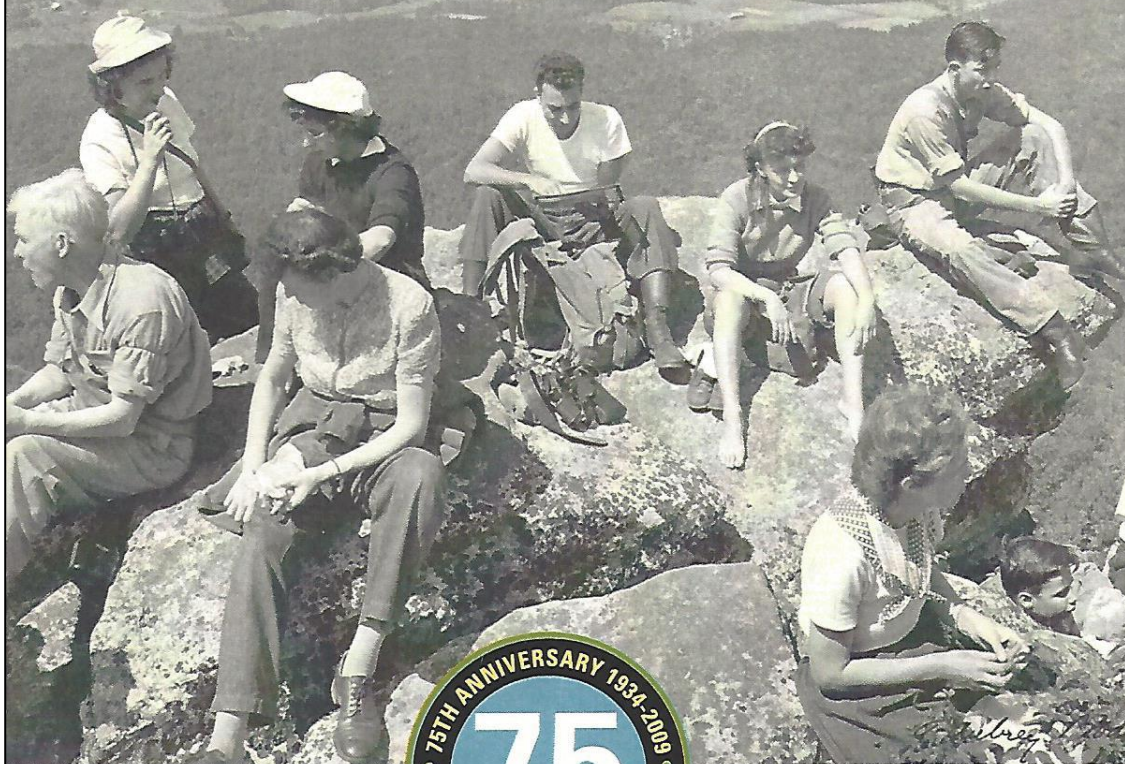


# THANK YOU, MCM

IN CELEBRATION OF OUR 75th ANNIVERSARY



COMPILED BY PATTY WILLIAMS



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IN CELEBRATION OF OUR 75th ANNIVERSARY



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cover: On top of Big Schloss, Photograph by A. Aubrey Bodine  
©Jennifer B. Bodine, Courtesy of [www.aaubreybodine.com](http://www.aaubreybodine.com)

*To all Mountain Club of Maryland members,  
past, present, and future.*



## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

Many thanks to all of the MCM members who took pen to paper and fingers to key boards to recount some of their favorite memories for all of us to enjoy. This publication is also made richer by the many photographs submitted. Our committee was comprised of Lee Fleishman, Thurston Griggs, Don and Lyn Brock, and me. Karen Klinedinst designed and led the actual production of the book.

*Patty Williams*



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## INTRODUCTION

In planning our 75th anniversary, many people thought fondly of *MCM First Person, 1934 – 1984*, edited by Sarah L. Cooper and A. Eleanor Sewell. Another booklet was definitely called for.

The committee decided to use the same format as “First Person” of having members tell the story of the club. The entire club was invited to submit stories; members who have been in the club the longest were issued personal invitations. Members responded with an amazing range of stories, memories, and observations.

What I found in reading all the submissions was just how deeply people love this club and how it has been a huge part of our lives. I knew this was true for me, having met my husband in club and being very involved in many aspects of the club. But it was amazing how many other people felt the same way. Quite a few ended their essay or titled it “Thank you MCM.” It seemed obvious that this should be the title of the booklet.

Every personal story submitted is here in alphabetical order of author. Some of the longer ones were shortened due to space constraints. They are very fun to read and you will find that you have been on many trips just like the ones described here. Happy 75th Anniversary MCM and Thank you!

*Patty Williams*

# The State of Maryland



## Proclamation

From the Governor of the State of Maryland

**MOUNTAIN CLUB OF MARYLAND WEEK**

**OCTOBER 25 - 31, 2009**

- WHEREAS, The Mountain Club of Maryland for 75 years has been a valuable asset to the citizens of the State of Maryland and beyond; and
- WHEREAS, The Mountain Club of Maryland has helped to foster a climate of wellness, health, service, leadership and camaraderie among its members; and
- WHEREAS, The Mountain Club of Maryland continues to offer a wide variety of hiking, trail maintenance, monitoring, advocacy and conservation opportunities to Maryland citizens; and
- WHEREAS, The Mountain Club represents the state organization at regional and national hiking, conservation and other outdoor panels and organizations and continues to reach out to under served segments of Maryland in providing outdoor educational enrichment opportunities; and
- WHEREAS, The Mountain Club of Maryland, through a bequest from member Lester Miles, awards grants to non profit organizations for projects in keeping with the founding goals of the club; and
- WHEREAS, The Mountain Club of Maryland has helped make Maryland a healthier and exciting place to live.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, MARTIN O'MALLEY, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND, do hereby proclaim OCTOBER 25-31, 2009 as MOUNTAIN CLUB OF MARYLAND WEEK in Maryland, and do commend this celebration to all of our citizens.



Given Under My Hand and the Great Seal of the State of Maryland,

this 25th day of October

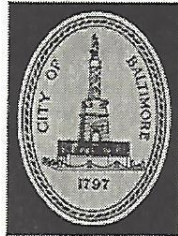
Two Thousand and nine

Governor

Lt. Governor

Secretary of State





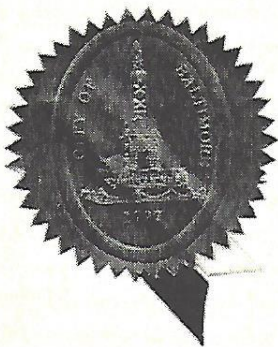
CITY OF BALTIMORE

## Certificate of Recognition

*On behalf of the citizens of Baltimore, I am pleased  
to present this certificate to*

The Mountain Club

*in recognition of your 75th anniversary  
celebration. Congratulations, and best wishes for  
your future endeavors!*



*Presented this 25th day of October, two thousand nine.*

*Sheila Dixon*

MAYOR

## HISTORY

The Mountain Club of Maryland (MCM) was founded in 1934, according to tradition, because several enthusiastic souls decided that 5:00 a.m. was a bit too early to leave for Washington to hike with the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club (PATC). Hence, they thought a club of their own would be a good idea. Preliminary meetings were held in the summer, the first hike (now the traditional "Anniversary Hike" from Crampton Gap to Weverton) in October, and the formal meeting for organization in December. In the beginning, the Club was an affiliate of the PATC, with dues prorated accordingly, but this arrangement was of short duration.

The Club grew. So did the number of trips, which now includes several hikes a week. As the years passed the MCM went farther afield, thanks to the five-day week, the three-day weekend, and expressways. The Shenandoah, the Massanutten, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maine, and Civil War battlefields have all proven popular. Joint trips have been held with neighboring clubs. Three groups have received awards from the Keystone Trails Association for hiking the entire Appalachian Trail in Pennsylvania. Other groups have taken part in the Range Walk in the White Mountains, expeditions to the High Sierras and trips to other parts of the West. Several individuals have hiked the entire Appalachian Trail.

World War II brought curtailment of activities, public transportation being the *sine qua non*. Work trips had to be suspended until the High Powers decided that they

might be considered as such and gasoline might be allowed. A truck was hired and work trips flourished as never before—or since.

While primarily a hiking club, the MCM has always taken an interest in conservation at first on a personal level and later through the Conservation Committee, which has been active in behalf of many concerns.

A highlight of the Club's history was the meeting of the Appalachian Trail Conference (ATC) in 1970 at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, with the MCM as host. The Club's association with the ATC has been long and close, becoming official early in 1935. In December of that year, a great boulder was dragged to the top of Piney Knob, then the center of the AT, and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The plaque affixed thereto was stolen by miscreants long ago, but Piney Knob become Center



Point Knob and remains so to this day. The next big event was the "Great Pennsylvania Relocation" of some 22 miles, never again equaled in extent. At present 45 miles from Clarks Ferry to Pine Grove Furnace in Pennsylvania and 9 miles in Maryland are maintained. In addition, approximately 34 miles of the Tuscarora Trail have been built and are being maintained. Finally, the Club is involved in the care of local trails in the Gunpowder State Park, thereby helping to provide hiking nearer home. Since 1973, trail and shelter maintenance has been largely on an individual basis, with volunteers assuming responsibility for a section of trail or a shelter.

In the beginning, all-day trips were held on Sundays, Saturday hikes were afternoon affairs, and overnight trips started Saturday afternoon. The reason? People worked on Saturdays, and being free by 1 p.m. was a luxury. Of course, it was easier to walk closer to home, for suburban sprawl had not yet consumed the countryside. The excursions chairman—not chairperson then—planned a schedule with a set pattern of at least one Saturday, one Sunday, and one overnight trip per month, no two occurring on the same weekend. Trips were ordinarily made by private cars, though occasionally charter buses were used.

Then came World War II, and by June 1942, gas rationing was in effect. Areas accessible by the Ma and Pa, the B&O, the Pennsy, and the Western Maryland railroads or the Greyhound and Trailway buses were highlights of the schedule. Participants in local walks were advised to meet at such streetcar terminals as Irvington Loop, Walbrook Junction, Lakeside Terminal and Towson Courthouse. With the close of

the War in 1945, the fall schedule utilized trains, buses, and cars. By January 1946, trips were again by car, a rather uncertain business as the vehicles were old, the tires untrustworthy, and participation was limited by a lack of drivers.

One member appears to have set a precedent by leading an all-day Saturday trip to Valley Forge on May 3, 1947. Except for an occasional work trip, no one hastened to emulate him; so for many years he provided one such trip per schedule, often on the Horseshoe Trail in Pennsylvania. There was still no overlapping of trips until 1968, when the population growth and the resultant increased interest in hiking made this become both feasible and desirable. Backpack trips also began to appear on the schedule.

Recognizing that there were a growing number of able retirees, a walk to Lake Roland was organized on Wednesday, October 10, 1973. This was the first of a weekly schedule, consisting largely of local walks, arranged by two members. This group, known as the Midweek Leisure Hikers, has grown from an initial six to as many as fifty participants.

In March 1979, a second mid-week group, originally known as the "Wednesday Truckers" and renamed the "Wednesday Walkers," was formed by a member in response to a request to join a group of friends who were, in addition to walking with the Leisure Group, enjoying more strenuous hikes on their own. Walks of 6 to 10 miles, not involving a car plant, and seldom more than an hour's drive from the starting point, were placed on the regular trip schedule.



Through the years, changes have occurred in how one attained membership. At first, a letter from a member sufficed. Later, a meticulous system of accumulating points for various hikes in a given period of time prevailed. This was amended by having the newcomer carry a card to be signed by the trip leaders and submitted to the membership chairperson upon the completion of three hikes. Then, once again, only the recommendation of a sponsor was required. In each of these procedures, the applicants' names have been submitted to the Council for approval.

Before the War, there had been group leaders for special interest trips: bird study, botany, canoeing, photography, rock climbing and skiing. The last two have been revived from time to time, and a new one, orienteering, has been introduced.

Now, walks are graded on the trip schedule to assist persons unfamiliar with the leaders or the terrain. Membership is open to anyone; no prior walking or sponsorship is required. It is possible for a person to be a member for a number of years and then drop the membership, without ever participating in any club activity. At present, there are no special interest groups with group leaders.

The one-day walk on the AT across Maryland has become a regular biennial event thanks to the planning of several members.

The AT, formerly a private endeavor, has now become a national park, with shared responsibility with the ATC headquarters in Harpers Ferry. Congress voted the final funds needed to purchase the last parcels of private land—a tedious process. Members of the ATC, including MCM, have

individual monitors with a responsibility for seeing that there are no infractions of the regulations. The club continues to maintain its sections of the existing trail (usually by individuals) as well as building and maintaining shelters.

Many individuals in MCM also help with trails in local areas, such as the Gunpowder State Park.

MCM also participates in hiking-related outreach programs, often with similar organizations or various Maryland State Parks.

In 2002, MCM received a bequest from the estate of Lester Miles, a long time member. The Club resolved that the original bequest along with other bequests and donations in excess of \$1000.00 would remain intact and invested, with the dividends and interest being used to award grants to nonprofit organizations for projects in keeping with the founding goals of the Mountain Club of Maryland. The Club continues to review and award grants today.

An Activities Schedule and the Club's newsletter, *Hiker High Points*, are published three times a year. Members of the public can view a limited schedule online.

This schedule lists all activities open to the public, provides a description of the activity and contact information. Members are provided a full schedule of all activities and more detailed activity information. ♣





**35th Anniversary Hike—Presidents picture: Orville Crowder, Charlie Kendrew, Jastrow Lavin, Henri Seigel, Larry Bruns, Charlie Clarke, and Eleanor Sewell (R. Rye)**

### **MOUNTAIN CLUB OF MARYLAND CLUB PRESIDENTS**

|             |                  |                |                     |
|-------------|------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| 1934 – 1938 | Orville Crowder  | 1974 – 1976    | Anton (Bud) Endler  |
| 1938 – 1940 | Fred C. Ward     | 1976 – 1978    | John Eckard         |
| 1940 – 1942 | Alex Kennedy     | 1978 – 1980    | Paul Ives           |
| 1942 – 1944 | Os Heard         | 1980 – 1982    | Ron Bowers          |
| 1944 – 1946 | Morgan Barr      | 1982 – 1984    | Terri Wetzel Eckard |
| 1946 – 1948 | Winslow Hartford | 1984 – 1986    | Eleanor Sewell      |
| 1948 – 1950 | Dick Roessler    | 1986 – 1988    | Larry Kelly         |
| 1950 – 1952 | Lloyd Felton     | 1988 – 1990    | Ted Sanderson       |
| 1952 – 1954 | Larry Burns      | 1990 – 1992    | Thurston Griggs     |
| 1954 – 1956 | Mary Kamphaus    | 1992 – 1994    | Steve Williams      |
| 1956 – 1958 | Henri Siegel     | 1994 – 1996    | Jack Mowll          |
| 1958 – 1960 | Charles Clarke   | 1996 – 1998    | Patty Williams      |
| 1960 – 1962 | Gilbert Owens    | 1998 – 2000    | Bridget McCusker    |
| 1962 – 1964 | Eleanor Sewell   | 2000 – 2002    | Dorothy Guy         |
| 1964 – 1966 | Charles Kendrew  | 2002 – 2004    | Duncan Crawford     |
| 1966 – 1968 | Joseph Colbourne | 2004 – 2006    | Tede Fleming        |
| 1968 – 1970 | Jastrow Levin    | 2006 – 2008    | Mike O'Connor       |
| 1970 – 1972 | Robert Carson    | 2008 – Present | Rosalind Suit       |
| 1972 – 1974 | Thurston Griggs  |                |                     |



## MEMBER STORIES

### MORGAN BAKER

I am thankful for all the dedicated people who made MCM a great club. The fellowship over the years has been priceless. There was never a lack of challenging work trips in which to participate. Some of the more memorable ones were timber framing a shelter, building an outhouse, and building many trails.

The excursions to the Eastern shore for bicycling, canoeing, and hiking were great. Many thanks to Ted Sanderson and others who put in many hours of preparation.

MCM has made it possible for me to take memorable weekend vacations. Anticipation to get away from a stressful week was the best reward. ✻



ATC Biennial Meeting, 1979. Thurston Griggs, Carson Billingsley, Marge Mitchell, 2 hikers from another club, Lester Miles, a hiker from another club, Georgetta Schenkel, Sue Bayley, Ellie Ives, another hiker, Paul Ives, a hiker from another club, Allen Burke.



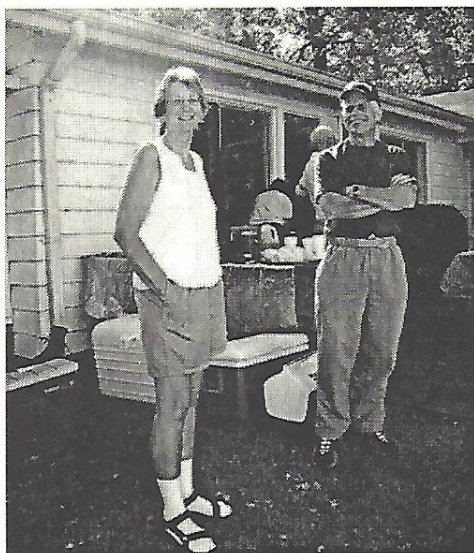


## BILL BAUER

My wife, Carolyn, and I lead many hikes for MCM. One of our favorites, Hemlock Gorge/River Valley Ranch, is a delightful hike in the Prettyboy Reservoir watershed. It includes hills, stream crossings, a country road walk past a bison herd, an historic cemetery, a challenging rock scramble, and a picturesque, hemlock lined gorge. Some of the trails are marked fire roads. Other connecting sections are little known horse paths that we maintain because they are subject to briar overgrowth.

We learned this hike from deceased MCM member, Ray Rochkind. We didn't get to know Ray very well, but we recall his pleasant demeanor and leadership qualities. Every year, when we do this hike, we remember Ray fondly and the wonderful legacy he left us.

Don't think leading a hike isn't a big deal. You may be touching others in ways you never imagined. ✱



**top: Loch Raven rest stop (C. Brauer);  
bottom: Carolyn and Bill Bauer at an MCM party  
(R. Suit)**



## CAROLYN BAUER

When we joined the Mountain Club 15 years ago, one goal was to make friends. To say we accomplished this purpose would be an understatement. Our circle of friends now includes many wonderful people. This 75th anniversary booklet is the perfect opportunity to write about a few of them.

Joan Valentine introduced me to camping when she invited me to join her and nine other MCM members for a two-week trip to Glacier National Park. Even though it was difficult for me to sleep in a tent and cook on a stove, Joan encouraged and guided me and enabled me to enjoy a memorable trip. I've traveled and hiked with Joan numerous other times. It's a pleasure to share her company. She sends us birthday and anniversary cards and sent us a beautiful sympathy card when she learned that our cat had passed. Joan leads hikes, has served on council and helps in countless other ways.

June Peterson is as nice as they come and she's always willing to lend a hand. She leads hikes, makes yummy food for club events, and volunteers for special activities. She's a gem to travel with—quiet, courteous and never complains. When I broke my leg 4 years ago, she called, sent cards and books. She once shopped at the GBMC nearly new sale for me and even dropped the items off at my house. She sends us birthday cards and always includes an inspirational poem in her Christmas card.

Liz Kristoffersen is an eternal optimist and a tireless volunteer. She's had numerous surgeries and physical therapy sessions that would have caused most people to quit moving years ago. But, Liz keeps hiking,



**Joan Valentine, June Peterson, Carolyn Bauer at the 2003 ATC Biennial Meeting hiking in the White Mountains (R. Suit)**

walking, doing yoga and never allows any discomfort to get in her way. Her volunteer activities, of which I'm aware, include MCM hike leader (Wednesdays and weekends), "tweener" hike scheduler, hospice worker, Walters Art Gallery guide, community advocate, Boy Scout supporter and theatre usher. Five years ago, along with Mary Piekarski, we hiked the Grand Canyon from the north to the south rim. The trip proceeded without a hitch. This was certainly due to good planning but also my congenial companions. Put it on your list if possible. It's an unforgettable experience.

Rosie Suit, the current and efficient MCM President, introduced me to backpacking some years ago, and I still enjoy an occasional trip. I've traveled with her at other times including a two-week, dream



trip to Alaska. She's a perfect roommate. Her passion for the Appalachian Trail is unparalleled. She volunteers regularly on AT work trips, is a life member of the Appalachian Trail Conservancy (ATC) and never misses an ATC biennial meeting. She participates in numerous other events and meetings that protect and promote the AT, and she's an excellent photographer. I have several albums and CD's from her with phenomenal photos of the various trips we've enjoyed together.

Whenever I think about Ruth and Lee Fleishman, Catharina Brauer and Sue Bayley, food immediately comes to mind. We've been to many dinners, lunches, potlucks and barbecues at these peoples' homes. The hospitality has always been outstanding and the food scrumptious. Lee gave himself a big birthday party at Friendly Farms three years ago and invited hundreds of people. The event was a real hoot complete with square dancing, and Lee picked up the entire tab. When Ruth and I were researching places to have MCM's 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner, we ate lunch at Snyder's to test the food. She insisted on paying when she learned I had recently celebrated a birthday. We've enjoyed great times at these various get-togethers and look forward to many more.

The stories written above aren't meant to diminish the enjoyment we get from many, many other MCM members. We are regular Wednesday hikers, and when bad weather or trips prevent us from participating, we really miss the people. Over the years, we've listened to fascinating travel stories. Some of these stories have inspired us to accomplish outdoor feats we never considered like climbing all of New Hampshire's 48 four thousand foot peaks

and Maine's Mt. Katahdin. The people are also a wealth of information. Long-time member and Wednesday regular, Dan McQueen, once said, "I love this group. You can get all kinds of information from fixing the pipes under your sink to brain surgery." He's right. I'm certain much of the knowledge is due to our many years of life experience (go gray power), but everyone is eager to share his or her expertise. That's why they're so special.

Our lives have been genuinely enhanced these past years through cherished friends and acquaintances. These friendships were made possible through our association with MCM. Of course, we did more than hike. We got involved, and I encourage you to do the same. Lead a hike, help with an event, join the council! You'll make friendships that will enrich your life and nourish your spirit. We guarantee it. ✻



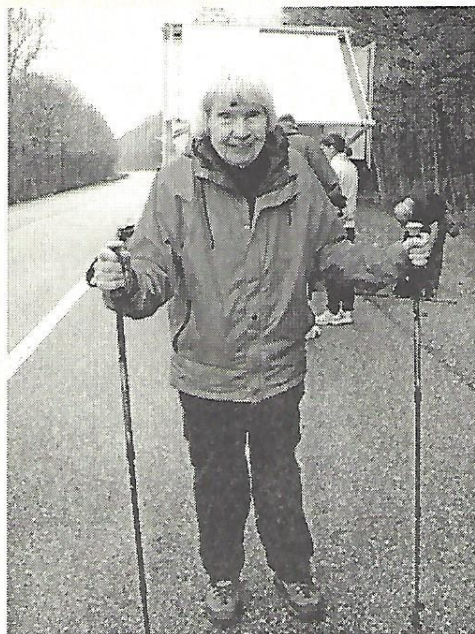
**Hog Rock in Catoctin, 2006**



## SUE BAYLEY

Forty years ago I went on my first hike with the Mountain Club of Maryland. Some teachers at Catonsville High School were members of the club and invited me to join them on a hike. (In those days you had to be invited to go on a hike with this superior organization.) The hike was to be a thirteen-mile section of the C&O Canal Tow Path. Half of the group started at one end of the section and the others started at the other end. We met in the middle and exchanged car keys. All the hikers were friendly and the walking pace was agreeable. So I asked if I could join them for another hike. After I had gone on three hikes (without causing any undue disturbance) I was allowed to join the club, sponsored by several members who had hiked with me. I think that it was necessary to be approved at a Council meeting. I soon started hiking regularly with the club. I particularly enjoyed the backpacking weekends. I led several hikes a year, including some backpacks. My husband and I went on many backpacks with Ellie and Paul Ives. I hiked often with Terri and John Eckard, Carson Billingsley, Thurston Griggs, Walter Pocock, Dave Barr, Marge Mitchell, Polly and Bob Cave, Joanne and Don Miles, and others too numerous to mention. Eleanor Sewell started the mid-week hikes. The first were at my home on the Severn. I enjoyed many canoe trips led by Ted Sanderson, Bob Carson, and later ones led by Wayne Lipscomb and by Mike and Bonnie Jenkins.

I am one of the MCM hikers who are Section 2000 milers (*editor's note: people who hike the whole AT in sections*). Much of the AT was hiked on scheduled MCM hikes



**Sue Bayley volunteering at a 2009 Hike Across Maryland checkpoint (R. Suit)**

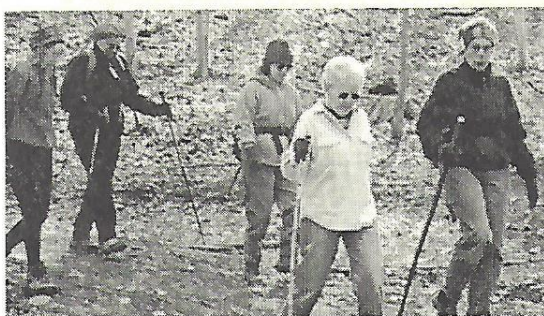
and most of the rest were with Bob Carson and other hikers. I hiked my last section at Mahoosic Notch. I have a picture taken by Ted Sanderson of me coming up out of a rock pile.

When I first joined the MCM I was able to keep up with the group (except for Carson Billingsley who gained inches with every stride). But the Mountain Club made sure that the slow ones were not abandoned. Once, when I was still a fast hiker, I remember waiting in the snow at the top of a hill, as patiently as the rest, for some slow hikers. At that time I made up my mind that I would quit going if I always had to make people wait for me. So that is why I no longer hike with the club. When even the easy hike is too fast, its time to stop hiking and just go canoeing. ♣



## BOB CARSON

You would not have seen the MCM Operetta at Carnegie Hall, the Lyric, *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour* or even *American Idol*. Instead you would have seen it every five years at the MCM Anniversary Dinners. Here is what you missed. The Operetta was written and directed by Paul Hicks. The story was a member registering, going to meeting place at the State Office Building on Preston Street, and then participating on the hike. This was a precursor to the reality shows on TV. Paul had taped the songs and the officers and council members dutifully pantomimed the songs. You may not believe this, but I got in big trouble at one of the rehearsals by not taking things seriously and joking around. 林



Joan Valentine, Lillian Baumann and friends



Bob Carson, Bill and Carolyn Bauer, Reuban Dagold, Dan McQueen and Mike O'Connor at the ATC biennial meeting. (R. Suit)



## BOB CAVE

It was some time in the mid-eighties, an overcast day with just enough snow on the trail to crunch a little under foot. I was enroute to my final climb on Owls Head in New Hampshire to complete the New England 4000—all 115 of them. It was the defining moment of more than twenty trips north to New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine and an experience that I would subsequently repeat four and five times, in summer and winter, in decent weather and in some not-so-decent. But, I'm way ahead of myself.

Mountaineering is a learned experience. One may have a love for the outdoors and the genes to enjoy climbing mountains, hunting, fishing, and camping, but most of the skills necessary to master these pursuits come from being mentored and surviving mistakes. My first trip with the Mountain Club was in 1977, a two-day trip to Dolly Sods. I am uncertain who led it but I met for the first time many MCMers who have since become long-time friends: Paul and Ellie Ives, John and Terri Eckard, Carson Billingsley, Sue Bayley, Larry Kelly, and Ron Filbert. And there were many others along—but that was a long time ago and I'm not so good with names. (But I'll never forget my first campfire experience with Bill and Walter.) The weather was not at all accommodating but in spite of my ill-suited gear, I had an enjoyable experience and an excellent introduction to Backpacking 101.

So, what was initially infatuating, became compelling and then, an obsession. In the ensuing years, I was able to explore



**Dolly Sods overlook**

practically every wild area and trail system that could be reached in a ten or fifteen hour drive. I became intimately familiar with the many trails in Shenandoah National Park, Dolly Sods, Seneca Rocks and the many rocky ridges of Pennsylvania. I traveled in weather of every sort and learned that when a backpack had been scheduled, rain or sleet or snow (regardless of its intensity) had little bearing on whether we went. Getting back home was often another set of problems. Adverse conditions were a challenge, something to be overcome (and enjoyed). The harder it rained, the more stream crossings, the deeper the snow, the colder the temperatures and the more elevation gained and lost, the greater became one's bragging rights and stature among his peers. Macaroni and cheese was consumed in all of its vast combinations and no-bake cheesecake in every one of its flavors. And all of this topped off with Yukon Jack and Cool Aid. There was no place for whiners or girlymen in this group.

But, while muscles became stronger, and stamina increased, the hike-as-fast and as far-as-you-can mindset pretty much precluded seeing anything except that which was underfoot. It was pretty much



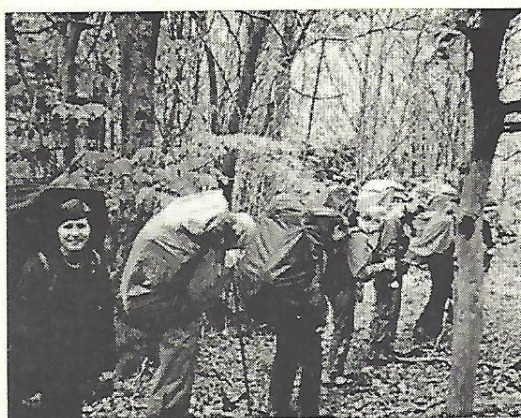
Special Forces training without the combat pay. Weekend backpacks twice a month and day hikes the other two weekends became standard operating procedure and in retrospect it is amazing that I soon will have been married fifty years to the very same woman who not only put up with my chronic absences, but who also became my companion on so many of my best trips. What a tribute to a fine lady!

Then there was the never-ending quest for state-of-the-art gear. Patagonia, REI, L.L. Bean, Campmor and Kelty became household names and line items in the family budget. Tents that leaked, sleeping bags with cold spots and boots without enough support were not suffered and were replaced without a second thought with the new and improved stuff. Unfortunately, all of that stuff required larger packs, which translated into heavier loads, which translated into hills seeming steeper, snowshoes with less floatation, and a body slightly more uncomfortable. Ultimately, this search for the "lightest," "warmest," "driest" and "most comfortable" became a feeding frenzy all its own, entirely independent of original equipment needs. Thus, I became a "gear-head." But, in my defense, I must add that I was most often in the company of many of that ilk.

Age, a slightly abused body, and the eventual manifestation of some common sense (albeit ever so slight), finally forced me to take another look at how I wished to define this form of recreating. Perhaps speed, marathon treks and sixty-degree climbs really were not all that they were cracked up to be. "What kind of flower is that? Is that a maple or an oak? That's an interesting melody; I wonder what that bird looks like? What a beautiful vista from

this ridge, why have I not seen it before?" To answer these questions required a whole new approach to this sport and a whole new awareness of what nature had to offer and how best to appreciate it. Trekking companions became more mature (defined: older and slower) and became mentors in the many disciplines of living outdoors that I had not learned about yet. I discovered the great beauty and diversity of our Nation's parks and wilderness areas and the enormous talent and resources of my MCM friends, young and old. And I finally appreciated the joy of "giving back:" one's responsibility wherever his travels may take him in this life. There were shelters to be built, privies to be dug, trails to be cared for and at long last, knowledge to be shared.

So, it has been quite a ride, this trip with the Mountain Club. It has spanned thirty-plus years. It has afforded me many friends. It has enriched my life immeasurably and has positively influenced the lives of my wife and children. Thanks to you all! 林



**Dolly Sods backpack**



## CHARLIE CLARKE

My mid-teens were spent in the Panama Canal Zone where my father was with the US Army Corps of Engineers and I enjoyed the out-of-doors with the Boy Scouts. I returned to Baltimore as an 18-year old and in the spring of 1946 was introduced to MCM by a friend of the family, Bob Machin.

My first MCM trip was as a guest on a Sunday afternoon hike along the Patapsco River from Woodstock to Daniels. Orville Crowder, MCM's first president, was the leader. Also along was Ruth Lenderking, a botany teacher. I was amazed at how these two identified the plants and birds along the way. This was my introduction to the natural sciences.

Bob Machin took me on my second day trip to Rocks State Park, also led by Orville Crowder. Along were Bob's wife Pat, their two lively grade school daughters, and their next-door neighbor, Ella Shank, a high school math teacher who was cheerful, lively, and athletic.

That same year I was a guest at several overnight trips. On the Fourth of July trip to Sexton Cabin in George Washington National Forest there were six members and four non-members. Bob Machin and I traveled in leader Walter Rheinheimer's car. I was struck by the congenial and cooperative attitudes of the enthusiastic outdoor lovers I met. Most impressive was Os Heard, "Mr. Mountain Club" to the members. Largely self-educated, he had a head full of information on many subjects and a world of experience in outdoor activities. He carried certain items of equipment with him that made camping a lot easier.

One of these was a homemade gadget he called an "inspirater". It consisted of a ¼ inch rubber tube about three feet long with a short copper tube inserted in one end. The other end of the copper tube was mashed nearly shut. Blowing into the rubber tube and pointing the copper nozzle at a reluctant fire could soon bring it to a blaze. Another item that I admired was his Hudson Bay Cruising Axe. Os kept the axe razor sharp and well oiled. When someone asked to borrow it, his reply was "a man's axe is as personal as his toothbrush".

Another participant was Harry Cox, a good hiker and a handy guy around the camp. He was postmaster and a leading citizen of Blue Ridge Summit, Pa. He arranged for the volunteer fire company to be the sleepover place for MCM's marathons.

There were two women along. Dorothy Watson was a native of Utah. On overnight trips she would be found in the kitchen. She enjoyed cooking and was very good at it. Dorothy had an old friend from Salt Lake City with her. The friend did not hike, so the two spent their time touring the forest service roads. They would meet us at the end of hikes and ferry drivers back to their cars. On the day we hiked the long Crawford Mt. and North Mt. Trails. We arrived at Elliot's Knob at noon to find Dorothy and friend waiting with a sumptuous lunch.

Our hikes covered miles of rugged scenic trails. In addition to Elliot's Knob, the highest point in George Washington National Forest, (4473 ft.), we summited Reddish Knob (4398 ft.) and several other lesser peaks. Along the trails were signs of wildlife. Black bears had been feeding





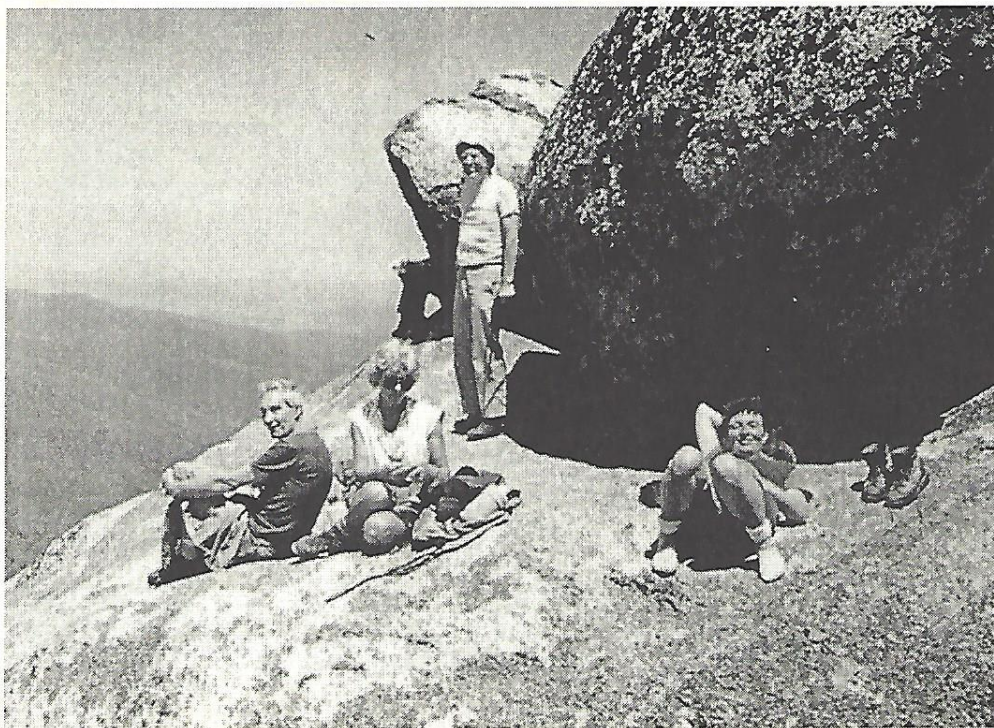
**MCM Anniversary Hike of 2005 (R. Suit)**

on blueberries. Hard to believe in today's environment, it was here that I saw my first Whitetail Deer. I also met my first timber rattler. There were many of these around. It is possible we would have seen more wildlife if one of the guests had not been such a loud compulsive talker. Both Walt and Os asked him to be quiet, to no avail. Francis Old was so very bothered by the talker that he increased his pace and got far ahead of the group and the noise. Later we caught up with Francis waiting by the trail. Francis, a large heavy man, had stepped on a big timber rattler's head. It was stunned and writhing in pain. To my surprise, Os picked the creature up and moved it away from the trail. This was one of the acts of respect for nature I observed on the trip. The conservation ethic was foreign to me. I came from a culture where trees were to be cut down, wildlife killed and bugs squashed. MCM straightened out my head in a relatively short time.

As we hiked along Ramsey's Draft trail we came upon a Forest Service crew digging up every gooseberry they saw. Os explained that pine forests were being devastated by pine blister rust. The organism had two life phases. In the active phase it lived in pines while harming them. When dormant, it lived in gooseberries. The Forest Service was trying to control the blight by killing off the gooseberries.

Back at the cabin we got busy renewing the firewood supply. In a nearby grove of deciduous trees was a large dead chestnut. We had experienced woodsmen and the proper tools, so we expected no problem in taking the tree down. What actually happened would have made a good Three Stooges Movie. As the chestnut started to fall its branches became tangled with those of a live tree and remained erect. It took three hours to get things untangled and the wood cut up. We were tired, dirty, wet with perspiration, and unhappy with ourselves





Great view! (C. Bauer)

because of the damage we had done to the live trees.

My next experience came on Labor Day weekend. The nationally renowned photographer from the *Baltimore Sun*, A. Aubry Bodine and reporter Frank Henry, accompanied us. Their article appeared on September 29, 1946. The trip was based at Wolf Gap in the George Washington National Forest. The hike ascended North Mountain to an outstanding rock outcrop, Big Schloss. The hike followed the North Mountain ridge trail to Sugar Knob, and to the Half Moon fire lookout. From there we took the steep trail down to Trout Run. We rested and soaked our feet before completing the 17-mile circuit to Wolf Gap.

That evening there was a campfire program in the clearing alongside of the Wolf Gap cabin. The sing-along was led by Winslow

Hartford. He accompanied himself on the banjo and Fred Ward joined in with his accordion. Both Fred and Winslow were past presidents and very active members. Dick Roessler was chairman of the photography committee. Known to members as Mr. Photography, he was in charge of assembling the annual photo album. A tireless worker, he was a member of many MCM committees.

After these six-months of activities I became a member and was very active for about 25 years when obligations with my firm curtailed my participation. The two high points my MCM saga: (1) In 1957 Ella Shank and I married, entering into a 50 year partnership with heavy emphasis on hiking, camping, and the environment; (2) I was club president, 1958-1960, during the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration. ✱

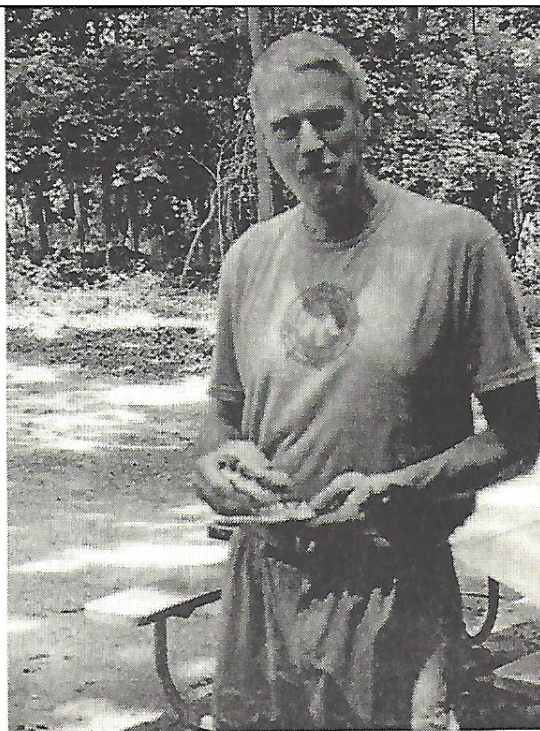


## DUNCAN CRAWFORD

Names are a curious thing-- sometimes they just "fit" a person and you know, by their name, something descriptive about them or perhaps their interests. Of course, this concept may seem a bit archaic in a world now seemingly full of 'Tiffany,' 'Brittney' and similar "modern" names, but long-haul truckers, AT through-hikers and even folks who just pick an email user ID may consciously or even subconsciously come up with just the ideal "handle."

"Outhoused@radicus.net" is my all-time favorite example. Ted Sanderson, long-time MCM member and past president, has led innumerable hikes, some truly memorable Eastern Shore canoe trips (a very long day hike dragging a loaded canoe down the "Pokochoke" comes to mind), and has served for many years as the MCM Shelters chair, responsible for all things related to the four AT shelters maintained by MCM. Ted led the construction of all four of the current shelters, organizing the crews, other volunteers such as Scouts or local students, gathering the materials, and generally inspiring those working on the job to put forth their best efforts. That said, if you have a shelter, one hopes you also find a nearby privy. Turns out that a modern AT privy, even if not made of brick, is rather more than a simple hole in the ground with seat above.

In the 1970's, back when there were two log lean-to shelters at Tagg Run, and long before I was even aware of MCM, Ted was responsible for building one of the first "composting" privies, with its design now immortalized as the "Pennsylvania composter" in the ATC Backcountry Sanitation Manual. MCM members called



**Duncan Crawford at the 2003 MCM picnic  
(R. Suit)**

it the "Flowerpot," after some enterprising member decorated it with a not-so-subtle floral paint job... after a bit of outrage from ATC, all but the door was repainted a nice severe forest-floor brown. About ten years ago, when we tore down the old lean-tos, built the current shelter and later a new two-seater composting privy, the door of the old "Flowerpot" was salvaged—presented to Thurston Griggs as a memento at one of our annual meetings—but I digress.

That first "Flowerpot" was followed by a similar single-seater composter at the Kennedy shelter. I remember a number of rather warm summer work trips making repairs to both the original Flowerpot and the Kennedy privy, thinking at the time that it clearly wasn't easy to get a composting privy to smell much better than the original pit. Ted apparently had the same thought, because he built new, larger and improved tanks for the Tagg Run





**Installing a new privy**

replacement, and later replicated the new model for the Darlington shelter privy. Two tanks, two seats, apparently no waiting when you walk in... Although in practice only one tank is "in service" at a time, the other either empty or composting quietly.

Building those tanks was a non-trivial undertaking, which Ted tackled alone, supplying the finished tanks as part of the 'materials' package MCM volunteers later assembled on site. Each tank was a bit over 7 feet long and 4 feet wide, likely took him a good two or three weeks to build, and generally took six or more people to move—just getting them into the woods and into position was an adventure. Ted waterproofed the inside and outside with fiberglass, an incredible messy and somewhat toxic task—the volunteers never saw that part of the preparation, just marveled at the finished tanks and the incredible attention to detail Ted brought to the whole shelters effort. They also saw his enthusiasm, the ready smile, his

patient willingness to stop and explain the "why" of some small part of the larger task at hand. Many experienced first-hand his determination to "get it done." Building a shelter or a privy is a lot of work for all involved, and nothing brings that more to mind than a memory of hiking out of Tagg Run in the dark on June 21st, after an early morning start to a Ted Sanderson shelters work trip.

Somewhere along the way, I think about 8 years ago, Ted finally "got on line" with a dial-up Internet connection—and with the Internet comes email, and email means a user ID. I don't know if it was Ted or if his wife Fran had a hand in the user ID selection, but "outhoused" is probably the most descriptive ID I've ever seen, perfectly capturing (to my admittedly warped sense of humor) the close to 30 years of dedicated and enthusiastic effort Ted Sanderson has devoted to the MCM shelters responsibility. ✱



## GEORGE C CYR

This is a true story I am relating to you as well as I can remember it, as it happened about 1997 when MCM was a fairly new experience to me.

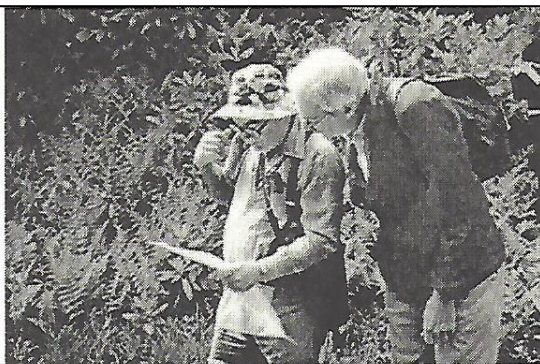
A hike was scheduled to view Big Schloss; which I am not sure is in either Virginia or West Virginia as I do not remember the routes we were driving on...except it was far.

We did not get there until after 10 a.m. and our leader, named Dan, indicated that we would do two hours out, have lunch, and do two hours back. This sounded very reasonable, and we proceeded to hike up the steep climb to Big Schloss. All enjoyed seeing it and walking along its walks etc. and then continued on to lunch.

At the lunch site, we discovered a trail post at the head of another trail that headed downhill from the ridge we were lunching on. There was a hiker with us that had acquired a map from some other hiker that had been in the area, and since it showed a parking area it was presumed that this would be an alternate route back to our parking area.

With the entire group being in agreement, we proceeded down this trail; and when we got to a gravel road at the bottom, we discussed whether we should go left or right. I argued we should go right because I could see Big Schloss to the right. Nobody agreed with me, they said there were so many rock formations that looked like that; so we went left.

We passed a parking lot, but it was not ours. We kept on hiking, the destination would be just around the next curve, or



**Don Miles and Carson Billingsley wondering where they are (P. Williams)**

hill; but after about an hour or more most of us felt we were lost.

Just then, a pickup truck appeared, and Catharina stood in the middle of the road; waving her arms like General George Patten and stopped the truck. The driver explained to us that we were approximately six miles away from our parking lot, and **HEADING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!**

The driver graciously volunteered to bring the drivers back to the appropriate parking area, and escort us back to pick up our hikers. We plied him with tens and twenties, which he refused, but we forced the money on him in gratitude for our rescue.

After getting reorganized, and refreshed at the nearest fast food outlet we returned home very tired, very late, and much wiser. One of my passengers on the ride back was a new hiker, who was recovering from a heart attack some months previous. He left his antique Baltimore Oriole cap in my car; and I was not able to contact him to give it back to him. If he happens to read this, know that I still have the cap and can return it to him if he lets me know.

This adventure drove a hard lesson home to me; some of you may have heard me repeat this when we are hiking...never deviate from the hike leader's plan. 林





Reuban Dagold on a work trip (R. Suit)

## REUBAN DAGOLD

Joining MCM upon my retirement in 2000 has resulted in the replacement of the socialization of the workplace by the socialization of hiking comrades. It has also added a new dimension to my life—that of scouting and creating new hikes to lead.

After I had been a member for a couple of years, I was asked if I was interested in leading hikes. I said “yes” and “what do you have for me to lead?” The response was “what would you like to do?” After thinking it over, I recalled that there hadn’t been any hikes, while I was a member, in Gwynns Falls/Leakin Park in Baltimore except for those of the Leisure Hikers. That park had been one of my playgrounds as a youngster. Through a contact in the city’s Planning Department and the Parks and People Foundation I obtained a large-scale map of the park with contour lines showing the various trails.

I began tracing the trails, a little at a time—eventually finding all of them, most of which were unmarked and in some cases heavily overgrown. I usually went alone and rarely saw other people in the park. Wandering alone in silence at my own pace was pleasurable—listening, seeing and smelling. And coming across places I hadn’t seen nor thought about in years! I have now led a number of 9- or 10-mile hikes there, each a little different.

Another park I had spent time in as a youngster was Patapsco State Park. When the complete trail map of Patapsco came out, which showed marked and unmarked trails, I went to town scouting and bush-whacking. Again I came up with several hikes to lead which I hadn’t seen on the MCM schedules.

For both of these parks I have educated myself on bits of their history to share with those on my hikes. ✻



## JACK DAWSON

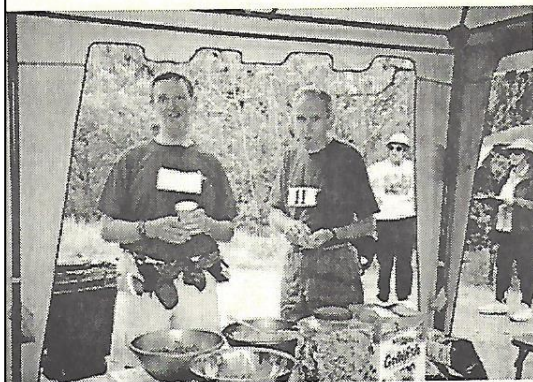
*This is the text of an article that appeared in the Recreation section of the Baltimore Sunday Sun for May 20, 1973, provided by Albert Fink.*

### A RACE ON THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL

*by Jack Dawson*

Speed is the latest craze in cross country hiking, which may be great for athletes training for the Olympics, masochists or those trying to prove they're not "over the hill." But it is not for everyone.

Be it the march of dimes Walk-a-thon, the Kennedy Memorial Hike or a Boy Scout expedition, the emphasis today is on finishing first. Gone are the days when one hiked for the euphoric pleasures of fresh air, wholesome exercise, relaxation or beautiful vistas. Rather, the idea is to catch up to the one in front of you and after you've passed him, beat the girl ahead. And sometimes the resulting congestion looks more like rush hour on the Jones Falls expressway than a pastoral country trail.



**Dan McQueen and Ron Cully at the Weaverton checkpoint of the 2005 Hike Across Maryland (R.Suit)**

In 1940 the Mountain Club of Maryland held its first one-day hike over the 37.5 miles of Appalachian Trail between Pen Mar on the Mason-Dixon line to the Virginia side of the Potomac River across the Sandy Hook Bridge. It was 17 years before enough club members had the courage to try it again.

The hike is now scheduled as a biennial event and has been attracting more competitors each time, particularly youngsters who want to make a race of it. The latest was held earlier this month and drew 39 participants.

#### **Awaked at 4 A.M.**

Everyone was awakened by Bill Elmendorf, the hike leader, about 4 A.M. after a fitful night's sleep in the Blue Ridge Summit (Pa.) fire hall. Fitful not from anticipation of the next day's ordeal or that some hikers arrived late, but because of clanking hot water pipes.

After a hurried breakfast of pastry, cereal, juice and coffee, the hikers were driven to Pen Mar. At 4:53 A.M. they marched off with cries of "good luck" from wives and other members of the "sag wagon" crew that would greet them for a big breakfast 7.8 miles down the trail.

"Up" the trail might be more descriptive, however, as the hikers climbed steadily for about three miles to High Rock, which at 2,000 feet above sea level is about 700 feet higher than Pen Mar. It was in the low 30's as the hikers continued a series of steep ascents and descents. They'd break into a sweat climbing hills in the dawn light, then become numb with cold on the downhill grades.



The hikers had broken off into groups to walk at different speeds. Sixteen-year-old Mark Snyderman, a Pikesville Senior High School sophomore, led some teen-agers to head the pack. They were followed by some better-conditioned hikers from the host club and two from Wilmington, Del. Sixty-four-year-old Dick Greenfield, oldest starter in the hike, got behind because he was wearing new boots. By the lunch break at Washington Monument State Park 20 miles into the hike, he reluctantly quit, a victim of blistered feet and torrid pace.

Several experienced hikers carried flashlights when one couldn't see his own feet in the darkness. However, the younger hikers didn't bother with such trifles because they were only interested in finishing as soon as possible.

At 6:37 A.M. Mark Snyderman trotted into the breakfast stop. He was followed three minutes later by John Baylen and this observer with Walter (Pogo) Rheinheimer and Steve Heiser arriving a minute afterwards. By the time the main group came about 7 o'clock, Snyderman had drunk his juice, eaten ham and scrambled eggs, been interviewed briefly and was racing down the trail. He jogged into the 17-mile snack stop at Interstate 70 at 8:30, a half hour ahead of Baylen.

"This trail isn't ideal for running by any means", the 16-year-old-leader observed, 'but a lot better than trying to run on the Appalachian Trail in Georgia. It's impossible there.' A few weeks earlier several of the Mountain Club hikers had spent 8 days backpacking 101 miles over that trail.

While Snyderman preferred to go it alone attempting to set a new trail record, most of the hikers tried to find someone else or

a group that would go about their speed. Ken Walker, of Towson, and Dave Cassel, of Annapolis, who often hike together, had a pre-hike plan of finishing in 10 hours that they followed throughout the day."The hike won't even begin for me until after lunch," the 23-year-old Walker said as he strode along at double time. "I intend to put my sneakers on and start jogging some then if I feel strong."

Ernie Thorne, a 53-year-old Wilmington hiker, did not jog as much as the younger participants but was remarkably consistent, scrambling up and down rocky slopes like a mountain goat. "No, this isn't the toughest hike I've done," he laughed. "Where I go backpacking in the Rockies is much tougher." Some of his trips have taken him to the High Sierras, the North Cascades and Mount Olympus in the Rockies.

At one point after a stop at Interstate 70, he stopped beside a small running stream that crossed the trail and washed and tended to his blistered feet. "It's too bad there aren't more streams like this," he said, filling a small tin cup with cold water.

At the lunch break in Washington Monument State Park, Bob Carson, a Baltimore County physical education teacher and former club president, noted that he was running almost an hour ahead of his previous times on this hike. One hiker complained that his fingers were numb from slow circulation in the cold. Everyone ate cheese and other high protein snacks and drank plenty of juice. But no one stopped for long because they knew the hardest hiking was still ahead.

Those who have hiked the Appalachian Trail or entered the Kennedy Memorial know the test that Lambs Knoll presents.



Thorne had never hiked in this area before but knew that after descending from Route 40 several hundred feet that it would take some climbing to reach the fire tower atop Lambs Knoll.

Climbing the almost vertical Lambs Knoll, Black Rock Cliff or High Rock areas is what separates conditioned hikers from the others. Snyderman, who is prepping for next year's Boston Marathon, actually enjoyed scaling these heights because it helps his training program. But for some of the older participants who don't jog regularly and seldom take long hikes, these climbs were torturous.

After stopping briefly at the sixth checkpoint at Crampton Gap, 29 miles into the hike, Thorne pushed ahead, still trying to catch his younger Delaware cohorts. However, he admitted later that the Weverton Cliffs, an almost sheer drop at the end of the mountain in which one has to virtually hang onto trees to keep from falling, slowed him down considerably and he finished at 4 P.M., a scant 22 minutes ahead of his sore-legged friend.

### **Popular sport**

"Right now the trees, rocks and faces are all blending together," Dick Baine, Carson's companion, observed as they passed another Boy Scout backpacking troop. There must have been at least 100 Scouts and another 50 backpackers or casual hikers on the trail that day, which reveals the popularity of both the sport and the trail nowadays.

The final 3 miles along the C&O Canal towpath were almost pleasurable, probably because we knew we were nearing the end. However, Carson warned that one hiker

had completed the entire walk to the end of the towpath, climbed up in the Sandy Hook Bridge, and then cramped with a charley horse so severe that he required emergency treatment in a nearby hospital. "That bridge is the longest quarter mile in the world," he added.

But not for most of the hikers, even though a strong breeze was blowing up off the Potomac and many were limping from blisters or cramps and pulls. Everyone knew that after 37 miles all they had to do was cross that bridge and the ordeal was over.

Snyderman had arrived at 12:50 P.M. nearly two hours ahead of the previous record. Baylen was next at 2:59 P.M. and Cassel and Walker finished together at 3:02, just nine minutes behind their schedule. "Pogo" Rheinheimer came in at 3:18 P.M., curled up in his sleeping bag and was still sound asleep at 4:30.

### **Girls complete hike**

Margaret Smith, a 17-year-old Lutheran High School student, finished at 3:34 while Janet Chisman, the only other woman to compete, arrived at 5:06, walking the final two miles in her bare feet. The Smith girl trained for the hike by taking a 40-mile Boy Scout hike to Gettysburg with her brothers.

Andrew Heiser, who at 12 years old was the youngest hiker ever to finish the distance, waited anxiously for his brother Stephen from 3:30 to almost 8 o'clock.

Most courageous of the 26 finishers was 47-year-old Albert Fink, a metallurgical technician who has been hiking with the club for three years. The bottoms of both his feet were covered with giant blisters. ✻





**Carmen Heil and Bert DeVaux help Dan McQueen at the Gathland Checkpoint of the 2009 Hike Across Maryland (R. Suit)**

## BERT DeVEAUX

I was just returning to hiking after recovering from two broken legs when I saw an article in the *Sun* paper about the MCM Leisure Group. I thought it would be a good group to start off with.

The first one was Miriam Bruns' annual December Christmas hike in Patapsco State Park. We met at Westview Shopping Center where I carpoled with Mary and Charles Kendrew. These dear friends have since passed on.

Well it cost me \$.22 for the carpool plus \$.50 because I wasn't a member. WOW!

What a glorious time we had! There were over 80 hikers and to see that many pairs of boots on Miriam's front porch was a sight to behold. Inside the real holiday fun began. Hot and cold cider, hot chocolate, coffee, tea, all kinds of Christmas goodies, and Miriam's famous brownies! I had such a great time with the Leisure Group that day.

All through the years I have learned so much about wild flowers, plants, trees, birds, as well as all the beautiful places to visit in MD, PA, and VA. I have met such wonderful and kind friends throughout the years. What can I say—I was hooked on MCM every Wednesday. ♣



## ROSE EICKER

In 1972, I found this blurb in the *Sun* paper that I could not resist responding to. "The Mountain Club of Maryland was doing a two-day hike on the Horseshoe Trail in Pennsylvania and staying overnight in a youth hostel." Since one of my favorite places to visit was the Lancaster area, I couldn't resist signing up. On the hike, I soon found myself looking at my feet so I wouldn't stumble, and I was wondering "Why am I doing this when I could be bicycling in an area I love so much and enjoying the beautiful countryside?" What I found was that the people I met on the hike were fascinating to talk with and were such world travelers. They had all been everywhere!

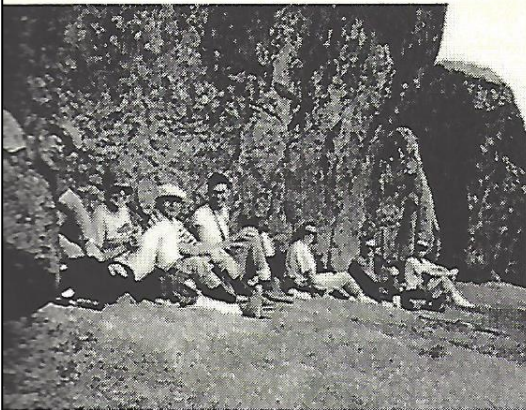
That evening we had dinner in an Amish home, within walking distance of our overnight hostel. The Amish were farmers, and we were invited to tour the barnyard and to try our hand at milking a cow. Oh, that poor cow! I soon learned that my fingers went naturally the wrong way from

the way I should milk a cow. I am sure that poor cow was really happy when we left, but we had a wonderful time. We were even treated to a hayride.

After dinner, several of our group went across the street to have a beer. Upon their return, I soon learned that was a no, no in the Mountain Club, at least back around 1972.

That night, I got more education regarding sleeping in the youth hostel. First thing I learned was I should have brought ear plugs—never knew that in a room full of bunk beds so many people could make so many different noises in the night!

At the end of the weekend, I learned that if I wanted to become a member of the Mountain Club, I had to hike so many hikes before I could be considered for membership, providing I could find some kind person as a sponsor. Fortunately, I found that sponsor! And have enjoyed being a member ever since. 々



**Wednesday Hike to Calvert Cliffs**





**70th Anniversary Hike, past presidents. Starting in the back: John Eckerd, Thurston Griggs, Patty and Steve Williams, Paul Ives, Bud Endler, Tede Fleming, and Joseph Colbourn (R. Suit)**

## BUD ENDLER

Living next to Liberty Lake, it was my favorite hiking area. I knew all the trails. I actually led a Liberty Lake hike for MCM before I was a member. In 1976 I led a hike around the entire lake. It took two weekends. Only seven MCM members completed it all!

A *Sunpaper* reporter wanted to write an article about MCM (great publicity for MCM) so we invited him on a Liberty Lake hike that involved crossing the river below the dam. It had rained for two days. Our crossing was covered by four feet of water. But since I knew where the sand bars were we managed with only three feet of water. We carried the reporter across.

We had about ten magnificent winter hikes from our home onto the Liberty trails, always in the cold with snow. But very pretty with the moon shining off the frozen lake. We would return to our home with the fireplace blazing. Marie served homemade soup and dessert. Many times have I led Liberty hikes across the middle of the frozen lake, making sure that the hikers were spread out.

My second favorite hiking area was Catocin Mountain from the visitor's center over Piney Mountain via the transmission line right of way, and over the railroad trestle. It was a tough ten to twelve miles. While I did the hike six or seven times, only a few MCMers did it a second time. ㊦



## GLORIA EPSTEIN

Joining the Mountain Club of Maryland over 30 years ago was a life-changing event for me. Recently divorced, I was looking for a low cost, outdoor activity and began hiking with MCM on most Saturdays and Sundays. I soon discovered that I loved hiking. Trekking through the woods in all seasons just felt perfect.

I enjoyed the camaraderie, both on and off the trail. I was enthralled listening to my fellow hikers as they shared stories of their trips to exotic places 'on the cheap' and wondered if I could do that.

After a couple of years enjoying weekend hikes with MCM, I purchased backpacking equipment. As a speech pathologist working for the Baltimore County Public Schools, my summer vacations extended over 8 weeks. With only my loaded backpack, I traveled across the USA on my first solo trip.

That trip was an eye-opener—national parks with spectacular trails, friendly people, safe, inexpensive lodgings in youth hostels, young foreign travelers and much more. I was hooked. I loved the freedom,

adventure and sights. I felt liberated—empowered—and began to venture farther and farther afield.

One country after another, year after year, with my trusty backpack, I continued to travel. My world expanded—England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia, Israel, Poland, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. One summer was spent almost entirely in Alaska, another in Iceland. I began to roam far and wide and became known to my friends as the 'world traveler'. WOW! I never thought that would happen.

I formed bonds with other travelers from different countries and was exposed to new perspectives. I became a better listener and observer as I attempted to adjust to cultural differences and expectations. With these rich and wondrous experiences, I evolved and grew as a person. What a 'trip' I've had!

It's been a wonderful journey of discovery, and to think, it all started with that first hike with MCM when I began to dream... I will always be grateful to MCM for 'turning me on' to the joy and beauty of hiking. THANK YOU, MCM. ✿



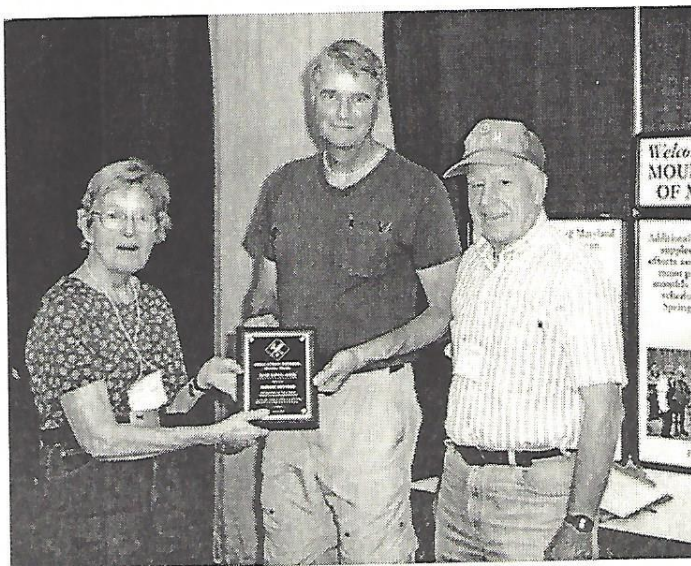
MCM at Harpers Ferry to see President Clinton



## RON FILBERT

Back in 1980 when I became a member of MCM you needed a sponsor to nominate you to be a member. Once that occurred the club had to vote on accepting you or not. Fortunately they voted yes and I became an official member. The person who sponsored me was a guy named Ron Bowers. Unfortunately not too many years after I became a member he developed knee problems and eventually had to stop backpacking. However, he is still a member of the club. Even though I didn't join the club until 1980, I actually started backpacking with it back in 1974. In those days backpacking was sort of popular, which made it easy to find equipment in several of the specialty stores available at the time. I have to admit the prices back then were a lot more reasonable than today's prices. Also back then backpacking trips were scheduled every month and I think every weekend, so I had the opportunity to pick and choose as many trips as I wanted to go on.

Another nice thing about those days was that hikers only had to bring their own lunch and snacks, and that was only if they wanted to. They didn't have to bring breakfast & dinner/desert because the leader and co-leader supplied these meals. Before starting each hike the leader would divide the hikers into different food groups and each group split the food up to carried and cook. This was pretty good because I have always had a sweet tooth and it



**Ellie Ives receives a 25 year Silver Certificate for Volunteering for ATC at the 2003 biennial meeting. Also pictured is Duncan Crawford and Paul Ives (R. Suit)**

allowed me to bring lots of candy. Some of my favorite snacks were: Snickers bars, nuts, red licorice, dried fruit, cookies, Werther's hard candies, etc. I always brought enough to share with my fellow hikers. As a result I was eventually nicknamed "Candy Man". For some reason hikers that knew me as the "Candy Man" were happy to see me on the trip. It was my only claim to fame as a backpacker. I have to admit that candy gave me the boost I needed to not only cover the miles, but also the steep terrain.

Back then I did a lot of trips with Paul and Ellie Ives and John and Terri Eckard. What I learned backpacking with Ellie Ives was that she was one of the toughest backpackers I have ever met. During some of the stream crossings she was a little unstable and occasionally fell while making the crossing. Even though she got wet and cut her knees it didn't seem to bother her. Once she got on the other side she just



kept on trekking like nothing happened regardless of the blood dripping down her leg. One time on one of John Eckard's bushwhacking trips we were more than half way up a rather long steep hill when Ellie lost her balance and fell backwards down the hill. Fortunately a tree stopped her part of the way down. We were all worried that she may have hurt herself, but she didn't. She got up, dusted herself off, straightened her pack, and trekked right up that hill like nothing happened. What a woman!

John Eckard led some interesting trips.

On another one of his bushwhacking trips we experienced what could have been a very serious situation. When the group was cresting a rather steep hill John's wife Terri was about the second or third hiker in line with me right behind her. She was unaware that the hikers in front of her had stepped on and disturbed an in ground bees nest. The next thing I know Terri started yelling and ripping her clothes off. My immediate thought was, "Gee do I really have that effect on women in the wild?" Sorry to say it wasn't my presence causing her to take these actions, but instead it was bees attacking her. They had gotten under her clothing and were stinging her all over her body. Fortunately, even though Terri experienced a lot of bee stings, she didn't have an allergic reaction to them and she survived that trip and many more after that:

Another hard backpacking trip was lead by Larry Kelly in West Virginia on Seneca Creek back in the 1990's. This was an early spring trip that turned into a challenging winter trip. When we got to our starting point we encounter about two inches of snow on the ground. However we found

out there was more snow further up the trail not only from a couple of guys who were camped where we started, but also from the people who attempted to do a car plant where we planned to finish the hike. The car plant people didn't get too far away from us when they encountered snow drifts covering the road, which prevented them from driving any further. So with great difficulty they managed to turn the cars around and came back to inform us a car plant was impossible. This didn't deter us though. We decided we would just do a loop hike coming back to the same spot we left from. We started out hiking sometime before noon. The trek was all uphill and the snow kept getting deeper and deeper. Having started out in two inches of snow it very quickly increased to an average of eighteen inches. And since there were no other hikers in front of us we constantly had to break a trail in the snow. In addition to trekking through deep snow we frequently encountered snow drifts, which were either thigh or waist high. Plus all the trees were covered with thick snow with their branches sagging. So the lead persons not only broke snow on the trail but they were fortunate enough to knock down all the snow in the sagging tree limbs as they walked under them. Even though the snow provided a very scenic and beautiful view, breaking trail was very strenuous and as a result it was hard to get people to volunteer to do it via rotation. The ongoing question was do we continue or do we stop? Well after trekking only a few miles before darkness set in, we reach a sort of flat open area we thought would make a somewhat decent camp site. Needless to say in addition to the snow it was very cold and the later it got the colder and windier it got. The snow was



so deep we had to pitch tents on top of it plus we used the snow to melt for water. There were a few people unhappy about camping at such a high elevation where we were more exposed to the wind and cold, but it beat continuing to hike. In spite of the elements a few of us (Larry Kelly, me and a couple of the other hikers) managed to stay up standing around an imaginary camp fire and shooting the bull until about 9:00PM. When we couldn't take the cold any longer we decided to turn-in for the night. Actually I found sleeping on that thick blanket of snow to be very comfortable, since it melted in contour to my body shape. Well we headed back to the cars the next morning and found the already broken snow trail and going down hill a lot, lot easier.

On a backpacking trip lead by Bob Carson in the Shenandoah area one winter the weather changed from pouring down rain when we went to bed to a pretty big snow storm sometime during the night. When I woke up the next morning I was wondering why my side of the tent was sagging about an inch above my face. What

a pleasant surprise I had when I looked outside the tent and saw a foot or more of snow on the ground. That morning we got word from one of the park rangers that they were going to shut Skyline Drive down, so we had to get back to our cars quickly before they locked the gates on us. Fortunately when we got out to Skyline Drive there were a few cars still using the road, so we hitched a ride back to our cars. Luckily we all got rides to our cars and were able to get off the Drive before they locked the gates. Till this day I will always remember the breathtaking panoramic view on Skyline Drive. It looked like a winter wonderland. ❄️



**Steve Williams leading a winter hike**



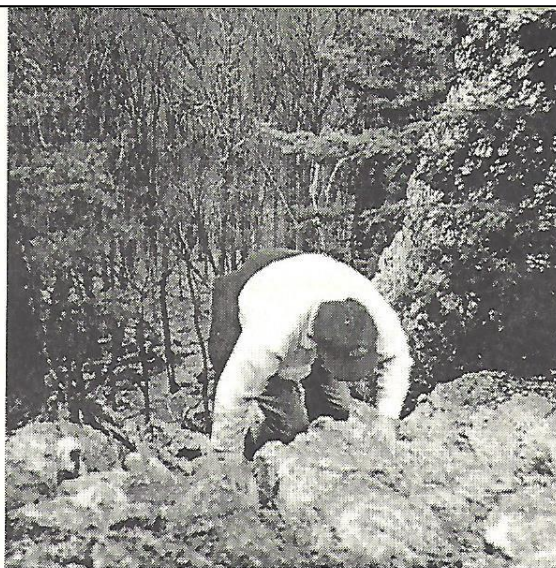
## ALBERT FINK

I have always loved the woods and mountains. So, whenever possible, I would take off to the mountains of Pennsylvania. My favorite location to hike was around the Appalachian Trail near Pine Grove Furnace State Park.

In 1971, at the age of 46, I decided to join the Mountain Club of Maryland. I wanted to be with people who shared similar interests. Throughout the years I have enjoyed many, many hikes, some of which I led.

My most memorable hike was the 37.5-mile marathon on the Appalachian Trail from Pen Mar, MD to the Virginia side of the Potomac River. (The marathon did not go to Harpers Ferry until some years later, adding 2.5 miles.) It was a challenge to me, but I'm proud to say I accomplished it. I remember the *Baltimore Sun* covering the event and having a picture taken of my aching body, especially my blistered feet. What a way to be remembered!

In 1986, I suffered a stroke, which affected my right side and which caused me to lose mobility in my leg. Since I didn't do well with physical therapy, I decided to try my luck in taking small easy walks with the Mountain Club on a regular basis. I began to regain strength in my legs and, eventually regained most of my mobility. I then started to try the more strenuous hikes, and once more began enjoying regular hiking on the AT. I don't think that I would have recovered my mobility if I hadn't been motivated by MCM and the good fellowship that it had to offer.



**Al Fink attacking Pole Steeple (L. Fleishman)**

I've had many different and wonderful experiences throughout the years, which I find somewhat difficult to remember at this time of my life, but I do know that I loved every minute of my membership.

Now, unfortunately, I am unable to walk the way that I used to, but I still enjoy coming to the annual meeting whenever I can with my wife, Evelyn. It is always good to see some of the other old timers and renew stories, some of which I've forgotten. I don't recognize most of the newer members now, but I know that they too will have some great and wonderful adventures ahead of them.

I will always remain a proud member of the Mountain Club of Maryland. 🌲



## TEDE FLEMING

Compared to many, I am a short-term member of MCM, having joined in 1999. I can assure you, however, that I am no less loyal and enthusiastic than those of you who have much longer track records. I am a true believer.

Ted and Fran Sanderson led my first hike in the Broad Creek Boy Scout Reservation in Harford County. I was so impressed with the hike—the scenery (the old hemlocks), Ted's and Fran's leadership, and the fellow hikers that I was immediately "hooked." I derived much pleasure from the Club; I felt that I owed it service in return and began leading hikes and eventually became involved in other activities (editing the newsletter, participating in the Council, hiking the HAM once). Those activities enabled me to learn even more about the wonderful people who make up MCM's membership.

While I participated in Council responsibilities, we worried a bit about declining membership numbers. While fretting, I came to realize that MCM has something most organizations don't—members who stay with it a long time. They belong both to hike and to monitor and maintain the Appalachian Trail—to enjoy nature and to protect it. They develop enduring friendships. Some even love the Club enough to remember it in their wills! Remarkable! I don't believe many organizations could make those claims.

Happy 75<sup>th</sup> to MCM; may it have many more. ㄿ



**Tede Fleming at the MCM 2004 Annual Meeting  
(R. Suit)**



## THURSTON GRIGGS

MCM had just celebrated its 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 1959 when I joined it. In those days you had to be “sponsored” and voted in; MCM, like other “clubs”, was exclusive. It had academic and professional members—some prominent people and family groups—of only about 250. It owned tents and cook-out items and a large rain-tarp that called for some expertise to erect. There was competition among trip-leaders as to who could provide the tastiest meals and who could lead the most exotic trips. Visiting various battlefields on their hundredth anniversaries were popular excursions, as was visiting maple syrup farms and historic sites. It was a great way for a newcomer to Baltimore to become familiar with the area.

There was one instance where five of us, grimy after cave explorations in West Virginia, were stopped on a dirt road by police who, after hearing we were recreational enthusiasts, obliquely asserted that they had stopped us because “Your tires are bare.” We soon learned from our car radio that some convicts had just escaped from a nearby prison—whom we may have resembled!

Of course MCM precepts call for hikers to follow hike-leaders as a single group in the interest of safety. One notorious exception occurred in Shenandoah National Park when Walter Pocock, who loved to converse and another hiker-talker, walked two miles further than the turnoff to the

cars while everyone else had to wait two hours for the palaver-ers to discover they didn’t know where they were.

An even more egregious instance, also in Virginia, was on a hike that I led. The hikers got so completely lost that they didn’t return to the campsite until 10:00pm. Eloise Rheinheimer kept dinner warm the whole time. The cause: an old map was relied upon rather than a thorough scouting by the leader! ♣



Thurston Griggs on the Mason Dixon Trail 1971



## RAIN HALL

I have had two lives; the one before MCM and the one after. First Life: I had been working two and three jobs in order to make a living for myself and my three children, the eldest one being in college. After years of working between 60 and 96 hours a week, I decided to risk it and work only one job. It took me about 2 months to recover my energy. After that, I started looking for something to do. I wanted to get exercise, fresh air and meet new friends, all of which were something that I hadn't done in a long time. Looking through the paper one day, I read about a hike the following weekend, so I called the number and signed up for the trip. I even joined the club that week. Second Life: With that very first hike, 10 years ago, along enchanting Kelly's Run, I not only made new friends, which I still have today, but on my third hike with the club, I met my future husband, Art Hall. I still marvel today at the fact that I could have chosen any hobby or gotten involved in so many other things, but I chose hiking. Lucky for me.

My first year with the club, I was very involved with trail maintenance. Along with Paul Ives, Ted Sanderson, and many other dedicated individuals, we pruned, weed whacked, and relocated our way

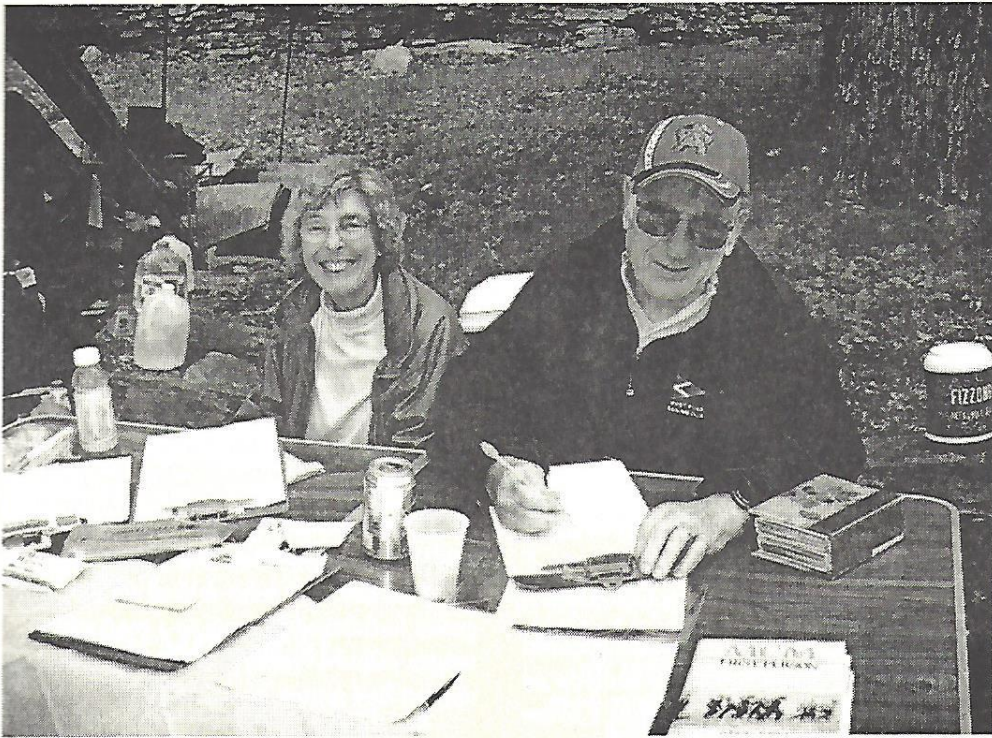
along many wonderful trails. Ted always chose me to trudge up the steep mountains with my loppers, following closely behind Duncan Crawford with his chain saw. I was honored to be in their company. That year, I was also honored to be presented with the Rookie of the Year award. I will always treasure the thoughtfulness of everyone.

Art and I have moved to areas that are not convenient to participating in MCM events. That makes me very sad. I read *Hiker High Points* and soak up the descriptions of every trip on the schedule. I miss the people whose names I read and would love to meet all the new names. I miss leading hikes, also. We now have three grandsons and they take a lot of our time, which I wouldn't trade for anything. In my heart, though, I am always exploring the woods or weed whacking a trail's edge and one day, I know that I will be back. Thanks MCM and everyone for being the nicest people in the world. \*\*



Great Falls Hike





**Shirley and Dick Heintz checking in Hike Across Maryland hikers at the Gathland checkpoint (R. Suit)**

## SHIRLEY HEINTZ

One day in 1985 I happened to read in the *Sun* paper that a Mountain Club had leisurely hikes on Wednesdays. Having only a sketchy knowledge of Baltimore's layout, I watched the paper for an easy meeting place, which I soon found along the edge of the Beltway where the Leisure Group met for a hike to Sugarloaf Mountain.

What a welcoming group greeted me! They quickly figured out which car to put me in for the trip, and almost immediately suggested that I begin the process of joining the Club. So many friendly and knowledgeable people—explaining the

history of the Club, describing the trips they would take, telling anecdotes about different hikes.

MCM has been and is still one of the greatest and most enriching experiences in my life! All the beautiful local parks (Leakin is forever my favorite), the reservoirs, the Patapsco River, exploring so much woodland in state parks, as well as fascinating areas of Baltimore City—and gaining so many lifetime friends besides. Wednesdays will always remain among my happiest memories. 林



## CYNTHIA KERMAN

The most memorable hike in my MCM history was the one up to Cat Rock in pouring rain on June 5, 1982. The early part of the hike took us through clouds of blooming mountain laurel, which seemed to me even more beautiful through the curtain of rain. Up we went on the path's steep scramble, old regulars enjoying the company of a visitor from Germany and a couple on a get-acquainted venture (who the following December invited us to their wedding). Tired and dripping, finally we got to our goal and lunch stop, Cat Rock. Instead of finding a spot to sit, we huddled under whatever overhanging rocks we could find for their meager cover to keep our sandwiches from getting soaked.

Coming down was different. It began to clear up. We hurried through the mountain laurel, enjoying it on the run, and when we got to Cunningham Falls State Park the sun was shining. Several of us (including our German friend) got out of our wet clothes and went swimming.

For one of my early hikes, probably 1972, I invited a new acquaintance, Ross Sanderson, to help explore the Loch Raven trails and see if he would enjoy the Mountain Club. I remember a relatively easy hike, the water lapping the shore on the ins and outs of small bays, and mountain laurel in bloom. He was sold on the Mountain Club and became a far more faithful hiker than I.

And then there was the time someone got lost. We had done a hike in Shenandoah and got nearly back to our gathering place to realize that one of our number was missing. The leader, Ted Sanderson, went back to hunt for him, and told us to wait. It was cold and getting dark, and as I remember, we built a small fire and clustered around it to keep warm while we wondered about our missing member. Eventually Ted returned to us without having found the lost sheep. We got back in our cars still wondering and worrying. Next morning, we heard later, Ted discovered that the man who drifted off from our group had found his way to a road and a ranger, called a family member to pick him up, and had gotten home safely. ❧



Gordan Silesky on a winter hike (C. Brauer)





Taking a break near Loch Raven (C. Brauer)

## EVELYN MCGREAL

I was active in MCM in the 1960's and 1970's. My nursing career took me overseas and away from Maryland at times, but I always had MCM and friends to look forward to reuniting with, when I returned back home.

I have a little 'Watch What You Say on Hikes', story, that started on a Pennsylvania hike I was on in the late 1960's. The hike was 'Country Roads', and it was led by Ed Murphy.

This hike took us by a somewhat unique farm, in that there was a mother pig, surrounded by her group of little baby piglets. Now—I have virtually no expertise in pigs at all, except maybe, a trip I took with a sanitarian, as part of my Public Health

training. Anyway, with what I assumed as an obvious 'tongue in cheek' and joking voice, I announced to this MCM group that, as the hike's 'pig expert', I judged these piglets to be 4 weeks old.

Fast forward many, many years later and on another MCM hike: the group proceeded to recount previous memorable hikes that they had taken. A hiker announced to us that her favorite hike of all times, was a wonderful 'Country Roads' hike, because of the cute 4 week old piglets that they had seen on this hike. I was taken back, and stated to her that I was on this hike, but really was not sure that they were 4 weeks old. She replied, YES—they were most definitely 4 weeks old, because this was stated by a pig EXPERT, who accompanied us on that hike. 林



## OLIVE REBER MONGELLUZZO

### The Origin of the MCM Database of Members

One of my fondest memories is of Ed Cooper, an unparalleled tree identification expert who volunteered at Cylburn Arboretum. When I met Ed in 1979, he was in charge of the mailings for MCM. He used an addressograph plate system—a machine that used a typewriter ribbon with names and addresses embossed on metal plates a little larger than today's mailing label. Each time a member changed his/her address, a new metal plate would have to be embossed—a quite onerous task as each character was embossed separately on a hard plate. Each mailing envelope would be stamped, stuffed, collated according to zip code, and delivered by Ed to the US Post Office for bulk mailing. This was a time-consuming operation, but one that saved the Club money because of Ed's volunteer efforts and his sorting for the bulk-mailing rate.

Ed asked me to help him one day with this task. My two children and I trundled over to Ed's and we worked with him to stuff the envelopes. He did the stamping of the names and addresses. It was my understanding that the addressograph was obsolete in 1960. This was 1978. Ed could not get any new ribbon for the machine, so he was inking the old one by hand.

From then on I have been involved in the names and addresses aspect of MCM members. I first volunteered to type the directory on an electric typewriter in 1979. Imagine the time and proofreading involved if all 583 names and addresses in the current 2009 directory were typed and

proofread without automated equipment. As most of you know, typing numbers—house numbers, phone numbers, zip codes, year of membership, etc. are not fun things for a typist and must be accurate. I typed from a revised/edited/updated and otherwise marked up prior year's directory given to me by the membership chair. It was quite an undertaking as you can imagine from the description. However, we no longer had an MCM directory typed on a manual typewriter, but the crisp clear letters of a directory typed on an electric typewriter.

My instructions on how to type the directory came from Lester Miles, MCM's benefactor. He informed me that I could not use periods after abbreviations or any unnecessary punctuation in order to make each member's information fit on one line and one line only. To this day Lester's instructions are followed, although today I manage to get each member on one line no matter how long the information is by shrinking the font.

About 1982 with the advent of dedicated Word Processors, Eleanor Sewell—then President of the Mountain Club for the second time, asked me if I could put the MCM member's names and addresses on labels using this latest technology. This was the first instance of having an electronic automated database of current members' names, addresses, phone numbers, year joined. From this database I would run the address labels to be placed on the mailings in less than one hour based at Villa Julie College and used by the permission of the administration. Each month the current MCM membership chair would mail me



**Sharon and Jim Koury after another successful hike (C. Lewis)**

a list of the newest members and changes of address, which I would then input. The database was current on a monthly basis and at an instant a list of members could be printed if needed. This was not a feat possible with the addressograph plate.

The word processor also allowed me to compile the directory in an automated fashion using the database and eliminated the tedium of typing a line at a time on an electric typewriter. The automated MCM database was my responsibility for at least 20 years until Joe Cushner retired as the printer for the club.

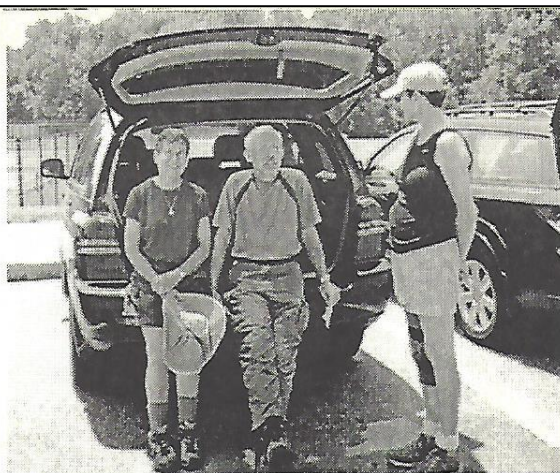
In the early 1990's with the advent of the computer, the database now became mobile. I transferred the database to floppy disks and viola I could "work" from home printing labels on an as needed basis on my home computer and printer. No longer did I need the "mainframe" of a dedicated word processing system.

I now celebrate my 30th anniversary of typing the MCM directory. I always think of myself as having brought MCM into the 20th century in regards to technology and the database when fondly recalling Ed's volunteer efforts that day in 1978.

Renate Byrd, Ross Sanderson, Bonnie Jenkins, Kolman Kodeck and Wayne Lipscomb are some of the Membership Chairs I have worked with over the past 30 years.

### **Memorable Hiking Experiences**

In my early years with MCM, I remember clearly hiking on Lamb's Knoll, something I was completely unprepared for with the likes of Thurston Griggs, Ed Cooper, and Walter Pocock. My clear memory from that hike is that I survived! I actually was

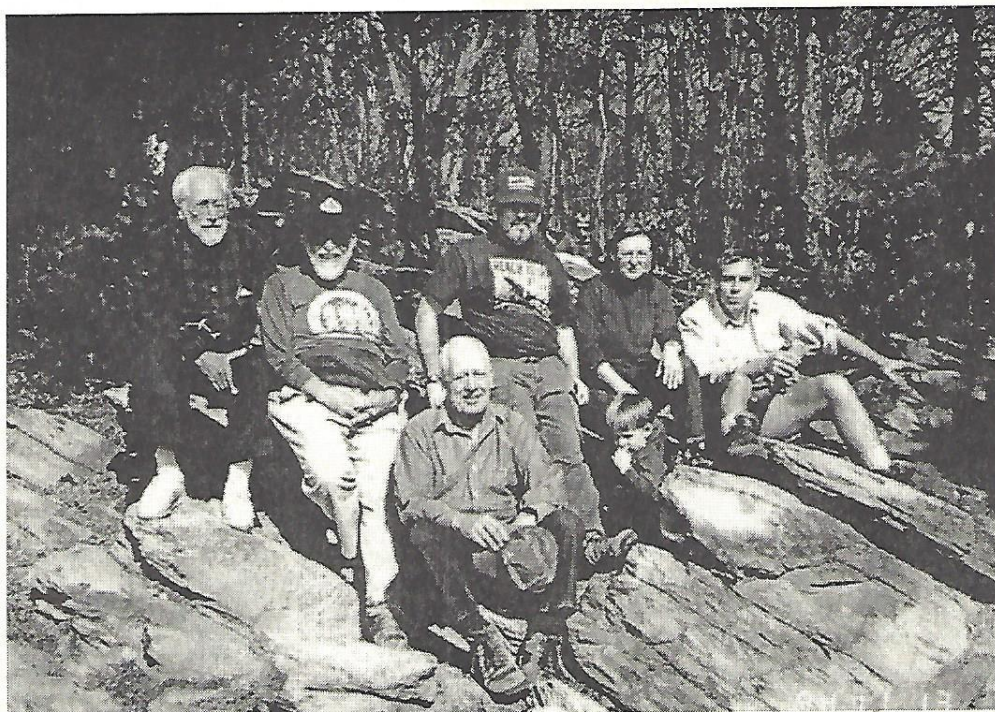


able to walk when I got home. These were men to whom it was second nature to bound up and down mountains. As a newbie to the club, I had no idea. I also remember bushwhacking the Herring Run Stream behind Morgan State University with Thurston Griggs and Ed Cooper and others in our small group. They did not seem the least bit fazed; I was half-dead.

### **The Christmas Party**

The other fond memory I have is of Ed Cooper inviting me to go to the annual Christmas Party at Oregon Ridge. I really was not into it that much, but Ed insisted that I go with him. We did that together for a number of years, until Ed died in a tree-related accident. I was truly devastated by his death. I still try to go to the annual Christmas Party at Oregon Ridge when I am in town. I recall the good times I had with Ed while I am there. One of my most fascinating times at the Christmas party was hearing Earl Shaffer speak. Earl had recently completed another through hike of the Appalachian Trail at the age of 79. I was mesmerized by listening and watching this 80+ year-old's slide presentation on his most recent hike. Ed always said the food was good and the slide presentations terrific. That has been the case at all the MCM sponsored Christmas parties that I have attended. ❧





**60th Anniversary Hike Presidents picture: Jack Mowll, Bob Carson, Paul Ives, John Eckard, Terri Eckard, (Robbie Eckard), Steve Williams, November 1994**

## **JACK MOWLL** *(a founding member)*

It was my first week in Baltimore. I was 17 and I lived in Hamilton. I was a book worm, so I hopped on the Harford Road Trolley line which took me to the newly opened Enoch Pratt Library.

My eyes found the bulletin board.

Lo and behold, it contained a notice of a hike on the Appalachian Trail the next Sunday! The hikers were to meet at the westernmost car barn of the No. 19 trolley line. (This line also served the Hamilton Neighborhood!)

I was inspired! I caught the early trolley and arrived at the car barn. When I got off, even though I was just a timid beginner hiker, a rotund fellow, Orville Crowder, took me under his wing.

Off we flew. Breakfast in Frederick.

Introduction to the "AT" at Crampton's Gap. Hiking south on the AT. En route, a stop for a meeting at which the Mountain Club of Maryland was formed. More hiking until we came to Weaverton Cliffs, overlooking the Potomac River.

The cars were parked at the bottom of the cliffs and we climbed in. Both tired... and tired! (This spelling is the result of the British background of one of our hikers... and mine as my father was a Brit). 々



## ED MURPHY

My membership in MCM dates from 1953 when the club had about 150 members. There was concern that with few younger participants and the others aging, the club would become extinct. I served on a committee to publicize the club to attract new members. Information was distributed for display in schools, churches, libraries, Y's, etc. One of these was a modeling school, which attracted a gal who appeared at the beginning of a hike wearing high heel shoes. The dire prediction of the early demise of MCM was not fulfilled.

Pennsylvania's Codorus State Park in rural Hanover was built during the 1965-1970-time period and dedicated in 1970. A joint agreement between the state's Department of Environmental Resources and P.H. Glatfelter Inc., a paper mill in Spring Grove, was negotiated for the construction and maintenance of an impounding dam with a surface of 1275 acres of water. There is provision for Glatfelter to draw down a limited amount of water as needed.

Codorus State park covers 3443 acres and the impounded water is known as Lake Marburg. The popular state park offers boating, canoeing, hiking, horseback riding, and swimming in a constructed swimming pool. It was a hot summer afternoon during construction of the dam that MCM members hiked through the bottom of what was to become Lake Marburg.

It was in the spring of the year that I led a hike for MCM on country roads through the 3300 acres of the Hanover Shoe Farm, the world's largest Standard Bred horse farm. The hikers toured the barns and terminated at the breeding barn where we observed, and an employee described, the process.

Enroute to the Appalachian Trail Conference at Boone North Carolina University, we stopped for breakfast. One of the hikers ordered pancakes and picked up a bottle of what she thought was maple syrup and poured it generously over the pancakes. Well, it wasn't syrup, but soy sauce. Imagine her surprise and chagrin! ✱



Loch Raven Hike (C. Brauer)



## ROBERT RYE

In late 1966 or early 1967 an article in the *Baltimore Sun* focused the attention of MCM on an area of the Monongahela National Forest called Dolly Sods. The description of bogs, northern plants, vistas, rocky outcroppings, forested stream valleys, and the windswept plateau called out for its inclusion in the MCM schedule. Charlie and Ella Clarke scouted and planned a four-day backpack trip to the location for the 1967 Memorial Day weekend.

Two days before the trip Charlie called with word that Ella's father faced surgery. They felt the need to stay in the area. The trip wouldn't be cancelled since Betty Fisher had been on the scouting trip. The food and supplies were ready, the hike planned, and if I would drop by their house, they would supply me with everything.

On the appointed day Betty Fisher, Catherine Kennedy, Thurston Griggs with his sons David and Martin, Emil Hergenroeder, Allen Burk, David Goodkind, Tom and Dick Bain, and I drove to the Red Creek primitive campground to begin what remains, forty two years later, my most memorable MCM trip.

Carson and Alice Billingsley, with commitments that wouldn't allow them four days, shared the start with a short day hike. The weather was great, a warm spring day, light warm breeze, blue sky. Spring was arriving at Dolly Sods though fully four weeks behind the Baltimore area.

Lightweight backpacking equipment had become available in the 1960's but, with the exception of Betty, our group was packing heavy, almost too heavy. We hiked

west to Blackbird Knob, south to the Red Creek Trail crossing to our first campsite on a small rock-free floodplain.

Now a designated wilderness area, in 1967 Dolly Sods was wild, returning to its earlier state before the virgin timber was harvested and mountain railroads had been built. Painted trillium and apple blossoms from an earlier time made our campsite cheerier.

Day two was better still, with a great backpack hike down Red Creek across Rocky Point and up the Big Stonecoal Creek to the bogs at the headwaters. Interesting plants identified by Betty Fisher and David Goodkind, beaver ponds, a black duck and her hatchlings, railroad spikes, mule shoes, parts of a cast-iron stove, and rediscovery of a boxed-in spring used by a timber camp made it easy to imagine days gone by. We camped beside the gurgling rock dotted creek at a picturesque site that began in a grassy area and continued downstream under dense spruce trees. At sundown the wind changed, the humidity rose, and the sky clouded.

Ever the optimists, some were sleeping "under the stars" with shelter halves or ponchos to repel the dew. Then the rains came! Thunder, lightning, and rain continued all night. Allen made the first move and became my tent mate. Emil squeezed in, as things got a little more ugly. The night was long. When one changed position, the others did also. As the first light of morning arrived there was a strange stillness. Exiting the tent provided an explanation. The water had risen above the rocks in the creek. No more gurgling. The upstream bogs were draining their brown water into our clean little stream.

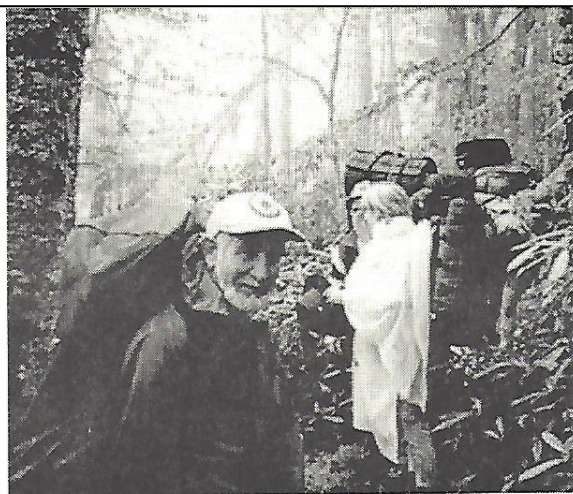


Breakfast preparation was a struggle with wet wood and increasing showers that tried to add more water to the frying pan than we could boil away. Our campsite was a bit sad looking. The rain had collapsed Cathy's tent, a handmade relic loaned by Betty. The seams had parted. Shelter halves and ponchos hadn't been up to the task. Betty's tent was flat and ponding water. Thurston and his sons had little or nothing dry. Some of us were still dry but the day wasn't over yet.

Understanding our situation, we decided to retrace our steps and get back to the cars by evening. The handmade tent was given a decent burial; there was no time for mourning. The loads were redistributed to adjust for the extra weight of many wet items that some had. The morning retreat went really well.

Redistribution allowed everyone to maintain the same pace. Then we turned into the valley of the north fork of Red Creek and viewed the rapidly descending water that had to be crossed before we could reach the cars. For a while no one said anything about our predicament but by the time we reached the location of our first day's crossing most felt we should continue bushwhacking upstream on the west branch of the north fork with hope of finding a safer crossing.

At a point that was later determined to be directly west of Blackbird Knob we came to a relatively level open grassy area where the stream was ten feet wide. We made our crossing there with all but three of us being swept off our feet and soaked, the use of a three-person chain notwithstanding.



**Lee Fleishman in Dolly Sods**

Across the creek, but with no trail and limited visibility, we decided to hike east until we crossed the Blackbird Knob trail or further on until we came to Forest Road 75. Changing winds cleared the low clouds allowing us to see the fire tower near the campground and a little later we joined with the trail. Shortly after, we were at the Red Creek campground.

The rain had stopped. Now the wind began to blow from the west. We were no longer wet and trail-less; we were wet, hungry, and getting colder. Supper preparation was a challenge even with a stove. That night with dropping temperatures, howling wind and wet gear, our time in the tents had us dreaming of a warm motel in the valley.

Our last morning began with limited visibility. After a cooked breakfast we cancelled the planned cross-country trail-less hike from Bear Rocks and drove from the plateau into Blackwater Falls state park. It was warm and sunny in the valley so that Dolly Sods seemed far away. The end had come to a most interesting and demanding trip with memorable shared experiences and friendships. ㄟ



## ROSS SANDERSON

I began hiking with the Mountain Club in 1974 and nearing age 92, I managed a few miles on one of Shirley Heintz hikes in 2008. I treasure immensely the great variety of hikes in a widespread area and the many, incredibly interesting people with whom I have shared the hiking experiences. I have hiked the Appalachian Trail over the years from south of Loft Mountain to well north of Harrisburg. At least 20 years ago Georgette Schenkel led a group of us in hiking the C&O Canal trail from Washington to Cumberland on day hikes and overnight camping two-day hikes during a period of two years. All in that group remembered the rewarding bonding that we felt and the amazing variety of landscapes one encounters along the Potomac.

I had always considered myself to be more physically trim than the bureaucrats with whom I worked, but found the Mountain Club challenging. I think it was the fall of 1975 when Walter Pocock led a hike on a portion of the A.T. northwest of Harrisburg. From the cars, we hiked up a stiff climb to an abandoned town. I was so exhausted I wondered how I was going to manage the rest of the hike of over 12 miles. After an adequate lunch and rest, I found I could keep up with Walter the rest of the way on a less difficult trail. About a year later, a circuitous variation of that hike was led, I think, by Bunny Dadds. The beginning of the hike was up that same climb but to my surprise I reached the abandoned town easily, the result of a year of conditioning on many hikes.

Once when I was with a group of mostly very experienced hikers on a trail that followed a high ridge from Pennsylvania to Maryland. An experienced hiker twisted her leg amongst some rocks and it soon began to swell. This was long before cell phones. There was a highway paralleling the trail and there was discussion about first aid and shortcuts but the injured hiker insisted she could make it to the cars which she did with great effort.

Occasionally the club was faced with would-be hikers with physical and/or psychological handicaps and it was interesting to be part of trying our best to accommodate them with varying degrees of success. Also challenging to some of the strongest leaders was how to handle in a kindly way formerly very strong hikers who showed up for hikes beyond their aging abilities. Sometimes it seemed suitable to downgrade the nature of the planned hike, but that was not possible with those who could no longer complete a backpacking trip of two days or longer.

I remember so many hikes varying from four or five miles to as much as 14 miles. One always admired the Hike Across Maryland hikers and others who did more challenging hikes. Once we arrived at Whites Ferry after a very serious Potomac flood. While munching lunch, a local teenage boy appeared and someone said the flood must have been difficult. His answer left us speechless: "Yeah, my mother drowned." This was just one of the interpersonal aspects of hiking besides the physical challenges of the hikes. ❸





June Peterson, Carolyn Bauer, Joan Valentine, and Rosie Suit about to climb to Zealand Hut in the White Mountains (R. Suit)

## ROSIE SUIT

Somewhere back in the early 90's I listened to a Dan Roderick's Radio Show during a Nor'easter that dropped more than a foot of snow on Baltimore while he was interviewing Jack Wennerstrom about his book, *Soldier's Delight Journal: Exploring a Globally Rare Ecosystem*, with a subdued sound-track playing a whisper of a trickle of water over rocks. Cabin fever was at its height. I leaned closer to the radio to catch every gurgle of water slipping over smooth rocks, and wondered where this Soldier's Delight was. When, eventually, the program revealed it was nearby, in Baltimore County, I resolved to seek it out in better weather days, and walk some of the paths Wennerstrom so warmly described. And... eventually, I did.

That spring I found myself driving on Deer Park Road and turning into the

Soldier's Delight Visitors Center. There I found a printed map, leafed through a photo album, and took a short hike on paths up and over rocky balds and down past streams in interesting folds of land, a landscape to be explored over many hikes, and back to the Visitors Center to see their displays. And while I was there, a woman took one look at my hiking boots and casually asked me, "Are you a member of the Mountain Club of Maryland?" Well, no I wasn't. And what was this club? Marie Thorn shortly set me straight that it was a group I would enjoy, and certainly ought to join, and gave me a phone # to call. An outreach that would have a major impact on my life. And so, I became a member of MCM. Never a better decision in my life.

Then several years later, Marie kindly mentored me through a scouting hike at Hashawa so that I could lead a hike there later. The morning was brisk, but damp, and somehow one of the shoes she was

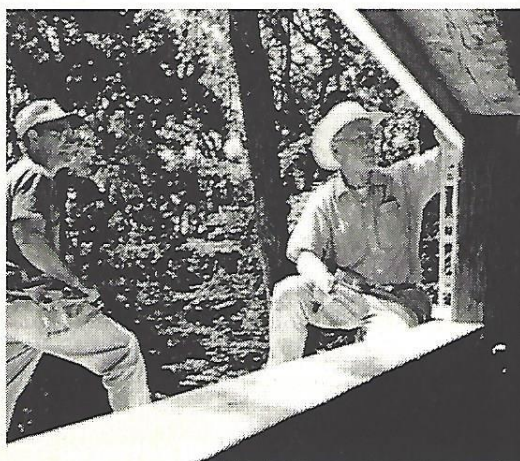


wearing parted between upper and sole. We stopped at the cabin along the path so she could wrap the two parts together with some duct tape I had in my pack, and we tromped on. And though the duct tape did not last in the damp, she nonchalantly hiked on with laughter and a flapping shoe. It was a hoot !! She didn't sweat the little stuff. I loved every minute of it and learned alot.

Though it all started with Marie Thorn, many other active members of the Mountain Club of Maryland also had a hand in my growing love of hiking. Joan Valentine spoke of the wonderful hiking opportunities at the Appalachian Trail Conference gatherings every two years, and I joined the ATC to find that Joan's descriptions were true...the hiking fabulous. A few years later, Patty and Steve Williams loaned me a tent and a sleeping pad when I wanted to go on a first backpacking weekend....and Bonnie Jenkins led us on a merry hike to the David Lesser Shelter for an overnight campout with a moonlight hike to an overlook. Veteran hike leaders, like Catharina Brauer, Lee Fleishman, Jack Bateman, Thurston Griggs, all shared information, answered questions, encouraged more active participation in the club...and one thing lead to another. The interest, encouragement and support of all of these friends have been extended

to many others, as well. But I remember it all started with Marie.

And then came the days when I decided to take part in trail maintenance, under the tutelage of Ted Sanderson and Paul Ives, and the crews they lead up to Pennsylvania to build and care for shelters and privies, and to work on keeping the AT clear of deadfalls and brush. Every such service work day was an education, and enormously rewarding. And each location I worked on became mine....I helped build that, I painted that, trimmed that, blazed that trail. I came to love the maintenance work even more than the hiking....since I felt I owed that time to those who hiked before me, and created the trails I loved to walk. You see what you started, Marie? I'm addicted now, to hiking, to trails, to the preservation of a path....to the idea of giving back, or giving forward, for those who will follow. What a wonderful, friendly outreach that was, Marie. I blame it all on you...and I will be eternally grateful. Thank you, so much. ♣



**Bob Noll and Ted Sanderson (K. Presson)**





Old Rag Hike (C. Brauer)

## DIANE SUMMERHILL

Because I live near Liberty Lake, several of my first hikes were in that watershed with Bud Endler. My son, Dale, who was 12 when I joined the club, often accompanied me, and very much admired Bud. He was an enthusiastic hiker and was one of the few who managed to totally circumhike (new word, but so what?) the entire Liberty Lake. Dale very much wanted to be a hike leader, like Bud.

When he died about a year later, the members of the Mountain Club were my mainstay, my support. While my church didn't know what to make of his death and mostly pretended it didn't happen, MCM members held me, let me cry, and let me know they remembered the good times with him. The Mountain Club has been my spiritual rock. Thank you, MCM. 々



## JOAN VALENTINE

When I joined the Mountain Club of Maryland (circa 1988), I had no idea of the useful Life Skills I would acquire, not to mention the fantastic people I would meet along the way, many of whom have remained my friends for the past 26 years.

Without MCM, I would not have learned to successfully navigate a stream crossing; how to finish a rainy day hike with dry feet by simply slipping my feet into plastic bags before putting on hiking boots; and how to actually lead a hike without getting the group hopelessly "Lost in the Wilderness" too many times.

Besides day hiking, I learned some of the skills needed for a successful back-pack, including the fine art of rigging up a Bear Bag to protect your precious edibles from marauding bears.

I discovered, on work trips, that digging out a hole for a new privy and filling in the old hole, may not be the most glamorous of jobs but it can provide the inspiration for a good many jokes that would be totally inappropriate in any other setting.

On canoe trips, I learned how to select a paddling partner that was in attendance the day the canoeing class focused on getting in and out of the canoe, without turning over. I was "dumped" several times before I learned that skill, but it took me no time at all to figure out how to be in the right place at the right time for the time-honored Canoe Cookie Break.

One might wonder why I call these achievements "Life Skills." Well, it seems that, for the past quarter century, my leisure time has revolved around MCM activities

(as well as bicycling excursions), so I get many opportunities to put these "skills" into practice.

I treasure all my memories of MCM members and activities. I will always remember with great fondness, how my friends surprised me with a 70th surprise birthday party at the conclusion of a Wednesday hike. How they managed to set up the tables, laden with goodies, without my being aware, will forever remain a mystery.

Several years ago, I participated in a backpack to Assateague Island. After setting up the tents, presumably using the requisite sand stakes, we all went for a hike along the shore line. About half way through the hike, someone noticed a mysterious green object bouncing along on the waves about a quarter mile off shore. "It looks like a tent!" someone said. "Not possible", someone else replied. It turned out to be a tent, indeed, and belonging to one of our group. I don't recall how this crisis was resolved, but I do know that we were never able to retrieve the tent.

And that brings to mind an incident that happened before my time in the Mountain Club and clearly illustrates the resourcefulness of our members. On another Assateague backpack, it rained torrents during the night and there was no shelter nearby. The tents were now so waterlogged as to be virtually useless. There was, however, a porta-john in the area and that's where one desperate hiker spent the better part of the night: curled up in his sleeping bag on the floor of the privy. Come to think of it, that sleeping bag was probably added to the list of objects sacrificed to the Assateague Gods, along with the floating tent! ♣





**Wednesday Walkers (C. Brauer)**

## **PAT WILLIAMS**

I joined MCM in 1981, having found out about it in the newspaper. My husband was still working so we only hiked on the days he had off. I made lots of friends and enjoyed hiking locally and out of state.

Catharina Brauer was my closest friend; we hiked together for lots of years. In later years my husband, Jim, had a stroke and remained very ill. I stopped hiking but

stayed in the club. Some of my fondest memories were with the club. I still belong though have not been active for quite a while. I try to attend the party in December where I see lots of old friends. My husband has been gone for over 2 years and I have found other activities to keep me busy. I am hoping to attend the celebration of 75 years. ✱



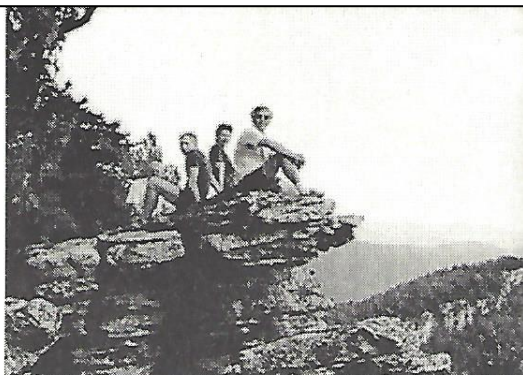
## STEVE WILLIAMS

I joined MCM in 1988, after a number of years of showing up occasionally as a guest. To say that MCM has played an important role in my life is an understatement. I met my wife Patty on a hike in 1988 (although she doesn't remember me from that day), really talked to her a lot for the first time at the annual meeting in 1989, and we were married in 1990.

When I joined MCM, I was an enthusiastic, but not very experienced, hiker and backpacker. I was familiar with the Appalachian Trail in Maryland and northern Virginia, including Shenandoah National Park. I've had many wonderful hiking experiences with MCM, but the places that stand out as where I've had my best hiking experiences are in two areas that I did not know about when I joined the club.

The first area is the Massanutten Mountains, that 45-mile long range that springs out of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia from just west of Front Royal and runs south almost to Harrisonburg. When I first joined the club, long-time members Carson Billingsley and Don Miles regularly led day hikes to this area. I liked the area so much that when they stopped leading hikes, Patty and I started, and we continue to lead hikes in this area. An ideal day hike for me contains a steep climb that is rewarded with great views, and the Massanutten, especially the east ridge, provide this better than any area that I know of within a couple of hours of Baltimore.

The second area that I was lucky enough to learn about was the many wonderful



**Steve and Patty Williams, Andy Moser,  
North Fork Mountain (A. Greene)**

sections of the Monongahela National Forest in West Virginia. This area, roughly due south of western Maryland's Deep Creek Lake, is far enough away that it is best enjoyed on a three day weekend. I went there first on a car camp with the afore-mentioned Don Miles and Carson Billingsley, and went later on backpacks led by Larry Kelly and Larry Katz. These introduced me to Dolly Sods, Seneca Creek and Roaring Plains. With others, Patty and I have also explored Otter Creek, the Cranberry Wilderness, and North Fork Mountain. We generally go backpacking to one of these areas on three day weekends in the summer or early fall, and I have never tired of going to these beautiful areas.

One hike to North Fork Mountain on Memorial Day weekend in 1999 particularly stands out. The North Fork Mountain trail stretches 24 miles along the crest of the ridge. The presence of numerous rocky outcroppings on the west side of the ridge provides stunning views of the surrounding mountains and valleys. The absence of any water along the trail makes the trip more challenging, but has the beneficial effect of keeping down the number of people on the trail. Although the trip in 1999 was not our first backpack to North Fork, it was the first in which we stayed at a particular campsite. This site, reached



at the end of the first day's hike, followed a short but very steep climb. This "bump" in the ridge provided yet another stunning vista, as an overlook near our campsite had a 270 degree view that included a view of the ridge that we had hiked along that day, ridge after ridge of mountains stretching to the east, and to the west, the Alleghany Front and Roaring Plains. That particular day was a perfect, warm day, and from the overlook, we watched the sun set on a clear, warm evening. As the sun set, a nearly full moon rose in the east. The combination of this incredible beauty, and being with many of my best friends in the club, produced in me an intense feeling of wanting to freeze this moment, of wanting to stay in that place and time. I don't recall any other time in my life where this type of feeling has been so intense.

When I joined the club, I expected to do a lot of hiking and backpacking. One activity that I didn't expect to participate in to the extent that I have is Appalachian Trail and shelter maintenance. This has been another memorable part of my MCM experience.

At the same fateful 1989 annual meeting, I was approached by Bill Schoenemann. He was looking for someone to help him with and then take over the section of the AT that he maintained for the club. This section is in Pennsylvania, and runs from the bridge over Tagg Run north to PA Rt. 94. A week after the annual meeting, I accompanied Bill on a worktrip to that section of the trail. I have been maintaining that section of trail ever since.

I can't remember if I started going on the monthly club service trips to the AT before or after I started working on the AT with Bill. Regardless, going on these trips

has been one of the best and most rewarding aspects of my MCM experience. There are a lot of great things about doing trail maintenance. One of the best for me has been the extent to which trail maintenance has enriched my hiking experiences.

Once you do any trail maintenance at all, you never just hike along a trail without thinking about what it took to build and maintain that trail.

There are a lot of great people in the club that I associate mostly with AT service trips—Paul Ives, Larry Kelly, Mike Jenkins, Bob Noll, Bob Hale, Duncan Crawford and Jerry Wright are a few that stick out. But the person who I always have and always will associate with MCM trail and shelter maintenance is Ted Sanderson.

In a club full of amazing people, Ted is to me the most amazing. When I first joined the club, he was starting his term as club president. Over the next couple of years, I saw him wearing more hats in the club than I thought humanly possible. Besides his duties as President, he led hikes, led backpacks, led canoe trips, organized the trail and shelter maintenance trips, and for a while, seemed to do about 80% of the work that got done on those trips. I joined the MCM council for the first time as a councilor in 1989. When the club started looking for its next President in 1990, someone called me up and asked if I would consider being President. I couldn't imagine myself as President for a number of reasons, but I think the main reason was because if I were President, I thought I would be expected to be Ted Sanderson. After a few more years in the club, I realized that there was only one Ted Sanderson, and no one else did all that he did. ❸



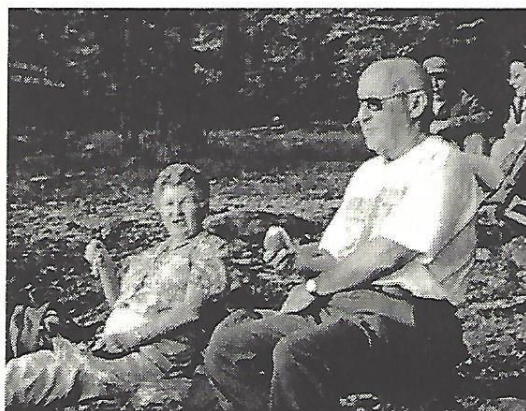
## ELIZABETH AND ROBERT WOLFSON

All the many wonderful years (38) hiking with the Mountain Club have passed so quickly. Our grandchildren are now older than the youngsters, our own, we used to take along on weekend hikes. Most outstanding memories are the unique people we have befriended and trudged with all these many years ago. They served as examples and inspirations to live up to long after they no longer hit the trails, or in some cases, have no longer been part of this world.

There was the elderly schoolteacher, Georgette Schenkel, who ran up mountains like there was nothing to it, week after week. There was the overnight car camping trip she led, on the C&O canal, where our appetites exceeded the available food. Quietly we crept in the dark, out of the campsite, to the local grocery store, only to find that most of the group had arrived there with the same idea.

There was, of course, intrepid Thurston Griggs, who rushed through icy rushing streams in mid January as if they were not there.

Then who can forget the annual weekend trip to Graves Farm with Dick Greenfield? While going up Old Rag was always a challenge, eating all the food available there was a pleasure, the reward for those who made it to the top of the mountain. But who can forget Reuban Leybold who, at a lofty age, could do all of that and still spend the evening square dancing? Our feet are tired when we remember.



**The Wolfson's during a much deserved lunch break.(R. Suit)**

We fondly remember the hikers whom we were privileged to join on a number of hiking trips to Europe. Eloise and Bill Elmendorf, Sue Bayley, Carson Billingsley, and Lester Miles, who got us started on these foreign expeditions. Particularly Sue who had a grand reunion party afterwards at her waterside home, trotting out the family heirlooms, silver and all, to show the "snobs" from Washington, P.A.T.C., who were part of the trip, that we hicks from Baltimore knew how to do it "right".

The weekend trips we led to Coolfont—Cacapon in West Virginia were always well attended and loads of fun. No less looked forward to was our yearly spring hike on the beach from Cape Henlopen to Rehoboth. Of course all of these events included a vital activity—eating.

Maybe we cannot do as much as we used to, but we still love the Mountain Club and particularly the people. ✻



