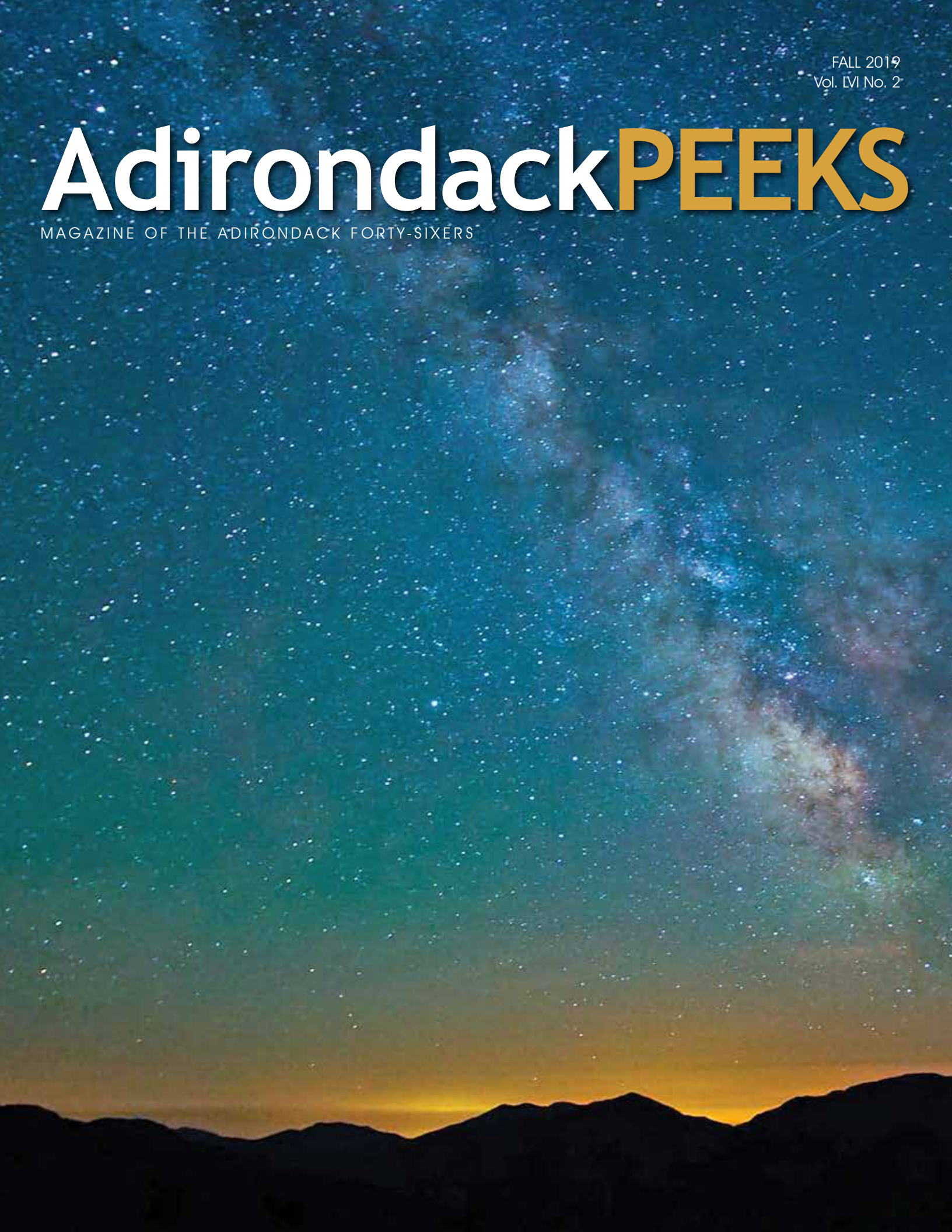


FALL 2019
Vol. LVI No. 2

AdirondackPEEKS

MAGAZINE OF THE ADIRONDACK FORTY-SIXERS





Front Cover: Milky Way at sunrise from Ampersand Mountain. Photo credit: Thomas A. Lizzio #5275W
Inside Cover: Heart Lake. Photo credit: Joseph Rector #7648

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High Peak Bloom. View from North Colden towards Marcy. Photo credit Manual Palacios, www.Zone3Photo.com

Lunch with Laura Waterman



Mountain	Elevation	Date	Climbers With You	Remarks
Algonquin	5114 feet	1 Dec. 1914	Guy, Guy (B. J. Trip)	
Allen	4340 feet			
W Armstrong	4400 feet	2 Feb. 1914	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg	
W Basin	4827 feet	11 Feb. 1914	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg	
W Big Slide	4240 feet	6 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman	
W Blake's Peak	3945 feet	5 May 1913	Guy, Waterman	
W Cascade	4098 feet	5 May 1913	Guy, Waterman, W. Sargent, D. Tree	
W Carr	3960 feet	7 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman	
W Golden	4714 feet	25 Mar. 1913	WMC, G. W. Trip, M. Siltzer, Gust, Cedar Dale	
W Colton	4057 feet	15 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman	
W Southmacha	3820 feet			
W Dial	4020 feet	18 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, D. Siltzer	
W Dix	4857 feet	19 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, J. S. Joch	
W Donaldson	4140 feet			
W East Dix	4012 feet			
W Emmons	4040 feet			
W Ether	4240 feet	18 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, D. Siltzer, M. Egg, M. Siltzer, F. S. Siltzer	
W Grant of the Valley	4637 feet	11 Mar. 1914	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg, F. S. Siltzer, D. Siltzer, G. Siltzer, D. Siltzer, G. Siltzer, D. Siltzer	
W Gothas	4736 feet	6 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman, A. Fitch (Summit of North Peak)	
W Gray Peak	4840 feet	12 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman	
W Haystack	4960 feet	12 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg	
W Hough	4400 feet			
W Imbous	4840 feet	17 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg	
W Lower Wolf Jaw	4175 feet	1 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, J. S. Joch	
W Macomb	4405 feet	18 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, J. S. Joch	
W MacNaughton*	4000 feet			
W Marcy	5344 feet	21 Mar. 1912	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg, M. Siltzer, M. Siltzer, M. Siltzer	
W Marshall	4360 feet	27 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg	
W Nippletop	4620 feet	15 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, R. U. Waterman, W. Thomas	
W Nye	3895 feet			
W Panther	4442 feet			
W Phelps	4161 feet	4 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman	
W Porter	4059 feet	1 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman	
W Radfield	4606 feet			
W Rocky Peak Ridge	4420 feet			
W Saddleback	4515 feet	1 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg	
W Saratoga	4607 feet	11 Mar. 1914	Guy, Waterman	
W Sawtooth	4100 feet	18 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, A. Fitch	
W Seward	4361 feet			
W Seymour	4120 feet			
W Skyline	4928 feet	17 Dec. 1913	Guy, Waterman	
W South Dix	4060 feet			
W Smeat	4166 feet			
W Tabletop	4427 feet	2 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman	
W Upper Wolf Jaw	4185 feet	2 Feb. 1912	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg	
W Whiteface	4867 feet	1 Jan. 1913	Guy, Waterman, D. Siltzer, M. Egg, D. Siltzer, M. Siltzer	
W Wright	4580 feet	2 Dec. 1912	Guy, Waterman, M. Egg, M. Siltzer, D. Siltzer, M. Siltzer	

Elevations listed are from the most recent USGS survey. While four of the peaks are under the original 4000-or-more-foot mark, you must climb them to become an Adirondack Forty-Sixer. *MacNaughton gained 466 feet stature in this survey. Although most 46ers climb it, it is not required.

Fourth printing, revised of *Climbing the Adirondack 46* — May, 1970



Guy and Laura Waterman at the sugar shed near the new cord frames. (Barra homestead 4-8-1990)

by **Chuck Schwerin #942**

This past spring I received an email from SUNY Press in Albany, asking if I would be interested in receiving a copy of the iconic *Forest and Crag: A History of Hiking, Trailblazing, and Adventure in the Northeast Mountains*, penned by Laura and Guy Waterman #670W. This new edition, honoring the 30th anniversary of its initial publication, included a fresh foreword by Tony Goodwin #211. Abashed at never having owned a version of any vintage, I eagerly agreed. When it arrived I couldn't help but appreciate not only the prodigious research that went into the generation of the work, but how accessible it was for a reader to pick and choose random chapters to digest, a smorgasbord as delectable as a walk through my local Ithaca Farmer's Market.

You don't grow up with a passion for climbing in the Northeast without encountering the Watermans. I had quoted from their book: *Backwoods Ethics* in a previous article for PEEKS ("Searching for Wilderness," Spring 2017) and knew their reputation as noted rock climbers and mountaineers, environmentalists, authors, and successful homesteaders in the Scott-and-Helen-Nearing mode. I also was familiar with the story of how Guy chose to orchestrate the final chapter of his life.

Thanks to a generous email introduction from Goodwin I gave Laura a call. Was she familiar with PEEKS? Would she consider working with me on an article for the magazine? She recalled early mimeographed versions when Guy first became a member and asked if I would send her a more recent issue. We had, quite literally, walked so many of the same trails and shared similar passions, and though we had never met, I felt I was talking to someone I'd known for years. "If you want to understand my story, I suggest you read my memoir, *Losing the Garden*," she said. I did so, stunned

A Keeper of the Flame



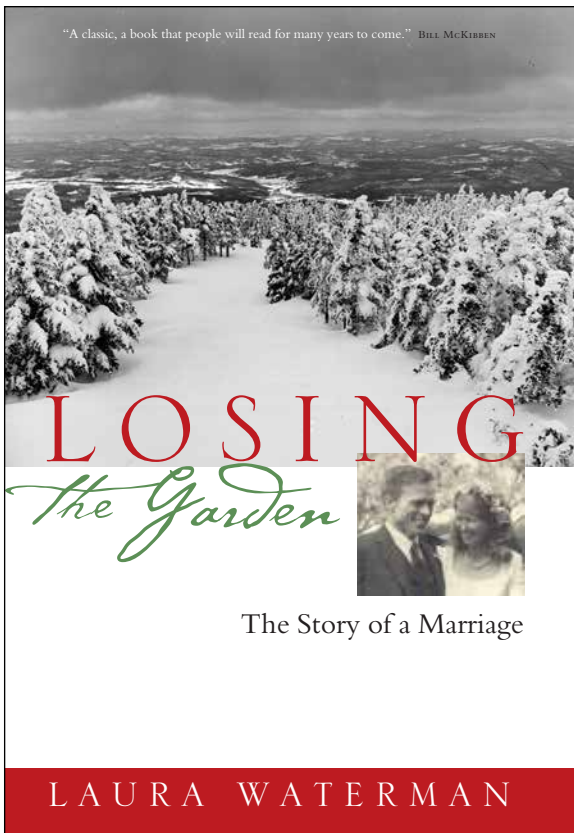
by the opening pages that described her last morning with Guy. While the reading answered many questions about their relationship, it raised new ones as well—highly personal. Perhaps too personal for a first meeting that we set up for later in the summer.

At noon one day this August I knocked on the door of her cozy cabin in East Corinth, Vermont. “Find it okay?” she asked warmly, eyes sparkling. I was scarcely in the door before she placed in my hand the familiar orange flyer Grace Hudowalski #9 sent to all aspiring 46ers to fill out in anticipation of their registering with the club. Neatly penned were the details of Laura’s 31 climbs, all done with Guy, mostly during winter months in the early 1970s. My first thought was, Could I get Laura up the peaks still remaining? After all, she’s only a spry 79, and still climbing, albeit more sedately.

Guy Waterman was well known for his passion for the White Mountains,



with Laura Waterman



but he devoted serious attention to the Adirondacks too, becoming a winter 46er over the course of just three years, finishing on Marcy in March of 1971. According to Laura, he had set as a goal to climb all the High Peaks in winter before ever climbing in another season.

Laura's companions on those hikes included several I knew well, by reputation or with whom I'd hiked. Listed on the Giant Mountain hike, climbed via Bottle Slide, was the name Chuck Loucks, a renowned mountaineer who, just a couple of years later, lost his life in a leader fall on the Jensen Ridge of Symmetry Spire in the Tetons. Also on that Giant hike was Harry Eldridge #90, former Executive Director of North Country School who, together with his boyhood friend, Roger Loud #125, were two of my earliest mentors during my years teaching at the school. Among many things alpine, Harry also taught me bacon should be a part of every mountain breakfast, even when tenting on the MacIntyre ridge in February. As he prepared the morning repast for our intrepid students on my first winter overnight I watched with bemusement as he unzipped the cook flap in the floor of his pyramid tent, borrowed from his summer Andes expeditions, and poured bacon grease directly into the snow. Who cared if a blizzard was raging outside. We had bacon.

Forest and Crag documents the history of our Northeast mountains as that history slowly evolved from mountains “daunting terrible” to “mountains sublime” to mountains as “places for recreation.” In the introductory note to Part Five in the first edition of *Forest and Crag* (1989), the authors maintain that true “history,” as opposed to “chronology,” requires being able to make generalizations that place chronological events in a useful context. For that reason, the authors explain that Part Five, “Mountains as places for recreation: Since 1950,” will not offer the same degree of generalization as the earlier parts. In support of this reluctance, they quote historian Barbara Tuchman as saying, “The historian fifty or a hundred years hence will put them in a chapter under a general heading we have not yet thought of.”

Laura Waterman repeats Tuchman's caution in her preface to the second edition, published in 2003, but then states,

Foreword
to the
2019 Edition
of
Forest and Crag

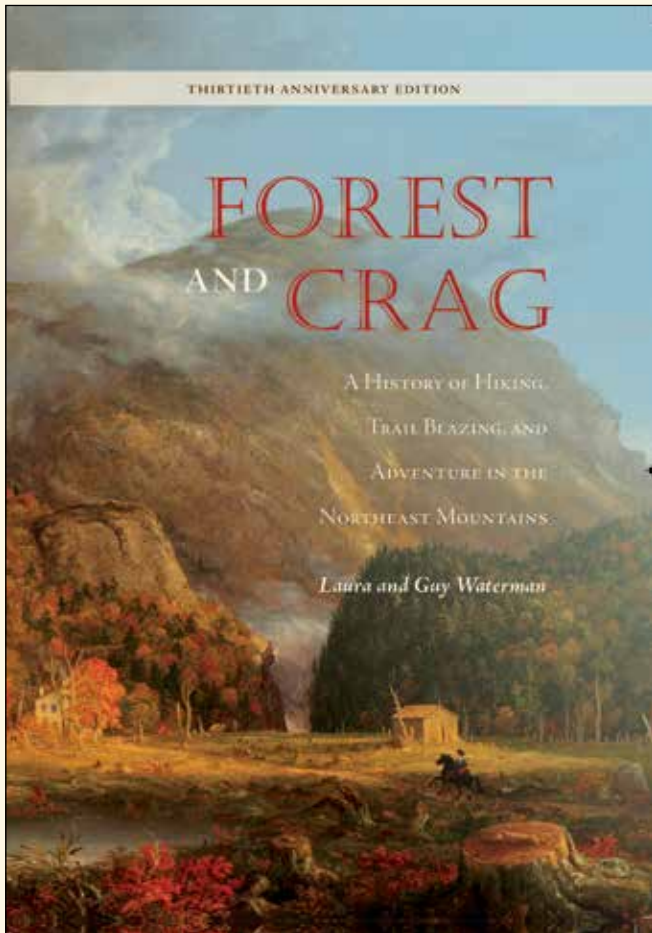
By Tony Goodwin #211

Reprinted with permission

“Nevertheless, it is hard to resist...not at least to make the attempt to understand the changes of the last fifteen years.” So, while keeping the caution about generalizing recent events in mind, I will introduce this new edition with some brief assessments of how the changes since 1989 fit in with previous patterns of change in the Northeast mountains. My personal connection to the mountains began by spending every summer in Keene Valley, just down the road from the Garden trailhead. We lived in a cabin my father had built in 1940 after having himself spent some or all of every summer since 1919 in the Adirondacks. During those summers, he had guided and built trails to Porter, Big Slide, and Giant, among other peaks. Having completed ascents of the Adirondack 46 in 1940, my father naturally took me on hikes from an early age so that I also finished, in 1961. He continued guiding into his early seventies, while also expanding his assistance to hikers by editing maps and guidebooks. And as much as he saw it increase, I never heard him express any regrets or any desire

that hiker traffic should be limited.

At age sixteen, I officially joined the “family business” when my father and I cut the trail to Gothics via Pyramid Peak. I spent the rest of that summer and the two following summers as crew and hut-master at Johns Brook Lodge. My observations of the hikers passing by and my stay at the lodge created a sort of “baseline” by which I can compare the changes in hiker



numbers and attitudes since then.

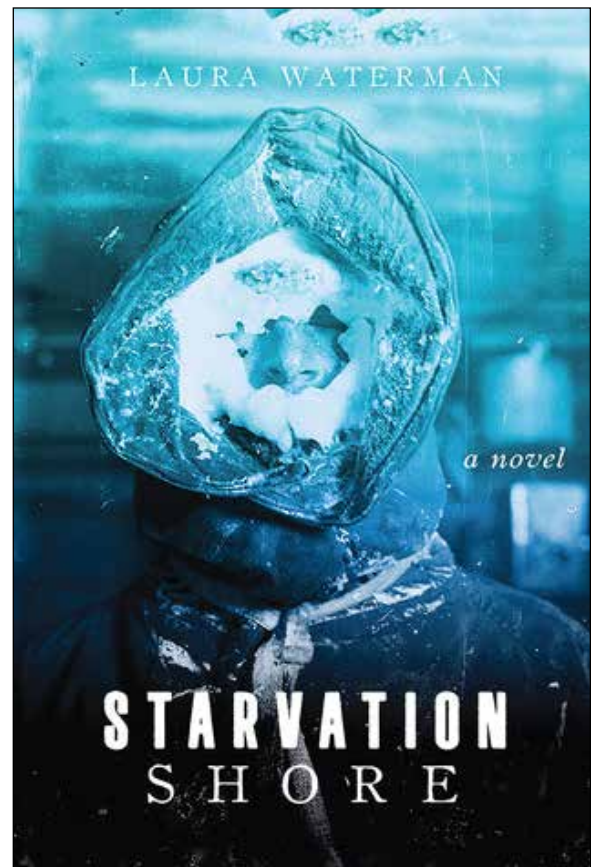
In 1974, I served as an Adirondack Mountain Club (ADK) “ridge runner,” part of the club’s response to the significant growth in the number of hikers as documented in “The Backpacking Boom” chapter of *Forest and Crag*. I later headed up the ADK’s first professional trail crew, which was the first concerted attempt to bring the then-current White Mountains standard of trail maintenance to the Adirondacks.

My personal connection with *Forest and Crag* starts with Laura and Guy contacting my father to draw on his extensive knowledge of Adirondacks history. I was also able to direct Laura and Guy to a source for details on Charles Brodhead,

Laura set before us a lunch generated from her exquisite garden, bordered by soaring phlox in bloom. For 27 years, she and Guy homesteaded off the grid a couple of miles from where I now sipped tomato soup and munched freshly harvested vegetables. Our conversation turned to the challenges facing so many wilderness areas: exuberant (and often ill-conceived) overuse, that was contributing to crowded trails, summits, parking lots, and their accompanying environmental impacts.

During their years living at Barra—the homestead they built after renouncing city life and corporate work—they produced important books on prudent wilderness use (*Backwoods Ethics: Environmental Issues for Hikers and Campers*, now in its third edition as *The Green Guide for Low-Impact Hiking and Camping*, and *Wilderness Ethics: Preserving the Spirit of Wildness*) as well as seminal works on the history of mountain exploration in our part of the world (the aforementioned *Forest and Crag*, and *Yankee Rock & Ice: A History of Climbing in the Northeastern United States*).

Laura was now preparing for a modest book tour to promote her first attempt at fiction, *Starvation Shore*, about the fateful 1881 Lady Franklin Bay Expedition led by Lt. Adolphus W. Greely, the first American attempt to apply



science to Arctic exploration. I was halfway through this tense tale, which she artfully derived from extensive research into the diaries the expedition members kept during their harrowing three-year struggle to survive. How starkly different that crew lived as compared with Colin O'Brady's experience during his recent Antarctic traverse (as described elsewhere in this issue of PEEKS).

Laura had written so passionately about preserving wildness and wilderness I thought we'd start there. The topic is a hot one among those of us who have a love affair with the Adirondacks. Forty years ago the 46ers welcomed a dozen or so new members each year; the average finishing class in the past three years has topped 700. Focused advertising on visiting the High Peaks via the *I Love NY* initiative has succeeded beyond all expectations, but, as even the Department of Environmental Conservation will now admit, commensurate investment in protecting the wilderness has not kept up. Rangers report that search and rescue takes so much of their time that hiker education is sacrificed. Parking on the main access roads has become so chaotic that re-routing of the trails (Cascade, as a case in point) proved necessary. Laura has written extensively, for decades, on the ethos and ethics of wilderness. I knew she had strong feelings about what we should be doing to preserve that benefit for future generations. For her, education is key. "We were all beginners once," Laura said. "It's important to keep that in mind. It encourages humility when we approach hikers who are walking in the alpine vegetation or washing their dishes in a stream." There was so much ground to cover; I felt as if I was aiming a fire hose at her while we ate her lunch.

Inevitably, our conversation drifted back to the memoir she had written and the questions that ate at me. Guy had three sons from a first marriage. Two of the boys inherited their dad's passion for wilderness and moved to Alaska. Both disappeared, Johnny on an ill-fated solo traverse of Denali, and Bill, apparently into the wilds. These were crushing blows that would weigh heavily on Guy for the rest of his life.

For three decades Laura and Guy lived off the grid, writing prodigious amounts, reading the classics to each other by candlelight, truly living a sustainable existence. When Guy, tormented by personal loss and depression, decided to take his own life at the age of 67, in health still good enough that he could climb Mt. Lafayette in the dead of winter, Laura understood how clearly her husband wanted to get out of a life that had turned dark and she

the first surveyor to traverse the High Peaks in 1797. When it was finally published, I read *Forest and Crag* with considerable interest, as it put my observations of change in the Adirondacks into a greater context. In nearly every time period, *Forest and Crag* confirmed my sense that the Adirondacks lagged behind the White Mountains in mountain exploration and in the building of a trail network.

There is plenty of evidence for this claim. The Adirondacks' highest peak, Mount Marcy, wasn't even recognized as the highest peak in the state until 194 years after the first ascent of Mount Washington. When hiker-caused damage to the environment was first noticed at the site of Madison Spring Hut in the Presidentials in the 1880s, the Adirondacks barely had any trails for hikers. Fast forward to the present era, and it was at least ten years after the first White Mountains cell phone call for help before a similar call was made in the Adirondacks.

Since my earliest connection to the mountains coincided with the backpacking boom, as documented in Part Five, I was in a position to observe land managers change their strategies, and hikers their behaviors, in dealing with increased use levels. Trail work became more intensive, restrictions on camping were implemented, and hikers were also expected to follow new practices to preserve the "resource," as we land managers call it. Planners who extended these trends in use levels between roughly 1969 and 1974 had great concerns because it appeared the numbers might again double in the next five years. In actual fact, use levels abruptly flattened out or even went down for the next decade and a half.

Then, just after the first edition was published, a significant number of new hikers and backpackers hit the trails. In the Adirondacks, only the popular High Peaks Wilderness Area saw more stringent regulations on camping, group size, and fires. Although some had called for a permit system to restrict overall numbers, New York's Department of Environmental Conservation decided simply to restrict the size of the parking lots at the popular Garden and ADK Loj trailheads. The immediate reaction was a reduction in use, but this time it didn't take fifteen to twenty years before the numbers again began increasing. As a result, today we are in the midst of another sudden surge, this one seemingly driven as much by technology as anything else.

When the Watermans finished *Forest and Crag* in 1989, few could have predicted the full effects that the electronic and communications revolution would have on society. Even harder to predict would have been the effect on how those new hikers perceived their back country experience. By the mid-1990s, cell phones had become small enough and cheap enough to be increasingly common. With more phones in use and the network of towers expanding, one could make a call from some fairly remote areas. Carrying a cell phone provided a sense (often false, but increasingly less so) of security. At least as early as 1996, cell phones played a role in backcountry searches and rescues. Now such use is the norm. Time will tell if Personal Locator Beacons and Spot Locators ultimately become as

common as cell phones in the backcountry.

Perhaps the more salient perception was the ability to go into a remote area and yet remain in communication with the outside world. Soon there were stories (perhaps apocryphal) of hikers calling their stockbrokers from the summit of Mount Marcy. Even more telling was an early report of a couple on the Adirondacks' Cascade Mountain calling the front desk at their hotel back in Lake Placid to ask for directions at an intersection. Coupled with improved GPS technology, the mountains were no longer "daunting terrible" and hiking had just become a whole lot easier. No need to buy a map and guide or join a club to become educated before setting off on an adventure.

Internet bulletin boards, digital photography, and social media have also helped to change hikers' perceptions. On internet bulletin boards, we can ask for advice, check on current trail conditions, and post a report of our trip, making that trip seem more significant. Digital photography allows images of our adventures to be quickly shared (sometimes right from the summit) with our "friends" on Facebook or other social media, introducing an aura of virtual reality to backcountry adventures. The perceptual firewall between wilderness and civilization seems on the verge of collapse.

Increasingly easy access to the mountains has, of course, been on going ever since Darby Field first climbed Mount Washington in 1642. First there were dirt roads, then railroads to the general area, and then cars right to the trailhead on an ever-improving road system. Modern, lightweight equipment for both hiking and camping further eased the effort and brought more hikers. All of these changes in access and equipment had occurred by the original publication date of *Forest and Crag* in 1989. And it was before 1989 that the major conservation policies were implemented. So, while keeping in mind Barbara Tuchman's caution on generalizing about recent events, it is not too much of a stretch to say that it has been electronic technology more than anything else that has caused or influenced the changes in both the numbers and patterns of use we have seen since 1989.

It does seem that we have reached some sort of limit when it comes to communication that affects people's decision whether to take a hike or pursue some other leisure-time activity. Perhaps the coming years will actually see a modest reduction in backcountry use as some will find that, having done a few climbs and posted their photos on the web, they are ready to move on. Then again, the numbers could continue to grow, providing both a new set of challenges for future land managers and some new categories for future historians.

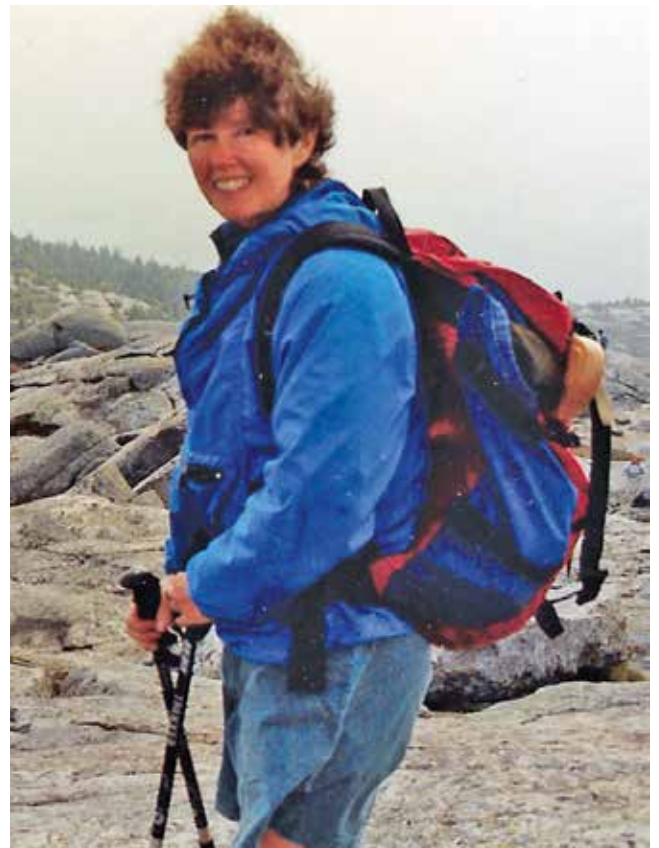
Tony Goodwin, Keene, NY

Tony Goodwin has served as executive director of the Adirondack Trail Improvement Society for thirty years while also editing the 11th-to-14th editions of the Adirondack Mountain Club's guide to trails in the High Peaks, now titled High Peaks Trails.

chose to support his decision. For a year they prepared for his leave-taking and for her to transition back to a more traditional home on the grid near town. It had to be excruciating as the days wound down. Yet, as Laura wrote in *Losing the Garden*, that last year gave them the time to say goodbye to a deeply-shared life. As I read through her memoir, it seemed that the writing was a cathartic vehicle to re-discover her "I" that had for so many years been "We".

Two years following Guy's passing, Laura and friends established the Waterman Fund to support stewardship efforts for the mountains of the Northeast this couple had spent so many years working to promote and protect. Nearly 100 grants have been awarded so far, representing just shy of a quarter of a million dollars. The fund has been a consistent supporter of education, trail maintenance, and research in the Adirondacks, including substantial assistance to the Adirondack Mountain Club's summit re-vegetation efforts in the High Peaks.

Too soon, it was time for me to leave. I told her I would be honored if she would help me produce a piece for PEEKS. I did not know what shape it would take, or how we would arrive at our destination. But wouldn't it be fun to bushwhack it together! ■



From the Archives...

Adirondack PEEKS may look different than it did 30 years ago.

But stewardship is not a new idea for the 46ers now...and it wasn't then.

Volume XXV, No. 2 — Fall/Winter, 1988-89

Where else can a grown man wallow in mud, play in stream beds, throw rocks all day and receive recognition for having all that fun?!

On the more serious side are such reasons as giving something back to the wilderness, helping preserve our trails for future generations to enjoy, and finally, experiencing the camaraderie from sharing hard work for a worthwhile cause with your fellow 46ers.

— *Ray Held #2007W*


Trail work teaches my favorite teenager (son, Jon) a sense of values, responsibility, and public service.

There's no better group in the world than the active 46ers.

— *Jon E. Freckleton #1639*

The most important reason to me is being able to work with a great group of people who always get the job done no matter what the weather or the job. I like working in the woods and giving a little back to the High Peaks that have given me so much. It is very satisfying to walk a trail and see that our work really does make it better.

— *Bill Embler #2308*

ADIRONDACK PEEKS 

Volume XXV, No. 2 Semi-Annual Newsletter of the Adirondack Forty-Sixers, Inc. Fall/Winter 1988-89

Special Edition

10 Years of 46er Trail Work

On the Laying Down of Stones

By Ira Smith #1969

On a Memorial Day Weekend Saturday (May 1988), my son, Bert, and I worked the trail from Heart Lake to the summit of Algonquin Mountain. We joined a 46er crew that morning for our first taste of trail maintenance.

Our immediate industriousness was partially in response to an invigorating morning chill and partially due to the instantaneous sense of camaraderie that exists among 46ers. The late spring sun had begun to penetrate the heavy forest in patches, and promised to heat-soak our bones by midday.

During the morning our mission on some steep trail sections was to replace worn-out bridgework, which had been placed years ago to retard erosion by diverting water to the sides of the trail. Some members of the crew cut log pieces from fallen trees for the new bridgework. (The “Forever Wild” designation prohibits the cutting of standing trees, even dead ones, for trail maintenance.) Other crew members with grub hoes and shovels removed the old logs and re-formed the trenches to accept the new replacements.

After lunch we returned to the base of the mountain to lay down some stepping stones to curb destructive “urban sprawl” caused by hikers circumventing wet spots. As I took my turn gathering rocks, it felt good to paw away the leaves searching for thick ones with flat sides. The precarious balancing of a large stone on my shoulder while cautiously maneuvering through the entangled ground debris was strenuous, but I felt a superb sense of accomplishment as the miniature Appian Way began to take form spanning the mud flats.

I was playing a tangible part in reversing the synergistic process between man and nature. I was undoing what should not have been done and injecting a functional interface with a touch of artistry and craftsmanship which complements nature. Although there was little time for serious visiting, there was a lot of chit-chat with an air of good humor. Everyone worked with a sense of mission.

We had just finished paving one

segment of trail when a column of young hikers marched forth at a stiff pace. We hurriedly placed branches and brush in strategic places to direct the hikers onto the stones. A couple of us pleaded with each successive individual but to no avail. They reacted erratically at the sight of the new walkway by trampling down our barricades and sloshing through the deep mud alongside. It looked like the derailling of a freight train. Perhaps they suffered from wet cement paranoia as they looked down at the fresh mud mortared between the stones. At last, the final hiker, a teenage girl, succumbed to our frantic waving and nervously tested the new construction. A hearty cheer and a round of applause resounded off the mountainside and the girl responded with a big smile. Her companions still didn't understand what had happened.

The climbers who passed by took little notice of the hustling, bustling work colony; they seemed unappreciative of our hard labor since their hearts and minds were intent upon scaling the lofty summit of Algonquin. Some acknowledged our cheerful greeting without so much as a faint smile. Here we were, members of the “elite” Adirondack 46ers playing the role of caretakers for the passersby as if they were our masters. Yet we were relaxed and content, full of inner peace, for we were enjoying a special kind of relationship, one that is based on extensive common experience and a deep joint commitment to a preponderant set of values.

The climbers were the unenlightened, having not yet had a chance to reap the full harvest. We had scaled so many summits that the mountain experience has become internalized, embedded in our very being. Without physically going there, we could visit the mountaintop every day.

That day as a member of the 46er trail

crew, and later that evening at the vespers celebration during the annual meeting, I realized that there was something powerfully symbolic in the laying of those heavy flat stones. The trampling boots of hikers would no longer destroy the delicate fabric of the forest carpet. Deep inside, I



46er trailwork, 2019. Photo credit: Lisa Crandall #11554

was elated in spite of the back-breaking, mud-splattering labor, the foregoing of the actual climb to the summit and the few signs of gratitude from those we served. I was full of the hallelujah spirit. ■

I love to hear other people's experiences of climbing the 46 and I love to tell my own stories.

Protecting the Adirondacks by keeping people on one trail rather than having them destroy more of the forest trying to make their own trails is certainly worthwhile.

— Nancy Kelsey

Mountain Vignettes





Sunrise rainbow over Algonquin, viewed from Cascade. Photo credit: Brian Twardy