

WONALANCET OUT DOOR CLUB

Newsletter



April 2010

Caring for the Sandwich Range since 1892

True Confessions of a Nature Photographer Andrew Thompson

I probably have the best job in the world—photographing the wild things that roam the pristine natural setting of the Sandwich Range in New Hampshire. Granted, I would be doing this anyway as a hobby, but people actually give me money sometimes!

Reflecting on what brought me to this stage of good fortune (not a fortune in the literal sense, I'm afraid), I see that it certainly has been a journey. It began about 20 years ago as the result of a conscious life-style adjustment. My education, background, and previous jobs were in human services, but I had reached that proverbial point where I began to question the overall day to day satisfaction from the effort. As many have

come to realize in their own “moments of quiet desperation”, avoidance can be a very powerful motivator for change. So, I made that not uncommon decision to find something that I could earn an income at that more clearly fit the inner workings of my nature. As Joseph Campbell had advised then, I wanted to “follow my bliss”. Intuitively, I knew I'd have to approach this goal not only in terms of

what I should discard, but what I needed to incorporate more of in my life. I concluded that these were: 1.) More time to wander about in these beautiful surroundings, 2.) More personal freedom and control of my own destiny regarding work—in effect being self-employed, and 3.) The ability to work from home so I would not have to thrust myself out into the commuting main-stream every day.



I recalled the enjoyment I felt taking pictures as far back as age 9 when I got a plastic 126 format camera for Christmas. I remembered the great anticipation I felt during those early attempts when I sent my film off to be developed—and just as vividly the frustration and disappointment that usually followed when the prints came! For some reason, whatever it was that had seemed so worthy of capturing at the moment never appeared quite the same on the print. But I think what made photography so fascinating and appealing to me was its potential to render a personal visual experience tangible and real for others to see and enjoy. Could this be the perfect job?

Several fairly significant obstacles stood in the way. I had no formal training in photography or the visual arts, no proper equipment, and most critically—no marketable images. Fortunately, there were many excellent photo how-to magazines available to subscribe to. Various equipment choices were always a common topic, and since

this predated the so called digital revolution, a 35mm SLR (single lens reflex) was the obvious choice. I had determined early on that wildlife was what I primarily wanted to photograph, so this meant that I also had to include a telephoto lens in the vicinity of at least 400mm (8X magnification). As I read articles, experimented with my new equipment, and made every mistake possible, I eventually began to understand how to operate the tools of camera, lens and film together in

harmony. What a breakthrough to realize that a camera was not a magic box! It cannot record every scene the way our eyes and brain perceive it. For example, film emulsions have fixed chemical limitations that restrict their ability to deal with extreme ranges of shadows and highlights. This means that a good deal of consideration must be given to how you choose to meter a scene. You are always forced to choose which elements in the frame to emphasize to the detriment of others. Then there is that perennially persistent problem of correctly applying the relationship between shutter speed and lens aperture. To achieve the best depth of field that conveys the experience while maintaining the subject unblurred by motion is again dictated by compromise. Sure it would be nice to get that bright red cardinal's tail feathers within the same plane of acceptable sharpness as its eyes, but shooting at f 11 with 100 ASA film with a 400mm lens would mean a shutter speed of 1/30 of a second in most lighting conditions. After 20 years of experience, I now know that 1/30 of a second would be far too slow to freeze a jittery bird that always appears nervously self-conscious about its obvious lack of concealment plumage. In this dilemma it is usually advisable that the eyes take precedence as the focus point. Digital equipment with sensors 5 or 6 times more light-sensitive than film can overcome many of these limitations to some degree, but the principles are the same, and there are always margins that you must operate within.

The transition from an expensive hobby to an income-generating occupation was incremental. In the



beginning, I was so determined to succeed that I would walk any distance, wade into any marsh, or wait any length of time in any weather (and in any swarm of biting insects) if I thought I might get a good shot of something. Fortunately before my body wore out, I discovered how to improve my overall chances of locating and photographing reclusive subjects like owls and moose. It involved employing tracking skills, utilizing gained knowledge of what specific species might be doing, and where and when they might be doing it. And probably the single most important item I discovered for obtaining a higher percentage of good images—a portable camouflaged blind. Being smarter ultimately resulted in many better photos that were easier to obtain. I was beginning to spend less time wandering around just hoping to get lucky and more time settled and waiting in potentially productive locations.

Set up in the right place, a blind allows the user the ability to get really close to all those wild things that instinctively fear humans. I've often wondered why I couldn't just walk up to wood ducks, paddle my kayak close to a loon, or approach a moose within a respectful distance. I never intend any harm, but inevitably whatever bird or mammal I approach reacts as though terrified for its life. The historical necessity to hunt for meat, or in more recent times, the misguided collective practice of eliminating many species deliberately has perhaps created a kind of estrangement from the animal kingdom. Today, it appears as though many people are absolutely thrilled and delighted to see a wild animal

living naturally among them. Needless to say, this is a very fortunate turn of events for a wildlife photographer. The blind does provide a remarkable advantage for seeing all types of wildlife engaged in everyday behaviors. When set up on the shore of a backcountry frog pond in early spring, for example, wood ducks, great blue herons, belted kingfishers, river otters, or even red-tailed hawks can all be observed as though the viewer were invisible. The universal attraction in this case is food. When the wood frogs begin to stir and rise to the surface for a chorus of mate calling (the *other* universal attraction in this case being

sex), and the volume of their croaking begins to carry off into the distant woods, it is as though the dinner bell were ringing. All I have to do is to remain quiet and still in my concealed little hut and watch it unfold. The key is to sneak into it early before any eyes notice me. Human scent is never a problem with birds, but definitely can be with extremely shy mammals such as coyote, moose and deer. However, I once was able to photograph a bobcat for over a week while it hunted squirrels in my yard during a particularly harsh winter several years ago. It knew something was inside the blind because it would stop and look over towards me each time the shutter clicked on my camera. Usually known as a particularly difficult animal to see in the wild, it appeared so preoccupied with the necessity to survive that it was willing to accept any potential risk in this case. Each morning though, I would see fresh bobcat tracks inside the blind. Apparently it was so curious that it would wait until nightfall, crawl underneath to enter, and sniff around to investigate the situation when I was not there.



If the planets are aligned and the light favorable, I just might get a good image of something. What is a good image exactly? Simply put, I would describe it as a story with interesting light. A *great* image would be a story that has never been told quite that way

before, but again with interesting light. With this in mind, I try to pre-visualize the composition I hope to create, and work to shape it as much as possible. Landscape photographers have their own ways of sculpturing the story they wish to tell. For example, they

may feature a distinct foreground subject in ironic juxtaposition with a contrasting background subject, or perhaps compressing distance with the right telephoto lens using the “golden rule of thirds”, all the while trying to avoid the cliché trap. The so called “golden rule” is a commonly applied technique utilized by artists of all mediums because it has a tendency to impart a sense of natural balance or equilibrium within the scene. The most typical example is a landscape portrait with sky on top, mountains in the middle, and foreground vegetation at the bottom with each occupying approximately a third of the horizontal space. The scene often benefits by dividing the vertical space into thirds as well. But always the light must be the unique and illuminating element of the composition, I feel. A good story with flat light may well result in a mediocre image, while a mediocre story with extraordinary light might well be exceptional in its overall effect.

My primary aim when photographing wildlife usually is to feature as many unique physical details of the animal as possible. This includes trying to anticipate a moment when it looks toward the camera to get that direct eye contact toward the viewer. Strong frontal lighting usually helps to catch the right light in the eyes. Hopefully, what will then happen in that same fraction of a moment is that it will move or position itself in a flattering way. As a bonus, it’s always a good thing when elements of the existing weather or surrounding environment are exposed within the frame in a compositionally pleasing way. You can understand why a quick grab shot of a fleeing animal almost never results in a perfect outcome. The ability to spend a length of time in the presence of the animal is essential, and this is why the distraction of feeding usually gives a photographer his best opportunity to get that special image.

Sitting alone in a 4 X 4 foot space for hours at a time in the woods may not be for everyone, not to mention the effort of bushwhacking equipment into a remote location. For me, it has turned into a kind of acquired enjoyment that has had the long term effect of cultivating a deep appreciation for the land and life forms of this region. Between moments of action, I just sit there listening to the sounds of the insects, birds and wind. I’m able to assure you that the benefits of contemplating one’s own connection to the soil, air and

light on an ancient five billion year-old planet can do wonders for personal renewal and one's overall sense of well-being.

At this point in my photographic journey, I've come to clarify for myself just what I enjoy photographing the most and how I hope to photograph it. Not to get too anthropomorphic, but to be in the presence of a large wild animal, close enough to hear it breathe, and then have it look straight at you, eye to eye, has to be one of the most sublime experiences for a nature lover. There is that momentary realization that we are similar in a very fundamental way. Of course, I like making pretty pictures that sell, but I also hope to convey a larger message with my images. If I can help people feel that connection between themselves and the wild things out there that we usually catch only momentary glimpses of, then maybe more places like Wonalancet will remain in a natural state. Essential habitats everywhere are under unrelenting disruption by a whole host of human-caused troubles, mostly from our own unawareness of the consequences. It seems to me that if we are ever going to be able to reach a point in our evolution where we can delight in the existence of something just for its own sake instead of how it may benefit us, then we will have to develop a personal relationship with it on some emotional level. Engaging people's interest in our local fauna either for cuteness, charm or majesty certainly can't hurt.

Andrew Thompson

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Editor's Note: like all the most interesting articles, this one made me want to know more about the subject. Andrew was kind enough to answer my questions about his techniques at length -- the length being great enough to make it impossible to publish here. However, for those of you interested in learning more of Andrew's professional secrets, our question and answer session is posted on the WODC website, along with this newsletter.

Tales From the Trails: the Lost and Found Issue

This is a new feature, but one we intend to keep -- at least as long as you keep sending in tales. Each issue will have a different topic, although we plan to have an occasional "Trail Mix", when you can send in all those pent up tales that didn't quite fit any topic. The topic for the next issue will be "Animals on the Trail" in honor of Andy Thompson.

"The Night I Burned Old Shag Camp" was our very first submission and the only one where the trail lost something -- not the hiker, We hope it's the last. . .

Many moons ago, as you might guess from the title, I was hiking with a bunch of friends in the Sandwich Range. We were a rag-tag bunch of poorly funded young people from the Boston area, full of enthusiasm, not well equipped with gear, nor backwoods savvy. My pals were slow walkers, about 80% smokers, and with a penchant for long and leisurely breaks. It was the '80s, but I was still using my '72 AMC White Mt. Guide; light and pocket size. I saw little reason to update. Old Shag was listed as a 3-side log shelter, perfect for a night with expected snowfall -- a must make goal for the day.

The Bee-Line trail, as some of you may know, has a brutal ascent from the Bolles trail in the valley up the side of Mt. Paugus, over 1700 feet in 1.5 miles. It proved to be quite an ass kicker to the group. It was taking much longer than anticipated to walk the "short distance" from Chocorua to Paugus. With a late start and frequent breaks we were running out of daylight, and I was getting nervous about making the next camp. Making camp for 3 tents and 6 people, off trail on the steep shoulder of Paugus did not seem like a good option.

I was nearing the Old Shag location, and searching frantically for a cabin, but even right on the spot where I thought it should be, I couldn't find it. I was sure that it must be very close, I just couldn't see it, and visibility was fading fast. I did find a suitable clearing, and a nice pile of firewood stacked nearby. From the tenting viewpoint, I could not have found a better spot. Still, I was frustrated that I couldn't find the shelter, imagining that in the morning we would open our tent doors, see the cabin just a stone's throw away and, kick ourselves for tenting so close.

We set up camp in the dark. Everyone marveled at the nice spot, well supplied with firewood. We kindled a fire, and as we placed the logs on the fire we saw that they had initials carved in them, nails and a bit of paint. We were burning Old Shag Camp! At least it was keeping us warm on a cold November evening. That night about an inch of new snow fell; Old Shag Camp warmed us again in the morning and cooked our breakfast.

Tom Holtey

This story includes a useful website for lost and found listings. . .

We have lost and found many articles on the trails over the years and the restoring of each to its owner has been a rewarding exercise reflecting the kindness and gratitude of

strangers. The internet enabled the unlikely of returns, namely the Black Diamond trekking pole found while descending from Mt. Liberty last November. Crossing the larger brook (with some difficulty), Mike spotted a pole that had evidently washed down the cascades and was caught in the water in a tangle of branches sixty feet from the trail. He retrieved it, mostly for the sport, finding it to be beaten-up but functional. We discussed leaving it at the trail head but, thinking its owner had probably long since given up on it, I threw it in the trunk.

A well-designed website had recently been created for New England trail conditions, with space for lost-and-found items: <http://www.newenglandtrailconditions.com/>. Entering the trail conditions into the site, I remembered the pole and, thinking it a fool's errand, included it in the posting. About a week later, I received an email from a Pam who'd dropped it the previous winter during a harrowing attempt to cross the swollen torrent, and then had given up on both the hike and the pole. It had been languishing in the brook for almost a year! She had replaced the pair but still missed using her originals. I called Pam a couple of weeks later on my drive to a hike in her vicinity. I never got to meet Pam, who picked up the pole from its agreed-upon hiding spot while we were hiking, but she emailed thanking me and expressing her joy in having it back. We agreed that the best thing about all this was the story.

Rick Barrie

And now, the reverse -- having a lost item returned. . .

Nellie, the 150 pound Newfie, and I headed up Mt Katherine on a gorgeous January day after another foot of snow had fallen. I was on snowshoes, and Nellie had her own (built in to her huge paws). After passing the Tilton Spring, I became very warm and vigorously pulled off my mittens, unaware that my watch had flown off at the same time. When we got to the top of Mt. K, and I went to look at my watch, it was gone. I failed to find it on the way down -- snowshoe tracks and heavy paws impeded the effort. I returned probably two dozen times over the ensuing months, and finally left a note on a tree trunk, asking if anyone found it to call me or return it to my mailbox. Neighbors and friends continued to look for it after the snow melted this spring, but not a sign of it. Then, lo and behold, on June 1st, I found it in my mailbox with a little note, "Hope this watch has found its way home". Happy Days! No name, no phone number -- just another kind and watchful hiker. Dear Samaritan, if you read this, thank you!

Nancy Stearns

Our past editor has a way with words and no false pride. . .

My biggest finds have been, on two separate occasions, a PUR Hiker II water filter (near-new condition) and an exquisite nesting set of stainless steel pots and pan with copper-clad bottoms. I had never used a water filter before so I brought it along on my next few trips. I had never gotten Giardia before using a filter and I didn't get Giardia while using the filter. In other words, using the filter didn't

seem to make any difference so now it's buried under ten years of detritus on the bedroom floor. The cooking set was much better than anything I had in my kitchen so that's where I use it.

When I was an energetic, young buck hiking the AT in '81, chronically hungry and always broke, I made my best finds while dumpster diving. Anyone who read Bryson's "A Walk in the Woods" -- the only honest AT memoir ever written -- knows about the pack jettisoning syndrome that afflicts inexperienced hikers during the first hundred miles or so. I ate very well through Georgia and North Carolina. I also became very adept at foiling bear-proof dumpsters. My red letter day was at Abol Bridge campground in Baxter State Park: half a package of breakfast sausage, a half-dozen donuts, and a huge mass of already cooked spaghetti and meatballs. Mmmm, a complete, well balanced meal!

Chris Conrod

*One can find more than poles and watches and food on the trail. We were happy to break our otherwise iron-clad word limit for this ex-Trail Crew member who wrote **Finding Love on the Trail**. . .*

It was the summer of 1999; I had just dragged my weary body off a five-day bus ride from Utah ready for an exciting summer of trail building for the WODC. Never having traveled east of the Mississippi before, I was full of excitement and had no idea what to expect of this place called New Hampshire. I will never forget my first impressions of Wonalancet; driving to my new home in Peter Smart and Judith Reardon's car, the alpine glow of the Sandwich Range, an idyllic backdrop for a summer that changed my life completely. As we neared the house we passed a misty field dotted with the miraculous glow of hundreds of fireflies, the first I had ever experienced in my life, I believe this to be the exact moment that I fell in love with New Hampshire.

A month later I found myself deeply involved in nature with a fascination for the trail and the mountains I was living in and toiling on five days a week. On my day off I decided to climb Mt. Chocorua to take in the unrivaled panoramic views of the mountains I now called my home. As I sat on top of this majestic mountain I started to wax a little homesick, if only I had someone I could talk with, someone who shared my love for wild spaces. Not ten minutes later a young man with a bushy beard and slightly disheveled hair came hiking over the summit wearing a large backpack. I started to listen to the conversation he struck up with two elderly gentlemen who had climbed Chocorua together that very weekend for more than twenty consecutive years. They were discussing the landscape and this young man was a true expert- he could name every peak, lake, slide and gully. I knew in that moment that he was the real thing, someone who loved the mountains to his very core. Despite my awkward nature I decided to be brave and I went over and we struck up a conversation. We talked for over two hours; until I realized that I had to rush down to catch my ride. He was on the beginning of a five day Sandwich Range Traverse. I was living at the other end of the range. As I ran down the mountain I quickly regretted not giving this interesting man my phone number; the only thing I had told him was my first name and that I was working on a trail crew for the WODC.

After I left, the two elderly gentlemen, who obviously had noticed how much we had hit it off, encouraged Todd to chase me down so that he could get my phone number. With his large backpack and a late start, (and my strong trail building muscles) he wasn't able to catch me. Later that night I remember that I called my mother and told her half joking that I had met a man that I could marry that day. Todd is the most determined man I have ever met. After I left he decided he would simply walk to where I lived. That day he hiked the entire Sandwich Range completing his backpack trip in one day. He realized that if he showed up on my doorstep that night I would most definitely freak out and think him some sort of crazy stalker, so his backup plan was to set up camp in the woods behind the house and wait until morning. The next morning my crewmates ran upstairs and told me that a strange man had left a note for me on the porch. I, of course, had told them of my dreamy encounter the day before and thought they were teasing me- but they produced the note- a very nonchalant letter where Todd claimed, "I was just in the neighborhood and wondered if you would like to go on a hike together sometime". We all realized rather quickly that he must have walked the entire mountain range to get to the house. My crew mates told me the kind thing to do would be to go find him. After all he was on foot how far away could he be? I went for a trail run (with his note in my hand) and after an hour of sweaty running finally found him sitting on the bridge near my house looking at a map trying to figure out how to walk home to Moultonborough, since his ride wasn't coming for four more days. When I saw him on the bridge I realized that I looked ridiculous running through the woods with a letter from a man I hardly knew clutched in my hand. I decided a joke was in order to cover my embarrassment. Trying to be ironic due to the fact that I was literally running after him, I ran up to Todd and said "have you seen a guy named Todd around here"? He looked utterly crestfallen and I quickly realized he thought that I did not recognize him. He said, "I'm Todd", at which point I was so embarrassed that I made small talk, promised to call him, and ran away. Interestingly, the saga continued, I tried to call Todd but did not, for some reason have the correct number for the house he was staying at. I then tried sending him a letter that was sent back to me because the house didn't have mail service. Another month passed without us seeing each other. All the while Todd was sticking around, hiking and waiting to hear from me. He decided that he wanted to spend the rest of the summer walking to Acadia but the night before he left he came by the crew house and dropped off another letter for me. I got out of the woods that evening, called him immediately, and we went hiking the next day. He never did walk to Maine. He became an addition to our trail crew for the rest of the summer. As the summer came to a close our hearts were breaking. I was heading to college in Utah and he to law school in Philadelphia -- who knew if we would make it? Four years later Todd asked me to marry him on the summit of Chocorua on a beautiful August day not unlike the day we had met there. Since then we have relocated to Maine, still in love and on the trail.

Olivia Griset

TRAILS REPORT & OUTREACH

As I write this Trails Report in February the snow cover looks more like April. Perhaps we'll get a jump on trailwork before the black flies show up to supervise. They've been known to bite when they see improperly cleaned water bars. Of course, Fred does that too. In any event we have four Saturdays of volunteer trailwork scheduled for this season: **May 22, Spring Trails Day; June 5, National Trails Day; July 17, NH Trails Day; and Sept 25, National Public Lands Day.** On each of these Saturdays we'll meet at Ferncroft at 8:30AM. Bring water, food, gloves, and clothing appropriate for the weather. Most of all, be prepared to spend a day outdoors deriving satisfaction from a job well done.

This summer we are going to put more emphasis on our volunteer trail work. The rains of last summer clogged up the water bars and we had an inordinately high number of blowdowns reported throughout the summer. We hope to catch up on all that maintenance in 2010.

Jed Talbot and his crew from *Off The Beaten Path* will return for another summer of rock steps on Blueberry Ledge Trail. This year's work is sponsored by a Forest Service Grant under the Stimulus program. Last season's work is open for inspection, it begins about 10 minutes above the Ledges and is quite impressive.

In between water bars and rock work there will also be opportunities for Wilderness Stewardship. We'll again be recruiting volunteers to perform Wilderness Monitoring stints. Volunteers monitor hiker traffic for four hours at specific locations. This information is part of the Sandwich Range's Wilderness Management Plan. If you have any questions or are interested in these opportunities contact Fred at 603-284-6919, or Jack (see below).

Jack Waldron, Trails Chair

Many of you are probably wondering how to fill those lonesome Saturdays when there's no trail work. Happily, WODC will host two Outreach Days at the Ferncroft Parking Lot this year. Outreach consists of setting up a tarp and table beside the kiosk and chatting with the passing hikers. We accomplish a number of objectives: 1) we provide advice to and enjoy the camaraderie of passing hikers, 2) we raise awareness of WODC and the trail work we perform, 3) we sell WODC merchandise, 4) we drink all the cider and eat all the trail snack that we're supposed to offer hikers, and 5) we have a great time talking with hikers about the trails and environment we love. Stints under the tarp are typically in two hour blocks. This year we are hosting **Outreach Days** on two Saturdays: **Sept 4th and October 9th.** If you are curious about what happens on Outreach Days or want to sign up for a stint, contact Jack Waldron at either jkw@jackw.mv.com or 603-323-8913. (*Editor's Note: It's fun!*)

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<i>All prices include shipping</i>		TOTAL:	



Editor's Ramble

It's a blow, losing our ten year editor, Chris Conrad. . .no . . . I think it's Konrod . . .whoops! Conrod! Got it! Anyway, whatever his name is, Chris was not only a terrific editor but, since he's equally comfortable with writing, photography and layout, it was generous of him to let the rest of us contribute to a publication that in more egocentric hands would have been a one-man show -- and a good one. Plus, he's funny. Those of you who missed his newsletter satire, announcing (among other things) a WODC outing to Cerro Aconcaqua (meeting at Ferncroft at 5 am sharp on Friday, driving to Argentina, and returning by Monday morning, with twenty minutes at the far end to climb the mountain), are to be pitied. Chris is also very *very* persuasive. Believe me, if he weren't, I wouldn't be doing this now. But, since my arm was so cleverly twisted, and I'm in the editor's seat for a while, I plan to have fun with it, and I hope you will too. I've instituted the "Tales from the Trails" department to take advantage of your talents and your experiences, so please keep the Tales coming, remembering that the the next topic will be *Animals on the Trail* -- wild or domestic. Need I point out that the Editor reserves the right to cruelly prune all submissions (note that the dictionary's primary definition of submission is "the act of yielding to the will or authority of another person") for spelling, grammar, length and propriety. It's true that I haven't gotten to edit anything for propriety yet, but hope springs eternal in the editorial heart And yes, editors do have hearts, albeit shrunken by disuse. Meanwhile, I'll see you in the woods. I'll be the one picking mushrooms -- Chris isn't the only hiker who finds dinner by the side of the trail!

Susan Goldhor



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