

Dedication Remarks of Dr. Eberhard Rees, June 24, 1962

Today's dedication culminates 5 years of wishing, planning, and working for the mountain's would-be aquanauts. Many hours and many dollars, a lot of dreaming and planning, much perspiration and some few tears have gone into the achievement represented here.

Just for a few minutes, let's trace the events which led up to the new body of water around which we're standing.

The first efforts began when the summer of 1957 was at its hottest and driest. But plans then were centered around the procurement of a grant or long-term, low-cost lease of state park property, and when this bonanza failed to materialize, we slipped into a dormant condition. It had gotten cooler by that time, anyhow.

The first step which produced real results came in 1960, when the board of directors of the Monte Sano Civic Association commissioned Lowell Anderson to conduct a search for a likely site which we could afford to pay for out of our own pockets. All that summer Lowell searched the hillside and the archives at the courthouse, braving disturbed snakes, young lovers, and property owners. Finally, like Brigham Young, he found the place. This is it. On this plateau and these slopes we have 80 acres and unlimited possibilities.

Early in 1961 a small group was named by the Civic Association to inspect the site selected by Lowell. They became so enthusiastic, they chipped in their own cash to take an option on the place, then called us all together at the schoolhouse to share their enthusiasm. At that meeting the Monte Sano Club was born, and Colonel Lars Balck was named president pro tern. Lowell Anderson became chairman of the planning committee.

By march of last year the groundwork had been laid, and a formal organizational meeting was held. With 57 charter members, we were committed. Eleven directors were elected, who named Dr. William Cameron their president and re-elected him again in March of this year. Our strength now stands at just under 200, with a legal limit of 250.

Construction began June 24th, when a big bulldozer arrived to tear into the soil. Since then a lot has happened. Although much of the work has been paid for, a lot of it has been contributed by neighbors with public spirit, energy, talent, and kids who want to go swimming. Community-contributed labor cleared the land; tied the steel sinews that reinforce our concrete; ran miles of pipe, wire, and conduit around, under, and through the pool; painted, plastered, and landscaped. For instance, not a cent has been paid for any of the electrical work that makes this pool run.

And a good many mountain folks have learned a lot about pool construction in the past year. If JFK and Margaret Sanger ruin his present business, Dr. Cameron will be able to turn to plumbing as a result of his recent experience. Work on the wiring that runs through our catacombs has fitted Ed Carr and Carl Chapman for high-paying jobs at the Cape, if they can slip into the union. Dr. Moorman should be able to take his choice between gardening and painting positions. Brooks Grimme won a special reputation as a lumberjack, and John Lucas, given a long enough whip, could qualify for the foreman's spot on just about any road gang he selects. Jean Farr, while only a distracting influence around the job, has qualified as chief yeoman and Jill of all trades. Her long hours in our behalf have caused husband Jim to think of her as Mrs. Monte Sano Pool.

There have been many more, of course, and they can all testify that Lowell makes a stern taskmaster.

A good many people have asked if he doesn't have any other job. Perhaps his company has begun to wonder the same thing. He stops here on his way to work in the morning and again before he goes home to supper. He's been here many nights after midnight, and Saturday morning's early sun finds him here for the weekend. It's been that way through two fine springs, all the last hot summer, and the long cold winter. It was his tireless search that discovered this site, his designing brilliance that drew each last detail of our plant, his weary perspiration that put each pipe together, his critical eye that kept a bunch of amateurs from botching the whole job -- and his wife who sat at home and watched his meals getting cold.

There's just one more thing you should know about Lowell: He doesn't swim.