

ON THE TRAIL (1972)

Georgia

My first impressions were of the quiet beauty of this state...not yet fully awakened by spring. The freshness of the air, the unopened buds and crisp atmosphere; the silent waiting for nature to breathe fully once again.



It was here my footsteps found their pathway atop fall's forgotten leaves and through spring's new life...



I suspect that most North-bound Appalachian Trail hikers never fully appreciate the trail through Georgia...too many of your thoughts are on the weight of the pack or your next footstep. The mountains are big and the pain in muscles...and the idea of starting so far from the end can leave a person pretty worn out.



April 2, 1972

Made it to the Southern Terminus of the Appalachian Trail...only two-thousand miles to go.

Rainy Night in Georgia:

I remember a night in the Georgia Mountains when a raging storm kept three of us feeling safe and dry inside a lean-to. Suddenly, a mysterious blast of wind blew in and covered us all with cold rainwater. At first we were startled, then fearful, and finally reassured; for companionship was comfort enough.



George Dunn, III

“A footpath for those who seek fellowship with the wilderness”



SPRING

Open up your eyes and see the brand new day
A clear blue sky and brightly shining sun
Open up your ears and hear the breezes say
Everything that's cold and gray is gone
Open up your hands and feel the rain come down
Taste the wind and smell the flowers' sweet perfume

Open up your mind and let the light come in
The earth has been reborn and life goes on.

Do you care what's happening around you
Do your senses know the changes when they come
Can you see yourself reflected in the seasons
Can you understand the need to carry on.

Riding on the tapestry of all there is to see
So many ways and oh so many things
Rejoicing in the differences, there's no one just like me
Yet as different as we are we're still the same

And oh I love the life within me
I feel a part of everything I see
And oh I love the life around me
A part of everything is here in me
A part of everything is here in me
A part of everything is here in me (Denver, 1972).



Billy Taylor (front) and George Dunn, III (rear)

After a twenty-three degree (Fahrenheit) night in Bly Gap, the boundary line between Georgia and North Carolina, Bill and I awoke to ice in our canteens and frost on the tent. Together we entered North Carolina.



Bly Gap at the Georgia-North Carolina State Line

North Carolina and Tennessee

The Carolina mountains have a character all their own. Rising abruptly from a low base, and then rounding more gradually upward for 2,000 to 5,000 feet above their valleys, their apparent height is more impressive than that of many a loftier summit in the West which forms only a protuberance on an elevated plateau. Nearly all of them are clad to their tops in dense forest and thick undergrowth. Here and there is a grassy “bald”: a natural meadow curiously perched on the very top of a mountain. There are no bare, rocky summits rising above timberline, few jutting crags, no ribs and vertebrae of a naked ledge of rock. The very cliffs are sheathed with trees and shrubs, so that one treading their edges has no fear of falling into an abyss.

Pinnacles or serrated ridges are bare. There are few commanding peaks. From almost any summit in Carolina one looks out upon a sea of flowing curves and dome-shaped eminences undulating, with no great disparity of height, unto the horizon. Almost everywhere the contours are similar; steep sides gradually rounding to the tops, smooth-surfaced to the eye because of the endless verdure. Every ridge is separated from its sisters by deep and narrow ravines. Not one of the thousand water courses shows a glint of its dashing stream, save where some far-off river may reveal through a gap in the mountain, one single shimmering curve. In all this vast prospect, a keen eye, knowing where to look, may detect an occasional farmer’s clearing, but to the stranger there is only mountain and forest, mountain and forest, as far as the eye can reach (Kephart, 1913, pp. 50-52).



The Blue Ridge! What mountains ever offered themselves to the sun so enchantingly as the long curve of the Appalachian chain where it passes through Virginia and North Carolina down to Alabama, running all the way full southwest! This battlement of heaven was not named by accident. It was named Blue because there was no other name for it. It is blue; tremendously, thrillingly blue; tenderly, evasively blue (Morley, 1913, p. 6).



Fontana Dam North Carolina

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours (Fletcher, 1971, p. 353).



Still here I carry my old delicious burdens, I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go, I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them, I am filled with them, and I will fill them in return (Whitman, 1968, p. 157).



I first “met” Joe while climbing up Wesser Mountain in the fog. Joe was sitting at the top playing his flute. When on top, we discussed the trail and shared some experiences. Then I moved on down the other side of the mountain through a pleasant fog-filled mountain gorge. Several times I stopped to hear more musical notes drift down...

“As the path steepens, the mind levels”
(Connally, 1972).

A spell comes o'er th' excited
soul whene'er
Soft music floats upon the
breeze; all things
Do then inanimate or quick
appear; to feel.

The insect on the winged
sound seems borne
The bird is urged on its
airy course; the bark
Is wafted on – mysteriously –
(Cole, 1972, p. 194).

While I viewed these mountains I felt a secret pleasure...but when I reflected on the difficulties which this...barrier would most probably throw in my way, and the sufferings and hardships of myself in them, it is some measure counterbalanced the joy I had felt in the first moments in which I gazed on them; but as I have always held it a crime to anticipate evils I will believe it a good, comfortable road until I am compelled to believe differently (Lewis, 1805).



Fontana Lake, North Carolina

In a gap on the North Carolina-Tennessee line, we met two men walking up the side of the mountain. Interested as we were in their activity, we stopped them long enough to inquire...

It seems that they were out gathering nature's offerings, and the men knew the woods as aisles in a grocery store... "Over hare ya got ramp. Ya jest grab it up, rinse it off and ya got the best onion ya ever tasted." In the spring they pick bushels of ramp and their women fix up a lot of corn bread, and they have themselves a Ramp Festival. The men showed us the bundles of ramp they'd already collected, and then they were off; pointing out edible plants as they walked;

wild celery, wild mustard, violets... “42 percent dextrose by weight,” claimed George Dunn. Well, we all felt pretty smart after that, finding ramp on our own, and rinsing it off just right...only we made one mistake—we forgot that onions aren’t really too good to climb on...



*I walked a gentle mile today,
through broad leaf trees
and tiny spring beauties...
stepping quietly among
buzzing bees all at work.
There I found the real
sweetness
in honey.*

Go to your fields and your gardens, and
you shall learn that it is a pleasure
of the bee to gather honey of the flower,
But it is also the pleasure of the
flower to yield honey to the bee.
For to the bee a flower is a fountain
of life,
And to the flower a bee is a messenger
of love,
And to both, bee and flower, the giving
and receiving of pleasure is a need and an ecstasy (Gibran, 1972, p. 80).



Spring Beauties

Strange as it may seem—

North Carolina and Tennessee are divided by a fence...if it isn't standing, it is broken down; if it isn't broken down, then it's not there visibly but remains as a barrier to the mind.

The trail follows much of the fence-border north of the Smokies before finally crossing over and remaining in Tennessee. As if to be fair, A.T. traverses the crests and valleys first on one side of the fence...and then the other.



Mt. Cammerer Fire Tower – Great Smoky Mountains

...the Trail descends and passes through what is without question the Section's (U.S. Route 19E to Tennessee Highway 67) most outstanding feature—the wild and rugged gorge of the Laurel Fork.



Laurel Gorge Bridge

With its sheer cliffs and wooded slopes, its rhododendron and mountain laurel, waterfalls and rapids, the gorge possesses a degree of spectacular natural beauty perhaps unsurpassed along the entire Appalachian Trail (Hurt, 1969, p. 155).

Virginia – West Virginia

Over four hundred and sixty miles of the Appalachian Trail lie within the boundaries of Virginia and West Virginia. It was here I lived over one fifth of the time on the A.T.—walking the long Blue Ridge.

Soon after crossing into Virginia, the trail leads through Damascus. George Dunn, Bill Taylor, and I rented a room in Damascus and enjoyed a hot shower and some restaurant cooking in the process. The next day George and I went to Sunday worship services at the First Presbyterian Church. Although we weren't dressed in our Sunday best, we were warmly received.



One week later in Pearisburg, Virginia, George and I again attended church—this time at the Holy Family Church as the invited guests of the Reverend Charles Beausoleil. This day was a special one in my life, and I will remember it ever as the strangest birthday dinner I’ve ever enjoyed.

At the time George and I were staying at Miss Mary Finley’s home in Pearisburg. She is a wonderful lady who has for years opened her house and heart to A.T. hikers. I was recovering from a severely sprained ankle so George decided to stay with me and get caught up on some letter writing and pick up some new equipment in Blacksburg.

Sunday, May 14, began with an early morning rain, followed by the sun—George and I walked the mile up to the church and arrived in time for Mass. After the service, Father Beausoleil invited us to join him for dinner. He mentioned that several Sisters and Brothers as well as Miss Finley were also coming so we gratefully accepted.

The dinner began with a toast to Mother’s Day, which was appropriate because we all were *of* mothers...but, none of the group could claim any sort of such recognition due to our backgrounds.

During dinner the discussion changed to theology, a topic that left Miss Finley and me greatly outnumbered due to our Protestant affiliations...

I, therefore, mentioned that the unknown *was* still unknown and for the others to have at least two Protestant friends might be to their advantage...

The dinner was drawing to a close when Father Beausoleil came out of the kitchen carrying a piece of fruitcake with a lighted candle stuck in it—the entire crew commenced singing, “Happy Birthday”—and I...could not have been happier.

Having officially celebrated my twentieth birthday...my first task before me was to finish the trail...



George Randall (left), George Dunn, III (right), and Marv Berman (front)

Hiking with friends is like a sunshiny day...



James River Gap, Virginia



WINGS

The Bible: from Psalm 55

Oh that I had wings like a dove!
For then I would fly away and be at rest,
so, then would I wander far off,
And remain in the wilderness.



A.T. hikers receive all kinds of encouragement



*Ecstasy on the Trail
or Taking it off for the Day*

*Few will write of the ecstasy
derived*

*from the simple task of
unlacing boots and
peeling off socks...*

*possibly, words are not
fitting for such things...*

*As this joy is expressed in the
happy smiles
and laughing faces of
the backpacker,
Taking it off for the day.*



Shenandoah national Park, 331 square miles embracing the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, was established in 1935. Prior to that, parts of the area had been logged, farmed and planted to orchards, but the scars have been healing rapidly (Butcher, 1969, p. 148).



Pink Rhododendron

In many places along the western side, slopes drop off abruptly to farmlands and villages in the Shenandoah Valley. On the east, the land falls away more gradually, with lesser mountains and valleys extending into the piedmont country. For the most part, the Blue Ridge is thickly forested, with a few stretches of meadowland, such as Big Meadows, on the crest (Butcher, 1969, p. 148).



Byrd' s Nest Number 4 - Shenandoah National Park

Shenandoah's rolling landscapes are cut by innumerable valleys through which run swift, cold streams with falls and cascades. Trails lead up to mountain tops and down into lush valleys. In a few places, the otherwise gentle contours break at precipitous ledges and cliffs, such as on Stony Man and Little Stony Man Mountains, Hawksbill Mountain, 4049 feet above sea level and the highest point, and at Franklin Cliffs, all on the western side, and at Old Rag Mountain on the eastern. The Appalachian Train, from Maine to Georgia, passes through the park, and wilderness hikers find overnight shelters along the trail (Butcher, 1969, p. 148).



"On the Edge" Near Harper's Ferry West Virginia – The Potomac River



Harper's Ferry, West Virginia

Maryland

The Appalachian Trail follows the crest of South Mountain in Maryland from the Potomac River to the Pennsylvania line at Pen-Mar. The distance of this section is 37.4 miles. Lacking in spectacular scenery, the Maryland A.T. is known for the significance of its history and colorful folklore.



Between Turners Gap and U.S. Route 40, the trail crosses a newly constructed footbridge over Interstate 70.

Pennsylvania

In many respects reaching Duncannon, the “half-way” point on the A.T., was a turning point in my hike on the trail.

The first seventy-eight days had been very satisfying to me...I had covered over one thousand miles, lived out-of-doors for almost three months, shared my days with nature, other hikers, and myself.

Now at the halfway point, I realized that I have proven to myself I could do all the many things necessary to successfully hike the A.T. All that was left was the accomplishment of that goal.

This thought left me depressed in that I was so unsure of the value of completing something just so I could say: “I walked the entire length of the Appalachian Train in one season...” As I continued north, this thought stuck in my mind...until later and much farther north, I realized my mistake...

I had been assuming that the second one thousand miles would be the same as the first...that my life on the trail would remain the same. This I found to be a miscalculation for nothing is so unpredictable as life in the mountains.

One day later, having walked through the floodwaters of Hurricane Agnes,





the defoliated forests of Pennsylvania by Gypsy Moth Caterpillars, and



the seemingly constant rains of June 1972, I found my trail life to still hold its challenge...and that is all I ever asked.



“Light breaks where no sun shines” (Thomas).

SITTING ALL ALONE

*Sitting all alone, watching the stars play a game in the sky,
Thinking I'm alone, taking my mind on a trip, I only know why...
It's here and I love it; does it ever have to end?
My mind's breathing air for a change and I know I'm alive, for I'm here;
Sitting all alone, watching the stars play a game in the sky...*

New Jersey – New York

The A.T. enters New Jersey at the Delaware Water Gap then runs north along the crest of the Kittney Mountains paralleling the New Jersey-New York state line. At High Point State Park, it turns northeasterly crossing into New York at Unionville and then back into New Jersey for a few more miles before heading directly north into New York.



"Last Resort Lean-to" in New Jersey

Although High Point State Park was nice, my "high point" in New Jersey was the sharing of the last few miles of trail I would walk with Craig Roberts, Bob Stewart, Lowell Nottingham, and George Dunn.



Bob Stewart

To Bob and Craig

To walk together...

*watching the miles drift by
like clouds on a summer breeze;*

To share in life...

what is beautiful and good;

To be friends...



Craig Roberts



Lowell Nottingham



George Dunn, III

July fourth started out like any other day...or did it? By noon I had covered only seven miles, a short distance for a long morning...but then there was a fruit stand just off the A.T. and fresh fruit is a never-to-be-passed-up luxury!

The afternoon seemed filled with a continual hopping from ridge-to-ridge. I crossed into New York for the second and final time; and, after a brief glance through a trail register, I was again headed north! I remember especially the warmth from the sun and an occasional stirring of a snake out sunning on a rock. As the day wore on, I just kept walking. Nearing evening my stomach told me it was time for dinner; but rather than stop for the night, I took a half-hour snack break and “trucked on”...

George Dunn had stayed fairly close throughout the day, having stopped with me at the fruit stand—and again at the supper snack. We continued together for awhile until he, too, decided to stop for the evening. We bid farewell as I still had an urge to walk and he would rest before heading into New York City to visit home for a couple of days. Neither of us guessed that this would be the last time we would hike together on the A.T. Now near 9:00 p.m., I continue to follow the white blazes as they traversed woodlands and an occasional ridge top or field. Because it was growing considerably darker, I stopped to get my Mallory flashlight and with its aid, I continued along the trail. Suddenly I was faced with a steep climb through boulders large and small to the top of a ridge—I stuck my Mallory in my mouth and using both hands, clawed my way to the top...

“Hours” later, I stepped onto a small grassy area on the top of what seemed to be a knob on the ridge. Feeling quite tired and a little unsure about further travel, I stretched my sleeping bag out in the grass and settled in for the night.

Just as my eyes closed, I heard a small explosion...and then another—I sat up and looked around, only to discover that my resting place was situated in the middle of several small communities who on this Fourth of July were celebrating our Independence Day...



The Hudson River From Near Bear Mountain, New York

Connecticut

“Today I have grown taller from walking through the trees” (Fletcher, 1971, p. 347).



A Stand of Pines in Connecticut

“Having now secured my supper I looked out for a suitable place to amuse myself in combating mosquitoes for the balance of the evening” (Duncan, 1972, p. 107).

Massachusetts

83.7 miles of walking,
Green coolness...Sages Ravine;
“Rocky” raccoon
and
Arthur Denny: End to End;



"Rocky Raccoon"



Rattlesnake on the Trail Near Jug End, Massachusetts

A PATH FULL OF RATTLESNAKE!

Warm trucking,
hazy skies,
a fancy turnpike footbridge
and art work by the trail.

THUNDERSTORM,
a dry roof,
fellowship:
mosquitoes, Tyringham
and Bert Gilbert headed South
Washington Town hall...
Mrs. Fred W. Hutchinson...water...
a record of our trip – a star.

Dalton, Cheshire,
dinner at Kitchen Brook;
Mt. Greylock and hope for a lasting peace...

Blackinton, snacks, another bridge, and CLIMB; rain and shine
a line – VERMONT



War Memorial – Mt. Greylock, Massachusetts

Vermont – New Hampshire



In Vermont, The Long Trail and the Appalachian Trail Coincide for One Hundred Miles.



Congdon Camp is Typical of the Excellent Shelters Provided by the Green Mountain Club

A fire tower is a comforting sight, in settled country or in the wilderness. It stands as evidence that someone cares about the forest, and has made plans to keep it growing-green and productive. When fires start, and they will, the lookout in his tower sets in motion a chain of action, a planned attack that sooner or later will lead to the control of any blaze. This is a welcome thought to conservationists (Brooks, 1965, p. 66).



Mt. Killington Fire Tower, Vermont

Evening Thoughts

When Evening in the sky sits calm and pure
And all the fleecy clouds are still and bright,
And earth beneath the silent air obscure
Waits for the stars that herald in the night;
All cares unholy, earth born, cease to move,
Peace dwells on earth and beauty in the sky.
Then is the spirit melted as with love
And tears spring forth upon the brink of joy.
But whence the shade of sadness o'er us thrown
When thoughts are purest in the quiet hour?
From sense of sin arises that sad tone?
Knowing that we alone feel passion's power,

That touches not the mountain far and lone?

Or is it that the fading light reminds
That we are mortal and the latter day
Steals onward swiftly, like the unseen winds
And all our years are clouds that quickly pass away
(Cole, 1835, p. 79).



“You bet. We get to that place down the trail, then we sit back and take it easy” (Kesey).



Snoopy on the A.T. in Vermont

“Mountains are earth’s undying monuments” (Fletcher, 1971, p. 350).



Franconia Notch From Mt. Lafayette, New Hampshire

The White Mountains, which offer unique hiking trails in a unique wilderness, are the solace and comfort of three million people today. The number who will turn to them, seeking refuge from civilization, will increase in the years immediately ahead. Today the White Mountains are within a day’s drive by car for over forty million people. By the end of this century that number will double, and the trails, ponds, shelters, campgrounds, and huts will be increasingly used. With out mounting population, every ridge, every crag, every wooded ravine will have increased value (Douglas, 1961, p. 234).



Mount Washington from the Southern Presidentials. New Hampshire

Who that hath breathed on mountain top, where winds
Gush fresh from heaven – who that had proudly stood
O'er the embattled cliff and watched the clouds;
Heave in extended tumult far below;
Or felt the torrent's spray dash on his cheek;
Can unregretful let his days consume
In tainted cities where the air is thick
And stagnant with impurity and hath
Been Breathed and breathed again – amid the din
The daily darkness and the lasting strife –
(Cole, 1972, p. 202).



The Northern Presidentials, New Hampshire

Man thinks he knows what nature wills
But much he plants the winter kills,
While far away from human care
And on a cliff by storms swept bare,
Denied the commonest of needs,
A birch tree silently succeeds
(Douglas, 1961, p. 230).

Maine



Full Goose Lean-to in the Mahoosics, Maine



Waterfall on the North Side of Baldpate Mountain, Maine

On seeing that a favorite tree
of the Author's had been cut down –

And is the glory of the forest dead,
Struck down – Its beauteous foliage spread
On the base of earth? –O! ruthless was the deed
Destroying man! What demon urg'd the speed
Of thine unpitying axe? Didst thou not know
My heart was wounded by each savage blow?
Could not the loveliness that did begird
These boughs, dis-arm thine hand and save the bird
Its ancient home, and me a lasting joy? –
Vain is my pliant! All that I love must die;
But death sometimes leaves hope – friends yet may meet,
And life be fed on expectation sweet –
But here no hope survives – never again shall o'er me spread
Never again, the gentle shade of my beloved tree –
(Cole, 1972, p. 68)



Lumbering in Maine

Hey, man...

What?

You're almost there, you know that?

Yeah,

So how do you feel?

Good.

But aren't you excited, all jacked up?

No.

Well, what's wrong with you?

Nothing.

Hey, I don't understand. You've come all this way, trucked for 4 months over the good and the bad and the best and now that you're only 172 miles from the end, you tell me you're not excited.

Yes.

O.K. man, let me try and figure your head out. Probably a lot has happened since Springer right? Back then you would have been jacked up. But not now. Obviously, you have changed, am I right?

Yes.

You have a different perspective now that the trip is nearly over. Now that you're almost there, you realize that you're still not satisfied.

Yes.

My friend, you do have a problem.

Yes.

What are you going to do about it?

I don't know.

I'm glad I'm not you.

Yes, me too.

Well, why are not you not satisfied?

I'll never be completely satisfied until I die. That's the unfallible mystery of man; of all the animals, he alone is never satisfied.

Is there a cure?

No, a blessing.

My god, you're crazy!

Yes, thank you, I'm glad someone understood.

(Found in a Lean-to on the Appalachian Trail in Maine, Author unknown, 1972).



"Mirroring" Maine



Ruffed Grouse in the Avery's, Maine



Kennebec River Crossing, Maine



My “Maine” Moose

While walking through Maine my last week on the Appalachian Trail, I stopped once—just to sit and think about the last four and a half months; my life on the trail and living in the out-of-doors...

Suddenly, as if a blanket had engulfed me; I had this feeling of unity with Nature...I felt like a leaf on a tree or a bird on a branch...as though if someone were to walk by, they wouldn't even notice me unless they looked real hard.

The feeling passed after several minutes, but not without a certain realization...



On the Appalachian Trail

At such moment you know deep down in your fabric, with a certainty far more secure than intellect can offer, that you are a part of the web of life, and that the web of life is a part of the rock and air and water of pre-life. You know the wholeness of the universe, the great unity (Fletcher, 1971, p. 322).

Baxter State Park

More than forty years ago Percival P. Baxter, then a young member of the Maine Legislature, became keenly aware of the wild, unspoiled beauty of the Katahdin region. In his mind's eye, he saw this region preserved for all time as a retreat for Maine's citizens and visitors; a spot that would stand forever as a natural barrier to encroaching civilization.

Through five legislative sessions and two terms as Governor, he worked unceasingly to have the State purchase and set aside at least a portion of this incomparable region. Invariably, however, his plan met defeat. He was not able to convince his contemporaries of its worth. Returning to private life in 1925, he resolved that action could be put off no longer. He decided to use his own funds to create a Katahdin Park.

In 1930 he made his first land purchase, a 6,690 acre tract which included most of Mt. Katahdin. The land was deeded to the State with the stipulation that "it be held by the State as Trustee, in Trust for the benefit of the People of Maine," and that it "forever be left in its natural wild state, forever be kept as a sanctuary for wild beasts and birds and forever be used for public forest, public park and public recreational purposes." Additional purchases since have raised the total Park area to 201, 018 acres.

By resolve of the Maine Legislature in 1931, the area was officially designated as "Baxter State Park". The summit of Mt. Katahdin was named "Baxter Peak" in his honor (Baxter Park Authority, p. 2).



Mount Katahdin, Maine

MOUNT KATAHDIN

**Man is born to die. His works are short lived.
Buildings crumble, monuments decay, wealth vanishes
But Katahdin in all its glory forever will remain
The mountain of the people of Maine (Baxter).**



Katahdin Stream Campground, Maine

Friendship



With Bert Gilbert (left) on the Summit

“There’s nothing really left over, when it’s finished all at once...”

Brotherhood



With My Brother Dave (left) on the Summit – August 31, 1972

“I SEE A TIME...”

I realize now, that I will never hike the Appalachian Trail as I hiked it before. This may seem to be an insignificant thought, but rather it is a full of slow-to-surface insight. As I’ve lived the present, so many times thinking of “the trail”, I’ve felt so much apart...as though I were still right there...but now I realize that these things have changed...I’ve changed. Never again will I be Rick LaRue, nineteen going on twenty, hiking the Appalachian Trail from Georgia To Maine...Never again will I hike with George Dunn, Marv Berman or Billy Taylor, as we were those first few months; or, climb Katahdin’s Baxter Peak with my brother and Bert Gilbert, reaching out and hugging the summit marker...and never will I again, undertake the Appalachian Trail alone... [at least not without a good reason]

...These things, these places, these people are all in the past. They must as they were, remain in the past, for they are but memories...What lies ahead are the new experiences, relationships and life of a present and future that grow out of their past—out of their present...

...Each day of life is a bold new experience

...Each experience means new relationships

...Each relationship means new life.

*I see a time when my path will fall undecided.
At that time, I must gather my entire self,
And set before me another goal:
And to that end, blaze yet another path to follow.*



Sunset on Mt. Monroe in the Presidentials, New Hampshire

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