

VIEW POINTS

SAVORING
THE SCENERY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
LINKED RING PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN KENNEDY / LINKED RING PHOTOGRAPHY

THE SAME YEAR Edison patented his phonograph, Billy the Kid rose to fame and the Statue of Liberty's head was unveiled at the Paris Exposition, Charles Dudley Warner published *In the Wilderness*, a book about his Adirondack adventures. Chapter five, "A Character Study," profiled Orson "Old Mountain" Phelps, a quirky but respected guide who presided over Keene Valley.

Warner described a Phelps-led outing that required the group of men in his charge to camp on Upper Ausable Pond in the Adirondacks' High Peaks. The men were about to build an overnight shelter on the south side, wrote Warner, "so that we could have in full view the Gothics and that loveliest of mountain contours. To our surprise, Old Phelps, whose sentimental weakness for these mountains we knew, opposed this. His favourite camping-ground was on the north side,—a pretty site in itself, but with no special view. In order to enjoy the lovely mountains,





PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN KENNEDY / LINKED RING PHOTOGRAPHY



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICOLE TRUAX / LINKED RING PHOTOGRAPHY

Designated camping area, Long Pond, St. Regis Canoe Area.

we should be obliged to row out into the lake: we wanted them always before our eyes,—at sunrise and sunset, and in the blaze of noon. With deliberate speech, as if weighing our arguments and disposing of them, he replied, "Waal, now, them Gothics ain't the kinder scenery you want ter hog down!"

Imagine that, to so love and respect a rise of rock that you'd ration your views the same way you'd savor your favorite chocolate bar.

These days most of us approach the Adirondacks' spectacular scenery the way Warner and his crew did—we do what we can to frame that beauty in real time, to slug and swallow it as completely and as often as possible. After all, few of us live as Phelps did, at the foot of lofty peaks, with rivers and springs bubbling past.

Here's to Adirondack sights for sore, appreciative eyes. Phelps would likely forgive us. —*Annika Stoltie*