Among the Clouds

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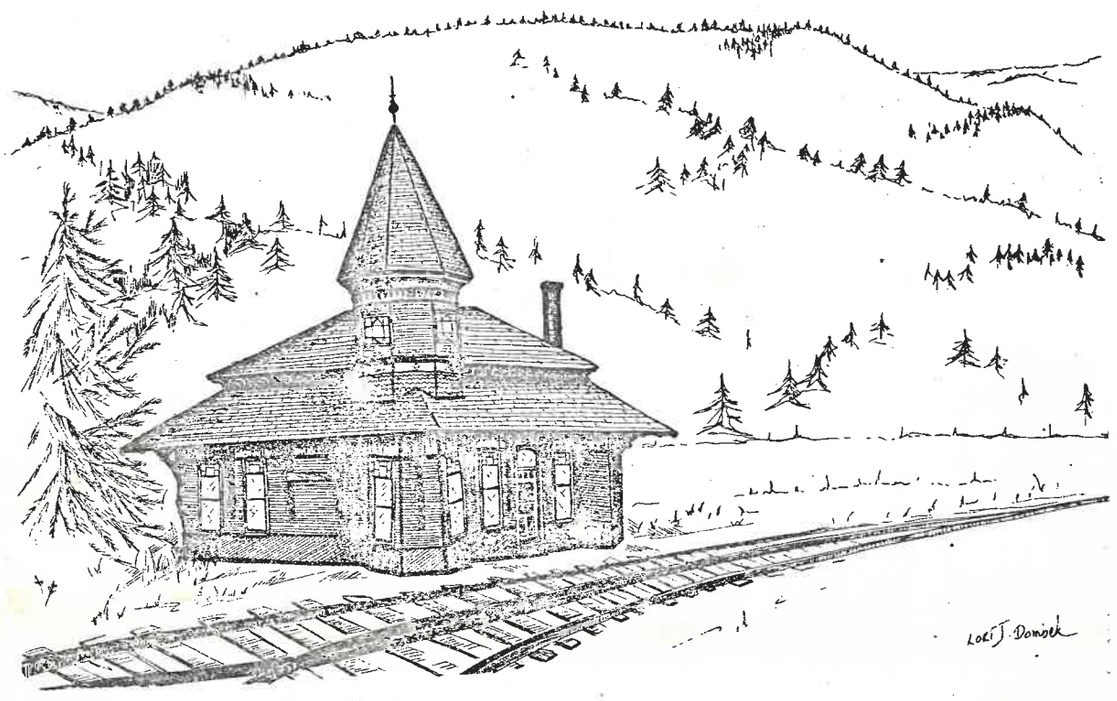


CRAWFORD NOTCH EXHIBIT DEDICATION

After more than a year of preparations, plans, and research, the Crawford Notch Social History Exhibit was dedicated on July 10th. Housed in the Crawford Notch Depot, the exhibit features photographs, letters, artifacts, and memorabilia dating from the times of the earliest settlers to the present-day, and highlights such occurrences as the coming of the Crawford family, the construction of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, and the heyday of the world famous Crawford House.

The need for an exhibit depicting the area's past was identified as early as 1980, the year the Depot opened as a Visitor Information Center. In that first season, interest in the history of Crawford Notch was surprising. Many had visited the area before, others had been guests at the Crawford House or passengers on the Maine Central Railroad. Often these visitors were curious about the things they remembered.

At the end of the 1980 season, planning for a social history exhibit began. By the spring of 1981, the Club had not only acquired a grant from the New Hampshire Council for the Humanities, but matching funds from the

(See page 4)

Lightning

1. Lightning follows the path of least resistance - steel objects, trees, summits, streams, through depressions, etc.

2. Injuries result not from direct hit but rather through radial diffusion of the voltage through the ground or from a tall object. (Or from falls due to panic or a close hit.)

What not to do:

1. Stay away from tall objects.

2. Don't be the tallest object - get below treeline.

(See page 6)

EDITORIAL

Two weeks of North Country summer have passed under the bridge since our last issue, and the answer to Jake's rhetorical question is "Loads." The death of an Outward Bound instructor on Franconia Ridge on Mon., July 19 in a freak lightning storm shocked the North Country. Bill Blaiklock says, "They heard distant rumbles, but it was the first bolt they saw that struck her directly. Two others in the group of eight received burns on their feet, and some suffered temporary paralysis, but all were able to hike to Greenleaf, where they spent the night and hiked out in the morning. The Green Berets were operating in the area, and flew out the woman's body and her husband, who was a co-leader. Bill says they were extremely well prepared and knowledgeable, and he gave great credit to the woman's husband for handling the emergency situation and all its components, despite his wife's tragic condition.
I have had my silent moments, feeling for this young man and his courage, and I hope all can find time to reflect on this tragedy.

Other more heartening events included the Crawford Depot Dedication at Crawford's and the North Country Board meeting at Lonesome on July 10, The Potentilla summit meeting at Monroe Flats on July 12th, and the two crew meetings, the first of which drawing nine and the second drawing only two. On the business end of things, the slow pace of June has given way to the dog days of August (begun somewhere around July 15) and the net business effect is about even, with resi's for the rest of the summer up by nearly 10%.

Crawford's future will be the main point of discussion when an ad-hoc committee, formed at the July 10 NCB meeting, gets together Sat. July 24. The consensus seems to be that the AMC must reevaluate its goals and present a comprehensive plan for Crawford's future. The next issue of "Crowds" will report on what happens at this meeting, and will give you an idea of the issues that must be faced.

The Potentilla issue is receiving considerable attention also, and the debate about management of the plant is at a critical stage. A report is tentatively scheduled for the next issue as well.

CREW MEETINGS

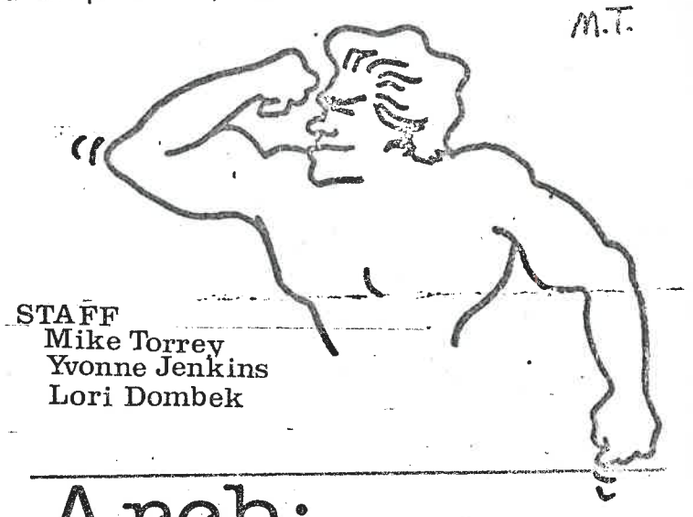
The first crew meeting was well-attended and the enthusiasm high. The WHA sat on one side, their flag proudly displayed. After an initial controversy over the shape of the bargaining lawn, subjects ranging from cooking methods, recipes and ideas for coping with cook day were discussed, as well as evening programs and what each hut was doing to make themselves stand out as different. When a person's hiking hut to hut and hears the usual blurb about what to expect ("No smoking, lights out at 9:30, etc.") five times, they get a bit tired of it. Wouldn't you?

Some suggestions for evening programs that surfaced during the meeting are as follows:

1)Mock rescue - The carter crew staged a mock-rescue. Sue Hall burst in during dinner-talk, dressed in hula skirt and other typical Sue Babe Accoutrements, and informed John Dunn her friend had broken her leg on the other side of the lake. The guests were told to stay tuned until after dinner, and were then employed as litter carriers, and questions were fielded by the crew.
2) Poetry readings.
3) Popcorn - It's cheap, and a great after dinner treat for the guests. Might be a good thing to do on an informal night, when you're out polishing your boots or doing a req.
4) Group discussions - The subject matter for such discussions is vast, but some examples follow: search and rescue, the pro's and cons of huts in the mountains, composting, the potentills issue, Crawford's (might be appropriate with a group of informed AMC members), mountain safety, hypothermia.
5) Sunset walks - Take the typical informal walk and learn the peaks on the various compass points and talk about the areas they demarcate. Mix in some social history. Build off what you've learned from naturalists and point out plants along the way.
6) Composting - The Madison crew turns their compost at night, allowing thier guests to join the fun. Show them your record sheets and describe the process.

Those are some of the ideas floating around the Hut Syatem, seeking fruition and accomplishment. In closing, it seems appropriate to point out that each of these suggestions can be applied distinctively at each hut, lending your personalities and creativity to a unique interpretation of your environment.

M.T.



STAFF
Mike Torrey
Yvonne Jenkins
Lori Dombek

Arch:

(from pg. 8)

may catch rare distant glimpses of such luminaries as Cam, Chip, and Ted, Bill Meduski and Pat Smith. Bill has assisted at Galehead, and I left George at Zealand cultivating bionic bacteria by inducing tobacco-juice mutants. Zealand is also hosting the anemometer this year to develop site data for the latest SOLTRAN to be tested this summer in Crawford Notch.

By the looks of the data, Greenleaf, under Mike Torrey's guidance, was a windy place indeed. Three readings over 200 mph may be attributed to wind-induced vibration, but you'll have to ask Mike about the ones between 100 and 200.

Mike Pr

Letters to the Editors... (and others)

To the Editor, or in particular, Mr. PD, and I suspect other members of the Madison Croo:

We have received your reply to the article we wrote entitled: "How to pack Light," and as the true gentlemen we are, we of course honor opposing points of view.

It is our considered opinion though, that your discourse on how to pack with discomfort is a doctrine worthy of the circular file. You see, Mr. PD, ~~xwx~~ in the year 2007, at our twenty-fifth reunion, the spry pair of current Tuckerman Caretakers will be dancing the light fandango with the cute nurses who have been pushing your wheelchair since your twenty-third birthday. Perhaps with that thought in mind you should address your efforts not to a consideration of how to pack in pain; but rather, a new AMC guidebook to the handicapped ramps of greater Boston.

Respectfully,

J + Bill

Mssrs Gill and Kelley
'Creaky Joint Guest House'
Tuckerman Ravine

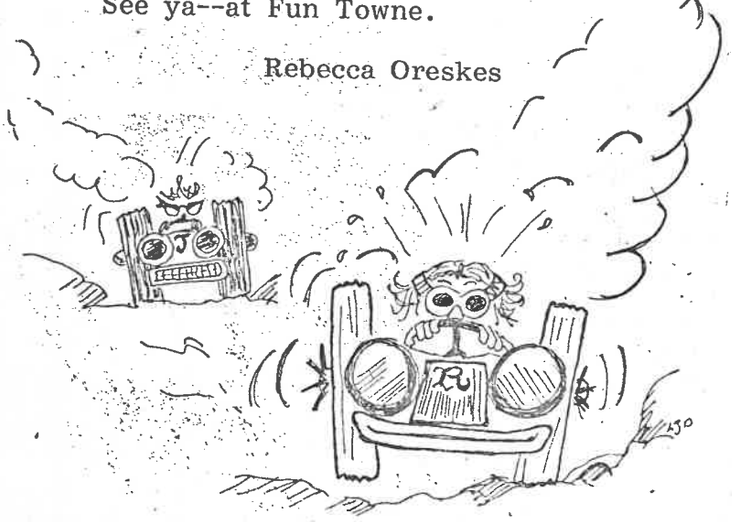
July 12, 1982

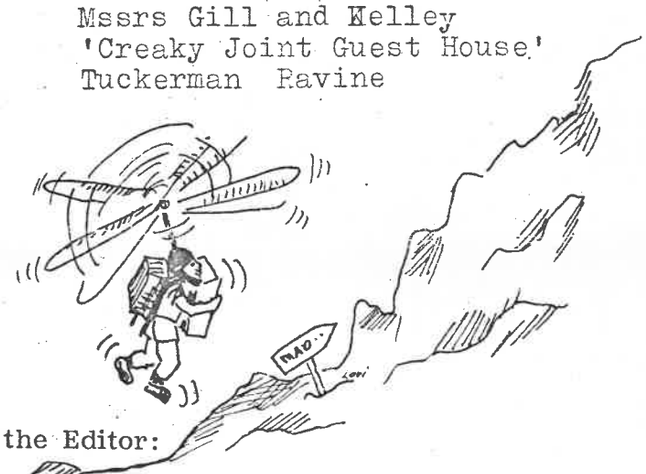
To the Editor:

In response to Mr. D. Huntley's article concerning the July 5th raiding conference, I'd just like to say a few words. While I do not wish to create hostilities between the W.H.A's Eastern Representative and myself, my outrage crosses political boundaries. I was seriously offended at his intimations (rather, his overt assertions) that I am unskilled behind the wheel of a go-kart. It may be true that the honorable Jake Perkins passed me five or six or maybe seven times as we sped around the Raceway (I was still getting used to the steering!), but eight times! Well Mr. Huntley, aren't we exagerating a bit? Furthermore, I'd like it to be known that I'm preparing for a rematch. I have been using the money from our advance sale ashtray enterprise (eat your hearts out all you closet smokers) to support a rigorous training schedule. Finally, I'm working on converting our water pump into a high-powered go kart. It shouldn't be long now. (Mike Waddell gets the first free ride.) So look out, Mr. Huntley and all the rest of you, too.

See ya--at Fun Towne.

Rebecca Oreskes





To the Editor:

In regards to Mr. Phillip Dinsmore's letter, I find it quite contradictory that such an avid "heavy packer" as he would by chance unburden his back on any load. Nonetheless, he used a man powered chopper for the trip up the Valley Way.

Indeed, the hardest pack trail in the system is the Valley Way via air, and uneven straps do a job on your shoulders when you lean against them while relaxing in the cab of a chopper. You even increase your potential energy tremendously while you're in the air. Phil undoubtedly became a "hero in his crewmates eyes" when his hut god of a superior dislocated his middle finger while rushing to help poor Phil and his uneven, heavy pack out of the helicopter. He had a chance to let the loosely tied knots undo, so the suspended sleeping bag could be opened and sprawled for a snooze. Why, it really is such a shame that packing the real way is so scenic. Maybe one day on alternate route through Crawford's could be taken.

In conclusion, I hope all you fellow packers and others realize the real Phil Sleezy Dinsmore way to pack.

Concerned We-Knee

(next→)

To the Editor
Among the Crowds
Porky Gulch, USA

Dear Sir:

I was startled to read about the secession of the three westernmost huts. My purpose in writing is to get down on paper what I think will be predictable public reactions to one small aspect of the thing. I am talking about blanket folding regulations.

You have a bunch of East bound hikers who spent a night at Galehead and after breakfast at Zealand are trying to pay attention to the crew's BFD. I grant you, watching a BFD is not something we ordinarily think of as taxing, or even difficult. But after taking on a pound of oatmeal acuity dulls, if you know what I mean. Like not everyone gets the message straight. The result? Bedlam! The bunk rooms will be in shambles! Eastern folded blankets and Western folded blankets all over the place!

Bunkroom camaraderie is going to disappear, because you are going to have some guys doing it oneway, and some the other. And you are going to have a lot of hostile remarks flying around, like "Not that way, you jerk!", and such. Criticism, and lots of it. And the result of that, believe me, is going to be a lot of hikers going around gloomy and defensive, most of them reliving all the unexpressed anger they felt for their parents. That's what it will be.

(cont.)

...

Or you have an Eastern trained hiker piling into a third tier bunk, in the dark, trying to unfold a Western style blanket, and he is going to get mad and noisy, and he will wake up some other guys, and nobody will sleep good. I can see that coming.

Or you have a couple of guys at Zealand spending half the morning arguing about the proper way to fold their blankets, and so when they get to Galehead they're late for the Western scheduled supper, so they start a rumble in the kitchen while the crew is having chow. Everything could get nasty, don't you think?

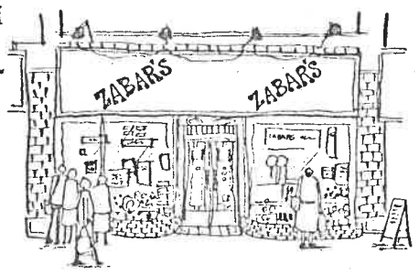
And something else is going to start to happen, too. The crews will figure they have to do their BFD two, three, maybe four times, each morning. But that won't work because the lazies and the dummies still won't get the message, and the crews are going to begin to get a lot of flak from the guests, so the crews are going to get surly, and won't enjoy packing anymore.

I am not saying the secession is a good thing, and I'm not saying secession is a bad thing. OK? That's for the Big Enchelada and the other Not-so-little Enchelada at Porky Gulch to handle. All I'm saying is that you're going to have trouble, and you'd better have those two guys hop to it and get things straightened out, if you follow.

Regards,

Ralph Replogle

Randolph, NH
13 July '82



CRAW: (from pg. 1)

Samuel P. Hunt Foundation.

In addition to providing the initial financial support, the New Hampshire Council for the Humanities also helped identify and recruit the necessary expertise to produce the exhibit. William Taylor from the Social Science Department at Plymouth State College, and Susan Olney, Director of the University Art Galleries at UNH collaborated on the project. Work began in the fall of 1981. It was the goal of the group not only to portray the historical events that transformed the notch, but to trace the perception of its visitors as well.

The exhibit suggests how the development of the Notch had gone full cycle, from a wilderness area, to a center for recreation and tourism, to an area that is now closer to its original state. Many of the artifacts, particularly those dating pre 1900, are from the collection of the New Hampshire Historical Society. The bulk of the artifacts, however, are reproductions or donations from individual collectors, many of whom are North Country residents.

Ray Evans, a former Crawford House employee and long-time acquaintance of many AMC crews, donated numerous items. Because of his outstanding generosity, the Club presented him with a special plaque of appreciation at the dedication ceremonies. In concluding the afternoon's events, two guest speakers commented on the past and future of Crawford Notch. C. Francis Belcher, author of Logging Railroads of the White Mountains and past Executive Director of AMC touched on the major events that shaped Crawford Notch. Tom Deans extolled the continuing process of land management at "this very precious site", and outlined the Club's future plans for the site.

Crews are invited to view the exhibit for themselves. The Depot will remain open every day through Labor Day and on weekends from Labor Day to Columbus Day.

Barbara Wagner

CARTERELLA

Once upon a time, far far away in Carter Notch lived a beautiful hutgirl named Carterella, with her wicked stepmother, and her wicked ugly stepsister, Prunette. Because of Carterella's beauty, her stepmother and stepsister were very jealous, and so made Caterella do all the nasty hutchores like cleaning the greasetrap, washing crapper bags, and pulling boy scouts' undies out of the toilet baffles. One morning at radio call, the ruler of the entire hut system, Prince Dave, announced that there was to be a royal ball that night at the Old Hutman's Cabin, down in Pinkham Notch. The ball would be called Guinea Night, because of the great delicacies served, and rumor had it that Prince Dave was looking for a bride, and hoped to find one among all the beautiful hutgirls who would surely be there. As soon as the wicked stepmother signed off the radio, she turned to Prunette with glee, "At last, my wicked ugly daughter, you are going to make your wicked mother wicked happy."

"But how, wicked mother?" asked Prunette, who had always been a little slow because the doctor had pulled too hard on her head during the delivery.

"By snagging Prince Dave, you crumphead!" her mother snarled.

"Can I go too?" echoed a voice from the bottom of the greasetrap. Carterella had been shoveling it out after having soloed breakfast for 40, while her stepmother and stepsister racked.

"You?" Prunette sneered. "Wicked mother, did you hear that?" Her wicked mother sniggered, "Hah! You make me laugh, Carterella. The prince is only interested in beautiful hutgirls, like my little Prunette." Prunette smiled, revealing three broken teeth and a rather ghastly fungal infection. "Now Prunette, go and put on your nicest pack trou', and we'll be off." She and Prunette had to leave early to get down the 19-Mile Brook Trail in time as they were quite out of shape, having flown in with the initial, and having Caterella do all the packing. Caterella's beautiful blond hair was hidden by a tattered bandana, and her finely muscled, slender body faded beneath a pair of black hip waders and a greasy apron. She was all alone in Carter Notch, with nothing but the white-throated sparrows and swainson's thrushes to keep her company, but with 40 Camp Walden girls on the way, and nothing to serve but canned hams and red jello. Worst of all, there was no more logbook for them to write letters to their future daughters in, so Carterella tore out the last 20 pages of the 5-year diary she'd almost finished. Just at that moment the anger she'd had about not being allowed to go to Guinea Night and, in fact, the anger she'd felt all her life toward her wicked stepmother and her wicked ugly stepsister welled up inside her and she began to cry. "There, there." a voice comforted her. "Don't be sad." She looked up to see a gray-haired man stop out of a cloud of smoke, with a can of gasoline in his hand. "I'm your fairy hutfather, Bill Reifsnyder."

"Fairy hutfather?" she sniffed, "What's a fairy hutfather?"

"I look after all you hutgirls and boys, and whenever things go hopelessly wrong like bags of wet goat falling over your board onto your face, I come and help out. I heard that you were up here all alone while your mother and sister were going to Guinea night."

"That's right" she sighed..."I haven't had a valley night since 1972." Then her fairy hutfather did a most marvelous thing. Her packboard he turned into a Wildcat gondola, and he made her the finest pack trou' in all the mountains from a couple of ferns. "One thing, though," he warned her, "this spell is only good until next radio call, so you'd better get back to Carter or else you'll find yourself in the North Conway jail for indecent exposure." She promised that she would be back in time, and joyfully climbed into her own Wildcat Gondola to go to the ball.

As soon as she and Prince Dave saw each other, they fell hopelessly in love. He had never before seen such a beautiful hutgirl, or such a fetching pair of pack trou'. They played thumper together into the wee hours, and then drifted off into a happy sleep in the Admin building, she on the top bunk. At 6:30 the next morning, Carterella was awakened by the schlonging of a gong which told her she'd better powerhike it back to Carter to get home before radio call, but before she left, she carefully folded her AMC blanket, putting the pillow at the head of the bed and the three blankets at the foot. Several hours later, when the housekeeper finally got her wicked stepmother and her wicked ugly stepsister out of the lodge, they just crumpled their blankets up and headed home. When Prince Dave awoke at 7:55, he looked up to see an empty bunk, with the blankets all neatly folded. His smile faded to a frown then, to a look of panic when he realized he had no idea of where to find Carterella. He did know one thing however--only one woman in the AMC could fold blankets like that, and he was determined to find her. He signed up right away for Sue Hardy's range hike, starting at Lonesome Lake. The croo there appeared somewhat nervous, and had a very tough time even finding any blankets since they were scared to leave their croo room, and so Prince Dave moved on to Greenleaf. And then to Galehead. And on. Nowhere in the hut system could he find a decent fold, and he returned home to Pinkham, sad and tired. Just then a construction croo member came out of the woods. "How's it goin' Prince Dave?" he asked. Prince Dave stared toward Wildcat Mountain. "Where have you been?" he asked distantly. "Oh, we've been up at Carter for a couple of months. Had some trouble

with some shingles and stuff..."

"Carter?" Dave blinked. "Carter? What's that?"

"That's a hut, Dave."

"It is? I don't think I've ever been there..." but, all of a sudden Prince Dave lept up from the Pinkham Porch and grabbed the keys to van #4. He raced down route 16 and squalled to a stop at the dam on 19-mile Brook. "Wish this road kept goin'." he muttered as he started up the trail. Once at the hut he was coldly greeted by the wicked stepmother and the wicked ugly stepsister, until they realized who he was. The stepmother shoved her daughter into the croo room. "Go put on your fancy pack trou'." she hissed, and then began to tell Prince Dave about her wonder daughter--how many pounds she could pack and so on.

"That's all very fine, wicked stepmother," Dave smiled warmly, "but all I want to see is how she folds a blanket." "Get in here Prunette!" barked the stepmother, "And bring a blanket." Watching Prunette try to fold an AMC blanket was a sad sight to see. She tried to fold it 3 times widthwise, just like those failures from the western huts, and got hopelessly confused and dizzy and ended up throwing up on Prince Dave's assistant, Sir Michael.

"That's nothing compared to the shitwork he gives me." mumbled Michael.

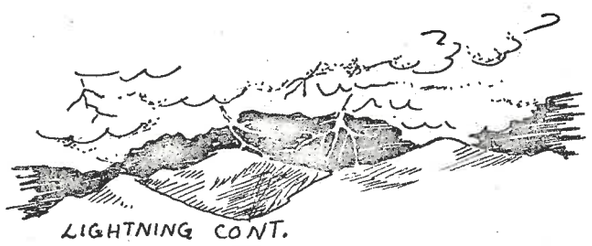
"Well, I guess I'll never find her, sighed Dave, as he started out the door. At that very moment he spied a flash of gold bobbing up and down near the bomb rack. He went over and found Carterella, waist-deep in grease in the grease trap.

"What have we here?" wondered Dave, for even coated with grease, Carterella could not hide her great beauty.

"Oh she's nothing!" insisted the wicked stepmother. "Wouldn't you rather see my daughter tapdance?"

"I had enough bad tapdancing at Gala" he remarked. "Here Carterella, please fold this for me." He handed her the blanket, which she folded quickly and perfectly, and returned to him. "Is this what you want, sir?" she asked shyly. "No, he smiled. It's not what I want at all." Her face fell as she stared into the grease around her waist. "No," he said, "What I want is you, Carterella. Will you be my bride?" She could scarcely comprehend his words. "I know you, Carterella. You were the one at Guinea Night. What a shame I never came to Carter before now, but then, Carter has always been so perfectly run there was never any need..." He took her by the greasy arms and lifted her out of the greasetrap. She slipped free and fell back in headfirst. He tried again. Finally, they got Carterella out of the greasetrap and he tied her on to his favorite packboard, with the hutgirls best friend, a diamond hitch, and off they went.

They lived happily ever after, in the heart of Pinkham Notch.



LIGHTNING CONT.

3. Stay off cliff edges or exposed faces.

4. Stay off small rock crevices, or splits and cracks.

5. Stay away from streams.

6. Keep spread out - 20 to 30' between people minimum.

What to do:

1. Crouch in a stand of small trees

2. Crouch below flat rocks.

3. Get at least twice as deep down as the height of the nearest tall object (if you're in a depression)

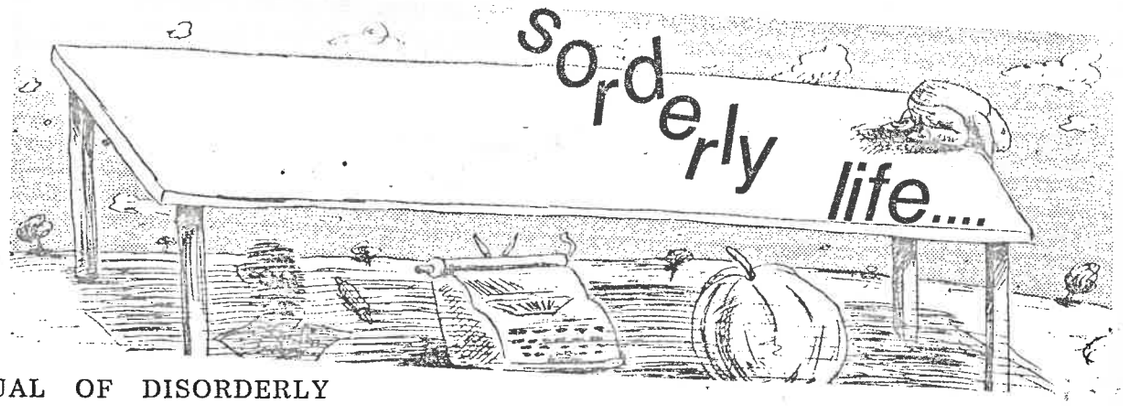
4. Find a spacious, dry cave.

5. If you are caught out in the open:
   1. Keep away from steel objects.
   2. Crouch low on knees - don't lie.
   3. Place insulation below you.

Written by Ben Campbell, found at Lakes summer '80.

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

by dr. rick boyce



From: THE MANUAL OF DISORDERLY LIFE. 20 July 1982

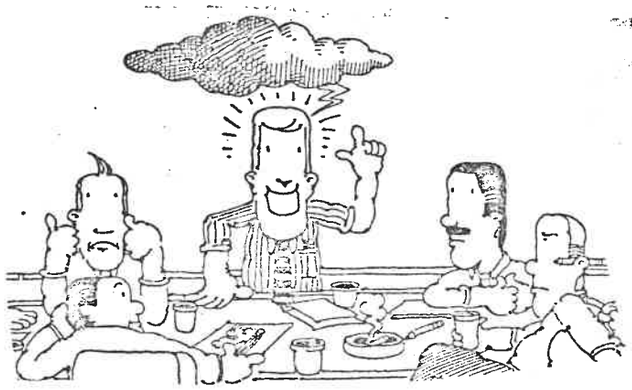
You may have noticed that this column did not appear in the last issue of Crowds. All I will say is that the title contains the word "disorderly" for a good reason. 'Nuff said.

While my illustrious byline was not to be seen, a most obnoxious editorial complaining that not enough news was being published. I will not answer any of the points(?) raised by Mr. Torrey here, on the grounds that I would find it difficult to restrain my pen in a dignified manner while answering that preposterous piece of literature. So, in the interests of maintaining good relations between Mr. Torrey and myself, I will publish some "news".

This is a bread recipe stolen from Fannie Farmer and only slightly modified. It's a good way to get rid of leftover oatmeal and make a pretty tasty bread at the same time. Oatmeal works the best. If you use any other cereal, use less. In any case, mix together 2 cups leftover oatmeal, ½ cup molasses, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon cinnamon. Dissolve 1 tablespoon yeast in ½ cup luke warm water and add to the above gloppy mess (note: when mixing this recipe, use no more than 2 tablespoons yeast.) Then stir in 4½ cups of white flour. Knead it well on a lightly floured board and let it rise for an hour. This is a moist bread, but it shouldn't be sticky. Knead and let rise another hour, then knead it down and shape it into loaves. This recipe will give you 2 large loaves, while a X5 recipe will make 8 large loaves.

So much for newsworthy items. I turn my attention to the subject of days off. It's easy to spend your daze visiting other huts or hanging around Pinkham. But don't forget that the huts take up only a very small fraction of the Forest, while concentrating most of the people in that area. And most of us are here because we enjoy the mountains, not crowds, right? So the next time your days come up, why not consider backpacking in the Mahoosucs, the Wild River, the Pemi, or for the really adventerous, the Pilot Range? The benefits of enjoying the mountains without the hordes is well worth the extra effort.

Rick Boyce



POTPOURRI

The system wide AMC menagerie of animal friends received several new members in the past two weeks. Paca, Lakes resident mouse specialist, is now the proud mother of five healthy and hungry kittens. Tucks softies Joe and Bill are nursing a tribble-sized baby rabbit back to health, after it was found hypothermic and dying. The beaver of Lakes fame has disappeared, as have Greenleaf's carpenter ants and red squirrels, thanks to an exterminator's expert technique (the beaver left of his own accord). Also, a killer bat, with a wingspread of six inches, was captured and released to the wilds by this Notch-Watcher, after being spotted hovering in the second floor hallway of the Dodge Lodge, awaiting a victim.

On the Lakes crew entrance door- "This hut is dedicated to the unsung magnificence of ordinary people." Lakes will be receiving the photovoltaic cell to power their high-band radio, since the new radio for Greenleaf won't be here until mid-August.... The new plastic urns have a nickname, courtesy of the Madison crew- Sammy Davis Jr.....If you are having trouble with illegal campers, document on an Incident Record the situation, location,time, date, names of offenders and any other pertinent information. Then, when the annual Forest Service meeting occurs, we can make real reccommendations based on documented incidents....Do you have a pressure cooker at your hut? Then pack it out, and we will dispose of them in a suitable manner. They never proved useful in the huts..... On any warm summer day, it's a good idea to mention thunderstorms are always a possibility and dispense advice on proper safety behaviour..... The second crew meeting , attended by Rick Boyce and Dan Post, was interrupted by a rescue, but the discussion centered on Crew Kitty and RUA problems. Mizpah's kitty jar seems to deal most directly with the kitty issue by stating "The crew relies on tips for part of their income."..

The IME 20% off sale is Wed. July 28.

See ya in two weeks.

MT

WHAT DO RESEARCHERS DO?

"Those independent researchers, you never know what they've been up to." Flea crew member.

"Researchers, when not researching, do all our shit work around here." Helen Fremont, dinner talk.

Yes, we researchers are employed to monitor and restrain wild hut croos during their playtime on the tundra: golf, kite flying, croquet, badminton, tundra darts, bottle rockets, and sharpening tools. Our knowledgable attendants will give you a grand tour of our tundra zoo. Come and visit soon. We have many rare specimens.

On a more serious note, there are four of us sharing the workload of six major projects (not to mention minor ones: writing articles for Among the Crowds (what's that?) and sending out "Dear Group Leader" letters to inform groups visiting alpine huts - Flea, Pah, Lakes, and Madison - of the delicate environment - Please stay on the trail).

Our first and foremost project at Lakes is the continuation of the Potentilla Protection Agency and Hiker Traffic Use/Patterns. We are a little more conspicuous then we were last year among the rocks, as we stand in uniform on the trail smiling to those who visit our zoo. We ask them to stay on our paved, rock-lined paths and point out our rarest, endangered specimen. We even have a viewing garden for those who are interested in close-up shots. In addition to gathering and compiling data and checking our 3 electronic counters (yes, even you are a statistic. Ask Mark Dindorf about becoming a statistic last year), we provide guided tours of our special zoo for our hut guests in the evening.

The Lakes croo is now earning extra croo kitty on the side hiring out their bull researchers. They are very efficient at clean-up, especially with Jake at the front of the gorm-line and Bob Champoux at the sink (Bob set the record for fastest powerwash last year, which included washing a full house of plates 3 times over.) Not to mention their sherpa ability.

We're also collecting rain and cloud water at Lakes and Greenleaf to determine acid content. How do you collect clouds? Well, on a socked in day, we let loose our trained croo animals, including mama paca and her pack, to run around the tundra catching clouds in bottles.

Laura has been collecting bottles of hut and shelter water; vacuuming and incubating these exotic solutions, in hope of amassing a new fleet of coliform for our Lakes Navy. If it doesn't work, she'll be doing it again in August. Please be on the lookout for new mutant forms and save them for Laura.

Bob is working on a shelter survey with the aid of Rueben. They want to find out what kind of humble folks use the shelters and tent platforms as well as to receive some feedback on what they expect. Caretakers, have you noticed any new hybrids among the usual goofers, trons and yahoos? We realize that they are often more attracted to the 4 sided facilities. Somehow they can't adapt to the open air. Remember, hut croo gods and goddesses, you were once a yahoo in the eyes of your predecessors.

Pinkham weenies - Beware! Kathie Weathers will be doing a facility resource inventory on you and your environment. Who knows what we'll find. Anyone want to join our tundra zoo? If you haven't heard by now, one of our rare and jolly Morgan's ran away. She'll be badly missed.

Jake (Jumbo variety, not Perkins Flea) will be making hut calls for the Goat Brigade. Make sure you bring them in from pasture on the specified date of visit. Keep good records on what they eat and how well they digest their food.

If anyone wants to know about the latest poop in Crawford Notch, Mike Pratt is the expert.

Keep good records of minimum - maximum temperatures. We're trying to determine the optimum temperatures for mutated hut croos.

Before the summer is over, PLEASE DO COME VISIT OUR ZOO - WE NEED YOU!

Linda Jacobs (alias Jake)
Bob Champoux
Laura McGrath
Kathie Weathers

The Archcomposter has been meeting with a lot of folks lately, a phenomenon known among thechnocrats as "tech transfer". The latest visit was with Mike Pelchat at the summit where after a Richter 5 sunset we discussed the RMC's composting plans. I'll be taking Mike and RMC President Judy Hudson to an AMC campsite for some hands-on experience, trout fishing in America as JM would say. I hope to demonstrate the heat generated by boiling water for tea in a bin batch.

Laura McGrath is now "on the case" in the water lab, having been through the standard course on water testing, and Linda Jacobs likewise for consulting with huts on goat composting. High temp record holder will receive the Golden Turf Fork at year's end. Don't forget too that a new corps of TC caretakers is now accruing skills and available for consultation, baked goods being highly regarded as payment-in-kind. JD is doubtless watching his very own batch by now with fatherly affection, and neophytes

(cont. pg. 2)

TO ALL AMC WATER DRINKERS: July 20, 1982

Here are the results of the July water test, expressed in terms of colonies per plate. This is a count of the viable coliform and fecal coliform bacteria in 100 ml. of water. Coliform numbers reflect the likelihood of pathogenic organisms being present.

Coliforms are found in plants and soils as well as in mammalian intestines, so the fecal test is used to confirm the total count. These tests do not distinguish between human and other warm-blooded animals' fecal coliforms, and backcountry waters probably contain bacteria from wild animals whether or not human sources are represented.

The standard test is for the "total" group, and can be expected to run a 10:1 or higher ratio to the fecal group. The following standards are for "drinking water supplies" (tanks and pipes); streams and ponds are generally higher.

If the total count is:	The Water is:
0 - 4	Safe to drink by EPA standards. (2 liters daily)
5 - 50	Border line - to be retested.
200	Safe for swimming only.

A single test is not definite; following tests over several years is much more meaningful. Research has complete data on file if you wish to know the past test results.

Thanks for your help in collecting samples. The August water test will be early, August 11 and 14. Please follow the same procedure, sending samples down on either the Wednesday or Saturday that corresponds with our truck trip or rotation. I will remind you on radio call.

Thanks again, and enjoy the rest of the summer.... Laura

WATER TEST RESULTS - July 15-17, 1982

LOCATION	TOTAL COLIFORM	FECAL COLIFORM
PINKHAM		
Desk	1	clear
Lodge	clear	clear
Administration	clear	clear
Trail Crew	clear	clear
Outside fountain	clear	clear
Spillway	3	1
IMP	30	1
GARFIELD	2	clear
CARLO	2	clear
TRIDENT	clear	clear
GENTIAN	57	20
ETHAN POND	26	6
ETHAN retest	22	2
LIBERTY	1	1
DESOLATION	2	1
NAUMAN	9	clear
GRAY KNOB	2	clear
HINKS TRAIL	clear	clear
SPUR BROOK	clear	clear
CRAG STREAM	1	clear
LAKES.....Tap	clear	clear
.....Source	1	clear
MIZPAH.....Tap	1	clear
.....Source	TNTC	clear
Source retest		
MADISON.....Tap	14	clear
.....Source	clear	clear
CARTER.....Tap	TNTC	clear
.....Source	clear	clear
ZEALAND.....Tap	73	27
.....Source	TNTC	49
GALEHEAD.....Tap	clear	clear
.....Source	1	clear
GREENLEAF....Tap	clear	clear
.....Source	clear	clear
TUCKERMAN'S..Tap	36	clear
.....Source	1	clear
CRAWFORD'S...Tap		
LONESOME.....Tap		
.....Source		

TNTC = Too numerous to count.

10 NOXIOUS ODORS

Tales in the wind from Tuckerman Ravine

Bill Kelly

We here in the ravine think it is high time the issue of Mountain Hospitality For All' and public expectations with regard to mountain hospitality be clearly resolved. Just what do you expect when after a long day of hiking, swatting flies, and patching blisters, when you arrive in a hut? Shelter for sure; no problem with that, CC made sure the roof didn not leak before opening. Congeniality: no problem there, the management hired just the folks for that task. Food, or more precisely, mountain food: aye, there's the rub.

Food. Of course everyone gets heaping helpings, fresh bread, and other indulgences, but is it really mountain food? Italian sausage, Atlantic haddock, butter from Oklahoma? No it certainly is not mountain food, and if we are to blazenly proclaim 'Mountain Hospitality For All' as our motto we damn well better be prepared to serve mountain food, lest we be accused of false advertising. And while on the subject, lest we be accused of false writing on the subject of food (true that Joe and I eat a lot of macaroni and Ragu'), the following is all true.

How to resolve the dilemma?

Well, tucked away in the bookshelves at Carter is a marvelous little cook book entitled: Northwoods Tales and Unusual Recipes by Harris W. Soule which I took the liberty of xeroxing last November. Along with the standard New England anecdotes, the book really does have some unique recipes that seem ideally suited to the hut system, and mountain food in particular.

Next time something starts chewing the bunkroom floors, gnawing on the plywood framing of the leaching field, or just plain hovering under the 'Welcome and Come in' sign begging for handouts, don't shoo the little varmint away, serve him for dinner. What could be more mountain food that Roast Raccoon, Roast Beaver, or Roast Porcupine? Or moose even. There are a lot of moose and deer killed every year on New Hampshire's highways and with this fact in mind, Steve Colt and I once asked Bill Hastings of the N.H Fish and Game Dept. where we could get a hold of some moose or venison. Bill didn't bat an eyelid. "Used to be", he said, that they cleaned it, froze it, then sent it down to the State Welfare Offices in Concord for distribution. Trouble was, it got so there was so much moose in Concord they didn't know what to do with it, so they told Fish and Game to keep the stuff up

north - someplace in a freezer in Littleton, he said. "'course, if they don't have any, we can always go out and shoot one for you."

"Well, that is encouraging," we said to curselves. At least we know there is a supply out there. Now what to do with a coon carcass, or moose hunk when you do get it? That's where the book they have at Carter comes in real handy. For instance, [illegible] quote:

" ROAST PORCUPINE

one 10-15 lb. carcass
6 med. sized onions
pkg, of all-purpose stuffing
sage, salt, and pepper to taste.

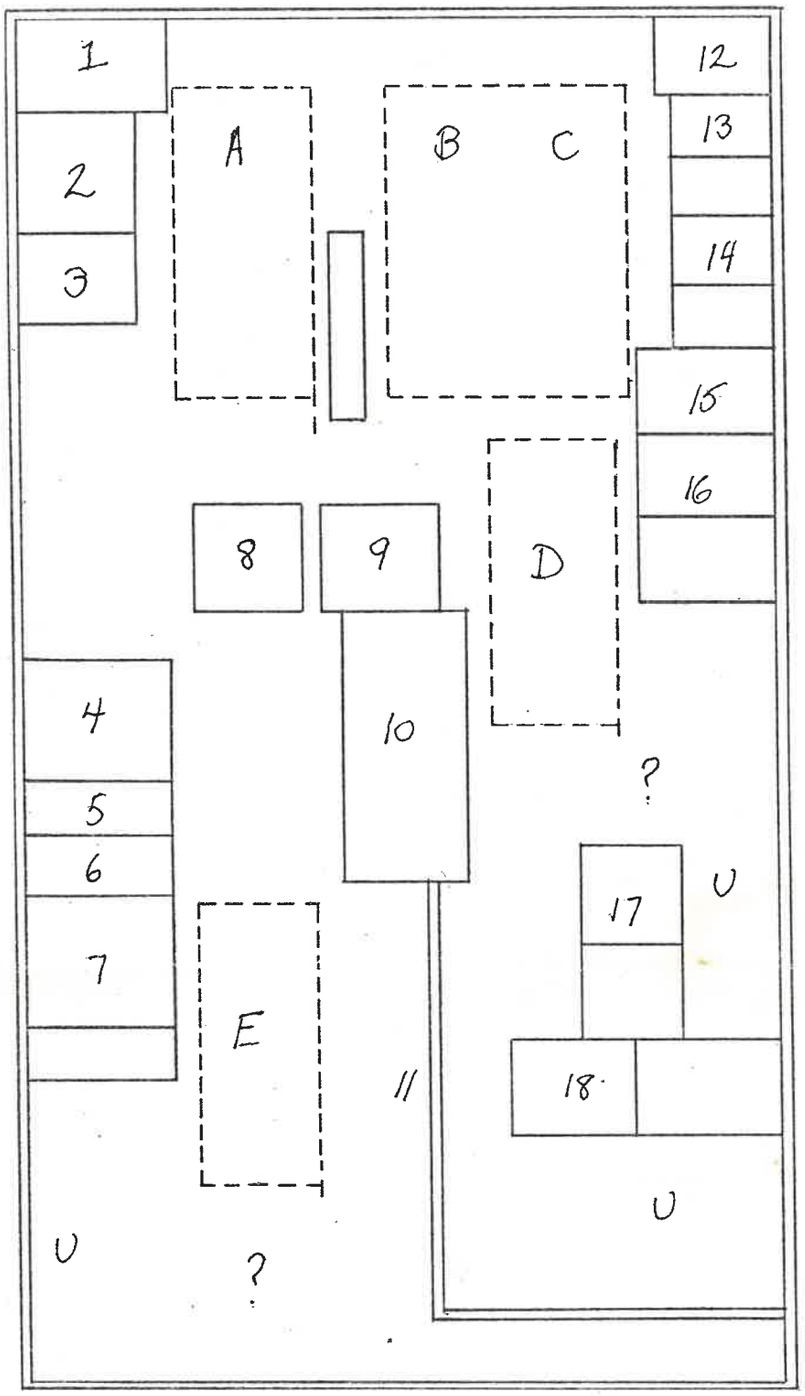
Care should be taken to use the carcass of a porky that has been on a hardwood diet. If you get one out of a hemlock forest, you won't enjoy the flavor unless your taste is different from mine Shades of Socrates! You might as well eat hemlock bark.

Place porky on back. Skin, then remove all the fat from the carcass. Remove glands from under front legs and from muscles in the hind legs. Parboil carcass with four diced onions for 1½ hours, or more if the porky has age. When the meat begins to get tender, remove from water, cool, and fill body cavity with stuffing - fortified with spices. Close cavity with skewers, place in a roaster, and roast until well done. Gravy may be made from the drippings. Excellent flavor! Fit for a king or a hungry hunter"(or a hungry hiker after a long day in the northern presidentials...)

The recipes for coon and beaver are similar. Just think: Joe Dodge would be proud, the credibility of our motto preserved, and some unique 'large pot' dinners to come out of the hut kitchens

GET IT WHILE IT LASTS !

11



LEGEND:

1: Cocoa, coffee, misc. caffeine
2: OJ, Rat, other sugar crystals
3: Hot Cereal
4: Random debris thrown up from kitchen
5: DuPan
6: Multifold® towels
7: Moldy Beer Bottles
8: Means of exit
9: Chimney
10: Ratproof
11: 1" copper pipe
12: KAOLA GOLD
13: Tomato Products
14: Canned Chunks (pineapple)
15: Beans
16: Mushrooms
17: Bumwad
18: 723 Madison T-shirts.

A-E: Areas of PRP (PRIME RECLINING POTENTIAL)

?: POSSIBLE CRASH PADS

U: Uncharted Regions

PLAN, UPPER LEVEL,
MADISON SPRING HUT # 3
A.K.A. "POOP DECK"
JULY 1982

Whitewall Press, Inc.

As any AMC employee knows, the smart hiker carries a map and makes reservations before heading for any of the huts. The Madison crew wants all Augustfest revellers to be similarly prepared for the rigors -and rewards- of high altitude saturnalia. Clip this handy map of the "high country" in the col and you'll be ready for action on the 6th. As of today, reservations for deck space are being accepted: Describe the space you want and enclose a SEALED BID for said acreage, all addressed to Phil Dinsmore, Social Director, AUGUSTFEST 1982, Madison Spring Huts, NH. All bidders will be informed of final awards on the day of the festivities. The tool shed is, of course, available for day use at any time. Check with Jake Perkins for scheduled roup sharpening sessions. All rumors about peripatetic pianos in the col are st that: rumors. There is still no piano in the Madison kitchen.

See you all on the 6th.

The Madmeister

DANCING AT GALEHEAD

On Sunday night, July 4th, Galehead experienced a first (the gifts of independence, I suppose) - a square dance without canned or live music. With the enthusiam of the Murray Hill Canoe Club and support from the crew, hut naturalists Max & Ruth Weiner preceded a star gazing walk with 1½ hours of square dancing. Max did an amazing job of calling without music, backed up by everyone else singing along. Dodging rocks and roughs in the green only added to the fun and we're hoping to have square dances again this summer for evening programs. Max and Ruth were definitely inspiring, and everyone had a great time.

We at Galehead just wanted to add another bad word to the already blackened reputation of the new powdered milk. Beware of the fact that the inside plastic bags containing the milk (you know - 65 pounds of it) are quite fragile. Keep that in mind or you might end up, like us, with a white kitchen floor (I know, "it never looked so clean!") and milk particles wafting through your hut.

Does anyone have suggestions for ways to mass produce sprouts (i.e. what containers are you using?)

MIZPAH

THE MIZSPA SECRET

Have you wondered how Dave Warren remains eternally youthful though 73? Or why Peter Crane's hair is so thick and Jack's eyes so sharp? Or how Dave Huntley can run Lakes though only 12? Why the answer is easy, they all worked at Mizspa.

When I first arrived at Mizspa, the famed "Systems Hut" I found three large round wooden rooms in the basement with doors on the top. Now John the Dog tried to convince me that they were water tanks, but any damn fool could see they weren't water tanks; there weren't no water in 'em!

I pondered this problem for about a week, because I just know they weren't our new triple sinks, being as we already had a set in the kitchen. They weren't very handy for storing lettuce in and left over oatmeal was out of the question (they weren't big enough). They did, however, present possibilities for isolating particularly obnoxious boy scouts, but they always left their Hershey bar wrappers there for the crew to clean up. So, as you can tell, I was rather confused as to the purpose of these rooms, after all the Mizspa poop deck is plenty large...

Well just last week Bob was poking around in the basement and noticed an excavated area underneath the aforementioned cylindrical rooms. It seems that this space was just large enough for the wood stove, and I imagine the rest is obvious. So if pack trips and cook days are getting you down, come on up to the Mizspa on your daze and try our sauna, hot tub, and whirlpool; they can't be beat!

And people wondered why Mizspa ordered three cases of kaola on the initial...

Rooney Self

ZEALAND

Neither east nor west, cast off from both ends of the AMC backcountry hut system, Zealand Falls Hut lies amidst peaceful waters and fields of birch trees. We have come to be called the "Mid West" by most (oh, do you have a midwestern mentality?) and in many ways we at the Zool resemble the mid west of our fine country. For instance, there are broad plains of birch, spruce and balsam; mighty rivers that flow to the sea; we drive big packboards on straight and level trails; and we are the bread basket of the system, of course.

But don't let those western bullies or eastern preppies fool you, you know that they would rather be at Zool than anywhere else! We have warmer water, bigger waves, better fishing, good food, home brews, farmer's daughters, wide bunks, (no poop deck though...) high band radios, live music, two rocking chairs, a porch with a view, a spittoon, electricity, a fire hose, a cat named Doppler, and Beth Tracy, Katy Terrell, George Holt III, and David Moskowitz!

So don't let those stereotypes you, we are not west, we are Zool, the moon drools honey. Come complete hut, outside of the WHA the eastern league!

CRAWFORD NOTCH

Social History Exhibit: an Addendum

by Lucille Crawford, IV

The Crawford Depot is not a large building, so it should surprise no-one that it is hard-pressed to house an exhibit of Crawford Notch social history- a history as big as the hills from whence it sprung. Regretably, some memorable artifacts have been omitted.

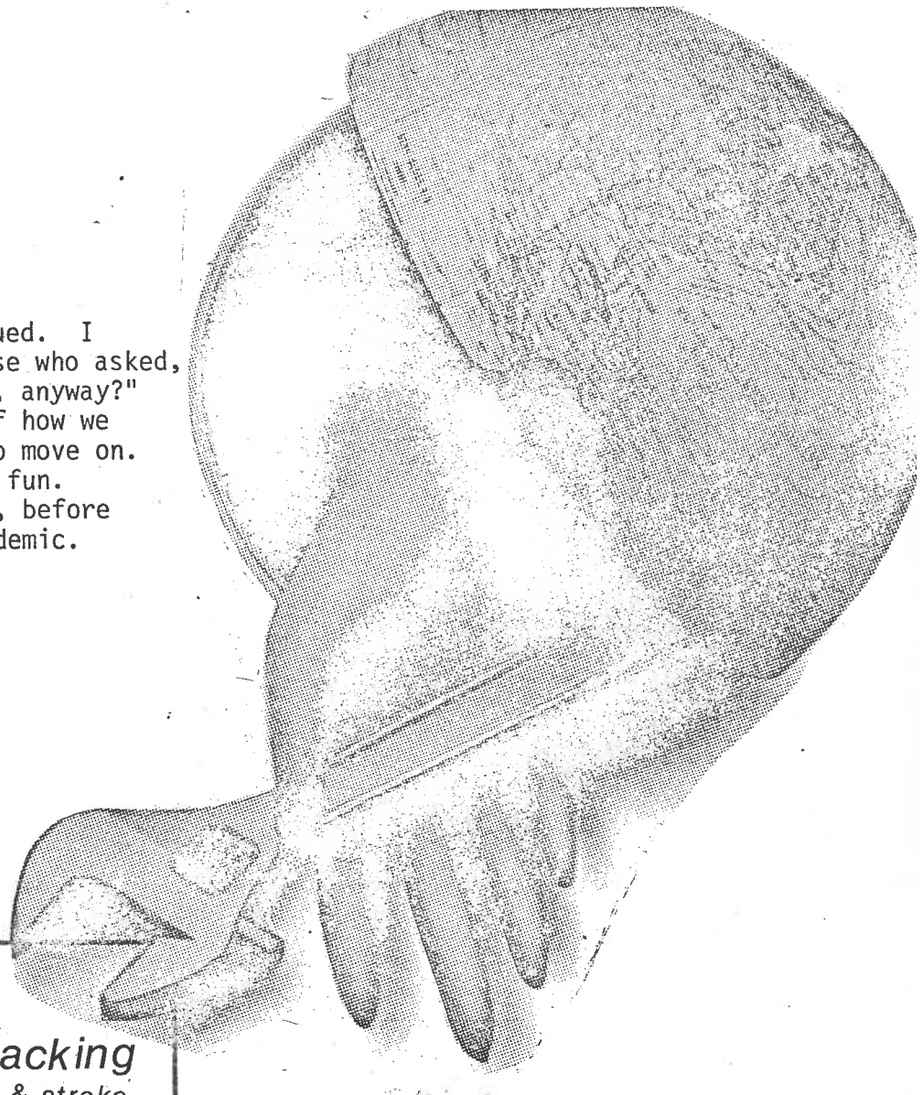
In this column I shall present the unexpurgated social history of Crawford Notch, the history not fit to fit in the depot. I now bring you Volume One of Lucy Crawford's Gallery of Character Assassination.

In the interests of fairness and financial gain, those people slated for demolition in this column may avoid great embarassment by mailing $50, in cash, to Among the Crowds, Gorham, NH. Next week's feature: Dave Warren on a motorcycle, with an unidentified sixth-grader. Don't miss it.

William Kelly and anonymous Zealand Caretaker's Assistant, circa 1981.

THE C.C. REVIEW

by Stroker



Things we've done

This column has been discontinued. I began writing it in response to those who asked, "What does the Construction Crew do, anyway?" And now that I've given a glimpse of how we spend our days, the time has come to move on. Let's face it: laundry lists aren't fun.

So I've nipped it in the bloom, before boredom becomes endemic, if not epidemic.

The five C.C. rules of packing

by we met & stroke

1) Never wear a shirt.
2) Never weigh your load.
3) Anything over 30 lbs. is just "heavy."
   Corollary A: That is, at least your own body weight.
4) Never re-tie your load.
   Corollary A: If it falls off, carry it under your arm.
5) Answer goofer questions in one syllable, or less.

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

Starting trash fires behind Little Miss Muffet's house at Storyland.

Caching dynamite for a future construction job in the Galehead incinerator.

Stocking Lonesome Lake with piranha and land-locked sharks, resulting in two weeks of unprecedented zero counts.

Launching scale models of Posiedon submarines in Lakes of the Clouds AND firing a surface-to-rail missile at the Cog.

Things we'll do, or will be accused of doing

It is only with great reservations that th Construction Crew agrees to issue a list of pro jects we intend to tackle in the week ahead. S much of our job is beyond our control, and promises are hard to keep. It is common knowledge that one of our founding fathers was Phineas J. Murphy. The Phineas J. Murphy, of Murphy's Law And just as the bagel will always fall cream-cheese down, so will the Heaven's pour forth their liquid bounty whenever you pick up a hammer to roof.

The weather notwithstanding, there's also the thawing reefers and the occasional Boy Scou who thinks it's big laughs to flush his u-trou down the shitter.

So please bear with us as we attempt to sketch our future *con granis salis*.

Oddly enough, for the week ahead, we're able to forecast our schedule with the greatest degree of certainty since Evel Kinevel tried to jump the Snake River and choked.

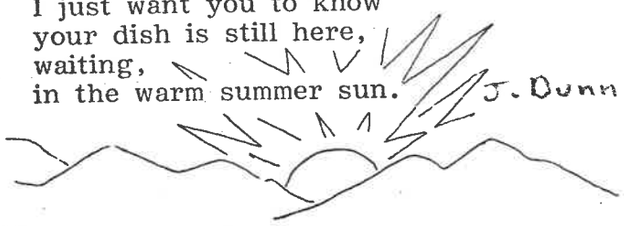
July 30 through August 4th, the Construction Crew is retiring to our camp, at an undisclosed backwoods location in Vermont.

Arivederci, sugar-babies.

Dutchess

The sun set red tonight,
did you see?
Peering through slats of clouds
it warmed the hut, and
I remembered you running away,
your collar swinging on a barbed-wire fence.
Maybe a hunter mistook you for a deer
or a boy slipped you in by the fire,
quivering with cold, and hungry.
I just want you to know
your dish is still here,
waiting,
in the warm summer sun.

J. Dunn



As the pages of this rag have already been besmirched with humor scatalogical and microcephalic, I have no qualms about presenting-

WHITE MOUNTAIN ETIQUETTE or EMILY POST MEETS CHARLES DARWIN

by We Met & Stroke

CHAPTER I: FOOD

Food is essential to all life. But it can be so much more than just calories and vitamins. Food can be savory. Food can be fragrant. Food can be...messy.

HOW MANY SHOULD I INVITE TO A FOOD FIGHT?

Thirteen is the preferred number; six on either side of the table, with the host at one end, nearest the door. You may wish to invite fewer, but this ordinarily means less gross tonnage of throwables and may thus detract from the fun.

WHAT SHOULD I WEAR?

Well into the 1960's full evening dress was the only acceptable attire - white ties for the men and gowns for the ladies. Nowadays, however, packtrou has come very much into vogue.

If you should let your full plans be known to a few select guests, be sure to discourage them from wearing goggles, gortex, or crotchless scuba suits. They give the wearer an unfair advantage and are certain to belie the evening's Big Event.

IN WHAT ORDER SHOULD THE FOOD BE SERVED?

Most gourmands agree it's best to start off light. Hard rolls and sweet breads make excellent appetizers, especially when thrown at the face. Tomato juice is chancy, as, properly speaking, it should only be poured on the lapels. And this can be a problem if your guests are not fully clothed.

A light salad should follow, straight at the chest.

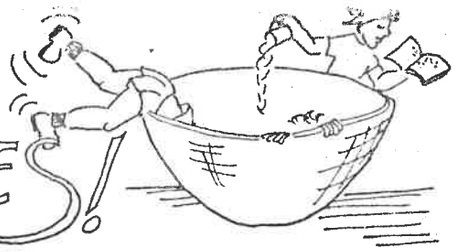
It is now safe to serve the main dish. You may also throw whatever happens to be on the main dish. Garnish liberally with silverware.

Proceed rapidly from course to course. Any reticence on your part will be construed as weakness, and your guests will surely bury you in cole-slaw.

At the completion of the main course, ladel everyone a generous portion of wet goat.

Selection of a cordial is of course a highly personal decision. I nonetheless recommend hurling a few strips of flypaper into the teaming mess, and bolting for the nearest door. You'll keep your dinner from dragging into one of those classic bore-fests, and you're sure to leave a lasting impression on your guests for weeks to come.

RECIPIES!



Rhubarb Coffee Cake
Yankee Church Supper Cookbook.

Mix together:
7 cups of flour
5¼ cups sugar
3½ teaspoons(t) baking soda
3½ t salt
3½ t cinnamon
1 t ground cloves
1 t allspice
7 eggs
1 3/4 cups oil
1 1/8 cup milk
2 cans strawberry rhubard pie filling

Topping to be sprinkled on top before baking:
Mix 2 1/3 cups flour
1 3/4 cups Brown sugar
3/4 cup & 2 Tablespoons butter(melted)

Bake at 350° for 70 minutes.
Makes one dirt pan and one 9" x 13" cake pan. Sure beats lightning cake.
Feeds 50-60

This recipe is for those of you who have, on the occasion of finding me in the kitchen, requested these cookies most fervently! Love Beth.

Cream together:
4 cups margarine
2-3 cups sugar*
2-3 cups light brown sugar*
8 eggs
4 teaspoons vanilla
*Adjust to your sweet tooth or sugar fix needs.

Add:
9 cups flour
4 teaspoons soda
4 teaspoons salt
8 cups or 40 hersey bars chopped

Bake at 375° for 10-12 minutes.
Makes over 200 good sized cookies.