

My wife sent off a donation to the outing club, and it occurred to me that you folks might be interested in what the club was like 50 years ago when we were in it..

When I transferred to UVM in the fall of '51, the Outing Club was the only organization I joined. It sounded like a great way to get away from studying on weekends! The club had a cabin about halfway up Mt. Mansfield on the West side then, and the first overnight I remember was there, on a work hike to clear the ski trail that came down that side of the mountain. We had a chaperone, of course, and there was a major problem because one of the girls had forgotten to sign out! (She still forgets things...)

We used member's cars to get to the hikes, and this was a problem, so over Christmas a couple of folks bought a '38 Packard hearse, which one of our faculty chaperones suggested we have a naming contest for, "you know, something good like Brunnhilde, who carried the warriors off to Valhalla." Of course, nobody came up with anything nearly as good, so she got her name and the O.C. seal painted on both side doors, and a couple of Scotchlite crosses on the back door, with a plate over the license plate that read "HABEMUS CORPUS". She disgraced herself once by locking up her transmission in front of the house where two of us were living with Prof. (and later UVM Pres,) Lyman Rowell and his wife and elderly mother. They got a lot of phone calls while I took the transmission out, got the Packard place to fix it, and put it in again!

That winter we heard about a cabin on Bolton Mt. that we could use. It was one of three put in by a Mr. Bryant along with cleared ski trails on the mountain. Four of us decided to find it, so on winter break we drove B. up the logging road as far as we could, and skied in to the lowest of the cabins, (about where the O.C. cabin is) where we were snowed in for a day or two, but we finally made it to the upper cabin, and found several trails and a nice open slope to ski on. Deep powder when Stowe was boilerplate! (That cabin is now a warming hut on the Bolton XC ski trails.) It was extremely popular with the club, although infested with porkies! Eventually there were complaints that "we always went to Upper Bryant's"

There was considerable interest in the spring of '52 in going to the IOCA Camporee at Chimney Pond Campground on Mt Kahtadin in Maine the week before school started in the fall, but by the end of summer only three of us actually went, along with B., of course. The brochure said shelters were available, but when we got there we drew a WW1 shelter tent half that was just big enough to put the packs in! It didn't rain all week! The hike to the summit, and around the Knife Edge, still is memorable!

Some of us have kept in touch, and plan to get together at our 50<sup>th</sup> reunion next spring. Lindy and Dot and I are still cycling, Ginny has been a fire tower lookout on Stark Mountain in Montana for many years. We seem to keep active!

Feel free to publish this! I'd be interested in similar accounts from other years...

*Rich Burns '53*



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