

76 Marlboro' St. Boston

Aug 28, 1917.

Dear Mother,

Here I am back in Boston
or rather in Ipswich, coming to
Boston daily. I was glad to hear
you enjoyed my letter written on
the Long Trail & know you will be
interested in a brief account of the
remainder of the trip.

We left the trail at our camp
in the Aam - to at Ayres Pond &
stuck out for the road along which
we tramped through Chatterden. I
spent the night in a bare & hospitable
interlained by a farmer who had at first
taken us for tramps & would have
none of us. The next day we reached
the Bread Loaf Inn where we jogged &

were off early the next morning reaching
So Lincoln by lovely back roads -
ascending Abraham Peak of Lincoln
but as far as Butte Lodge, we
descended Log Cabin - two entirely
descended for there were two porcupines
inside - one of which we had ^{to the house}
for breakfast. We preferred our tent
The view of the Adirondacks was
fine & we were rejoiced to hear
the note of Chickadee's Thrush.
The next day we went to the top
of Mt Abraham 4000 ft - & enjoyed
the views & then on by the "Mammoth
Sky-line trail" reaching Glen Ellen
where we camped. The next day
after much climbing up & down
we reached a lovely spot called
Birch Glen where there was a

2 fine both black & red spruce
much stunted, growing together. It
was the first black spruce we had
seen on our trip.

The storm cleared and at 3
in the afternoon we started down
the trail practically a mountain
broke down a steep glacial
cirque into Smuggler's Notch
A wonderful ravine through
which we walked northward
till we came to a lumber
mill - Huns' mill. Here
we were taken in & were
well fed with the crew of
lumber men & spent the
night, walking the next morning

Some 6 miles to Jeffersonville
where we took the train at 9.30
for home by way of Essex Junction
& White River Junction, arriving
in Spowden some after 9 p.m.

It was a great trip &
we all thoroughly enjoyed it

"Then slowly up that hill there stood
Three travellers drenched in sweat
And on their backs a mighty load
Beds, tent and grub, you bet!"

They journeyed East they journeyed West
~~And~~ South but mostly north,
The birdie dear it was their quest
But bees & flowers they sought
(And porcupines they caught)
And bread & cheese they bought

In Day 87 different kinds
of birds.

By-the-way if you or your
brother have, as I believe, to do with
arrangements for the A. O. U. meeting
in Cambridge, I have some
lantern slides to show after
the dinner & at the smoker
photographs of "old mythological
plates" with readings from the text.
I have been getting these ready
for some time.

I had a pleasant week
at Spowden with the children
to complete my four weeks vacation

including a Canoe trip down
the Spruce River 18 of us in
5 Canoes from Hoes Landing
in Sawyers, and a
night in the dunes -

We are all well. Peggy
has gone to the Adirondacks
& the Putnam Camp for two
weeks.

Yours
Charles W. Townsend.

Good Lean-to & by going down
the mountain a mile we came to
a farm house where we restocked
our depleted Canteen. The following
day we reached Mountclair Glen
near the foot of Camel's Hump &
Camped. Rain, wind & mosquitoes
tormented about us in the night
but the tent stood firm.

The next day we reached the
Camel's Hump Club - a group of
three metal huts just under the
peak, well stocked with all that
heart could wish & we helped
ourselves to canned beans &c &
as directed by a notice pinned for
them afterwards as there was no
one there to receive the money.
Most of that day it rained & blew

and the mist was so thick we could
see nothing. The next morning, Thursday
Aug 16 we looked down from the peak
into a sun lit sea of clouds with
momentary glimpses of country below.
We continued along the trail to Bolton
the same day. As we had to return
to Boston Saturday we took the train to
Waltham & Electric car to Stone where
we spent Thursday night in the Green
Inn House. Friday morning we reached
the Mt Mansfield by auto &
tramped to the top in four hours. We
ate our dinner on the cliff &
were suddenly enveloped in thick
mist with thunder & lightning.
After losing our way we found the
path & got back a mile & a half
to the summit house just as rain
& hail began to fall. The arctic
vegetation of Mt Mansfield is as far
more ^{than} most interesting & I was glad



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