Among the Clouds

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POTENTILLA: STILL KICKIN'

The Potentilla Robbinsiana is not just another pretty plant. In accordance with the Endangered Species Act of 1973, the Robbins Cinquefoil (AKA dwarf cinquefoil) was designated an Endangered Species on September 17, 1980. The plant was first identified by Robbins in 1819, and subsequent discoveries placed it in four locations; one in Vermont, two on Franconia Ridge, and one on Monroe Flats. Now, only the Monroe colony, with a quarter of the 1934 population, remains. As its numbers dwindle, various forest agencies and concerned citizens have been involved in a concerted effort to protect the last remaining colony and investigate and implement methods for increasing its population in Monroe Flats, and re-establishing it in other areas of the White Mountains. The AMC North Country Research, Education, and Trails departments have been involved from the start and will continue to take part in all future research and developments. The AMC is under contract with the Office of

(turn to pg.6)

PRESERVING MANNERS in the Face of RAMPANT IGNORANCE and OTHER SOCIAL DISORDERS: MEMOIRS of a Joy Street RECEPTIONIST. by L. Strokington, III

The story I am about to relate is true. For some time now I have wanted to commit it to print but have been loathe to do so for fear I would not be believed. Like you, I once thought the world was an ordered place, with a method to it's madness. Now I'm no longer sure. The boundaries of what I once thought reasonable have exploded into the furthest reaches of oblivion. The fantastic and the grotesque are no longer solely players in my bad dreams; they are the stuff of my everyday life.

I started working at Joy Street in early September, Nineteen hundred seventy-nine, as receptionist for the Appalachian Mountain Club. I came to Boston from the New Hampshire backwoods, and the change, I knew, would be great. But having spent the better part of my youth in Boston, I assumed the transition would be nothing unmanageable. How little I knew.

My first day answering the phone I got the following call: "Can I take my dog up Mt. Manadnock? And when do the trails close?"

For an instant I was taken aback. My mind rocked from this rattling tripod-shot out of nowhere. I regained my equilibrium.

"Yes, you can take your dog. And as far as I know, the trails never close."

Before I could fully recover, another call: "Is there any age limit for hikers?" I paused, my mind staggered, lurched for an even surface, an anchor, a point of reference. Age...hiking...got to...have to...come out of it....

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EDITORIAL

As Guinea Nights go, this year's versions of the annual crew parties were tame. No one tried to cork a retiring hutmaster with a coke bottle, only three chairs and one window were broken (all by accident, of course) and practically all of the food was eaten! A phenomenal success. One might wonder, though, why Andy wore French dressing to the party, or if recently discharged CO^2 will stunt the growth of hair on Mike Waddell's chest, or if Hitch was really just oiling the floor when be tipped the butter over. The second night reached surreal heights when high winds knocked the power out, and thumper degenerated into sounder (same principal, only with sounds instead of signs) which was no fun because you couldn't hear the sounds and thump on the table at the same time. The wind whirled frantically, littering the porch with branches and leaves and the decision was made to call it a night, lest we find ourselves unable to walk the treacherous OH path to the service road. After I dropped a few people off at Pinkham, I continued on to Randolph, fighting the wind to stay on the road and dodging medium sized branches tumbleweeding across my path. Dave Huntley, Lakes Hutmaster, came on the radio at 12:30 a.m. asking the Obs. for wind speed. Al Oxton of the Obs. crew informed Dave it was blowing 130 mph, and warned optimistically, "The last time the wind blew 130, your roof came off." Dave was glad to hear this. I asked Dave how the hut was taking the abuse, and he reported that the full in-service bombs had been blown off their pad despite the chain and were found hanging by pigtails stretched to their limit, and he had shut the gas system down. Empty bombs were tossed around and the crew braved the wind to wrap and secure them with rope. Dave said the hut was full of vibration, the wind a deafening roar. The next morning, as I sat at the radio listening to Lakes radio call, the confusion inherent to the Cloud Lakes Hostelry embodied itself in cancellations, transfers, and emergency shuttle requests; with about 25 people bailing out via the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail and requesting impromptu transportation back to Pinkham. Though my contact with the evening and next morning was by radio only, and assisted by the competent, albeit excited voice of Dave Huntley, there was little doubt that it was an epic night of singular weather, awed and probably frightened guests, and a challenging morning reservation and transportation puzzle that resulted in no damage to people or property. High praise, Lakes, is due you, and since I've heard nothing to the contrary, I assume the roof is still intact.

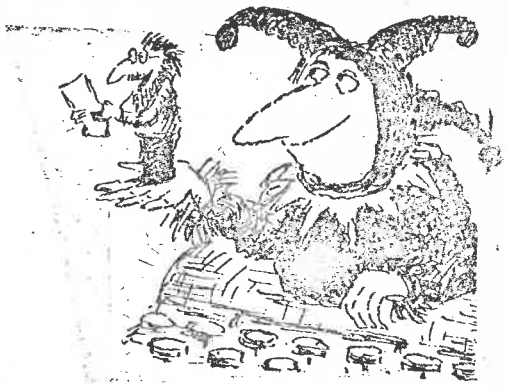
While I'm talking about year-ending parties, I should mention those career-ending Hut System employees who've given us such excellent work over the years and are moving on to the Real (or is this the real?) World. Ginny Eliason, Rooney Self, David Huntley, Steve Colt, Dave Moskowitz, and Pam Scharf, all Hutmasters this year, are calling it quits, and I can only say what is obvious to anyone who visited their huts this summer: great job. As OH, I hope we see you often, both here in the mountains and out there in the valleys of the world. You're all special people and we'll miss you!

The award for most dangerous and threatening BFD of the year goes to the Greenleaf Crew who, carrying a real M-16 borrowed from visiting Green Berets, warned that "If you don't fold your blankets, we'll waste ya." Jake Perkins reports you could bounce quarters off the folded blankets, and the pillows were even at the right end of the bed. It just goes to prove a short, to-the-point BFD is often more effective, especially when the crew is armed.

Jake says having the Green Beret around was a real treat. They were able to adjust their radio frequency to our low-band, and would call down from Franconia Ridge giving their ETA and chatting about such important combat questions as "Is the coffee on?" and "Got any leftovers?" Jake assures me there was little to compost during their week-long exercise, and he says their combat rations were fairly tasty. The Greenleaf crew received a letter of appreciation from their two resident soldiers, who camped near the hut, compromising with Forest Service regulations by at least not camping on the ridge. I always seem to miss the excitement. Last year when I was at Greenleaf, the only uniforms I saw were on Boy Scouts. And you couldn't bounce a basketball off their blankets.

EDITOR~MIKE TORREY
TECHNICAL ADVISOR & TYPING~
YVONNE JENKINS
ART~LORI DOMBEK

Letters to the Editors... (and others)



Dear Ed.,

Here I sit indeed, eating dinner, feet on table, monitoring channel 13 on a gooferbox walkie-talkie and plotting the establishment of the Republic of Moose and Black Bear. Buoyed on a stream of sunlight as solid as a treetrunk I feel the expansive surroundings affecting me and I dream of this place in its primordial coat of red spruce and fir.

The place? It's Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, land of the Giant of the Hills, Ethan Allen Crawford. Land of the Rosebrooks, the Willey Slide and Hawthorn's legend thereof, whose family head I would doubtless play, with my calcimined hair. Gary I am from sweeping the garage ceilings though over Gran Marnier and peaches it becomes a carriage house for want of the real thing; older still is its derelict namesake destined for elimination as a hazard to the curious. Why not a garage? The word conjures visions of flashing neon signs with letters missing, a soft, hair-raising hum like the bite of a bowed bass string, heavy metals and airborne hydrocarbons. Visions of the megalopolitan crush and general entropic bleb that is suburban America, inescapable least of all by me, a student at the College of Endless Growth, astounded to find myself photographed as local color. I serve fantasies, visions of a lost world, the "reliving in play of a drama formerly inherent in daily life," according to Aldo Leopold. And not only to the hikers but to the engineers, businessmen and professors who comprise the (blue ribbon) Crawford House Committee, baffled by my occasional inadvertant rusticisms, the language of the country, or my chagrin at their fireplace fire of winter wood.

Here is the symbolic locus of pioneer expansion, of "letting in some light" to the virgin spruce, taming the wilds and driving out the eagles, the panthers, the aristocracy of the wood; introducing exotics like Astor, Gould, Rockefeller, Wannamaker, Macy, Field, and five presidents, conservationists when repentant, otherwise mannered rogues, captains of industrious rapine yet incomplete but well-advanced.

Then wait! Why am I here? Because here lie the mountains, that roar, that defy schemes, that renew faith in the continuity and the respectability of wild nature. Perhaps too I will see revised the dialectic of "Constructive action." Perhaps we'll leave well enough alone.

Philippics aside, a flock of snow geese came down to Saco Lake a week ago, gabbling and sweeping in great circles through the fog, a hundred of them. Spinning lower, a white maelstrom of rustling wings condensed from the clouds, tolling slowly to the water as if for an old courtly dance. Few must be those of us who know the step, and strange their lives, foregone and forgotten on Beacon Hill. They started with a rush as a distant truck crested the hill, stayed long enough finally to drink and rest and in due time rose to continue their way like Yeats' wild swans--"Their hearts have not grown old; Passion or conquest, wander where they will, attend upon them still." Would the century of the North come here to rest if the legion from Boston preceeded it? I think not, and even in the Indian summer those geese are as real only as something imagined. But the language they spoke was mine too for that while, and the weight and greatness of their advent were more wholly affecting than the six-unit freights that roll by ten feet from my head as I sleep.

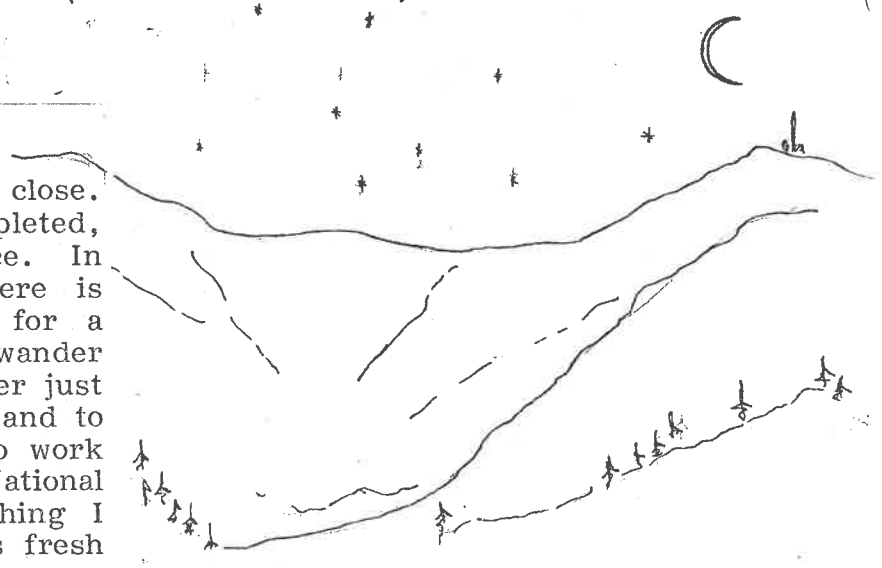
I have an unabashed feeling for this place, doubtless an offense to some. But

(see pg. 7)

NOXIOUS ODORS

Tales in the wind from Tuckerman Ravine

Bill Kelly



NOXIOUS ODORS, Last Installment

Another summer comes to a close. Lots happening, new projects completed, the routine finally down to a science. In the haste of daily operations there is always a yearning to step back for a moment, gaze out the window, or wander around outside for a while to ponder just where you are, why you are here, and to reflect on what a privilege it is to work here in the White Mountain National Forest. Time to retreat to something I wrote way back in June, 1980 - as fresh in my mind now as it was then.

Tuckerman Ravine
White Mountain National Forest, NH
Summer, 1980

Monday, June 16

8:00 p.m. Sunset. I sit on the front porch, my back to the chimney, watching in fascination as the purple and pink bands of the sunset slowly rise on the Carter Moriah Range and finally disappear as fainter bands in the distant haze.

The night is clear and crisp. Long strands of cumulus clouds dot the horizon. They are a dark pastel blue against a purple background of wispy filaments - clouds higher in the atmosphere that form the backdrop for the eastern skies.

The forest around the cabin is alive with activity. A nervous junko delicately hops from rock to rock in front of me unaware that I am watching. Unseen white-throated sparrows twitter away in the branches, relentless in pursuit of perfection of their song. A snowshoe hare with its oversized white feet comes hopping out of the brush to nibble on a blade of grass. Beyond, a lone hiker stands in mute fascination on the bridge watching the river tumble over the rocks beneath him. A companion calls from the distance; he turns, and together they walk off towards their shelter. Where once a massive glacier stood, they now stroll about a valley floor transformed by time into a gentle northern forest.

Dusk settles. The wind, ever present, stirs the treetops. The birds now fall silent - preening or settling into the branches for the long night ahead. New sounds appear: the deep primordial chirpings of the insects and frogs by the lake, or the constant rushing of the river winding its way down the forest trail without the need of maps, for it has traveled the route for centuries and knows it well.

The clouds are white now with dark shadows on their undersides. The mountains change to deeper shades of blue, detail no longer distinguishable.

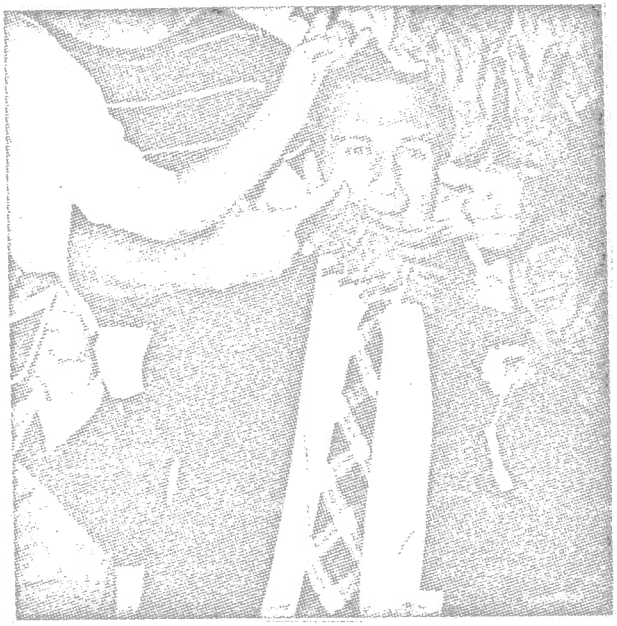
To the west a crescent moon appears over the edge of the ravine, the sun no longer obscuring its presence. Faint waterfalls cascade beneath the headwall of the ravine fed by lingering snowfields.

Darkness finally engulfs the ravine. The jagged edges of the rocks are silhouetted against the night sky. One by one the stars appear - the brighter ones first, the fainter ones following later until finally the sky is alive with dazzling points of light too far away to comprehend.

So much to see; so much to hear; so much to feel. And they wonder why we want to work here.....

Bill Kelley

1



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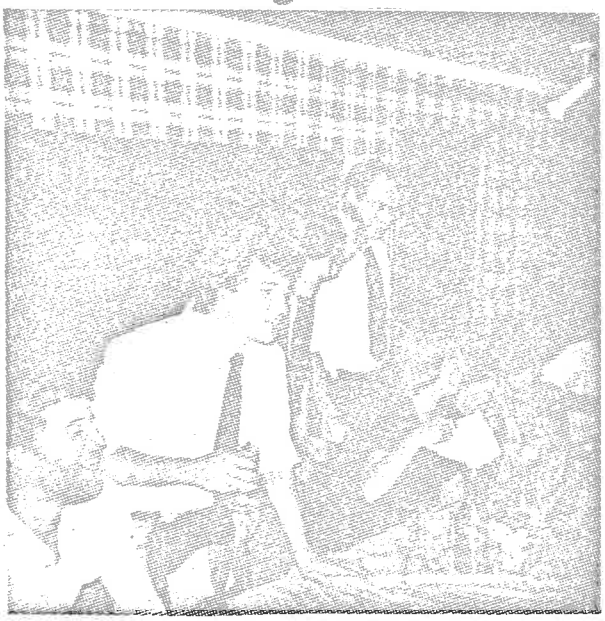

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The Hutmaster's annual reward dinner was held at the Scottish Lion Restaurant in North Conway on Tuesday night, August 17. Also in attendance were Construction Crew Chief Mike Waddell and his wife Kristen, Debi and Walter Lancaster (reservations secretary and husband) Yvonne and Larry Jenkins (huts secretary and NNERO purchasing agent), Head Truck diver Carl Krag, Accountant Louise Dinardo and her husband Tom, Tuckerman Ravine Caretaker Joe Gill and the Huts Manager Dave Warren (the man with the fern in #1 and the only horizontal being in #4.) The eight hutmasters in attendance, from Carter to Lonesome respectively, were Pam Scharf, Steve Colt, David Huntley, Rooney Self, David Moskowitz, Rebecca Oreskes, Bill Blaiklock, and Ginny Eliason.

POTENTILLA (from pg.1)

Endangered Species (a branch of U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service) to provide educational and informational services to hikers and hut guests. One of several agencies on the Potentilla Working Group, whose job it is to assess the situation and make recommendations for the plant's future management, the AMC continues to have a strong voice.

Until recently, research on the Potentilla consisted only of population surveys. When a cooperative research effort (77-78) between USFS and WMNF revealed the Potentilla as the most endangered rare plant in NH, more emphasis was given to gathering data, with an eye toward protecting and increasing its population. User surveys began in 1979 and met with limited success due to a low budget. In the summer of 1980, two researchers worked from the end of May through August, working 2-3 hours a day on weekdays, 6-8 hours on weekends counting people stepping off the trail, educating people as to their purpose, gathering data and mapping. In 1981, a similar but more intensive program was undertaken. The Forest Service stationed two uniformed patrolmen at the site throughout June, the plant's flowering season. Signs were erected, asking people to stay on the trail. The AMC researchers gave talks at Lakes of the Clouds Hut, again encouraging people not to wander off beaten paths, and undertook an intensive study of hiker behavior and volume. A similar program has been conducted through the summer of '82, including a viewing colony of seven transplants near Lakes, to give the undeterable botanist a chance to view the plant without disturbing its fragile habitat. The "trespass" rate, at 10% in 1980 (F.S. crew), and greater than 3% in 1981 (AMC crew), appears to be less than 3% this year. With a compliance rate of 98% set as the ideal, the feasibility of major trail relocation is diminishing. In 1980, a trail was flagged that skirted the western side of Mt. Monroe, and it now appears only a small relocation is likely, taking the Crawford path away from the critical habitat with only a few hundred yards to reroute. The Dry River Trail was relocated in August of 1980, and although some disagree with the concept of putting the trail in another fragile vegetation area, and better marking is needed where the new trail crosses the Old Crawford Path (a trail just beginning to show revegetative progress), the trail relocation seems to have helped the compliance rate.

The Potentilla Working Group drafted a Recovery Plan in the winter of 1982 to be distributed for review by interested parties. The process the plan must go through is severalfold: the Forest Service and Office of Endangered Species review it, the Working Group takes their suggestions and re-drafts the Plan, and then it is made public. It is at this point that interested private citizens can contribute their opinions. The O.E.S. will change the plan according to public comments, the final draft will be offered for acceptance, and the Plan will hopefully be in effect for the summer of 1983. After this process, the probable course of events includes the construction of a scree wall enclosing the plant's habitat, trail relocation as mentioned above, and the Forest Service would establish a closure order, making it illegal to enter screed-off area. An intensive education program would continue similar to existing efforts. It is likely that AMC research crews will be stationed at Lakes next year and at least every other year thereafter, with a conscious education program continuing for about ten years. Then it is hoped that, similar to the RUA regulation reduction experienced this year, the public will be suitably informed, and transplant areas doing well enough to remove the scree wall and relax restrictions.

The Working Group is consciously seeking real and reasonable alternatives, in contrast to other plans that have been virtually non-implementable due to unrealistic expectations. It is hoped this Recovery Plan will serve as a good model for future Endangered Species projects. It is important to note that as of this date, no final decisions have been made. The public review aspect of the process is considered essential due to the regulations that may ensue, and the sensitive quality of the issue.

AMC Research Director Dijit Taylor is optimistic. She says the cooperation between the AMC, the Ammonoosuc District of the Forest Service, and the Office of Endangered Species, specifically biologist Dick Dyer, has been excellent and successful. "A small relocation is so much better than the complete reroute around Mt. Monroe", Dijit says. She also cited the cooperation of Lakes hut crews as intrinsic to the success of the AMC education program. As an indication of how far the education and research departments are willing to go to convey

(See pg.14)

Letter (from pg.3)

honi soit qui mal y pense. Will we in "preserving" Crawford Notch obscure insights we sorely need? The Crawford property need not be paid for in overnights. Might people come here one day and see a simple history display, walk around the lakes, turn and look up, instead of retreating indoors? Pinkham too was once an information booth.

Good talk is a comfortable and universal pleasure, and no one enjoys it more than caretakers - though we're sometimes thought misanthropes. The happy turmoil of the CB strangely suggests the commotion of the geese, but somehow the question arises which has greater power to drown the other.

Michael Pratt
Fall '79 Crawford caretaker

Memoirs: (from pg.1)

I managed to utter, "No, no age limit."

"And are fishing permits needed for children?"

My fingers clutched at the mouthpiece, barely able to stifle my gasp of utter disbelief. "Fishing permits for children?" Egad! The world was surely slipping. No sir, not for children. But if they're under 30 pounds you have to throw them back. Struggling mightily against the blackness, I managed a desperate, "No."

I hung up. Until that moment I was sure the world was as I had always seen it. Except when I was loaded of course. Then it appeared to me as I wish it were. But now the world loomed before me large and terrifying, as I wish it were not, infested with ignorance of the most abyssmal magnitude.

I slept fitfully that night, my rare snatches of rest shattered by a voice solemnly intoning, "Where can I rent a bike in Southern Vermont? How do I take the front wheel off? Can I take it on the subway?" More than once I awoke in the attentive grasp of Jeeves, who told me I had been shouting "Call EMS, call The Bicycle Exchange, damn you!".

As I dressed for work the following morning, I assured myself my experiences of the previous day were unfortunate happenstance, that I should go forth to work as I had always done, business as usual.

The phone was ringing when I walked through the door, the Genii's lamp begging for a rub, Pandora's Hotline.

"Hi. Are there any mountains left in New England that I could climb and name after myself?"

"Can you give me a list of communes?"

"Is this the Club that has Pinkingham Notch Clubhouse?"

"Where can I see beavers in the Boston area?"

Well, Buddy, what kind of telescope you got? No, I must stop myself before it was too late. I was starting to think like....like them.

If I was coming out of this alive, I'd have to play along and act like nothing was amiss. Be it a vision or a waking dream, I would just have to pretend it was all in a normal day's work.

And so it went. The weeks churned by and I grew accustomed to the off-beat, the odd-ball, the neanderthal.

"What was the temperature on Mousilaukee yesterday afternoon?"

"Mousilaukee?" I answered, "isn't that a Greek dish?"

Yes, guerilla tactics in a war of vengence. They never knew, of course- just thought I was wierd, or limited, just another bimbo.

A convict in a local pen wrote for a free membership. He was up for murder, but expected parole in ten years. "Of course when I get out I'll pay you back."

I sent him a copy of our brochure, "So You Want to Take a Hike?".

Occasionally, a beam of humor would sweep my way. One woman called to get our address, "you're on Love St.?"

"Ah, Joy Street."

"Well I knew it was something good."

But Lo!, the Season of Spring Skiing was upon me, and not even my love of irony could protect me.

"How's the skiing in Tucks?"

"There's not much snow up there right now."

"Do you think it will get better if it snows?"

A heavy fog filled the streets of Boston that evening, and shortly after dinner it began to rain. I could scarcely make out the carriages passing in the street below. Jeeves retired early, leaving me to my agitated thoughts and the cold dampness against my window. Sleep was slow in coming.

OVER ⟶

MEMOIRS:

Just as I fell into a tranquil state, I was startled dead-awake by a diaphanous figure walking in through the unopened window from the gaslight shadows outside.

The visions had been getting worse for many nights now, strange people asking me questions that answered themselves, Ignoroids laying waste to every sensible thing in their path. Like a ship in sea gone to molasses, I had struggled each night to cut a course to the safe harbor of morning's light. But now, was this the end?

I had spoken with an elderly woman earlier that day. She had called to complain that the Bulletin had published her obituary. She hoped there was some mistake. Now she was back; and she had seemed like such a nice soul.

"Illigitimi non carborundum," the voice quavered, "Don't let the bastards get you down. Forgive them, for they are Ignoroids and think not what they say. Humor them. Humor yourself."

Then the spirit vanished, in the direction of Store-24. L. S. III

CROQUET ON MONTICELLO LAWN, 1907

So you think mountain croquet was invented by recent hut croos? This article and picture appeared in the June 1967 edition of Appalachia Journal.

Monticello Lawn. The flat area on the southern and southeastern slope of Mt. Jefferson has long been known as Monticello Lawn. In keeping with the name, some hiker who was willing to assume the burden in return for the rewards in laughter and astonishment many years ago placed an old, rusty lawnmower there, perched atop a dry-ki. At some time during the past few years it disappeared, the victim, apparently, of one of the souvenir hunters who roam the mountain country looking for anything movable.

But last summer the lawn got another lawnmower. It was borne to Monticello Lawn by a party headed by Roger Putnam of Springfield, Massachusetts, and duly put on display after a few runs through the *juncus trifida*.

Whether the lawn can ever be returned to its former carpet-like state remains to be seen. Once upon a time, back in 1907, as the accompanying photograph, sent in to APPALACHIA by Richard H. Kimball of Lewiston, New York, shows, Monticello Lawn was the site of some mean croquet matches.

Anyone for croquet?

Figure 1. BEFORE: Paul Cunha (rhymes with "tuna"), of AMC Construction Crew, praying for something to do on a Monday night, PNC.

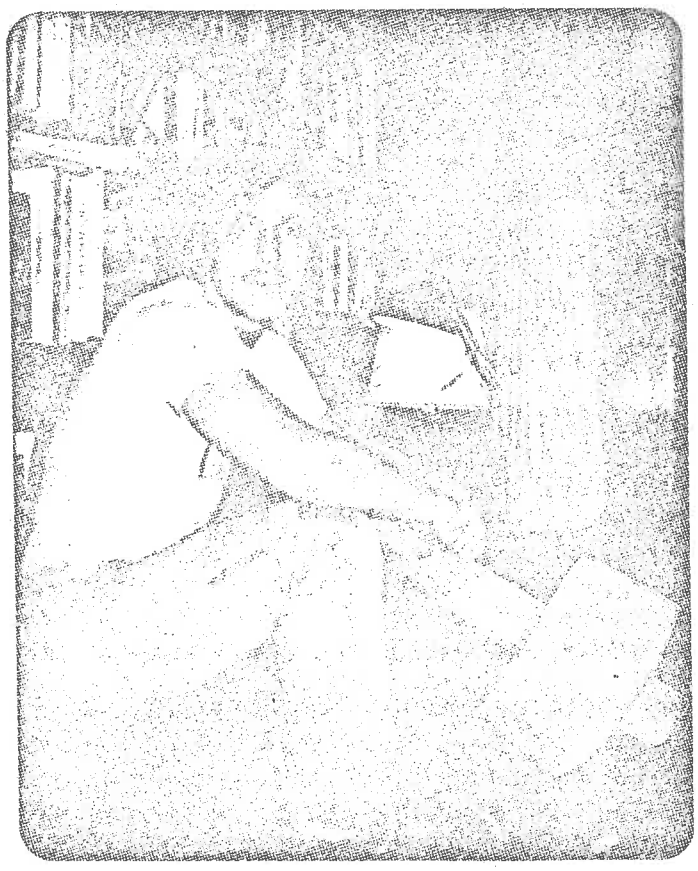
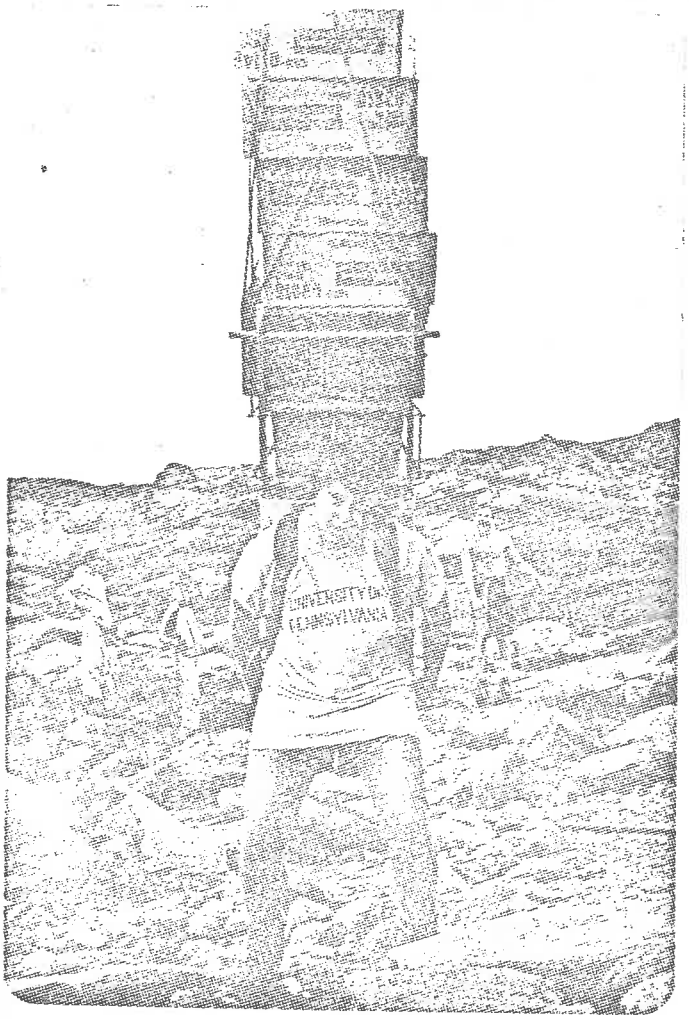


Figure 2. AFTER: Cunha with genuine rosewood biffing mallet.

LIVE OR DIE

A picture, received after the unprecedented two-person WHA power raid (see "Crowds" No. 6 for article) showing proud rebels Blaiklock and Oreskes with regained WHA Banner.



Helen Fremont struggles under the weight of the world (in the form of empty soup boxes) to the amusement of her hutmaster, Dave Huntley.

Dennis Tupick checks to see if Mike Waddell's hat is level (or is that the Madison floor joists he's checking?)

SWITCH

Yes, Mizpah is the place to be for trend setters in 1982, all right. Of course, you all know about the origins of the nickname Mizspa, the result of an illustrious and hedonistic summer croo. We hear that saunas have been added at Greenleaf and Lonesome, making them more popular, or at least more quickly installed, than either solar crappers or the hydro project.

But don't think that's it! On the contrary, as I sit here in the Wave's office comfortably settled in His tattered green chair, writing on His collegiate style blotter, and even drinking from His horny-elephants mug, a new hut tradition is starting.

No, it's not a power-raid of the office--what would we take, anyway? The "converse water, drink Sakonnet Wine" bumper sticker? Yet another photo of "Dave looking over the new weenies?" It is: The First Annual Admin. Croo/Hut Croo Exchange.

Yvonne, psyched and ready to cook for a full house, was the first to the Pah at 10 a.m. Her attitude toward the bleeding turkey torpedo was, "I'll have to speak to Larry about this." Praise be, maybe this is the end of the only red meat poultry this side of Connecticut. Then again, maybe it isn't.

Mike Torrey was heard to say while packing in that his load was 230 pounds. However, since Peter Crane reported that Mike's load was 270 at Crawford's, there must be a box somewhere along that first half mile. We hope the Wad and the Wave fared better.

While most of the Mizpah croo was stationed in the office, listening to Dave's tape recorded message that didn't self-destruct, missing phone calls and generally getting in Betsy and Sue's way, Bob Granger and Jon Martinson were pretending to be each other and were flying. Apparently, Jon didn't think his head was in the clouds enough already. He's learning quickly, though, going solo with less than a dozen hours.

The Big Treat for the guests is Eggs Benedict. Nice, says the usual croo, but it's been done before, and isn't it cheating to pack in real butter and English Muffins? Especially 230 pounds of them? We think our treat is a real winner: Breakfast in Bed with Liz serenading from the hall.

The "crowd" was perfect, only 19 and no more than 4 in a room. It

included two families, 4 men and 3 women (the Dating Game Crowd), new to the huts, a geologist who has been coming (to the huts, jokers) since 1935, and an entomologist who is studying a type of tick whose bite sets off such an extreme immune reaction that arthritis results. It was far from being a pain though, because the dining room floor was washed by 8:30, dishes were done in peace, and the kitty was purring like a generator.

The Pah, far from being a non-entity of a hut, too big to be small, too low to be high, too mid to be West, will continue to be a singular sensation.

Visit Us!! Especially at Octorberfest!

Giulia Norton

Later...

...come to think of it, maybe the First Annual will turn out to be the last EVER. It seems that the septic system, after a well-behaved summer, finally decided to blow.

Couldn't have planned it better!!

SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE

Type recorded message left on Mr. Warren's Desk.

"Good afternoon Mr. Self. Your mission should you decide to accept it is to run the AMC Hut System until such time as you are relieved. I'll tell you right now that's going to be tomorrow around 12:00 noon. I mean afterall, there is still going to be that truck trip to pack up tomorrow. During your brief tenure as manager it is expected that you will continue to uphold the high level of standards and commitment to excellence now shown by this current administration. In return, the hut staff will be doing the same fine job in your place at Mizpah. Please understand that the hut system office has not closed, it must be fully staffed at all times. While I am sure you have plenty of ideas as to what to do during your brief stay in the office I would request that you accomplish at least the following two: 1) radio call Saturday morning and 2) delivering the message which is directly beneath this tape machine to the Carter Notch croo. Thank you very much. In closing I would just add that you must be flexible. Anything can happen and probably will and we will see you tomorrow. This tape will not self-distruct in ten seconds. It's the only one I have." Dave Warren.

At the Pah, a gourmet meal is in the works.

Although Yvonne had never been a hut girl, she had the kitchen in control by the time I arrived. Her machine shredded carrots, brought up from the valley, awaited the arrival of whole wheat flour, soon to be metamorphasized into whole wheat carrot cake. The ground turkey loaf was browning and before long, the onions for home-made tomato soup were sauteing. I, having been a hut boy, found myself right at home in the dish sink. Washing dishes. The only dish sink I fit in is at Lakes. Suspecting that our cohorts would not throw off their office habits (such as punctuality, or a lack thereof) we prepared salads ahead of time, taking time out to answer guests questions, like "How long will it take me to hike to get to Webster Cliffs? Can I make it back before dinner?" They must have wondered why hut-people didn"t know the answer to such a question immediately, but since we didn't want to let on that we weren't scruffy hut-people, I did my best at estimating."Oh about forty minutes. No more than that. You'll be back for supper." They were back, alright, but also out of breath and mad that I would be so stupid. I told them to wait a few hours to see how stupid I really was.

Dave Warren arrived at 5 P.M., struggling under a load of Ritz crackers and ten cups of whole wheat flour. Yvonne snatched up the flour and got the cake in the oven,while Dave showed me how to tie a diamond hitch without pulling the rope through. Amazing the amount of detail managers can retain. Shortly thereafter, Jon Martinson, Pinkham manager, arrived, and just after dinner began, Mike and Kristen Waddell, along with Mike Pratt and Bonnie Lamb, walked in just in time for soup bowls.

Jon, Dave and I took turns serving. For having a well-known hatred of hut routine, Jon was the most solicitous server I've ever seen. And the smile on his face! Unfortunately, he declined the Hutmaster position at Lakes for the summer of 83 because of the difficult motorcycling terrain above tree-line. Too bad. The guests, although a bit suspicious of our ages and levels of maturity (for example,there were no periods of uncontrollable giggling) had no idea what was happening until Dave let the cat out of the bag (contrary to rumors, the cat never was in the oven. Yvonne caught Jon muttering "Microwave kitty" and about to place the little fur ball on the rack, the dial on hyper-burn.).The people I'd sent to Webster's Cliffs threw me a knowing smile and we were friends again. Dave announced the three evening programs: he would do a systems walk, Jon would take a group to the summit of Clinton to watch the sunset, and I would play the guitar. Mike Waddell offered to accompany me on the chain saw, but none was available. Too bad.

As you might expect, guest-crew interaction was electric and 10 P.M. came quickly. We sent the guests to bed, hunkered down over a bottle of

(see pg. 13)

Appalachian Mountain Club
Northern New England Regional Office

PINKHAM NOTCH CAMP
GORHAM, N.H. 03581

603 466-2721

To: all hut crews
From: hut system office
Subject: improvements for the coming year

Dear crews:

As the summer of 1982 draws to a close, we here at base have been impressed by the job done by all crews, but have seen a need for improvements for next summer to make the job more efficient and less time consuming. The following is a partial list of some of these improvements. Please be aware that we encourage comments on this subject, and hope you will feel free to drop by the office and add your own ideas.

- A cuisinart shall be installed in each packhouse so that salads and all vegetable processing will occur in the valley and be packed up in small, individual serving baggies. These will in turn serve as doggy bags and soumenirs.

- The reservation desk has been instructed to start immediatly on the 1983 reservation policy. Because of this years unexpectedly low no show rate, the resi desk will now be purposely underbooking all huts in order to reduce crowding at all huts, esspecially on weekends, which is the most popular time for crew saunas. With the expected results of up to no more than 20% capacity for any hut on any night, it will be easy at any time to free up that extra crew member at supper time to go out and heat up the rocks.

-Because of the recent surge of interest in ghetto box music systems, and the accompanying high rate of battery consumption, all huts will be outfitted immediatly with photovoltaicly powered in house music systems, with tape decks and high range FM antenna systems for the ultimate in backcountry rock and roll.

- -Crew use of the AMC hiker shuttle has increased dramatically in the past year, interfereing with the intended function of this service, and at times squeezing out paying customers. To eliminate this problem entirely and speed up crew valley days and trips to Tattvamasi, and fun towne , an AMC crew shuttle will be started with a complete north country schedule and plentiful time for special request trips.

New acting Huts Manager Rooney Self has authorized and endorsed all of the above items .

officially yours,

Rooney

RS/dog

J.D. in the kitchen, went outside to watch cumulus skipping past the moon on high winds, and staggered to bed, exhausted.

I remember trying to raid Mizpah in '78 and being foiled by a squeaky spring on the front door. I'm sure that spring hasn't been oiled or replaced since, because at 1 A.M., I was squeaked awake by someone entering and attempting to hide their obvious presence. Unbeknownst to me, Jon heard the same and was lying awake in the bunk under mine, also wishing he hadn't heard it. A guest got up and went to the bathroom, stopping those creeping footsteps in their tracks. After a time, they began creeping up toward the crew room. Trying to make no noise on the Mizpah crew room stairs is like trying to walk naked down the aisle at your wedding and going unnoticed. As they neared the top step, I was out of bed, and the light was in their eyes. Kevin Kerin and Ruth Goldman from Lakes were caught in mid-creep, Tundra stamp poised in mid-air (they sought to stamp my slumbering form). Jon got up with me and we went down to see what havoc they had wrought. A dummy, stuffed with goofer box items, sat on the cook's chair, holding an empty beer can. They had also made a crew sign for us from pictures appearing on various food products, illustrating the the change from office image to hut worker. Dave and Mike W. came down to see what the commotion was about, and finding it all in control, returned to bed. Perhaps the image I will remember most clearly is Mike and Dave walking back upstairs, clad only in T-shirts and underwear, in the glare of a headlamp's light. It brought the entire event into dubious focus.

At 5 P.M., the alarm jolted me awake. I have to admit that, even with store bought Hollandaise sauce and bargain english muffins, I was leary about Eggs Benedict for sixty. But at 5:15 A.M., the Wave added his cool confidence to the scene, as well as some homemade Hollandaise to thin out the extra-lemony flavor of Durkee's sauce, and we were flying. The guests were awakened by "Here Comes the Sun" and were served their hot cereal (from which I proudly report there were no leftovers),and then Yvonne got their attention and showed them how to fold their blankets the scientific way. I took exception to her methods, and led the guests in a rousing rendition of "Fold Your Blankets." Moving with the efficiency of a well-oiled machine, Eggs Benedict emerged on orange-slice garnished platters to the applause of our patrons. They made gluttons of themselves, to our delight, leaving just enough for us to make gluttons of ourselves at crew chow. The kitchen was reamed and returned to its original splendor, a layer of Hollandaise and poached egg removed from the floor, the hut reamed and blankets "straightened" (I learned a valuable lesson from Dave, concerning how to make the bunkrooms look great without refolding blankets. You tuck all stray edges under the top, perfectly folded blanket.) Mike Waddell, acting as hut-boy, went through girations of dismay when he discovered the septic system was clogged, but realizing that he would meet the same were he to call base for help, he discarded his hutboy role and became Construction Crew chief once again. He and Dave unstuffed our Lakes dummy and dressed in goofer box clothes to keep the shit from hitting the man. Dave's flowered shower cap made him look like a touring Conehead, and Mike's swami-cap of a bound T-shirt made him look like a crazed Buddhist, especially when he was dancing around screaming about how typical a Mizpah septic blow-up was for any time he showed up there. They shovelled three barrels of biscuit, and we lugged them down to the helicopter pad with the help of Mr. Pratt, grunting, sweating and complaining. After these events, the hut returned to a normal day of business, with AT hikers gobbling cold Eggs Benny, office people wandering dazedly down the Crawford Path, and the Mizpah crew returning fresh from, essentially, a valley night. I hear they had trouble figuring out the postage meter. If that was their worst problem, there's little question about who got which end of the stick during this, the first Annual Office/Hut Crew Switch. I went home and went right to bed. This hut work is for younger people.

Mike Torrey

Tape recorded message found by Mr. Warren, upon his return:

"Yes Dave, you were right. Anything can and will happen in a day in the huts. I hope you washed your hands before you turned on the dictaphone. We have one last message for you from Unit One. THANK YOU!!!!!! See ya." Mr. Self.

POTENTILLA:

their message, Barbara Wagner (Education Coordinator) and Dijit wrote to all groups with reservations at the four high huts, asking them to stay on the trail with general references to alpine ecology. One group leader wrote back, irate that the AMC would attempt to restrict this freedom to walk where he wished. The AMC people responded with a careful, concise letter of explanation, detailing the entire Potentilla issue. The man again replied, this time apologetic and thankful for the time and effort the two program coordinators had given to educate him. Dijit found this gratifying, and hopes to reach everybody in the same way.

As in all issues, there is a bottom line. Might the Potentilla be disappearing of its own accord, victim of its own habitat needs and the periodic extreme weather conditions experienced above treeline? The two minimal snow years of 80-81 hurt the transplant populations considerably. Only time and research will tell, but in the meantime, the Potentilla Working Group is doing its best to minimize unnatural inhibitors.

Mike Torrey

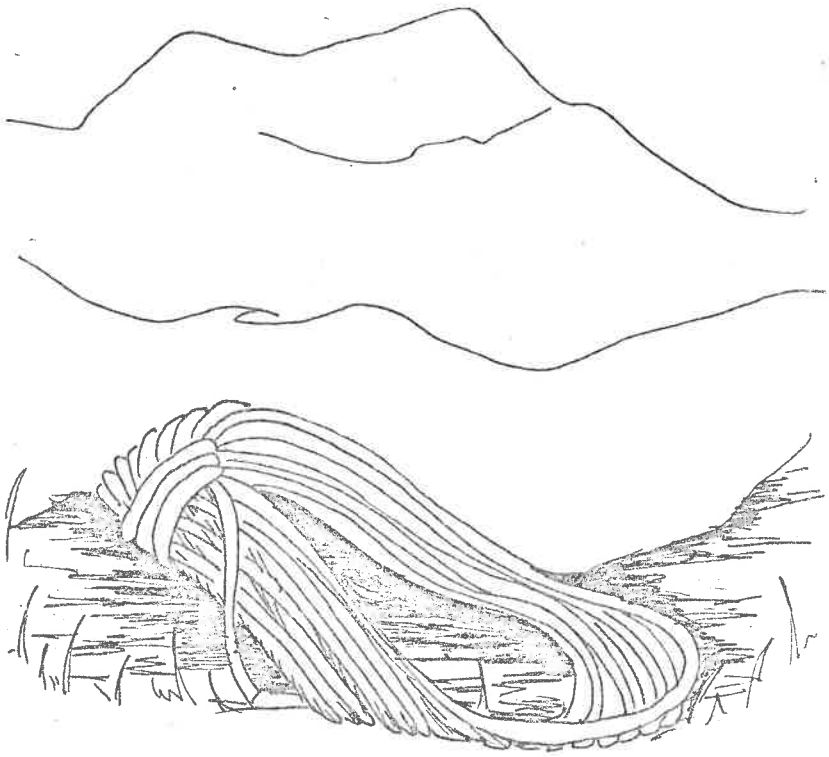
SEVERAL IDEAS FROM THE LONESOME CREW.

- Annoyed with untying knots in your mile-long packrope? Sick and tired of boxes falling all over the trail? Well here's a late but great idea for tying on a load.

Tie your normal diamond hitch but instead of knotting on the fourth hook, tie a slip knot in the rope. Take the slip knot and loop the bight of the rope around the fourth hook. Now you can tighten the slip-knot and really secure that load.

- A new name for the brown water thermoses. Instead of Sammy Davis Jr., how about Sammy Day-Biz Jr.?

- One thing we've done to keep the area clean is asked leaders of large groups or asked at breakfast that each person pick up one piece of trash on their way out.



EDITOR'S NOTE: (This letter was written to John Dunn by Brad Snyder, Administrator of the Mohonk Trust at the Gunks Climbing Park. It is about Hugh Herr, one of two climbers rescued in January by AMC and State officials.)

Dear John: August 11, 1982

Just a brief added medical curiosity... Hughie Herr, one of the two kids lost on Mt. Washington last winter who caused the rescue-avalanche fatality, had another accident at the Gunks on Saturday. He was working on a 5.11, slipped, some protection failed, and he slithered to the ground. Not seriously injured. He asked a passer-by to look for his EB's, to which his legs were still attached. He will be getting around on crutches while his legs are in the shop being repaired. Our rangers feel we are headed for three classes of climbing - free, aid, and prosthetic. I foresee the possibility of self-mutilation in order to gain a climbing advantage, because that was 5.11. Turns out his artificial feet pivot a full 90 degrees, so that he can place his feet on absolutely vertical rock and still gain some friction. I am recommending to John Felice that he appear on the same program as Harry McDade, speaking on "Overcoming Your Fear of Frostbite."

Brad

JUST GET ME TO THE BOWL ON TIME
by Larry Rogovin

I never made it to Mud Bowl 1981. In fact, the closest I've come to Mud Bowl was a mud pie I once had for desert at the Dana Place. My folks were treating. But I know about the spirit of Mud Bowl.

A lot of the psyche undoubtedly comes from doing the charities a good turn. And much of it comes from fever that runs through any gladitorial contest worth its salt. But most Mud Bowl spirit seems to derive from being one-of-a-kind, just one of those things unlike any other thing. Like Bazooka.

The State Liquor Store's been selling Old Overhold for years. Old Overcoat, made in Cincinatti and one of history's best-kept secrets: Why the South lost the Civil War. The bottles don't always seem the same color. But it's the only straight, unblended rye whiskey sold in New Hampshire. One-of-a-kind.

Last Mud Bowl I went to the wedding of a friend, who also happens to be a damn good cook to boot. But he always burns the bacon. At least he did before he got married. I remember breakfast in his kitchen, running 15 minutes late with 90 people outside, their bellies eager for the gate to swing open. The way he eyed the clock with forced calm. He had a plan when things started running behind: halve the cooking time and double the temp. It is said you can't produce a baby in one month by sleeping with nine women. The same principal seems to apply, more or less, to bacon.

The marriage was called for Saturday, September 12, at 11 a.m., the precise day and hour of the 1981 International Mud Bowl Championship Parade. Inside the church, strategically located at the head of the Hog Parade route, I sat with a small group of friends and listened to the cacophony mount. Traffic thickened in the heat of the day, clotting and spurting down the main drag.

Fifteen minutes past and still no preacher. The bride waited in the wings for the curtain to rise, the pageant to unfold. With the "director" indisposed or caught in traffic or something for Chrissakes. I thought of bacon.

The first chords of the Wedding March pealed everywhere, loud, against the tide of the parade. Ushers with five o'clock shadows at 11:20 start to look anxious. Still no preacher. Someone took

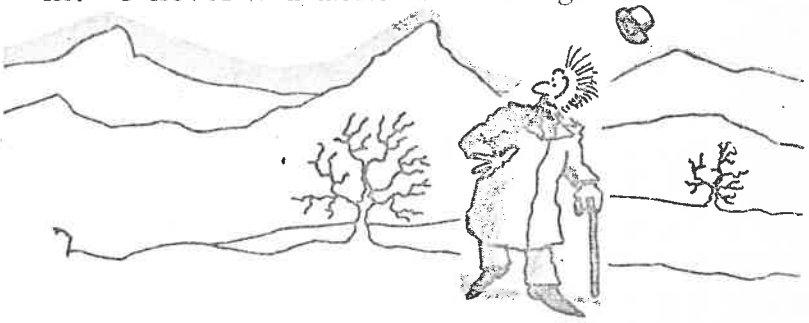
the moment and from the pulpit, began, "Father in Heaven, Thou art almighty..."

The Hog horns blared through the open stained-glass, shrill and jubilent with booze and hunger for battle. Police sirens.

"Father look upon the faith of all of us here this morning..."

Blah-Blahhhht!

Forty minutes late, the priest pulled in. I never did make it to the game.



THE CLIMB FROM KATRA CHI.

The valley of Katra Chi lay beneath Lin Piao like two cupped hands, holding all he knew of the world. He gazed at the rocky escarpments that had protected the village for so many years, and wondered how it could be that Katra Chi had lost the innocence it had when he was a boy. He wondered too how he, Lin Piao, had lost the innocence he had known as a boy, but that is a different story.

Some people believed that the temple of Katra Chi fell from grace as soon as it accepted money for its hospitality, at first a meager religious donation. This

over →

Katra-Chi (cont.)

money enabled them to pay a carpenter to build a shack on to the temple, to house their goats in, which in turn provided them with milk. That is, the goats supplied the milk; the only thing the shed ever produced was some strange looking brushes and dishwasher parts... Before long, they had an entire family of goats, and much more milk, cheese, yogurt, butter, cream, half n' half, and other dairy products than they needed, and so to help feed the growing herd, they sold the extra in the village of Pinka-Ni, which meant a rugged hike over a mountain pass and down a narrow, rocky path to the valley. Lin Piao made the trip himself, once every few days, which kept his legs strong like iron. His heavy packboard, however, had a nasty tendency to push his belly out like a large and hollow barrel. The other days he spent in worship, and tending to the business of the temple, like filling out incense permits and selling a religious worship bread which was believed to have fallen from heaven at least 2000 years ago. These offerings often caused a person to flee to the woods to squat down and pay homage to mother nature, and so were known as "tuck" bars.

One evening a young man came to the temple door carrying a large knife. Lin Piao, who was lighting some candles on the altar, was the first to notice him. He felt a pang of fear, but could not imagine what the stranger could be doing. He looked ready to chop vegetables for a salad, but Lin wisely realized that this could not be so, for the salads had already been done. Perhaps the stranger would do table sets? Lin Piao's temple brother saw the stranger too, and stepped in front of him. "Why are you here, young stranger?" he asked. The stranger replied calmly, "I am here for the money from the goats' milk, cheese, cream, butter, yogurt, half n' half (have I forgot any?) and Tuck bars you sell." and he circled the blade menacin gly in his hand. "You must leave here," Gefa Bi told him, "The money is not yours." Lin Piao wanted to say, "Please give it to him, Gefa Bi. No money is worth your life," but he had no breath to propel the words from his mouth. Suddenly the stranger sprang forward and brought the blade down hard across Gefa Bi's leg. Gefa Bi groaned and sank to the ground, clutching the spot on his thigh where the steel blade had bitten into his flesh. Blood oozed between his fingers. "Now," repeated the stranger, "the money." Lin Piao disappeared and returned with a brown leather bag. He handed it to the man. "It is all that we have."

"What about your radio?" snapped the robber.

"Radios have not been invented." responded Gefa Bi, between gasps of pain. The robber snatched the bag from Lin Piao's outstretched hand, and fled from the temple, picking up a case of Tuck bars as he left, and soon he was gone. Lin Piao turned to help Gefa Bi, and made a dressing for the wound from oil, vinegar, and a few spices. In a few weeks Gefa Bi could walk again, but Lin Piao realized that the robber had done more than wound Gefa Bi's thigh--from that day on he looked at every stranger in the temple with a little less trust, and that loss of innocence made him sad. He tried to imagine himself as the robber, to imagine what could have caused him to steal from them. He could see why a person might want their money, but surely only a fool would steal Tuck bars. He wondered what kind of world this man had come from, this world beyond Katra Chi.

He also wondered what he could have done had the man wounded Gefa Bi more seriously. In all the valley of Katra Chi there was no true healer, although there were dozens of EMT's. He had heard that in the city of Hanoshi one might learn to be a healer, provided he avoided the medical school there, and he thought long and hard whether he would dare venture beyond the safe confines of Katra Chi. It would be so easy to stay on for fall temple croo. He knew he could be happy forever in Katra-Chi with its beauty and the people loved and yet, he knew that to leave the valley for the lands beyond might make him happier still. He was afraid. He envied his friends staying on at the temple, but he knew he must go, and he must leave soon, as the summer was rapidly coming to an end. One evening, after the most brilliant sunset he had ever seen, Lin Piao began to pack his things. The next morning, after a warm and tearful farewell from his friends, family and temple brothers and sisters at Katra-chi, he shouldered the wooden frame with all his earthly possessions lashed to it, and headed up toward the pass. A wind racing down the mountainslope seemed to

(next page)

Dr. Crane's Examination

1. Where is Seal Island? (hint: it's somewhere in the Presidentials.)

2. Where is the Fall of a Thousand Streams? (hint: on a clear day, you can see it from Seal Island.)

3. In the summer of 1982, what employee of the AMC Trails Department worked at the site of a former AMC hut? (no, it's not Pinkham)

4. A give-away. Everyone knows that Madison is the oldest hut, now approaching the century mark. But another AMC facility has been serving the public for over one hundred and fifty years. What is it? (it hasn't always been run by the AMC) Peter Crane

Answers in the next issue!

katra chi (cont.)

F (3 A.M. Lines)

be trying to push him back to Katrachi, but only managed to crump his packload into the bushes a few times. He bowed his head and doggedly ascended the steep trail at a powerful, even pace.

From time to time the trees parted, allowing him a glimpse at the temple of Katrachi, with the sun burning down on its white roof, and bouncing off the glassy surface of its lakes. He felt a deep sadness and loss of direction and yet, when he crossed the pass and began to descend to Pinka-Ni, he started to feel better. He was going on a new adventure, and he was still Lin Piao, and he knew that Katra Chi would still be Katra Chi when he returned, except, of course, the rates would be higher.

John Dunn

Two Trees

Two Trees standing side by side
had grown Together
filling in the gaps
with intertwining branches.

Suddenly, one tree was removed
leaving the remaining one
with nothing to do but concentrate
on filling in the void...

Janet Morgan

THE END?

In the last issue of the "Crowds", I complained about my inability to keep a deadline, and I'm now two weeks behind schedule. My excuse? Closings of course. Lakes and Madison are shuttered and silent, emptied of their contents, human and otherwise,and Lonesome is receiving some crucial repairs. Caretakers are oriented and preparing for their final stretch, winter caretakers are making out their req's and I have five days off when I finish this here little summation of a summer. "Among the Crowds", AMC North Country Newsletter ofa single summer's fame, shuts down for the season. The word processor acquired quite a few new vocabulary words from the likes of Stroker Rogovin, John Dunn, Mike Pratt,Bill Kelley, Rick Boyce and others.Lori Dombek's artwork brought a fresh humor to its pages, and Nancy Bazilchuk's "Cosmic Debris" wreaked travesty on the "impotent" people in this here Northern Notch. It's all over.

Or is it? I was talking with Sue and Janet at the desk tonight, and they said they would help. Ami and Heather want to draw, and there must be more writers out there. Peter Crane has a trivia column in this issue. Mr. Data should be able to keep that alive. Any new people looking for a chance to see themselves in print? The OH are starting to show interest. One a month wouldn't be too difficult, with a little help. The subject is mountains and anything that can or did happen in, around, because and on top of them. And a lot of other things. Maybe ,like the huts, a closing is another preparation for a new beginning. Only one month to wait to see if the "Crowds" is more than a seasonal phenomenon.

As the final word, I think we all owe a great deal of appreciation to Yvonne Jenkins, who put in a lot of time typing this on the word proceesor, a service without which the newsletter could not have been of such high quantity or quality.

And now, Days off. See ya. MT