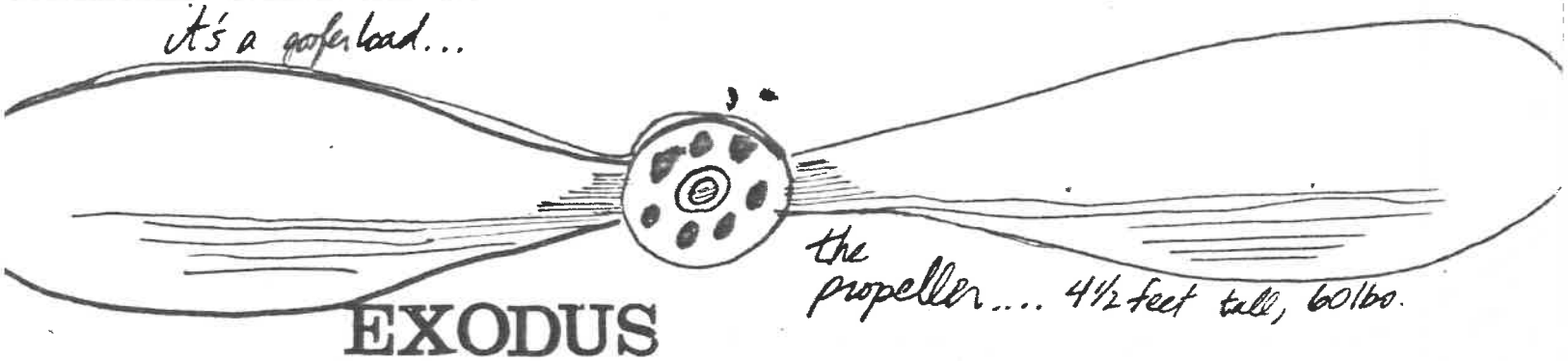
Among the Crowds

VOL III NOII JULY 4, 1984 TAKE ME



EXODUS

A fine summer evening on the PNC porch set the stage for a discussion between two hutmen with a similar interest; returning the propeller to proper circulation mode in the hut system. Ah yes- the prop, returned to modern-day circulation in 1982, but last year destined to a life of immobility at Galehead. And why, you might ask, was the prop. immobile for so long? We could ask several current hut people who have hiked many miles in quest of the prop., and the reply would be the same: the rules had been broken, the good faith and spirit of raiding had ceased to exist.

How did this come about, you might ask, and the answer would be plain to any AMC employee - Al Kamman had taken extreme violence to secure his possession of the prop. the solution was unique and simple, and on Tuesday, June 19- the discussion between the two hutmen on the PNC porch became reality.

(continued on page 9)

_ditor's note;This propellor stuff is not new to the hut system, and neither are raids and attempts to regulate them. The article below is the 1982 version of legislature to regulate the raiding "community". The only rule we know of that predates the 1982 document is as follows:"The only rule in raiding is there are no rules." The debate continues on pages 8 and 9 and 10 and 11.
(and on and on...)

THE FIRST SUMMIT IN THE VALLEY

Wednesday, July 5th dawned warm and clear across the White Mountains and representatives from the huts donned their bronzing lotion and mirror shades in anticipation of the first System-wide Raiding Summit Meeting. The last

(continued on page 8)

AN INCOMPLETE BALLAD OF THE OAKES PROP.

This summer season has seen the return of green leaves, potentilla, ground turkey, Bill Blaiklock's seven-layer casserole (burger, bacon, rice, burger, rice, burger, bacon), and the Oakes Gulf Propellor. Due to technicalities beyond my control, it has also seen the disappearance of that very same metallic blade. While some of us are waiting for the prop to find its way back to visibility I thought I'd fill the gap with a short yet relentlessly boring saga of the prop's travels since the summer of 1977. My knowledge of its history between the airplane crash of the 1969 winter (the plane evidently full of paratroopers dressed as Santas for a post-Thanksgiving shopping daze

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Among The Crowds

Founded 1982

Among the Crowds is a parody intended to be the most irreverent masterstroke ever composed, compiled, and composted. If it offends you, good. If it does not, see your doctor immediately.

Among the Crowds is published once every coon's age. Any resemblance between the information contained in these pages and real names, places, dates, and events is strictly intentional. As for reprinting in whole or in part, and portion of this publication without written permission from the publisher, go ahead. What the hell do I care?

For B.C. and a conversation in Allston.

It takes a unique newspaper to produce unique rubbish

AMONG THE CROWDS
c/o PINKHAM NOTCH CAMP, GORHAM, N.H. 03581

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AMC Awarded $623,000 Mellon Grant

United Pull International

BOSTON, Ma. - AMC Executive Director Tom Beans announced recently that the Club has been awarded a $623,000 grant by the King Mellon Foundation of Melanesia to support its efforts in a three-year program to promote better breakfasts in its back-country huts.

"Pancakes and eggs, pancakes and eggs, that's all we ever eat," said Mr. Beans yesterday at a press conference held at the Club's headquarters. "But that picture is going to change fast. This grant is very timely. With continuing cutbacks in government funding for lunch programs, we of the AMC will at least be able to offer a decent breakfast."

The Club plans to serve cantaloupe with every breakfast, starting sometime next week. According to Mr. Beans, if the program meets with success, honeydew, Persian, and casaba will be added to the menu in August.

SATISFY YOUR WIFE

Got a frustrated femme because you're a "dud" in the sack? In **Doctor Do-It's Giggle Guide**, an actual medical physician tells you all you need to know for a full and meaningful sexual relationship. **Giggle Guide** explains • hard-to-understand words like "second base," "boobs" and "hickey" • where babies come from • what goes where, when • how to achieve mutual somnambulence. Send just 50¢. Purchaser must be over 21. Plain brown wrapper. Order NOW for your future happiness. SEND 50¢ in cash or equivalent to:

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At Last!

The Making of A Silent Record—

Composing a Picture

Old Fire Tower on Carrigain

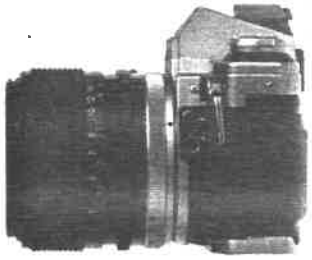
Click. Yes Folks, the AMC needs you to compose a picture! Are you a photographer? Willing to commit yourself to a few weeks of serious picture-taking? We need photos of hikers and hut guests, people in and around the huts and Pinkham, people asking questions, people getting answers, people backpacking, falling down, getting up, laughing, sunbathing, sitting out the rain, eating breakfast, digesting the evening program, folding their blankets...

Breakfast at Zealand Falls Hut

So you don't think you're the next Eliot Porter or Ansel Adams? Not to worry. We're more interested in what your photos say than how perfectly they're exposed or developed.

The Club will provide free film for 110 and 126 cameras, and possibly 35 mm's.

Want to give it a shot? Contact Stroker, before Wednesday, July 11th. Leave a note in the C.C. mailbox or try me at home evenings, 466-2932. Click.



Let's Get Timeless

Dan Brown Pinkham Notch

The Crawford Depot, built in 1891, is undergoing historic restoration by Appalachian Mountain Club construction crews. Through a historic preservation grant, the club obtained funds to restore the Queen Anne-style depot to its original appearance. Located in the heart of Crawford Notch, the depot serves as a visitor information center for hikers and other guests of the White Mountains.

A Lot Going On At The Depot

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.

Among the Crowds

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CLOSING YOUR EYES WON'T MAKE THIS GO AWAY.

Presenting —

THE A.M.C. TODAY

The Whole Story

The photographic files of the Club have been welcome recipients of a large number of slides and prints donated by members over the years. Nevertheless the collection has always been terribly incomplete, rarely containing the picture one was searching for to illustrate an article or a lecture. What is shown on the following pages is a glimpse of what is easily the most ambitious attempt to remedy this situation in the Club's history.

Camping Trip, Saco River, Maine

Tom Deans, Executive Director

George deWolfe taking pictures of the St. John River for the 1976 A.M.C. Calendar

Hymn Sing, Three-Mile Island

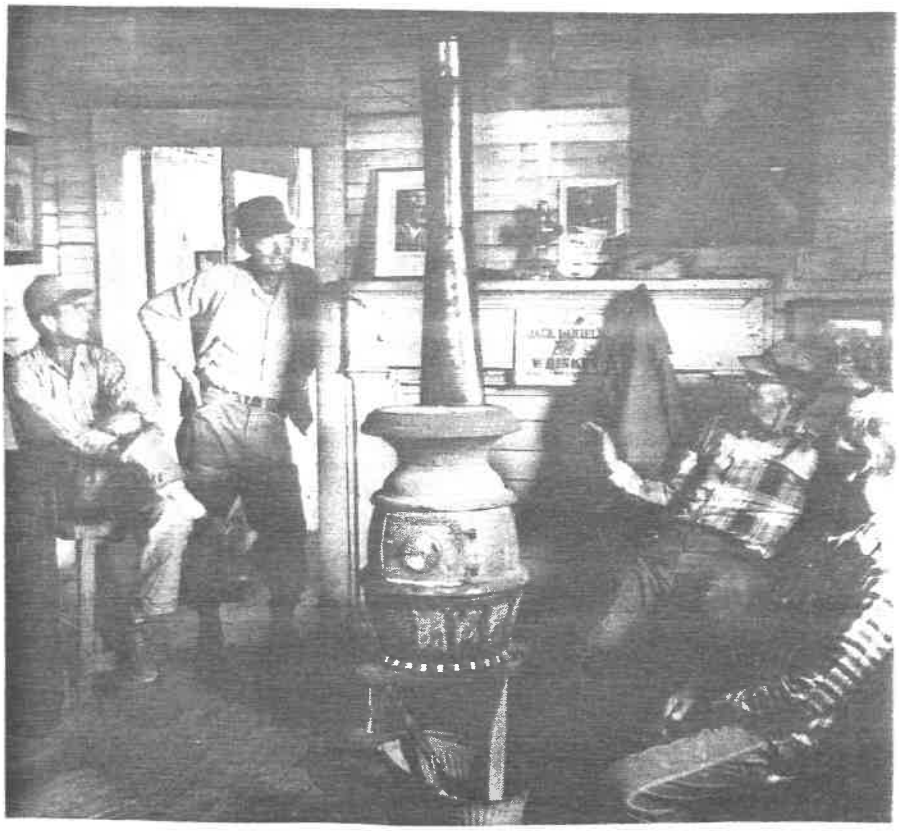
Music Weekend at Mizpah Hut

Madison Crew

Water Quality Research on Speck Pond, Northern Mahoosucs, Maine

Saco River, Maine

Staff Meeting, 5 Joy Street



Informal Discussion, A.M.C. Town Meeting, Pinkham Notch

(from page 1)

conference of this sort was reputed to have been held on the summit of Mt. Eisenhower in 1974, with folks from the Pah and Lakes providing tables and benches. This year, however, in a move to merge tradition with the times, the plan was to mass at the Mt. Eisenhower Wayside Picnic Area, just a few miles north of Crawford's on route 302. The Western Hut Association Buss (Buck Blaiklock, Chauffeur) swept the western trailheads and then stopped at the Cog Base Station for delicious tube steaks, coal-dust induced lung cancer, and to pick up the Lakes delegate.

After arriving at the picnic area and finding only the flag waving, the bus headed to Crawford's, occasionally reputed to be the "Switzerland" of North Country facilities. While refreshments were passed out the first counsel decision was reached; to send out for pizza from the Pub in Twin Mtn. This motion was promptly seconded and carried. Other delegates soon roared in and found their places around the Summit Meeting Room table area, formerly known as the Crawford Hostel Dining Room. When all were seated the stats looked as such: Sue Hall and John Dunn, Carter; Steve Colt, Madison; David Huntley, Tundra; John Donahue and Rooney Self, the Pah; Rebecca Oreskes, Galehead; Jake Perkins and Bill Blaiklock, Greenleaf. There was no representatives from Pinkham, Lonesome, or Zealand.

The first order of business was splitting the costs of the pizza. It was decided by a majority vote that it be taken out of the Galehead OTC once their ashtray sales blossomed. Galehead abstained. It was then decided that a justifiable quorum for system wide raiding decisions required a minimum presence of five huts being represented although for simply gathering under the guise of the Summit Counsel to drink and eat until bloatness occurred a minimum of three huts was felt satisfactory.

In relation to the W.H.A.'s move to exclude Zealand from the west due partly to what the west has termed their "Eastern mentality", it was voted and carried that due to their location west of route 302, the rather flat nature of their packtrail, and their non-participatory attitude towards the system-wide meeting, Zealand's mentality was more aptly felt to be one of "Mid-Westernism".

Next on the agenda was a discussion of the Oakes Gulf Prop, which has been mistreated and horribly abused since Gala Gathering. It was decided by a unamimous vote that the prop, just like any other raid item, belongs to no one person or hut and that no one person or hut may decide its fate OUTSIDE the hut system in any way, shape, or malformation. Thanks to Colt's credit card number, phone calls were placed to the Pinkham Notch Camp to announce this decision and to have a sign posted for general consumption that no one will be in any danger IF the propellor is returned in a sealed goat bag and placed anonymously in the storehouse for its safe return into the huts where it may rest and travel in a legal light.

The last order of business was a collective recap of general raiding etiquette guidelines to be followed, supposedly understood by all but ignored by many. Rules agreed upon by all are as follows:

1) No raiding on days off.
2) No raiding when on a day visit to a hut (i.e., after accepting the hospitality and trust of others)
3) Once the raider(s) is/are outside the accepted ¼ mile RUA around each hut, he/she/they may not be caught/have items taken away from them/pummelled.
4) No rules apply in a power situation (save for #1).
5) A power raid is any raid in which crew members must be physically retrained and/or goated before the items are to be extracted from the hut.
6) No personal items may be raided. These include, but are not limited to, ice cream makers, beer, crotchless sequined packtrow, and golf clubs.
7) No items may be attached to any surface in such a fashion that it takes Gary Newfield's tabasco breath to melt it off.
8) Raid alarms should be used discreetly and should not prove hazardous to any raider's health.
9) No raid item belongs to any one person or hut and no one person or hut may decide an item's fate outside accepted raiding protocol.

After a rousing and hectic confirmation and summation of the protocol recap it was decided that the counsel should meet every Monday to "discuss" raiding developments and to allow all crew members to support the local grocers and liquor establishments. The meeting for

(next page)

(from previous page)

Monday, July 12th is tentatively scheduled for the Wildcat Ski Area parking lot. Other locations will be considered. A confirmation of how many people from each hut will be attending should be sent on Monday radio call to Unit 4, Lakes. A message confirming the time and place will be sent to all units from Lakes.

There being no old orders of business, the meeting was closed and all delegates mobilized themselves. Delegates Oreskes, Perkins, Blaiklock, Self, Donahue, and Huntley then took all non-essential business to Fun Towne, Twin Mtn. for ice cream and go-kart racing, this being only one of many recreational opportunities possible within this land of many abuses. The first Hut-System Wide Raiding Conference was officially designated as ended when Jake lapped Rebecca for the eighth time and was flagged to a stop by an oily fingered Fun Towne employee.

Dave Huntley

(from page 1)

In a slosh and slither of Betadine solution, pack rope, chocolate cake, wood shingles and the hydro blaster, a powerful coup was exercised by Messrs. Hills, Jone, Moskowitz and Delva and the propeller has once again been returned to true circulation. The quad approached the hut at about 1300 hours, and split into two teams, Hills and Jones making a frontal assault and Moskowitz and Delva entering via the rear fire door.

Paul and Dave rushed down the hall, checked for croo in the poop decks and croo room and, finding none joined Ira and Cary who had found Al the lone crooman in the hut flirting with two Pinkham weenies. Al's normally sharp and intelligent reactions were numbed by the sight of the odd pair of hutmen approaching him. Cary- dressed as a 56 year old cleaning woman - fired a blast from his KE-35 hydro blaster, and Ira, dressed as a Maine black bear announced: "I'm the bear and I'm here for the prop.".

Cary's ability to block refrigerators on the football field was exercised as he refuted Al's attempt to leap through the OTC window and stop Ira who was by now at work untying the propeller, tied high above the floor in a myriad of ropes and boobie traps. Dave and Paul had arrived from the back, the former heading to the prop., and the latter covering the squirming Kamman.

Ira joined the fray in the kitchen where Al was now squirting Betadine furiously- but thanks to Ira's palm most of it wound up on Al's legs.

Moskowitz, now doing a 5.8 move on the Mizpah wall while untying the prop., was slicing wildly with his swiss army knife. Minutes later, while Hill, Jones and Delva were still battling with the flailing Al, Moskowitz was out the door and peeling down the trail, prop in arm. "They're taking MY prop," - yelled the squirming Kamman as ropes encircled his wiry frame, "That's the problem," yelled Jones, Hill, and Delva, "it's not yours!"

Success at last! After 13 weeks of seasonal possession, the prop. has finally been wrestled from the tyrant Al. Hopefully proper etiquette will return with the prop. to the hut system, and violence will not have to be used again. Thirteen weeks of broken rules, poor etiquette, failed raids and shattered pacts were crushed. It was good over evil, right over wrong, light over dark. Justice rules once again!

Moskowitz and Delva

RAIDING ETHICS & STYLE

Over the eons, the phenomena of raiding has withstood many breeches of etiquette resulting in the disgust of the raiding public (not including Pinkham of course.) None, however, has caused such embarrassment and shame as the recent 2 year hordage of the coveted Oakes Gulf propeller. In making the prop inaccessable via numerous unacceptable methods (to be mentioned later), it's sleazy proprietors forced the hand of the Propeller Liberation Front. All concerned parties urged these protectors of good and nemesis of evil to put an end to this d spicable display of raiding ethics. (Specific events relating to the recent propeller liberation are highlighted in the article found elsewhere within the edition.)

Raid item hordage is not new to the Raiding Community and unfortunately it will constantly linger and fester in the shadows of good, occasionally viewing its ugly head, jolting the morals and ethics of the raiding community. The recent liberation is an instance where desirable morals were reinforced. Unfortunately force had to be used to overcome these rule breakers - hopefully the following guidelines concerning raiding ethics will make it possible to avoid such overt actions in the future.

Rules of Raiding:

1) No raiding on daze off, including aiding or abetting raid attempts, (exceptions have been made in past involving such remote places as Echo Lake and 3 Mile Island.)
2) Pinkham Employees are ill advised to get involved with any raiding activities, for fear of their lives and future employment with the Club.
3) Once one has accepted the hospitality and friendly greetings of the croo, (saying "Hi") Rule 1 applies.
4) Paranoia, displayed by such extreme actions as sleeping outside the hut near trail head, or in close proximity to the item (including sleeping with the item), making item inaccessable is seriously frowned upon by the raiding population.
5) The basic fundamental idealogy of a raid item is: Circulation, Participation, and Temptation, we believe these dynamic properties foster a healthy inter-hut rapport.
6) Being "bagged" consists of a hut crew member being awoken due to the clumsiness of the intruder(s), getting up, and seeing the potential thieves red handed. At this point ceremonial humility goodies should be bestowed upon the raidees.
7) A successful raid involves the intangible qualities of stealth, cunning and smarts, resulting in the appropriation of the item while also not disturbing any inhabitants of the hut. Once the item has been taken a 1/4 mile from the hut the raiders do have the option of waking up the croo and sharing goodies.
8) Raid items consist of inanimate materials not vital to hut operations. You know what we mean.
9) Power raids are a last resort effort! It is a practice done only after several legitimate raiding attempts have been thwarted by unethical guarding of raid items.

Though a recent power raid has taken place, it was deemed necessary and proper by the raiding community who are concerned with the loftier aspects and implications thereof. We hope the above discussion will heighten the awareness of raiders to preserve this pastime and even restore it to what it once was.

Ira Jones + Cary Hills

INTERVIEW WITH ALAN KAMMAN

July 7, 1984

Mike T.: Mr. Kamman, what do you think of the preceeding articles, "Exodus

Alan K.: Interesting reading, good use of adjectives, an accurate description of the events that took place. But extreme violence? What's violent about a "stealth" raid thet ended with an ice cream feast?

Mike T.: A good point. What about their claim that you broke the rules? I thought the only rule in raiding was there are no rules in raiding.

Alan K.: In my experience, I do see a need for the rules, as outlined by power raiders Hills and Jones. There is, however, no mention of proper post-season storage technique for raid items.

Rule 4 (ibid.) was never broken by myself or any crew members at Galehead or Mizpah. It seems that the aforementioned power raiders involved Rule 9 as a result of many inept, bungling, stumbling, floundering, feeble attempts at a successful raid, as mentioned in Rule 7 (ibid.).

As for "unethical guarding of raid items" (Rule 9 Raiding Ethics and Style; Hills, Jones, 1984), what's unethical about waking up to the footfalls of stumbling pack droids in the night? Face it, I'm a light sleeper.

Mike T.: Anything else you want to say?

Alan K.: Yes. Ettiquette, smetiquette. Now I can sleep at night.

(from page 1)

publicity stunt) and 1977 is at best spotty so I will ignore that time completely.

In late June of 1977, in retaliation for a particularly embarrassing raid, in which Mizpah Hutch Bill Blais woke one morn to find "TUNDRA" indelibly stamped onto his body, the prop was violently absconded by a large daytime force. The group included an M. Torrey, then just a visiting nomad, and intimately involved at later dates. This event left Lakes assistant "Bear" Johnson tied and taped in the dry goat, the soup burning and the blade at the Pah. In a move very appropriate to this tale, the Pah crew that fall "stored" it deep in the bowels of the Mizpah cellar for safekeeping.

Come opening day of 1978 the observant, if not anal retentive crew discovered the prop, dragged it into the sunlight, and placed it back on the dining room wall for all to view. Over the summer months the Pah crew somehow accumulated most of the raid items in the system , incurring the wrath of most other hut crews in the process. On a fateful August day, after the last hutmaster's meeting, six of eight hutchs and most of the Lakes crew descended upon Mizpah and "split the Kitty" (so to speak) as well as nearly splitting a few heads. With the help of M. Torrey, Lakes rookie, the prop humped its way back over to Lakes.

Opening day of 1979, Maria Many and I hung the prop up in the Lakes dining room where it stayed for all of ten hours. Late that night a by now familiar M. Torrey and Mr. Allen Doyle scooted over the ridge to Madison with the blade between their teeth (it being a breezy cool night out), arriving at their house around dawn with skinless knees. In typical fashion the prop was bolted to the wall and reinforced with twenty pounds of silverware perched precariously between it and the wall. Fall arrived and Mr. Doyle departed but not without first unbolting the item and leaving it on easily removable hooks.

Noting any patterns yet? Yes, you guessed it; within a week of opening night 1980, Zool Hutch Mr. Doyle and sleazy assistant Dr. Doufarb had the prop bolted firmly ten feet up on the cavernous Zool dining room wall. The western alliance (then 7,5,5a) were appalled at such blatant disregard for well-known etiquette. In a daring liberation raid, the prop escaped with the help of a representative western force (also participating were proponents of Research and the Pah) and left at the Crawford Hostel till a suitable home could be found. Unfortunately, it was discovered the very next night by Mr. Doyle after his fruitless exploratory raid to Mizpah. It was promptly reattached in the Zool fortress. "Free the Prop" was the word in the west. Anxious to right this sad condition, the west again flew through the notch in early August. Due to a lack of understanding, Doyle and Doufarb had to be restrained. A hiker present at the time was heard to appeal to the also present Forest Ranger D. Thurston to "help them officer, they're typing up the hutboys".

By an unintended split in the 1980 western faction, the prop then dropped from sight. Reports had it lying beside the Cog Railway Base Road, placed back in Oakes Gulf, and hanging in Ranger Thurston's living room. Thanks to the efforts of Buck Blaicklock, the prop was removed from inappropriate hands and presented to me at the 1982 Gala Gathering so that I might start the cycle once more by hanging it at Tundra. After five minutes in such a good light, the prop was plunged back into a sleazy darkness from which it has not yet exited. That's the story as I know it. As you can see, it's one of intrigue, mystery, shady characters, stupidity, sore backs, and violent and sadistic acts. This may be a trivial and idiotic item that, like many other trivial, idiotic AMC traditions, will be around for awhile. Afterall, just like the Cog Railway, it won't go away.

Dave Huntley

ISSUE: TUCKERMAN RAVINE

Editor' s note: A staff meeting was held on August 1, 1983, to discuss income generating ideas for the AMC. One "idea" was to close in the porch at Tucks and reinstitute food sales. The following, which will be published in parts, is a letter from Joe Gill to North Country staff members, and represents Joe's view (a uniquely close-up view, as most of our readers probably realize) of the appropriateness of such a move. Suffice it to say that Joe's letter was ll-read and received, and no "improvements" are planned, except perhaps a reduction in OTC sales and manpower over the winter season. The letter is published here to provide those of you with an interest in the conflict between recreation and conservation, and the management of a backcountry facility with a historical perspective on one area, and a glimpse at how that little blue book (Goals and Policies for Backcountry Management," to be found in all hut operations books) affects the thinking and consciences of AMC managers. Your comments are invited and will also be published in this forum.

It was proposed at the meeting to A; Enclose the porch area for the public; B: Check skis; C: Put shutters on the shelters for the winter season and D: sell more OTC. Let me first dispose of items B and C by stating that we have constructed shutters for three of our shelters to be installed for the coming winter which should be adequate considering current levels of winter use, and we have been checking skis for two years now at a buck a pair overnight. Nearly a thousand pair were checked in the spring of '82. The other two items I'd like first to put into an historical perspective and then analyze in light of backcountry management goals and philosophies and simple cost effectiveness.

Up until 1970, the AMC operated a thriving fast food business in the Ravine, earning a lot of money and aquiring in the process a dubious public image problem: Everyone called the place "Howard Johnsons'" or HoJo's for short. The situation was such many people camped out in the area wouldn' t bother to pack much up in the way of supplies, they'd eat at HOJO's. The building itself had, over the course of the sixties, become the focal point for a great deal of social activity, namely public drunkeness, rowdiness, and a reputation true or not as one of the ten best party spots in the oountry. That's from not one but two nationally circulated magazines, Men magazine and Esquire magazine. The Warming Hut had become such a social center that the AMC took to closing it at certain times of the day in order not to provide an obvious gathering point for the spring part ers. The Boston Globe ran an article entitled "Teenagers run wild at Tuckermans" and the Boston Herald ran one headlined "Wild Teenager parties spoil Tuckerman Ravine." Now, I won't pretend that the warming hut was the sole reason for all this bad press but I think that I can say with some assurance that it provided a good deal of infrastructure necessary for this reputation to develop. Allow me to quote from a letter sent by one Malcolm Taylor to Bruce Sloat regarding the situation at the time: "An after dinner stroll presented a picture a few years ago not common to Tuckerman's. What appeard to be teenagers were drinking beer by the volume, downing the cans and disposing of them at will and where their fancy dictated. The railing outside was lined and many cans had missed their intended targets lying on the floor around trash cans. The hut itself reeked! A girl ran inside from outside, barefooted, being chased by her boyfriend (I assume) who was not in very good condition. Others necked, stood on benches and chanted off color songs to guitar accompaniment. A seasoned wom n climber next to me left with her daughter at the phrase of one such rendition. A ski patrolman sat with his back to the orgy talking with me. From a dark corner and through the air came a quart bottle; it hit the edge of a trash can (marked "for papers only"), bounced off and just missed the patrolman. A roar of delight went up! The scheduled closing of the hut only moved the evening's activity down to the shelters. Profanity, screams (of pain or delight?) and unmerciful pounding on the sideboards were the new order of the night. Until well after midnight the festivities continued when finally the boys and girls slumped into bedrolls from exhaustion (I presume). So on edge were the "legitimate campers" in the Ravine that when AMC Hutmen made their rounds to collect fees they met with resistance and threats from those who thought it to be a continuation of the evenings pranks....." It was sometime around this period that regular staffing by a cop

became a feature of the ravine in addition to the three snow rangers and an AMC staff of as many as five. So, in 1970 the AMC discontinued food service, except for packaged snacks and hot drinks, citing inappropriatness in a back country setting. In 1971 food service was discontinued altogether and from that point until it burned Howard Johnsons sold nothing except maps and guide books. On May 13, 1972, HoJo's went up in smoke prompting, however unfortunate the circumstances, a positive anning incentive in the Forest Service and AMC. Here was a unique chance to solve or at least alleviate the "Tuck problem" as it was known. Studies were initiated. The volunteer structure was activated. Public input was solicited. And finally, after literally years of work, the following design criteria were approved by the AMC's volunteer Structure (As listed by Joel White in a letter to Rick Goodrich, District Ranger, Andro, at the time)

A) To house the caretaker and perhaps later the MWVSP.
B) Provide shelter from the wind for picknicking.
C) Provide weather and hiking safety information to day users.
D) Provide an administrative headquarters for the shelter area.
E) First aid and fire fighting equipment.
F) We do not envision it providing heated public space, food sales or public water.

What sorts of things were these folks thinking of when they made the decisions, notably the last one on the above list which is a radical departure from what the public had come to expect at Tuck-and what did they hope to accomplish?

Joe Gill

NEXT ISSUE: WHAT THEY WERE THINKING

Muleskinner moonlights as belly dancer

BY DAY he's a rough and tumble muleskinner — but at night he transforms into a sexy belly-dancer.

By BILL BLACKLOCK

When he goes to work in the morning, George Holt wears work denims and a cowboy hat.

He's a muleskinner with a crew of 3 hutpeople and he spends his days sweating, spitting, and swearing as he drives them along the banks of the 19 mile Brook Trail where they drag tourists uphill.

After a hard day on the trail George slips into something more comfortable — complete with false moustache, eye makeup, body paint and the spangled outfit of a slinky Middle Eastern belly dancer.

"It drives the ladies wild," he grinned. "I get dollar bills, telephone numbers, all kinds of things tucked into the sash I wear around my waist.

George used to work for a plastics company but quit to take up his belly-dancing hobby full-time when the company moved away.

"I've always enjoyed dancing and I thought 'why not belly dancing?' so I took classes.

Now I've been a belly dancer for six years.

"I wear black boots, harem pants, a waist sash, a turban, a bolero jacket, and arm bands.

"I'm short but when I darken my eyes and wear my false moustache I can look pretty Arabic.

"I do a sword dance and belly dance around the tables at the Carter Notch Hut in the White Mountains.

"It isn't easy being a belly dancer," he says.

"It isn't always easy being a muleskinner, either," says George. "I have my crew to look after.

"I quite often get kicked — I just turn around and kic them right back.

"I enjoy the outdoo work. I enjoy looking aft the crew, too.

"They all have their ow personalities — mostly stu born."

ROUGH & SEXY — George Holt works the trail by day — trips the light fantastic by night.

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ROPE ☐ LEATHER ☐ ELASTIC ROPE ☐
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HELICOPTER SAFETY by STROKER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fir Waves: What are they, why are they there, and are they hazardous to small children?

by Rick Boyce

"Fir Waves" is the name for a pattern of disturbance that is found in the high-altitude evergreen forests of the northeastern United States. Fir waves appear as strips of dead trees on the slopes of mountains, usually on the side that prevailing winds come from. If you bushwack your way into one of them and stand amidst the dead trees, you will notice a number of things. On the uphill side of the dead trees, there will be healthy mature fir, with the trees along the edge starting to die. A whole bunch of seedlings will be growing up around the dead trees. If you started walking downhill you would progress from seedlings to saplings to young trees increasing in age as you proceed downslope. Often, you would eventually find another fir wave.

If you were to come back year after year, you would notice some more interesting things. The zones of dead trees would appear to travel up the hill. New waves would form below the old, and old ones would peter out as they reached the treeline or ridgetop. If you looked closely, you would see that trees on the uphill edge of the wave were continually dying, and new growth was springing up among the dead snags.

Many people who see fir waves and know about the red spruce dieback in the northeast assume that acid rain is killing the fir. Although we do not know exactly what causes them, we do know that fir waves are a natural process. Fir trees die of old age at only 60-80 years. It is thought that waves begin when a group of old trees die about the same time. This creates an opening and exposes other trees to wind that they were not exposed to before. High winter winds rock the trees, breaking root tips in the thin, stony soils, and deprive the trees of nutrients. Rime ice forms on the exposed trees, breaking off needles. This reduces photosynthesis and robs the tree of food it had stored in the needles. Since the tree is getting old anyways, this is enough to push it over the edge and kill it. Its death exposes the trees behind it, and the wave advances. None of this is directly dangerous to small children, unless the child insists on waiting for the wave to move and dies of hypothermia. There are many places in the Whites where fir waves can be seen, such as the Presidential Range, the Franconia and Garfield Ridge, and Mt. Moosilauke.

Virginian claims to perfect gizmo to mass-produce pancakes

United Press International

STUARTS DRAFT, Va. – A farmer said it took 10 years to perfect a pancake-making machine that can cook 60 cakes in 3 minutes and keep sausage and bacon warm at the same time.

Retired farmer Jonas Kanagy, 69, coordinator of Mennonite Disaster Relief for Virginia and West Virginia, said his invention was inspired by numerous pancake breakfasts he has served to raise funds.

"There should be a better way to make pancakes," said Kanagy.

The machine is made of cast iron pipes, propane torches, insulation, knobs, and a slow motor from a coal furnace stoker. The machine releases a measured amount of batter onto an oiled surface, rolls the cakes down a belt over nozzles of burning propane gas and then flips them with a flexible steel bar.

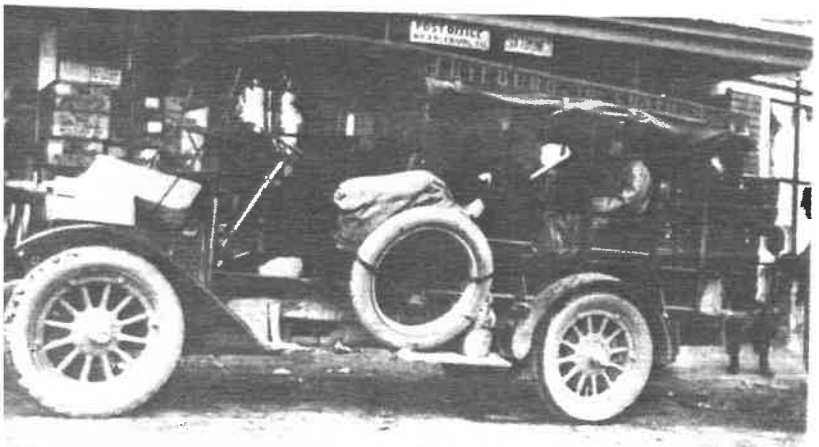
The finished pancakes roll under a stainless steel pan where bacon and sausage are kept warm. Then, they fall off in stacks of five.

Kanagy estimates his 800-pound contraption includes about $5000 in parts, some of which were found in area junkyards.

1984 HIKER SHUTTLE SERVICE

Public Transportation to Major Trailheads in the White Mountains

IT'S ADVENTURE AND LUXURY



AMC hiker shuttle

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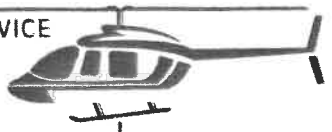

Joseph R. Brigham
President

JOE BRIGHAM INC

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HOW TO PACK LIGHT

Putting our few remaining brain cells together we came up with the following suggestions:

Most obviously, quit and find another job. Regardless of where you go the pay is better, your back feels better, and there isn't the problem of tying on a load with a packrope that is too long or too short - like some other things.

Barring a resignation, there are a number of other things that can be done to lighten a load - foolproof, economical, and easily implemented.

In no particular order:

Empty all tin cans into baggies; break eggs, discard shells, cardboard liners, and boxes. Put the eggs in a plastic bag. Take tomatoes out of cellos; peel labels from things that have to stay in cans; snip the fat off the bacon; peel oranges and remove seeds; raise your own chickens; use feathers from your chickens to stuff pillowcases; use chickensuit for some purpose at the discretion of the nutmaster, like mattress stuffing.

Serve local materials - rock tripe, lichens, moss, and compost. All very plentiful, all very nutritious.

Bribe helicopter pilots, or better, for $50,000 you can buy your own snow tractor. Visit your hut early, say in February, and bring up all that you need then.

Raise sheep, clip the wool, and make all of your own blankets in situ.

Fast. Often.

Cut napkins in quarters and hide them under the salt. Peel two-ply toilet paper apart. Cut holes in all cardboard boxes to improve airflow. Use tape, not twine to bind boxes. Use smaller guage packrope, or even magnets.

Get others to carry your garbage out. In fact, speak with Larry about ordering a load of merit badges available from the hutmaster for boy scouts and camp groups for such things as carrying out the wet goat.

Replace packboard hardware with lighter guage aluminum/magnesium alloy. Hollow out all lumber. Weave a corset. Leave wide gaps in the weaving.

Buy a llama. Jon Bunger has two.

Shake insertions out of magazines before you bring them up. Better, read magazines at the packhouse. Read mail in the packhouse. Move into the packhouse.

Memorize your counts.

Limit the amount of your personal gear - highly recommended for places like Zealand and Galehead where space in the croo room is at a premium. Suggest you wear only what you have on and leave the rest in the packhouse. Or better yet, plant bamboo and weave yourself a grass skirt in two weeks growing time.

Buy stamps at the postoffice. Write letters at the postoffice.

Eliminate OTC; if they can't bring their own snacks, too bad. If you must sell OTC, take the wrappers off of candybars, Tuck bars, etc. Never make change - never accept anything smaller than a dollar bill.

Drink light beer, or brew your own.

Don't read books. Bum cigarettes (nice hyphen job).

Use communal toiletries. Each croo should have only one toothbrush, comb, brush, razor. In fact, don't shave. Make shampoo from pan drippings and ash from the burnt crumbs on the toaster.

Check lettuce and cabbage for secretly lodged rocks, gravel, and sand. Come to think of it, don't pack lettuce. Grow your own, or dye toilet paper green, or use hobblebushes.

Debone pork chops. Take the casings off sausage. Shake the ice out of frozen vegetables and discard the containers.

Don't req floor oil. Spill things like soup and gravy. Slather it around.

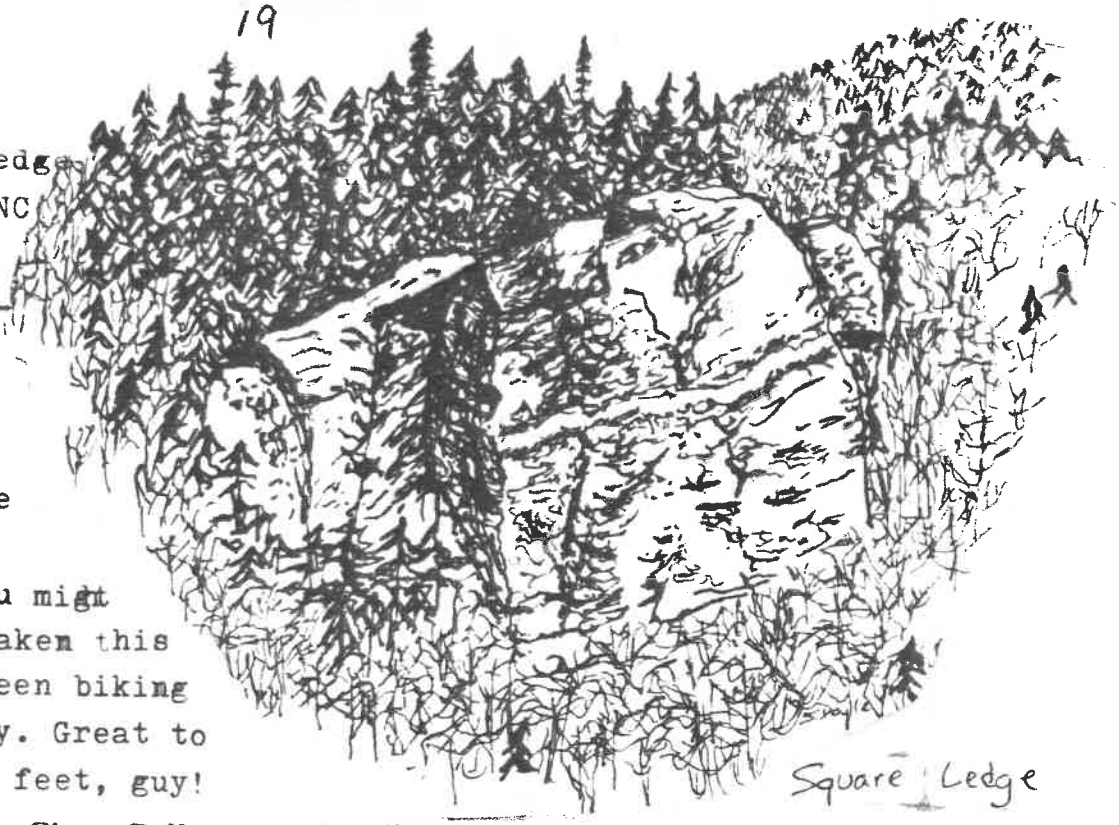
Cut the wrappers off bandaids. Drain the mercury from the thermometer.

Cut an inch off of each wooden match in a box. Use slotted spoons for everything. Air dry everything - to hell with dishtowels. Use a clean grass skirt instead of an apron. Use spnagnum moss sponges. Put salt and pepper in the same container, separated by a cardboard divider. Put spices in baggies; drain ketchup from glass bottles, as with other condiments. Use plastic bags.

Salt the fish and hang it to dry on top of your packboard. To the containers. Clip stems from teabags - let them float, and pluck out with your fingers; Core apples.

Lastly, take only what you need req only what you need, and make do with less.

Bill Kelley and
Joe Gill


Square Ledge

Speaking of Square Ledge, Tim Axelson was at PNC a few days back, and he's doing exceptionally well. His cast is off, and there's one less piece of hardware in his ankle after a recent visit to the doctor. As you might expect, Tim hasn't taken this lying down, and has been biking and sailing regularly. Great to see you back on your feet, guy!

HOW TO PACK HEAVY

All of us here at Chez Belle were most interested in your article on "How to Pack Light" (...Crowds, June 26, 1982). As we all subcutaneously realize, however, packing light is about as temporary as an alpine septic system, and sooner or later, one way or the other, the shit will hit the krummholtz. Besides, Bill, you may want to listen in here in case (God forbid) the Forest Service abandons its Pinkham-Tucks thiokol shuttle, and you and that insect-loving T-shirt salesman sidekick of yours are forced to once again don the cruel boards.

So now, without any further abuse, are a few random ideas for bringing this whole packing thing back into the heavily-
filtered limelight.

First off, find a real trail to pack up. None of this down stuff (I don't care if you do go through 180 sow strips per morning!), or even flat... I mean, if you're gonna feel some pain, you might as well increase your potential energy while you're doing it.

Next, you want to make sure you're using a board that isn't really for you. I personally recommend ones that have uneven straps. For variation, try the packhouse door. Wicked goofer load.

When choosing what boxes to pack up, go for the "hero in your crewmates' eyes" approach. Eggs (preferably 2 or more cases), boxes with liquid in them (loose or otherwise), and our favorite, the "mystery box" - yes, it's heavy, but there doesn't seem to be any weight written on it...

Even if you are forced to carry less than 238% of your bodily bulk, this imbalance can be rectified by the tie-on job. Consult your local boy scout troop for the "suspended sleeping bag banging the knees" technique. Make sure you tie really loosely, too, because retieing your load a few times on the way up is character-building. Or, for variations on some other theme, tie on really high so the boxes come crashing down on your head just as you reach your first power step.

If you're in a hut-authority position, then gravy! Scant to non-existent initials are crucial. Better yet, req. everything your hut doesn't need so your crew can burn out their knees while packing it back down the hill. Never authorize any composting or burning of paper trash - takes away too much time from packingandcookingandpackingand cookingand...

If at anytime you get bored with the whole routine, don't ask the Wave where your life is taking you. No, instead try an alternative packing route. I hear Lonesome via the Bigelow Range is a real gas.

Well, Bill & others, I hope this brief summary has given you a more balanced view of the packing game. If not, I guess you'll just have to read and shudder.

Phil Dinsmore

DAVE BERGMAN—HUTBOY

Dave Bergman, Dave Bergman - the name has become a familiar one in the hut system. But who is this first-baseman turned hut hero? Why is he famous, why have we made him famous, and why should you care?

The Bergman phenomena began in June 1983 when the Lakes croo of that year selected Dave out of many candidates to be the "urinal guy". Dave was hired, in his baseball card form, to instruct users of the Lakes urinals to flush them for 10 seconds. Dave saw an estimated 4000 urinating men in three months of work at Lakes, but stood strong, kept smiling - even at the guys who didn't even bother to look Dave straight in the eye. It was clear, Dave could do a job.

But why was he selected amid such outstanding competition - why was he selected when men such as Oscar Gamble (no relation to Martha), Steve Garvey and Pete Rose could have been urinal barkers? How could Dave Bergman, a player so new that the card he was on pictured him sitting on the dugout (they didn't have an action-shot) do a better job than they? Because he was a ballplayer that's why - and because we knew he could give 110 per cent every time a guy took a leak. He was a money "urinal guy".

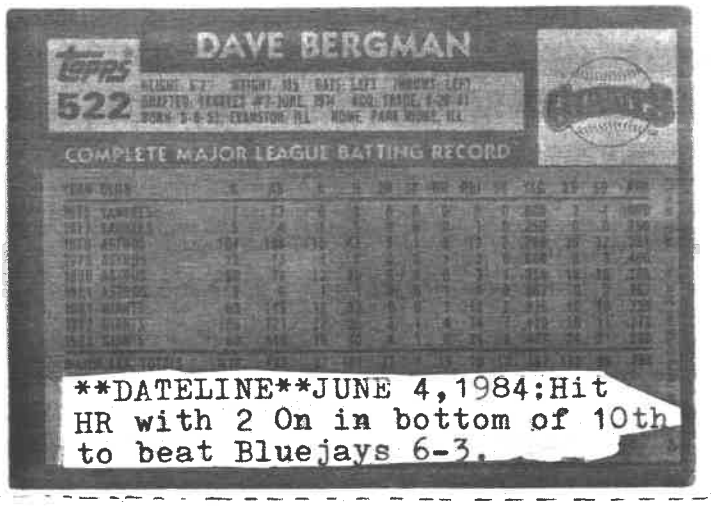
In the off-season, Dave was traded to the Detroit Tigers of the American league, and, by chance, a number of Lakes croomen were watching Monday night baseball at Gala 84. All of a sudden, Dave Bergman was at the plate, and cries went out all around PNC. Dave's first at bat was a let down, a ground out to the second baseman that left many of us thinking that all Dave could <u>really</u> do was tell people to flush urinals. But he proved us wrong in his next at-bat, a base hit, and a run scored! After falling behind 3-0, the Tigers had come back to tie Toronto 3-3, and Dave Bergman was coming to bat!

So the stage was set, bottom of the tenth, two out, and two runners on the base paths, Chet Lemon on second. Dave strides confidently to the plate - by now 20 AMC people are watching on WMTW-8- watching their "urinal guy" in a tight situation; would the training at Lakes pay off? The first pitch from Blue Jay pitcher Roy Lee Jackson - a strike, the next another strike. After fouling off two pitches Dave got a ball, and after fouling off another came a second ball. The tension mounted in Tiger stadium, as in PNC, as in Roy Lee Jackson's mother's home in Opelika, Alabama! Dave had worked the count to 3 balls and 2 strikes! The payoff pitch - he fouls it off, and again he fouls it off, 8 foul balls in a row - each driving the throng of 20 in the PNC TV room into a frenzy. The next pitch Dave hits a frozen rope deep to right, it's up, up and away - and Dave Bergman had hit a game winning 3 run home run.

Dave Bergman, honorary hutboy, his 1984 card still lurks undiscovered in the dime shops of North Conway, Gorham and elsewhere - go forth and find him, and beware of the new urinal king - Lorenzo Gray!

PAUL DELVA

Clip and Save



Do You Enjoy The Rich Aroma Of Leather?

Another Key Series

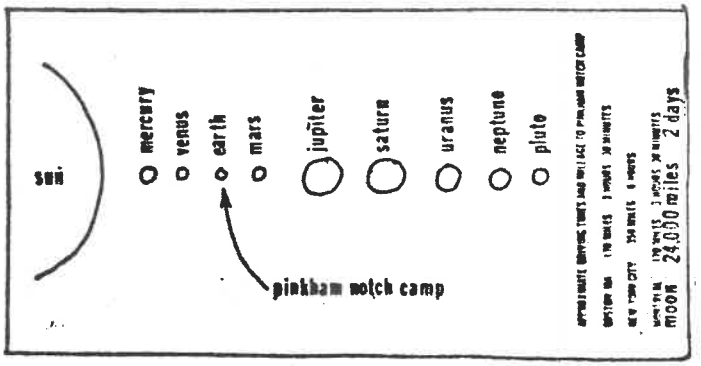
HEY HUT SYSTEM, YOU DOGS. ANYONE OUT THERE KNOW ONE END OF A SOFTBALL FROM THE OTHER?!

the Construction Crew juggernaut is out to softball the free world and is now taking challenges from all comers, no matter how pathetic or ugly. If you have the courage and coordination to get it together before mid-July, we'd love to hear from you! But then we're not expecting much...

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.



AND THE GOOD NEWS IS...

DISPOSABLE BULLSHIT BAG

SEALS BS IN

DIRECTIONS:

1. OPEN BAG BEFORE OPENING MOUTH
2. TUCK OPEN BAG BENEATH CHIN
3. START "TALKING", LET THE B.S. FLOW
4. WHEN FULL, SEAL BAG AND DISPOSE OF.

WARNING:

Pack out all you pack in. Do not attempt to dispose of your BS through the kind graces of some unsuspecting hikers, since they produce more bullshit than they can dispose of themselves. We suggest that you send it back to Among the Crowds, Pinkham Notch Camp, in return for all we send out every issue.

- Bend back and glue to other edge -

DOER'S PROFILE:

OLD GEEZER

HOME: Franconia, N.H.

AGE: 15,000

PROFESSION: Hut Droid, Appalachian Mountain Club.

HOBBIES: Packing, cooking, cooking, and packing.

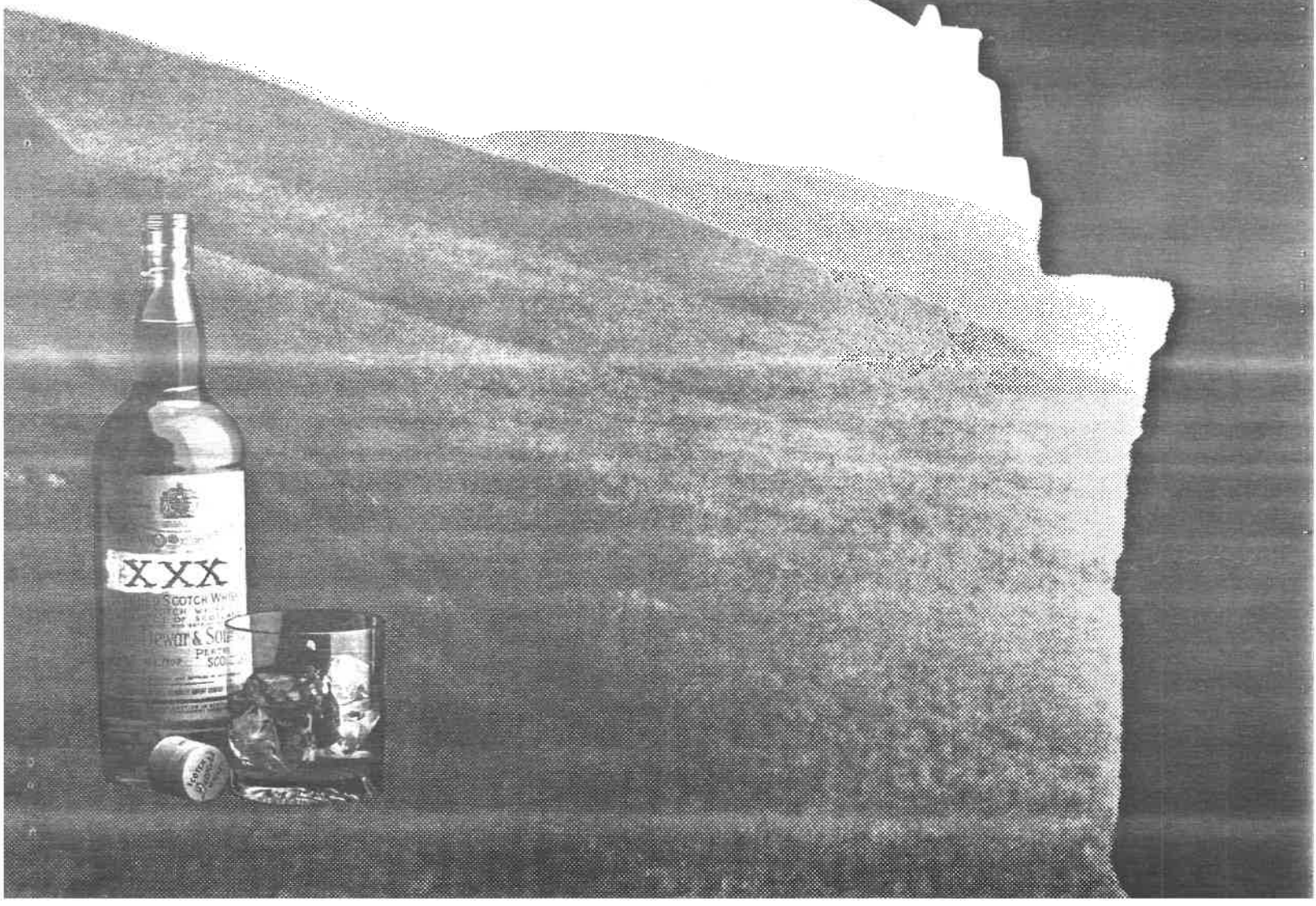
LAST BOOK READ: *Hotel New Hampshire*, John Irving.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: 110 up the V-Way.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "Where else can you get paid to hike, outside of the Army and the AMC?"

PROFILE: Works well with people. Would prefer not to. "Closet recluse."

HIS SCOTCH: Doer's "Off-White Label." "After a long day of packing and too many "Where's the bathroom," having a Doer's is the only thing between me and violent crime."



Hidden camera reveals success of new "Problem Encounter Techniques" at Lakes

(Frame 1.) Hut user of 15 years at the Lakes OTC Counter. Subject has just requested that he be permitted to use basement hot shower, and that he and his family not be served pancakes for breakfast. *(Frame 2.)* Hut user reacts to bullcook's double "no." *(Frame 3.)* Bullcook continues into elaborate explanation, while simultaneously producing a pet squirrel which sings "Girls Just Want To Have Fun." *(Frame 4.)* Here we see hut user after bullcook's explanation and two free cups of coffee, laced with 1000 mg. Thorizine.

RECIPES

EMILY"S VITALITY BREAD - Patsy Page

1 pkg. yeast
1/4 c. warm water (110°)
3/4 c. rolled oats
1/2 c. bran flakes or All Bran
3 T cornmeal
2 T wheat germ
1 t. salt
1/2 c. molasses
3 T shortening
1½ c. milk
About 6 c. flour

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Measure other ingredients except flour into a saucepan. Cook mixture over low heat until nearly boiling. Add 1 c. cold water. Cool. Add yeast and flour to make a stiff dough. Knead. Let double in bulk. Punch down and knead 2 min. Place in greased pans. Let double. Bake 350°, 40 min. Makes two 9x5x3 loaves.

FASY LENTIL SOUP (Sopa de Lentejas)

1 lb. lentils (2 1/3 cups)
8 c. water
1 16 oz. can crushed tomatoes
2 slices bacon, chopped (Optional)
1/2 c. chopped onion
1/2 c. chopped carrot
3 T chopped parsley
2 T vinegar
1 clove garlic, minced
2½ t. salt
1/2 t. oregano
1/4 t. pepper
2 T tamari

Combine all ingredients in dutch oven. Cover and simmer 1½ to 2 hours. Serves one table.

sock recipe

The George Holt Sock Recipe

Knit or cast on 48 sts on four #3 double-pointed needles. Use 2-ply yarn. One 4 oz. skein should do the trick, but beware it doesn't always. Many pairs I've made have different colored toes.

K2, P2, for desired length of upper sock, usually 6"-8".

Heel. Place 24 sts on one needle, 12 on each of other 2 needles. With the 24 needle: Row 1: S1, P1 across the 24.
Row 2: K across.
Continue for 2 1/2". End with K row.
Then, S1, P11, P2 tog., P1, turn
S1, K2, K2 tog., K1, turn
S1, P3, P2 tog., P1, turn
S1, K4, K2 tog., K1, turn.
Continue last four rows till 12 sts remain on heel, end with K row.

Instep & foot. With heel 12, pick up 13 sts along left edge of heel. Work across top of foot (24 sts from two needles). Then pick up 13 sts along right side of heel. Divide on needles (A) 13 left side plus 6 off heel, (C) 13 right side plus 6 from heel, (B) 24 from top of foot.
Row 1: K across all needles.
Row 2: On A, K to within 3 sts of end, K2 tog, K1; on B, K across 24; on C, K1, S1, K1, passover 1 and K rest of C.
Repeat last 2 rows until 11 sts remain on needles A & C.

Continue with just K until sock measures desired length, minus 1 inch.

Toe. On needle A: K to within 3 sts of end, K2 tog, K1.
Needle B: K1, S1, K1, psso 1, K to within 3 sts of end, K2 tog., K1.
Needle C: K1, S1, K1, passo 1, K to end.
Continue decreasing in this manner until 12 sts remain in total. K sts from needle A and place them on needle C, so only needles B & C remain. Break yarn leaving 2" of trail yarn at right back of needle.

Kitchener Toe. 1. Pass yarn through first st. of front needle as tho to K, and slip sts off needle. 2. Pass yarn through second st. on front needle as tho to purl and leave on needle, pull yarn firm.
3. Pass yarn thru first st. of back needle as tho to purl & slip off needle.
4. Pass yarn thru second st. of back needle as tho to K and leave on needle. Pull yarn firm.
Repeat the last four rows till all sts. kitchened. Pull yarn thru to inside and attach.

You now have a completed sock.

EGGPLANT PARMIGIANA

Slice eggplant and bake on lightly greased sheet until browned. Wash spinach and trim stems. Steam lightly til just limp. Set aside.

Make a tomato sauce--not too spicy--not too much.
Make this cream sauce: cottage cheese, milk or sour cream, and grated parmesan cheese. Whip until smooth and thick.
Make spice blend of white pepper, black pepper and allspice. Equal portions of each. Set aside.
Slice mozzarella cheese and provolone cheese. Set aside.
Slice zucchini and summer squash. Set aside.
Cube 1 lb. Tempeh and set aside.

Now build your casserole.

Lightly grease dutch oven.
Put in small amount of tomato sauce.
Next, 1 layer eggplant. Sprinkle with pepper mix.
Next, 1 layer mozzarella & provolone. Sprinkle with pepper mix.
Next, zukes & summer squash, topped with small amount of tomato sauce.
Next, 1 layer eggplant. Sprinkle with spice mix.
Next, spinach.
Next, cheese and small amount of sauce, etc.

When finished construction, pour cream sauce over top.

Bake at 350° for 45 minutes, last 10 minutes uncovered.

DARK WHEAT BREAD
from Bakery Lane Soup Bowl
(Makes 2 loaves)

2 2/3 c. strong coffee
2/3 c. water
1/3 c. honey
1 T salt
1 pkg. dry yeast
1/2 c. warm water
1/2 c. yellow cornmeal
4 1/2 c. wheat flour
4 c. white flour

Combine coffee, 2/3 c. water, the honey and the salt in a mixing bowl. Cool to lukewarm. Stir yeast into 1/2 c. water, let stand until dissolved. Add to coffee mixture. Stir in cornmeal and as much of the flour as possible. Knead in the rest. Knead till smooth. Place in greased bowl and turn to grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down and shape into two loaves. Place in greased 8 x 4 loaf pans. Cover and let rise. Bake in preheated 375° oven for 45 minutes. YUM! Ellie Dwight, Flea 83

PEANUT BUTTER CUPS ---

2 Sticks margarine
1-16oz. pkg. conf. sugar
3/4 jar (2 1/2 cups??) peanut butter

Melt margarine add conf. sugar stir until smooth. Add P.B. keep over low heat and stir until creamy.

16oz. Hershey bars (milk chocolate)
2oz Choc. Nabs (unsweetened chocolate)
2 Tbs. butter or oil

Melt choc. in a double boiler. Oil makes it smooth and spreadable. Grease or butter a 13x9 pan spread P.B. mixture evenly let cool in frig while you melt choc. Spread choc. over P.B. Let cool in frig.

Beth Tracy--Zool Croo '82

Picadillo: (Mexican Hash)

1 lb. ground turkey or hamburg
1/2 c. chopped onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1 10½ oz. can tomato puree
1 med. apple, peeled, cored and chopped.
1/2 c. raisins
1/4 c. snipped parsley
1/4 c. chopped peanuts or sunflower seed
1 T vinegar
1 t sugar
1 t salt
1/4 t. cinnamon
1/4 t. cumin
1/4 t. pepper
1/4 t. corriander

Brown turkey, onion and garlic till onion is translucent. Drain off grease. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 20-25 minutes. Makes 4 cups filling.

Roll up in tortillas with refried beans, chopped lettuce, tomatoes, grated cheese and hot sauce. Bake 350°, 20 minutes.

Try this as a filling for burritos on a ground turkey night.

AMONG THE CROWDS

Journal of some, not all, of what goes on in a mountain ind,
(did you think we'd tell you everything?)
Among mountain visitors
Inside and around huts, on trails, on top, below and between mountains.
Even in valleys looking back at mountains.
A bit poetic, because we are idealists;
A bit of the truth, because idealists are honest;
Humor in packloads, because life is funny and we live full lives;
Recipes, because food is mixed, cooked, and tasted every day we work (or play);
Ben, the Wonder Dog, a way to poke fun at ourselves without hurting anyone
(Ben doesn't care);
News, because we want to write it down and remember.
People in natural places, putting in their own words what's happening to them,
Because it's important to step out and be heard.
That's "Among the Crowds."

RAMPARTS --- CARTER NOTCH

Sitting among carelessly strewn boulders,
I am nothing more than wind and rock.
Lichen commingles with flesh--
Taps blood.
My feet commune with spruce roots.
I am very old now, and I breathe in,
Concert with earth.
She whispers secrets to me,
That I feel rather than hear.

All of life and love
Are contained
In a single spruce needle,
Shard of rock,
Breath of wind.

The earth consoles and can bestow
(To her worthy children)
Understanding.

I cry and wonder----
Who taught me how to fear.

Mark Hiza

ALONE, I

Set upon a ledge
a mountain high,
The rocks are waves, frozen at the peaks
Caps of white, that seeth of salt
And break upon a boulder beach.
A gentle breeze waves the rush.
A raven settles in and rides on
Serrated wing and dracula black cape;
he screams
And treads wind
(a tilt of wing can still)

Alone, I
Remember ocean dreams
Pine smoke of beach fire,
The fog-trickle along a river;
A grain of sand am I, I thought
And the ocean will deliver.

Mike Torrey

DIRECTIVE

Go climb the ridge and ask-

The mountain ash frozen in snow.
Silently dripping blood
Red berries on brilliant white
Stains unmercifully covered
By winter storms
The ash endures
Shattering cold
Patiently waits for Spring -
Warmth - life flowing - flowering
under a kind sun -

How to bear your loss.

MARK HIZA

ANSWERS TO DR.CRANE'S EXAMINATION # 4

1. Harland Perkins (1876-1958) was a Boston area architect who designed a number of the huts we enjoy today. Greenleaf, Galehead, and Zealand are his brain children, as well as alterations at Lakes, Madison, and Carter.

2. O.C.C.A. members are:Bob Gearheart, Joe Gill, Burnham Martin, Mike Waddell, Ben Campbell, Peter Crane, Andy Broderick, Mike Torrey, Cam Bradshaw and Cindy Makin, and Mark Dindorf. O.Z.C.A. members are Chris Hawkins, Don Murphy, Alan Long, Jon and Polly Davie, Sam Osborne/ Bonnie Christie, Mo Smith, John Michael Field, Don Hunger and Colleen Davenport, Steve Colt and Bill Kelley, George and Becca Hastings, Albie Pokrob and Rebecca Oreskes.

3. Going back in time, the huts managers'roster reads:Barbara Wagner, David Warren, Joel White, W. Kent Olsen, Bruce Sloat, George Hamilton, Joseph Brooks Dodge, Milton E."Red Mac" McGregor, and Charles C. MacKintosh. The Acting Huts Manager list is a short one: Babs, the Wave, and John Nutter.

4. We are told that Syd Haverly packed 331 pounds of plumbing supplies down to Lakes during the massive expansion(Monroe wing and new dining room) of 1969-1970.

5. No, it's not a wood shed above treeline, it's the Crawford path Refuge, built by the AMC in 1901 in response to the tragic deaths of Curtis and Ormsbee in the great storm of June 30, 1900. The CPR was located near the junction of the Camel Path and the old Crawford Path, and was removed in 1923.

New England LIFE FLIGHT RETURNS TO THE HUT SYSTEM.!

On Monday, July 10, the services of New England Life Flight were once again utilized to offer speedy evacuation to an ailing hut visitor. A 13 year old Connecticut camper arrived at Madison Hut in early afternoon, complaining of severe pain in the abdomen. Liz Keuffel, hut crew member and EMT, assessed the patient's condition and notified Pinkham Notch Camp of the situation. While Liz kept track of the patient's vital signs, staff members at Pinkham conferred with Dr.Campbell McLaren at Memorial Hospital. Tracking the evolution of the patient's complaints, Dr. McLaren stressed both the uncertainty, and the potential seriousness of the lad's condition. While the signs and symptoms of an acute abdomen can signal something as simple as a belly ache or as complex an an acute appendicitis, Dr.McLaren counselled a conservative approach, noting that if the condition were, in fact,a serious one, a litter carry could aggravate the situation markedly.Given the time of day, the location, the patient's condition, Dr. McLaren's recommendation, and the generally fair weather, the possibility of air evacuation was discussed. A quick call to Fish and Game Officer Bill Hastings was made, to initiate a contact with the State of New Hampshire Air National Guard. Before long we heard the word: it might be possible, but it would take a while. A call was made to Life Flight, the organization based in Worcester, Mass, which had proved crucial in the successful evacuation of a heat stroke victim last year from Greenleaf. While their ship was already on a mission, they promised that as soon as it returned, it would re-fuel and head north to the Col.

Life Flight's actions were as good as their word, and at about 7.45 their ship landed at Madison. The patient, whose condition had stabilized, but had not improved, was assessed, put on board, and arrived at Memorial Hospital in North Conway approximately eight minutes after he left the hut. The ship's crew spoke favorably of the hut crew's efforts and assistance.

A very helpful factor in the affair was the rapid transport of a high band radio to Madison . It allowed much better and faster communication between the hut and Pinkham,avoiding the noisume commute to the Parapet, and allowed direct land to ship contact as well.