

space, climbed again, and continued out of sight, jumping and chattering.

About the beginning of the new year, 1924, we went down to the plains. In Delhi I obtained permission to look for a tiger in Central India. The jungle there reminded me of the scrubby Fairhaven woods (in Concord, Mass.) in winter, except that sometimes, when you had walked along a dusty track, you found later that a tiger had walked there after you, putting his feet where yours had been. As part of our outfit we had a tame elephant, who immediately ate up all the bamboo under which we pitched our tent.

I did not get a tiger, but I did get malaria, and the night we rode out on our elephant seemed endless. The Milky Way swung overhead as the elephant walked the dikes between the irrigated fields. We sat on a pad on her back, and every time she put a fore-foot down it jarred my spine to the base of my skull, while the fever burned and my teeth chattered. Malaria has some class as an ailment. We didn't know enough then to take thirty grains of quinine the moment it hit. I don't relax readily, but I will say that the concrete floor of the rest house, when we reached it, was flat and still and cool and delicious, and I flopped down upon it like a discarded rag doll while the fever rippled over my body like the flame of spilled alcohol.

X FAR AND FAST

by KLAUS GOETZE

IN SETTING DOWN THE EXPLOITS OF MY SON CHRISTOPHER in getting over some trails faster than other human beings I am torn between principle and paternal pride. Personally, I am afraid that something valuable will get lost if the only things I think of on the trail are my breath, my knees, my thirst, my staying power. But then, I am not a sportsman.

It seems that Christopher is. He wants to win, he can pull himself together, and he can evaluate the condition of his body coolly and dispassionately. He is just 19 now, a Harvard sophomore, majoring in physics. About four years ago a friendly rivalry arose in Randolph to test who could get to Crag Camp the fastest. The trip was well known and tedious in parts, so why not? The A.M.C. hut boys do it all the time. So he did it too, and confirmed for himself what he had already suspected, that he could walk up a steep slope at full throttle without ill effects on his wind or his knees.

During the winter of 1955-6 Christopher ran on the cross-country team of Phillips Exeter Academy. He did moderately well, and in particular the coach, Robert Bruce, trained him to hold his speed down in order to last out. In the following summer an accident befell him. On trail work for the Randolph Mountain Club, he hit his knee with an axe very badly. His friend and co-worker Dan Clemson bandaged him with a sweater, but he had to walk out about 2 miles on the new Link trail to the car. Then, after three weeks in bed, the appetite for cross-country running was lost. However, the leg healed beautifully in Dr. Appleton's hands. During the last two summers Chris was again employed on the trails.

This June he did something rather curious. He tinkered with his bicycle and equipped it with six gears. Then, mumbling something about a bicycle trip, he suddenly left Cambridge, Mass., at 3:30 in the morning, pedaled all day and reached Randolph, N. H., 170 miles away, by 8:00 that evening. This stunt was undertaken, most likely, because the long distances, the sustained holding out, give him a curious satisfaction.

KLAUS GOETZE, a member of the Club, is president of the Randolph Mountain Club—an office which he has held twice before. He has for many years been in charge of the R.M.C. trails. By profession he is a concert pianist, as well as a piano teacher and lecturer on subjects musical at Wellesley College, Phillips Exeter Academy, Milton Academy and other places. He has climbed for years in the White Mountains, especially in the Randolph district where lies his summer house; and in his travels from Canada to Mexico, from Norway to Portugal, he has sought out mountain regions. He reports that his only personal experience with fast walks was years ago, when he "climbed Pine Mountain in 19 minutes, in order to get at the blueberries".

On August 3 the R.M.C. trail crew disbanded, leaving him free for record trips with their preparations. The first test was made on August 5. I saw him off at the Ravine House at 8.08 a.m. on a perfect day. "I guess I'll go over the Range" was his rather vague indication of intent. So I told him that I was going to the Willey Range with an R.M.C. trip and would leave the car at the Crawford House. In the evening we could go home together.

But when I arrived at the Crawford House, at 6 p.m., he wasn't there, but stuck to the windshield were a few hardly legible words, written with the can opener of a kipper-snacks can, "Here at 12.43. On to Franconia. Will phone 8 p.m." So he had gone from Randolph via the Air Line, Gulfside and Westside Trails, and Crawford Path to Crawford Notch in the rather remarkable time of 4 hours, 35 minutes. The distance is about 17½ miles, making the speed a little better than 3.8 m.p.h. In the end, however, he had to pay for this record. After waiting for him in Franconia Notch until darkness, we eventually picked him up at the Gale River Campground, where he had been standing for an hour, hoping for a ride to a telephone—dirty, dispirited, with torn shorts. I wouldn't have given him a ride if I had not recognized him as my son. "I crumped out somewhere between Zealand and Galehead and decided to hang it up and walk out", was his comment. By "crumping out" he tried to describe the sudden onslaught of weariness, lack of breath and caving in of knees which indicate to him that he won't last.

Two days later he was at it again. To remedy the "crumping out" weakness he embarked on the horse cure of climbing Mt. Adams from Randolph (Coldbrook Lodge) four times in a single day. He figured that this would give him a rise of 4 times 4518 feet, or better than 18,000 feet, more than the total rise of the "Hut System trip" (Lonesome Lake to Carter Notch). He started at 5.57 in the morning and finished at 7.53 at night. Two things stood out that day. One of them was the fact that he was given a steak, still hot in the pan, at about 1 o'clock, before his third run, and he claims that it gave him renewed energy in the most miraculous way. The other was the timing of the four runs: 1:56, 1:49, 1:43 and 1:29 from Randolph to the summit. The last run cannot really count, since he used a rather clever trick. The summit had been in clouds from 10 o'clock in the morning and, while this did not bother much in the daytime, it would have been very bothersome at night. So, on the third run, he added an extra trip from Crag Camp to the summit and back, going at that time Randolph-summit-Crag-summit-Randolph. Then his fourth and last time took him only to Crag Camp. The time of 1:29 adds up the two pieces.

At this point various friends began to become interested, among them Bradford Swan of Providence. Brad established

some time ago a run known as "Swan's Traverse", a trip which compresses into a little less than 13 miles of travel a rise of 8456 feet. It was devised as a joke: the most horribly difficult way from the Ravine House to Pinkham Notch. The route is as follows: from Ravine House via the Air Line, Short Line and King Ravine Path to Mt. Adams summit; Adams Slide Trail to Great Gulf Shelter, then Great Gulf and Gulfside Trails to Mt. Washington summit; down via Lion Head to the Tuckerman Ravine Trail, up via the Boott Spur Link to the Boott Spur Trail, and down this to Pinkham Notch Camp. The Madison hutmaster, Jim O'Kane, held the record with 5:22. Chris did this run twice, on August 10 and again on August 20, and the times are rather revealing. They are printed here side by side (Time I, August 10, start at 9.18 a.m.; Time II, August 20, start 12 noon):

PLACE	ELEV. (Feet)	DIST. (Miles)	TIME I (Hours)	RATE I (M.p.h.)	TIME II (Hours)	RATE II (M.p.h.)
Ravine House	1280	0.00	0:00		0:00	
Mossy Fall	2950	2.83	0:43	3.61	0:43	3.95
Gateway	5080	3.92	1:21	1.92	1:13	2.18
Adams Smt.	5798	4.48	1:33	2.80	1:26	2.59
Great Gulf Sh.	3250	5.95	2:22	1.80	2:02	2.45
Spaulding L.	4250	7.58	2:53	3.16	2:38	2.72
Gulfside Tr.	5950	8.43	3:25	1.60	3:05	1.89
Wash't'n Smt.	6288	9.05	3:34	4.13	3:15	3.72
Tuck. Rav. Tr.	3810	10.05	4:10	1.67	3:46	1.94
Boott Spur Tr.	4665	10.65	4:26	2.25	4:03	2.12
Pinkham Notch	2000	12.79	4:59	3.89	4:32	4.43
			Average	2.56	Average	2.82

As the figures show, he got almost all his gains on the downhill runs. Also, the consistently parallel performance of the second trip over most of the course is striking. He gained 3 minutes here, 4 minutes there, and what he gained, he did not lose. The time of 1:26 to Mt. Adams via King Ravine is worthy of note. On the first run he lost some time getting off the Adams Slide Trail; on the second run, a steak furnished by Moby and Punky Mudge, and cooked with split-second timing at Great Gulf Shelter, took 8 minutes' worth of eating. On this trip he tried three pairs of shoes: at first a modest, trusty pair of walking shoes bought for \$10 at the Army Surplus store in Berlin, N. H.; then sneakers for the ascent of Washington, where two more friends, Linda Cross and Jackie Arnold, met him with his new pair of Peter Limmer boots, with which to "stomp down" Lion Head.

All the foregoing had been preparation, the idea all the while having been to try a run over all the A.M.C. huts sometime during the summer. What made his resolve jell was, as it so often is, a chance remark. Miriam Underhill presented Christopher to Joe Dodge at Pinkham Notch with the words, "Here, Joe, is the

man who is going to break the Hut System record!" Joe looked over the lad, all 5 feet 8 inches and 135 pounds of him, and in his voice was a good touch of skepticism as he replied, "Lots of people have tried that. It's harder than you think."

The Hut System run was made on August 14. It was designed to be no more than a test run from Pinkham Notch to Franconia Notch, and turned into the Real Thing half by accident. Before I describe it, I must digress a little.

Bert Malcolm has been for many years a close friend of all of us. We have been on many walks together, and it would never have occurred to any companion of his to think that here was the man who had, at fifty-one years of age, set up a record which has never been broken in twenty-two years, although attempts to break it have been made by several men ever so much younger. Bert went over the course twice, from Carter Notch Hut to Lonesome Lake. On the first occasion he made it in 22:03, using the shortest route except for an extra ascent to Mt. Washington summit (which Christopher did not include on his run). On his second attempt Bert added the summits of Wildcat plus Kittens, Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Clay, Washington and all the Southern Peaks (3 more miles and 3,000 more feet) and outdid the first record by 20 minutes, making it in 21:43 this time. Last year Bert and Christopher had some talks together and Bert encouraged the boy and promised all possible help and information because, as Bert said, "it is about time that my record got broken".

Originally, the 13th was picked, and our alarm clocks were set for 2 a.m., but black looked the summits and everybody went to bed again. The following night was cool, starry, moonless, and Chris had gone to bed at 7 p.m. the evening before. When we awoke, again at 2, he announced, "Change in strategy; let's go to Franconia and take it eastward". The inevitable steak was cooked, and my wife and I drove him through deserted roads to Lafayette Clearing. On the way I said, "Christopher, you might as well go up to Lonesome Lake, touch it, and come back, in case this should be Your Day". So he did. We wandered at first in the darkness, between sleeping campers, trying to find the trail, found an information poster with map, found the bridge at 3:40 and, armed with two flashlights in case one of them should fail, off he went. On the zigzag trail his flashing light was visible in the most confusing manner, while my wife and I waited. At 4:31 he was back again. He had found the cabin locked and everyone asleep, and had just pinned his signed note to the door: "Here at 4:12 a.m., Christopher Goetze". I accompanied him across the road, giving him golden words of good advice, none of which he heard, I am sure, and saw him vanish in the blackness of the Old Bridle Path.

It was now time to go home to Randolph and establish contact with young Bob Underhill, who had the most important single

job of the trip to do: to intercept the running lad at Edmands Col and cook him yet another steak, while also bringing him extra socks and a new, big 3-cell flashlight for the nocturnal descent into Madison Gulf, a spot where Chris anticipated trouble. So Bob waited at the Crawford House together with the anxious parents; the calculated moment of Chris's arrival was 12:35 p.m. With jaunty air he stepped down the stairs of the railroad bridge at 11:45, well ahead of schedule.

What he had done and thought during this first and hardest portion of his run he cannot himself describe. "The finest moment was to see the first rays of the sun touching the top of Mt. Washington, while I stood on the summit of Lafayette", he said. And added, "The Garfield Ridge Trail was a mess, but the boys at Galehead were awful nice, particularly the Blatchford boy, and on the run to Zealand I almost hit 4 miles an hour". But of the fears of not lasting through the endless miles, of the awe of seeing Mt. Washington so terribly far away and having to get there and beyond, he did not speak.

So far he had not rested at all, and 30 minutes, scantily measured, was all he would allow himself at this point. He was friendly enough, but very serious, very taut. New socks, a steak, a bunch of grapes, most of a quart of milk, and off again!

Bob Underhill was taken to the Jefferson Notch road, went by Caps Ridge to Edmands Col, and had time to spare in setting up the cooker. Other trampers watched the performance with amazement, as the ragged runner came, ate and left, this time in fine spirits. Most of the uphill work was done, the goal in sight. Now if only the knees would hold! In Madison Hut Jim O'Kane waved him on. "Doing 'em all this time, Chris?" And he had gained the precious daylight for Madison Gulf. Everything went smoothly except for a sudden, totally unprepared-for rise in the Great Gulf. "Lowe's Bald Spot! Drat it!" This nubble he will most likely long remember, with loathing (and the view is so good!). In Pinkham Notch we were waiting, the car full of good things, but our supply of steaks had run out, to his annoyance. Pork chops had to do, and he ate them while walking the highway, drank pineapple juice, but the legs never stopped moving at a pace none of us could maintain. We drove ahead of him, stopped and cheered him on.

At the Glen House, in the dusk, we left him for the last time, knowing that everything would come out fine. I asked him whether he wanted to spend the night at Carter Notch Hut, but he said no; he would walk out and come home. Our car was left for him at the Glen House, but we became anxious afterwards at letting him drive the 7 miles to Randolph all by himself. (Would he suddenly be seized by overpowering sleepiness? No, he is a sturdy lad.) He gave a last burst of speed, had a moment's difficulty finding Carter Notch Hut in the dark, woke up Jack Ste-

vens to have him verify the time at 8.53 p.m., and trotted back out through the dark. These are his times in detail (0:00 standing for his starting time of 4.12 a.m.):

PLACE	TIME (Hours)	TIME BET. HUTS	DISTANCE BET. HUTS	RATE (M.p.h.)
Lonesome Lake	0:00			
Franconia Notch	0:19			
Greenleaf Hut	1:17	1:17	4.33	3.38
Lafayette Summit	1:51			
Garfield Summit	2:50			
Galehead Hut	3:48	2:31	7.25	2.88
South Twin Summit	4:16			
Zealand Falls Hut	5:50	2:02	8.00	3.97
Crawford House, ar.	7:30	1:40	5.00	3.00
Crawford House, lv.	8:00			
Lakes of Clouds Hut	10:11	2:11	7.00	3.21
Edmands Col, ar.	11:35			
Edmands Col, lv.	11:48			
Madison Hut	12:29	2:18	7.33	3.19
Pinkham Notch	14:43	2:14	6.10	2.62
Glen House	15:33			
Carter Notch Hut	16:41	1:58	6.75	3.43
Franconia Notch to Crawford Notch		7:11	23.25	3.24
Crawford Notch to Pinkham Notch		6:43	20.43	3.04
Lonesome Lake to Carter Notch		16:41	51.76	3.10

(The total distance walked, including the ascent to Lonesome Lake Hut and the descent from Carter Notch Hut, was 56.5 miles.)

In these figures very good planning is visible. His speed for the last miles of the trip is no slower than for the early ones. To take the Crawford Path *upward* at 3.21 m.p.h. is amazing, and the rate of 2.62 m.p.h. from Madison Huts *down* to Pinkham Notch is really the only evidence that the long trek had taken its toll. His knees were beginning to hurt, so he sat for a minute on the headwall of Madison Gulf, his knees drawn up to his nose, and munched a few raisins. This, he said, relieved the pain. As to food, quite contrary to Bert Malcolm's method of carefully worked-out schedules, he was quite casual. Steak, raisins, pineapple juice were probably the most favored items, but when, where and how much, those things were dictated by chance and opportunity.

There was some publicity of this event and several voices were raised to ask, "Now, Christopher, are you going to try for Bert Malcolm's other record, too, and go over all the summits?" Indeed, he toyed with this idea for some time, but finally decided not to try it, at least not just yet. The reason was as much a psychological one as anything else. Beating the first record by better than 5 hours, although a grueling test, was spiritually a gay adventure, and his heart knew from the beginning that it would be possible. Now, on the other hand, there stood the figure of 16:41

set by himself and which, to satisfy ambition, he had to attack. Anything worse than about 17½ hours would leave a bad taste in his mouth. And this would make the second trip devoid of what little joy there is in it, and make it a frantic, bitter fight, eyes on the watch all the time.

Instead, Christopher now turned to the Mahoosucs as a fresh field of action. He had never been on them before, but here again was an old record of thirty-one years' standing, set by the famous Bob Monahan of Dartmouth, who in 1927 walked from Grafton Notch to Gorham in 10:27. Next to the Hut System, this is the greatest classical run of A.M.C. lore. Its 28.75 miles embody a total cumulative rise of 10,320 feet. It is a little hillier than the Hut System but, of course, only about half as long. Hanging up this new record took three trips and was also quite a little adventure. The first trip was called a "practice run", but not quite honestly. It is nice to be able to say to oneself, "It is just a tryout, to get to know the land and to have a few time data", but from a certain point on, one wants to be able to change his mind and mean business. The night of August 23-4 was cool and the sky clear. Breakfast in Randolph at 3 a.m. and a drive through thick fog to Grafton Notch, where it was still dark. A wait for the moment when the flashlight would become unnecessary. 5.40 a.m. and off! The steepest piece comes first: 2680 feet of rise in 1.51 miles to Old Speck summit. The A.M.C. guidebook allows 2½ hours; he took it in 46 minutes! He found two sleepy boys in the Speck Pond Shelter and surprised them, coming by without pack at quarter to seven in the morning. Everything went smoothly, summit after summit. The only "steak-station" available was Gentian Pond Shelter and it was arranged that we should meet him there. It is 16½ hours, guidebook time, so my guess was that he would do it in seven. We planned to be an hour early, and finally I ran ahead, arriving at 5:50 hrs. after his departure (i.e. 11.30 a.m.). At the shelter there were the remains of a can of chicken and a scribbled note: "Here at 5:30, left at 5:45. Sorry no steak. Please red-rag Gorham exit so I won't waste time finding trail. Coming in under 10:00 hrs." We had missed him by five minutes!

A quick re-calculation showed that the boy miscalculated and would arrive in all likelihood in about 8½ hours. The exit was hung with red rags and I set up a joyful vigil at the R.R. bridge over the Androscoggin at Gorham. But 8½ hours came and went, 9 hours also, and finally 10 hours and no signs of him. Joyful expectation changed to wonder, to worry, to the certainty of disaster. It was 10:30 after departure when he appeared—from the other side, by car, in the company of Bob Underhill and our entire "steak-crew"! Well, at least alive and well! But what had occurred?

Near Dream Lake it had suddenly happened: the trail ended in a lumbering area. Deep, mucky ruts everywhere, and no way to know where the trail should go. Dream Lake was before him, so he went on, went by mistake to the south side of the lake, found the A.M.C. map confusing; so took to bushwhacking for a full hour, saw the record slipping by, gained a trail, found the AT (Appalachian Trail) marker on it, thought that it was the Mahoosuc Range Trail—and came out in Shelburne!

A trip of investigation fixed this all up. Two days later, with calm eyes and without hurry, the matter looked simple. Dream Lake and the lumbering and the missed turn were all red-ragged, and Chris trotted through over the southern end of the range just to be sure.

And on August 28 he ran the course in earnest. The self-effacing Bob Underhill was ground-crew at the start (6 a.m. on the dot), also at Gentic Pond (5:20, ten minutes better than last time), but at the end even he could not predict Chris's final burst of speed, which brought him "clomp, clomp" over the R.R. bridge and down in 8:06½ hours. Bob, plus witness, came ½ minute too late and signed the attest at 8:07. Chris looked haggard but happy. He sat down in the car and finished a whole quart of soda-pop. He had run down from Mt. Hayes at a full gallop, attaining 6.5 m.p.h. for the home stretch. This is the score-sheet in detail (Time I, August 24; Time II, August 28):

PLACE	DIST. (Miles)	ASCENT (Feet)	TIME I (Hours)	TIME II (Hours)	RATE II (M.p.h.)
Grafton Notch	0.00	—	0:00	0:00	
Old Speck	1.51	2680	0:46	0:42	2.15
Speck Pond	2.75	200	1:10	1:04	3.38
Mahoosuc Arm	3.65	380	1:25	1:19	3.60
Mah. Notch, foot	5.15	—	1:48	1:41	4.09
Mah. Notch, top	6.10	300	2:15	2:07	2.19
Fulling Mill	7.12	960	2:35	2:30	2.66
Full Goose Sh.	7.63	—	2:45	2:39	3.40
Goose Eye, N.	8.75	750	3:03	3:00	3.20
Goose Eye, E.	9.75	440	3:23	3:20	3.00
Goose Eye, W.	10.25	180	3:30	3:27	4.29
Mt. Carlo	11.55	480	3:57	3:53	3.00
Carlo Col	11.95	—	4:03	3:58	4.80
Success Tr.	13.82	580	4:34	4:27	3.87
Mt. Success	14.45	420	4:45	4:39	3.15
Gentic Pond, ar.	17.35	500	5:30	5:20	4.24
Gentic Pond, lv.			5:45	5:30	
Dream Lake	19.50	620	6:27	6:04	3.79
Wocket Ledge	20.60	300		6:20	4.13
Page Pond	21.35	40		6:31	4.09
Cascade Mt.	23.52	800		7:08	3.52
Mt. Hayes	25.61	670		7:38	4.18
Gorham	28.75	20		8:06½	6.50

(The ascents are the totals of all the intermediate ascents, with the descents disregarded.)

For lovers of figures there is interest in comparing the times of the two runs. They are in close parallel; over the three peaks of Goose-Eye, for instance, he held on tenaciously to a lead of 3 minutes. The differences in m.p.h. reflect the ups and downs of the terrain, the rocks in Mahoosuc Notch (2.19 m.p.h.), a certain weariness up Fulling Mill Mountain (2.66 m.p.h.) but, in the last five figures, the good effects of the Gentic Pond steak.

Christopher himself found the second run much more of an ordeal than the first. He had not had enough sleep the night before, the day was warmer, there had been no rain, and possibly also the climb of Old Speck in 0:42 was foolhardy. He suffered from thirst, chewing Oxalis leaves at times, and once, in desperation, took up a clump of wet moss and squeezed its water into his mouth.

Enough running for one summer, certainly. Two great records broken, and by percentage margins of 23% for the Hut System and 22% for the Mahoosucs. How much of all this was natural endowment and good luck, and how much was the result of training and organization? Certainly Bert Malcolm trained himself methodically over long periods of time and went at it more scientifically. Still, some observations of Chris's may have value for others. (1) One needs at least three nights of early bedtime (8 p.m.) to be rested, and the same amount to recover from a run. (2) One is never cold on such a run; shorts and T-shirt are really enough (the morning temperature was as low as 44° F.). (3) Nothing to say about food, beyond what has been mentioned. Medical men should be consulted. (4) On the run itself the trick is to hold your speed so well under control that you feel at any moment "as good as when you started". (5) *Walk*, don't run, except for the last, reckless endspurt and on smooth, gentle downward slopes. (6) Don't climb in huge steps, yanking your body up over steep pitches, but keep in even motion. (7) Also, don't jump down steep inclines, landing with a thump on both feet. This costs knees.

Bert Malcolm tells us that he felt gay as a lark during his run, singing on the way, and joking with the boys at every hut. Christopher did not sing, or rest more than an occasional minute. The Hut System route, in particular, was a grim business which one does not repeat for fun.

But whoever is warmed by the inner fires of ambition looks back on the long hours of concentrated effort with joy—or, at least, with pride.