FRIENDLY ADIRONDACK PEAKS

ROBERT S. WICKHAM

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ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN CLUB EDITION

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Haystack, Little and Big

FRIENDLY ADIRONDACK PEAKS

BY
ROBERT S. WICKHAM

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DEDICATED TO
LITTLE SQUAW,
A GOOD WOODSMAN

"For but few of them that begin to come hither,
do show their face on these mountains."

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

FOREWORD

The adjective friendly is properly descriptive of Adirondack mountains. I have a friend who has climbed in Switzerland, the Rockies, Alaska, but he comes summers to the Adirondacks for walking trips among mountains not too large to repel, but of a size to invite, and large enough for reasonable exertion, enjoyment and beauty of views. There are many wild spots hidden among these hills, to be enjoyed only by packing for two or three days or more, and trips may be taken across the region, in various directions, giving still a taste of virgin wildness. The following narrative, which grew out of a habit of keeping a journal, is written with the belief that others may learn, through our experience, how to enjoy some of this wildness, and in the hope that something of the quiet spirit of the hills may be reflected from its pages.

ROBERT S. WICKHAM

November, 1923,
Binghamton, N. Y.

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"Each time man touches Mother Earth his strength is renewed."
—Unknown Author.

ACQUIRING WOODS LEGS

ACQUIRING WOODS LEGS

KIM, our Fox Terrier, aged five, Alvin, seventeen, and myself, young by reason of many Augusts spent in Adirondack forests, left home (Tuesday, August 7, 1923) with our grub and duffle in packs—Alvin's containing the tent, blankets, extra woolens, hatchet, and other sundries, wrapped in a rubber blanket or poncho, strapped in a shoulder harness—mine containing two nesting aluminum pails, fry pan and plates, and food in cotton cloth bags with tie strings, in two cylindrical duffle bags, also strapped in a shoulder harness. My pack was heavier than I hoped it might be—at least fifty pounds—this because our trip required it, as we had planned to go up Cold River Trail from Long Lake, around Preston Ponds, new country to us, and then to and over the big range, with no

provision point short of Keene Valley. Although bringing the heaviest packing on the start, when green and unaccustomed to the pull of straps over tender shoulders, there was no help for it—we would go slowly and take it easily, resting frequently, the only way to enjoy such a trip—in time your coefficient rises, while you still take it easily.

On arrival at the station at Utica, we ate our lunch, and noted that we were not alone in our tramping clothing, and with packs, at this gateway to the Adirondacks, for we saw several men likewise dressed and equipped, also on their way in. While sitting in the waiting room, before our train was called, a woman espied Kim, and patted him, telling us that she had just lost a dog, of which Kim reminded her. Kim rose to the occasion, and gave her a sympathetic tail wag.

We changed cars at Carter, and after a short ride through thick woods, reached Raquette Lake, where we boarded a small launch, which took us across the southern end of the

lake, and up Marion River to a three quarter of a mile carry, made on a train of two small cars pulled by a puffy little engine, to Utowana Lake, where we stepped into another launch for the ride through the latter lake, and then through Eagle, into Blue Mountain Lake. I inquired of the boatman about hotels, and he recommended one. On arrival at the dock, at the last stop the launch made, we were informed that the hotel was full. A young man came to our rescue, telling us to put our packs in his truck, and he would take us where he thought we would be taken care of. A short ride, and we came to a group of cottages, and a large dining room, on the roadside near the lake, where we obtained a room.

Next morning we went into the dining room, tying Kim to a post on the piazza, from whence he could see us at the table. At our table was a doctor from New York, with his wife, daughter and two sons, one about Alvin's age. They asked us many questions about our method and route of travel.

After breakfast we started up Blue Mountain, an easy climb of nineteen hundred fifty feet, over a well traveled trail. We overtook the fire warden, on his way to the observation tower on the summit, two women, and an elderly man with a staff. The former told us he had helped cut the new Adirondack Mountain Club Trail from Blue Mountain Lake toward Cedar River. His evident appreciation of the beauty of the surrounding country revealed him as a woods lover.

The views from the observation tower were good. Below, to the west, lay island dotted Blue Mountain Lake, with small portions of Raquette Lake visible over beyond it; to the northwest, a number of ponds, nestling in the woods, with ridges behind, smaller in elevation on toward the distant horizon. To the south we could just make out, peering from behind a ridge, the freight car crest of Snowy, lying to the west of Indian Lake, in Master Thomas K. Brown's country. The best view was toward the east: Tirrel Pond, spread

out across the foot of the mountain, backed by a small, black timber topped ridge along its east shore, with picturesque ledges and slides half way up above the north end of the pond, with a higher wooded ridge rising farther to the east, and above the latter, the big mountains way off in the distance—Hoffman, Macomb, Dix, Haystack, Marcy, Colden, with his slides plainly visible as we looked along his western slope into Avalanche Pass, McIntyre, and Santanoni off to the northeast—peaks whose nearer acquaintance we hoped ere long to make.

Reflection brought the thought that in Adirondack literature there had been almost no attempt to appraise the views from the higher mountains, other than Robert Marshall's pamphlet "The High Peaks of the Adirondacks," written for and published by the Adirondack Mountain Club in 1922. If an attempt were to be made to rate the summit views as to their beauty, some standard must be taken by which to estimate their values. The standard

would be, primeval, wild beauty, unspoiled by the hand of man, or the elements. The application of this standard would result in discrimination against views revealing indications of civilization—settlements, cleared valleys and fields, lumbered country—and views marred by fire scars. As it would be difficult, when on one peak, to recall to mind views from one or more others, it would be necessary to write down a description of the views therefrom in the journal, enumerating their points of beauty, and wherein they did not come up to the standard, shortly after making each climb, while impressions were fresh, and in order to have data for comparison, when on subsequent peaks.

We gazed for some time, then purchased post card views from the fire warden, and signed our names in his visitors' register. He told us he had had about thirty-five hundred visitors during the summer season. An easy walk down, and we were in time for dinner.

At the dinner table the obliging doctor of-

fered to take our packs, Kim and ourselves over to Long Lake in his car. After dinner we started, and ere long arrived at the post office, where we mailed post cards and several rolls of exposed film. A long wait ensued for a launch to take us down the lake, but we were under way at last, at about four-thirty.

Long Lake is much wilder than one expects, after approaching it through the village—wooded shores, more cottages visible near the village than farther down. Kempshall Mountain loomed large on the southeast shore. Finally big Santanoni came into clear view—and he is big, spreading all over the landscape, squatting, sprawling upon it—the largest of the mountains in area—as if he had rested there, quietly, for many long ages, and intended to remain, undisturbed, for many more. Behind the north end of him we could see the valley down which came Cold River.

After a ten mile ride the boatman put us off at Sabattis'. The boatman remembered, when

a boy, having seen the elder Sabattis—the son lives where the father used to. We inquired of a fisherman at the landing where the Adirondack Mountain Club Trail along the east side of the lake was located, and he took us a short distance from the lake shore and put us on it. It proved to be a good road through the woods at that place, and we soon saw some of the Club's blue spot trail markers on the trees alongside. Our intention was, as it was late and we were soft, to go but a little ways and then camp for the night, but this was dependent upon finding water. It was a very dry piece of woods, and we walked on and on, the unaccustomed packing bringing the perspiration in streams. Finally we came to a burned flat, started across it, and just at dusk found a swamp across the trail. Enough! Off went the packs from our shoulders, the little tent was up quickly, right in the trail, which we decided was soft enough for our tired bodies, and after a quickly prepared supper, we slept the sleep of the weary, with no

mosquitoes to bother us, though they were expected because of the nearness of the swamp. We were not bothered by flies during the whole trip. Had we gone several weeks earlier, it would have been different.

Next morning we arose in a fog. The water from the swamp was brown, and had much plant life in it. We had heard beaver tails slapping the swamp water during the evening before we fell asleep, and one of our before breakfast sallies was that we had to strain beaver hair from our tea, in order to reach it. After packing up we started for Shattuck's Clearing, on Cold River, where we had been told a fire warden was stationed. It was a long walk, over flat, burned country, with the hot sun beating down upon us. Afterward we were told it was four miles from Long Lake to Shattuck's—four Adirondack miles they proved to be. On the way we heard a noise behind us, and turned quickly enough to see a doe—red coated, flag flying—go bounding slowly away.

We did not see as many deer on the trip as one usually does. We saw plenty of fresh tracks. The reason was Kim. He had two metal license tags suspended from his collar, one the Conservation Commission tag, permitting us to take him into State forest land, the other his general license tag, and his every movement caused them to strike together, with a clear, metallic click, which could be heard for some distance. His white, active little body was conspicuous against a green background, the tree trunks, and the woods duff of the forest floor. On coming to a fresh scent Kim would become excited, follow it for a little ways, and then return to us, not having been trained to run deer. He took to digging in holes for woodchucks, moles and mice by instinct—it was in his blood.

Shattuck's proved to be a small, board shanty on a high bank overlooking the river, with two men and a baby in evidence, on the platform in front of the door. The fire warden, new to the locality, gave us a little nega-

tive information about the country whither we were bound. After taking a picture of the shanty, we forded the river and followed the trail along the north shore. Shortly a beaver dam across the trail bothered us—the trail had not been clearly marked at that point. We followed false leads alongside the beaver flow for a few minutes, then dropped our packs and went back on a still-hunt for the trail, finally discovering that it went across the top of the beaver dam. We had not acquired our woods legs. It takes some time for eyes accustomed to reading and writing to visualize and bring into clear consciousness the data of trails, woods and mountains. Tired shoulders carried the packs back through the brush, across the dam, and to and up the river on the trail, through black timber, with glimpses, now and then, of the river in its rocky bed to the right. In a little while we came to a new open camp, alongside the trail, and there ate our lunch, Alvin developing skill in turning flapjacks with the frying pan. A party of young men

and boys passed us while we were resting, on their way to climb Mount Seward. Kim had indulged his roving instincts to such an extent that he was too tired and nervous to eat. After he had lain down quietly beside us for a short time, a big flapjack, with a little sugar sprinkled on top, tempted him.

When ready to resume walking, Alvin took my heavier pack and after proceeding a mile or so we came to a small gorge in the river with a large pool at its foot, where we stopped. Alvin rigged up the pocket fishing rod and went to cast flies in the pool for trout while I made camp, above the rocks overlooking the river. When supper was ready Alvin returned saying he had broken the rod, had taken a swim, and wished the soap for a bath. So to bed, which was none too soft—we did not bother with balsam.

In the morning we rested. Alvin made a friction fire set out of a dry cedar log which had fallen on top of a high rock by the stream below the tent, splitting off a smooth slab on

the edge of which to revolve the drill, with the aid of a birch stick and shoe string bow, using shredded cedar bark for tinder, in obtaining his fire. A deer visited camp, a doe —Alvin saw her within a stone's throw of our tent. A red squirrel chattered at Kim from a tree trunk above him—to his endless interest.

We felt so refreshed because of our rest that we decided to move up the river, so packed up, resuming travel on the trail at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Shortly we met two young men with packs, and an abundant supply of maps. Asked where they had been they said they had tried for two or three days to find Preston Ponds, our intermediate objective, but had been unable to locate them because of lumber slashings. They had found a tote road leading toward the ponds, but beaver dams had flooded it and the woods alongside, so much so that they could not find their way around the flows. I asked if they had found the outlet from Preston Ponds, and the pond below them called Duck Hole, which

flowed into Cold River—that could not be entirely obliterated by lumbering or beaver dams. They were not sure that they had identified it. We left them hoping we would have better luck. A little ways farther and the coming darkness warned us to stop, which we did, making camp on a small island in the river reached by stepping over some stream worn boulders—solid, Adirondack anorthosite, more ancient than the rock *strata* of the Rockies, the Alps, or even Mount Everest himself, so the geologists inform us, after their recent studies of the complicated and fascinating geology of the region.[1]

[1] For the general geological history, written as far as may be in non-technical language, with maps and illustrations, see "The Geological History of New York State," by William H. Miller, N. Y. State Museum Bulletin No. 168, Albany, N. Y., 1913. Other bulletins give more detailed studies of U. S. Geological Survey Quadrangle areas within the region.

Packing up

THE APPROACH

THE APPROACH

AFTER an early breakfast (Saturday, August 11) we walked leisurely, resting frequently, for about three and a half hours, when we reached Cold River Dam, a large one, formerly used in lumbering the locality, passing on the way the party which had overtaken and passed us below two days previously, now returning from their climb up Seward. On a small hill to the west of the dam stood the abandoned lumber camp, in a fair state of preservation, in it an old stove, table, benches and a bunk, with some odds and ends of its former occupancy strewn about. Alvin took a swim in the pool at the foot of the dam spillway, while I prepared lunch. Mount Santanoni, with Panther, his brother peak, lay before us, with rolling country, many ridges and much distance to the

foot of them. We did not wonder that Marshall had had a hard climb to Panther Peak from this point. It looked like good country to get lost in. On studying the map we concluded that it would be easier to make our approach and climb up the valley of the brook on their farther sides, the brook descending northerly from near Bradley Pond and flowing into Duck Hole.

Again we proceeded up the trail, following the Adirondack Mountain Club blue spot markers, which we found to have been well placed all the way through, particularly at every turn off and blind spot. After a while we came into a well traveled tote road, apparently in use but a few years ago, for it was in good condition.

In these woods, tote road is the term used to designate a road used to haul supplies over into a lumber camp. It is laid out over grades as low as may be found, toward its objective, avoiding swampy places as much as possible. Where a swamp or low place or brook must

be crossed, corduroy construction is used—logs laid down, close together, like the flooring of a bridge, on large logs used as stringers where necessary. Sometimes this corduroy construction will extend for miles, built up on timber cribs over rocky places and by the sides of streams, great trunks of white and yellow birch, beech, maple and cedar being used for the road bed, sometimes soft wood tree trunks—spruce, hemlock, balsam—where hard wood is scarce. In one place we walked a corduroy road for a half mile, in swampy cedar country, stepping on cedar logs six to twelve inches in diameter—cedar will not float down stream, and has no value, here, because of the cost of getting it out. Supplies are drawn over the road to the lumber camp in heavy, wide tired wagons, by horses of impressive weight. A tote road may be identified by its easier grades, its more solid construction, and by the deep ruts in the softer places, made by the wide tired wagon wheels.

A draw road is the term used to designate

a road over which the soft wood market logs are drawn in winter, the road being previously flooded or sprinkled with water and frozen, to give easy traction, from the skids to water, there to await the break up of ice and spring freshets, so that they may be driven down, through ponds and lakes in channels between booms—floating logs, held together, at their ends, by chains—and on down their outlets, and the rivers, to the mills, where they are made into pulp and paper, at intervals on the upper streams log dams being built to hold back sufficient water to let out, when needed, to assist in making the drive down stream. A draw road may be identified by the presence of skids alongside it, its steeper grades, its corduroy logs laid wider apart than in a tote road, for sleigh runners rather than wheels, and its down hill, toward water, direction. If you get lost follow roads down hill—you will come out somewhere.

Snake paths will be found farther up hill, above the skids, the latter being timber cribs

upon which the market logs, about fourteen feet in length, are piled, each bearing, on its ends, the mark of the contractor who cut it so that the logs may be identified and tallied when they reach the mills below after their long journey in the spring. Two men fell the trees, the trunks of those to be cut having been previously marked with a round, white spot, cut through the bark by tapping a hollow steel spotter with a mallet. In a few minutes the crosscut saw will bring crashing down a tree that may have stood for a half century or more. The lopper then cuts off the limbs, using a double bitted axe—one side kept sharp for cutting, the other duller, used for grubbing roots. Using a pole of proper length as a measure the tree trunk is sawed into market lengths. A horse is driven to the spot, with two or three short chains dragging from the whiffletree behind him, each chain having a spike at its end. The spikes are then driven by a mallet into the market logs, near their ends, and the horse proceeds to "snake" them

down a little path to the nearest skidway—the open space above and leading to the skids—down which they are rolled to and piled up on the skids convenient for loading upon sleigh bobs in winter. Snake paths are not marked by blazed trees. They start out into the woods from the skidways, wind in and out snake fashion, and end nowhere. They give but little assistance in woods traveling. In fact they are usually very confusing.

We walked on with not much to see except the hard wood trees by the road on either side. While resting we noticed a large signboard nailed to a tree trunk containing the lettered information "15 miles"—nothing else to indicate whence or whither. Alvin made the sign more of a joke by marking over it, with a pencil, "Speed Limit," and under it, "per hour." Only a motor car of the quite familiar type could be expected to need the warning—even it might develop rattles in traveling the road. Farther on we could see water down to our left, and our map indicated it as

Mountain Pond, with Seymour Mountain rising to the west. After more packing we came to where another tote road led into ours from the northwest, and here we found some lettered Adirondack Mountain Club signs. One pointed in the direction from which we had come and read, "Cold River Dam 5 miles, Shattuck's Clearing 10 miles, Long Lake Open Camp 21½ miles, Northville 120 miles;" another pointed to the right and read, "Cold River Open Camp ½ mile, Moose Pond 5½ miles, Lake Placid 15½ miles." We decided to go on to Cold River Open Camp, and shortly reached it, finding a new open camp, erected, as the sign indicated, by the State Conservation Commission. On the floor of the open camp, at one end, was a good bed of fresh balsam; at the other end were a table, benches, some cooking utensils, and a small supply of sugar, flour and butter, left by recent occupants. We cooked unleavened bread in the fry pan and some slices of bacon over a fire in the built-up stone fireplace in

front of the camp, finishing off with raisins, sweet chocolate and tea. Soon we relaxed into deep sleep.

We forgot the next day was Sunday having in mind that it was Saturday. In woods traveling you reckon from "the day we camped by the swamp," or from "the day we caught the big trout," and are very apt to lose a day. A good way to remember is to carry along a small dry stick in the pack—one cut with a hatchet out of seasoned cedar and whittled smooth with a jackknife will do—cedar seems to have more medicine in it than other woods for this particular purpose—making a ceremony each morning after breakfast, or after the evening meal before the backlog fire, of cutting a notch in the stick for the day, a longer one for Sundays—only do not forget the ceremony.

After breakfast we scouted, and found that the outlet from Preston Ponds and Duck Hole flowed into Cold River close by the place where stood the open camp we occupied. A

tote road led, apparently, toward Duck Hole, but we remembered what the two young men with many maps had told us of the lumber cuttings and beaver dams, and were somewhat shy of it. The ridge to the south of the outlet looked as though covered with hard wood timber, and we decided to pack up the outlet in the hardwood alongside it.

Shortly Kim ran up our back trail, and barked, and we heard voices. Three young men, natives, came along by the camp, carrying fishing rods, and one of them, in addition, a double-barrelled shot gun. Their spokesman said they were from Saranac Lake; that they were going trout fishing at Duck Hole, and in the brook which flowed into it from the south—the brook coming down the valley which we had decided upon as our approach to Panther Peak and Santanoni; that the tote road up the north side of the outlet flowing into the river, near the open camp, led to the foot of Duck Hole; and that there was an old tote road leading up our objective valley.

They went on their way, we packed, and after a short walk up the tote road came to the dam at the foot of Duck Hole, crossed it, found a trail leading up to the right of the valley, and after a short distance down again to the old tote road, alongside the stream. After about a mile the road disappeared, having been washed out by spring freshets. We got off on a side draw road to the west for a short distance, but soon realized our mistake by the character and uphill direction of the road and returned to the brook, where we saw the three young men fishing. Their spokesman could not give us much of any information about the valley above us. We concluded to continue up, keeping the brook in sight. For some time we walked old, rotten corduroy and pushed through alders. We took to the bed of the brook, walking up the stones, and ere long hunger took possession of us, with the result that we stopped and cooked a pot of oatmeal. After a rest we looked at what we could see of the valley through the

trees and concluded we had gone far enough up to be in a good situation from which to make our climb. A little ways farther we came to a beaver dam, put up the tent close by the brook below it, made a fair balsam bed, and cooked a pot of macaroni, flavoring it with beef cubes, for supper. Alvin then went fishing and I scouted for a few minutes, returning with meagre information except the conclusion that we had pushed up the valley nearer our objective peak than we had thought. Kim did not go with me on the scout but stretched his tired length on the blankets. He eats rice and cereals, but refuses the dog biscuit carried for him. During the night the rain came.

We slept late the following morning listening to the raindrops falling on the tent and believing we were enjoying Sunday morning naps. After breakfast, cooked between mists, I wrote up the journal, discovering that we had lost a day and that yesterday was Sunday. On looking at the hills to the east and after

studying the map we concluded to wait for clear weather for our climb, and after making it, to pack over the ridge between us and Preston Ponds, hoping to go through one of the visible saddles in the ridge, if we could find it.

Alvin had found an old rubber hunting shoe, with leather top, at the Cold River Dam lumber camp, had cut off the leather, and brought it with him. He is now busy cutting out of it, in spiral fashion, a thong for the bow of his fire set. Kim is sleeping the sleep of a tired doggy.

In the afternoon we tried flies on the pools above and below the beaver dam, catching four. Alvin used a cut birch pole, and I the small pocket rod, which proved to be too stiff because of the numerous ferrules for its short length. It broke twice, necessitating burning out the wood in the ferrule, whittling the broken end to fit into it, and wedging it in, re-tying the snake guides, and covering the job with pitch, obtained by pricking with a

knife blade one of the little blisters on a live balsam tree, to keep the water out. We cooked the trout for supper and wished we had caught more.

SANTANONI

SANTANONI

IT had cleared by morning and we arose early, getting away at seven o'clock for our climb. We took the smaller pail, in its denim bag for protection from soot, and a bag containing oatmeal, with the salt and sugar added to it, raisins and chocolate, for lunch, Alvin carrying it in one of the brown duffle bags strapped in the shoulder harness on his back out of the way so as to leave his arms free for the climb. We followed the tote road up the brook, until we found it so overgrown and washed away that we took to the stones of the brook bed. After about a mile and a half of this going, we reached a point to the east of Panther Peak, and could see that the greater part of our two thousand feet climb lay steeply in front of us. A draw road up a small feeder brook gave us fair

walking for a little ways, then we took to the brush. The climb was as steep as it had looked. By eleven o'clock we had reached the summit of the little peak that lies to the northeast of Panther Peak. Down below us, to the north, we obtained a good view of Cold River valley, up which we had come, and above it, a little to the east of north, past the east side of Sawtooth Mountain, lay Lake Placid, backed by Whiteface Mountain. We reserved looking overmuch in other directions until we should reach the summit of Santanoni. The atmosphere began to be cloud filled, and we regretfully realized that our views were not to be the clear ones we had hoped for.

On reaching the summit of Panther Peak, Alvin found a tin cartridge box sealed with adhesive tape on which was written "Register." On opening it he found some sheets of note paper upon which were written five names, the first two bearing the date of August 5, 1921, and the latter three being Herbert

Clark, George Marshall and Robert Marshall, under the date of August 21, 1921. Alvin signed our names, following them with the date.

The summit of Santanoni lay about a mile and a half to the south of us, with much mountain balsam between. Through it we pushed, pulled and crawled, until we reeked of balsam, handling, pulling, tasting, falling on it, its aroma filling our nostrils, its needles getting down our necks, its black stain remaining on our hands. An old survey line had been cut, many years ago, along the crest and we found several white cloth game preserve signs tacked to trees along it. So old was the line, however, that it did not help us very much so far as traveling was concerned. In one of the saddles we stopped for lunch. We tried pressing the water out of moss, but soon gave it up, as what remained of daylight was valuable, and our hands were so blackened with balsam pitch that what water was pressed out into our cups was dark in color and pitchy as

to taste. We lunched on dry oatmeal, on the theory that it would swell up inside of us, as the parched and powdered Indian corn did inside the Indians who ate it, and surrender to us its food value—the theory worked, it surrendered. We finished off with raisins and chocolate. After a rest of an hour we pushed on our way, finally reaching the summit.

I agree with Marshall as to the beauty of the views, and that they are worth any trouble to get. Never before, from any Adirondack peak, have I seen such a broad expanse of wild country. On the northwest side lay Cold River valley, with some evidence of lumbering in it, however, backed by Mounts Seymour and Seward, with their ridges; to the west, miles on miles of tree tops, with many ponds and lakes glimmering out of them; toward the northeast Bradley Pond, above it Henderson Mountain, with dark Lake Henderson visible beyond his southern ridges; more to the right, down the long wooded slope of the mountain, tiny Lake Andrew and larger

Sanford; and farther away, over Mount Henderson, the big peaks—Macomb, Dix, Haystack, Marcy, Colden with his slides, and McIntyre, now nearer than when we last saw them from Blue Mountain. Particularly impressive was the view through Indian Pass, with the great shoulder cliff of Wallface on its northwest side, and on straight through it, the Cascade Notch.

Applying the standard as to beauty of views I find myself agreeing with Marshall that the views from Santanoni are excelled, of a certainty, only by those from Haystack, possibly by those from Nipple Top; this because, in addition to the wildness, the latter peaks give more beautiful near views—from Haystack, rocky Panther Gorge close on one side, and Basin and the white sided Gothics close by on the other side—from Nipple Top, massive Dix to the east, Elk Lake in its light green valley to the south, the outspread great range on the northwest. Santanoni stands detached, in the midst of vast woods, with no

other mountains close to him—an outpost between the big range and the lake country. The immensity of the region impresses one more from Santanoni than from any other peak.

Lowering skies threatened a shortening of daylight, and rain. We discovered a trail leading down to the east, toward Santanoni Brook, and were afterwards informed this trail followed down the brook, coming out on the road leading north from Tahawus Post Office to Tahawus Club. We dreaded the return through the tough mountain balsam to Panther Peak, and studied the map, compass in hand, and the mountain side to the northeast of us. We decided to go down on a northeast course, which would mean walking over at least two large ridges extending down from Panther Peak fanwise, aiming to strike the head of our brook valley north of Bradley Pond at the circumference of the fan. A misty rain overtook us, depositing its drops on the foliage. As we brushed against the bushes

and the trunks of saplings the rain drops shook off on to our clothing. After about two hours we came to an old tumble-down lumber camp on our brook, above the place where we had left it to begin our climb. We arrived at camp at six o'clock, wet through to the hips, but happy.

I started the fire, Alvin stripped to the waist and cut a large supply of fire wood, and soon a pot of macaroni was bubbling. I stepped up to the beaver dam to fool with some soap, and on returning to the tent, slipped on the wet grass, and fell into the brook, getting soaked to the shoulders. Great gleeful shouts from Alvin! As I stood by the fire letting the water run off my clothes, Kim pushed a sympathetic nose against my leg and began to lick some of the water off for me, wagging his tail meanwhile. In a few minutes we were both stripped and in the brook for a good bath and swim. We made a huge backlog fire and were soon into dry underclothing, eating our supper to the patter of rain drops on the tent

above us. Contentedly we tucked the blankets about us—the end of a perfect day—Santanoni climbed, the goal of many years ambition among Adirondack peaks.

In the morning more rain, and some long naps under the warm blankets. While cooking breakfast a pileated woodpecker came close to camp—the second one I have seen—and hammered into the trunk of a standing dead tree, getting his breakfast—a good view, showing clearly his pointed, scarlet crest, long neck with white stripe, long bill, and large body, about fifteen inches in length from tip of crest to end of tail feathers. We decided to wash our clothes and put our duffle in order. Soon the welcome sun appeared between drifting clouds and shone on our drying clothing. A white throat trilled its plaintive song near by. By noon it had cleared. We resolved to move. After packing up we went over to a little cleared space to the west of the brook and looked at the ridge over which we

had decided to go, and the saddle in it we would try for. It lay due east from us.

Up the old tote road along the brook we went, and after a few hundred yards found a draw road leading off to the east in the direction of our objective saddle. We followed it and it continued eastward, until it ended high up on the side of the ridge, and there we were fortunate enough to find a well traveled deer path leading on directly up to and through our saddle—a pretty spot, with fern covered floor, rocky sides, and shaded by tall, first growth spruces. The descent on the other side was steep, through the big spruce. Soon we saw down below us, through the tree tops, a body of water. In a few minutes we came to the top of a cliff with a sheer drop off of fifty or sixty feet. We worked our way carefully around to the right and down at the end of the cliff, and ere long stood on a little, gravelly beach on the shore of Upper Preston Pond—a beautiful sheet of water, with wooded shore

lines, some of it black timber, standing amidst light green tree tops, Mac Naughton Mountain overlooking it across to the east from the beach.

Following the shore line to the southeast—the trail proved to be on the other side of the pond—we soon came to an outlying log cabin camp of the Tahawus Club, the pond being in the preserve of the Club. It was unoccupied, but we espied a boat approaching the landing place in front of the camp. In a few minutes two middle aged men, both protected from the cold northwest wind by black rubber coats, rowed up to the landing, greeted us, and gave us the time from their watches. One of them asked us whence we had come. We pointed to the saddle in the ridge above the cliff. The elder one's eyes glistened, and he said he wished he were young enough to go through the woods as we were going. The other said he had climbed Santanoni by way of the trail up Santanoni Brook, and agreed that the views therefrom were among the

Upper Preston Pond

best from any of the peaks. They went into the cabin. Again we took to walking around the shore of the pond, and struck bad going—we should have gone up higher, as we had been told to do, by one of the men—rocks, down timber, and brush—but patiently we worked through it, finally reaching the end of the pond at the point from which the trail led off to Lake Henderson.

A short distance on the trail we met a lone traveler with a pack basket on his back, a blanket roll tied on top of it, a stick for a staff in his right hand, in his left a smoke blackened tin pail containing a fry pan and a camera. Kim barked vociferously at him. He asked us how far it was to the pond and if he would be permitted to put up for the night on its shore. We told him we did not have anything to do with it, but did not believe anyone would object if no damage were done. He said he was on his way around Preston Ponds and on to Ampersand.

After a slight rise on the well cut trail

through a rocky pass we descended, came to a brook, crossed it several times on logs with hand rails up alongside, and soon saw a sign board pointing to a trail leading to our left, marked "Indian Pass." This trail we followed and shortly found ourselves on a stream running south, which we knew, from looking at our map, to be Indian Pass Brook. Soon we stopped in the hardwood on its west bank.

The tent was quickly set up. We are getting quite proficient in team work. On stopping we choose a place for the tent, selecting as level and soft a spot as possible. Alvin unstraps his pack and hands me the hatchet. I cut a tent pole, six stakes, two upright crotched poles, with cross bar, for cooking purposes, and two "wannigans"—inverted crotches—by which the pails are suspended over the fire. I stake the two rear corners of the tent, Alvin places the pole in position, with the two front ropes over its crotch, and I then adjust the two ropes in position, drive stakes in, tie the ropes to them and stake the front tent

corners. Together we gather balsam and Alvin makes the bed, shingling the fronds from head to foot—unless it is too dark, or we are too tired to gather balsam, when we let the forest floor take our bodies as it is, after raking off sticks and leveling it somewhat with our hands and the back of the hatchet, making hollows in the woods floor for hips and shoulders. We bring pails of gravel from the brook and place it in a sheet of several inches thickness on the woods duff, upon which to build our fire. Then the crotched poles are driven in, the cross bar placed in position above the fireplace, notches cut in the suspended "wannigans" to take our pail handles, the fire is started, with the aid of birch bark and small dead branches of spruce or hemlock, and the water in the pails is soon boiling, ready for tea, rice, oatmeal, pea soup or macaroni. Meantime, as soon as the poncho is spread over the balsam and the blankets laid over it, Kim seeks them, and we cover him up to his busy little black nose with the ends of the

blankets—a tired, contented doggy sigh as soon as this is done. There he remains until our evening meal is ready and we sit at the front of the tent eating it, when he comes out from under the blankets and sits beside us, reminding us, occasionally, by placing his raised paw on one of our arms, that he too is hungry.

Indian Pass

"But, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the way-side did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture further, lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore there he stood still, and wotted not what to do."

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

INDIAN PASS

AFTER breakfast next morning (Thursday, August 16) we left our tent to explore Indian Pass. The trail was well traveled giving us good walking. We soon came to a fork where we saw some signs nailed to trees—the Conservation Commission's signs and markers. The one pointing up the brook read, "Indian Pass 3 miles, Adirondack Lodge 8 miles, Lake Placid 20 miles," the sign indicating round blue trail markers on this trail; the sign pointing up the trail which led off to the right read, "Flowed Land 4½ miles, Lake Colden 5½ miles, Mt. Marcy 9½ miles," the sign indicating red trail markers. We went on up the brook, every little ways, particularly at blind places on the trail, coming upon a round blue trail marker nailed to a tree trunk.

Shortly the valley narrowed up and we caught glimpses of the Wallface Mountain cliff, to the left. A turn in the trail and there was a wall tent and tarp, with a birch bark sign up on a front pole, upon which was printed "New York State Conservation Commission, Cruising Side Camp No. 1." Its occupants were not at home so we proceeded on our way. The trail soon became very steep, leading around and among immense boulders which had fallen into the pass from its steep, converging sides. We came to a side path, followed it to the edge of a small cliff and the full majesty of the chasm came into view. Up the pass, across from us, rising sheer for a thousand feet, was the rocky side of Wallface. Below in heaps lay great masses of piled up boulders—many larger than a house, some poised in apparently unstable positions, with cavities underneath, a few crowned with trees —whence they had tumbled down from off the front of Wallface's massive chest. To our right the wooded slope of the McIntyre range

Santanoni and Panther Peak above Henderson's Crest, from Indian Pass

rose at an angle of forty-five degrees. To the southwest, down the pass, above Henderson's crest, lay Santanoni, spread out across the horizon from its summit to Panther Peak—a beautiful view.[1] We took pictures with the little cameras we carried on our belts, but felt that no camera could do justice to the views—and it does not. We then went on to the height of land, or rather jumbled up pile of boulders, and climbed one of them for a view down through the wooded, northern end of the pass.

Returning to camp we discovered that there was a Conservation Commission open camp erected across the brook but a short distance above our tent. We cooked oatmeal for lunch, and after a rest decided to go on to Flowed Land. From the fork in the trail above our camp the trail went over the southern shoulder of the McIntyre range leading into Calamity Brook Trail which comes up from the Tahawus Club, some distance above

[1] Illustration.

the dam. The trail was steep in places and the Adirondack miles of it proved to be long ones as usual—something must be the matter with their measuring outfits. At two places on the trail, one just as we had crested the south ridge of the McIntyre range and the other on walking the old grass covered corduroy around marshy Calamity Pond, the faint, aromatic odor of sweet grass was borne to our nostrils, bringing memories of Indian baskets at home and the perfume given off by them after rainy weather in summer. On and near the trail in the marsh at the edge of the pond we saw many closed gentians, their deep blue petals folded tightly together. When we had reached the Henderson Monument—grim cenotaph of the accidental shooting at that spot of David Henderson in 1845—the fast descending sun brought realization of the fact that we could not reach Opalescent River Open Camp at the foot of Lake Colden before dark, which we had hopes of doing, so we decided to make our overnight stop at Flowed

Land. This we soon reached, beautiful Colden, with his slides—the Scalped One, as the Indians designated him—and Avalanche Pass, in view across the water. On the shore a small army shelter tent was set up, with duffle strewn about it. We espied a boat some distance from the shore with two occupants, fishing. Darkness was nearly upon us. We had no time to find and clear a space for the tent in the spruce and balsam covered shore, so we pitched the tent in the trail, gathering and placing a little balsam to take the curse off the bed. A tired trio we were—the end of our hardest day.

The Big Range

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength."

—PSALMS.

FLOWED LAND

FLOWED LAND

AFTER arising (Friday, August 17), on going down to the water's edge I heard a distant halloo, and looking up espied three figures on the clear, sunlit summit of Mount Colden. At first I thought they were trees, but reflected that trees as tall as the figures I saw do not grow on top of bare rock, or out of small mountain balsams. Soon the three figures changed position and I knew some ambitious souls had arisen early to reach that summit at seven o'clock in the morning. Their principle of mountain climbing is correct—the earlier one gets to the top the clearer the atmosphere and the fewer clouds. Sometimes we would start for a peak with a clear, sunlit sky, and by the time we arrived at the top, after two or three hours or more of climbing, would be looking through a cloudy,

hazy atmosphere. The clearest atmosphere is apt to follow a storm, particularly if the storm—they usually come from the southwest—is blown away by a cold wind from the northwest.

The occupants of the army shelter tent proved to be two lads from Saranac Lake Village, who had been in camp a week, one of them a former Boy Scout. They had caught some trout and gave us one—at least a pound in weight—for breakfast. It did taste good to us, after our simple woods fare! While we were cooking the trout a man, two women, and a boy, with packs, came in over the trail around Flowed Land from Lake Colden. The man said they had come up from Tahawus Post Office by Calamity Brook Trail, and after spending several days on the shore of Lake Colden, were returning by Opalescent River Trail. The quick eye of one of the women noted the fact that Alvin was browning the trout in the fry pan over a very small fire—mostly coals, very little flame. She

said, "See what a little fire he's using!" I inferred that some of her party had been trying to cook over bonfires, as so many people try to do, instead of the little stick fire, which produces a flame but slightly larger than that of the gas range at home—sticks no larger than a pencil, the dead branches sticking out, below the live ones, from the trunks of balsams, spruces and hemlocks. Gather a full supply, all you are going to need; break them into short lengths, and place them by the side of the fire. Feed them in, from time to time, so as to keep your small flame just where, and as hot, as you wish it. This for the quick cooking fire. It takes larger wood, preferably hardwood, and more time, to develop a bed of coals that will glow with little or no flame, and give off sufficient heat for cooking. Our callers bade us good bye and went on their way.

While we were strapping our packs two young men came up the Calamity Brook Trail, carrying large pack baskets, with tent and blanket rolls on top. They said they had

been the occupants of the cruising camp of the Conservation Commission which we had passed up Indian Pass Brook; that they had broken camp, and were now on their way to the main cruisers' headquarters on the west shore of Lake Colden. One of them told us that the Commission would not take the lumber company's estimate of the amount of the standing soft wood timber in the tract which includes a large part of the surrounding country, taken over recently by the State, largely through the efforts of former Commissioner George D. Pratt and his secretary Warwick S. Carpenter, in spite of opposition from the Tahawus Club people, who wished to keep this region as a part of their preserve, and that the Commission's foresters were now making a joint timber cruise of the tract, with the foresters of the lumber company, to determine the kind and quantity of the soft wood. He said that some of the cruisers, together with a fire warden stationed there, were at the Lake Colden camp, whither he and his companion

were bound; that they had cut a trail this summer up Mount Colden, starting from the east side of the lake opposite the camp; and that some of them had made the climb by this trail in an hour and a quarter. On mentioning the fact that we had seen three persons on the summit at seven o'clock he informed us that some of the party were cruising on Mount Colden and that the three we saw were probably some of these cruisers who had made the climb on their way to work. Having been in the woods all summer, with not many visitors, our new callers seemed pleased to have someone to talk with. They invited us to call upon them at their Lake Colden camp. We gladly accepted the invitation. Learning that we were going around Flowed Land and up Opalescent River, they offered to take our packs across Flowed Land in the boat, and leave them at the landing up the inlet, which they did.

There were several red squirrels about our overnight camp site looking for food scraps.

Kim had a great time chasing them up trees. One he put up a small birch standing so far from other trees that the nervous squirrel could not jump out of it, and it was fun to watch Kim stand at the foot of the birch and point him, while the red squirrel scolded angrily back, body shaking, curved tail quivering. It was a long time before Kim's interest waned and the red squirrel could leave the tree. Evidently a Fox Terrier in this country is of as much interest to the red squirrel as the latter is to Kim.

We took the trail down the shore of Flowed Land to view Hanging Spear Falls which the sign indicated as being a mile and a quarter distant. Soon we came to the dam at the foot of Flowed Land, built years ago across Opalescent River to provide a sufficient head of water, flooding the land above it, to turn into and down Calamity Brook for lumbering purposes below, and recognized it as the place from which Doctor Andzulatis, a great Adi-

rondack lover, had taken, years ago, the picture of Flowed Land, with Mount McIntyre in the distance, which his daughter had sent us for a recent Christmas remembrance. We went down the east side of the river, the trail leading along the edge of a gorge similar to the one above Flowed Land, but larger. Soon we came to an observation point from which we obtained a view of the falls—a pretty sight, with a rainbow visible in the mist, over the dark pool, at the bottom. Opalescent River is the most beautiful stream in the Adirondacks. Both above and below Flowed Land its gorges, flumes and falls, and its clear water, revealing, reflecting, heightening the varying iridescent colors—blue, green, bronze—of the smooth worn rock of its bed, leave nothing to be desired for beauty in a mountain stream. It has been happily named.

We returned, walked over the trail around the west shore of Flowed Land, came to the small cliff at the foot of Lake Colden, with the

ladder down it, down which I carried Kim, and went a short distance to the open camp on Opalescent River where both Kim and I had been before. It was unoccupied, but a Baker tent stood near and a man tending fire there said that the night before about forty persons had camped in and around the open camp—parties which had come in from the north, from Adirondack Lodge way south through Avalanche Pass, or from the south, up the Calamity Brook or Opalescent River Trails, for the Marcy or McIntyre climbs, or which had returned from the latter climbs and were on their way out. We went down to the boat landing at the head of Flowed Land, shouldered our packs, which had been left there by the cruisers, and walked up the river to a secluded spot I had occupied before in 1915 and 1916, where we found the remains of our old camp fire seat and some of our tent pegs still standing. We reached the camp site tired and hungry—feelings always to be associated with that spot, of which more will be told

later. A little work and we had the best camp so far on the trip, with a plentiful supply of balsam for the bed. For the remainder of the day we rested.

McINTYRE AND COLDEN

McINTYRE AND COLDEN

THE sun shone brightly when we arose next morning, promising good views from the summit of McIntyre, our day's objective. On the way to the cruisers' cabin on Lake Colden where the trail up the mountain began, we stopped at the Baker tent we had seen the night before and found occupying it a man from Amsterdam, New York. We exchanged cards, the man writing his name on a piece of wrapping paper, I writing mine on a piece of birch bark. He proved to be a seasoned Adirondacker of about sixty summers who was in camp with a minister, whom he said had spent many summers hereabouts. The latter had left camp that morning for Tahawus Club, where, by special dispensation of the woods gods, he had been allowed to leave his car. He in-

tended to go out to Amsterdam the same evening, occupy his pulpit on the Sabbath, and return to camp the same way on Monday. Truly the wild spots are getting ever nearer to civilization these days—although the sermon may have been better, because of woodland flavor. Walking on the trail around the west shore of Lake Colden, we found the trail which was to lead us up the twenty-three hundred feet of steep mountain slope.

I had good reason to remember McIntyre. In 1915 I had made the climb up this trail with Little Squaw and had noted that it followed the bed of a brook for some distance up. On my next climb the following summer, with Doctor Cochrane, I had acquired a plentiful supply of woods experience. We started from the camp on Lake Colden with confidence, but soon the trail became confusing. Shortly we came upon a brook, and I gaily said, "Let's not bother with the trail—it follows up the brook, and we will come into it shortly." I did not know that Cold Brook

also flowed into Lake Colden, near the camp, and we had gained seven or eight hundred feet elevation before we discovered that we were on Cold Brook instead of our trail. We resolved to push on up anyway from where we were, and did so, working our way up to the little black timbered knoll south of Herbert, then on through the toughest mountain balsam I have ever seen, over Herbert, and on up to the summit of McIntyre. We would reach an elevation from which we could see another height ahead, so close you could almost throw a stone to it—but it would take us a half hour to crawl the distance. We had eight hours behind us when we finally reached the top. We returned by the trail, reaching camp so tired that we scarce had energy left to prepare our evening meal and tumble into our blankets. Afterward, from the summit of Marcy, we had shaken our fists at McIntyre and the doctor had rechristened him, "The Wart."

In two and a quarter hours, helped out by

some raisins and chocolate and a rest, we reached the top, passing two parties descending and finding another party of seven on the summit. We arrived somewhat warm after our climb and put on our woolen jackets, which we had carried on our belts, to prevent being chilled by the cooler air. The atmosphere was clear. The view down into Indian Pass and of the cliff of Wallface is particularly good, though lumbering across in the Scott Pond country and to the north of Indian Pass has deprived the view in this direction of much of its wildness. To the north across the Elba valley beyond the John Brown farm and grave, lay Placid, village and lake, with steep sided Whiteface in the distance, the cleared valley, however, revealing civilization somewhat near. Toward Cascade Notch much burned country was visible. The best view is to the south and southeast—to the right down below, Flowed Land; a little nearer and more to the left, Lake Colden, margined by Mount Colden, with his rocky slides running

down and disappearing into Avalanche Pass, Caribou Mountain and Pass between; Colden in turn topped by the Marcy dome, with Skylight and wooded Redfield to the right of him, and Gothic visible to the left. The views from McIntyre are better than those from Marcy, according to the standard of beauty of views from the peaks, more evidences of civilization and fire scars being visible to the north and northeast from the latter. The close surrounding peaks, hemming Marcy in, deprive one of the full sense of his height. McIntyre, more detached, his top but two hundred thirty-two feet below that of Marcy, brings greater realization of elevation, and of the extent of the surrounding wild country, particularly off his south side. If it were not for the lumbering to the west, the great, open, cultivated valley to the north with the houses and hotel of Lake Placid village visible at its foot, and the fire scars in the Cascade country, one could not wish for wilder and more beautiful views.

We took pictures and ate our lunch of rai-

sins and chocolate. Kim teased for some chocolate but would not eat raisins. We broke off small bits of chocolate into the palms of our hands and placed some raisins with them—Kim ate them all. Having thus acquired the taste for raisins, Kim afterward ate them greedily, after the fashion of a mountaineer.

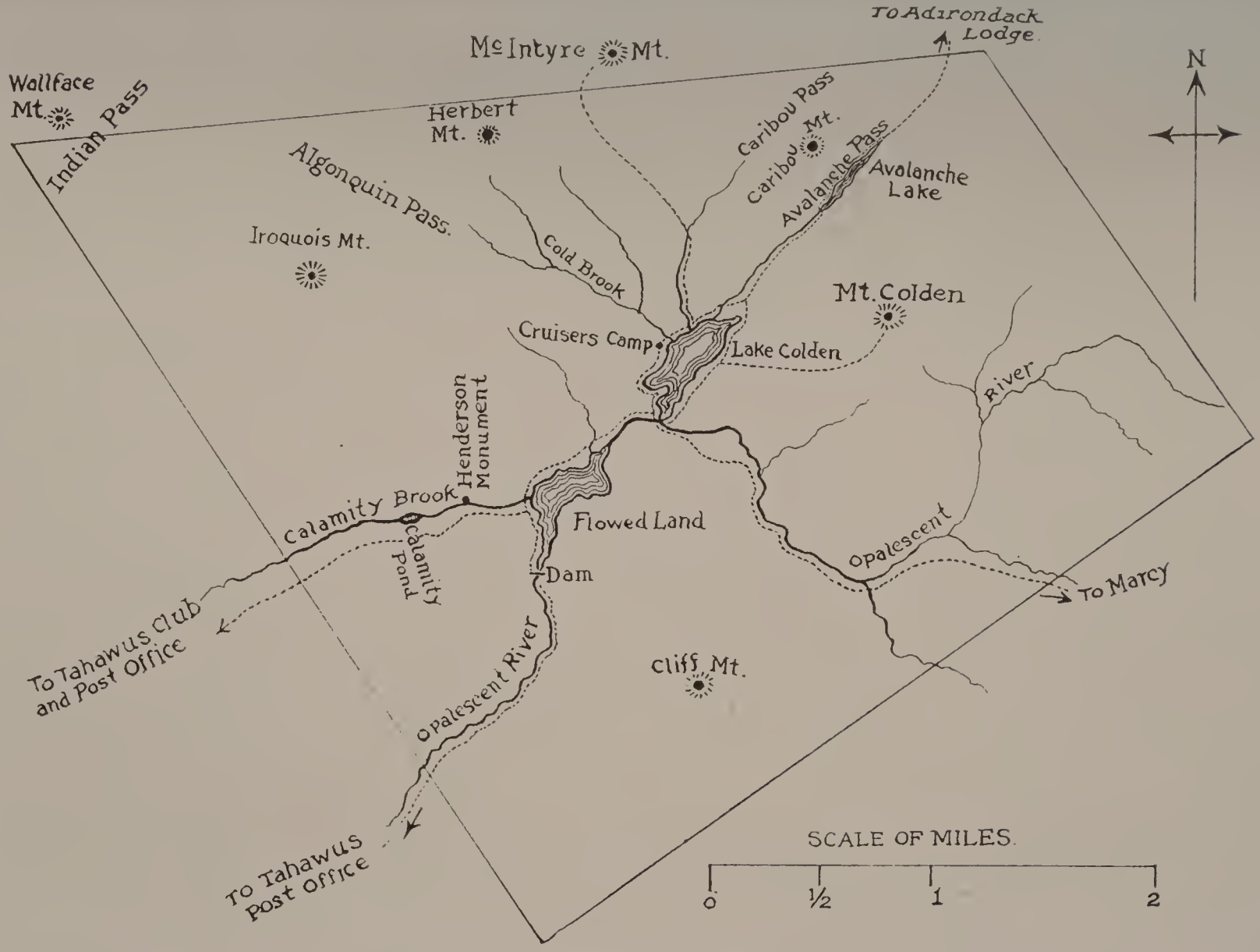
Alvin decided to scramble through the balsams to the peak of Herbert, a mile to the southwest. He studied the ridge and picked out a way where the balsams appeared to be thinnest and some ledges were visible. I found a comfortable place to lie, on the low blueberry bush tops, in the warm sunshine, and watched him, and the little white body of Kim, disappear and reappear through and among the balsam tops, up and over the rocks. In thirty-five minutes he stood on the top and waved his arms, clearly outlined against the sky. The views are like those from McIntyre, but better, the latter peak blocking off the burned Cascade country and most of Elba valley. One can look farther into Avalanche

Pass to the east and obtain a better view of Indian Pass on the west. A little to the south of west lies a wild, wooded valley, in which is Algonquin Pass with Iroquois Mountain rising to the south above it. A trail should be cut from McIntyre to Herbert. Ere long Alvin and Kim returned and we descended.

We stopped at the cruisers' camp on Lake Colden, were invited into the cabin and shown the ground plan of the joint timber cruise thereabouts. The cruisers came up in May, at which time there was snow on the ground in some places, and were just finishing their cruise of the Gore around Lake Colden. The gore is shaped somewhat like the inserted drawing.

In making their cruise they first established base lines along the trails from which they ran compass lines ten chains apart, gridiron fashion, over the entire tract, blazing trees to indicate lines and corners. Then, working in pairs, at each corner within the gridiron they would describe a circle with a radius of fifty-

nine feet, making approximately a quarter acre circle, blazing a few trees at the circumference to indicate it. One man then took a caliper—a stick marked in inches with an arm at right angles at one end and a sliding arm projecting in the same direction as the end arm—placed its jaws on the sides of each live balsam, spruce and hemlock trunk seven inches or more in diameter within the circle and called off, "balsam ten," "spruce eight," "hemlock twelve," as the case might be, marking the trunks when calipered with a blue chalk cross mark. The other man carried the tally sheet, vertically indicated thereon in columns, being the kind of trees, horizontally their diameters in inches, from seven upwards, and marked them down as they were called off. Three average sized trees within the circle, two spruces and one balsam—they found hardly any hemlock in the tract—were selected and their heights obtained by angular measurement. They also indicated on the tally sheet for each circle whether the trees



Gore around Lake Colden

were virgin or second growth and other observations as to the kind and quality of timber. These circles of trees so measured are to be used as averages to obtain an estimate of the whole amount of standing soft wood within the entire tract. We were informed that the Conservation Commission acquired title for the State to the entire gore in 1920, the standing soft wood, however, not being included, it having been previously conveyed to the lumber company, together with a grant of the right to cut and remove it, and that this cruise was being made to obtain evidence as to the kind and quantity of standing soft wood for use in legal proceedings brought by the lumber company to obtain compensation therefor and now pending in the State Court of Claims.

We returned to camp and after supper concluded we had reached the end of another perfect day. Mendelssohn's "Hymn to the Forest," in melody and words so aptly expressive of the spirit of the woods, came to mind, and I sang.

"Thou forest broad and sweeping,
Fair work of nature's God,
Of all my joy and weeping,
The consecrate abode!
Yon world deceiving ever,
Murmurs in vain alarms,
O might I wander never,
From thy protecting arms.

Who rightly scans thy beauty,
A solemn word may read
Of love, of truth, and duty—
Of hope in time of need.
And I have read them often,
Those words so true and clear,
What heart that would not soften,
Thy wisdom to revere?

Ah! soon must I forsake thee,
My own, my sheltering home,
In sorrow soon betake me,
In yon vain world to roam.
And there the word recalling,
Thy solemn lessons teach
'Mid care and danger falling,
No harm my soul may reach."

After a late breakfast (Sunday, August 19) we called on our new acquaintance from Amsterdam. Three of the young men from the cruisers' camp were also there and we had a good chat on Adirondack lore. The guide with our new acquaintance came from Indian

Lake Village. He told us Levi Osgood—long guardian of Lewey Lake—with nine black bear to his credit—died last winter; also that someone had built a hotel at King's Flow, near Chimney Mountain. He knew Master Brown, of Back Log, and once had taken a long woods trip with him, with a pack horse.

I told of the bear's visit to Little Squaw in camp over in Cedar River valley, several summers ago. Little Comrade was with us on this trip, and we set up our tents on Grassy Brook for two weeks of trout fishing and all day walks through the surrounding country. One day Little Comrade and I went to climb the peak situated a short distance southwest of Cellar Mountain, leaving Little Squaw reading in camp. Returning at dusk we had nearly reached the tents when I gave a hoot owl call, which was immediately answered by Little Squaw. Soon we heard screams, and hastened our footsteps. Arriving at camp we saw the pistol, lying on the ground by the fire, and Little Squaw, white of face, greeted

us with, "I've seen a bear!" Lying by the fire reading, she had heard a noise from across the brook, from which direction the wind blew toward camp. Not knowing what the noise might be, she had drawn the pistol and watched. Soon she saw a black object approaching through the bushes on the opposite side of the brook, and in a few minutes bruin came down to the water's edge, about forty feet away. Thinking of our food supply, Little Squaw decided to scare him off. Just then she heard my call and answered it. She stepped to the bank opposite bruin, who raised his head, sniffed, and looked her over with his beady, curious eyes. Little Squaw danced up and down, and screamed at him. These antics were too much for bruin, who turned tail, hastily clambered up the bank and disappeared. We examined his tracks, but made no effort to follow him, knowing he was going away from the dangerous scent of humans as fast as his legs would carry him.

The young men told us that practically no

visitors came into this country until the month of August, when parties began to come in for the climbs and to view the country.

As the years pass more people are coming into these woods, particularly since trails are being opened, marked with colored spot markers instead of former blazes, with signs indicating intersecting trails and giving distances, and open camps built. A campaign of education lies ahead, however, to teach people using them that it is vitally necessary to keep as clean, or cleaner, in the woods than at home, for you are up in the source streams of many water sheds supplying drinking water below. Tin cans, if taken, should be buried, refuse burned in the camp fire before leaving, not forgetting particular, even apparently unnecessary, care to put every particle of fire absolutely out. Be greatly overzealous about it. Only experience with a fire in the woods will bring a realization of how little a spark will ignite the woods duff. It is composed entirely of tiny broken twigs, spines, leaves,

ground up fine. A spark will smoulder in it, spread, and run about under tree roots for weeks without breaking out into flame. Fires here are hard to extinguish and costly to woods beauty—witness the country east of Dix, Giant, and the Cascade Notch country. The efforts of the Adirondack Mountain Club in teaching camp sanitation, its members being asked to clean up open camp sites on using or passing them, and leave signs furnished by the Club containing some of the simple precautions to be observed, are to be commended. After each camping season in the fall each camp site should be visited and cleaned up, chloride of lime being used, by the nearest Club member, fire warden, game protector or other woods lover, perhaps with a check up system, by postal card to the Club's secretary, the nearest fire warden or game protector, to insure that it has been done.

Lowering skies kept us in camp before the backlog fire, though it cleared enough so that we walked up the trail around Lake Colden

to see Avalanche Lake and Pass—views not to be overlooked. At one place, on a high rock above the water on the west side, quick, sharp echoes may be obtained from off the face of the sheer cliff across the narrow little lake. On the east shore above the outlet flowing south white birches may be seen with trunks growing parallel to the ground, curving upward toward their tops—mute evidence of the force and depth of snow slides off Colden, towering above. At another spot a boulder has crashed down leaving a path behind, tree trunks in the way broken straight off. On the east side of Colden, from across the lake, may be seen a cleft or chasm, seventy-five feet wide near the shore, narrowing as it extends straight up the bare mountain side, which the geologists tell us is a weathered dike, of unusual size—an intrusion of younger igneous rock forced upwards into and through an older rock mass, the weaker rock of the dike having crumbled and worn away under the long continued erosive action of rain, frost

and snow slides.[1] We returned to our tent, and decided to make for the saddle between Marcy and Skylight next day.

We arose early (Monday, August 20) and in an hour and a quarter made the ascent of nineteen hundred fifty feet and were at the top of Mount Colden at a quarter of eight. Not a cloud was in sight and the air was clear. The view of Mount Marcy to the southeast was impressive. The view over Lake Colden and Flowed Land was beautiful, more so than the view in the same direction from McIntyre, for one sees more of their curving wooded shore lines and reflecting shadows and the view down the valley is wider, Iroquois Mountain and a little of Algonquin Pass being visible to the right. Lumbering has deprived the Opalescent River valley of a great deal of its former beauty. A fine view lay across the north end of the peak: the great range piled up to the right

[1] "Geology of the Mount Marcy Quadrangle, Essex County, New York," by James F. Kemp, New York State Museum Bulletin, Nos. 229–230, Albany, 1921.

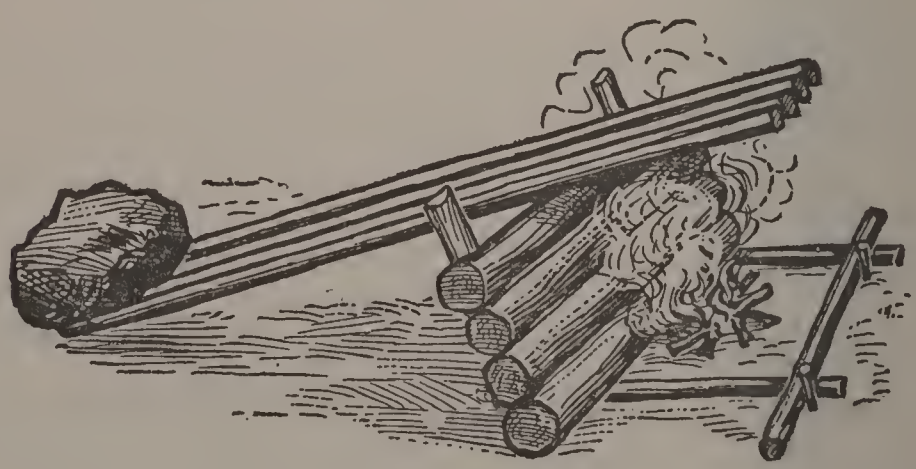
with Gothic prominent, then across South Meadow to the Cascade Notch and Mountain, fire scarred; to the left, over the broad Elba valley, Lake Placid, backed by Whiteface Mountain. At one place down a little from the summit we could look straight down Colden's slides and see a bit of Avalanche Lake eighteen hundred feet. below, with Caribou Mountain and McIntyre, fire scarred on his northern ridges, rising steeply for twenty-two hundred forty-nine feet above, close by across the pass on the northwest.

We gathered handfuls of blueberries and Kim helped himself, eating them fresh from the bushes and then rolling, playfully, on the thick bush tops in the warm sunshine. We descended in a half hour, a steep descent, over the new trail to the east shore of the lake.

As we passed the Opalescent River Open Camp we saw that a large party had come in and camped there the night before. They had seven or eight tiny, individual and two person tents, some brown, some blue in color.

We saw a hair pin or two inside one of the tents. A copper wire had been suspended between two trees, from which hung neat little, waterproofed food bags with tag labels, out of the reach of red squirrels. Altogether it was a neat outfit and camp. They had gone up McIntyre, so our Amsterdam acquaintance informed us. We chatted with the latter gentleman for a while and he accompanied us to our camp to look at our outfit.

He told us a very good method by which to start a fire in a pouring rain was to take four or five sticks, five feet or so long and about four or five inches in diameter, and place them in a slanting position, ends on the ground with a stone on top to hold them, so,—



sides touching, with their other ends projecting over the top of the backlog or reflector fire, forming a roof over the fire place. He showed much interest in Alvin's friction fire set, of the use of which Alvin gave him a demonstration. On leaving us he said that as long as his legs would carry him, each August would find him up in this country. His previous Augusts hereabouts had kept him well preserved. We wished him many more.

MARCY

MARCY

WE packed and started on our steep climb up Opalescent River and Feldspar Brook Trails to the saddle between Marcy and Skylight. At the head of the Flume on Opalescent River a log bridge had been thrown across, for use in recent lumbering—in time it will rot away: time heals—and from there on up to Feldspar Brook lumbering operations have left the former beautiful woods gashed and scarred. Just above the abandoned site of the lumber camp on Feldspar Brook there is a new open camp built by the Conservation Commission, so the sign indicated. It was occupied by two men and a guide, with packs. Soon we passed lonely Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds—highest body of water in the mountains, infant source of the Hudson River—with Gray Peak rising to the north, Marcy to the north-

east. On reaching our objective saddle we saw the new Conservation Commission's open camp, which has been built facing north and with the large boulder in front of it as a reflector for the camp fire. Lowering skies and a few drops of rain led us to decide to sleep in the open camp, though the outfits of some other occupants were thereabouts. They had left their blankets hanging out on a pole to air—we rescued them and put them on the balsam bed out of the rain. Soon two men and three women came down on the Marcy Trail, one of the women stopping to pet Kim, and passed us, starting down the Devil's Half Mile, toward Upper Ausable Lake. A little later our two fellow occupants of the open camp came up the latter trail, having taken the day to climb Haystack, so they informed us. They proved to be two young men from Jersey City—their first woods trip—and they had been there a week. Shortly it began to mist. The wind

Photo by Foster Disinger

On Opalescent River

blew about, as it usually does in this high saddle four thousand three hundred forty-four feet above sea level, whipping the balsam tops angrily with a little hissing noise as it whirled and scurried around among them. Presently the mist ceased to fall, the sky brightened, and Alvin expressed a wish to go up the thousand feet to the summit of Marcy for whatever of sunset we might see. So we started up. I went only part way, just above the balsams, and found a spot sheltered from the wind where I sat and watched Alvin make the rest of the climb up the rock surface. Kim had a great time running about over the mountain—he seems to thoroughly enjoy mountain tops. The clouds to the west reflected some dull sunset tints. On descending we cooked a pot of rice for supper, sharing the fire with our two fellow occupants, and made a rousing camp fire of dead, seasoned, balsam stumps to turn in by.

Lowering skies with a cold mist blowing about led us to sleep late next morning.

While preparing breakfast a man and his daughter came down from off the summit of Marcy with the information that the thermometer read forty-seven degrees up there and that rain and hail had pelted them horizontally as they came over the dome from Slant Rock, on John's Brook Trail, where they had spent the night. Soon the two men and guide, whom we had seen below at Feldspar Brook Open Camp, came up from the direction of Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds. On approaching us their guide—short, lean faced, black moustache, dark eyes revealing French blood—sallied, "Turn your damper, so your chimney won't smoke!" They stopped to chat for a few minutes and then went on their cold, wet way up the Marcy Trail. Our two co-occupants of the open camp packed up and went the same way. They had army packs, including small intrenching spades, canteens, and white canvas cylindrical bags strapped to each side of their packs, in one of which was a bottle of lemon juice. So wide and cumber-

some were their outfits that they looked like a pair of pack mules as they toiled slowly up the trail and gradually faded from sight into the descending mist. Before we had packed up a party of about fourteen Hebrew boys, with older leaders, came up the Feldspar Brook Trail and piled themselves and packs into the open camp out of the mist. We finished packing and left shortly, placed our packs under some balsams, put on our light rain capes, belted them in about us, and went up the Skylight Trail.

The view to the northeast from Skylight is magnificent, alone well worth the short climb of five hundred seventy-six feet from the saddle. A great wall of rock rises hundreds of feet in front of you, the slides of Marcy to the left, Panther Gorge in the deep center below, its bottom two thousand feet below Marcy's top, the slides of Little and Big Haystack to the right: over the top of Little Haystack lies dark wooded Basin, to his right the white sided Gothics, and in the distance, Gi-

ant—a view that lacks nothing in its wild unspoiled grandeur.

We descended, shouldered our packs, and began the ascent of Marcy in one of his tempestuous moods. I wish we could keep him named Tahawus, the Sky Splitter. It seems more appropriate for the most ancient peak on the earth's surface, very old when all else was young, still bearing on his time worn breast plants of near glacial times, little scars left after wearily enduring the last ice sheet intruding upon his solitude—plant life now found only in Lapland and points north—even they are not so plentiful as they once were, within man's memory. As we climbed, the thick balsams—the fronds are thicker in higher altitudes—gradually became shorter until we passed between little, twisted trees only a foot high, then low, thick, blueberry bush tops, with now and then a small plant whose leaves had a tough, shiny appearance as though accustomed to much cold air, ice and snow—finally, rough surfaced, grey rock.

In hollow places on the rock are cushionlike masses of a tough little bush five or six inches high. In sheltered clefts may be seen gnarled balsams not over two feet high which have struggled there sixty years or more—trees whose normal height should have been forty or fifty feet. The wind blew from the south and materially assisted us up over the glacier planed dome—we could feel the gusts push the packs against our backs. The clouds shut us in, there was little we could see, the wind and rain did not induce tarrying—we kept moving to keep our blood in circulation.

The views from Marcy, most often climbed of any of the high Adirondack peaks, are excelled in beauty by those from several lower peaks. Intruding into the surrounding wildness are evidences of civilization and forest fires—the wide, cultivated Elba valley to the north, and Lake Placid village—on a clear day you can see the hotel this side of the lake and many houses; the badly fire scarred Cascade country a little east of north; and burned

Giant to the northeast across the St. Hubert's valley. The best view—and it is magnificently wild—is to the east, down and down, deep into the well of Panther Gorge—you have to step down a little to appreciate the full depth of the gorge—backed by the steep, rocky side of Haystack, with a portion of Saw Teeth visible over Little Haystack, the Boreas to Colvin range above the south end of Haystack, above the latter range Nipple Top and his range, above the latter range again, Dix, with Middle Dix, South Dix, and Macomb with his slides, in the distance to the right of Dix—all fresh, primeval and unspoiled from the hand of their Maker. This view alone must keep old Tahawus contented. The views northeast over the piled up range to Gothic, and southwest over little Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds and tiny Moss Pond toward virgin wooded Redfield, are impressive.

We descended on the John's Brook Trail toward the saddle between Marcy and Little Haystack, where the Range Trail branches

off. Ere long we met a party of girls ascending, some of them with knee trousers turned up, revealing bare knees as though clad in shorts, and with ponchos belted in at the waist with ends flapping in the wind and mist. We soon reached our objective saddle and were obliged to descend the John's Brook Trail a short distance to find water. Soon we found a small, cleared spot near the trail where some one had camped—a wild spot, facing northwest at the head of the valley, which fell away sharply to our right, near the tiny brook—where we stopped and soon had a hot pot of oatmeal, in spite of the rain, which had increased in volume meanwhile. At first we obtained water from the thread of a brook by inserting one of our cups arm's length into a rock crevice so that the drops, falling from some thick, yellow and light green moss, might gradually fill it—then we would empty its clear contents into one of our pails. Ere long the drops had increased to a stream nearly as large as my journal pencil, which

trickled, with a pleasant little gurgling sound, as it ran into and filled the cup.

After lunch we decided to stop where we were for the rest of the day and coming night and proceeded to make camp. It was the hardest task we had yet faced—to make camp in the pouring rain and strong wind. In a few minutes the tent was up over the small cleared spot, barely large enough for our bed. I cut balsam boughs, shook the rain drops off, and Alvin made a good thick bed of them. After a struggle with damp birch bark, wet twigs, and several matches we had the fire going. We went up the trail and pulled down six or seven tall, dead spruces and balsams five or six inches in diameter and dragged them down to camp, cut them up into generous lengths, and soon had a rousing backlog fire, as close to the open tent as we dared put it —about three and a half feet. Then we stood under the tent and let the heat steam and dry our soaked clothes. Kim had a long wait for his position in the tent under the blankets, for

we waited for the heat to reflect in and dry out the balsam bed as much as possible before we slept. He looked so wet and cold shivering in the wind. After a little he disappeared behind some rocks and we knew he had gone to dig in and find what comfort he could in a hole out of the wind and rain, until his place under the blankets was ready for him. Soon a man and two women passed, descending on the trail near us. We exchanged sympathetic halloos. Kim heard their voices, left his hole, barked, and followed them down a short distance. The man called, "Is this your dog? You had better call him back." We whistled and Kim, his curiosity satisfied, returned to his sheltered spot. After a pot of rice flavored with beef cubes and some tea, we got out of our damp clothes and into dry underwear and socks and went to bed, after closing the tent with unusual care, for we were in a somewhat open spot and the wind blew a gale, pelting the rain against the tent. We passed a comfortable night, Kim

helping to keep us warm under the blankets—the wildest I have ever spent in the woods, for it rained and blew and the tent flapped and tugged at its fastenings as we fell asleep and when we awakened during the night.

RANGE TRAIL

RANGE TRAIL

THE wind had veered around to the northwest and it was clearing as we arose and looked out and down the valley into our wet, cold world. While starting the breakfast fire a man and two women approached, going up the trail. They stopped and asked if we had slept and had kept warm last night. We said we had. "How did you do it?" inquired the man. We pointed to the tent. He asked if they might step over and look at it and they did so. He was much interested in our tent and said he was going to get one like it. All three said they had passed a miserable, cold night at Slant Rock, a little below us, and that they had seen the gleam of our camp fire through the trees the night before. Soon they went on their way for whatever views they might ob-

tain on Marcy and we ate breakfast, giving Kim a good meal of cold rice left over from the night before. Then we packed and took the trail toward Little Haystack. At the point where I took the picture of Little and Big Haystack which hangs, framed, in my library,[1] we found icicles three and four inches long. On reaching the fork in the trail—to the right leading up over Little and then on to Big Haystack, to the left descending to the foot of Basin Mountain—Alvin said he wanted to climb Haystack. I waited in a spot sheltered from the wind, tying Kim to my pack, so he would not follow Alvin over the wet, slippery rocks in the cold wind. In a half hour Alvin returned saying it was a bleak spot, that he could not see anything from the summit, not even Little Haystack or Marcy, because of driving rain and clouds, and that he had not been able to stand erect on the peak because of the strong wind.

As the remainder of the Range Trail over

[1] Frontispiece.

the summits of Basin, Saddleback, Gothic and Armstrong, was the most beautiful part of the entire trip, we concluded to camp over night on the trail below Basin near where Little Squaw and I had once camped over night on traveling the same trail in 1915. Soon we came to the remains of an open camp near Haystack Brook, and as the balsam bed was a good one and there was plenty of wood near by, we concluded to stop, hoping for a clearer and more friendly atmosphere in the morning. We took stock of provisions. All we had left was a small quantity each of pancake flour, wheat cereal, oatmeal, beef cubes and salt. After putting up our tent over the bed of the open camp and setting our house in order, we ate pancakes plain, for dinner, washed down with some hot water flavored with beef cubes. While eating our dinner we discussed all the good things we were going to eat when we arrived at St. Hubert's next night, after the fashion of Hubbard and Wallace on their trip across Labrador, among

unfriendly hills. In the afternoon we tried to keep warm before the fire, mended some tears in our clothing, and I wrote up the journal. Kim is snoozing in the tent out of sight under the blankets.

We were up early and a clear sky greeted us (Thursday, August 23). After our breakfast of wheat cereal, flavored with salt, we climbed the twenty-three hundred feet to the summit of Haystack.

I agree with Marshall that the views from Haystack are the most beautiful of all. The country on all sides is practically as wild as from Santanoni, the Elba valley being nearly eliminated from view by the north ridge of Marcy and Table Top Mountain, the fire scarred Cascade country being blocked out of view by Basin, only a small bit of the burn near Giant being visible. In addition, what we did not sense from Santanoni, glimpses of Lake Champlain and some of its surrounding flat land to the east, of a bit of Lake Placid

Village to the northwest, and of a few houses away off to the southwest, just suggested civilization, reasonably far enough away and small enough, however, so as not to be unduly obtrusive and so as to increase the sense of distance. All the rest is vast, unblemished wilderness, miles on miles of it. And for the nearer views Santanoni, and Nipple Top as well, are outclassed: for on the west one looks down deep into rocky Panther Gorge, across it the slides of Marcy, over which towers the latter's bleak dome, distant wooded ranges each side of him; down in the valley to the southeast is Upper Ausable Lake, flanked by the Boreas Range and Colvin, with Nipple Top and his range, and beyond it Dix, with his, piling up above in the distance; while down below to the northeast lies the great basin of primeval forest growth, backed by black, timber crowned Basin, sweeping up to the sky line, lower Saddleback peering around him, the white sided Gothics curv-

ing toward the east, behind the latter Armstrong, then Wolf Jaws, and off in the distance, to the right, over Saw Teeth, and beyond rugged Noonmark, Giant. This latter northeast view ranks as one of the best from any of the peaks.

Reluctantly we returned to camp and shouldered our packs, now much lighter, for the steep climb of two thousand two hundred feet straight up Basin and on, now down into a saddle, now up, along the crest of the range. It was my third trip over this trail. Never have I enjoyed such an atmosphere on the mountain tops. Not a breath of air was stirring—an unusual condition. At one place on the north side of Basin a long rope is in place, one end securely fastened to a small, firmly rooted, yellow birch trunk, to assist in getting up and down a steep slide about seventy feet long. We walked down backwards paying out the rope hand over hand, the four hob nails in each of our heels biting into the rock surface and holding us from slip-

ping. Ascending the west edge of Gothic—his long slides down to the right disappearing into a wooded basin, to the left a little exposed rock surface, then small balsams—we found several steep places necessitating careful climbing. The surface of anorthosite weathers rough and we made the slow, careful ascent without slips, assisted in some places by hand holds in the rock and by grasping branches and trunks of balsams, crawling on hands and knees once or twice. Changing views unfolded in front, to the right, to the left, behind us. For short distances on the crest the trail passed between balsams a little higher than our heads, with glimpses through them of satisfying distances on either side. We went slowly. We stepped out on short side spurs for different outlooks. We rested frequently. The peace of the hills entered into our souls this day.

From Basin the best views are Panther Gorge to the southwest, wide, wooded John's Brook valley to the north, and the curving,

virgin timbered basin to the south—these views give him high rank. From Saddleback —his top two little wooded crests separated by a hollow like a saddle—lower and hemmed in by neighboring peaks, the best view is toward Gothic, rising like a knife edge in front of you, up which edge the trail leads. From Gothic fine views lie to the southeast—over Saw Teeth, Mount Colvin, above him Nipple Top and his range, in turn topped by Dix and his range—and southwest toward Marcy's bald crown. On Armstrong the best view is toward Marcy and McIntyre, the range piling up in front of you with beautiful slides and gorges visible.

We cooked a pot of oatmeal, flavored with salt, for lunch, in the saddle between Basin and Saddleback where we found water. On over Gothic and Armstrong we went, but slowly, however, not only to absorb and store away in memory as much of the views as we could, but also because short rations had deprived our legs of some of their energy. It

was good to start down northeast off Armstrong and realize we would have no more climbing that day—a day that gave us approximately five thousand seven hundred feet of ascending and seven thousand feet of descending. Down to Beaver Mead Falls, down the east trail along Ausable River to the Club House, a little farther and we arrived at Mrs. Winch's cottage about seven o'clock, tired and hungry. Genial Mrs. Winch welcomed us, though we were unexpected.

St. Hubert's

"When the morning was up, they had him to the top . . . , and bid him look south. So he did, and behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, . . . very delectable to behold."

—Pilgrim's Progress.

ST. HUBERT'S

WE ate buckwheat pancakes, with native, mountain flavored maple syrup, for breakfast (Friday, August 24), loafed, did necessary mending of clothes and oiling of shoes, arranged for having our clothes and food bags washed.

I found LeGrand Hale at home next door. Seventeen summers before on our first trip to Marcy, Little Squaw and I had run short of provisions on the Elk Lake Trail above Upper Ausable Lake, having been held in camp by rain, and I had gone down to the club camps there, finding Mr. Hale, who gave me provisions from the pack he had just brought up, part way on his back over the carry between the lower and upper lakes, and on my suggesting pay for them had replied, "No, you're welcome. I've been short in the woods my-

self." In previous years I had called at his house but he had not been in. He had become a sort of will o' the wisp. Now I faced him. He looked me steadily in the eye. On my recalling the incident of seventeen years ago he said, "Now I've got you." He told us he was not doing much guiding now. He looked his name, with something of the serenity of the mountains in his eyes.

In the afternoon we took a short walk to Washburne Flume. On the way, soon after we left the main road, on a side road which led to the flume, a woman's voice called to us from a woodshed at the rear of a house. We went over to the woodshed and saw a collie dog lying on the ground in front of it, a rope tied about his hind legs and to a post, a strap about his forelegs and the post, his nose, upper and lower lips and chin covered with projecting, fretful porcupine quills. Here was a job for us! We tied Kim to a tree some distance off. The woman took the strap off the collie's forelegs, tied them with a rope to the post and

fastened the strap over the quivering jaws so he would not bite us. She laid a pillow under his head, placed a towel over his eyes, Alvin and the woman held the dog's body down, and a young man recently from Scotland who had accompanied us from Mrs. Winch's held his head, while I took a pair of forceps which the woman brought out of the house and proceeded to extract the quills one by one. It was a slow task and the tiny barbs along the spine points brought blood as they were pulled out. Finally all were extracted from the twitching nose, lips and chin except for a few which broke off at the surface of the skin, and when the job was finished and doggy had calmed down a little, he seemed grateful for what we had done for him.

The flume appeared to have been formed by a fracture in the anorthosite, the weak, crumbled edges weathering and wearing away with resulting walls, the north one some sixty feet high in one place. We scrambled down through it for about a mile. On the north

wall we noticed at one spot half way up, a cedar tree about ten feet tall apparently growing out of the bare, flat rock surface. We could not see any of its roots or any crevice where roots could find lodgement—but there it was.

On the walk back to the cottage our new Scotch acquaintance told of his ascent, not long ago, of Ben Nevis, whose four thousand four hundred feet must make him likewise a friendly mountain—with a touch of dourness thrown in, probably. He had taken tramping trips in the Highlands, stopping overnight at the stone cottages of game keepers. Once he had arrived late in the day at a cottage he had been told of, to find its occupants away and the door locked. He had climbed to the roof, clambered down the chimney, boiled his water for tea in the fire place over a peat fire, spent the night, and on leaving in the morning had left a note thanking the absentees for the involuntary hospitality of their cottage. He told us how peat

was cut, piled and dried, and said that in some places preserved in the peat beds could be seen tree trunks charred by the great fire in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

In the morning after breakfast we made for the top of Giant Mountain, the most easterly of the larger peaks. With renewed energy we did his thirty-six hundred feet in two hours and forty-eight minutes, taking the views from Roaring Brook Outlook and Falls on the way, and spent an hour and a half on his summit. The view to the east gave us large expanses of Lake Champlain fifteen miles and more away and many farmlands on both sides of the lake, smaller mountains, hills and ridges, much fire scarred, between, gradually sloping down to the lake. To the southeast we had glimpses of Lake George, bringing memories of the romance forever enriching that neighborhood—Deerslayer, Uncas, Chingachgook—and of the lake's history, more romantic than fiction—Montcalm, Lord Howe, Campbell of Inverawe—made

vivid and true to environment by Parkman, the woods lover, to be read and re-read to absorb the human background of the region. The best view was to the west of south through Hunter's Pass, Dix, cloud topped, to the left, steep sided Nipple Top to the right. This side of the pass lay the valley of the North Fork of the Bouquet River, light green from its birches and poplars, recovering from the fire of 1903. The view of the great range to the southwest did not seem so very impressive. Its piled up peaks were too far off for much detail. Perhaps the clouds interfered somewhat with our view. The deep St. Hubert's valley to the west hollowed out below us, with cottages visible lying in its lap.

Hunter's Pass looked so wild and attractive we decided to pack through it on our way toward home, rather than through Elk Pass to the right of Nipple Top, as we had intended. We descended in an hour and a quarter over the well cut, much traveled trail, passing two parties on their way up.

In the afternoon we walked to Keene Valley, two and a half miles, found a letter from Little Squaw awaiting us at the post office, and purchased food for our food bags—also some oranges and chocolate creams which we craved after our simple woods fare, and some bones at the market for Kim.

Next morning we attended morning service at Memorial Chapel of All Souls, at St. Hubert's, the chapel being but a short distance from Mrs. Winch's cottage. The chapel and its setting are rugged—befittingly so at the place named after the patron saint of the hunter—a plain wooden structure facing Noonmark, which raises its steep, rocky head above the tree tops to the south. To the right of the entrance stands a wooden cross rising out of the top of a pile of weathered anorthosite stones at its base: the oldest rock but one—the Grenville *strata,* widespread and abundant only in the Adirondacks and eastern Canada—on the earth's surface. Farther to the right among the trees is a wooden cabin with an in-

side fire place, and containing a cot, chair, a few dishes and some shelves—for the use of the visiting clergy, one would suppose. Before the cabin stands a small, square, black totem pole about four feet high, surmounted by a black, flat, boulder shaped piece of wood on which stands the wooden image of a small black bear. On the boulder shaped pedestal on which the bear stands erect are the words, "Bear Den."

In the afternoon we rested and then dug some worms to take with us for a try for some trout in East Inlet of Elk Lake when we had worked through the pass. In the evening, much pleasant fireside chat.

Mrs. Winch related an incident which occurred when the slopes to the south of Giant were lumbered years ago. One of the draw roads took a sharp down turn on the steep rocks on the northeast side of the small tributary brook running into the North Fork of the Bouquet River southeast of Chapel Pond—the spot is plainly visible from the Chapel Pond

Road, some of the road construction at the steep turn being still in place. A teamster was driving a team down the road drawing some logs when the load got out of his control and went plunging down off the road edge toward the brook below. The driver cut the harness and saved one horse from going down with the load but could not save the other, which slipped over and lodged on a narrow shelf below the road and some distance above the brook bed. Some men descended to him but try as they would could not get the horse back on to the road or off the shelf. A fire was built near him to keep him warm, he was blanketed, fed and watered. Next day they tried again, but unsuccessfully. News of the incident traveled to Keene Valley and some of the villagers came up to look the situation over. Block and tackle were used in further unavailing attempts. A villager stepped up to the harried lumber contractor, owner of the horse, and said, "I'll give you five dollars for the horse." "Done," said the contractor.

The money was passed and the transaction was closed. The villager thereupon hitched block and tackle to a tree trunk across the brook, passed the rope end from it up to the shelf, tied it to the horse, and pulled him off over its edge. He plunged down, landed in a pool of the brook sufficiently large to break the force of his fall, emerged, swam to shore, climbed out, and was none the worse for his experience except for a few scratches. The contractor attempted to revoke the sale but the new owner of the horse stood firmly—he had purchased a horse worth about three hundred dollars for five. A law suit brought by the contractor to test the matter resulted unfavorably to him.

Hunter's Pass

"Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewey-feather'd sleep;

. . . . . .

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood."

—Il Penseroso.

"But let me oft to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue."

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE PASS

THE PASS

AFTER breakfast (Monday, August 27) we once more shouldered our packs, with food for at least six days —we made allowance for possible rain—and including some luxuries we had not carried on our longer trip. We took along some beef for a stew, which Mrs. Winch cooked for us so it would keep in the pack—also a few potatoes, onions and carrots and a plentiful supply of raisins and chocolate. On leaving Mrs. Winch gave us some summer apples for the top of our duffle bags. We followed the Noonmark Trail from the golf links up until it reached the fork, to the right leading up Noonmark, straight ahead for Dix. Soon we passed some old, abandoned lumber camps and shortly came to the North Fork of the Bouquet River. Where the trail crossed the

stream we stopped for lunch, of bread and peanut butter sandwiches, chocolate and an apple apiece.

Kim, with renewed energy after many huge meals at Mrs. Winch's, left us on a hunt and soon sharp yelps told us he had holed something. We went over to the spot where he was digging, and listening, could hear the frantic digging of clawed feet. But Kim could dig faster and soon he pulled out from under some stones a medium sized woodchuck. Avoiding the sharp, snapping chizel teeth—though not entirely, for Kim got bitten in the under jaw—Kim soon finished him and then laid down and rested, panting over his wet, pink, quivering tongue, looking on his kill. After a rest Kim took the chuck in his mouth, proudly carried him a short distance off the trail, whence I quietly followed, placed him carefully in a hole under the roots of a spruce tree and nosed and patted the leaves and woods duff until he had entirely covered him

up. After a rest we again buckled the straps of our packs on to our shoulders.

The last time I had been through the pass, with Little Squaw, we had left the Dix Trail soon after it crossed the stream and had followed the brook up, striking very bad going through down, burned timber and small, thick, second growth birch and poplar saplings. This time we studied the map and resolved to get elevation by following the trail up Dix a ways and then walking down and around his northwest ridge into the mouth of the pass, reasoning that it would be easier to travel through that rough valley head on the level or on a slight descent than to pack up alongside the brook bed in it. After gaining five or six hundred feet elevation by way of the trail we left it and cut across to the southwest, and after an hour of very bad going over down timber, through second growth and among the rocks, we came to the brook flowing north out of the pass. It was a wild spot, tall

down spruces and balsams with tops pointing north indicating that the most severe wind storms hereabouts came from the south, through the converging sides of the pass. We looked at our watch—it was five-thirty—and concluded to camp at the first likely place we came to. Soon we came upon a fairly level spot close by the brook and shortly the tent was up over a good bed—handfuls of thick moss, on top of them plenty of balsam fronds —and the hunter's stew was bubbling in the pot.

I like to have the tent pitched by a brook. It is pleasant to lie, at the day's end, and listen to the varying tones of its voice, purling, murmuring, quietly, among the stones of its bed. Day in, day out, along its quiet reaches, it glides with the reflection upon its face of the wild beauty of its banks, even of a bit of heaven's blue and a star or two as well. Day in, day out, it tumbles steadily with a rippling laugh over its stony course. At

In Hunter's Pass

times you will hear human voices, soft and low, as from behind a closed door, calling, laughing, singing, in the distance—sometimes an orchestra plays, from around a far corner —a corner you never can turn. I am reminded of what was written of the Forest of Arden, "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." The Arden forest and ours have points of resemblance. The voice of our brook increased in volume during the night, for it rained, and rained hard. Dreamily we tucked the blankets around us and dozed off to sleep, to the patter of the rain drops on the thin, waterproofed tent within a few inches of our faces, the smell of balsam in our nostrils.

It was still raining in the morning and fog surrounded the tent. This pass seems to be coy, shy, unwilling to disclose its wild beauty, for on my previous trip through it, we had had clouds and rain and went through without seeing much else besides the small portions of

it upon which we placed our feet in toiling through. We resolved to wait over in camp until the rain should cease and slept, breakfasting late with a misty rain still falling. We spent the rest of the day quietly in the tent and sitting before the cheery camp fire on the "deacon's seat"—the log laid across the foot of the bed at the entrance of the tent. We discussed what would be a good vocation to take up for a life's work, and I wrote up the journal.

The next day was clear. We had wooed and won and finally were about to enjoy the wild, virgin beauty of the pass. Packing through was difficult. We went very slowly —we had to. Down timber, piled up rock masses, tumbled about, moss covered, into which your foot would disappear, then your ankle, to be followed by your leg, and finally by your knee, into some hidden crevice. The packs tugged and swung on our backs. We sat down many times, both by and without choice. In time we reached the height of

land, thirty-one hundred twenty feet above sea level, one of the high passes of the Adirondacks—exceeded only by Algonquin, Opalescent Head and Caribou Passes—of a certainty one of the wildest—with a cliff to our left, about sixty feet sheer—and could look down the valley to Elk Lake lying amidst light green timber, the black topped soft wood having been cut out. The rocky sides of Dix on the one side, the steep, balsam covered sides of the Nipple Top range on the other, and the piled up confusion of the floor of the pass itself gave us as much wild beauty as we could wish for. We took pictures and began our descent on the other side to the right. After a while we saw cut stumps and down lopped tree tops and ere long came to a draw road, and then to a small, abandoned lumber camp, high up in the south entrance to the pass, with a small log stable near by with shingles on its roof riven out of native cedar. Then down the tote and draw road combined—we called it the boulevard after traveling the pass—to

the lower, abandoned, main lumber camp where we ate lunch.

We decided we were in good position to make our climbs of Nipple Top and Dix and walked down the tote road about a mile where we found a level spot for the tent on the east side of East Inlet. We made a luxurious camp. The tent went up level and true. I felled a thrifty balsam and out of its top we made a bed at least eighteen inches thick. We spread a mantle of yellow gravel, carried from the bed of the brook in our pails, to take our fire. We made a neat backlog fire place. A white birch stood in front of the tent, with strips of bark hanging from its trunk convenient for starting fires. Our last camp would be one to remember. Then we cut poles, rigged our lines and went after some trout for supper.

Alvin waded, I kept dry, along the bank. A hawk flew high above us, his long drawn, whistlelike call—a sound like escaping steam—identifying him as a red tail. A kingfisher

South from height of Hunter's Pass

came flying down the brook, close to the water. As soon as he espied us, he gave utterance to his scared, stacatto call, swerved, and hastened his flight on down stream, a streak of blue revealing his scolding progress. At one pool, Alvin, standing in water to his knees, called out to me, standing on the bank and casting below him, "Dad, see the beaver!" "Where?" I asked. "Right in front of you," he replied. Sure enough, there was a medium sized beaver floating in the pool, little head and eyes alert, brown, furry body, flat tail on top of the water. We stood still. He eyed us quietly, then dove but without slapping the water with his tail, and swam slowly under water with long, easy strokes to the foot of the pool about thirty feet downstream, where he emerged and again floated, quietly, eyeing us. Soon he turned, dove again and swam up stream toward Alvin. "Where is he?" asked Alvin. "Right under your feet," I replied. He came to the surface of the water so close to Alvin that he touched him

with his short pole. The beaver quietly dove again, continued up stream, emerged, climbed up over some stones and disappeared into the next pool above.

We caught twenty-seven small trout and ere long they were turning brown and crisp in the hot bacon fat in the fry pan over the camp fire. Seasoned alders—and there were plenty there—make good coals. We had a pleasant evening camp fire after drinking our tea and were soon enjoying our comfortable bed.

NIPPLE TOP

NIPPLE TOP

NIPPLE TOP to climb, and a clear day to do it in—another long Adirondack ambition about to be realized. We went up the tote road and then our boulevard, a few yellow and reddish tinted bushes alongside suggesting autumn, to the upper lumber camp where a brook came into the pass from off the east side of Nipple Top —then up this brook, which came tumbling out of a semi-circular basin. Soon we espied a lumber chute, a dry one, leading down the steep side of the mountain. It consisted of a trough, set up on timber cribs, built of long spruce and balsam tree trunks not much over six inches in diameter, two small logs wide at the bottom, the side logs rising about two feet on either side, nailed together. Into the tops of the two bottom logs of the chute large wire

nails had been driven part way, a foot or so apart, and their tops bent over in the direction of the descending chute so that the bent over tops of the nails and their heads projected above the surface of the bottom logs. We decided they were inserted to retard the speed of the short length logs as they went sliding down the steep slope.

In lumbering steep mountain sides sometimes wet chutes are built—of open, board, boxlike construction, caulked or painted to hold water, set up on posts or cribs, into which up above a brook is turned and down which logs are floated. One of the latter kind may be seen coming off Marble Mountain, north of Whiteface, and diving under the highway through a concrete culvert on the road from Wilmington to the Notch and Placid.

For about a mile we walked up in the chute. The proper way to make the climb to the summit from this side is to continue straight up the brook bed and then on up a little to the left of the head of the brook. We relied upon

the United States Geological Survey Quadrangle of the locality which indicated the peak as lying to the right of the head of the brook—a slight error—went to the right and climbed steadily for a half hour. Soon we came to some thinly wooded ledges, one of them nearly straight up, like a vine covered fence standing round the basin, which we climbed with the assistance of hand holds on the rock surface and the exposed roots of small trees. In one place we had to lift Kim up. Ordinarily we did not have to do this. We would work up into a steep place and would whistle for Kim so that we might give him a lift. In a few minutes the click of his metal tags would sound above us and he would descend to watch us climb up to him, his four legs having taken him around and above us more quickly than we could climb. We finally reached the top of the north shoulder and ate lunch sitting on a rock in the warm sunshine enjoying the northeast view down the valley up which we had come into the pass, with its light, green,

sapling leaved mantle, and, a little to the left, a picturesque view over some dead and living balsam tops, over wooded Dial and Bear Den Mountains and rugged Noonmark across to fire scarred Giant. To the northwest the great range lay spread out before us from Haystack clear across to Armstrong. Nipple Top's peak lay a half mile to the south with balsam between, which we did not find difficult to go through, however, as the trees rose some distance above our heads. In a little while the summit was under our feet, a climb of twenty-four hundred feet from our camp.

The view to the east was magnificent, Dix, rocky sided, rising massive and apparently sheer out of the pass, with Middle Dix, South Dix, and Macomb, with most of the latter's slides blocked off by one of his ridges, to the right. To the northeast toward Giant the fire scar robs the view in that direction of a little of its wildness. The view to the south—we had to descend a ways and climb trees to obtain it—reveals Elk Lake with its islands,

glimmering in its wide, light green, rolling valley, many descending ridges in the distance, in one of which nestled Clear Pond, Mount Hoffman beyond. A superb view lies off the west side, range on range unfolding and piling up into view: first Colvin with several cliffs visible high up from out his timbered side, one with a large white spot standing out amidst its neighboring and surrounding dark grey rock; then Saw Teeth; above the latter the Gothics with the sunlight shining on their curving, white, rocky sides—a magnificent sight; a little to the left lower Saddleback; farther to the left dark Basin; then Marcy's rounded dome, with Haystack this side of him; on farther, a little to the right of Marcy, peering from behind his northern shoulder, McIntyre; more to the left, over wooded Bartlett Ridge, rising in turn above the dark Boreas range, Allen; and beyond the latter miles on miles of unspoiled woods. After gazing awhile the inclination comes to murmur amen.

Other high views of the great range reveal it piled up from end to end. Only from this summit and from Dix to the east does one see all of the range tops spread out across the horizon, the Dix view not ranking so high, however, because from the farther distant latter you lose much detail and near by Nipple Top obtrudes into the field of vision blocking off the beauty of the lower half or middle distance of the picture. This latter view ranks with three others, constituting what I take to be the four best single mountain top views, namely, the view southeast from Marcy—the reverse of the one from Nipple Top just described—the view northeast from Skylight, both over Panther Gorge, and the view northeast from Haystack described above. They are not excelled by those from any other peaks in wild, unspoiled grandeur.

In rating the peaks for beauty of views I would place Haystack first for the reasons given above in describing his views. I find it difficult to choose between Santanoni and

Nipple Top for second place. The fire scar to the northeast from Nipple Top weighs against it as compared with the virtually unspoiled wildness visible from Santanoni, but the near views, to the east, south and west, are better than from Santanoni. Perhaps these unsurpassed, wild, near views give Nipple Top second place.

We descended quickly, striking straight down east to the head of and down the brook and the chute, eating many raspberries on the way, of sweet flavor.

On the way down our boulevard we noticed in some soft gravel the fresh tracks of a large buck and read their story. They came up on the road at regular intervals to the point where we first saw them. At this spot were two tracks of fore feet close together, each imprint widely curved at the front—not pointed like the tracks of a doe—with square ends, something like a cow's tracks. Then we saw several confused tracks close together near the first two, with two pointing around in the op-

posite direction down hill. Down beyond about ten feet on the right side of the road were two more, with front edges cutting in more deeply; beyond them about fifteen feet on the edge of the road two more, with two smaller ones close behind them; then they disappeared in the raspberry bushes, where turned over tops and bent leaves revealed their direction, toward the cover of the woods.

DIX

DIX

ANOTHER clear day for Dix. We studied the map. It indicated the old trail from East Inlet as rising into a small saddle on his southwest ridge on our side. The recent lumbering thereabouts would have eliminated the trail at least up to this saddle. We decided to strike up east for the saddle hoping the trail would give better walking for the rest of the way to the top. We went up to the lower, abandoned lumber camp and started up east. Our progress was slow, up over ledges, through bushes and down timber tops.

After a little while Kim barked fiercely, up above us. We soon came up to him. A large flat boulder had arched across some other rocks making a small den with two entrances. Kim disappeared into one and barked—short,

sharp yelps. At the other entrance I espied the black ends and white lower portions of porcupine quills, brown fuzz between them. Kim had attained unto porky wisdom from previous encounters and did not close with him, to our great relief. Kim came out of the den and ran around to the other entrance. At once the porcupine, of medium size, came out of the other opening and clambered clumsily down the mountain side, dragging his flat, quilly tail behind him, Kim after him, barking fiercely, refusing to come to us in his excitement when we called. Soon, however, he did come to heel with one lone quill in his lower jaw, which I pulled out, a wince from Kim accompanying the pull, thereupon a tail wag.

We found that lumbering had been carried on farther up than our objective saddle. After reaching it, at various and sundry places therein of the old trail we found a trace. We would follow it for short distances but it had a habit of disappearing into lopped tops and

raspberry bushes. When we would come to a down, weathered dead log, climb up on it, and walk its slippery length for thirty or forty feet above tops and bushes, we would feel elated over our progress and hope we could step over on to another and continue—only to have our hopes dashed to bush at its end. After much floundering about we finally gave up trying to trace and follow the trail and began to toil straight up. We ate lunch on a ridge top above our saddle and on looking about us discovered some old blazes on near by tree trunks and found we were on the old trail, which, after resting, we followed to the top, although it was much overgrown and obstructed by fallen trees above the lumbering. Dix made us humble and respectful. We got down on our knees to him many times—he forced us to do so. In five and a half hours we had conquered him, the hardest climb we had yet had, although we had ascended but twenty-six hundred feet.

We climbed up on the top of the large rock

on South Peak and espied there two water pockets filled with rain water. We had had no water since early morning and down on the edge of the rock we flung ourselves, thrust our lips into the cool, refreshing pools, and drank long, holding Kim by his collar meanwhile, but with difficulty, until we had finished, when he too drank his fill.

The view toward Macomb and down into Elk Lake valley was beautiful—somewhat like that from Nipple Top. The great range to the west was impressive—also like the view of it from Nipple Top, with the latter included in place of Colvin, Nipple Top, however, blocking off much of the country this side of the tops of the range, the range itself farther away, disclosing less detail. The little basin on the east side of Nipple Top was open to our view, marred at its lower end by lumbering. Its fringed bowl must have been a pretty sight in its virgin state. The fire slash from the north side of Nipple Top clear around to Macomb, more than a half circle,

Kim on Dix

robbed the views of much of their primeval beauty. Our impression was that Dix was a mighty mountain—perhaps our climb had helped to make us feel that way about him.

On the summit we found a cylindrical, brass cup about five inches long with a screw in a swiveled socket to fasten its cover on, the cover, however, being missing—maybe taken thoughtlessly by someone as a souvenir—a rusty, tin, tobacco box cover screwed down in the place where the brass cover should be, the cup bearing on its outside surface the raised initials, "A. M. C." In the cup were a bit of a pencil and many scraps of paper containing names and dates of visitations there. The first date we noticed was August 17, 1910. One scrap of paper under date of June 9, 1920, informed us that Herb Clark and Bob Marshall climbed Dix and South Peak on that day and that the latter was stung by a hornet on South Peak where the hornets were written of as being thick and hot of temper. We did not see any.

While we were enjoying the views a man, two women and guide came up from Keene Valley way. They chatted with us and together we watched a hawk soar above the mountain, rising in wide circles with quiet, outspread wings until it became a tiny dot, difficult to see and follow against the blue sky. We did not envy our fellow climbers their long descent into and across the valley up which we had traveled into the pass and on to St. Hubert's, which they were going to make that afternoon and evening.

We decided to go down the Elk Lake Trail to the first saddle and then strike down directly west to the pass. After a half hour of steep descending from the trail we came to a brook and following it struck the head of another timber chute, similar in construction to the one on the east side of Nipple Top, and followed this down to our boulevard leading down from the pass.

Alvin had one last try for trout—the last

day of the season—and caught sixteen. We decided to save them for next morning's breakfast and cooked a pot of macaroni, flavoring it with cheese.

After our trout breakfast (Saturday, September 1), a long walk over the tote road around Elk Lake brought us to Elk Lake House in time for dinner—place of beautiful view over the lake toward Dix, Nipple Top and Colvin—place of many memories, including Charles Dudley Warner and his bear, Joseph H. Twichell, and last but not least Henry Pelatiah Jones, the lazy. There we found friends. We were hungry for other human companionship and our tongues ran telling of our trip to appreciative listeners.

We were asked if we had been to Hitch-up-Matilda Ford, over Avalanche Pass way. We had not and had never heard of it. It seems a woods traveler's wife had sprained her ankle and their guide was carrying her out on his back. When they reached this ford on

the brook her husband had admonished her, "Hitch up, Matilda!"—such was the christening.

I told of a trip I had taken years before when Doctor Andzulatis was alive and with us, into the little hill country east of Schroon Lake—hills with much poplar, birch and pine, a blue berry paradise, some of their tops, in a good berry year. You could walk up and down over many of them in a day and they hold a different kind of woods beauty, all their own. Once we started out to find Grizzle Ocean and in working around Thunderbolt Mountain got lost and finally made camp that night in the rain on the edge of Putnam Pond. Our host exclaimed as soon as we had ascertained that it was Putnam Pond, "I hate Put's Pond!" and after the evening meal, before the camp fire, told us why. Some prior summer he was lost in the woods and came in sight of the pond. It lay in his way, so he undressed, tied some logs together with a piece of cord he had in his pocket, placed his clothes

on the logs and swam across, pushing the logs in front of him. He dressed and proceeded on his way, soon coming to water. On thrashing around he discovered he was on an island, so he was obliged to make another raft to keep his clothing dry and swim on across. When he was nearly dressed the second time he discovered he had left his belt on the island, so he undressed again, swam back to the island, found his belt and returned with it in his teeth. Dressing he proceeded on his way and soon came to a road where he met a man who asked him whence he had come. On informing him the man said, "Why didn't you take the road? There was one close by where you started from." On the way to his cottage it began to rain and he arrived wet, tired and hungry—the end of a perfect day.

Among these hills you may be lucky enough to catch some overlooked trout. On this trip I had caught a square tail twenty-eight and three quarters inches long, with head weighing two and a half pounds after we had

brought it out—an accident that may happen to a fisherman once in a lifetime. One would wish for many lifetimes for the joy of the three quarters of an hour it took to bring him to net.

Elk Lake House was built of peeled spruce logs years ago, and artistically built, by Pell Jones, its guardian angel. I suspect it took him a long time to build it, even as time is measured in the woods. In the sitting room on the white, peeled spruce log partition wall to the left of the stone fire place, nailed up on the wall, still may be seen a thin, board, soap box, painted forest green, its cover on hinges, with a small spring set to barely keep the door closed. On the outside is the lettered word, "Safe," and there is an imitation combination dial, lettered around it, "H. Pelatiah Jones."

Seventeen summers ago on returning from our first Marcy climb Little Squaw and I had found Pell down in his small potato patch digging worms, sitting in a rocking chair to do it, moving the chair about with him as he changed position to dig. To the evidence of

former host Pelatiah's temperament one of our friends contributed two items. Once Pell heard a shot fired from across Elk Lake—it may have been open season—and rowed his small guide boat up to the spot from which the shot had been fired. He was seen returning after a while, slowly, stern first, deer feet projecting over the stern, backing water—too lazy to turn the boat around. On another occasion in reply to a remark that he had had a busy season he had said, "Yes, Mrs. Jones has worked pretty hard taking care of the boarders, and I have done considerable more walking around than I calculated on." Another incident reveals something of his characteristics from another angle. One summer one of the guests, none too robust, fell into the lake, and our friend meeting him rowing in to the dock off the lake, wet and cold, insisted on his drinking some of the contents of his flask, which held a particularly good brand. After a few minutes the none too robust one said, "That's very good stuff!" Pell grunted,

"Humph!" thrusting tongue into under lip and moving that hirsute nether member up and down, as was his sometime wont, "but you have to fall into the lake to get any of it."

After dinner in response to our telephone message to May's below near Blue Ridge, stalwart Archie appeared driving up the road in his car to take us out. We found Mrs. May presiding in her kitchen and managing her household, apparently as well and capable as ever.

Our vacation was over. We had made friends with sixteen of the peaks, fifteen of them being the principal ones among the forty-two rising over four thousand feet above sea level. We hold in pleasant memory invitations to become acquainted with many more, solicitations to explore many unseen wild spots lost behind their ridges. We hope to go again next summer, and we are sure Kim hopes so too.

APPENDIX

List of the forty-two peaks over four thousand feet in elevation above sea level.

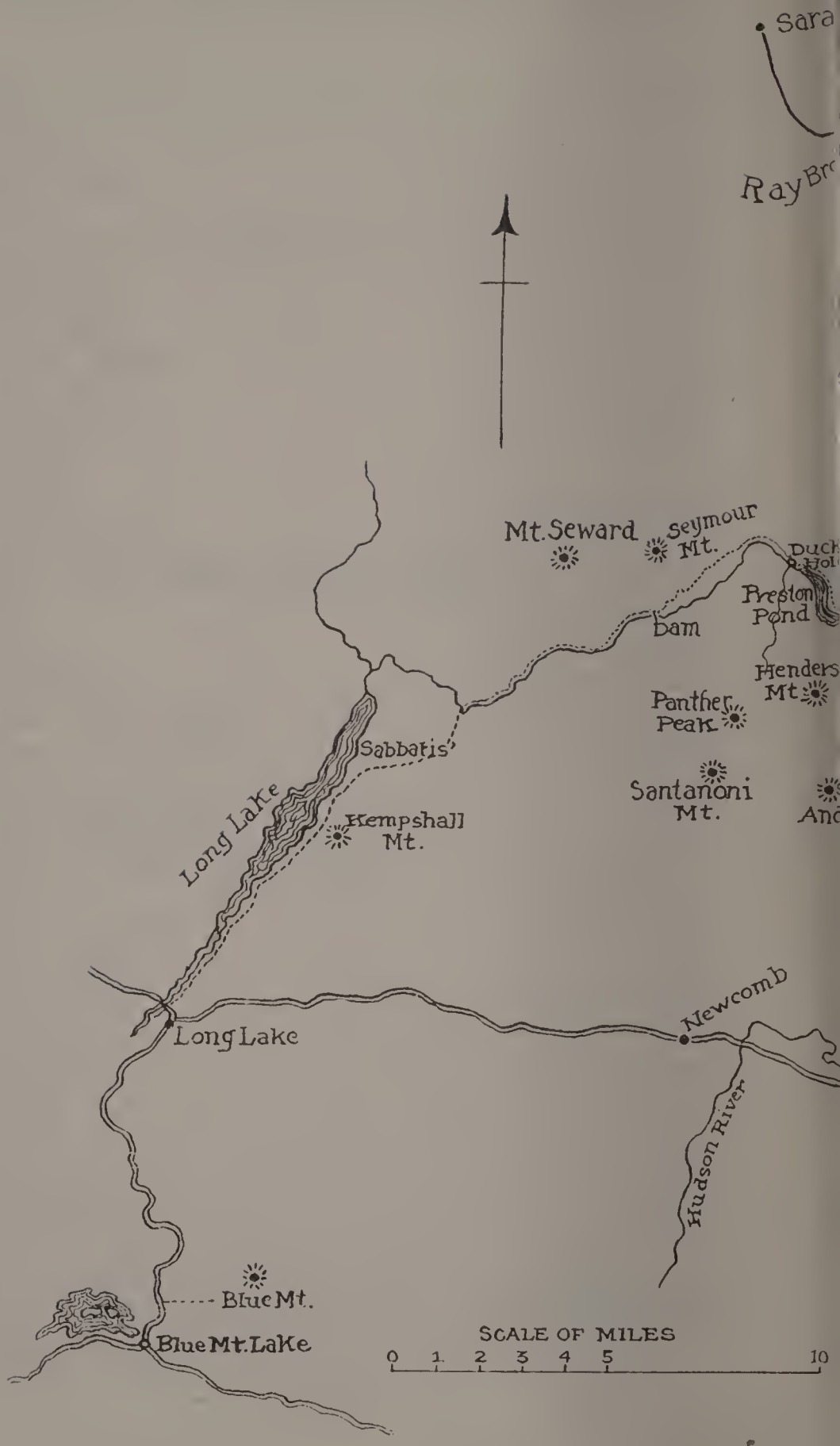
	Peaks	Elevations, as per U. S. Geological Survey Quadrangles.
1.	Marcy (Tahawus)	5344 *
2.	McIntyre	5112 *
3.	Skylight	4920 *
4.	Haystack	4918 *
	Gray Peak [1]	4900
5.	Whiteface	4872 *
6.	Herbert	4855
7.	Dix	4842 *
8.	Basin	4825 *
9.	Gothic	4738 *
10.	Colden	4713 *

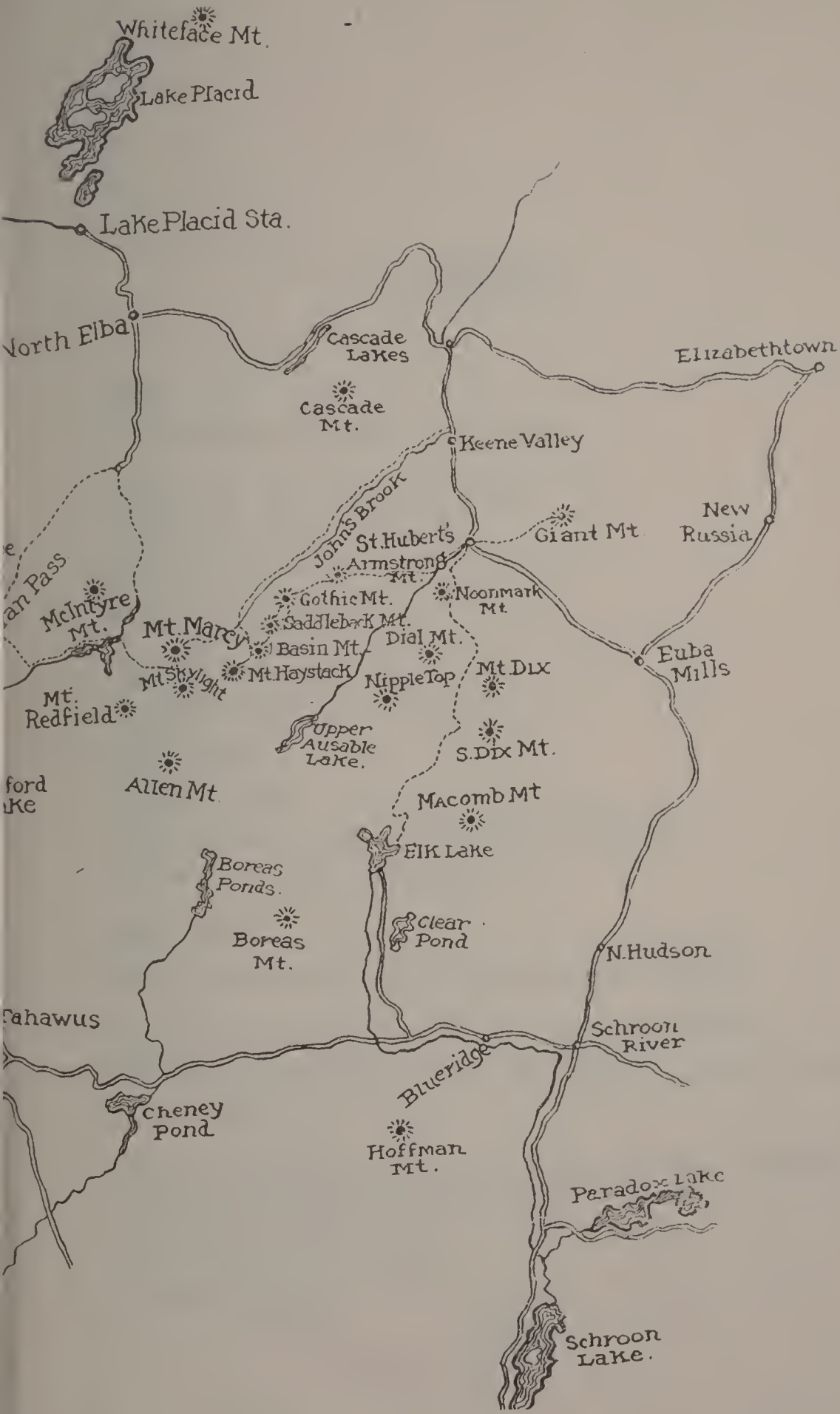
[1] Gray Peak is situated about a half mile west of Marcy, rising just north of Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds. It is not conceded to be a separate peak by some. Others state that it is a peak on the same great base that supports the Marcy dome, as separate and distinct a mountain as Skylight, which also rises from the same base. It is said to have been named by Verplanck Colvin after Asa Gray, the botanist. Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Russell M. L. Carson, of Glens Falls, N. Y., who has investigated the history of the names of the peaks, for information about Gray Peak.

* Indicates peaks up which there are trails.

	Little Haystack[2]	4700	*
11.	Giant	4622	*
12.	Santanoni	4621	*
13.	Nipple Top	4620	
14.	Redfield	4606	
15.	Wright (North McIntyre)	4585	
16.	Saddleback	4530	*
17.	Armstrong	4455	*
18.	Panther Peak	4448	
19.	Table Top	4440	*
20.	Macomb	4425	
21.	Iroquois	4411	
22.	Seward	4404	*
23.	Middle Dix	4404	
24.	Rocky Peak Ridge (Giant's Wife)	4375	
25.	Allen	4345	
26.	Esther	4270	
27.	Big Slide	4255	*
28.	Upper Wolf Jaw	4225	
29.	Street	4216	
30.	North Seward	4215	
31.	Lower Wolf Jaw	4175	
32.	Phelps (North Table Top)	4175	
33.	Nye	4160	
34.	South Seward	4139	
35.	Saw Teeth	4138	
36.	South Dix	4135	
37.	Seymour	4120	
38.	Cascade	4092	
39.	Colvin	4074	*
40.	Porter	4070	
41.	Dial	4023	
42.	East Dix	4020	

[2] Little Haystack is not considered to be a mountain separate from Big Haystack, although commonly called Little Haystack to distinguish it from the main peak.


Sara
Ray Bro
Mt. Seward
Seymour Mt.
Duck Hol
Preston Pond
Dam
Henders Mt
Panther Peak
Sabbatis
Santanoni Mt.
And
Long Lake
Hempshall Mt.
Newcomb
Long Lake
Hudson River
Blue Mt.
Blue Mt. Lake
SCALE OF MILES
0 1 2 3 4 5 10


Whiteface Mt.
Lake Placid
Lake Placid Sta.
North Elba
Cascade Lakes
Cascade Mt.
Elizabethtown
Keene Valley
John's Brook
St. Hubert's
Giant Mt
New Russia
Armstrong Mt.
Noonmark Mt.
Gothic Mt.
Saddleback Mt.
Dial Mt.
Basin Mt.
Mt. Haystack
Mt. Skylight
Nipple Top
Mt. Dix
Euba Mills
McIntyre Mt.
Mt. Marcy
Mt. Redfield
Upper Ausable Lake.
S. Dix Mt.
Allen Mt
Macomb Mt
Elk Lake
Boreas Ponds.
Boreas Mt.
Clear Pond
N. Hudson
Schroon River
Blueridge
Cheney Pond
Hoffman Mt.
Paradox Lake
Schroon Lake.

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