## The Boston Globe

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## A wilderness shared

Joe Dodge was a legendary out-doorsman in the days before ski lifts, aluminum back packs, and feather-weight sleeping bags made mountain travel a gut cinch for even the city slicker. But the man who died Sunday at the age of 74 was responsible in his own way, for getting the city dweller out of the metropolis and into the mountains.

As manager of the Appalachian Mountain Club headquarters in Pinkham Notch at the foot of Mount Washington, Mr. Dodge believed in sharing the lore of the great outdoors. And while today's environmentalists tend to believe that people only pollute the wilderness, Joe Dodge believed the wilderness was stronger than man and could convert him into a nature lover with respect for the wind and deep affection for its wailing song in the high pines.

During his tenure as "the mayor of Porky Gulch," Joe Dodge led hundreds of would-be outdoorsmen up the Fire Trail into Tuckerman

Ravine, and watched them puff their way up the Headwall to ski in winter or to climb in Huntington Ravine in the fall. And he brought some of them out on stretchers fashioned from packboards and rope because Mount Washington, which still has no lifts or tows, can be more than a match for man.

But during those years, from 1927 to 1959, Joe Dodge helped to expand and build the system of huts that stretches some 30 miles from the Old Man of the Mountains to Carter Notch back of Wildcat. Here travellers could find shelter and bedding, a simple meal, and an evening around a fire tended by one of Joe Dodge's cadre of hutmen — a group of young people who themselves became legends and models of inspiration to a generation that today is richer and stronger because a tradition laid down by that blunt and powerful man was shared and passed on carrying with it a love of the outdoors in these times of urban

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