be called Wilderness Mountain, as it lies in the center of the vanishing Pemigewasset Wilderness.

This peak can be climbed quite easily in a single day from Galehead Hut. Follow the trail 200 yards southwest from the Hut to the wood lot, and then descend steeply through scrub in a southerly direction to Twin Brook. Follow the right bank of the brook a short quarter of a mile to an obscure wood road. The hardest part of the trip is to this point.

The wood road runs above the brook, crosses a wide dry wash, and shortly beyond crosses Twin Brook. Mark this point when descending as there is another wood road which ascends the east side of Twin Brook. The wood road from this point keeps on the east side of the brook except for short stretches where the trail is washed out. As the trail approaches Franconia Brook it follows an old lumber railway and is well graded. At the lower end of the valley the right of way makes a curve to the left. Just around the curve take a trail to the right which cuts across in fifty yards to the Franconia Brook lumber road.

Follow this old road to the right, passing a clearing on left, and cross Twin Brook. The road continues in a westerly direction across Garfield Brook to a crossing of Franconia Brook. At this point leave the trail and turn left down stream fifty yards to a small brook dropping down from the south. Climb the bank and follow up this brook (south) for 100 yards to a wood road. Turn right on wood road for a quarter mile and then left and uphill through open woods for 100 yards to a second wood road. Left on this trail which slabs in a south-easterly direction up the side of the mountain. The trail dies out on the north-east ridge, but by following the crest of the ridge about 3/4 mile the summit is reached through quite open woods.

Travelling alone last summer it took me eight and a half hours for the round trip.

Murray H. Stevens

A Twentieth Anniversary. The Garfield Ridge Trail, 1914—1916.—
The idea began at Waterville as has been the case with many of our trail ideas. From Osceola we had often looked north at the cone of Garfield lying between the Franconia and Twin Ranges. When we began to take trips out of the valley—we went on foot in those preauto days—the Twins and Franconias were about the first peaks that we climbed, and again we saw the great “horseshoe curve” which these ridges formed with the Garfield Ridge. Finally, the Goodriches and George Blaney traversed the ridge from Lafayette to Garfield and learned how vile the going was on the “big lump.”

With this as a background it was natural that our thoughts turned to this region in 1914 when I became Councillor of Trails. Here was a high ridge with a fine peak in the centre, connecting two ridges along which the club already had trails. The idea of a series of connecting ridge trails maintained by the club across the mountains was beginning to take shape.

We were at once faced with the problem of where to start work. The two ends were impossible camp sites and would also involve transporting camping equipment and supplies to needless elevations. Letters written on this subject
in the spring of 1914 make amusing reading in the light of our present knowledge.

A study of logging roads, however, simplified matters and on Labor Day, 1914, while the Battle of the Marne was raging, Ed Lorenz, Hubert Goodrich, Fred Crawford, and I packed in to Hawthorne Fall and pitched camp in a small patch of green forest that had escaped the lumberman. We had the week at our disposal and had wonderful visions of what we should accomplish. But we had hardly made camp when the clouds settled down and it rained steadily for three days. Prospecting was useless and hopeless without views. However, we made a wonderful stone fireplace and Ed constructed a bench, using only three nails.

Friday opened clear and cold. We found our way up Garfield by surveyors' lines which Paul Jenkins had previously prospected—Paul was always doing the dirty work for me—and strung our trail down to the col to the east. The next day we pushed along the crest of the ridge, by the edge of the big burnover, halfway to what is now Galehead, but we had begun to see the magnitude of our task and, as Fred and I had to leave, Hubert and Ed merely made a reconnaissance to South Twin.

In 1915, Paul Jenkins, Nat Goodrich, Ed Lorenz, George Blaney and I went in to Hawthorne Fall again, expecting to finish the job. This time we ran the trail east to the foot of the cone of South Twin, where it met a surveyor's line, and left it for local woodsmen to clear. To the west we cleared to Garfield Pond, but a hectic day prospecting to Lafayette proved that it was out of the question to complete the trail in that direction from our base at Hawthorne Fall.

A rainy day, however, provided the opportunity for a game of "freeezout" with flapjacks. In this game as each cake (fry pan size) is fried it is divided equally between the participants. When a man reaches his capacity and drops out the portions become correspondingly larger. To hasten matters, Ed had the bright idea of seasoning the cakes with cinnamon and finally, as we were running low on flour, he lengthened out the batter by adding uncooked malt breakfast food. Paul and Ed were the "survivors" of the contest, but I have forgotten which of them won.

In 1916, Paul, Nat, George, and I established camp at Garfield Pond, determined to stay until the job was completed. One of the major problems was to work out a satisfactory route over the "big lump." I believe Nat crawled twelve times through one particularly bad stretch before he found a line that suited him. Indeed, I'm not sure that he was satisfied then, but he had got tired of being a rabbit. The story of that camp, however,—with such liberties as to fact as the writers of historical novels usually take—has been preserved by Nat in his characteristic sketch, "The Attractions and Rewards of Trail Making," APPALACHIA, Vol. XIV, p. 246.

During those three years I doubt whether any of us dreamed of this trail becoming part of a through route from Katahdin to Oglethorpe. We were concerned with a trail which seemed to us worth while in itself.

CHARLES W. BLOOD