

Trip Report
Jaffrey-Belchertown-Syracuse-Garrison-NYC-Garrison-Jaffrey
3-7 October 2010

I arrived back in Jaffrey 8pm or so on Thursday after a busy few days and almost 750 miles.

Many thanks for your hospitality in Syracuse: your party, touring round the SU campus including the Dufek papers, and multi-volumes of the RGS Journal.

The drive to Hurleyville was uneventful. Too bad the weather wasn't better: the countryside would be lovely if the sun was shining.

Hurleyville is not far from being a dump but I had a good reception at the historical society and spent about an hour there. The woman who I dealt with told me that Russ Gibbons, the Exec Dir of the FCSociety had just died a few days ago. She gave the impression that the Society is in deep trouble; no one to do the work.

Then after lunch in a nearby diner alongside Rt 17, I headed to Garrison where I was welcomed by David and Cathy Lilburne. They have a nice little bookshop in an old depot building by the RR station in Garrison. West Point looming across the river. I went with them to their house nearby to have a look at their Aurora. David says there's a copy he sold in New Mexico and two in Perth. News to me.

Took the train into Manhattan and met up with my friend John Rumely who works on Madison at 49th. Up to their place at 169th Street (first co-op in NYC, so they say) and after a few gins, cooked up dinner.

The next day I was dropped off at Columbia by Christine on her way to the Met. (She commutes from Wash Hts to the Met in a big Cadillac--has a great parking rate at the Met. Who cares about carbon footprints!) The rare books people were accommodating and I soon had all the info I needed on its Aurora. Butler looked a lot brighter and cleaner than when I was there last. Wandered into Low Library and tried to find my old office without much luck. Last time I was there there were armed police at all the doors.

Walked to 110th Street past Tom's Restaurant (the coffee shop in Seinfeld), and took the subway to 34th Street, then walked to the Morgan, getting there about noon. The most bureaucratic and fussy of the 3 Aurora stops. Was finished by 1 and walked up to the NYPL. Found the Prints and whatever section and they were waiting for me. Large woman was very informative (Margaret Glover?); said she arrived just when you did or when you were about to leave. At all three stops

I had photos taken of me hovering over the Aurora in question. The photos are now up on my website (and the errors you spied are now corrected). (The Morgan had to consult all kinds of senior staff before allowing this, to the point that I had to go out and look at the exhibits and walk around a bit before the answer came back.)

From the NYPL I took a bus to 23rd street, Flat Iron building, and walked through Madison Square park--which looked lovely, much improved from my days in NYC--stopping for a burger and shake at the 'Shake Shack.' Then to Swann; they seemed happy to forward a request for info to the new owner of Levinson's copy of the AA.

Bus up Madison to 59th and to the Apple Store: hard to believe. So many people you could hardly get in! Glad I bought some Apple stock a few years ago.

Then bussed up to the Met where I hung out for awhile, then joined Christine for a reception for a new exhibit. More people around the bar than in the exhibit. I counted myself among them.

Drove up to the Rumely's, and Christine and I made up dinner and later John returned from a business dinner.

Thursday morning, Christine drove me down Broadway and we stopped at Audobon Terrace. I quickly went into the old AGS building and spoke with a couple of people. They knew nothing about plaques. There is a big half globe/half map in a conference room, but nothing else. Well, at least I know it's not there.

We passed my old apartment house at 565 Riverside Drive (that's where our friend Laura Kay lives!) and Christine then dropped me off at the AMNH. There I met up with Ross MacPhee who curated the Scott/Amundsen exhibit. It's excellent. I went through with him, then stayed on to take some notes. (There are no handouts telling one what's in the exhibit and they don't allow photography. Just kills me.)

Then the subway to 42nd Street and the shuttle to Grand Central just in time to grab the train to Garrison. It's a very pretty hour-plus- ride.

Said hello to Cathy, jumped in my car and headed up to I-84 onto Hartford, then north, eventually to Jaffrey.