would be well-nigh impossible. Not only that, but the Underhills had been amazed that we contemplated climbing without snow-shoes. This meant going first to Pinkham Notch Lodge and hiring three pairs of these weird contraptions. As it happened, Phase No. 3 of Operation Starlight in America would have been **impossible** without wearing them, at that time.

After securing our snow-shoes the next morning, we set off for the part of the road where the beginning of the trail started up Mt. Adams. Even at this stage, we had no confirmation that Mt. Adams was the mountain chosen by The Space People for Phase No. 3. But knowing that the different phases of Operation Starlight **had always been made possible for us**, we started off that morning full of faith.

The weather was beautiful. 'Neath clear and sunny skies we motored along the road from the town of Gorham in a westerly direction towards the opening at the side of the road to which the Underhills the day previously had directed us. We thought we had the right directions until we found there were numerous openings at the side of the road, all looking as though they were the right one. Three times we passed up and down the road wondering which one to take. Then, all of a sudden, round the bend roared a jeep complete with the two most needed people in the World—Mr. and Mrs. Underhill came to the rescue! They were on their way to blaze yet another trail some miles away and as if by "coincidence" happened to pass just as we needed them. Pointing out the way, they continued on their way with a smile and a wave. **We began to feel sure that Mount Adams was the one to be Charged.**

Putting on our packs and snow-shoes we started off along the road with a blaze of freshly-made snow-shoe tracks, covered somewhat, though, by the snow-fall during the night.

The time was 9.30 a.m. as we plodded our way along the trail into the lower wooded slopes. It was here we passed a notice erected by the American Mountaineering Club saying that **many had died above the timber line, even in summer-time, advising everyone to be sure to take food and plenty of extra clothing.**

It was not with relish that we continued on our way.

The morning Sun sifted through the bare trees creating shadow fantasies on the white untrodden snow. Although very beautiful, we could see how treacherous this apparent perfection really was. As we dug in with our ice axes, they merely sank into the snow the full length of the shafts, showing us that the snow, even at this low level was at least 4 to 5 ft. deep. Every now and again one of us would trip over, due to the extremely large and uncontrollable size of our foot gear. It was at these times that we realized how essential snow shoes were, though. To fall into soft snow this deep meant sinking very quickly and helplessly with literally nothing to hold on to that was firm. After half an hour our limbs ached painfully, each step became an agonizing experience and on steep slopes our snow-shoes had no grip at all which meant crawling over many feet of snow like helpless infants attempting our first journey across a nursery floor!

It was at this stage that our leader—George King—became aware of an increasing pain in his left hip. The strain of the past hour's trek had begun to tell on this hip, which had never been strong since **it was severely damaged on Phase No. 3 of Operation Starlight in England.** Was this agonizing experience going to repeat itself on Phase No. 3 of Operation Starlight in America? We were soon to know.

It is extremely difficult to portray human suffering in words, especially when one is writing about someone else's agony. However, judging by the expression appearing on **his face at each step he took, the continual biting of the lower lip the pallid expression appearing with beads of perspiration on his forehead, the pain was becoming excruciating.** His stops for breath became ever increasing, as he would sink his head into the crook of his arm, drawing in his breath with the hissing sound that one makes when physical torment is manifesting. It was then that I was filled with disgust at the complacent attitude that many so called Metaphysical students had when told about Operation Starlight. **It will indeed take a new race of men to appreciate and understand intelligently the significance of this, the greatest Occult task performed on Earth for 100,000 years.**

Within these mountains that will stretch around this Globe, lies the Power to materialise the dreams of all Occult students, if only they were to realise it! To manifest their dreams of Evolution and Ascension it needs only the **continual use of the great Powers within these Holy Rocks of Mother Earth.** There—after continual use through several life times—they will realize their dreams. For to stand on these Holy Places in Prayer, is to give SERVICE to all mankind, and SERVICE is the keyword to Evolution and continued experience on this Planet.

After 2½ hours' climb the snow had increased to an alarming depth. No longer was it a case of trudging up and over 5 feet of snow. Now, it could be plainly seen that fully grown pine trees were shortened considerably as they poked the last remaining branches above the snow. **We must have been climbing over at least 20 ft. depth of snow.** As our steps became slower and slower, the pace became more agonizing for us. **George King, by this time, was experiencing physical torture**, the like of which I dare not think of. It was decided that I should go ahead and try to find the hut which was apparently on this trail at a height of 3,300 ft. So waving good-bye, I went ahead as quickly as I could. The last I was to see of the other two for an hour was Monique Noppe supporting George King on her arm as she helped him up a steep grade. His other arm, holding his ice pick, which from time to time he stretched out in order to hook round a sapling, to give leverage to pull both of them up the winding, treacherous and snow-covered path.

Suddenly, amidst the deathly quiet of this fairyland like wood, I felt small, insignificant and alone. The path ahead was becoming steeper and steeper. In the summer time this would have presented no problem at all, but the snow had turned this into an almost impossible venture. The snow-shoes had no form of grip on the bottom and on this steep slope I kept sliding backwards. I was tempted to take them off, but realized that this would have resulted in my sinking quickly from sight into the depths beneath.

Suddenly, as I slid backwards, the back part of the snow-shoes buried themselves deep into the snow. As I lost my balance, I lurched sideways pinning my right leg underneath me. **I was stuck, unable to move!** With both snow-shoes torn from my feet, they had imbedded themselves into the snow pinning me down. Not only that but I had felt a muscle pull as I had gone down, which pained considerably. Inch by inch, I managed to lean sideways and with my outstretched arm holding an ice pick, just managed to hook on to a branch stub of a pine tree. Gradually I hauled myself forward but found that the snow-shoes were left stuck in the snow, ripped from my feet. Trying to sit upright in order to put them on again, I merely sank slowly and my body, as though hinged at the waist, closed up like a jack-knife. I ended up putting on the snow shoes again almost upside down with my feet way above my head. Finally, crawling forward and up, I saw ahead of me a felled tree lying across the path. Inch by inch, sometimes sliding back several feet, I managed to hook myself on to this tree. How on Earth would the other two manage this, I thought, keeping in mind, the now almost **useless hip of George King's.** The way seemed obvious. Taking the roll of nylon rope from my shoulder I secured one end round the tree trunk, and then proceeded to pay out the rope down the slope again. This time, with a rope to hold on to, the climb back to the top of the slope was much easier. This was done only just in time. I now heard the approaching voices of George and Monique.

As they gradually hauled themselves up the rope, I could see the almost grey complexion of George King's face, the features of which appeared twisted with the **agony that he was enduring!**

The time was approaching 1 p.m. as we suddenly came into a clearing and found the mountain hut.

We groaned as we looked at it.

It was almost hidden from view beneath the snow. To get to the hall open doorway, it meant climbing down about 5ft beneath the surface of the snow. Inside, a musty damp smell of rotting pine needles and tree bark filled our nostrils. An old iron stove stood in the middle of the earthen floor. When it was lighted, the hut was merely filled with choking smoke.

It was useless. Our thoughts of being able to spend a night in this hut, should we not be able to get back, owing to the likelihood of a blizzard, were squashed.

However, we quickly devoured some excellent beef stew that Monique had brought along in our mammoth thermos flasks. This very quickly put an end to the vacant feeling in our stomachs.

The watery Sun was now past its zenith and we decided to push on. The going was really slow now. The snow was completely master of the landscape. Even the trees had bowed their heads under the weight of snow covering their evergreen foliage.

To describe the next two hours or so would merely be a repetition of the report of **physical strain and endurance of pain experienced by George King.**

As on all such occasions, he went on alone at the appropriate stage to act as the Channel for the Cosmic Masters to pour down their Energy into this Mountain. By this time, the Sun had set and darkness was approaching quickly. Unfortunately, there was no time for Monique or myself to go on to the Charged Place in order to offer up our prayers. It was a question of getting back down the mountain to our car as quickly as possible. As the Sun set below the hills, its wintry warmth went with it and the frost crept in slowly but very surely.

Hurriedly, the three of us made our way back. The downhill trek was easier but nevertheless dangerous. Every now and again, a steep slope would cause us to slide in an uncontrollable fashion. So much so, that finally we just sat down on such slopes and glissaded to the bottom. The cold was now intense. Our gloves clutched around our ice picks had become as hard as iron with the biting frost. At one stage my hand came out of the left hand glove, simply leaving it clutched tightly round the head of the ice pick as if held with an invisible hand.

As the night came, we saw a beautiful, everchanging curtain of blue-green light in the sky caused by the aurora borealis. This wondeful light sifting through the trees illuminated our path. The snow gleamed like a carpet of powdered diamonds beneath this heavenly glow. The whole forest became alive with soft irridescent illumination and we felt as though the very trees were watching over us and helping us on our way.

Soon we could see the lights on the main road gleaming and dancing through the distant trees. To realize that our trek was almost at an end encouraged us to quicken our pace.

At 9.30 p.m. we arrived back at the car, tired, exhausted and longing for one thing only—sleep. **We had been twelve hours, slipping, sliding and struggling on those heavy snow shoes.**

So ends the account of the 3rd Phase of Operation Starlight in America.

Since then, three pilgrimages have been made to this mountain. Two of them by our Detroit Branch Organizer—Edna Spencer—and one made by a group of dedicated people from New York on July 29th.

These people are but the first of the many who will journey to this spot in order to act as Channels for the Mighty Power now within this mountain to flow forth unto all the World.

Fall equipment: a peek ahead

By Kenny Cellit
Crowds Staff

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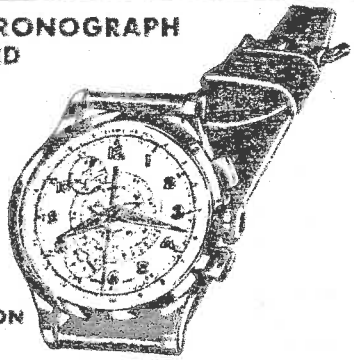

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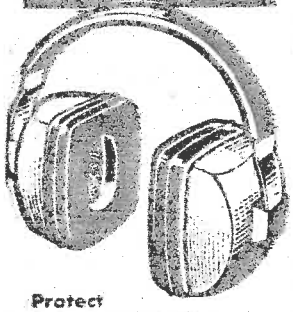

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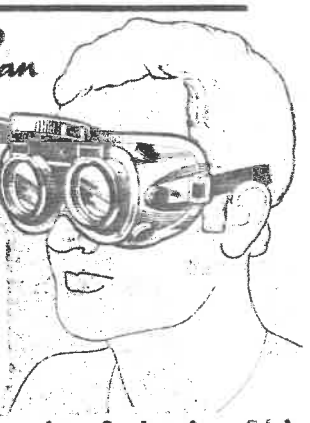

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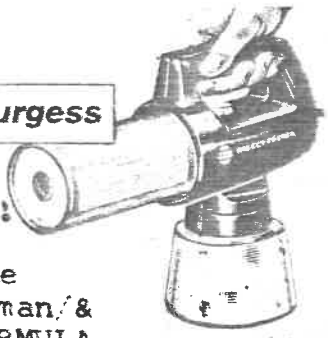

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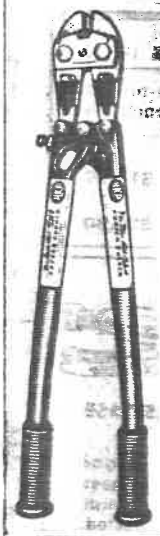

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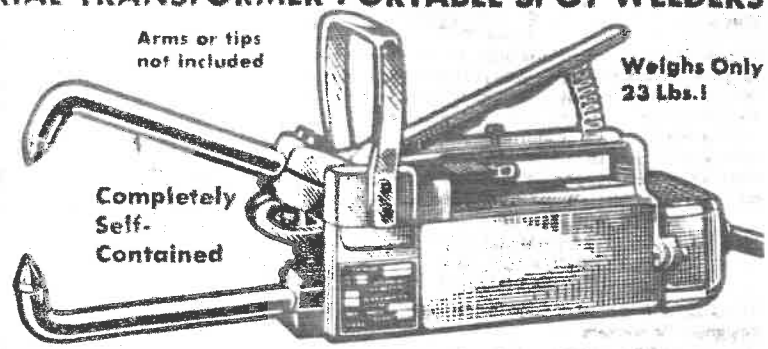

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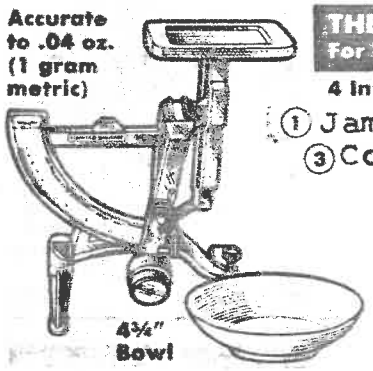

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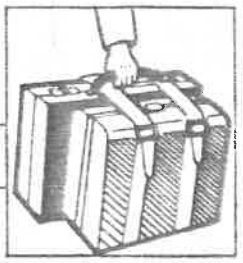

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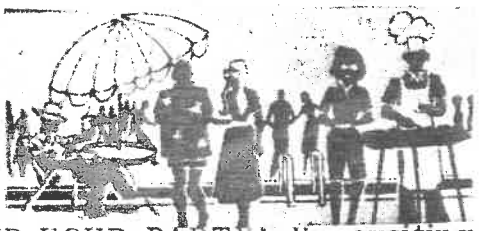

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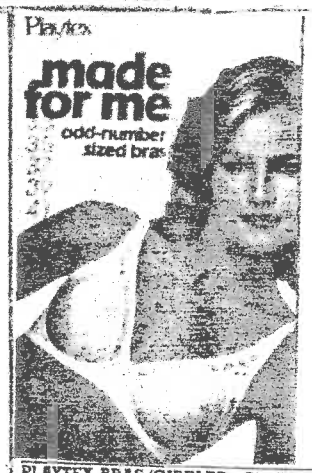

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