



# Chips & Clippings

Dedicated to the activities and history of the AMC Trail Crew

Fall 2017



## Message from the President...

It's been a busy year!

The big news, as you have been hearing in recent e-newsletters, is the Centennial Celebration – the AMC Trail Crew turns 100 in 2019. TCA has a group working on the logistics of this important anniversary – see Centennial update from Bruce 'Jake' Jacobson later in Chips. It's still a work in progress and there are many opportunities to get involved and lend your creative ideas. We need your input and participation to make this a memorable event!

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## Secretary's Report – Safety Focus & Ongoing Improvements for TCA and Cabin in 2017

2017 was a productive year, with your board meeting five times since the in-person meeting at Pinkham last November 2016.

Four new board members were elected at our Annual Meeting at Pinkham on that November 12<sup>th</sup>—Videographer and photographer Mark Dannenhauer, first woman trail master (1995) and religion professor Dr. Rachel Wheeler, recent former trail crew member John Connolly (aka Washburn), and former trail master (1977) and microbiologist Dr. Bruce Jacobson (aka Jake), who's leading a committee working on the 2019 Trail Crew Centennial.

Business in 2017 focused on improving protections of the association from liability, continuing the safety and improvements to the cabin, particularly the now near completion after three years of the cabin's third roof with my and Dylan DiMartino's (aka Goldrush) installation of a new roof on the little cabin which is owned, along with the TC cabin, by the TCA. Special thanks to the 2017 crew for getting shingles and building supplies in, and later, construction wastes and accumulated junk out—during a very productive August 12 workday.

Two lawyers, Margaret Wheeler (mother of Board member Rachel Wheeler), and Dennis L. Morgan from our traditional attorneys at Cooper Cargill and Chant in North Conway, reviewed the Wagner lease we sign annually for the Cabin. As Morgan explained, "the lease is really a 'take it or leave it' proposition." However, the liability insurance provided by Wagner Woodlands is sound protection for the association as well as Wagner.

With the aid of 2017 Trail Master Sam Kilburn aka Archie, copies of the 2017 Wagner **Liability Release** have been printed.

*(Continued on page 2)*

## Secretary's Report (continued from page 1)

***These Liability Release Forms must be signed one-time per year by all visitors to the Cabin (even by day-visitors) as per landlord Wagner.*** Please sign upon your arrival and store the completed forms in the folder on the cabin kitchen table.

In further action to protect the association, the Board approved for the first time Directors and Officers Insurance from Selective Insurance that went into effect on August 15<sup>th</sup>.

The association continues to grapple with chronic challenges including poor dues returns by members, tracking members with our database, Website and Facebook pages, struggling to raise necessary funds to maintain the cabin and association and getting new members involved. Loving Shelburne as I do, this original builder contributed more than \$3,300 to the Cabin in 2017 paying for the re-roofing of the little cabin, repair of that gable there, legal review, D&O insurance advance, one-half the Wagner rent and utilities, as well as dumpster and scaffolding rental. Future improvements on-deck include:

- a large, locked tool locker onsite,
- two modern, low-creosote woodstoves including Metalbestos shields and piping (to replace the three 40+ year-old stoves on site; the Ashley Stove has already been removed),
- continuing addition of and exploration of battery-powered and photovoltaic lighting,
- a new privy, and extending the bench so we can move the fire-pit southwesterly to increase distance from both cabins; and
- repair and replacement of gas lights possibly including new gas stoves.

Special thanks to John Lamanna and Dylan Dimartino who keep an eagle eye performing numerous important inspections and tasks, and to current crews using our backwoods home. To paraphrase Joe Dodge and John Lamanna, "Do the god damn dishes, and rake-out around the god damn building."

FOO,  
Bobe - Robert Proudman, TCA Secretary  
1965-68, Trail Supervisor 1971-79

## President's Message (continued from page 1)

TCA has been very concerned with the move of Trail Crew from Pinkham's Hutton Lodge to a new building (yet to be built) at Camp Dodge. This move is scheduled for 2019. TCA has worked with the AMC leadership and consulted current crew to get the most out of this move. Building constraints, as it is Forest Service land, have not allowed for all of the features recommended. Even so, there are many verifiable qualities that make this a positive move for current crew. You can see the proposed Camp Dodge Construction Site Plan at:

<https://www.fs.usda.gov/projects/whitemountain/landmanagement/projects>.

Click on "Camp Dodge Project "

Next, TCA has received generous monetary donations to retrofit and improve the Shelburne Cabin, thanks to 1950's crews for funding! It's been 40 years since it was built, so you might expect some maintenance and upgrades. See the Secretary's Report for more information on what's been done and needs for the future.

I attended the work party at the cabin in August (an annual event) and split a significant amount of wood for people to enjoy this winter. Trail crew guys and gals worked so hard to clean and care for the place. It's heartwarming! What I learned and took away from this event is that I am no longer 20 years old and parts of my body talked back to me that day but, more importantly, Shelburne is a very special place for both alums and current crew. It's where memories are made and tales and lies are told. The work party is a fun day and I encourage all alumni/ae to donate to its upkeep, join in next year and give back to maintain it.

Lastly, the annual reunion is almost here! November 11<sup>th</sup> we gather, at Pinkham (for almost a decade consecutively). Reunions get bigger and better every year. You never know who will turn out! It's a time for camaraderie, the latest edition of the TCA film, and more! See you there!

- "Foo"

Craig Whiton, TCA President  
Trail Crew 1967, '69-'71

## Treasurer's Report –

This year's Treasurer's report begins September 1, 2016 and ends on August 31, 2017.

### Income:

Donations	\$1,690.00
Dues	\$1,046.93

Donations were received from 10 members, ranging from \$5 to \$1,000.

Annual dues of \$1,046.93 were received from 27 members, \$1,150 from 4 life members (one who made a 3<sup>rd</sup> payment and is now a fully vested life member). There was a slight increase in the number of dues paying members since 2016. I want to thank all who renewed their dues. I also want to welcome our new members.

### To increase the sustainability of the Association we need more dues paying members.

We now have 24 life members in the Association. This is an increase of three life members from 2016. As Treasurer I place these funds in our savings account with the goal of only drawing off 1/10<sup>th</sup> of the income each year.

Shelburne Lodge Fund: We do not have such a fund - yet - we should set one up. \$1,170 was contributed toward repairs to the Shelburne roof project.

A special appeal was made by Bob Watts to the 1950's alumni for donations toward wood stove replacement at the Shelburne Cabin. This is a result of the unsafe conditions of the existing wood stoves. To date, \$3,250 has been contributed with the goal being \$4,000. Many thanks to the 1950's trail crew alumni! If other alumni wish to contribute to this effort that would be most appreciated!

### Expenses:

Shelburne Lodge	\$2,478.96
(Lease, taxes, insurance)	
Trail Crew Bash	\$ 400.00
(same as last year)	
Chips and Clippings	\$ 561.49
(\$76.68 decrease over FY 2016)	
TCA Operations	\$ 712.79
(Website \$0-due to web site upgrades in 2016 and modification to Go Daddy hosting plan, \$624 Directors and Officers Insurance (new for 2017), the rest is miscellaneous; \$877.30 decrease over FY 2016)	

There were no Annual Meeting/Reunion expenses in 2016, due to a donation from an alumnus. Thank you!

Also, as in recent years, there was no contribution made to the AMC Trails Program.

### Account balances as of August, 27, 2017

Checking acct balance	\$3,807.35
Savings acct balance	\$6,316.56

Of note, in this period we had a deficit of \$524.09 (a decrease over FY 2016). This is a real deficit as I have subtracted the special stove donations (\$3,250) from the Profit & Loss Statement.

We continue the need to boost income or reduce expenses. During this financial period I did not need to transfer any funds from our savings into the checking to cover expenses. It is anticipated that I will need to do a transfer before the end of 2017, however.

**Please consider sending in your dues to help the Association remain fiscally viable!**

See you at the reunion!

-Peter Jensen- 1976-1979 TM '79  
TCA Treasurer

## PAY YOUR DUES TODAY!

Without your dues, we can't fulfill our mission!

One Year Membership .....\$35.00

Life Membership .....\$350.00

Current Crew and Students.....\$25.00

Mail your dues to:

P.O. Box 100  
Washington, VT 05675

Or pay on-line at: [www.amctca.com](http://www.amctca.com)

Strongly consider making a donation too!

## Trail Master's Report -

The 99<sup>th</sup> summer of the AMC Trail Crew did not get off to a smooth start. Two weeks before the season began, two crew leaders informed me that they would not return, and one week into the season, a fourth and first year quit. Despite these setbacks, the show must go on, and so TFC did what is does best: put its head down and went to work.

The patrolling season was a success, and passed with little injury or disruption. Blowdowns reverted to an average amount this year, and I'm certain everyone on the crew was thankful for their return. In addition to clearing blowdowns, we cleaned drains on all of the AMC-maintained trails. We had a number of cold and wet days this year, often marked by hail or snow up on the ridges. While these days can be taxing, they are undeniably beneficial to crew dynamics, strength, and bonding. At the end of patrols, we were graced by a rare two days of nice weather as TFC converged on Lakes of the Clouds for BPE (Best Patrol Ever).

As the crew transitioned into woods weeks, Penny led the Crawford Path project, Eugene led the Lonesome Lake Trail project, and Smathers led the Eisenhower Loop Trail project. For our second year in a row, the TFC spent the entire summer filling a section of the Crawford Path with rock staircases, rock water bars, and rock check steps. While the depleted quarry zone provided for some frustrating stretches, Penny and her crews were able to complete a wealth of high quality work. Eugene headed up the work on the Lonesome Lake Trail, a trail that has decades of TFC rock work on it. The steep quarry zone warranted a trail closure, and the Lonesome crew quickly realized the pleasure of doing rock work with no goofers around. Eugene and her crews spent six weeks highlining rocks to the trail, and firing rock staircases, rock scree, retaining walls, and rock water bars into the trail. After crew leading the mop-up patrol week, Smathers got started on his Mt. Eisenhower project. TFC carried the steel tripods up to the summit of Mt. Eisenhower and erected a rare alpine highline. Smathers and his crews spent eight weeks flying rocks to the trail and carrying them all over the summit of Mt. Eisenhower. When the project concluded mid-August, they had flown hundreds of

loads of rock, constructed scree walls all along the trail, created rock cribbing to reinforce previous TFC work, and reconstructed several cairns, including the famous summit cairn. TFC also spent three weeks on the Twinway heading up to Zeacliff, replacing all wooden water bars and building a rock retaining wall just above Zealand Falls Hut.

In addition to the trail work mentioned above, the AMC Trail Crew made progress in other areas. The leadership of the 2017 crew met in January and brainstormed ways in which we could elevate the public awareness of the AMC Trail Crew. We decided that we would like to participate in the events at National Trails Day and deliver hut programs to increase public understanding about trail work in the White Mountains. Throughout the spring I sought permission for the Trail Crew to deliver a weekly evening program on Trail Maintenance at Lonesome Lake Hut, and I spoke with Amanda Peterson about how TFC could be incorporated into the AMC's National Trails Day event. This summer, the ideas we brainstormed in January came to fruition. Eugene and her crew delivered the weekly program at Lonesome, often to a curious and engaged audience, and four senior members of the Trail Crew drove to the Highland Center for National Trails Day to volunteer in the day's trail work activities. Furthermore, this year saw Trail Crew participate in more search and rescue efforts than I have ever seen or heard of. Often these events were quite mentally and physically taxing, as Trail Crew was involved in the recovery of multiple bodies throughout the summer. This crew never hesitated to step up and go beyond the call of duty.

As my time as Trailmaster winds down, I have peace of mind knowing that Smathers will be my successor. Smathers is a man dedicated to the craft of trail work. He impresses us all with his natural, calm leadership style, his organizational skills, and his intense note taking. I am confident that he will lead with thoughtfulness, strength, and integrity.

Thank you for this time on the AMC Trail Crew. It has meant more to me than I will ever be able to express.

So long,  
Sam "Archie" Kilburn  
Trailmaster 2017





### Current Crew (2017)

**Trail Supervisor:** Zack Urgese

**Trailmaster** – Sam Kilburn ‘Archie’ (4<sup>th</sup> Year)

#### 4<sup>th</sup> Years:

Maggie Lacwasan “Thor”

Alex Milde “Nova”

#### 3<sup>rd</sup> Years:

Abigail Lown "Eugene Beauharnais Cook"

Hannah Mellor "Penny"

Marshall Pontrelli “Smathers”

#### 2<sup>nd</sup> Years:

Laura McManamy "Hazel"

Colin Pogue "Coupons"

#### 1<sup>st</sup> Years:

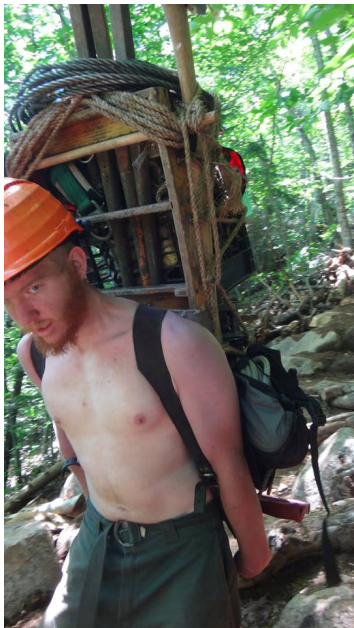
Ben Church “BFG”

Finn Mahoney “Wench”

Lucy Milde “Jax”

Morgan Olsen “Tuck”

Hunter Scott “Youssef”



### Trail Supervisor Report –

As always the summer season comes and goes in a flash and 2017 has been no different. It was a great crew this summer that did a lot of great work, as described in the Trail Master’s report. The crew was smaller in size this year than in past years, budget restrictions club-wide, uncertainty in project funding, and difficulties in retaining staff resulted in a flux of hiring that dragged on and on and by the time woods weeks came around it seemed easier to just drop it and roll with the crew that we had, while not ideal it worked out just fine. We were still able to run three projects a week until we thought it would be fun to roll with just two bigger crews for the last couple weeks, one being Old Folks and Young Folks. Projects were funded via NH-Recreational Trails Program Grant, Fields Pond, the Appalachian Trail Conservancy, AMC’s 4,000 Footer Club, and a challenge cost share with the USFS while the Club footed the bill for trainings, patrols, the match to the USFS challenge cost share, and two of the three weeks of the Twinway project.

We are running a fall crew that will slowly grow to 5 people working on Lonesome Lake Trail, Osceola, Tuckerman Crossover, and finishing with our annual patrol of ski trails. Around August 24<sup>th</sup>, a few alpine trails in the Whites fell victim to needless vandalism; cairns were partially to fully toppled over by one peculiar individual. Crawford Path, Davis Path, Tuckerman Crossover, and Sandwich Range Trail were some of the trails that fell in the path of such vandalism. Tuckerman Crossover was hit especially hard with 40 or so cairns destroyed nearly to their bases. As of now the fall crew will spend a week based out of Lakes to repair as many cairns as possible on the Tuckerman Crossover, whether or not the weather cooperates.

-Zach Urgese

AMC Trail Supervisor



## Capable of More

In the late morning of a warm June all-women's patrol, I was the first crewmember to come upon a newly blown down maple tree along the Wildcat River Trail. As I slipped my pack off my back onto the ground and reached swiftly for my axe, worried thoughts ran through my mind. "Maple, hardwood, 20 inches in diameter. Big-ass tree. I'll need two chops." Even with two full summers on the crew under my belt, I still felt the need to reaffirm my abilities well into my third year. But, as I found true for the Maple on the Wildcat River Trail and many blowdowns and rocks to follow, I was and always will be capable of so much more than I think I am. My third summer on the crew was daily practice in leadership, as I crew-led a six-week project on the Lonesome Lake Trail (LLT) in Franconia Notch. This was my first opportunity to hold a leadership role that required as much experience and knowledge as crew leading does. I learned quickly that the best way for me to lead was to be myself and trust my own knowledge.

While working on the LLT this summer, our crew camped ¼ mile from the hut up the Fishin' Jimmy trail. We hiked past Lonesome Lake every day to get to and from work. The crew reaped the benefits of the hut's presence by regularly borrowing the huts' canoe and swiping baked goods after work (which were generously offered to us by the hut crew). One day while paddling the canoe, our crew discovered a clear, perfect echo when we yelled to the west of the lake toward the Kinsmans. A second year pondered how loud you would need to fart to get it to echo back to us across the lake. No success. The daily laughter, bickering, conversation and hard work ensured that there was never a dull moment.

As I watched the work on the LLT progress, I felt more and more confident in my trail work as well as leadership abilities throughout the summer. I watched the construction of six rock staircases, two waterbars, a retaining wall, a turnpike, and lots of scree and brushing to narrow the corridor. I come away from this summer feeling more connected to the trail crew than I ever have.

TFC has become a formative part of my identity, my sister and brotherhood, and my inspiration to work hard and push through challenges. For these things I am forever grateful.

FOO!

-Abigail "Eugene B. Cook" Lown, 3rd year



Eugene

## Trails Resulting from Huts (Nearly 100 years earlier in the same place)

When a new Club hut is authorized, it presents problems and possibilities to the Department of Trails. It may not be realized that, after the Lakes-of-the-Clouds Hut was built, the Crawford Path was relocated for more than a mile to pass its door, the Tuckerman Cross-Over entirely relocated, the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail opened, and the Camel Trail built. To the establishment of Pinkham Notch Camp are due the opening of the Lost Pond Trail; the reopening of the Old Jackson Road on its original location, and the cutting of the branch from the Camp; the downward extension of the Huntington Ravine Trail from the Raymond Path to the Tuckerman Ravine Path; the extension of the Madison Gulf Trail from the Great Gulf Trail to the Carriage Road; and the construction of the Nelson Crag Trail.

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## Trails Resulting (continued from page 6)

Now the decision to build the Greenleaf Hut and the acquirement of the Lonesome Lake Cabins present interesting speculations to trail enthusiasts. The committee on Trail Extensions has already recommended, and the Council authorized, a trail between Lafayette Place and Eagle Lakes, nominally a reopening of an old trail but practically a new construction, which Mr. Miller hopes to have ready by August. Of course there will be a local trail from the Greenleaf Hut to the knoll north of the larger Lake, whence there is a view surpassed only by that from the hut site itself. And a dreamer has seen a vision a trail, from the outlet of Echo Lake east around Eagle Cliff, across the brook, and up the ridge to meet the Garfield Ridge Trail on the glorious North Peak of Lafayette, making it possible to include this in a round trip from the site of the Profile House.

On the other side of the Notch, it seems evident that a route should be opened from the Lonesome Lake Cabins down beside Cascade Brook to the Whitehouse Bridge Trail. This will allow the tramper to take a direct route to the Liberty Spring Shelter and Mt. Liberty, and thence over the Franconia Ridge to Mt. Lafayette and the Greenleaf Hut, a day's trip which has no superior in the White Mountains. The tramper coming from Lost River, while he may reach the Lonesome Lake Cabins by the Kinsman ridge and Lonesome Lake Trails, would seem entitled to a direct route from Kinsman Pond to the Cabins, in case he wishes to omit the Cannon Balls. And it is possible that a direct route should be driven from the Cabins to the east view of Cannon Mountain.

It is recognized that the Cabins may be used as a winter base for skiing, being near a highway which is kept open for motors, and within a day's time from Boston, so that even more consideration is due to the development of trails in their vicinity.

-Paul R. Jenks, Councilor of Trail 1919-1923

Reprinted courtesy of *Huts and Trails*.

**Honoring Crew...**(If you know of any errors in these lists, please email [bhw@maine.rr.com](mailto:bhw@maine.rr.com))

## 75 Years Ago (1942)

**Trailmaster:** Forest E. House

Philip T. Maker, Councilor of Trails

### Members:

Joe Bailey (3)	Richard W. Lewis (1)
Peter H. Berning (1)	John Shaper (1)
Arthur L. Goodrich (1)	Richard Williams (1)
Paul Johnson (2)	

## 50 Years Ago (1967)

**Trailmaster:** Garvin Morris

T. Brenton Bullock, Councilor of Trails

### Members:

Robert Proudman (3)	
Mark Dannenhaur (2)	Edward Spencer (2)
David P. Dethier (1)	Richard Standish (2)
Bradford Jencks (2)	Craig Whiton (1)
Mark Lawrence (2)	Kurt Winkler (2)
James Ludwig (1)	John M. Wood (1)
John Morris (1)	Thomas Woods (1)
Karl Thorndike (1)	

## 25 Years Ago (1992)

**Trailmaster:** Sam Hodder

Reuben R. Rajala, Trail Programs Director

Note: This list mixes trail crew (TC), caretakers (CT) including AMC Echo Lake Camp, and Camp Dodge (CD), including supervisors and cooks, as well as the Alaska Service Trip (AK) in 1992

### Members:

Kai Allen (4-CT)	Larry Jackson (1-CT)
Lewis Baldwin (2-CT)	Paul Koubek (1-CT)
Dave Carlson (2-TC)	Michael Lane (3-TC)
Chris Cote (4-CT)	Terra Leven (1-CT)
Sam Cox (1-TC)	Chad Lewis (1-CT)
Kristen Dawley (2-TC)	Kevin Metheny (2-CT)
William Deleo (3-TC)	Jim Nichols (2-TC)
Ted Dettmar (2-CT)	Randy Noring (3-CD)
Joe Doucette (1-CT)	Jennifer O'Neal (1-TC)
Dana Farley (1-TC)	Matt Richardson (1-CT)
Kari Geick (2-CT)	Larry Robjant (1-TC)
Thad Gemski (3-AK)	Daniel Sheehan (1-TC)
Jim Gunning (4-TC)	John Stanton (1-CT)
Marly Hornick (1-CT)	Ian Wender (1-TC)
James Hourdequin (2-TC)	Emily Wilson (1-CD)
Gloria Hutchings (2-CD)	Rachel Wheeler (2-TC)
Tom Hutchings (3-CD)	

## Trail Master from 1967, Garvin Morris Recalls...

My previous four summers on the trail crew were filled with challenges, good times, and new adventures. There was my love of being in the mountains, learning how to work and live with a group of peers, and discovering rock climbing.

My summer as Trail Master would certainly have new challenges. There would be more responsibilities; like typing up weekly reports on the old typewriter in Joe May's little office in Hutton Lodge with my fear of misspellings and following in the footsteps of Alan Thorndike, for whom I had so much admiration.

That summer did turn out well though. There were still the weekend rock climbs with Bobe and others. But the big change for me came after patrolling was over. I found myself in the position where I could travel the hills visiting a crew, working with them for a few days and then traveling on to another crew. That gave me such a good sense of connection to all the crew members. It made that summer different, with a new excitement and love for the trail crew and all its members.

-Garvin Morris  
Cortes Island, British Columbia 2017  
Trail Crew 1963-67, TM 1967



Garvin Morris at summit after rock climb

## Trail Crew Thoughts

*Editor's Note: This article was first published in December 1966 in Appalachia Journal, reprinted with permission.*

One must inevitably compromise when considering how to preserve the White Mountain area. It will accommodate thousand of hikers during a week. No party need be aware of another's presence, and the wilderness is still available—raw and quite tangible—to all. Unfortunately, the presence of thousands of persons introduces problems. They get lost and injured, chop down live trees, peel bark, and discard paper, tinfoil, and tin cans throughout the woods. For these reasons the pure conservationists would argue (and have argued) that no new huts or shelters should be built, no new trails cut, and only persons knowledgeable in the techniques and courtesies of wilderness living be allowed in the woods. But such a policy fails to offer the beauty of the forests and hills to those who need it most—precisely, those who have not seen and do not know that beauty.

The AMC Trail system is a compromise designed to allow safe travel in the wilderness for even the uninitiated, while at the same time displaying the rugged woods and hills of this area. The AMC has for some time supported a crew to maintain this trail system.

The trail crew in its present form is a group of ten to fifteen men ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-one. The crew is stationed in Whitefield, and operates under the able supervision of Joe May, who teaches school in Littleton during his winter vacation from trail work. We are college students or high school seniors. Our academic interests vary from forestry to mathematics and social sciences. We spend our classroom hours dreaming of high mountains. Our fingers yearn to put aside the pencil and take up the ax.

It is our responsibility to maintain 300 miles of trails, which includes a ninety-mile stretch of the Appalachian Trail from Kinsman Notch to Andover, Maine. In addition, we have eighteen shelters (lean-tos where nothing but shelter is provided for the hiker) to keep up.

Trail maintenance is as yet no science. Winter storms provide us with several glorious weeks of ax work, clearing our trails of blown down trees.

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## Trail Crew Thoughts (continued from Page 8)

And, alas, in the low areas brush grows so fast that we can scarcely leave a trail for a year before it is closed in again. Our aim is to have all trails cut free of downed trees and brush to three feet on either side of the treadway and to eight feet high. Further, in any places where there is confusion, such as wide open woods, ledge, and above the timberline, the trail must be clearly blazed. We also try to establish a dry and relatively comfortable treadway. Finally, we must hang signs at all trail junction to eliminate confusion.

Our basic tools are axes, saws, clippers, and sundry brush-cutting tools for clearing. For marking confusing places we use paint (sparingly), ax blazes, rock cairns, and occasional signs. To construct a dry treadway through a muddy area, we utilize the rocks and trees available. These, together with strong backs and some imagination, have restored the Mizpah Cut-off and Webster Cliff Trail to usable condition.

A word about shelters is in order. Many of our shelters were built during the '30s by the CCC. Now, in the '60s, they need replacements. This work consumes much of each summer. We have recently replace Eliza Brook, Kinsman Pond, and Mizpah Spring shelters. (Mizpah Spring shelter has been relocated on the east side of Mt. Jackson, and renamed Naumann Shelters; there are two ten-man shelters.) We expect and enjoy this sort of shelter work, but it seem unnecessary to have to spend time picking up garbage at a shelter, repairing a roof which has been worked on and carved on, replacing floors which have had fires built on them, or fishing scouring pads out of the only decent water supply.

It is a simple matter to use shelters correctly. All garbage should be burned in the fireplace. After a meal, only burned tin cans and glass remain in the fireplace-all else has burned, melted or mysteriously gone away. The cans are then removed from the fireplace, crushed, and with the glass, placed in the can-pit provided. Used in this manner, a can-pit should last for years. Nevertheless, we rarely pass a shelter without finding its can-pit overflowing with paper, food, watermelon rinds, etc. The result is always a messy, smelly, and disgraceful comment on the hiking public. And, of course, one should

never wash anything in the water supply of a shelter.

Work on the trail crew is one of the best jobs in the world. We thrive on hard work. We are proud of our scars and calluses. Cutting through a two-foot hardwood and leaving a smooth, clean ax cut is not only a matter of pride but also of sheer enjoyment. We may walk through the woods and notice a pile of huge logs stacked in six-foot lengths along the trail. Then we realize what a summer the '39 crew must have had. The trail crew has a tradition of hard work. We are merely doing what young men ought to do in a summer. It does us good to work in the woods and to be tired at night. We learn, as Thoreau learned, the value of a place to live and work with nature. We enjoy our intimacy with the woods and with the mountains. Our experience includes the association with each other. It is a fine thing for young men to work together. Some inevitably lead and some follow, but when the job is finished only the crew is responsible.

Our ultimate satisfaction is what we feel we are working toward the fairest compromise between the pure conservationist and the exploitationist. Our work enables thousands to visit the White Mountains without significantly altering them. Our joy is the joy of many who walk our trails and who love our forests and hills.

-Alan S. Thorndike

Trail Crew 1963-66, TM '65-'66



*Alan and Louise on their sailboat.*

## **Trail Master from 1977, Bruce Jacobson Recalls...**

I will always remember receiving my letter of acceptance to work on the AMC trail crew, for the summer of 1974. It stands as one of the most thrilling and eventful days of my life. My trail crew interview hadn't gone well, and it seemed that the head of the Trails Committee thought I was too small and scrawny to meet the demands of trail work. My feeling of worry was increased when I took in the larger guys waiting in the library, with extensive resumes of hiking experience. I don't remember being able to counter the concerns about my size and strength, so when I left 5 Joy Street that afternoon I thought I had blown the opportunity of a lifetime.

Fortunately, Trails Supervisor, Bob Proudman, (also the 4<sup>th</sup> year men who participated in the interview) understood that strength and determination also come from within, and recognized those qualities in me.

In the letter of acceptance were instructions on how to measure your feet so that Peter Limmer & Sons could make their custom-made hiking boots. The boots were very popular among the hiking public at the time so the wait for a pair was at least a year. But because I was now a member of the AMC Trail Crew, I could have mine made in 2 weeks! I flubbed up the measurements for sizing my feet, so when I arrived in Intervale to pick up my boots, they didn't fit. No need to worry though, Limmer put them on the shelf and measured my feet correctly. Within two weeks I had my storied, custom-made Limmers! The Limmer shop with its air of craftsmanship and the smell of leather and glue are twinned with my memories of trail crew, mud, balsam, rock, hard work and friendship.

I first arrived at Pinkham's Hutton Lodge to see wet Limmers drying on the wall between the Admin building and Hutton, and tents airing out on the basketball court. Lee Burnett, a second year man came out to greet me and bring me up to meet the crew and get settled. Many of the crew had just finished their Saturday morning chores after a week in the woods, and were lounging around listening to music and reading while waiting for Trail Master Steve Rice to post the coming week's work assignments. They barely looked up when Lee introduced me saying, "Here's one our first year men, Bruce

Jacobson". Bruce Davis, a 4<sup>th</sup> year man, immediately came over to welcome me and asked if I'd like to be called Jake. "Of course" I said, happy to resurrect a nickname I'd had earlier in life.

That first year was filled with excitement to be in the woods, learning all the skills to do trail reconstruction. Chris Swenson, Marc LaCroix and Jon Vara kept us in stitches the whole summer with their hilarious humor. It made the work seem easier, and the time passed by too quickly. The crucible of biting black flies, constant mud, blow-flies on the pork chops, and back breaking work were an essential part of the bonding experience that makes Trail Crew such a special organization.

I found I loved the work, the hardship and my crew mates. I grew from a fit 135 lb. guy into a strapping 165 lb. woodsman and felt welcomed into the TC family.

In early May, 1977 I arrived at Hutton for my fourth Trail Crew summer. I was Trail Master of a 20-person crew, with two major projects on the agenda: weeks of work on the Franconia Ridge trail putting in rock steps and building scree wall to define the heavily used treadway, and rebuilding Carlo Col. I came armed with my father's Olympia typewriter, determined to carry on the traditions I first learned from Steve Rice (TM, 1974), and that were superbly carried on by Bill Birchard (TM, 1975) and Mark Morrow (TM, 1976). One of the traditions that had a lasting impression on me that I tried to carry forth as Trail Master was the creative effort that goes into to describing the work assignments for the upcoming week. On Saturday mornings while the entire crew was engaged in cleaning tools and equipment from the previous week in the woods, the Trail Master would hunch over his typewriter and perform his Saturday morning chores: figuring out the work assignments, and thinking about the crews—who would lead, and who wanted to work together but hadn't yet. By mid-morning the TM would emerge from his bedroom with the assignment sheet, and the crew, lurking with feigned nonchalance would excitedly hustle over to see what was what. And 40 years later the tradition continues.

-“Jake” aka Bruce Jacobson  
Trail Crew 1974-1977, TM 1977

## Remembrance of times past at AMC...

I suppose we all have one very special year in our youth when it all comes together for us. For me, that year was 1978.

That year, I graduated from college in California, spent a fantastic summer working for TFC, then back to the west coast to spend a year working on an organic farm and working on a trail crew in Big Sur. I had no worries beyond putting gas in the tank of my car, having enough to eat and a dry place to sleep, and, of course, money for beer and an occasional bottle of Jack.

I grew up on a small farm in Virginia. I didn't know much about New England or the AMC until I hiked through the Whites on the AT on my way south from Katahdin in 1974. I hiked a lot of the AT during 1973-1974 but didn't finish it, eventually hiking about 1700 miles. Back in those days, before the heroic work of people like Dave Richie of the National Park Service and Bob Proudman then with ATC in the late 1970s and 1980s to secure a permanent easement for the trail, there was a lot of road walking because private land owners had kicked the trail off their land due to vandalism and poor behavior by a few. For the most part, I skipped the road walking and sought out the more wilderness sections of the trail from ME to GA.

In 1975, I attended the ATC Biennial meeting in Boone, NC, and met Bob Proudman for the first time and was immediately drawn in by his sardonic wit and understated coolness. This guy I thought was the epitome of outdoor hipness. All the girls wanted him, and all the boys wanted to be like him.

As I pondered my future in early 1978, I remembered Bob, the AMC, and the Whites and decided to apply for a summer job. This was long before the internet and smart phones so I guess I must have sent a letter via the USPS inquiring about jobs. By May I had a job to go to in Pinkham Notch. I fired up my old (and I do mean old) Volvo 122S with requisite hippie rainbow decal and crystal hanging from the rearview mirror, and with my brother Pete drove pretty much nonstop across the country. After a quick stop in VA to see the folks and drop off my brother, I headed up north to Pinkham.

I was one of the older members of the crew that summer and was assigned the role of (I believe)

Ridge Runner or Rover working in the Franconia Ridge area maintaining campsites as other crew members came out for their days off. I went in near Franconia Notch, up to the Liberty Springs, then across to Garfield Ridge campsite, thence Guyot campsite, then out via Zealand Falls. When TFC was nearby, I was expected to help out during the days before returning to the campsites to ride herd on the hikers camping each night to make sure they didn't trash the place.

I remember hiking from the ridge into the Pemi, helping until late afternoon, then hiking up the ridge to manage things back at the tent platforms for the night. It was just an amazing job! I had free food, a spacious canvas tent on my own private platform to use each night, incredibly beautiful country to work in, and very cool and accomplished people to work with.

Working with the TFC was simply fantastic. It was a collection of smart, extremely hard-working folks. They were a professional trail crew and the first one I had ever been associated with. I learned a lot that summer reading Bobe's book on trail construction techniques and then learned firsthand how to do rock work on staircases, build water bars, check dams, and retaining walls.

I have so many recollections from that summer. Playing some intense pick-up basketball at Pinkham before dinner, waking up to Little Feat played full blast at 5 am in the morning as you headed back into the woods, or flying down the highway behind Bob as he drove his Goldwing motorcycle slightly above the posted speed limit laughing all the way. I can remember swimming with some TFC friends in the Saco River near North Conway and how wonderful the water felt on a sweltering day. Also, driving down the highway to Pinkham from Berlin, NH on a full moon night, turning off the headlights, and just driving using the moonlight until you saw car lights coming in the distance, then turning the lights back on. We were young and going to live forever, right?

I became friends with one the very first women on trail crew, Joy Miller, and we would spend some time together on days off travelling around northern New England. We went to visit my old hiking friends, Bert and Jill Gilbert, who lived near Hanover, NH, showing up with a gigantic block of

*(Continued on Page 12)*



## Remembrance (Continued from Page 11)

cheese that I had just grabbed from the cooler at Pinkham and taken with me. I will never forget going into that cooler and taking whatever food I wanted. I don't think that happens anymore and probably with good reason. But, it was an amazing experience! A few years later, Bert Gilbert worked with Bob and Dave on some AT relocation work, as I recall, in southern NH near Hanover.

I gained so much from working with TFC that summer and left Pinkham a much more confident and knowledgeable person for the experience. I wish I could have returned for a few more summers but life had other plans for me.

I returned to CA for the agroecology internship in Santa Cruz and was hired onto a weekend trail crew working in Big Sur on a 6,000-acre reserve owned and managed by the University of CA. My boss on that job was a beautiful and smart young woman who had just returned from her own adventure in Alaska. I swear it was the experience with TFC that allowed me to catch her eye and, eventually, her heart. We have been married now for 35 years and have two grown, fully launched and successful sons. I started an environmental consulting business and have just retired after 25 years. Looking back, it seems like the blink of an eye. However, it is clear to me the extraordinary experience of working with TFC the summer of 1978 was integral to whatever success I have known since.

-Pat Holden  
Trail Crew 1978

REUNION  
2017

## REUNION 2017

This is your year to attend!

**PINKHAM NOTCH**

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11<sup>th</sup>**

Dinner 6pm

Reservations should be made by November 1<sup>st</sup>

Call 603-466-2727 (Mon-Sat, 9-5)

In the July e-newsletter we wrote...

## Calling all parents of Trail Crew...

**What was it like when your son/daughter joined Trail Crew the first time?**

**What were they like when you got them back?**

**How has it changed their and your lives?**

**What was the wildest, most awesome story you have heard?**

In response, Paul Nevins wrote...

Funny questions ... if it was my father –  
he would have said - degenerate...  
before / during / after...too funny!

## Degenerate ??? Not!!!

My daughter went to Peace Corp - Mozambique for a few years.

My son is low vision (has guide dog), so his mother was a bit protective. I took him once to Mt Washington, just before a storm. He was young, knew we needed to go up, look around and head back down before the weather. Left his cane in the car. Off we went and he did just fine. Up in a reasonable amount of time, strolled around at the summit and a food break. Off on down via Tucks. Some challenges on the way down with wet rock but overall good. Ran into a group having lots of challenges with their minds and the incoming weather. When asked why Travis was going through the rocky areas so carefully, found him to be almost blind. It made their issues seem insignificant. He coached them along and all discussed the "life and times" for theirs vs his. After a while, we made Pinkham and parted ways. They were the ones in trouble, due to their minds only. It took a low vision child to help get them out uneventfully. He was his normal self, learning to adapt just in ways different from others. The ages of the group, late 20's on up to 40's. Way too funny. ... but his mother was not too impressed with my antics. She was "really annoyed" that his first real hike was to Mt Washington, just before the weather ... her limitations applied to the child. It was not the limitations of the child. Next day - working on ice hockey. . . hehehe (evil dad)....

-Paul Nevins

Trail Crew 1977-1980

First leader of the ATC Konnarock Crew  
Geo. Washington Nat'l Forest, 1982

## “Wap It Out”

Growing up in Berlin, NH was great for me as I was able to spend so much time outdoors hiking and getting to know the local trail network. After high school, I lucked out and was accepted as a TFC member but I really had no idea what I had gotten myself into.

I was so excited to be a part of this legendary team but also still too young and immature to fully appreciate what I was a part of. Instead of fully immersing myself into the experience, I unfortunately found myself taking time away from my crew in order to deal with non-TFC business. Being plugged into the local community, I often found myself spending weekends with friends and family rather than getting to know the rest of the team better. I know that I missed out on many experiences that TFC had to offer by goofing off and not taking my time with TFC seriously. On the other hand, the time that I did spend present and focused on TFC work and teambuilding was filled with many fond memories including finding the 1997 artist conk mushroom and that insane-o MadFest. “Wap it out!” was another memory in particular that stuck with me as a phrase and philosophy. TFC members who personified “Wap it out” theory really struck a chord and that attitude has been ingrained in my mind since then. To me, “Wap it out!” encompasses determination and drive to do what it takes to get a task done well with gusto. I’ve applied the “Wap it out!” philosophy to my fourteen years with LIUNA as an industrial construction laborer as well as to my college work and board exams to become registered in radiography, computed tomography, and MRI.

Now back in New England after 12 years in Albuquerque, I’ve been back to hiking around when I have a chance, noting blowdowns in my local trail system that need to be cleared and remembering my short time with TFC. Married now and raising a small family, I hope my son and daughter will have the opportunity to join a great team doing strong work and knowing what it means to be part of a hard working team.

FOO!!

-Scott Gagnon  
Trail Crew 1997



1997 Crew



### **Do we have your mailing address?**

If not, you will miss out on this newsletter!  
We currently have ~**340 addresses** for alumni!  
(But are missing at least an equal number!)



### **Do we have your email address?**

If not, you will miss out on the monthly updates!  
We currently have ~**220 email addresses** for alumni! (Lots more emails to get!)



facebook

### **Join the Facebook Group?**

So you can see what other TFC are doing and saying! There are currently ~**125 members in the group!** (Many more people to engage!)

**Please help us  
keep our records current!**

Email [bhwhiton@maine.rr.com](mailto:bhwhiton@maine.rr.com)



## Volunteer Sign Man

In last year's Chips' 'Jad' Brown explained how he came to take on the position of Volunteer AMC Sign Man. This year he wrangled some others – Craig ('67, '69-'71) and Barbara Whiton and Bill ('72-'75, TM '75) and Sue Birchard. Taking on several each, a total of almost 20 routes were traversed by this group.

A typical day on the trail...

**Sign Report June 7, 2017**

**Davis Path, Stairs Mt., Stairs Col Tr., Rocky Branch Tr. to Jericho Road**

**8.8 miles, hike time 9.5 hrs.**

**Left home 3:00am-home 7:15pm**



Arrived at end of Jericho Road just south of Bartlett at 6:00 am. The last 2 miles of this 4 mile long road is dirt and dead ends at the western terminus of the Rocky Branch Trail. Taxi pick up there and returned to start of Davis path hiking by 6:40. Replaced sign at junction of Davis Path and Crawford Mt. cutoff.

The old sign was bear chewed and in sad shape, considered throwing it into woods but who knows maybe someone will pay good money for a bear chewed sign! The Crawford sign was attached to old backing and the backing must have had only a single nail as it hung loosely. Screwed in a 4 in. lag through the bottom of both sign and backing and it seems solid but sign should be replaced as indicated on sign sheet.

At the junction of the Parker Mt. cutoff there are 3 signs attached to 3 different trees. The sign sheets suggested that the two signs (Davis Path south,

Stairs Col Tr. north) could be made into one sign and that the new sign could be attached with the Parker Mt. sign to a single new post. I installed a new post and attached all three signs to it pointing in their respective directions. Also used new lags on two of the three signs. I had already used two on the first sign replacement so ran out. The new sign mentioned could be attached to the post next year.

Note: I cut a pole and sharpened it for digging the new hole as usual. Great for gouging into ground but you still have to scoop out loosened debris by hand. Bill's suggestion for the trowel is a good idea and would have come in handy. Also slanted top of pole as Bill mentioned. Poles tend to rot from top and bottom so this should have benefit.

Finally, I dug a 15 in. hole for post and the ground was saturated as bottom of hole filled with water. Instead of returning dug out muck into hole and mixing with small stone as usual I refilled instead with loose spere, small and medium stone. This may provide better drainage and slow the deterioration which occurs at the bottom of the pole.

Rest of signs up Stairs mountain were in good shape. Cleared some brush around some signs. Note: top of stairs mountain is a gem. Enormous cliff outcropping with spectacular views south and east. And, as designated, nestled a few yards back from cliff are 3 or 4 tent sites on level forest floor. Shaded but looking directly out across the sunlit cliffs. Wow. I'll include a photo.

Foo!

Jad

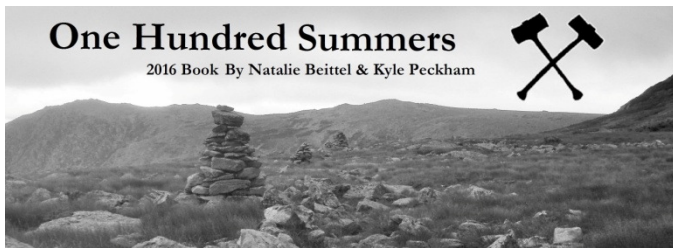
Ps. Don't forget to replenish your pack with new lag bolts, washers, and toilet paper! Clouds of black flies below but Bens 100 Deet held them at bay!



Sue Birchard







Check out the latest review of *One Hundred Summers* in AMC's *Appalachia Journal* Summer/Fall 2017 Issue!

An Excerpt from the book...

## A Rocky Start

I squeezed into a black plastic garbage bag, trying to avoid the icy rain. A magnificent August thunderstorm lashed the ridges of the Presidential Range and I didn't have a tent, a sleeping bag or a foam pad. I wore a pair of thin wool pants and a dirty wood shirt. I may have even been allowed a wool hat, though I don't remember wearing one.

On that night, over thirty years ago now, I'd found a hollow lined with wet moss and curled myself into the garbage bag, my back facing upward to receive the pelting rain. Each time a flash of lightning announced a roll of thunder I flinched and tried to get deeper into the plastic bag. I didn't actually believe that plastic skin could protect me from a wallop of electricity, but if I could keep the rain from pouring down on my shoulders it would feel more like I was in a tent, a very, very small one.

I was only a half-mile away from the Madison Hut but it never occurred to me to fight my way through the windy dark to the shelter of that sturdy building. I was eighteen, a "first-yearman" with the AMC Trail Crew, and we'd been given our orders: when camping above timberline, first-years must sleep outside. As kindness, we were allowed a single garbage bag for shelter. As I tossed and turned during that miserable night, waiting out the long wet hours until dawn, I thought the other first-years on my crew accompanied me on the open ridge, their huddled bodies nearby, the rain pounding on their flimsy plastic too. I wasn't resentful of this night. It was just another hurdle to get through on my quest to become an axe-wielding trail worker, though I did have an extra chip on my shoulder that evening.

Out of a couple dozen young people, I was one of three women on the Trail Crew in 1978. We were the first females in its long, macho history. For the most part, the men on the Crew treated me the way they treated the other first-years, like shit. On the first day of each woods-week, we'd begin with a huge pile of food and tools in a trailhead parking lot. The experienced Trail Crew quickly tied on their loads, heaved their packboards on their backs and headed up the trail, leaving the heaviest, most awkward items behind for the first-years. I'd carried a hundred pound packboard that included two five-foot long crowbars and a box of canned food. On the work up the trail to our campsite, I'd scraped my boots along the trail as if I'd become an old, old woman. I'd chopped down a tree with a dull axe, my hands raw with blisters. And at the end of the five-day week on the trail, I'd stood in the little kitchen back at our headquarters at Pinkham Notch and scrubbed the burned-on debris out of piles of blackened cooking pots. This garbage bag bivouac was just another test and as the night wore on and the pouring rain and gusty wind rattled my plastic bag, I knew I'd make it to daylight. I'd toughened up that summer and a thunderstorm wasn't going to break me.

When I stumbled back to the hut in the morning, I discovered that the other first-years and the rest of my crew had slept in the bunkroom, or on the wide wooden tables in the dining room. They laughed to see my bleary eyes and wet hair and shook their heads, impressed or mystified by my stupidity. I remember I was angry at first. I'd been duped. But as more of my crew emerged from their sleeping places in the hut I sensed a new respect. "She slept outside," they told each other. "In a garbage bag. In that storm. Can you believe it?"

We worked up on the ridge that day, building a long row of stone cairns to mark the trail that climbed to Mt. Madison. The weather was perfect, warm and sunny, and though I was tired I remember it as one of the best days of the entire summer. I liked placing rectangular stones in a rough circle and placing another layer on top angling inward, each layer a smaller circle until I placed the final stone on the peak of the rock cone. The AMC Trail Crew never did anything the easy way and these cairns were six or eight feet tall, markers to make

*(Continued on page 16)*

### **A Rocky Start (Continued from page 15)**

the ridge trail visible in the thickest fog or blizzard. We worked for three days up on that glorious ridge. After the first night the weather was clear and as warm as it ever gets at that elevation in the White Mountains. Our line of cairns arced over a long piece of ridge by the time we'd finished the job. We didn't wear gloves and though my hands calloused from weeks of using an axe, the stone roughed them up even more until I could have lifted hot pots from an oven without using a mitt. At noon each day, we stopped for lunch, our backs leaning against the rocks, our swollen hands curled around sandwiches made from old bread, crumbly cheese and slimy cold cuts. For dessert we poured into our mouths the crumbs from crunched plastic packages of Lorna Doone cookies followed by big swallows of warm plastic-flavored water. I savored every bite of the feasts. It was the first time I'd spent days above timberline and the endless sky made me giddy with joy.

For the rest of the summer my crew worked at lower elevations on trails in deeply shaded forests. I missed the wide sky and on my days off I'd throw on a daypack and hike quickly up out of the valley to the ridges above Pinkham Notch, eager to see more high country. At the end of the season my parents and little brother arrived for a visit. I hiked with them up to Madison Hut, eager to show them the high ridge where I'd felt such a powerful connection to the wild alpine world.

After a year of college, I returned to the AMC Trail Crew for a second season. My axe skills improved and I helped build bog bridges, confident now when chopping down trees and peeling the bark off the sticky interior of the soft logs. I dug rocks out of mountainsides, throwing my body across the boulders to flip them and move them down to our work sites for stone steps and stairs. AMC employees could stay at the huts for free and I made sure to hike to every one of the huts that summer, helping the crew in the kitchen and sleeping in the out of the way places reserved for non-paying guests. My body, strong from the trail work, raced up the trails with only a light daypack to slow me down. As I learned the route to each hut I breathed in all the beauty of the mountains, the lean of the white pine, the splashing of a small waterfall, the bright green moss on a gray day. In

those two summers a spirit of wildness entered the pores of my skin and has never left. For thirty-four years I've worked in the wild in the summer, either as a wilderness trail worker or fire outlook. After those two summers in the White Mountains, I got a job in Idaho working for the US Forest Service, first on a timber crew and the next year on a wilderness trail crew in the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. Because no motors are allowed in federal wilderness areas and large trees often fall across the trails, I learned to pull and sway with a two-person crosscut saw, letting gravity lead the sharp teeth of the saw into the wood.

That week above timberline in the White Mountains helped me define how I wanted to structure my working life. I wanted to be in the mountains for as long as possible during the summer months and I'd learned not to live lightly without needing lots of money. As I was writing this Trail Crew story, my husband found an old photo of me in the White Mountains. I'm standing by a cairn, a massive sculpture of stones at least eight feet tall. My long wavy hair is loose, held back by a bandana and I'm smiling, a happy grin. My father took that picture on the day that we climbed up Mt. Madison at the end of the summer in 1978. "Look what I made," my face says. "I love being up here at the top of the world." My older self looks at that young girl and says, "Thank you. Thank you for sticking out that difficult beginning as a first-year on the AMC Trail Crew, days when I told myself that if it didn't get any better I'd quit in two weeks. Thank you for setting me on a course that has kept me in the wilderness every year of my life. Thank you for piling up those stones. The path they mark is clear."

-Betsy Kepes  
Trail Crew 1978-79



### **Christmas is coming!**

#### **Place an order for a book (or two)...**

Read more stories like this in *ONE HUNDRED SUMMERS*. To order visit:  
<http://www.hosacfarm.com/one-hundred-summers-1/one-hundred-summers>



### **Can you believe it!**

The AMC Trail Crew will be 100 years old in less than two years!

This calls for a big celebration, so the planning is already underway. We have identified the location and the dates:

### **Camp Dodge**

(just north of Pinkham Notch Camp)

**Friday August 23 to**

**Sunday August 25, 2019**

Visit the Web site regularly for more information:  
<http://www.amctca.com/centennial-celebration.html>

This will be a great opportunity to gather with crew mates from your years on TC, reminisce and celebrate what for many was a defining period of their lives.

The AMC wants to help us celebrate the Centennial by providing Camp Dodge for the gathering - accommodations (50-60 beds), and meals. Shelburne Cabin is available as well (12 miles±).

Arrival can be anytime on Friday, and meals will be provided from lunch on Friday through lunch on Sunday. Dinner on Friday will be a BBQ.

Please get in touch with us if you have special dietary or mobility needs and we'll be sure to make our planning includes the adjustments necessary so that all who want to attend are taken care of and comfortable.

Other area accommodations include Joe Dodge Lodge at Pinkham, as well as inns and motels in Conway, Intervale, Bartlett and Gorham.

## **AMC TRAIL CREW 1919~2019**

We're looking for someone to design a unique Centennial logo. Are you artistic? Submit your design NOW to [info@amctc.org](mailto:info@amctc.org).

The agenda is still under development but should include:

- ✓ a film by Mark Dannenhauer about Trail Crew, and hopefully
- ✓ the dedication of a 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary memorial (that is now in the planning stages).

Other agenda items could include a demonstration of current TC construction techniques and a history of the evolving nature of TC work and life.

One idea is to create a yearbook of attendees (and those that send in pictures and notes) to mark the event—publish and make it available at cost.

**Anyone interested in fleshing this out and working on it?**

Your ideas on how to celebrate the Centennial are welcome and needed. If you have an idea you want to share and or champion, for how to commemorate the Centennial, please let us know.

This is our event, so let's make the most of it!

### **Volunteers needed!**

There is much to do to make this celebration as meaningful and fun as possible, and it won't be possible without volunteers.

We look forward to hearing from you!

-AMC TC Centennial Planning Committee  
Bruce Jacobson, Lee Burnett and Bob White



# REUNION 2017

## REUNION 2017

This should be your year to attend!

- Hear about planning for the **100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration!**
- Mark Dannenhauer (1966-1969) will be our **special presenter!**

## SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11<sup>th</sup> PINKHAM NOTCH

1pm-4pm      Annual Board Meeting  
4pm-6pm      Social Time  
                    (beverages/munchies to share welcomed)  
6pm              Dinner  
7:30pm-9pm   Presentations and Camaraderie

Dinner Reservations should be made by November 1<sup>st</sup> -  
Call 603-466-2727 (Mon-Sat, 9-5)

### Make it a weekend!

Stay at Joe Dodge  
Call 603-466-2727 (Mon-Sat, 9-5)  
Call TODAY as space is limited!  
Group Reservation #348887

## Writings of Sherman Adams to his mother – 1<sup>st</sup> Trail Crew 1919

Courtesy of Bob Watts, TCA Historian

Dartmouth College  
Hanover, New Hampshire  
[Dartmouth Letterhead stationery with a sketch of Dartmouth buildings]

*taking a gang up in the green mountains of Vermont the end of next week going to do sterling-mansfield smugglers notch, bolton, and camels hump we auto have a pretty smooth time,*

*glee club concert saturday night*

*landed a a-1 job with the appalachian mountain club of boston this summer working on the trails in the white mountains you auto come up and camp out a bit with me, gotta go down street and get my pants pressed*

Summer 1919 – First year of Trail Crew  
Russell House, North Woodstock, NH

*Dear Mother,*

*Through no fault of your own, your letters reached me. In the first place I'm not at the Mt. Adams, and in the second place, North Woodstock according to frye's geography is in New Hampshire. Should you care to have it removed to Vermont perhaps I can have it arranged.*

*I'm having a very grand time, though the boys complain somewhat that the work is rather rigorous though there has as yet been no complaint about the cooking. Cooking rather appeals to my artistic temperament, I think. We come to this very poor apology of a hotel every week end for Sunday's rest and I have developed the admirable habit of attending morning worship regularly -- perhaps it relieves my conscience for the terrible amount of cussing I do during the week. We have finished the East side -- Osseo to Lafayette and thence to Garfield and the North Twin. Today we cleaned up Cannon and the Lonesome Lake district, and next week we cut new trail from South Kinsman to Lost River. It hasn't been too hot to enjoy oneself and occasionally it gets uncomfortably cool.*

*The smoothest country in the White Mountains except for the Presidential Range is just five miles from here -- flume -- Liberty -- Haystack -- Lincoln -- Lafayette -- Profile -- Cannon - Kinsman etc.*

## Adventures have you been on lately...

[illegible]

Chips &amp; Clippings, Fall 2017



c/o 32 Pinecrest Road  
Portland, ME 04102

TO:

**Annual  
Reunion...  
Saturday  
November 11<sup>th</sup>**  
Look inside  
for  
more information