

MCM

FIRST PERSON



1934-1984

MCM First Person

1934–1984

In the Footsteps of MCM

*Edited by Sarah L. Cooper
and A. Eleanor Sewell*

Table of Contents

Foreword	1
Introduction	3
Chapter I	15
Chapter II	35
Chapter III	55
Chapter IV	75
Chapter V	95
Chapter VI	115
Chapter VII	135
Chapter VIII	155
Chapter IX	175
Chapter X	195
Chapter XI	215
Chapter XII	235
Chapter XIII	255
Chapter XIV	275
Chapter XV	295
Chapter XVI	315
Chapter XVII	335
Chapter XVIII	355
Chapter XIX	375
Chapter XX	395
Chapter XXI	415
Chapter XXII	435
Chapter XXIII	455
Chapter XXIV	475
Chapter XXV	495
Chapter XXVI	515
Chapter XXVII	535
Chapter XXVIII	555
Chapter XXIX	575
Chapter XXX	595
Chapter XXXI	615
Chapter XXXII	635
Chapter XXXIII	655
Chapter XXXIV	675
Chapter XXXV	695
Chapter XXXVI	715
Chapter XXXVII	735
Chapter XXXVIII	755
Chapter XXXIX	775
Chapter XL	795
Chapter XLI	815
Chapter XLII	835
Chapter XLIII	855
Chapter XLIV	875
Chapter XLV	895
Chapter XLVI	915
Chapter XLVII	935
Chapter XLVIII	955
Chapter XLIX	975
Chapter L	995

To the founders of MCM

Acknowledgments

We are grateful, first of all, to the members of MCM who submitted reminiscences of their activities with the Club. Thanks are also due to the late Richard Roessler who, as Photographic Group Leader, assembled Club albums for the years 1934–1955. Mary Kamphaus typed all of the edited material in its present form. Lastly, John Eckard designed the book and contributed his skills toward its final publication.

SLC and AES

Table of Contents

History.....	8
Os Heard.....	10
Alex Kennedy.....	13
Jack Mowll.....	15
Winslow Hartford.....	23
Fred Ward.....	27
Grace Kennedy.....	29
Mike Emich.....	30
Morgan Barr.....	31
Estelle Wetzler.....	32
Mary Kendrew.....	35
Betty Fisher.....	36
Jastrow Levin.....	37
Dorothy Watson.....	39
Alexandra Levin.....	40
Harry Cox.....	42
Vera Pennington.....	43
Marian Akehurst.....	44
Mary Kamphaus.....	45
Eunice Winters.....	46
Dorothea Ensor.....	47
Elwin Penski.....	48
Lester Miles.....	51
Walter Pocock.....	53
Bill Elmendorf.....	56
Paul Ives.....	58
John Eckard.....	59
Grace Crane.....	61
Jim Reuter.....	63

Introduction

"All I could think of was the wonder of its lasting so long . . ."

G. Kennedy

Our purpose as we started working on this compilation was to produce an account of the Mountain Club's beginnings and its development over fifty years. Since a number of founding members, charter members, and very early members are still active, it was possible to ask them directly to write their recollections for the anniversary book. In addition, we made an effort to cover every decade and, at the 1982 annual dinner, invited anyone who wanted to join in the project to recall a special hike or incident. Responses were prompt, some generously detailed.

Fortunately for us, during the first twenty years of the Club's existence, Dick Roessler accumulated pictures of hikes and mounted them in albums meticulously labeled and dated. Many of the pictures he took himself. Others he attributed to a variety of photographers. The last album with his neatly printed captions and carefully outlined (white ink on black pages) snapshots is the one for 1954. Since that date, there has been no official MCM photographer.

Contributions appear in the order in which the authors joined the Club. Any idea we may have harbored at first of rewriting or changing material to suit a preconceived form vanished at once, even when two writers differed in their memories of the same event. We agreed immediately, keeping editing to a minimum, to let members speak for themselves in their own rhythms: *MCM-First Person*.

*Sarah L. Cooper
A. Eleanor Sewell*

Crampton Gap, assembly point for MCM pre-organization hike, became the starting point of each anniversary hike. (R. Roessler) →



The MCM was founded, according to tradition, because several enthusiastic souls decided that 5 a.m. was a bit too early to leave for Washington to hike with the 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, now amounting to as many as three per weekend. 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 (including a “March Richmond”) have all proven popular. Joint trips have been held with neighboring clubs. Three groups have received awards from the KTA 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. Four 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.

In 1940, someone decided that it would be “fun” to hike the entire thirty-eight miles of the Maryland AT in one day. Thus began the Marathon, unique at that time. Traditionally, this entails spending the night at the fire house in

Blue Ridge Summit, so that the hardy souls taking part may be fed and sped on their way before daybreak. In a different fashion, the master mind in command and his helpers have as arduous a task as the hikers. Breakfast must be ready down the road, lunch farther on, and checkpoints at strategic spots—with food and drink, first aid supplies, and transport for those who fall by the wayside. Some have crossed the Sandy Hook Bridge in early afternoon, others at 9 p.m.; but it is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. It has been repeated many times by popular demand.

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 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 became Center Point Knob and remains so to this day. The next big event was the “Great Pennsylvania Relocation” of some twenty-two miles, never again equalled in extent. At present forty-five miles from Clarks Ferry to Pine Grove Furnace in Pennsylvania and nine miles in Maryland are maintained. In addition, approximately thirty-four 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 have been largely on an individual basis, with volunteers assuming responsibility for a section of trail or a shelter.*

* * * * *

Can you remember when 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 street car 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.

Jastrow Levin 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.

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, again by Jastrow Levin.

Recognizing that there were a growing number of able retirees, Jim Millen organized a walk to Lake Roland on Wednesday, October 10, 1973. This was the first of a weekly schedule, consisting largely of local walks, arranged by Jim Millen and Mary Kendrew. 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 midweek group, the Wednesday Truckers, was formed. Walks of six to ten 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. Now, once again only the recommendation of a sponsor is required. In each of these procedures, the applicants' names have been submitted to the Council for approval.**

*Written by Jessie Meyer for the 40th Anniversary in 1974

**Eleanor Sewell added these notes to Jessie Meyer's account.

Os Heard

In referring to Os Heard, Dr. Alan Guttmacher said, "We think the world of him over there." He was referring to the embryology department of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Os was instrumental in setting up and devising many techniques for the study of embryology. He helped to establish the most complete collection of the human embryo in all its stages that had been assembled up to that time.

The accomplishments of Os are so numerous, varied, and interesting that it is difficult to restrict any account of him to a few words. Before the United States entered World War I in 1917, Os was already an enthusiastic member of the Baltimore Botanical Society. In those days the society would ride to the end of a street car line and then hike in search of plants. None of the members had automobiles, but also at that time, urban sprawl did not exist. By the time the Mountain Club of Maryland was formed, Os knew the area well and had explored the choice wild areas of the surrounding states. Here was a young man who knew things of nature, where to find them, and how to hike and camp outdoors. He was an ideal person to be part of the founding group of the Mountain Club of Maryland. Os Heard died August, 1983, at the age of 92.

M. Jastrow Levin



Some hikers had a special interest in birds. Bird trip: Carroll Island March 13, 1938. (Unknown)

How many early members of MCM, while puffing up some steep climb, can recall seeing tacked to a tree or post small notes such as "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse," or "But for the pleasure of your company, I never hope to see a mountain again?" Those notes were placed at various points along the Trail on our first across-Maryland Marathon, June 24, 1946.* It was well-managed, but we had quite a few dropouts, aching feet, but no casualties, though Winnie (Rodemeyer) Lembeck confided, "Os, I've never been the same since."

In recalling this event, I am way ahead of the beginning of MCM, in fact, some twelve years. It must have been in either 1932 or 1933 that I first met Alex Kennedy at the Cherry Tree and Hatchet Restaurant at Warrenton after a Blue Ridge hike with PATC. Alex had formerly been a Sierra Club member when employed in California. Hiking was essential to his way of life as it was to mine; so we got together at his Ruxton home and joined with others in late 1933 to discuss forming a Baltimore group. Orville joined in the discussion and was elated when we decided on the title "Mountain Club of Maryland," for that forestalled Hagerstown from adopt-

*The actual date was Sunday, June 23, 1940. (Editors)



According to the *Bulletin*, this was the first bus trip in ages. Little Devil Stairs April 19, 1936. (F. Calafiore)

ing that title for their group. Unfortunately, minutes of the early meetings have not survived, but they dealt primarily with scheduling hikes. These meetings were held in the homes of various members, but later tended to center at Orville's office, for his stamp business was near the corner of St. Paul and North Avenue, just east of the church.

As the membership increased, we gathered in front of Poly on North Avenue for the beginning of trips. Private cars were generally used, and the charge was minimal, averaging about two cents a mile. Membership never exceeded one hundred. This small group had a sense of purpose and got things such as fundraising card and theater parties going. The *Bulletin*, under the editorship initially of Paul Hicks and later Eunice Winters, illustrated by Eleanor Wilcox, was a *tour de force*. Herein one found the quarterly trip schedules, articles written by members, reports of trips, and the humorous poetry of H. Longfellow Hardscrabble, the alias of the editor. Alice (Brown) Roessler justified every line for years. Dick Roessler, Winnie Rodemeyer, Eloise Cochel, and others helped to cut stencils, run the mimeograph machine, and get the *Bulletin* in the mail. There was a sense of



Early tents, like the Heards', were somewhat primitive. Hawk Mountain October 1-2, 1938 (O. Heard)

cooperation, good fellowship and *esprit de corps* difficult to match.

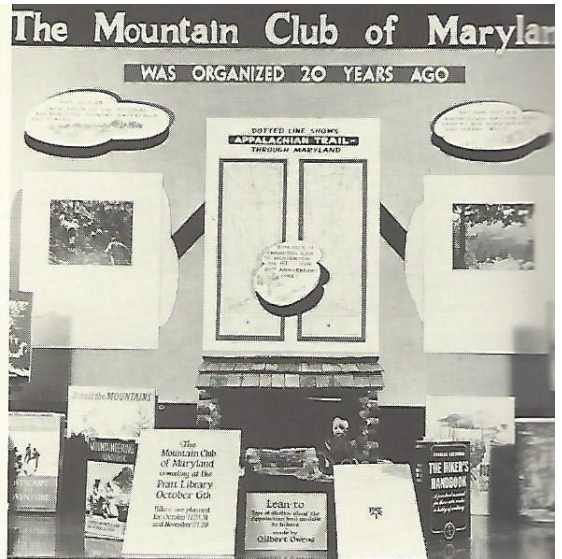
Our contribution to the National Outdoor Show held in the Fifth Regiment Armory shortly after we were organized was awarded the silver cup. The award was given for our display of a trail log lean-to set in a grove of shrubbery through which a stream meandered—pump hidden. Paul Hicks did the landscaping around the shelter, which held hiking equipment and trail-clearing tools. There was a fireplace before the open lean-to. Many compliments came our way for this display.



Orville Crowder frequently wore these striped pants. "Four Clubs" Catoclin Trip November, 1939. (W. Rodemeyer)

Another event of interest was the opera potpourri, directed by Rita Baker and staged in the Sears auditorium on the grounds of the former Samuel Ready School for Maryland Orphan Girls. It was a screaming success, vocally as well as financially, to the tune of three hundred dollars! The purpose of the show was to raise funds for an AT shelter.

On two occasions, the Club had exhibits in the display windows of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, featuring mountaineering and hiking equipment flanked with books on mountaineering. Here,



Central Pratt Library displayed this exhibit in its window at the time of MCM's 20th anniversary.

too, we arranged for lectures by personnel from the Park Service—outstanding mountaineers, among them Barry Bishop, one of the first to make a traverse of Mt. Everest.

Though a generation older than the average member, I had been accepted as one of the group. We climbed, hiked, tramped, and just walked, and in so doing we developed a fellowship of lasting worth.

Alex Kennedy

Alex Kennedy has a dry wit and humor that he comes by naturally. It is sometimes a little difficult to catch what he says if you are not used to a Scotch-English brogue. At one time, he worked with his father in England, and among his duties was the purchasing of the bitter Spanish oranges used for making the famous Dundee marmalade. At the approach of the Spanish Civil War, there was a threat that this supply would be cut off, and so he came to America to promote growing this special type of orange in Florida. Ultimately, he wound up in Baltimore as manager of Crosse and Blackwell, which at that time had an active plant here that put up a number of fine products.

Like many British, Alex loved to walk in the country, and this led him to become one of the founders of the Mountain Club of Maryland. His wife Margaret often accompanied him. Two interesting things stand out in this writer's memory of the early days of MCM. On one of my first hikes, when I knew nobody in the club, Margaret and Alex invited me to sit near them as we ate our bag lunch. Their company was so agreeable I knew I would want to come on another hike. The second memory is of the first annual meeting I attended. I probably was not even a member yet. The meeting was held in a warehouse building downtown. Alex was president, and he was reelected for a second year. When I came home, I reported on the humor and skill of this man whom I hardly knew. I am sure that his manner had much



Lunch stop was made at Quarry Gap Lean-to. Caledonia—Big Flats April 17–18, 1937. (O. Heard)

to do with the rapid growth of the club during its early years. It was also due to him and some others like Lewis Latané that the club was always open to any person interested in hiking regardless of class or background.

M. Jastrow Levin

In the late twenties, when I arrived in Baltimore from California where I had been active with the Sierra Club, I was disappointed to find no similar organization here. AMC Boston referred me to the PATC with which I hiked sporadically, meeting some similarly deprived Baltimoreans—Orville Crowder and Os Heard come to mind. We would talk occasionally of a Baltimore club.

At that time, there was but one route to Washington—no expressways, but plenty of traffic lights. Cars (especially tires) were not so reliable in those days. To be sure of meeting at the Treasury steps by 7 a.m. sharp, it was necessary to leave Baltimore soon after 5 a.m.



Alec put on his coat to continue to hike. Sugarloaf Mountain December 13, 1936. (F. Calafiore)

Perhaps what finally spurred some action was the occasion when, as we were driving down St. Paul Street, a front door opened and out spilled a *home-going* party in full evening dress! Shortly afterward, some seven or eight people (not all of whose names I can immediately recall besides Orville and Os) met in my former house in Ruxton, and it was decided to go ahead with organizing a Baltimore-based club.

At this point, we should pay tribute to Orville Crowder; without his efforts and time devoted, there might never have been an MCM. I well remember being kept up to 1:30 a.m. on such projects as writing by-laws (not read since!) and publicity, chiefly word-of-mouth to friends and acquaintances judged susceptible. The club grew slowly but steadily. Single young girls eventually began to discover that membership could be hazardous to their status!

The outbreak of World War II, of course, materially affected the growth of the club and the time available for its activities. It survived primarily by using regularly scheduled public transportation. Two trips occur to me; on one, we went up to Hampstead by bus and walked over to Parkton, returning by the North Central railroad. Since it

snowed steadily and was so cold that at lunchtime we discovered the water in our canteens was frozen solid, this trip was afterwards referred to as the "Retreat from Moscow."

On the other, a very few of us were able to go up to the Rocks area, on a typical summer day, by the Ma and Pa railroad. A really threatening storm developed on the return trip, blowing down a large tree across the tracks. Since the train crew seemed to be recalled pensioners, we organized a volunteer group among the passengers and eventually succeeded in reopening the right-of-way.

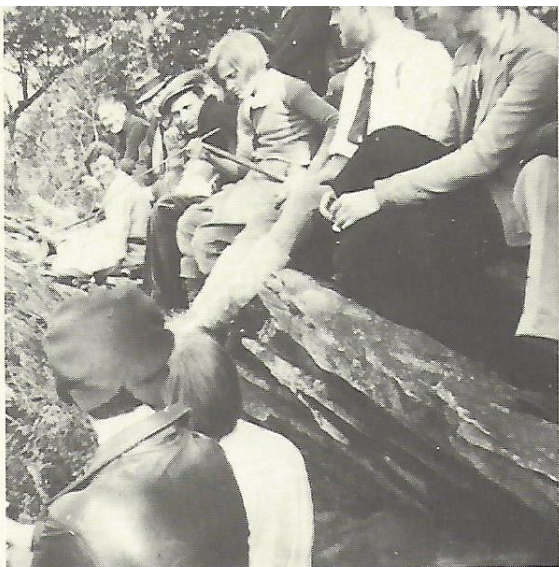
Another item, which for years became a club legend, was the unsuccessful (*vergebens*, I think Goethe would have phrased it) search for the Round Top mountain, the scheduled goal of the trip. The leader's final—and most unlikely—alibi was that the compass readings were taken over the steel rails when we debarked from the train on which we arrived.

Jack Mowll

Jack Mowll accidentally became a charter member of the Mountain Club when, as an eighteen-year-old youth new to Baltimore, he happened on a notice pinned up at Enoch Pratt and promptly joined in opening events. He hiked during the early years, served as a weatherman in World War II, earned a B.A. in Political Science (1948) and a Ph.D. in Geography (1956), and worked at a variety of jobs in many places, winding up as a consultant in transport planning, economics, and management.

This work has allowed him to travel at the same time that it enabled him to explore anthropology, geography, and geology in whatever region he found himself. He has worked in many North American cities and has traveled extensively in Latin America, Europe, and Asia. He has visited mountains in far-flung, esoteric places, as well as Appalachian Trail Country. He established a birdwatching society in Taipei and visited Kuna Indians in Panama, tribal settlements in Thailand near the Laos-Burma border, and Mindanao.

His next professional project (as of 1982) is scheduled to be in Malaysia. His next personal venture is a search for the potential Asiatic origins of the Alacaluf Indians on Tierra del Fuego, for which project he is constructing an ocean-cruising trimaran. "My co-pilot," he writes, "will be my daughter Felicia, now just one and a half, but who,



These hikers turned out on pre-organization trip from Crampton to Weverton, October 21, 1934. (O. Heard)

given another year or two, will be ready to take over her duties. The navigator will be my Filipina wife, Mila."

Adapted from autobiographical material Jack Mowll submitted.

Picture a skinny kid with gold-rimmed glasses, just turned eighteen in the fall of 1934, wandering into the Enoch Pratt Library, which was still new then having opened only a year or two earlier, and finding a postcard notice on the bulletin board of a mountain hike to be held the next Sunday. All one had to do was to show up at 7 a.m. at the Irvington carbarn.

I had just come to Baltimore a month or two before from a six-year stay in the Chesapeake coastal plain country of Matthews County, Virginia. The idea of a mountain trip grabbed me. My only previous encounter with mountains had been in 1928 when my family migrated from Cleveland to Norfolk, with an overnight stop in Somerset, Pennsylvania. We were traveling via US 30; this was long before the Pennsylvania Turnpike opened. There were five of us—and a canary in a Shredded Wheat box.



Jack Mowll was at the helm. Pine Grove Furnace Shelter New Year's, 1939 (R. Roessler)

My grandmother fell down the steps of the tourist home in Somerset and broke her hip. The confusion gave me the opportunity to wander alone around the town and into the mountain countryside. I got the full flavor of the sweet mountain air, a taste I've savored to this day.

So I got up before dawn that Sunday in 1934, walked from my home on Rueckert Avenue in Hamilton to the streetcar stop on Harford Road, caught the No. 19, a yellow one-man car, transferred to the No. 8 downtown—they were red two-man cars—and managed to get to the Irvington carbarn in time.

Still enveloped in a fog of uncertainty, I found myself riding in a car driven by Everett (Buddy) Gue and his friend Ed Houk. We travelled out Frederick Road, the original National Road, US 40, down past the doughnut factory, up through the narrow streets of Ellicott City, and out across country to Frederick, where the Francis Scott Key Hotel was the assembly-and-breakfast stop. Thence out through Middletown to Crampton Gap.

Gathland had not yet been made into a state park. The buildings were in ruins, but not completely vandalized. It was still possible to venture inside to see

the remains of the walnut paneling, magnificent stairways, and other vestiges of elegant nineteenth-century living.

Once on the trail, people began to sort themselves out in my mind. Orville Crowder in his *watermelon pants* stood out, of course. He was a bit chubby and wore knickers with vertical stripes. He was a natural leader and organized the trip with meticulous care. He, Os Heard, Harriet Caspari, and Florence Burner seemed to be the central cadre. They apparently had been active members of PATC.

Arthur Heiss and I formed an instant friendship that lasted a lifetime. He died in the early 1960's. Our friendship was monumental. It carried us through an incredible series of adventures. We climbed to the top of Mt. Washington in April, 1938, to see what a really strong wind was like. The highest wind speed (238 mph) was recorded there the year before. We climbed via skis with shark-skin grippers on the bottoms to where the snow turned to ice, thence by crampons. We spent the night in a little hut on top. But the best the weather station there could do that night was a disappointing ninety mph—at minus 16°F.

We made two summer visits, in 1939 and 1940, to Ocracoke in the Outer Banks of North Carolina, long before the roads were built there. The pavement ended at Nag's Head. Then you deflated your tires to fifteen pounds and took off across the sands, taking plenty of shovels and other gear to help dig the car out of soft spots. Arthur was an art teacher at McDonogh School; so each year we would spend several weeks of all-night sessions building and painting scenery for the annual *Black and Orange Revue* at the Lyric. The work was done in the gym, which had to be

cleared during the day for school activities. We didn't realize it then, but we were proving that depressions could be fun.

Os Heard displayed his inexhaustible knowledge of plants, flowers, lichens, and mosses. In general, I noted two opposite tendencies among the people. There were those who were the analysts, who stopped to examine every detail of every flower, or plant, or rock, or bird; then, there were the generalists, those who took the long view, who soaked in the ambience, who enjoyed the environment in its totality. I was one of the latter.

Specific details of the other hikers have slipped from my memory. Just the general impression remains of attempts at tentative conversations, of long periods of walking alone in silence, of being engrossed with this vast new experience. I was the youngest, at least the youngest individual. If any of the Heard children were along, they, of course, were younger. I don't remember them on the first trip, although I remember them on many later ones.

The lunch stop was at the rocky promontory looking out over Pleasant Valley toward Maryland Heights. I think MCM should put a monument there, even though the view is now obscured by trees that have since grown up. In 1934, the area had been cut over recently for lumber, and the chestnut blight had taken its toll; so the views were much clearer than they are now.

Orville took the opportunity to explain the plan to form a new club, a spin-off from PATC. If there was popular support for the idea, the club would be formed right there; and all present would be counted as members. There was; so the club was formed. A week or so later an organizing meeting which I did not attend was held at the Pratt Library.

The hike continued to Weverton Bluffs just in time to see, far below, the B&O's Capitol Limited to Chicago and the National Limited to St. Louis go by. Those were the five-star trains of their day. Then down to the C&O Canal tow-path and on to Harper's Ferry. Only a few made this last leg. A hurricane in the summer of 1934 had washed out the highway bridge over the Potomac; so road traffic was using the railroad bridge, as was the AT.

Harpers Ferry was a sleepy relic of a nineteenth century mountain town in those days, not a museum. There was no bridge over the Shenandoah. And so back to Frederick, where we regrouped at the Buffalo Restaurant for dinner and camaraderie. Thence home.

The next trip was a personal disaster. It was a southerly extension of the first trip, south along the AT, starting from Harpers Ferry, crossing the Shenandoah in an open-boat ferry, and thence south on Peter's Mountain. I showed up for it all bright-eyed and bushytailed. But when we arrived at Harpers Ferry, winter had come. There was about six inches of snow on the mountains. I was scared. Tennis shoes were not the right gear. A sickly kid with a propensity for developing strep throats had no business being there. So, with devastating embarrassment, I had to back out. I would stay in the town until the others returned. As the day wore on, my embarrassment became doubly acute. The only place in the town that was open on Sunday, and heated, was a tiny greasy-spoon café. I hung around, finding excuse after excuse to stay, until my money ran out. This didn't take long. Thereafter, I spent the day in a psychological corner, huddled in ignominy.

Nothing daunted, I became a regular participant on subsequent hikes. As a member of the excursion committee, I took my turn leading hikes. My chief



*MCM canoeing group mustered two canoes for a cruise on the Bay. Labor Day Holiday, 1938.
(L. Bruns)*

constraint was lack of money. The trip cost was only a dollar or two in those days, but this loomed large against an intermittent income from odd jobs here and there. When I finally landed a "good" job in 1936 as secretary to the superintendent of the Crown Cork & Seal plant in Highlandtown, it paid eleven dollars a week. After deducting five dollars to give to my mother for my keep, streetcar fare, and a pittance for savings, there was little left for squandering on wandering, as my father frequently and forcefully reminded me.

By 1936, we mavericks in the club had banded into an informal splinter group we called the "evangelists." It was an escape from the formality of the club trips. Membership was limited to the capacity of Frank Calafiore's car. In addition to Frank, who was an electrician, there were Leroy Otto, a sign painter, Henry Hoernlein, a factory worker, Fred Turner, who worked for a German potash company and who was a Nazi sympathizer in days when, with WW II drawing near, that was a venturesome thing to be, and me.

Our caper was to take off Fridays after work, head for some random-chosen place in the mountains, and spend the weekend bushwhacking. At that time,

except for the AT, there were no elaborate systems of trails as there are now.

Once we went to the Tuscaroras. Most vivid memory of that trip came from pitching camp on the lee side of a huge log. Pitching camp then meant spreading a bedroll made of canvas tarp for a ground cloth, and folding two army blankets together to form an envelope, pinning them with horse blanket pins. No tent, no sleeping bag, no nylon, no dacron, only cotton and wool and leather. We woke up to find ourselves covered with a light blanket of snow. Upon struggling to our feet, we discovered a young roe had also sought refuge on the other side of the log and lay curled up in the snow. She quickly bounded away into the woods when she discovered who her companions were.

Another trip took us to the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania. On this trip some legends began to emerge. Frank insisted on having six eggs for breakfast, no matter what. This meant carrying at least a dozen fresh eggs through the wilderness. Powdered eggs were to become a fringe benefit of WW II. When thirst struck, I could be counted on to supply an assortment of tea bags stowed carefully among the dirt and dregs at the bottom of my knapsack. We

started the practice of spending Saturday night feverishly sampling the exotic pleasures of the nearest small town. Bar-hopping in Wellsboro gave us a first-hand taste of country music long before it became electronic and "Nashville."

Some of the easiest to remember Club hikes during the thirties included the first marathon in 1938.* It was won by Ben Everingham, who later was one of the first to be tried as a conscientious objector long before the Vietnam protests of the sixties.

Then there was the first night hike, led by Alice Brown (Roessler). It was in August, along the AT in the Shenandoah Park with an appropriate place to stretch out on the rocks and watch the showers of falling stars associated with the Pleiades.

The Club's activities then were not limited to hiking. There were no specialists, no "truckers," no one-track trampers. Consequently, the Club spawned a number of satellite organizations—twenty years before Sputnik. Each subsidiary activity was organized as a committee: bird-watching, skiing, canoeing, sailing, etc. The Club then was in the vanguard of way-out activities. The exception was biking. The AYH had already developed a strong program and several hostels in the area.

Orville Crowder and Mary Kaestner spearheaded the bird-watching. That committee ran trips regularly, and soon it merged with the Maryland Ornithological Society to revitalize that almost dormant organization.

The Club, in association with the PATC and the Washington Ski Club, held the first ski meet south of the Mason-Dixon Line. On the Washington Birthday holiday, February, 1939, the meet was held on the slopes of the Otto farm in New Germany, Maryland. Slalom and down-

hill events were held on the open slopes of the farm, and a wildcat trail was carved out of a nearby woods. There were no lifts or tows. Uphill returns were made by side-stepping or herringbone. The finals were rushed to completion on Sunday morning before the snow melted away in the afternoon.

The canoe committee bravely scheduled an epic trip in August of 1936, a sixteen-mile paddle from the Heiss shore place in Greenhaven, on Stoney Creek in Anne Arundel County, to Poole's Island, Harford County. Only two of us showed up—Fred Ward, later president of MCM, and me. Fred was a light-skinned redhead, very vulnerable to the blazing sun. I was just stupid. He kept himself well covered. I thought it was a great opportunity to get a suntan. Coppertone was yet to be invented.

After paddling all day, we reached Poole's Island and pitched camp. Army blankets and cheesecloth. A hot, muggy night. A baked Chesapeake beach. A sun-tortured skin. Somehow, army blankets and cheesecloth did not an appropriate camp make. But that's not all. Some omen of the horrors to come that night greeted us several miles out, when swarms of black flies began nibbling on us. The flies disappeared after dark, leaving little on our bleached bones for the night shift, the mosquitoes, to pick on. It was too hot to burrow under our blankets, and too painful not to. We suffered and suffered and suffered. Sometime in the middle of the night, we paddled across to Rickett's Point on the mainland, seeking relief and not finding it.

For me, things got even worse. Back home, I woke up Monday morning to discover my bedsheets stained brown. I had sunburn poisoning. Every day for a week, every shirt I wore, every sheet I slept on came out stained with brown, and the pain lingered on.

*The actual date was Sunday, June 23, 1940.
(Editors)



Frank Calafiore sailed on the *Maggie McGuire*.
September, 1939. (J. Conner)

Perhaps the most hilarious, in retrospect, of the Club's trips was a weekend sail to Annapolis on the ancient (even then) seventy-foot bugeye, the *Maggie McGuire*. She was owned by a friend of Arthur Heiss, Fred Broenning. About thirty-five people showed up for that jaunt, which left from the Greenhaven pier in Stoney Creek. Immediately, it was apparent that the voyage was to be plagued by the worst of all seafaring maladies, two captains. Both Fred B. and his father were there.

In the confusion of departure, sails were hoisted, lines were cast off, and the ship

promptly swung around and lodged herself deep on the opposite shore of the creek. With the aid of a passing motorboat, *Maggie* was refloated, and the trip began. The trip down to Annapolis was delightful. The Chesapeake at its best—moonlight bay. We arrived about midnight.

There was one near mishap, however. With gallantry seldom seen in these neo-lib times, the younger of the captains let the girls take turns at the wheel. With a freshening breeze, *Maggie* heeled over nicely and showed herself to be a spry old dame. As she plowed through one wave with a novice at the wheel, she heeled a mite too far; and the donkey engine used to power the oyster dredges years ago, when *Maggie* was doing the job she was built for, broke loose and crashed against the lee rail, brushing against Grace Wagner (Kennedy) on the way. No damage, just a scare.

We anchored for the night in Annapolis Harbor, waking to a beautiful Sunday morning. Some took an early morning swim over the side, and then we headed back. All went well until evening when we entered Stoney Creek and approached the drawbridge. The bridge carried the only through road serving the resorts on Rock Creek, Riviera Beach, and countless other places. At that time, few people lived in shore houses; they went mostly for weekends. Also at that time, the shore resorts were thriving. This was the era of the "Beer Barrel Polka." The road was jammed with tired, sunburned revelers, many of whom had passed over from gaiety to insobriety.

Meanwhile, *Maggie* sailed majestically toward the bridge. The horn blasted out the signal for the bridge to be opened. The captains decided to sail through rather than use the engine, which wasn't working too well anyhow. The



On the Club's first ski trip, members brought varied equipment. Braddock Heights to High Knob February 16, 1936. (F. Calafiore)

line of road traffic was stopped, the bridge opened, *Maggie* began nosing through, and . . . the wind died.

Maggie slowly, irresistibly, drifted sideways. Sails, lines, stays, and shrouds turned into tentacles gripping the structure of the bridge. There was a moment of silence; then pandemonium reigned. Auto horns blared. Children cried. Curses and beer bottles showered down.

One captain ducked below to try in vain to get the engine started. The other launched the yawl boat and mustered a

crew of oarsmen to try to pull us out of the jam by rowing. An eternity reeled by. Finally, pushing, pulling, sweating, and swearing prevailed. We became unstuck and drifted ghostlike into the welcome darkness. Amen.

After an interlude of running away to sea on HMS *Sardinian Prince* in late 1936 and early 1937, I returned to MCM activities by becoming editor of the *Bulletin*.



Hikers stood to eat from table at Meadow Spring. The Shenandoah June 14-16, 1935. (O. Heard)

War clouds began gathering. September 3, 1939, found Frank Calafiore and me camped out on the grass of Big Meadows. No NPS facilities were there then. That was the day the Nazis blitzkrieged Poland. Little did we realize, staring up into the stars, that this war would carry Frank through the whole bitter experience, from the beaches at Anzio through the entire bloodbath of the Italian campaign, only to come home to be electrocuted in somebody's bathroom in East Baltimore.* He was a beautiful person, as beautiful as his name.

December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day. I was on a skiing holiday at Pinkham Notch, still not comprehending the tragedies to come. As gas rationing restricted travel, Club activities began centering on projects such as the Club cabin, an abandoned CCC camp on Town Hill Mountain near Paw Paw, West Virginia. It was near the longest tunnel on the C&O Canal. Traversing that tunnel, some seven-eighths of a mile, was a venturesome experience before NPS rehabilitation restored the tow path to passable condition.

My wife and Helen Hale, both science teachers at Towson High School, and I

spent a weekend at the cabin in April, 1941. Saturday evening a forest fire flared up on the mountain. The state forest ranger came by to enlist our aid in rounding up some people to help fight the fire. We made the rounds of all the local jukebox taverns, but to no avail. Nobody seemed to care.

That Easter, my wife and I spent the weekend by taking the Western Maryland railroad local to Sabillasville, staying at a local boarding house, and wandering around the Catoctins—long before Camp David, Fort Detrick, and all that.

The final fling came in July, 1942 when, during my pre-induction leave, my wife and I went on a six-day, 360-mile bike trip from Northfield, Massachusetts, up the Connecticut River Valley and back around through the mountains of New Hampshire.

After that, all sorts of things stood in the way of my participation in MCM activities—the war, a Ph.D. at Hopkins, a family, and a career.

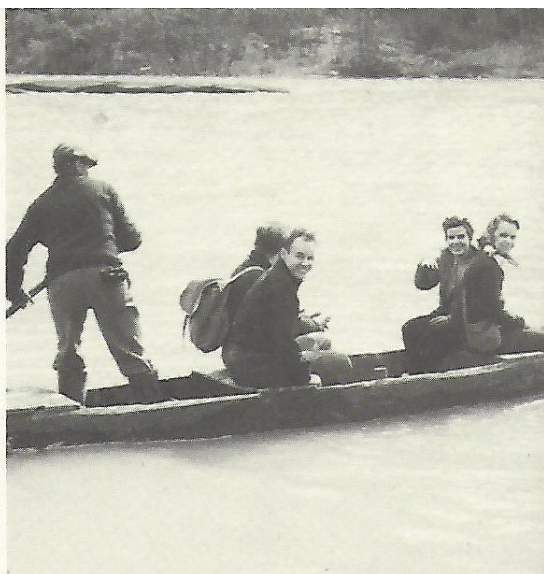
*Calafiore was electrocuted while on a job. (Editors)

Winslow Hartford

From Boston, there came to Baltimore an enthusiastic young chemist to work at the chromium plant of the Allied Mutual Chemical Company. Although the work was demanding, Winslow Hartford had too much energy to be limited to that alone. Before coming to Baltimore, he had climbed Mt. Washington several times. And even after he was here, he would return to New England to climb some more. He ascended Mt. Washington in all kinds of weather and in all seasons. Wind, rain, and snow did not stop him, but it was hard for him to leave his work as often as he would have liked to go north. He soon found that not too far from Baltimore are splendid hiking areas. He met some kindred spirits here, and together they formed a hiking group that became the Mountain Club of Maryland. During the second World War, when travel was greatly restricted, he wrote up a booklet of hikes that could be taken in the Baltimore area from various streetcar lines.

In time, Winslow was transferred by his company; later he retired and took a teaching post at a college in North Carolina. He visits Baltimore from time to time and still shows enthusiasm of the kind he imparted to early members of the Mountain Club.

M. Jastrow Levin

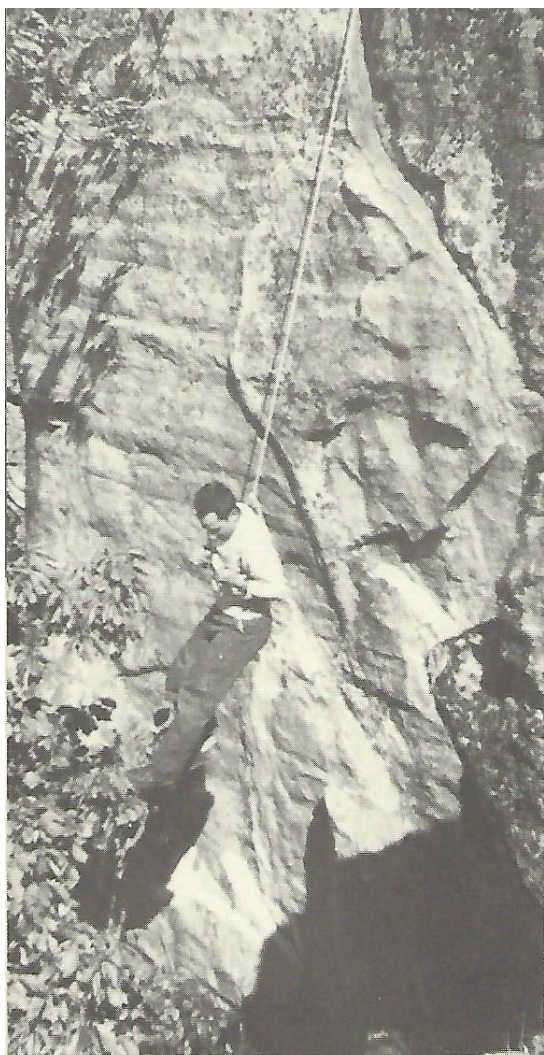


Hikers, including Winslow Hartford, had to ferry across the Shenandoah. Weverton—Keys Gap March, 1942. (R. Roessler)

Sunday, December 7, 1941, dawned clear and cold, and about fifteen of us set out for Octororo Creek. Hiking all day along its serpentine twistings, first in Maryland, then in Pennsylvania, we fifteen were probably among the last to learn that Pearl Harbor had been bombed, and an era had ended.

Our early 1942 schedule was pretty much as usual, but one trip (the writer's) was rerouted to White Hall and the Mine Branches because of restrictions at Prettyboy Lake. But by June, gas rationing had become a *fait accompli*, and the Club was faced with a decision—to cancel its trip schedule or to operate as best it could using public conveyances, particularly those not carrying through traffic. The decision handed down by president-elect Heard at the annual meeting was a wise and momentous one.

“May I remind you that the chief object of this club is mountains. This word rightly dominates the objects and should be kept in mind. Let us adhere to that original purpose, and to this end I suggest that we bend every effort to keep the club intact by continuing hikes within a reasonable distance.”



Bill Kemper was the expert rock climber. Bull Run Mountain April 10, 1938. (Unknown)

Perhaps because I had been a Saturday hiker and thus was familiar with nearby hiking spots, or because I had recently defected from bachelorhood and so should be cognizant of the wooded lanes of Baltimore County, President Heard asked me to be the Club's war-time Excursions Chairman. It was a fascinating challenge. For three and a half years, our mountains became those accessible by the Ma and Pa, the Western Maryland, the Pennsy, the B&O, the Hanover bus, and the BTC. Twenty members of MCM entered the services; one, Carl Anderson, failed to return. But

the Club kept hiking, kept going, and did a useful job in providing outdoor activity for service men and others in the Baltimore area during the war years. Appalachian Trail maintenance suffered for a while, but in 1943, the ODT ruled this a job for which a truck could be rented; so our work trips, with a promise of real mountains, became among our most popular activities.

Curiously, the war, while restrictive to our regular schedule, permitted some of the Club's most ambitious trips. Backpack trips of several days duration were held in Maryland and in the Shenandoah; and in 1944, a one-week trip using the facilities of the AMC huts in the New Hampshire Presidentials proved a great success and permitted the author to introduce MCM to his original stamping ground. In the war years, pre-scheduled vacations filled a real need, which apparently doesn't exist in these days of independent travel by car.

Anecdotes of those days were, by turns, inspiring and hilarious. President Heard decided, first, that we should not forsake the love of the Club for all mountains. There were seminars at which we discussed climbing history and the lore of some of the great mountains of the world—the Matterhorn, Everest, and McKinley. At the latter meeting, we were fortunate to have Roger Bates of PATC who had served on a Quartermaster Corps expedition to test Arctic gear high on the slopes. An improvised assault on the summit led to the second or third successful ascent. Among the party, his presence catalyzed by some ethanol liberated from the medical supplies, was an unsuspecting textile technician from Greenville, South Carolina, whose mountaineering experience consisted of navigating the paved Forney Ridge trail from the parking lot on Clingman's Dome. By dint of pushing,



Note the familiar white AT blaze. Work trip in Pennsylvania March 17, 1935. (O. Heard)

prodding, and fear-generated adrenalin, he made it: the only known draftee climber of a continental high point. I believe he shortly afterwards moved to Florida, where the highest land is 350 feet above sea level.

Paul Hicks's editorship of the *Bulletin* started not too long after the outbreak of World War II, and this superb feature of the MCM of the 40's and 50's still deserves a permanent place in the literature of Maryland. Os Heard has made a collection of the poems of "H. Longfellow Hardscrabble." But there were lots more: "The Middle-Aged Mountaineer," feature articles (during the war, articles on far-flung Club vacations descended to "Mountaineering with a Stamp Album" and so forth), and accounts of Club trips. What these lacked in glamor, they made up for in humor.

Then there were Dick Roessler's movies to chronicle every high-spirited moment. Dick missed only one Sunday hike that I know of, the successful second attempt on Round Top. Reason: he had quietly taken off that weekend to marry Alice Brown.

The final hilarity was funny only in retrospect. It was embarrassing at the time for me, as the recipient of Sunday

evening phone calls, and for several Club members bent on traveling on foot or by canoe around the Baltimore area. It was, I guess, inevitable that they should tangle with several secret installations, and tangle they did—with F.D.R.'s Shangri La in the Catoctins and the Naval Research station at Carderock. The story is told in considerable detail in the *Sun* magazine for November 25, 1979.

The missing details concern the area east of the Gunpowder at Sparks, and they show that wartime censorship dies hard. A club member scouting a trip was apprehended, and there ensued some very elaborate questioning before he was released. An article in the *Sun* shortly after the war described the site as the former Oread Institute, a utopian agricultural and home economics school built in 1906 but never operated.

Clemens's "From Marble Hill to Maryland Line" says the main building was "dismantled during World War II." The *Sun* article further identified the area as a training ground for the OSS (the ancestor of the CIA).

When I tried to steer hikes away from these sensitive areas by working with Army Security and Intelligence, I was



Dick Roessler checked the marker on Center Point Knob, Pennsylvania AT September 17, 1939. (R. Roessler)

told, understandably, to forget I had even heard of the area. But now, after nearly 40 years, the plot thickens. In 1979, it seemed wise to reconfirm my facts. It proved almost impossible to get data on the Sparks area. The original miscreant refused to be identified and insisted the site was a "missile base" (a blatant anachronism). Brainwashing, perhaps? The presumed article in the *Sun* had disappeared from the file, and the Maryland Historical Society did not have the reference.

Clemens's words intrigued me. Who "dismantles" a large, deserted building



A lunch stop- and evidence of thirst, hunger, and curiosity on the Susquehanna, 1935. (Os Heard)

when there is a war going on? But a building of this type is ideal for playing with booby traps, plastic bombs, and other James Bond toys. At last, the director of a day camp, who lives in one of the buildings of the former installation, confirmed the story. So I sent it off to the *Sun*, essentially as you see it, only to find that space limitations—or perhaps protocol—had caused deletion of much of the detail.

I could not close my reference to these war years, and our experiences with the railroads, without the realization that we carried out most of our civilian affairs with no serious hazard and with reasonable convenience in the almost complete absence of gasoline, while the military accomplished 97% of domestic troop movements by means of the railroads. These words are being written in 1981, and the times are those of rapid change. As sabers rattle in Washington, and we seemingly embark on a mad rush to squander all our natural mineral wealth, water resources—not to mention purple mountains' majesties, spacious skies, and fruited plains—may we ponder well how secure we truly were in 1941, and how insecure forty years later.

Fred Ward

A charter member of MCM, Fred Ward became its second president in 1938, serving for one year.

My wife Grace and I were both charter members of MCM and attended the organizational meeting at the Enoch Pratt Library in December, 1934. At that time we had a car but no children and were quite active in the Club. I remember one time she went with Os Heard and me on a scouting trip north of Harrisburg east from above the river to a gap several miles east. There were several feet of snow on the ground and very poor footing. Before we got to the car, we passed a little lighted church that was having an evening service. Rather than go with us, Grace went into the church to rest and we went on to the car and came back to get her. The congregation had welcomed her warmly.

Later in the summer of 1936 we took a one-week hike on the AT in the Shenandoah National Park. Our landlord and his wife drove us down from Baltimore and dropped us off at the first gap



Raymond Creekmore and Fred Ward put on a musicale at Pine Grove Furnace Shelter February, 1938. (Os Heard)

south of Thornton Gap, Panorama. We hiked north to a CCC camp east of the drive where we had stopped on the way south and arranged to leave half of our perishable provisions in their big walk-in refrigerator. We had our only rain that day and after we were resupplied we asked and were given permission to sleep on the floor in one of their empty rooms. The floor was hard but also DRY.

The next day was dry and we went down White Oak Canyon, then across the valley and climbed Old Rag, sleeping in the cave on the top. We were both carrying backpacks which Grace had made. At first I walked faster than Grace, then would stop and wait for her. When she caught up, we'd take something out of her pack and put it in mine. This slowed me down so I didn't get so far ahead. However, on the way up Old Rag she climbed faster than I did and we transferred things back to her pack. The next day we came down and climbed back up to the AT to the north of White Oak Canyon. I wish we still had the PATC Guide Book that we used. I could give you more correct details of our trip. We gave it to a friend living in Fancy Gap, Virginia. He appreciated the gift and hiked much of the trail. One



Fred's long stride covered territory in the Susquehanna region April, 1935. (Os Heard)

night we stayed at an open-front shelter just off the AT. The last night we slept right on the trail south of Panorama. The next morning we went north and down and could hear the bus we wanted to take grinding up the ridge from the west. We broke out into the open just as the bus pulled up at Panorama. We called and the driver waved to show he had heard us.

We took the bus to Baltimore and had Sunday dinner at one of the Oriole cafeterias. I had a week's whiskers and that plus our backpacks got us several curious looks. After eating, we took the



Fred Ward and Ed Houk wondered, "Where do we go from here?" in the Catoctins, Memorial Day, 1935. (Fred Ward)

street car to Belvedere Loop where our apartment was. That night a bath and shave felt real good. Our landlord and landlady were glad to see us home O.K.

The next February (1937) our first daughter was born. That ended much of Grace's activity with the MCM. We had sold our car in order to buy furniture when we moved to the apartment near Belvedere Loop on Cordelia Avenue. After our daughter came, we moved over to Parkville, 9001 Manor Road, where we had built a house. Daughter No. 2 arrived on January 30, 1938. Several years later we took both girls with us on a multi-club overnight trip to the Catoctins. That was before the Presidents had established Camp David and put most of the area "Off Limits" to most people, especially hikers. The *Baltimore Sun* had a reporter and photographer on the trip and our daughters turned up in the Sunday paper, eating and hiking.

In 1948 the laboratory where I worked moved us to Long Island and that was the end of our active participation in the Mountain Club.

Grace Kennedy

Grace Wagner Kennedy and her sister Vivian grew up in Walbrook on the edge of Gwynns Falls Park. After high school, Grace held various office jobs and studied art at night at the Maryland Institute from which she received her bachelor's degree in fine arts.

After many hikes with the Mountain Club, both sisters joined it in 1938 and found husbands among the members. Grace has pursued her interest in art, exhibited frequently herself, and encouraged others.



*The Wagner sisters prepare to skate together.
Pine Grove Furnace New Year's 1939.
(W. Rodemeyer)*

My very first hike with the Club was in December in the Catoctins, a quiet place before Camp David. The feel of the day stands out clearly, gray and very cold, with ominous dark clouds hovering nearby. We hadn't walked far when the snow began, but no one turned back; and before we ended the day, a hard driving blizzard had the snow to our knees. I thought it was terrific fun and a terrific bunch of people to seek this kind of pleasure on a snowy Sunday. When I look back to those early years, it is clear a lot of the interest and excitement was the pleasure of going to the mountains in the winter. The big highways that would make it easier to go hither and yon were still to come, and so, too, were the large recreational areas for the public. The Club opened up new trails and a new world for many people.

Now it is providing a much larger group of people in different times and circumstances many kinds of hiking both near and far . . . right on, through snow and ice and hail and war and peace for fifty years, quite an achievement.

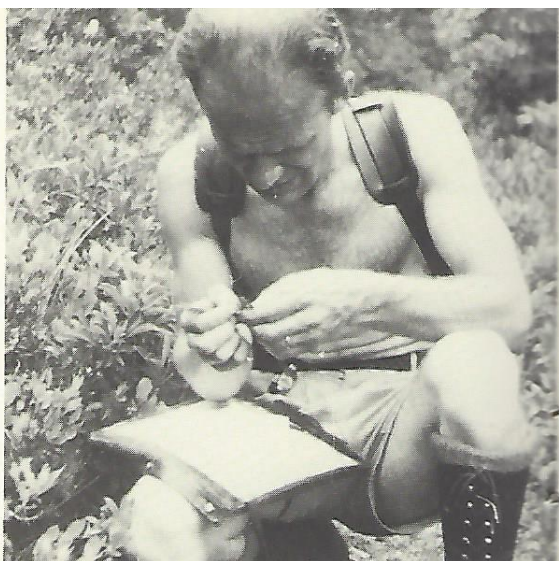
All I could think of was the wonder of its lasting so long and the needs it has served . . .

Mike Emich

Native Marylander Mike Emich joined MCM in 1938. He is president of Riggs Distler Construction Company.

Back in the late forties or early fifties, the MCM sponsored a Sunday hike in the Catoctin area. As was the custom at the time, the group agreed to have dinner together at a restaurant in beautiful, downtown Frederick. The hike had finished in the late afternoon, leaving about an hour of leisure until dinnertime. Come time for dinner, one of our stalwart hikers, Walter Rheinheimer, was nowhere to be found. Another regular, Larry Bruns, was commissioned to solve the mystery.

About an hour and a half later, when we were ready to send a search party for the search party, Larry and Walter showed up. It seems that Walter had found the Frederick municipal park and was relaxing on a park bench in the usual MCM uniform of hiking boots, chinos, windbreaker, and daypack when he was approached by the local constabulary and asked to identify himself. The city park adjoined Hood College,



Walter Rheinheimer led a trip to Sexton Shelter. July 4-7, 1946. (O. Heard)

academic home of a couple of hundred vestal virgins (?) to whom Walter, in the eyes of the local police, was a definite threat.

Walter stood on his constitutional rights, refusing to divulge his name, address, serial number, or anything else, and was led to the local hoosegow where Larry Bruns, through clever detective work, found him. Over Walter's protests and after some lengthy explanations of the activities of the MCM, Walter was permitted to leave and joined us for dinner.

Who knows but that for the good offices of Larry Bruns, Walter Rheinheimer might still be a political prisoner of the Frederick gendarmes?

Morgan Barr



Morgan Barr enjoyed his pipe. Catoctins October 27, 1940. (O. Heard)

Morgan Barr and his wife are native Baltimoreans although they retired to Aurora, West Virginia, in 1969. Now they spend half the year in a retirement village in Bridgewater, Virginia, where they can use college facilities (library, swimming pool) and often attend lectures.

Once Lloyd Felton and I scouted a trip above Conowingo, and we were caught knee deep in snow. When we got back to Lloyd's car, we thought our hiking days were over—we really were bushed. A highlight of Dorothy's and my days in the Club was a four-club meet at Catoctin hosted by MCM. York, Hagerstown and Washington clubs participated. The kitchen committee rose about 3 a.m., cracking eggs in small bowls, enough eggs in each bowl to scramble in the pans available. I think we had about 150 present and also had an interesting hike.

I can remember many times losing the trail, or the group, for short times because we were in friendly discussions—or argument—especially when hiking

with Os Heard, Alex Kennedy, Lewis Latané, and Oliver Isaac. The first cross-Maryland hike was well organized by Orville Crowder (who did not attend) and Os Heard, who put interesting notes, on posts and trees as we passed places where we would check our passage and leave information if anyone needed help. The MCM members met us for breakfast at Washington Monument and another stop later, so we were not encumbered with heavy knapsacks. The Four Horsemen came in together first even though we did not hike together—Ben Everingham, Bill Kemper, Louis Latané and myself. We also had a great week on the Appalachian Trail in the White Mountains when we had to use trains because of the gas shortage. Os Heard and Winslow Hartford led that trip.

Estelle Wetzler

Native Baltimorean Estelle Wetzler joined MCM in the late thirties. Starting in 1943, she served the Navy in New England and Hawaii and the Army in Japan. After World War II, the United States government sent her to Paris. Returning to this country, she worked for the State Department and went to Geneva while on loan to the Mission to the United Nations. She now belongs to AMC and Sierra Club.

Now that the Mountain Club of Maryland is celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary, like everyone else it is delving into the past searching for its roots. In the summer of '82, as a guest on a Wednesday leisure walk, I was cornered by a current member who had overheard I was one of the old-timers and asked whether I could contribute something to the Club's anniversary book. Hmmm! In the old days, we were a pretty lively, resourceful group. Besides day hikes, we put on musicals, sprawled about livingroom floors listening to classical music, biked from the west end to Greenspring Valley just for a jumbo ice cream, canoed nearby rivers,



*Estelle Wetzler and fellow hiker stopped for a breather in the Presidentials. August, 1944.
(G. Wagner)*

skied from farms in Western Maryland, and put our bikes on Smokey Joe, to spend weekends exploring the picturesque byways of the Eastern Shore. Yet there is one episode in the distant past that stands out from all the rest, and I had shared it with another ex-MCmer, Allen Rhode. Combining our recollections, I'll do my best to reconstruct it.

Some two score years ago, in the dead of winter, Allen Rhode and I, two very enthusiastic neophyte spelunkers from MCM, joined with the PATC in one of its early expeditions to Schoolhouse Cave under North Fork Mountain near the mouth of Seneca in West Virginia. Though the cave had been known for years, even mined during the Civil War, it remained unexplored beyond the jumping-off place prior to 1939. We were not the first MCMers in Schoolhouse. Bill Kemper, our most illustrious rock climber, was on the fourth or fifth PATC exploration in 1939 and revisited it on numerous occasions. Other old guard MCM explorers were Os Heard, Alice Roessler, Virginia Robinson, Ed Monke, and Anita Heard—to name a few.

At that time, MCM had many joint trips with neighboring clubs. The two of us



MCM party joined with Washington group for spelunking in Schoolhouse Cave, West Virginia. Labor Day Holiday, 1941. (O. Heard)

had indulged in rock climbing with the PATC on the Potomac in the Washington area and were excited by the thought of tackling more challenging subterranean rock climbing—a pleasant jaunt into West Virginia, about an eight-hour stint in the cave, emergence in mid- or late- afternoon, and a return to Baltimore that evening.

The eventful day finally arrived. It must have been Sunday, for I was due at the office early the next morning. Eagerly we set off in Allen's car—he in his soft suede jacket and I in my pristine white Irish sweater. We met the PATC contingent at the entrance, a rather ordinary meeting place on a well-worn path through a field where wild flowers abound in season, now dusted with snow. That should have been an omen. There we stood, a motley group, like spirited steeds chafing at the bit for that plunge into the unknown. But first, a brief indoctrination by the late Paul Bradt in the principles of rock climbing with safety ropes and in the technique of roping down.

At long last, we were off, one by one cautiously rappelling down some thirty feet into the dark abyss. The bright beam of our flashlights soon dimmed to a faint glimmer as water seeping from

overhead limestone rocks mixed with soft, gooey mud from surrounding walls and coated everything. We were actually caving, alternately clinging with clumsy fingertips to crumbly, graham cracker walls, wriggling down narrow chimneys, negotiating perilous traverses, crawling on our stomachs through tunnels barely high enough for a young lad to squeeze through, and grabbing for handholds which, to our utter amazement, more than once took wing and departed in a frightening whir. At one point we were perched on a hairbreadth ledge for what seemed an eternity, patiently awaiting our turn as our large party advanced cautiously four hundred feet deeper into the thrills and chills of Schoolhouse, through sections with such titillating names as Charley's Groan Box, the Snootflute, Angel Roost, Cascade Pit, the Ribfiddle, Thunderbolt Room, Mystery Well, even a Judgment Seat.

Eventually, muddled beyond recognition, knees shaking, utterly exhausted, and famished, we came to the loop ladder, our escape from the nightmare below to the friendly field above. One great spurt of energy was all we needed. But have you ever tried to climb a loop ladder with pack on back and up over



O. Heard took the trip to Schoolhouse Cave. Labor Day Holiday, 1941. (O. Heard)

an overhang? It spins like a whirling dervish and is devilishly unmanageable. Allen remembers all too well that fixed vertical rope with loops for hand and foot holds. The loops, wet and muddied by use, seemed stretched to a giant's size as we with spent wrists and heavy pack on back struggled up this whirling dervish, using the inside of his elbows for hands—all of which completed the ruin of his suede jacket. Success! We made it!

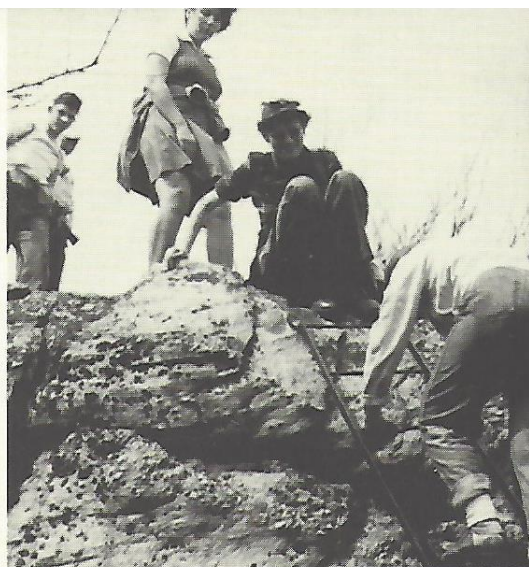
How sweet the thought—how bitter the fact! The moderate temperature of the cave had at least kept us flexible, but

our encounter with the wintry chill above instantly froze us into medieval armor. What to do? The car heater provided the initial thaw. Then about 9 p.m. we located the local eatery which catered to our ilk. The genial proprietor said, "Come in, come in. I can smell you've been down Schoolhouse Cave. I'll spread old newspapers to catch the thawing mud and water before my floor is soaked."

Replenished, we revived somewhat. There were fast calls to Baltimore, and soon thereafter a room for Allen and one other man and another for me. You may think it was all peaches and cream from here. Indeed not. For I found running water and a steamy radiator in my sparsely furnished room and immediately proceeded to wash *everything* and pile it all on the hot radiator to dry. Another calamity. In the middle of the night, someone turned off all the heat. More medieval armor.

Allen finally got me to the office by mid-Monday afternoon, and I had to promise my boss I'd never go caving again. In due course, a proper funeral was held for the suede jacket and Irish knit, but vivid memories of those unforgettable hours in Schoolhouse live on. And though it may be merely from a comfortable armchair, we hope you have enjoyed this glimpse into your heritage with us.

Mary Kendrew



Mary Kendrew (in hat) watched a fellow climber. Michaux Forest March 27, 1949. (R. Costa)

Retired psychiatric social worker for VA, Mary Kendrew grew up in Stoneham, Massachusetts. She joined MCM in 1939 and has acquired Cylburn as an additional interest.

respecting his gait. How long, we wondered, was this going to continue? Then, about a half mile further, when Skunkie apparently became convinced that we were experienced hikers and no longer needed his guidance, he turned right up a stream. We thanked him, bid him good-bye, and went on our way.

* * * * *

It happened during one of the earlier C&O Canal hikes. We were walking along the towpath, considerably south of White's Ferry. All at once, a short distance ahead of us, we noticed a skunk on the path. We slowed our pace. We didn't want to frighten him and be sprayed with scent, but he wasn't about to be frightened away. He proceeded at a steady, determined pace. We couldn't pass him on the left because there wasn't enough space between the towpath and the canal. We couldn't pass him on the right because of the extremely rocky, high terrain. We went on

It was one of our early overnight hikes on which we slept in tents and cooked group meals. Os Heard was stirring the oatmeal for our breakfast. I was standing nearby watching the operation.

"Mary," said Os, holding out a small teaspoon of the porridge, "taste this, and see if it has enough salt." I tasted it.

"Oh," I said, "it needs more salt." Os began pouring in the salt—more and more.

"Oh, Os," I cried, "stop, stop. That's enough." But Os kept on pouring. Finally, he stopped and held out another sample. It tasted just right.

"Os", I said, "how did you know how much to put in?"

"I just looked at your face," he replied.

Betty Fisher



Viola Buell and Betty Fisher (right) worked on the AT. June 10-11, 1950. (M. Akehurst)

Betty Fisher has been an MCM member since 1940. A lifetime resident of Maryland, she retired from her job as bacteriologist for the Harriet Lane Home and now pursues her interests in botany and ornithology. Betty is also a member of the Potter's Guild.

I had some wonderful trips, but the one I remember best was the one which produced these notes.

Hints for good leaders:

1. Let the leader go out on the Thursday and Friday night before the trip.
2. Register non-hikers on a bushwhack trip (or tenderfoot welcome).
3. Set the meeting place at a No Parking sign.
4. Let the democratic process determine car drivers and passengers.
5. Meet additional passengers at Green Spring Inn.
6. As a bridge, choose a log that even a dog wouldn't cross.

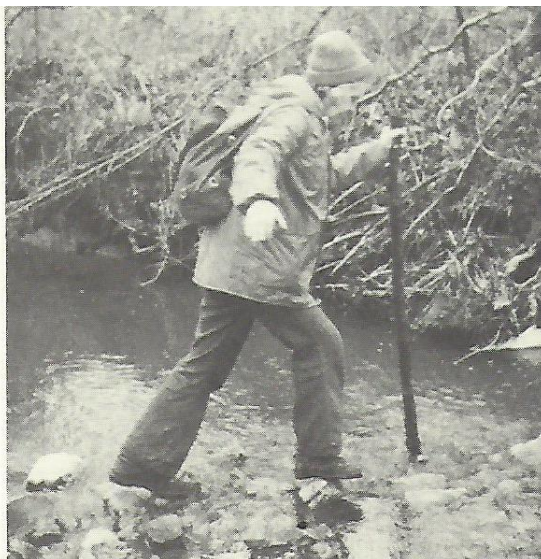
7. Lunch at the foot of Round Top instead of the top.
8. Lose two hikers; send three back to hunt; return with six.
9. Rest in the sunshine.
10. Break the leg of one MCM member and make her hike half a mile to boot.
11. Count numbers of car drivers rather than check their names. (At the end of a perfect day, some can't remember.)
12. Pick up cars at a Coke stand.
13. Forget to assign a scribe for the hike and have to write the trip report oneself.

Editor's note: Account from the Mountain Club of Maryland Bulletin

Jastrow Levin

Enthusiastic member since 1940, Jastrow Levin is a native Baltimorean who attended school here before going off to college. He taught science at Poly and retired from the city system as department head at Forest Park. During the years, he pioneered several MCM activities that eventually became part of the regular program, served in a number of offices, including the presidency, and now hikes with the Wednesday Midweekers.

The Keystone Trails Association, of which MCM is a member, held its annual meeting in September, 1968, at Camp Michaux in Pennsylvania. Among the few who went up from Baltimore were Alice Roessler and I. The first evening, as part of the entertainment, a very fine movie of Orienteering was shown. For almost everybody there, this was a new and unknown sport. Then we learned that after breakfast the following morning such an event would be run. Alice and I decided that we would try it. We were not too fast in covering the course. In fact, we were lucky to get



MCM'ers crossed the Gunpowder. February 5, 1967. (J. Levin)

back in time for lunch, but we did have the satisfaction of finding all of the check points. Many of the others either could not find them or gave up.

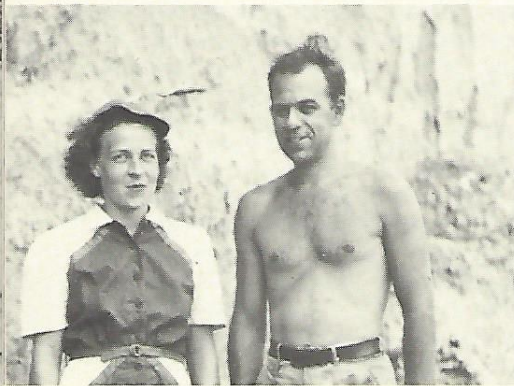
The following year the Keystone Trails Association ran another similar event. This time Henri Siegel joined Alice and me in an attempt to run the orienteering course. In our slow way, we successfully made the rounds. We were proud to have been by far the oldest average age of anyone who tried it. All three of us thought it was great fun.

Because of our great enjoyment of the event and the enthusiasm with which we talked about it, we put the first Orienteering on our regular trip schedule. I ran this event on April 4, 1970. It was well received by those that attended, and so one was run on November 1, 1970, and again on October 29, 1972. The first and third ones were at the McKeldin Area; the November one was at Soldiers Delight. The idea was then dropped as nobody else seemed to want to undertake the task of organizing and running such an event.

In 1974, Jack Dawson, a sports activity reporter for the *Sunday Sun*, thought that there should be an activity of this kind in the Baltimore area because it



*Jastrow Levin went backpacking to Corbin Cabin.
March 20, 1966. (J. Levin)*



Zan and Jastrow Levin posed at Plum Point in August, 1944. (Jastrow Levin)

was beginning to become popular nationwide. He went first to Sierra Club officers who said they would love to back the idea, but they had nobody who knew anything about it. In the course of time, he came to MCM. He had not known of our organization before. Somebody suggested he get in touch with me, which he did. The *Sunpapers* agreed to promote the idea and to furnish a prize, and the Sierra Club likewise furnished a prize.

I set up the first community Orienteering in the McKeldin Area, and it was announced as being sponsored by the

Sunpapers, the Sierra Club, and the Mountain Club of Maryland. A large group turned out, and it was declared a success. It was then followed monthly by meetings in different parks in the Baltimore area. All records were shattered on February 16, 1975. At least 584 people came out on this cold day with snow on the ground and a dull sky. The once-a-month meets continued until April, 1977. Before January, 1976, I had been responsible for all of the meets. After that, some others took the main responsibility, chiefly Jody Landers.

Beginning with 1976, the *Sunpapers* and the Sierra Club completely dropped out, and the activity became entirely an MCM matter. We now run three or four orienteering a year with Jody Landers and me as the ones to set up the courses. They have been run as a public service with no fees charged except for the cost of the maps.

Dorothy Watson

Dorothy Watson grew up in Utah. She came to Baltimore to work for Social Security and joined MCM in 1941. Later she transferred to Denver, where she retired as a Hearing Reporter. The club lost a popular cook when Dorothy moved away.



Lloyd Felton carved with help from Dorothy Watson and Os Heard. Town Hill Shelter, Green Ridge Forest November 29-30, 1947. (R. Roessler)

My first trip was a lulu. We went to Calvert Cliffs, had a fine leader—Bill Kemper—had fine food, and hunted for sharks' teeth. But it seems my sleeping equipment left much to be desired. I had borrowed blankets from my landlady, spread them on the ground envelope style, and crawled in. Gee willikens, in the morning I itched a bit. I was covered with chigger bites. But that did not dampen my spirits for MCM. I went on the next week's trip and took along the same bedroll. Guess who had chigger bites all over again?

I also had great fun helping on the food end of many hikes. At Paw Paw shelter on an expedition, I had forgotten the pumpkin pie spices. Os drove me to the nearest town, we bought the spice, and I made enough pumpkin pies for all of us. (I was taken along just to do the cooking.)

I held the record for taking more hikes in one period of time than anyone else. The number was thirty-seven; I do not recall the year

Alexandra Levin



Zan Levin stirred the eggs. Beach hike to Plum Point August 23-24, 1941. (J. Levin)

Zan, as she is known, joined MCM in 1942. A writer on historical subjects, Zan has used family records of both Lees and Levins as the basis for books, and frequently contributes articles to various papers and magazines. She and Jastrow are energetic gardeners and practiced Scrabble players.

I became a member of MCM early in 1942, although I had hiked with the club since 1939. One of my favorite excursions of that era was the overnight beach trip to Plum Point in Calvert County on August 24, 1941. Jastrow and I celebrated our seventh wedding anniversary on that day. Our group included George Wilcox, Francis Old, Bill Kemper, Eloise Cochel, Oliver Isaacs, and Os Heard. The road went down to the water where we loaded most of our gear and supplies into a rowboat which we pulled and shoved along the shoreline. We cooked our meals on the beach but slept in tents high up on the cliffs. Jastrow remembers seeing a beautiful luna moth flying around the cliffs. I remember the smoke from our cookfire on the beach making my eyes burn as I scrambled eggs for the gang's breakfast.

Alex Kennedy led a memorable trip through Soldiers Delight on April 18, 1943. We met at the Belvedere Loop and almost monopolized the Glyndon bus. A funny little Mr. Milquetoast attached himself to our group on the bus and was heartbroken when we had to leave him. One blond female hiker (we were young and attractive then) almost had him proposing to her. We alighted at an unscheduled stop and started out. Every few steps Alex, our stalwart leader, and Os Heard pulled out "compasses, sextants, weather vanes, ammeters, divining rods, amulets and quadrants, not to mention a brace of bloodhounds," but we never once doubted their homing pigeon qualities. We did get back safely to the bus.

Grace Kennedy, then Grace Wagner, led a fine trip on November 21, 1943. Twenty-two of us hikers piled onto the Western Maryland train, and at Blue Ridge Summit we met Harry Cox, who knew the course we were to take. Some mild bushwacking and the mountain air whetted our appetites, especially Winslow Hartford's. We trudged up a long hill, where we passed a large group of soldiers wrestling with a field problem, and landed back at the station with just minutes to spare before the train pulled

in. It was a real feat on Grace's part to get our large group over a nine-mile mountain hike and back to the train on time. The trip was notable for another reason. It was the first outing with the club for Dick and Alice Roessler after becoming man and wife.

Francis Old led a delightful meander on June 11, 1944, when seven of us took eight hours to cover ten miles from Sparks to Cockeysville. We had to crawl under innumerable barbed-wire fences which Francis insisted had been put up since he scouted the trip. But the June ramble over green hillsides dotted with sheep and along a stream in a rocky ravine was so pleasant that we forgave him the inconvenience.

Regardless of what you did for excitement on Labor Day, September 4, 1944, it could not possibly equal the adventures which befell the three stout hearts who accompanied Lewis Latané to the Rocks of Deer Creek. To begin with, a ride on the Ma and Pa railroad with its hairpin curves and amazing trestles was an adventure in itself. After a tough climb up to the rocks which jutted from the wooded face of a hill, we pushed through woods and, after lunch, swam in an excellent pool. Suddenly the sky clouded and we hastened on our way. We had almost reached the train waiting-shed when the heavens opened, dousing four bedraggled nature enthusiasts. For a half hour, we huddled together trying to escape the rain and hail. Finally, we flagged the train, the engineer smiled and bowed, the conductor waved us on, and we settled down for a routine trip home. But beyond Bel Air the train came to a sudden halt. Men opened windows and looked out, children became excited, and mothers looked distracted. Four large trees blown down by the storm blocked the tracks. The menfolk managed to move three of the trees, but the fourth



The Parkton local carried hikers during WWII Glyndon to Cockeysville February 14, 1943. (R. Roessler)



Hikers enjoyed Soldiers Delight. April 18, 1943. (Unknown)

resisted all efforts. So the train backed up to where the engineer could put in a call for help. Back we went to the tree and waited until four stalwarts on a handcar came pumping down the tracks. One guy wielded an axe while two hearties worked rhythmically with a crosscut saw. At last the fallen monarch was cleared, and we resumed our way. Two hours late, we arrived home to be greeted by worried loved ones and Lewis Latané's un milked goats.

Harry Cox



Harry Cox posed at Lake of the Clouds Hut. Presidentials August, 1944. (O. Heard)

Harry Cox lives in Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania. Before his retirement, he was a postal worker in that area. He has been an MCM member since 1944.

The Mountain Club was on an overnight trip to Range View shelter along the Skyline Drive. The spring of this shelter is at the foot of a hill. There was a rule that no liquor should be taken on trips. A guest, however, brought a six-pack of beer, and it was placed in the spring to cool. Gladys Gilbert learned about this; and as it was a rather warm day (July), she developed a thirst. I was asked to go to the spring and get a bottle. After she consumed it, we filled the bottle with water. I wondered if anyone would mention it, but not a word was said.

On a hot July day, I was on a trip that took in Rip Rap Hollow. There was a nice pool there; so we decided to take a brief swim. I had forgotten my swimming trunks, but thought my shorts would do. On one of my dives, my shorts came off. I retrieved them—hurriedly—and no one ever knew.

Vera Pennington

Raised in Chesterstown, Maryland, Vera Pennington has lived in Baltimore since 1926. She retired as an accountant for Baltimore Gas and Electric Company. Her MCM membership dates back to 1945.

I remember when . . .

During World War II we used commuter trains for transportation. Hiking the Mason and Dixon Line was very interesting, until I strained my ankle and had to hobble.

Also in the forties, we took a night hike to see the sunrise from Mary's Rock. Whee, was it cold until the sun, with no warning, suddenly popped up. After all that shivering, it seemed as if we deserved a bit of pink and blue with a bit of gold thrown in. Allen Burk hid until midnight. Why? Because the girls threatened to square dance with him. Graves Farm was the place.

I remember . . .

The fun the boys had at Mooselauke, New Hampshire, in 1955 teaching the girls to play Skoal. You had to be clever to win a kiss in those days.

The weirdness at the top of the mountain in fog and rain. Back at the lodge, the hot showers and wet clothes to be hung in front of the roaring fire.

The beauty of the same mountain in sunshine a day later. Staunton, Virginia, and the thump in the night was just Margaret Sudimac sliding off the woodbox. Could have been worse—might have been Ruth Hanna sliding off the table.

I remember . . .

Big Meadows in 1957 and the comfort station with two doors. We missed one and spent half the night looking for our pup tent. At the same location, a question from my Brazilian friend, "What are you doing?" received the answer, "Blowing up my air mattress." Later she remarked, "This is the first time I ever slept on my own air."

Paw Paw Shelter in Western Maryland where Charlie Clarke and Ella Shank announced their engagement. The excitement! Someone detained them elsewhere, while the rest of us scurried around picking apple blossoms and wild flowers to decorate the table. What fun we had! Turned out pretty too. Even a bridal bouquet with lace frill.

I remember . . .

In the fifties and sixties when Risley Enzor was along, we could be sure he would soon have everyone singing. Imagine the surprise when hikers ascending Old Rag heard "Onward Christian Soldiers" wafting down from the top and their delight at Elizabeth Furnace, in the beautiful voices of those gathered around the bonfire, after hiking all day through the magnificent mountain laurel. Also, I remember trying out our new tents, quite an improvement over the old pup tents.

Marian Akehurst



Marian Akehurst helped repair Dark Hollow Shelter. June 10, 1950. (Sunpapers: Nolan)

Marian Akehurst is a lifetime resident of Baltimore City. She joined MCM in 1948 and has retired from the mapping division of the State Highways Administration.

I have led very few hikes. One walk, however, on November 14, 1954,* I shall never forget—I lost a guest!

The trip was on the AT from Pen Mar to Raven Rock Hollow. As I recall, we had eaten our lunch at High Point before starting through the woods on the trail. After lunch, we had a separation (the men going ahead). The guest, who was an exchange student from Germany, did not call out that she was not ready to walk, and she was left behind—behind a tree. After we had walked quite a distance, I was told that she was absent.

We later learned that she had taken the road instead of the trail and ended up at the restricted military Camp Ritchie, where a guard stopped her. She asked whether hikers had passed that way. I've often wondered what the guard thought. She walked back to the Pen Mar store and finally was rescued by Harry Cox, who lived in the area. I was very embarrassed, but I had learned a lesson. Count your hikers before starting to walk!

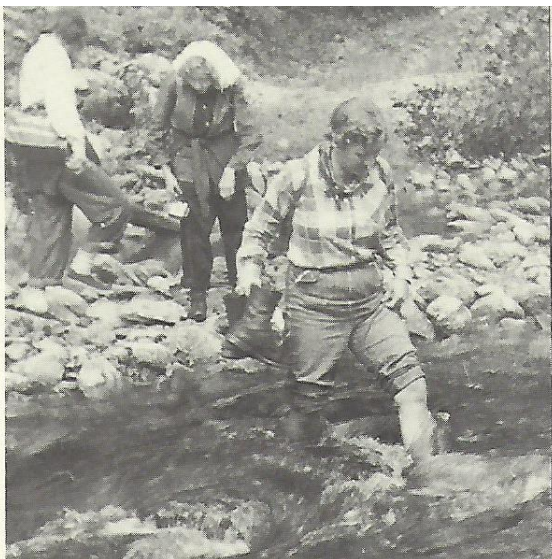
I had two guests that day. The other one, a diabetic, never made the hike either—but that's another story.

*That 1954 was the year of the McCarthy hearings adds significance to this anecdote. (Editors)

Mary Kamphaus

A native Baltimorean, Mary Kamphaus joined MCM in 1950 and became its first woman president. She retired from Hynson, Westcott and Dunning.

The script had been prepared, the roles had been cast, and there we were assembled in the living room of Paul Hicks ready to start work on MCM's production of a second opera. Entitled *A Trip to Low-Point Knob*, it had been cleverly written by Paul himself—amusing lyrics set to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan and various other composers. Oh, we did work hard that night. I was not a member of the cast, but in the absence of one of the prima donnas, I had been pressed into singing her role, despite my protests that I couldn't sing a true note. Charlie Clarke had been chosen as the fearless leader of the trip to Low-Point Knob, and we formed a little duet, as he, too, protested that he could not sing. As I mentioned, we did work long and hard that night, pausing



Mary Kamphaus, carrying boots, forded the stream. Doyle River Shelter, Shenandoah Labor Day Holiday, 1955. (R. Roessler)

once or twice to add a little levity to the clever words and lyrics of the script.

Finally we came to the end of that first rehearsal, and I, who had been designated an assistant manager and production helper, said to Paul, "Well, Paul, what do you think?"

"What do I think?" replied he. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you satisfied with the way things are working out? Do you like what we are doing?"

"Well," said he, "I found out one thing."

"Oh? What is that?"

"Those who said they can't sing—CAN'T SING!!!!!"

My role in the opera was the stagehand, and the show turned out to be a huge success. It had been prepared for the Club's twenty-fifth anniversary, held at the old Deutches Haus, the present site of Symphony Hall. Former members and oldtimers came from far and near.

I must also mention the centerpiece for the speaker's table that had been prepared by Vera Pennington—a model of Center Point Knob, cleverly put together and impressive to all.

Eunice Winters

Eunice E. Winters grew up in the beautiful Finger Lake district of New York State and attended Keuka College where her father was a professor. After graduation, she did graduate work at Columbia University. Eunice came to Baltimore to work with Adolf Meyer, the psychiatrist, as a secretary-editor. She edited four volumes of Adolf Meyer's work. After Dr. Meyer's death, she received an appointment as associate at Johns Hopkins. Using the papers that Dr. Meyer had left, she edited his work on psychobiology and wrote a biography of him. She was honored by the Institute of the History of Medicine at which time she delivered a lecture on Dr. Adolf Meyer.

Longing for the outdoors which she had so enjoyed in upstate New York, she found the Mountain Club of Maryland here and joined the group in 1950.

M. Jastrow Levin

A hike occurring about twenty-five years ago stands out vividly in my memory. Francis Old was the leader of our small group, which had camped at Elizabeth Furnace in the George Washington National Forest. April was at her fairest—a lovely balmy day, the forest

just touched with misty green. The trail led north along a narrow ridge of the Massanutten Range. Below us on the left, the winding North Fork of the Shenandoah glistened; on the right, too, we looked into a deep valley.

But one of the guests was not up to the roughness of the trail or the length of the hike. She seemed almost on the verge of giving out, and the leader, worried as the sun began its descent, accepted the offer of Carl Bock and Kay Heinmuller to explore the possibilities of a side trail to get us safely off the mountain. As the stalwart volunteers bounded down the path, I asked the leader's permission to follow them. He agreed, and I began the descent more slowly. The trail was not hard to follow, but by the time I reached the bottom twilight was falling. A fireroad led to the right; and though it was blocked by a tree trunk, I did not question that this was the trail. I called—Kay and Carl must be somewhere near—and was heartened to hear a deep voice in response. I plodded on in the deepening blue dusk, calling and being answered, until suddenly it dawned on me that I was conversing with a bullfrog!

The halfmoon was shining brightly overhead when the lane transformed itself into a paved road, but the only house I passed was unlighted. Finally, at a crossroads store, the Saturday night crowd told me of a "bunch of people down the road apiece." I hoisted my pack again and continued my trek, but only for a few yards. One of the kindly natives took pity and drove me to my friends, much to my relief and also, I suppose, to the leader's! And I do not remember any recriminations.

Ah, that bullfrog! I did not get to kiss him; so I really do not know if he was *the* handsome prince, but he had an unforgettable and wonderfully comforting voice.

Dorothea Ensor

Native Baltimorean, Dorothea, and Risley Ensor joined MCM together in 1951. Risley sometimes served as legal adviser to the Club. He died in 1980. Dorothea recalls MCM associations with pleasure.

Many years ago, when the Mountain Club was young, a small group of hikers led by Larry Bruns gathered for a winter weekend at the old rustic cabin in the Pennsylvania mountains known as Pine Grove Furnace. During the evening of square dancing, telling tales, and singing, they lapsed into what they considered the dialect of the mountain folk who originally inhabited the cabin.

When breakfast was ready the next morning, they seated themselves with Ruth Hanna at the foot and Risley Ensor at the head of one long table with Dorothea Ensor and the other members along the sides. Spontaneously, someone addressed Ruth as Maw and then, of course, Ris as Paw. The rest of us became the chilluns or young-uns. Some fascinating mountaineer conversation followed and continued for the rest of the weekend.



The Ensors, standing, prepared to eat from the Club's new trays. Cowan Gap, Buchanan Forest February 9-10, 1952. (Unknown)

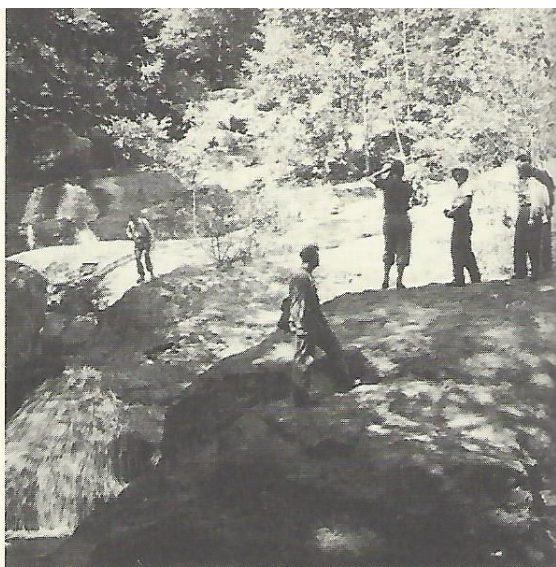
At least three of us never forgot these nicknames. Thereafter, to Ris and me, Ruth was always Maw. I think he was always Paw to her. As for Dorothea, she was known as Paw's wife. I still have several amusing ornaments and other small articles, gifts from Maw to Paw over the years. She even taught Paw to sing "Jingle Bells" in Latin. He performed this feat before many a gathering, often with his banjo. The last time I remember was for a busload of tourists in Sicily a few months before he died.

I still find myself sometimes starting to address Ruth as Maw.

Elwin Penski

A native of Maryland, Elwin Penski became an MCM member in 1965. As Conservation Committee chairman, he actively furthered conservation measures. He is presently a chemist attached as a civilian to the Army.

When I was in high school during the early fifties, I did a lot of hiking around Baltimore and backpacking along the Appalachian Trail. When I left high school, I left Maryland at the same time and did not return for about ten years. By then, in 1964, I had very few friends in Maryland. I was happy to find the Mountain Club and start hiking again. My first trip was in northern Baltimore County. I remember a few things about the trip. One was that on crossing a stream, I made the mistake of following everyone else. Everyone managed to step on a mat of grass covering a few feet of soft mud. Because I was heavier, I went straight through, and my clothes were covered with mud. Needless to say, I was embarrassed, but I was impressed with all the sympathy I got. I cannot say that I have received as much sympathy before or since then.



Combined clubs hiked in the Catoctins. October 1-2, 1955. (Unknown)

I made another mistake that day; I threw an apple core into a thicket. I didn't consider that an assault on the environment, but one of the Mountain Club members was of a different mind. I received a lengthy lecture on littering. It seemed then that most of the members didn't expect me to return, but they would soon be surprised. I rarely missed a hike for the next few years unless I was off scouting another hike.

Once a friend and I were scouting a hike in the southern section of Shenandoah National Park, along Pasture Fence Mountain. As we hiked along the ridge of the mountain, we passed a lot of cattle which were all quite well-behaved. As we were coming down off the mountain heading toward Moormans River fire road, my hiking companion started mooing. There were no cattle in the immediate vicinity, and we soon entered a woods. He continued for quite a while; I warned him that he had better stop, half-jokingly, because he might get one of the bulls excited. The next thing I can remember was a bull tearing out of the woods after us. He had fire in his eyes, and he was at a full run. He chased me for about half a mile, but I finally outran him. That was the last time I took that friend along on a hike.

In the middle sixties, the Mountain Club of Maryland, because of Mary Vincett's efforts, was very active in conservation. This was before there was a Baltimore chapter of the Sierra Club. In my efforts to help Mary, in September of '68, I attended a strip-mining conference in Frostburg. Also, I did what I could to help scout some of the regional trails that she was working on at that time.

On December 15, 1969, I met Betty Wright, who was to become my wife, on a special hike set up by Mary Vincett to promote the regional trails. Betty was leading hikes nearly every week for the American Youth Hostel group in Baltimore. When I married Betty, I stole the AYH group's major worker and thereby brought about its early demise.

During that period, I led overnight hikes, local hikes, bike trips, canoe trips, and the first Baltimore City hike. I was the publicity committee chairman for the MCM for a number of years; and soon after Betty and I were married, I found myself the Conservation Committee chairman of the Mountain Club. I tried to steer a conservative course not offending anyone, but I soon learned that even a conservative conservation effort was unacceptable to some members of the Mountain Club.

During our term, I say *our* term because Betty was a great help, we had two major successes that still seem astounding. The motorcyclists tried to take over state parks, and I took on the job of stopping them for the Maryland Conservation Council. On February 11, 1974, the Mountain Club was represented officially by approximately fifteen of its members at hearings regarding proposals to open roads in all state forest land to off-road vehicles, except where otherwise posted. I circulated a number of petitions and wrote many letters. Also, I provided Jack Dawson of



Old Rag loomed in the background as hikers descended by fire road. October 10-11, 1953. (R. Roessler)

the *Sunday Sun* much of the information he used as a basis for an article on the front page of the recreation section on February 10, 1974. On the fourteenth of March, 1974, the Department of Natural Resources announced that the decision had been made to kill the proposed regulations covering the use of off-road vehicles on state lands. So we won that battle. Unfortunately, the matter was not settled. There were still many bills before the Maryland General Assembly which could affect the use of off-road vehicles on state property to



Hikers to Old Rag often used Graves Farms as a base. November 27-28, 1954. (D. Owens)

the extent that such use is compatible with the character and established uses of property controlled by the Department of Natural Resources. There were a number of other bills put in by lobbyists of the American Motorcycle Association.

Before one of the hearings, I had a chance to talk to the lobbyists from the American Motorcycle Association and some other pro-motorcycle groups. After this discussion was over, the discouraged lobbyists agreed that it was in the best interests of motorcyclists to drop all their efforts to promote pro-dirt bike legislation on state land. They left the hearing before it even started. The legislators were surprised when no pro-motorcycle lobbyists showed up at the hearing.

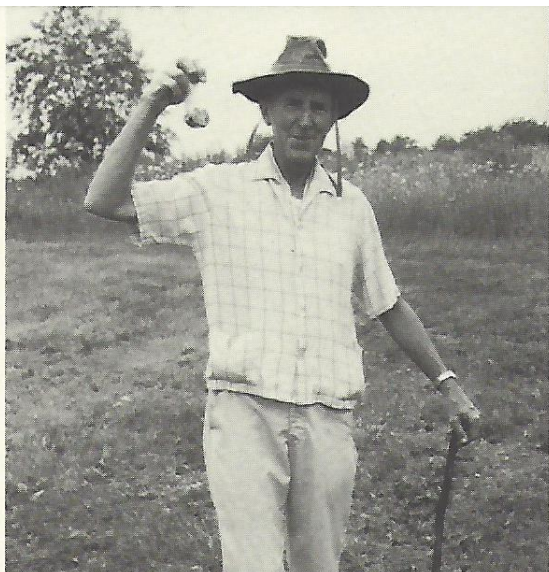
Our second amazing victory could be said to have started on June 21, 1973, when, in the face of much skepticism, I proposed to the Department of Natural Resources under the auspices of the Mountain Club of Maryland that the Bob's Hill and Cat Rock areas of Cunningham Falls State Park be set apart as a wildland. We worked on this for many years. The Mountain Club had a number of hikes to the proposed wildland where we scouted for special kinds of wild life, enumerated wild life, had the first MCM

benefit hike, mapped the area, photographed it, and then wrote long reports for the Department of Natural Resources. I even managed to get some aerial photographs of the area with my underwater camera. After several years of work, we didn't seem to be making much progress, and even the Maryland Conservation Council didn't seem to be too enthusiastic in its support.

Our work on the proposed wildland came to a halt when our first adopted son arrived from Korea. He required all of our attention for a while and was not ready for hiking. Time gradually slipped away with a move to another house and a second child. It came as a surprise that a proposal was made for the Bob's Hill-Cat Rock area to be designated a wildland in 1980. After hearings, the legislature set aside 3500 acres of Cunningham Falls State Park as a wildland in April, 1981.

As I look back across the years that I spent hiking with the Mountain Club, they were certainly exciting and interesting. I met a lot of very fine, excellent people, many of whom are still my friends, and, of course, one of whom I married.

Lester Miles



Lester Miles held up his bag of berries. *Soldiers Delight* July 26, 1978. (S. Cooper)

Lester Miles has been an MCM member since 1968. He grew up in Clarksburg, West Virginia, and came to Baltimore in 1963 when Exxon transferred him from Richmond, Virginia. He retired from Exxon as Communication Coordinator.

Having determined to take an early retirement because of a most unsatisfactory work situation and also to remain in the Baltimore area, I was probing areas in which I could establish roots. I had always been an active walker, but had never been a member of any hiking club. Now that retirement was upon me, I concluded that becoming a member of a local hiking club would be an excellent outlet for my time and energies.

Scanning the "Recreation" section of the *Sunday Sun* in May, 1968, I saw a hike listed by the Mountain Club of Maryland for Saturday, May 18. I called the number and determined that it was a trip being led by Dick Greenfield to Longwood Gardens and would involve dinner in Kennett Square after an afternoon hike in the Valley Forge area. I reported at the designated hour and meeting place and was assigned to Thurston

Griggs's car. My recollection is that it was a vintage Cadillac—one that would now be considered a gas guzzler. I can't recall who the other passengers were except for Thurston's son Martin, then a pre-teen. Much like a young monkey, he was first in the front seat and then in the back seat, to the consternation of his father. Oh, for the exuberance of youth!

Spring was bursting forth in all its glory at Longwood Gardens. The stroll there in the sunshine and spring warmth was a real joy. We reloaded and proceeded some distance where we made a circuit hike in historic Valley Forge before repairing to the Kennett Square restaurant for a full repast. It was well after dark when we got back to Baltimore, and even Martin's energies had abated by that time! This first hike sold me on the Club.

Other hikes that I made that year before applying for membership included one led by Carson Billingsley and Bob Rye in Cunningham Falls State Park and one in October on the Horseshoe Trail (Plowville to Adamstown). Also led by Dick Greenfield, this hike featured dinner at an Amish farmhouse at the end of the twelve-mile hike. This was my first Amish meal and revealed why the

Pennsylvania Dutch are usually so rotund!

Approval was received in due course, and I became an active participant in MCM hikes. Some that I recall from those early days include one led by Catherine Kennedy in February from Lake Roland to Bare Hills and one in March by Charlie Kendrew in his C & O Canal series. I've often kidded Charlie about "reading from the Good Book" at the lunch stop. Charlie always subjected his troops to this indoctrination immediately after lunch, regardless of weather conditions! But he did whet my interest in C & O Canal history to the point that I eventually completed all 178 miles of it, thanks to the patience of Georgetta Schenkel.

My first ascent of Old Rag was made on May 11, 1969, under the able tutelage of Allen Burk. I would have enjoyed the spring flowers more if the weatherman had offered a little more cooperation, for we were pelted with snow squalls on the way up the rocky ridge. But the sheer joy of reaching the summit and drinking in the unsurpassed view more than compensated for the rugged climb!

My first visit to the National Arboretum was on the first Saturday in May of 1969 with Ed Cooper and David Goodkind as leaders. They had been impressing us with their extensive knowledge of the flora—if not the fauna—all day, including the Latin names of the various flowers, shrubs, plants, and trees. The thing that sticks most in my mind about this trip was the dinner stop at a Hot Shoppe in the Washington area when, in all innocence, I inquired the name of a shrub at the front entrance. Both were completely stumped, much to their chagrin.

David made amends the following year on the return from a Washington's Birthday weekend cabin trip to Asateague. We had stopped at Millburn

Landing on Maryland's Eastern Shore to take the nature trail walk to see the cypress stumps, etc. Finding a single, much-soiled guide to the twenty-four marked stops on the trail, we decided to put David to the supreme test. (Ed wasn't along on this trip.) Dave passed the test, taken under much protest, with flying colors, correctly identifying twenty-three of the twenty-four items.

In my early MCM years, it was my privilege to be on many hikes with the late Jessie Meyer and Rebecca Chesworth, God rest their souls. Jessie being a stickler for correctness in the printed word, I needled her unmercifully on a hike they led in Prince William Frederick National Forest near Quantico. The blurb had said, "See beavers working." We never did see any beavers, although we did sight "beaver workings." I don't believe Jessie ever did forgive me completely for what she claimed had been a misprint and lack of proper proofreading!

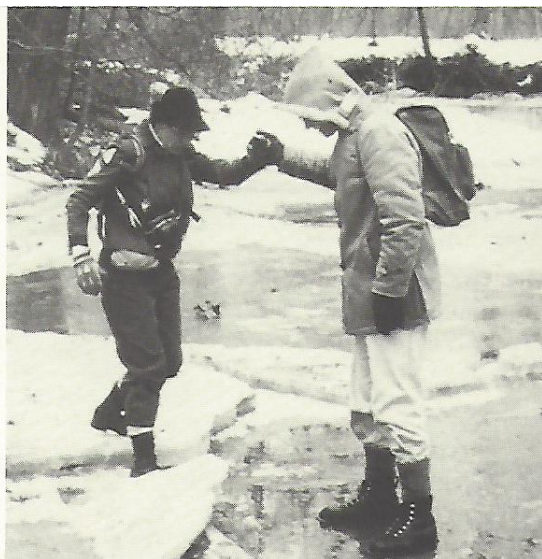
Although my fellow trail walkers seemed to be a congenial and friendly lot in general, I had trouble fathoming the command structure for the year or so preceding the Appalachian Trail Conference at Shippensburg State College, May 29–31, 1970, hosted by the Mountain Club of Maryland. They just didn't seem to want to talk to me, but only to one of their own. After attending this conference, I could well understand why. All their pre-planning paid off in the smooth operation of this conference, which drew praise from all participants. President Joe Colbourn and his cohorts really earned the plaudits of this critic for their sterling performances!*

*Colbourn was Chairman of the Conference Committee and a past president.

Walter Pocock

Walter Pocock is a chemist who does research for the United States Navy. He is a native Marylander, a member of MCM since 1968.

I first heard about the Mountain Club of Maryland in March or April of 1968. I was forty-four, had been relatively inactive physically for the previous twenty years, and felt rather old to be taking up such strenuous stuff. Actually, I had started jogging in the fall of 1967, but didn't really have much confidence in my physical condition. Our good friends Bob and Pat Evans saw an announcement of an MCM hike up Massanutten and got me to go with them. The trip leader was Mary Kamphaus, I think. At the coffee stop, we were pleasantly surprised to find Jim and Marguerite Milten, friends from the downtown Unitarian Church. Although their presence was reassuring, I still had a lot of doubt about being able to make it on this hike. I did make it, though. I didn't drop over from a heart attack, but after finishing I said to myself, "Whoo, never again; that's it for hiking!" By the following Thursday, I was ready to repeat the whole agonizing experience. I was hooked.



Crossing on ice posed a problem for Eleanor Sewell. Beaver Run Creek, Carroll County February 9, 1963. (J. Levin)

A few other recollections of that first hike: Eleanor Sewell was in the group. I remember her telling me during the lunch stop, "You should have seen us in our younger years!" (*That was over fourteen years ago.*) I got the impression very quickly that this was an exclusive Club with high standards. One did not ask to apply for membership. *They* asked one to join, if and when they decided one met the standards. At the same time, there seemed to be a kind of contrapuntal thing, that non-members who behaved reasonably well were welcome to hike with the Club whenever and for as many months or years as they wished. That was nice—friendly and generous. So I decided to forget about membership and continue as a guest. A number of years later, during a Council meeting, someone (it was, again, as a matter of act, Eleanor Sewell) said that the Club's requirement for membership had always been, basically, that the individual be a "nice person," i.e., considerate of others. They finally did ask me to join, about six months and many hikes after my first one.

Some of the other people I remember fondly from that six-month period: Mary Vincett, the Rheinheimers, the Speeces,



Jim Millen, founder of the Mid-week Leisure Hikers, ate lunch standing. Gunpowder State Park November 8, 1978. (S. Cooper)

the Bain brothers, Ruth Hanna, Thurston and Martin Griggs, Carson Billingsley, Bob Carson, the witty Evelyn McGreal, Dorothea Owens, Charlie and Mary Kendrew, the Michels, David Goodkind, a charming gal of British origin, Jean Truelove; John and Irene Barker, Robert Rye (Susan didn't come into the picture until several years later); Emil Hergenroeder and his several-years-hence bride-to-be Linda (who had green kangaroo hiking boots like mine); Elwin Penski (I remember Elwin smoking cigars); Allen Burk, Charlie Burton, Miriam Bruns (Sylvia and I knew Miriam from P.T.A. meetings at Arbutus Junior High, and our son Emil as a youngster knew Larry Bruns from boy scout activities;) Dick Greenfield, Genevieve Obrycki, Catherine Kennedy, Jessie Meyer, Paul Koehler, and a nice young guy named Bob Grabowski, who had a clock collection.

Some of the really fun trips during my first year or so with the club? Don't pin me down too closely on places; I still haven't learned my geography. They were all fun, but—Dolly Sods, for one and what seemed like acres of ripe huckleberries, practically untouched in that lovely area. My first trip to Graves Farm, June, 1968, was during what I

think of as an in-between time of the long span of MCM Graves Farm trips: after the period that the real old-timers talked about, when they ate their meals in the original farmhouse, but before the present modern facilities were built. And a long week-end with Thurston Griggs, somewhere in West Virginia. That must have been my first tent-camping trip with the Club. At the end of the first day's hike, I remember going into an icy mountain pool with stones at the bottom that hurt your feet, for the bliss of cooling off and relaxing. Supper was the best new experience in eating, since perhaps earliest childhood. The food tasted ten times as good as anything I had had elsewhere, even though Sylvia was a superb cook.

My most important early impression of the Club, though, formed during my first few hikes, was that of a spirit of openness, freedom, acceptance, and, if you will, democracy. This was in spite of, or maybe because of, the exclusiveness. Things were friendly, low-key, and low-pressure. I recall a young man, whose name I can't remember, whom I saw often on my early hikes. He was very shy, didn't talk much, didn't mix readily, and during lunch sat by himself, apart from everyone else. People greeted him,



A swinging bridge solved the problem of crossing Octorora Creek, Pennsylvania. March 3, 1968. (J. Levin)

were friendly with him, but didn't force themselves on him—did nothing, I supposed that might make him feel uncomfortable. Everyone seemed to have a maximum of freedom to enjoy what we were all there for—to walk and walk and walk, to breathe fresh air, and to enjoy the beauty that was all around us, and if we chose, the company of one another. A related thing that impressed me was the fact that the individuals in this large group, representing such a variety of backgrounds, occupations, and philosophies, communicated and, in general, got along so well with one another. I soon found that I, too, like the shy young hiker, would be left perfectly alone if I wanted to walk by myself for an hour or two or more, but that I could also readily get into a conversation with someone, and could make friends, too. There seemed to be this same low pressure in the organizational workings of the Club. Even after I became a member, I was never pressured in any way into contributing my time and efforts, not even, say, to co-lead a hike. This was quite different from other organizations I had belonged to, in which members were constantly so pressured, while in fact the same small clique always ran things. It seemed to

me that the percentage of participation by the Club members in doing the work of the Club—leading trips, doing trail maintenance, and serving on the Council—was unusually high. Eventually, I found that I wanted to lead hikes, and, far from being a chore, this was a privilege that I coveted. There was, in fact, a certain amount of competition in that regard, at least in that there were so many people wanting to lead hikes that you couldn't always get the prime time for your hike that you wanted. Later on, being elected to the Council and then being asked to serve in various offices was an honor, frankly.

Allen Burk once said something quite direct and simple that echoed my sentiments: that the Mountain Club had made a big difference in his life. I still feel a lot of concern about my ability to live up to (and about the ability of the Club itself to preserve) this spirit that first made such a strong impression on me almost fifteen years ago.

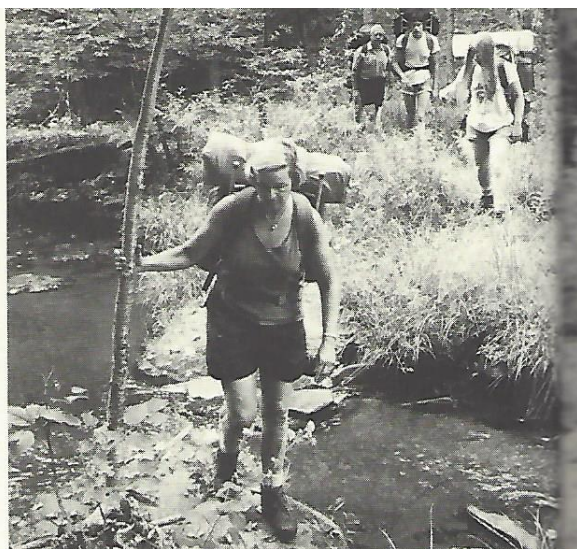
Bill Elmendorf

Bill Elmendorf is a mechanical and electrical engineer who retired from Westinghouse. He grew up in New York and southern Connecticut. Bill has been a member of MCM since 1969.

My Mountain Club memories start with a very muddy hike I led on Sunday, February 21, 1971 on which Walter Pocock lost his auto muffler in the ruts. This was near the time of the Octororo RR hike which was complicated because not only had the rails been removed from the trestles but the ties also. I remember walking an I-beam across a river with another man holding the front end of my hiking staff and a young woman holding on to the middle. If she had lost her balance, we would all have gone in. I believe rock climbers call this a psychological belay.

In early April, Bob Stockbridge had a weekend at Milesburn and Anna Michener cabins.

The next major hike was the Shaver's Mountain Backpack led by Thurston Griggs.



The Iveses, first and last in this photo, joined MCM for its well-organized trips. (J. Eckard)

In August came the White Mountain hike. This was planned and led by Eloise Rheinheimer with a cast of characters including most of the active strong hikers. It was quite a hike. Eloise and six others started up Osgood Trail to Madison Hut at noon. John Speece and I planted cars and rode back to Appalachia with Martin and Thurston Griggs and started up about 2:30 p.m. It took four hours for me to go three miles; and when I got to the Hut, there was no sign of Eloise's group. Charlie Burton and Maryann Larson arrived about 7:00 p.m., Eloise and Rose Speece about 7:30.

Pogo Rheinheimer and Dick Bain went part way back down the mountain looking for Lester Miles, Margery Elmendorf, and Catherine Kennedy, but did not find them. The next morning Charlie Burton and I went down trail looking for them. I slipped and broke a rib which mishap did not become apparent until I tried to swim on Labor Day weekend. We found they had bivouacked and gone back to Pinkham Notch in the morning. The rest of the group at Madison tried to make Lake of the Clouds hut and were driven back to Madison by wind, rain, and snow (wind chill +4°F).

The next day I arranged to get a ride to Franconia Notch to get my car. By radio



*Pogo Rheinheimer posed in the Sierras, 1972.
(J. Eckard)*

from Pinkham, it was arranged for everyone to come down to Appalachia. I picked up Eloise, Charlie, and the Speeces and took them to Pinkham. After drying clothes, everybody but the bivouac crew—the Speeces, Lester, and myself—went to Crawford Notch and climbed up to Mizpah Hut.

The next day, Wednesday, my legs were sufficiently recovered, and the Speeces and I joined the group at Zeeland Falls. We had a rest day at Zeeland and took a day hike. Thurston was sick and dizzy, probably from bad water.

Thursday, we hiked to Galehead Hut over Mt. Guyot and South Twin. Rain started about noon the next day; the rain (Hurricane Agnes) prevented us from following the trail to Greenleaf; so we walked out along the Gale River, hitched into town, and got a motel.

On Sunday, Eloise, Charlie, Lester, and I climbed to Greenleaf Hut and the top of Mt. Lafayette, then came back down.



Thurston Griggs trudged onward. (J. Eckard)

Paul Ives

Paul Ives came to Maryland from Connecticut as a boy of twelve. He joined MCM in 1971 and later served as president. At present, he is a district manager of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company.

The first hike I remember taking with MCM was a cabin trip in November, 1970. Ellie and I had backpacked a few times with the Sierra Club, and the first indication that we were hiking with a group which did far more advance planning came when we found we were to call ahead of time and register for the hike. That done, I received information in the mail concerning where we would be hiking and what to bring. When we arrived at the meeting place, we found that car-pools had been organized ahead of time. We had been accustomed to the leader's seeing who showed up for the hike and then asking people to drive and sometimes having

difficulty getting enough volunteers to carry all the people who wanted to go.

We had hiked with Sue and John Bayley several times (that was before John decided that the top of a mountain was no place for a sailor), and therefore we walked with them. Since none of the four of us had hiked much, we were soon bringing up the rear—so much so, in fact, that we became aware of the leader's standing at each trail intersection waiting for us to appear and then, when it was obvious we had seen him, he would disappear in the direction we were to turn. We soon realized that the pace of the Sierra Club was not compatible with the pace of MCM; we were now with serious hikers! At lunchtime we caught up with the group and started our leisurely lunch preparations, not realizing that the regulars were half way through their lunches. We had barely finished when we suddenly became aware that on some subtle signal (like standing up and putting on his pack) the leader and the others were almost out of sight. We learned to pay attention. The final surprise came at the end of the weekend when the leader collected money for the food and transportation. I had driven to the Otter Creek Area on a hike a few weeks previously, and at the suggestion of the leader, one or two of the four passengers had given me a dollar or so for gas!

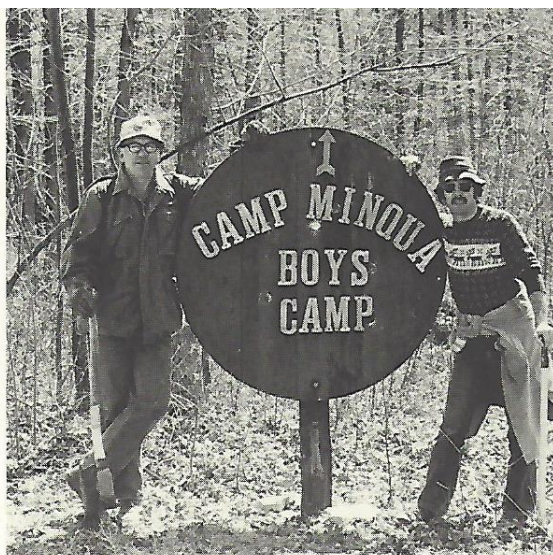
All in all, the weekend was a great success. The people were very friendly—once we caught up with them—and we decided we liked the businesslike way things were handled, from registration to compensation for driving. It gave us a feeling of confidence that any unforeseen occurrence during a hike would be competently handled.

Our experience since then has shown that our first impressions were more than justified.

John Eckard

John Eckard, who came to Baltimore from Westminster, is production manager for Communigraphics, a Baltimore advertising agency. He joined MCM in 1971. John and his wife Terri have set a precedent. Each has served as president of the Club.

When it comes to backpacking, there are several eternal verities, two of which are: 1) The trips people talk about the most are those where the most things go wrong; and 2) The only way to learn what equipment you really need is the hard way. Both of these were demonstrated by a trip to the Pedlar District of the George Washington National Forest over Thanksgiving weekend, 1973. This expedition consisted of two parts: Thurston Griggs, his son Martin, and one of Martin's friends were car camping; Carson Billingsley, Dick Bain, Pogo Rheinheimer, Lee Billingsley, Allen Burk, Andy Heiser, and I were backpacking—south from Reed Gap to (supposedly) U.S. 60.

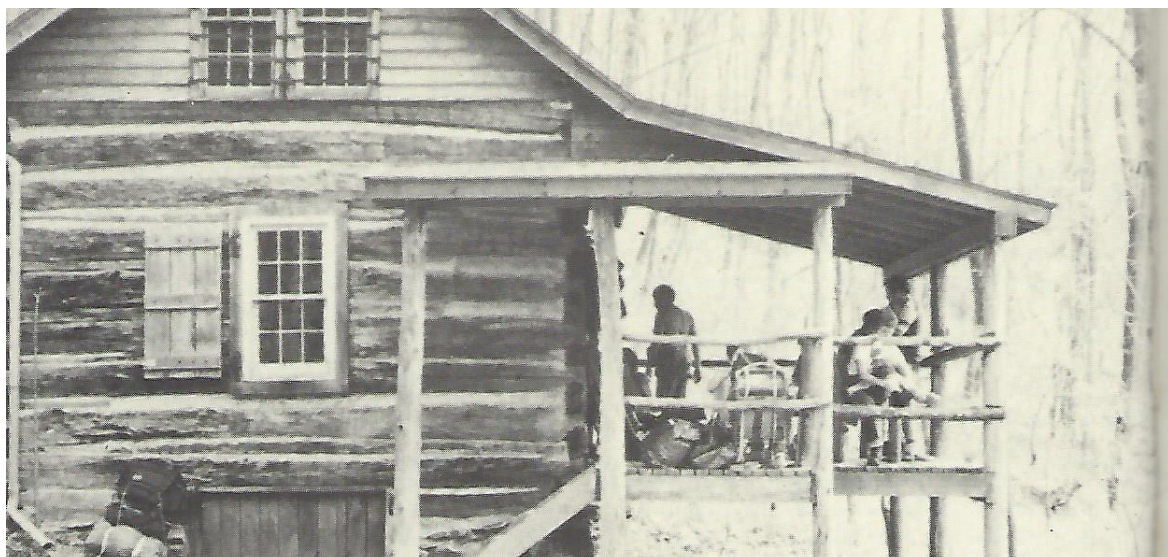


Bud Endler and John Eckard helped relocate the AT in Pennsylvania. (J. Eckard)

The first day, Friday, was clear and cold. We backpackers descended over Three Ridges to the Tye River valley with no problems. Thurston even met us with hot chocolate at a road crossing. After a night with temperatures in the teens, we began our second day's walk by ascending the Priest—where the fun began!

At 11 a.m. on top of the Priest, it was still in the low 20's and *very* overcast. It looked as if any precipitation that developed would definitely be snow. Now, in those days, I believed that if it was going to snow, you just needed to carry a 60/40 parka (*windproof* but only *water resistant*). I also had no long underwear, wool pants, pack cover, or spare clothing! Unfortunately, as we descended from the Priest, the weather was changing. It warmed up to about 33° and began to rain. By the time we arrived at Lovington Spring, where we were going to camp, I was soaked to the skin. I am sure the only reason I didn't already have hypothermia is that I didn't know what it was in 1973.

Arriving at camp around 4 p.m., Dick Bain and I quickly set up my tent, jumped into our sleeping bags, and surveyed the grim scene around us. Several



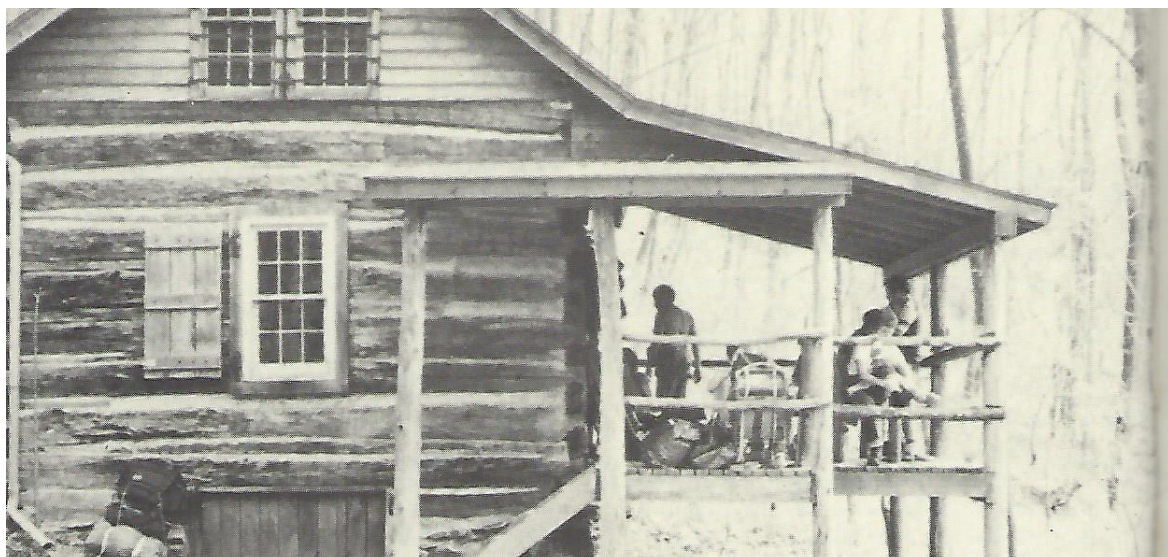
Jones Mountain Cabin, Shenandoah, provided shelter for backpackers. April, 1981. (T. Eckard)

inches of snow on the ground were turning into slush as some in our party attempted to cook dinner. Dick and I quickly decided that Familia cereal and apricot brandy would do for us, though, and were probably asleep by 6:30. Midway through the night, one of the pegs holding up my tent pulled out of the soft ground. Rather than go out into the dismal weather, Dick and I propped up the back poles for almost an hour with our feet until Dick finally broke down and braved the elements to fix the tent. By morning the rain had stopped, and we were able to cook breakfast and share tall tales about how we made it through the night. I'll never forget watching Pogo sitting around his "fire." He would squirt Coleman fuel on a pile of rain-soaked logs, light it, watch it flare up and then die down. This was repeated a dozen times with no perceptible effect on the logs!

Oh yes, we had one other small problem to overcome. The plan had been for Thurston to walk in to Lovingson Spring about 7:30 Saturday night, pick up the drivers, and unplant the cars. By the time he arrived, though, it was pitch black, raining, and foggy; and we were all asleep. Not seeing or hearing us, Thurston assumed we had been forced

to stop early because of the weather; so he returned to his campsite. In other words, Sunday morning neither of the two groups knew what had happened to the other, and our cars were twenty miles north at Reed Gap. We had no idea whether to go ahead as planned or whether to get off the trail. When we came to the first road, we decided to turn right, look for a phone, and call the District Ranger, figuring Thurston might have left a message for us. After walking a mile down the road, what should we see but Thurston's car coming toward us! When we asked him why he hadn't yelled or whistled for us the night before, Thurston allowed as how that might have been a good idea.

The way our luck had been running, I fully expected that our cars would have been stolen or vandalized at Reed Gap. Such was not the case, however, and we returned home uneventfully. You can be sure, though, that I made some major equipment additions before doing any more winter backpacking... and you can be sure none of the participants has ever forgotten this trip!



Jones Mountain Cabin, Shenandoah, provided shelter for backpackers. April, 1981. (T. Eckard)

inches of snow on the ground were turning into slush as some in our party attempted to cook dinner. Dick and I quickly decided that Familia cereal and apricot brandy would do for us, though, and were probably asleep by 6:30. Midway through the night, one of the pegs holding up my tent pulled out of the soft ground. Rather than go out into the dismal weather, Dick and I propped up the back poles for almost an hour with our feet until Dick finally broke down and braved the elements to fix the tent. By morning the rain had stopped, and we were able to cook breakfast and share tall tales about how we made it through the night. I'll never forget watching Pogo sitting around his "fire." He would squirt Coleman fuel on a pile of rain-soaked logs, light it, watch it flare up and then die down. This was repeated a dozen times with no perceptible effect on the logs!

Oh yes, we had one other small problem to overcome. The plan had been for Thurston to walk in to Lovingson Spring about 7:30 Saturday night, pick up the drivers, and unplant the cars. By the time he arrived, though, it was pitch black, raining, and foggy; and we were all asleep. Not seeing or hearing us, Thurston assumed we had been forced

to stop early because of the weather; so he returned to his campsite. In other words, Sunday morning neither of the two groups knew what had happened to the other, and our cars were twenty miles north at Reed Gap. We had no idea whether to go ahead as planned or whether to get off the trail. When we came to the first road, we decided to turn right, look for a phone, and call the District Ranger, figuring Thurston might have left a message for us. After walking a mile down the road, what should we see but Thurston's car coming toward us! When we asked him why he hadn't yelled or whistled for us the night before, Thurston allowed as how that might have been a good idea.

The way our luck had been running, I fully expected that our cars would have been stolen or vandalized at Reed Gap. Such was not the case, however, and we returned home uneventfully. You can be sure, though, that I made some major equipment additions before doing any more winter backpacking... and you can be sure none of the participants has ever forgotten this trip!

Grace Crane

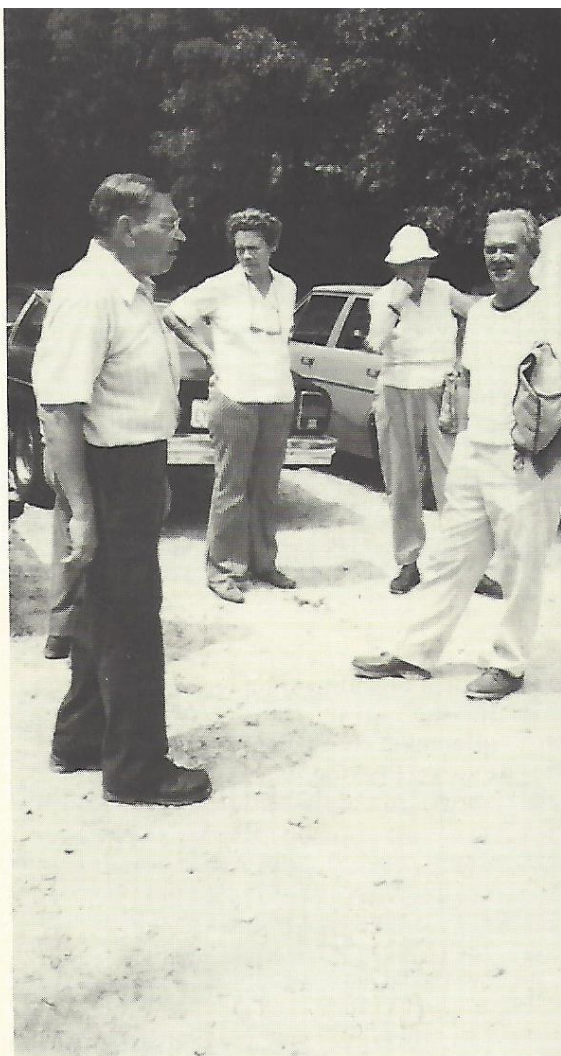
Grace Crane grew up in New York and Connecticut. She worked for Telex Corporation during the time of the Manhattan Project and Time, Inc., as office manager. At present, she is a part-time bookkeeper with a full time interest in hiking, an activity in which she did not participate before joining MCM in 1977.

"I'd love to, but I hike on Wednesdays." How many of us say that from time to time? I do.

Five years ago, because I told my neighbor Milt Rossoff that I needed exercise, he introduced me to the MCM via the leisure hikers; and it's been a Wednesday thing ever since.

My first hike in 1977 was Lester Miles's Friendly Farms Affair. As you can imagine, it made an impression. I was immediately hooked.

This is intended to be historical about one great hike, but they're all great. I guess I could tell about the time I was supposed to be co-leading with Mary Kendrew. I lost Alex Kennedy, and it's not all that easy to lose a charter member. Or the first time I realized that I



Allen Burk, Grace Crane, Mary Kendrew, and Jim Reuter relax at end of hike. Diamond Ridge, Baltimore County August 9, 1978. (S. Cooper)

had spent my adult life curbing a desire to walk in puddles. Or the time the park attendant told Eunice Winters not to try to transplant the mushrooms.

Or how gently traditions are formed. Besides our official Anniversary Hike at Lake Roland, I get a kick out of the repetition of hikes that we seem to do regularly as the seasons change.

You want one great hike? I'll give you one great hike, and this one could bear repetition. The date was October 10, 1979. It was raining in Baltimore, but up Jarrettsville Pike a piece it had turned



The "other" midweek group on its first hike in March, 1979. (John Bayley)



Jessie Meyer, Margaret Haile, and Mildred Faber were not quite in step at Bare Hills September, 1978. (S. Cooper)

into the season's first snow storm. And what a lovely day we had at Camp Genyara (Teachers Association of Baltimore County). We had our walk in a nearby woods in the proverbial winter wonderland, except that all the deciduous trees were in full leaf, and with the weight of the snow, we heard branches cracking and sighing all around us. Then we visited a barn full of unusual chickens, pheasants, rabbits, et al (experimental farm perhaps?) and thence proceeded to the covered pavilion. Margaret Haile was our leader that day, and we cooked our hamburgers and hot

dogs over the firewood she had brought. Rose Porter brought home-baked goodies to top it all off.

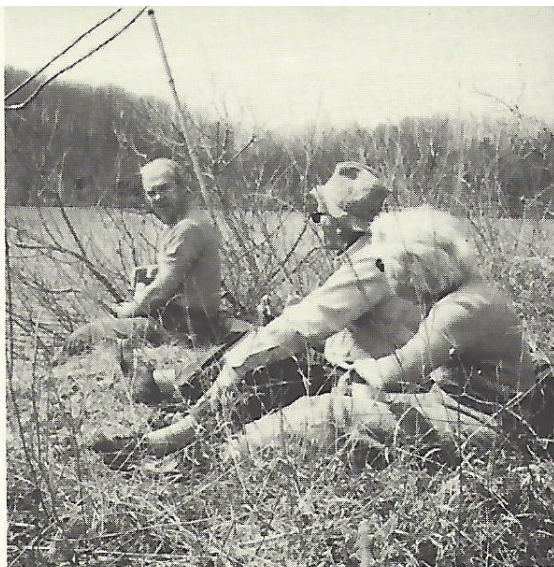
The story of the Leisure Hikes could also be a tribute to any number of people. Let's start with Jim Millen since he started with us. It seems as though he's mellowed lately, but he used to be the devil of a taskmaster. He still controls the group with an iron hand, keeping accurate attendance records (toward some star in heaven?) and enforcing the Club's (and his) rules. But he certainly has built a better mousetrap.

It's been noted that the Leisure Hikers talk a great deal on each hike about the number of people present and how far we go. I guess we do. Like the weather, those subjects are always with us, and I, for one, never tire of hearing that it's a magnificent day, and we have dozens of people walking unreliably measured mileage.

In short, I'm one of the Happy Hikers.

Jim Reuter

Jim Reuter grew up in Baltimore and went to city schools. Until his retirement a few years ago, he worked for the Post Office in Baltimore, not surprisingly developing an interest in specialized stamp collecting along the way. He also enjoys bicycling and is an authority on the less-traveled roads of the area. Jim joined MCM in 1977.



Jim Reuter, Charles and Marian Habicht enjoyed lunch on the first day of Spring at Liberty Lake, 1979. (S. Cooper)

We midweek hikers are older, if not old. We cannot aspire to the conquering of crags or the running down of deer. Our adventures are on the mild side. But they are real and memorable.

Those little purling falls we happen on have a charm Niagara never had. The hidden valleys bright with flowers are no less bright because the flowers are what the lawnmower calls weeds. For the advantage of the old is that each of us contains a great many characters, the various human beings we have been, from frustrated infant (through many stages) to amiable ancient. So we have many ways to respond to our experiences and many memories to be awakened by them. And we have learned to endure with equanimity the little misadventures on the way.

