

Spring, 1996

THE RESUSCITATOR

THE OH ASSOCIATION 80 Rowley Bridge Road Topsfield, Massachusetts 01983

THE HUTS IN THE NINETIES

BY JEN GRANDUCCI

AFTER reading Joe Harrington's amusing account of the huts in the fifties, I thought it may interest the Resuscitator readers to hear what it's like to work in the huts in this day and age. Having the illustrious title of "Current Croo Liason" of the OH Association, I decided it is my responsibility to shoulder this task. Like Joe, I was more impressed by the similarities than I was disheartened by the differences. I hope you will feel the same way.

The croos today are still composed of able-bodied college-aged kids who enjoy hiking and living in the mountains for the summer, although hutgirls now outnumber the boys. We flock to the Whites at the end of May for 11 days of training at GALA, and then we pack our personal up the trails to open the huts. We work 11 days on with 3 daze off, packing on Wednesdays and Saturdays and cooking whenever the hutmaster sees fit. We do the morning ream, take turns filling out requisitions, and generally keep the goofers from tearing the place down (yes, they are still called goofers, though that term is frowned upon by the higher authorities — after all, we are *all* goofers at some point).

Helicopters are relied upon to deliver all the initial and mid-summer requisitions, and the folks down in Storehouse have it down to a science so mistakes are rarely made. I say "rarely" because the Mad House croo counted 10 cases of molasses and 1 case of maple syrup in June '94. At any rate, Joe Brigham and his buddy have served to reduce the emphasis on packing, making it possible for people who can't pack their body weight to work in the system. (By the way, how many OH are suffering from back and knee problems?). Men *and* women still carry an occasional "century load," but the average trip is 50 to 70 pounds. Depending on the cook schedule, a croo person will pack 2 to 3 times in 11 days at the hut.

Without having to pack as often, we have enough time to educate people. Herein lies the major difference between the huts of the past and those of the present — the

focus is now on education. A full house every night offers a wonderfully captive audience, so why not teach them something? This idea, which began in the 70's, has now been expanded, formalized, and has become an integral part of our jobs. Hut walls are covered with educational displays. We are encouraged to present evening programs. Dinner Talk subjects range from the virtues of recycling, dangers of wearing cotton, symptoms of hypothermia and dehydration, identification of flora and fauna of the Whites, methods of composting, and an explanation of sewage treatment systems at the high huts. You should see the looks we get when mentioning those last two topics to 50 tired guests who are busy digesting dinner.

The huts are also closely connected to the Pinkham central command. On Saturday truck trip we receive a Backcountry Update on huts, shelters, and trails, an Educational Update, information on the research department, and various other written communications explaining what we must do in our "front line" position (including filling out food and merchandise inventories, hanging new educational posters, and doing water tests). The Moccasin Telegraph is still used by croos for personal notes from hut to hut, but we also have an elaborate radio system linking the entire backcountry directly to Pinkham. Not only can we hear each other clearly, but all of New Hampshire receives our signal too (so, unfortunately, we have to behave ourselves while on the air).

Raiding remains, through the years, a part of every hut croo's life. Although Daid Haid has never been seen since he turned up in the wedding punch bowl, we have a few major raid items that may rival him in importance. Gormin' Norman is a wooden figurehead who made his debut hanging above the gorm bucket at Madison, where we would smear him with the uneaten food off the plates (especially when the camp groups came through). His ghastly face has appeared at most of the huts, still wearing the meals from the years before. The Telephone is still a

prized item, and continues to cause extreme frustration to the guests who request to make a call. Various signs, such as Colorado Rt. 5, Scenic Vista, and Western Union Telegraph make the rounds each season. The Propeller, however, ranks as the most sought-after trophy — a testament to the skill and cunning of the hut croo that proudly displays it.

The Prop was originally swiped by the Lakes croo in the late 60's (there is some dispute over the exact year) from a plane that crashed into the headwall of Oakes Gulf. Reports say the plane was carrying 6 men dressed as Santa Clauses to parachute into a shopping center in Burlington. How the pilot flew that far off course is still unclear, but that 6 foot, 40 pound piece of aluminum has been riding the backs of hut croos ever since. Elaborate booby traps have been rigged in its defense, including a motion detector powered by the Lakes solar system and an intricate series of mouse traps that would complete an electrical circuit and sound an alarm in the croo room (both compliments of techno-wiz Steve Peters).

One particular raid bears mentioning — the greatest raid of all (claims Lakes '93). Under the leadership of Chris Thayer, the entire croo descended upon the 'Pah, seeking revenge after a lengthy season of rivalry. Mizpah had amassed every raid item in the system, but the Lakes croo confiscated and redistributed them. A few presents were left in every packhouse, and the Prop was returned to its rightful place above the Lakes dining room.

The guests are very interested in our raiding exploits, and no croo has escaped the inevitable question, "Where's the Prop?" But it seems that a few guests got carried away in June '93 and decided they wanted to have some fun themselves, so they stole the Prop from Lakes just after the croo returned from a successful raid on Mizpah. How the Lakes croo let these guys escape is a bit foggy, but The Three Friends (as they call themselves) absconded with the Prop and then proceeded to send ransom notes to several huts. This is no small town operation, either — they printed the notes on stationery with propellers all over it and they included pictures of our Prop. They claimed to have given it a "prop"er burial in the mountains not far from Lakes (after all, how far could goofers really get with a thing like that?). Needless to say, current croos were infuriated — guest participation is against the rules, although there are no rules in raiding. I am pleased to report, however, that the Prop was returned to its rightful owners last summer, exactly one year from the day it was stolen.

Although The Three Friends could sour anyone's attitude, most guests are wonderful, friendly folks. The number of hikers in the hills has continued to increase ever since Justice Douglas' article in National Geographic, and the backpacking boom of the '70s is still going strong. In 6 years, I've experienced only one gooferless night (at Carter in June). The trails and summits are usually crawling with fleece-clad hikers in July and August, and sitting on the porch at Pinkham is like watching a circus. All the huts are full on most nights. Lakes sees the biggest crowds, of course, with

90 every night after July 1st and over 1000 people (by actual count) tromping through on a Saturday in August. I must admit this puts an awful lot of stress on the croo, and it has occasionally led to a decrease in the level of hospitality. This, in turn, is matched by an increase in customer service training (one of the reasons GALA is 11 days long). We are trying to maintain that homey atmosphere hutboys created years ago, and I am certainly open to suggestions for improvement.

The rise in numbers also means a rise in accidents, so rescues remain a significant part of hut life (although strictly on a volunteer basis). There is an effort made to have at least one EMT working in every hut.

One guest I know would have nothing but glowing reports. Joe Spearl has been coming to Madison every year for 10 years at least. He works as a janitor in the New Jersey school system and saves all his money and vacation time for a 2 week trip to the Whites in July. He arrives by train in Gorham, and then it takes him almost a week to get to Madison. He spends the night at the Perch, then a few nights at Crag Camp, and eventually meanders his way over to Chez Belle. Laden with an ancient pack and camera equipment that's much older than I am, he moves a bit slower than most. But to him the trip is worth it — you can see he loves the mountains as much as all of us do. He stays a week, gets to know the croo (who have already heard about him from the year before), helps clear the tables, and quietly shares our home in the col. Then we ask him to stay a few more nights as our guest, free of charge. He smiles, nods his head, and accepts our offer. Joe never talks very much, and he is content to take pictures all day long at Star Lake. He told me he looks at those views all year, and that's what keeps him going until he can return to the real thing. A kinder, gentler soul I have never known. Scottie Eliason and the '92 croo baked him a cake for his 60th birthday, and every croo has warm memories of him. When he finally has to begin his 2 day trek down the Valley Way, he hugs the croo good-bye and cries.

Other memorable hut visitors include the caravan of thru-hikers. Well over 1000 began at Springer Mountain last year, meaning the huts saw hundreds of these smelly, hairy folks on their pilgrimage to Kahtadin. They have contributed significant work to us all in exchange for room and board, and they have learned valuable lessons in return (like how to clean a grease trap). They have handily taken care of all our leftovers, and they have even helped in times of trouble. Once they had to run Madison.

It was short set in '91, and I was working with my HM, Bob Kirchner, and AHM, Jennifer "Sparky" Koop. Bob was itching to go to the Trail Crew Bash, so Spark and I decided to take on the full house by ourselves. After serving dessert, I returned to the kitchen to find Sparky suffering from the beginnings of an allergic reaction to some bad shrimp she had eaten the day before. I got her to the croo room, where she began shivering and had a resting heart rate of 140. I radioed Pinkham and we decided to walk her

down while another group came up to meet us. Fortunately we had 2 thru-hikers that night. One came with me while Waldo, a retired Marine sergeant, remained in charge of the hut and scrubbed the Durr pans and Navy trays to within an inch of their lives (a very fastidious fellow). A guest who was a doctor joined in our evacuation, and was noticeably thrilled to hear Spark's grandfather is none other than C. Everett.

As we started down, Pinkham called to tell me they had reached one of Sparky's relatives, and he suggested she remain at the hut until the next day. "Well, I think she should get to the valley," I stated. I am now pleased to say I gave my medical opinion to the former Surgeon General, and he accepted it.

We returned to a spotless hut and a proud Waldo after midnight. "Unit 4 Lakes to Unit 2 Madison," the radio squawked. "3 of us are in Edmonds Col and we're coming to help you with breakfast." Paul Seybold, Margaret Thompson, and Laurel Floyd came to my aid, and as it turns out, I couldn't have done it without them. Hurricane Bob was on his way, and the Obs advised everyone to get out of the hills. We were deluged with shuttle reservation requests, panicking people, and sheets of horizontal rain the next morning. But only 5 guests made it to the hut that day, so I got some much needed rest.

Another similarity between past and present huts is the style of dress of the croos (or lack thereof). I have read old croo log entries about naked pack trips, but there are more goofers on the trails now, and families don't want their children to have that kind of learning experience on the way up the mountain. Entire pack trips are seldom done in the nude anymore, although packing attire is often indistinguishable from nudity. Two bandannas tied together in loin cloth fashion are very comfortable, as are short skirts, and these are both common pack-trou of choice for men and women. One famous Blanket Folding Demonstration even included a member of the Naked 4000 Footers Club who would streak by the Madison windows wearing only Limmers. Some guest complained, though, and that put an end to that. Now it's the Semi-naked 4000 Footers Club.

Nudity in the huts was officially banned after a very revealing Solstice Celebration at Lonesome. Bob Kirchner, Caroline Collins, and Althea Danielsky made their entrance to SPLASH! by swimming across the lake and walking



Saturday night at the Madhouse '94. Cynthia Freeman, Jen Granducci, Steve Engle, Fred Prentiss and Ethan Collins

ashore among Andy Falender, Mike Waddel, Mike Torrey, Walter Graff, and several Joy St. bigwigs. The decree was issued the next day. Andy hasn't been to a SPLASH! since.

On the subject of parties, Augustfest has been moved to July and dubbed MADFEST, and it remains the best party north of Mardi Gras. Mark Hitchcock and Stroker Rogovin joined us in '94 to schlep band equipment and a generator up the Valley Way for

a raucous, Limmer-stomping night of celebration with 100 various AMC employees.

Guinea Nights are still a winding down of the season while we all munch on lobsters and steak. Those of us who are returning to school say farewell to each other, envying the lucky ones who stay through closing. As the first leaves begin to fall, we pack our personal down the trail, and we begin to look forward to the next summer in the huts.

As you can see, the croos of the 90's share many of the same experiences as the hut croos through the ages. A love of woods, streams, and mountains, a strong desire to give hospitality in high places, and a sense of bonding through hard work and hearty laughter makes us return to the White Hills year after year. We are all part of a hut history, full of rich traditions and hilarious times, that continues to unfold. I have enjoyed this sense of commonalty when I read the old croo logs and when I listen to tales of OH exploits and the legends of Joe Dodge, Tony Macmillan, and Al Folger. The croos of the 90's *are* interested in hearing stories, and we are more than willing to tell our own. So come up to the huts this summer and share the mountains with us. The latchstring is always out.

Jen Granducci began her hut career in 1990 as a researcher at Madison. She liked the Valley Way so much that she returned the next year as croo, and then went on to be Lakes AHM in 1992, Zealand HM in 1993, Madison HM in 1994 and carter HM in 1995. September of 1994 she married Bill Oliver (Madison '72 and '75, floating packer '73, and Galehead '74 and '76). Jen and Bill live in Schenectady, NY, where he is a lawyer and she has received her Master's Degree in Geology at SUNY Albany.

HUT SLANG AND SPECIFICS

The Hutman's guide to current mountain vernacular compiled by Jen Granducci. Additions and corrections to this list are welcome.

Many of these terms may be old, new, or partially new (i.e. old word with a new meaning). Like all languages, hut slang has changed over the years, and the following compilation reflects this evolution. Thanks to Stroker, Mike Torrey, and all the other linguists who have gone before me.

HUT SLANG

BFD: Blanket Folding Demonstration. Begging For Dollars. Silly skit performed wearing even sillier clothes, with a variety of "plots" designed to entice guests to fold their own blankets, tip da croo, and pack out trash.

bone-ing: Scrubbing with Bon-Ami and the squeegee.

buff: (Adj.) In shape, strong, fit, HUGE. Hut croos are by nature buff, but some are more buff than others (see Madhouse croo).

cakers: Pancakes.

chix pucks: Chicken breasts.

croo: A small vestigial tribe of early hominid aborigines, once believed to be extinct, now inhabiting the White Mountains of New Hampshire. They subsist on a diet of Snicker's bars and bagels. For years, croos have stymied anthropologists with the combination of their fairly high level of cultural development and their fairly low morals.

crump: It's like a coffee break only without the coffee. To rest - as in crumping while packing. To fail - as in crumping a dessert.

crump rock: A rock that has been designated as an acceptable place to crump.

daze: Well deserved days off from work. (11 on, 3 off).

ding 'em: To ring the dinner bell (and then get the hell out of the way).

dingle: OTC display area.

dog dishes: Metal bowls for serving, resemble dinnerware for canines.

D.T.: Dinner talk.

dungeon: Where we lock bad thru-hikers. 6 spaces in the basement of Lakes.

durr pan: Half a navy tray with high sides.

(see Navy Trays). Named for CommanDER Marvel, personnel manager (?) in the late 60's.

Fanny: The goddess of cooking.

fecal: The cleaning of the toilets or crappers during morning ream. "I'll do fecal!"

feeb: (n) Someone who acts feeble, antonym of BUFF. (v) The act of being feeble.

Fest: Huge party at Madison. Used to be called Christmas in July or August Fest. Festival of saucy saturnalia, general good times, featuring live music, gourmet cuisine and strong waters.

fill-ins: Universal scapegoat, people to be blamed when things can't be found.

gack: General icky stuff. Often found growing on the wall behind the gorm bucket.

Gala: Week long training session in late May for hut croos and some other crews.

gee doo: Small gack.

goat: Goat refers to meat and citrus refuse. Goat is gormed into plastic bags to be packed out. Goat lives in a goat bag, in a goat bucket.

gorm: (v) To scrape uneaten or inedible food from plates. (n) The uneaten food matter left on goofers' plates. Gorm is usually gormed into gorm buckets with gorm sticks. i.e. Uneaten food is usually scraped into garbage buckets with rubber spatulas. The word is derived because the food waste was once taken to GORHAM to a pig farm in exchange for bacon. It is now composted.

Guinea Nights: Showtime of showtimes. Held every August in celebration of Vinnie's Birthday. Traditional fare is Surf and Turf.

header: When your packboard does a somersault with you still attached to it.

Kaola or Kaola Gold: (Kay-o-lah). A butter-flavored grease used to lube the griddle and occasionally other things.

lag: Short for lasagna. Served on vegetarian night.

Limmers: Footwear of choice and best friends of every hut croo and trail crew. Handmade custom boots made by Peter Limmer and Sons, in Intervale, NH. Particularly sexy if worn with muddy gaiters.

moo: Powdered milk, or moo juice.

navy tray: The large cooking tins located at each hut. Twice the size of a durr pan, but with lower sides.

oral: The cleaning of the bathroom sinks during morning ream.

packboard: Your best friend in the whole world.

packrope: Like sex, something that is either too long or too short.

pack out: Unrecyclable, uncompostable trash to be packed down to truck trip.

pack trip: The method by which supplies get from here to there.

pet: Evaporated milk, evapo.

piano: Ceiling rack for hanging pots and pans and utensils.

poop: Storage for food. Place to slug. Location of sin bin.

power raid: Raiding a hut by force for the purpose of acquiring raid items. Usually during the day.

post: Compost. Contents of gorm bucket are emptied into the post and mixed with bark chips. End products of a successful batch are bark chips and hummus.

prop: Airplane propeller. Major raid item. From a plane that crashed in Oakes Gulf in 1968, raided first by the Lakes croo.

radio call: An opportunity for hut croos to publicly embarrass the AMC at 8 am and 1 pm.

rag bags: Feminine hygiene disposal containers, also known as lunch bags.

raid item: Items of great worth. They usually adorn the rafters of participating huts, and are a source of pride for the croo.

rat: Rodent proof storage. Rat Proof. Also slang for lemonade, as a rat carcass was once found in an un-opened bag of Twist lemonade.

ream: Total hut cleaning. Morning ream - fecal, oral, bunkrooms, blankets, sweeping. Sunday ream - scrubbing floors, etc. Also verb to describe thorough cleaning of anything.

reefer: Refrigerators (yeah, right).

HUT SPECIFICS

sammy: Device used in the huts for keeping water hot. Short for Russian samover. Invariably marked in bold letters HOT WATER. Where you point when the question is asked "where is the hot water?"

schlong: The long tube of breakfast ham.

Shasta: Shit strainer: Self explanatory, sewage consolidation.

short set: On a 5 person crew, when 2 are on daze at the same time.

sin bin: Usually located in the poop deck, this is the red light district of a hut, where fortunate couples can have some privacy along with mattresses, pillows, and blankets.

slug: Verb used to describe lazy behavior including napping, reading, eating, and farting.

slug day: A day full of the above activities.

SPLASH!: Party at Lonesome for celebrating summer solstice and nudity.

stomping: Cutting in on radio call/radio transmission. Shows bad radio etiquette and feebleness.

swine flesh: Breakfast ham.

T.F.C.: Trail Crew. You figure out the "F".

thru-hiker: T Smelly, hairy, hungry breed of nomadic people on a pilgrimage to Maine or Georgia. Will perform heinous tasks in return for all your leftovers.

trap: Grease trap. Where the croo puts small, annoying children.

Trio: Powdered taters, thickener for soup.RIO:

turkey bomb: Turkey product cooked at the huts. Also called turx.

Twist: Lemonade mix. Occasionally called "rat" due to an unfortunate guest's discovery.

valley night: A nocturnal furlough from the frets of hut chores.

veggie: Vegetables or vegetarians (occasionally indistinguishable).

white death: Refined, granulated sugar.

wreck or rec: Both are abortions of the word requisition.

WYF 711: Whiskey Yankee Foxtrot (AMC radio call letters). Replaced Kilo Echo Mike (KEM 574).

CATA

Height o' Land: That magical place where you pass into the world of the Notch.

Ramparts: Perfect place to lose camp groups. Nature's jungle gym.

Ice cave: Still used for butter, margarine, and cheese.

Whispering Rock: On the bottom half of the trail, the 19 Mile Brook bends, and the water music echoes in a crack in this rock.

Red Mac: First hutmaster. Reported by Joe Gill to still reside in the Notch. This claim is confirmed every summer by the pranks Red Mac pulls on the current croo.

MADHOUSE

Chez Belle: The jewel of the system. (Who first called it that?)

Moon Rock: Quartz pod near Star Lake.

Car Wash: The old pack trail connecting the Brookside to the Valley Way. Now so grown over and washed out it is a true rite of passage. Still in continuous use by the croo, much to the dismay of the Forest Service. Got its name on a very rainy Saturday.

Thousand Yards: The delicious spring and wonderful crump rock located approximately 1000 yds from the hut. Where someone (does anyone know who?) has carved into the stone "My cup runneth over."

JQ: John Quincy Adams.

MMVSP: The ski patrol with the record for least accidents each season.

Tony: Founder of the MMVSP, hutmaster extraordinaire, master chef, and much more.

LAKES

The Flats: The part of the trail upon which you must NOT take a header - there are no crump rocks in sight.

Baseball Diamond: Large, diamond-shaped flat rock in the middle of the Crawford Path. Go around it to the right - it's bad luck to go around it to the left.

William Curtis: One of the men who died on his way to a Club meeting at the Summit, prompting the building of the first structure at that site.

Ben: Young man who died a few weeks before he was to be hutmaster in 1980. His Limmers adorn the wall in the croo room. Several croo say he is still there.

PAH

Betsy: Young girl who drowned in the Dry River, and is said to still haunt the hut. The water tanks in the basement are named after her.

The Bowlder: Huge rock just below the hut on the Dry River Cut Off.

ZOOL

Rock Garden: First portion of the pack trail.

Root Garden: Second portion of the pack trail.

The Dam: Over the river and through the woods, where the croo swims.

the bear cage: Structure around the compost bin to keep large mammals at bay, the catwalk: Otherwise known as the croo porch, connecting the croo room to the back yard.

GHOUL

Jacob's Ladder: Staircase with giant steps.

Hawthorne Falls: One of the best-kept secrets in the mountains.

The Ghoul: Friendly but ugly ghost.

FLEA

bus stop: The party crump with a view of Walker Ravine.

Red Rocks: What you don't pack.

White Rocks: What you do.

The Agonies: Killer of many.

Croo Rock: That quiet escape from the hut, with unparalleled views.

LONE

Hot Dog Stand: Common nickname for the westernmost hut, which once served a concession stand.

Fish Bowl: The open kitchen. A bad place to make culinary mistakes.

Winter Reunion

Photos by Pemi Bob Prescott



CALENDAR



SPRING BRAWL

Saturday, May 18
 \$20 for prepaid full menu,
 Sandwiches, Salad, Little Necks,
 Beer, Lobster, Ice Cream, Apple Pie
 (\$14 for present croo & kids under 14)
 Want to come for just a
 sandwich and a beer?
 Then it's just \$5

Full menu must be prepaid.
 See reservation/order form page 15
 See page 15 for special cap offer for
 all Reunion attendees

1:00 p.m. Brawl Game



FALL WEEKEND

Oktoberfest

Saturday, October 5
 Sunday, October 6
 This is the only notice
 for the traditional
 work weekend



WINTER REUNION

Annual Meeting

Saturday, January 25, 1997
 Concord (MA) Museum
 Details to be announced

GORMINGS

*The mountains grow unnoticed
their purple figures rise
without attempt exhaustion
insistence or applause
upon their lofty summits
the sun, with just delight
looks long and last and golden
for fellowship at night*

Emily Dickinson

Another year has come and gone, filled with the tidbits of your interesting lives. We all understand the difficulty of distance, families and jobs, and how these things takes us further away than we'd like from people and places that we care about. There is not a single one of us, past or present that doesn't empathize with these frustrations. We encourage you all to write or e-mail your news to the Resuscitator with your dues so we can share your lives with all of your OH friends. If your year was anything like ours, it was filled with news....

The Winter Reunion was a smashing success. Held again at the Concord Museum in Concord MA by popular acclaim, 83 OH stalwarts joined us (or just paid in the hopes they would come) for a sumptuous repast and Oscar-winning video feature by our own **Dave Huntley**. A few new faces to this years festivities were: **Florence Peterson, Emily Muldoon, Ken Whiting, Alan Hoch, Wendy Gillespe, Rooney Self and his wife and son, Kimberly Seward, Paul and Beven Buffum, Bill Curwen, Sue Hall, Erik Radack and Nelson Gildersleeve, Peter Baldwin and Bill Blaiklock**. Of course the OH Steering Committee was aptly represented by **Sue Hall, John and Frank Adams, Bill Barrett, Frank Kelleher, Moose Meserve, Resuscitator Editors Robin Snyder and Jim Hamilton, Tom Kelleher, Jen Granducci, Stroker Rogovin and Doug Shaffer**. There were many old friends present and to name a venerable few: **George Hamilton, Fred "Mac" Stott, Bruce Sloat, Swoop Goodwin, Bob Daniels, Arthur "Skiwax" MacGregor, Lib Crooker, Joan Bishop and Beatrice MacGregor. Rooney and Sarah Self's son** was honored as the youngest guest.

Current AMC representatives were: Huts Manager Jeff Brown and Asst. Manager **Chris Thayer, Kim "Schroeder" Steward**, AMC Deputy Director and Honorary OH **Walter Graff**. Though there are far too many folks to list here, we want to thank everyone for coming. We raised a glass to all those OH past and present who couldn't join us, and cheered for those who did.

Anyone interested in a small printed directory of OH so that you can be in touch when you might be traveling or just want to contact an old friend. Let the Steering Committee know if there is any interest in this effort and how much it would be worth to you.

We do receive other interesting tid-bits besides OH news too. The Town of Jackson wrote to inform us of the new mandatory recycling in effect. So for those cabin users please pay attention and user the recycling boxes that are set up in the kitchen. **Lewis Bissell** reminded us that we have to sort beer cans from the garbage if we want to use the Jackson Dump — at least if we want him to deliver the goods!

Thomas Hogeboom sent us a brochure about his motion picture called North to Katahdin. Sounds like a nice flick.

Da Editor visited Alaska for the month of September hoping to look up **Steve Colt** in Anchorage — even take him up on his mountain hospitality — but alas, Steve had just that month moved to Boston to finish his doctoral work at MIT in Resource Economics. Bad timing all around! His dog Kobuk says he's quite the bore these days since he's always working and can barely throw a stick any more. Now Alaska is supposedly politically aligned with the pitifully small, lower 48 states, often referred to as "Outside", and while many Alaskans originally came from there (and often return for visits), they seem to evidence a certain loftiness (smugness?) about their adopted state. Steve did, however, show up at the winter reunion and though he tried to hide in the doorway to avoid introductions (feigning bashfulness), he did have some news of his own. Forced to return to Boston from Alaska to finish that "blasted" dissertation, he nevertheless pulled off a long standing dream to complete a fall "hut traverse" with **George Holt**. Their time of 19 hours gave them new respect for the fast times racked up by fellow OH **Allen Doyle** and **Bob Biddle**. Still, not too bad for a couple of aging baby boomers!

Duncan Wannamaker, who teaches elementary school in Homer AK, invited Da Editor to dinner along with his 10-year old son Ryan. We had a great vegetarian feast and talked of old times and current happenings. I cajoled Duncan into paying his dues so he could get his Resuscitator. Duncan has a great life and house out on the east side of the Homer bluff. He encouraged other OH in the area to get in touch and other wandering OH to please stop in. Duncan also followed up on the visit via e-mail and says his dog Toklat had a recent run-in with a moose and is limping around very bruised but alive — Duncan also managed to survive. He welcomes some e-mail or letters to him in Homer at Duncanw@alaska.com

Susan Eusdan who lives up in Whittier AK and who usually has a ton of news left us stranded this year for information on our other OH far afield. Hope she's well.

Erik Radack joined us in Concord MA for the reunion and shared photos of his gorgeous daughters and about life on Boston's north shore as a writer, doting father, husband, handyman and entrepreneur. The past few years have been very good to Erik.

On June 17 in Belmont MA, **Doug Shaffer** wed the lovely Susan White in a beautiful ceremony written and presented themselves (despite the air traffic which forced us into Quaker-like pauses). A few poems made the rounds and even a few stories of how these two love-birds met — via the personal ads. Doug is continuing his video and film production work which gives him, at times, the most amazing schedule; Susan continues her painting and corporate consultation work. In their free time, both of them head to their mountain estate in Whitefield for heady doses of the Whites from the North lookout. Doug still finds time to take the kids from the Nashua Boys and Girls Club out on White Mountain adventures and sail his new boat from its mooring in Boston Harbor.

Gerry Whiting wrote from Toronto, Canada on the shores of Lake Ontario. He says he's had some major challenges in the last year and has been working in Michigan, Minnesota and now Canada. He misses Maine and hopes to be home before too long. Luckily, Gerry got the winter reunion on his calendar and showed up in Concord looking dapper and mischievous as ever! Still the same belt size too I understand.

Brother **Ken Whiting** joined Gerry this year at the reunion. He says he's very busy with his engineering work and has faint dreams of coming to the spring brawl.

We received a nice press release in September from the Friends of Acadia (Maine) announcing that **W. Kent Olson** has been chosen to be their new CEO. Ken has been with the Conservation Fund in the Washington DC area for sometime. However, those of us that know him figured that his burning love of the northeast, wouldn't keep him away for much longer. The Friends of Acadia is a non-profit dedicated to preserving and protecting Acadia National Park and surrounding communities in coastal Maine. With Ken's background with AMC, American Rivers, and the Nature Conservancy in Connecticut, Friends of Acadia couldn't have found a more qualified Executive Director. We are thrilled to have Ken back and hope (now that he's practically local) that he'll show his face at the spring brawl.

John Nutter really appreciated MacPhool's last story since he and Ken Olson were somehow on daze-off that night and missed the caper. He used to see Ken

infrequently in DC, but now that Ken is moving to Maine, maybe they will actually see more of each other! John works for Potomac Electric Power, helping the company to prepare for a "deregulated" world (he offers to sell some of their low cost electricity in high priced New England — the day may be coming when that will happen, too); his wife Cullen just graduated from Georgetown Law School a year ago and is searching for a job in an overcrowded market; their eight-year old daughter Laura, claims that soccer is her favorite hobby. The family gets to the Whites every August to visit John's sister and her husband, **Nancy and Chris Nesbitt**, both OH, at their place in Thornton. On occasion John even talks to **Phil Preston** who's just down the road at Squam Lake. He says "would love to see other 60-70s era OH living in or visiting the area".

Hal Bernson is certainly a popular fellow. Seems that everyone is asking for his address, including Lawrence "Larry" Coburn, who worked at Greenleaf while Hal labored at Lonesome.

Larry E. Goss Jr says that he is currently working with AMC Facilities Manager and OH **Mike Torrey** on the USFS Use Permits for the hut system. He simply notes that he wrote the economic impact study for the huts system which is part of the re-permitting application for the Forest Service. He does not, however, fill us in on the outcome.

Jim Argentati, in Lyme Center NH, wants to know if any progress has been made on the Right-of-Way concerning the Hutman's Trail. The rest of us want to know if the "only" personal ad the Resuscitator has ever run (look back at last spring's rag for Jim's request for a hiking companion) was successful?

Sleezy Dalton wrote us a lovely note saying the Resuscitator was the "best I've ever seen . . . Obviously a labor of love; well done. . . Lots of names and events that will thrill the OH cognoscenti." Why thank you! Sleezy went on to comment that cabin fridge which is so "GD expensive" to replace that we should use some cabin fees and seek some special donations. He also bragged that he and **Swoop Goodwin** have bought new computers, souped up with pentium chips and all the other bells and whistles to boot (sorry about the pun). He warns he's "going to be a public menace in his old age". "Frankly", he says "Swoop just got his to prove he isn't getting Alzheimer's". Sleezy is also doing some writing these days and has a story about W. V. Graham Mathews who has contributed to Appalachia (et. al.) over the years. One story is about Graham's effort to remove the boulder at "Windy Corner" on the Sherborne Ski Trail after which he went climbing in Peru. The next winter he came back to PNC, climbed the Fire Trail, and

after making tea at Tucks, strapped on his boards and went tearing down the Sherborne. I shall leave you all in suspense. The rest of the tale will remain untold till Sleezy sends us a copy to print in the next Resuscitator.

Bert "Swoop" Goodwin also wrote to offer congratulations to Da Editors (whose names he feels should appear in print) on the terrific job. He says, "...All we young and old hutman have to do is supply the news like you ask for in the return form". And right on cue he shared that he took a couple of train trips to Canada this past year in the vicinity of Churchill and the Gaspé. Swoop also blessed us with his presence at the winter fete. Sitting across from him and beside George Hamilton, Da Editor felt surrounded by greatness and a lot of sore knees!

Bob Temple sent along an article from the North Conway Mountain Ear about his efforts to raise monies for the Jackson Historical Society by selling covered bridge nails. Sounds like a valiant effort Bob. Good luck! Just wondering though, how is the Jackson Bridge staying together if you are selling all the nails? If you want to be the proud owner of a nail, set on a lovely wooden plaque, call Bob at 603-383-9015.

Nathan "Griz" Adams sent us a change of address from Anchorage AK to Chester Vermont. He says he's "coming home to stay!"

Willy Ashbrook III (who corrected our spelling on the mailer — Sorry — and says **El Wacko Senior**, residing in Terre Haute Indiana, is Junior and that he'll explain over a beer someday) offered us tons of Dues and News. The dues was a chunk for present and past. Willy raved about how much he liked **Alex MacPhail's** 1966 raid story. Willy was in Europe that summer and swears he would have been "right there with them". Willy even called Alex recently which was his first contact since the Mizpah 50th. He laments his being out of touch for so many years and notes that living in Colorado and the Midwest for the last 20 years makes it difficult to get back to NH and renew the spirit of the North Country. Now, Willy and his wife of 26-years, Beverly, are feeling a bit of the "empty-nest" syndrome which may mean they could plan a spring vacation in the Whites and show for the Brawl Game. Willy adds, "there rarely is a day that goes by when I don't recall or reflect back on those seven summers, those seven wonderful and magical summers when we were together, toiling for the AMC hut system. I thank god for that wonderful opportunity. I look forward to the next time that we cross trails". If any OH are in the St. Paul, Minnesota area, Willy invites you to please call or visit.

Arthur D. Whitcher wants to know how to get in touch with "El Wacko" and Forrest

Hubbard. Arthur was at PNC with **El Wacko** in '39; he then worked with **Carl Blanchard** and **Forrest Hubbard** at Greenleaf in '40; and in '41 helped rebuild Madison after the fire in late '40. Though he made it to the '89 Spring Reunion, he doesn't expect to get back north till '99. He praises the editors on the Resuscitator and says he looks forward to each and every issue.

Paul Buffum, who worked Lakes and Madhouse in '62 and '65 says he'd be willing to share ideas about his career with any OH. Thanks for being willing to network Paul. Good to see you and Bevin at the reunion.

June Sheldon Litwin wants to get a copy of **Alex McPhail's** "Women in the Huts". Hear that Alex?

John Ranlett proudly wrote us that he achieved his personal furthest north at Trabert, Isle of Harris, Scotland: 57 degrees, 54 minutes north in May 1995.

Dr. Roger G. Smith sent his RSVP on a prescription form. He suggests renaming the cabin for war-veteran **Harold Griggs** "who suffered so queruosly from the activities of the cowardly, night-riding eco-terrorists who disgrace the OH Association by their membership".

Any Porter thanked us exuberantly for the wonderful Resuscitator which she always enjoys finding in her mailbox. She also added **Margaret Thompson's** current address to our files.

Dave Yampanis lives in Connecticut and is working at an African Merchant Bank. He is trying out the hills of Connecticut with his restless Limmers and baking the occasional loaf. Dave joined us for the winter reunion.

Phil Costello made great use of the cabin this winter with two large groups from his outdoor education program, "Project U.S.E." (Urban Suburban Environments) in Red Bank, NJ. He is the Executive Director. Wish we knew more about the organization, but it sounds good. Phil and his wife, Bobbie, drove up from the Philadelphia area where they live for the winter reunion. A long drive but many of us were pleased to reconnect.

George Hamilton was especially happy to get reacquainted and laughed with Phil over the story of Phil's hiring in the '60s. Seems Phil had just sauntered into Pinkham while on leave with the Marines to look around PNC. George grabbed him and spent the next two hours asking him all sorts of interview questions, had a great chat and ended with a job offer. Phil then let him know that he had the wrong man. George hired him anyway!!... Wonder who the other guy was? Look for the full details in the next edition.

Peter Benson and Emily Thayer Benson said they were sorry to miss last spring's bash, but were in Virginia's

Shenandoah National Park leading hiking trips for two weeks in Mid-May. Actually, there were three guides as Emily was seven months pregnant with their little one who arrived in July. They forgot to send us a birth announcement so we have no details. Pete is busy as a preserve manager with the Nature Conservancy, while Emily was Director of the Mt. Washington Valley Ski Touring Association last winter. She'd like to forget the miserable representation of a winter last year. They are happily residing in their own house (with a year-old addition) on Carter Notch Road in Jackson. They remind us that "they are a couple of right turns off the OH trail (coming from PNC) — if you are lost just yell!"

Chris Thayer (80s and 90s genre) can also be found in Jackson where he is "just sharing" a house with fellow OH **Kim "Schroeder" Steward**, just around the corner from the OH cabin and sister Emily. Chris is the new Field Assistant for the Huts under **Jeff Brown**. He invites OH to visit at his house or down the road at PNC. Schroeder is the Storehouse Manager this year. Did we expect them to stay this long at AMC?

Both Chris and Schroeder joined other OH and current AMC'ers at the wedding of **Mark Parent** (CC, Guided Hikes, Storehouse Manager and current Obs staff) and Susan Roskowski in early December. Of particular note was the presence of **Emily Beusser**, fresh from a year in Antarctica, in her role as "Best Soul". Mark and Susan have bought a home in Jackson and plan to move closer to the "big mountain" in June 1996.

Betsy Strong Kent expects to attend this year's reunion which will be her first ever! Bout time!

John Howe bought an old wooden sailboat in '88, rebuilt it in '89-'92 and cruised from Maine to the Bahamas and back in '92-'93. He plans to resume living aboard and cruising this summer.

Jean Macmillan Bennion, sister of **Tony Macmillan** was pleased to see so many familiar names from her years in the Resuscitator; she says she pays, but never uses the cabin and though she still hikes, rarely stays at the huts. This past winter she spent time in both Vail Colorado and Florida. She is curious how the "gormings" section is organized and suggested that we do it by states. Well Jean, if we could find an easy way to do it, sure, but in reality the names are listed as the mail is received. She also swears that **Alex MacPhail** is one of her most favorite people and encourages him to attend the Highlands Games at Loon Mountain this year where she and her brother Andrew will have a Macmillan tent again this year; **Ike Meridith** graced the games with his presence as the presiding dignitary

Virginia "Ginny" Tyson Faus teaches chemistry at an independent school, The

Hotchkiss School in Lakeville CT. Brother **Robert Michael "Mike" Tyson** is in Flagstaff AZ, doing who knows what!

Rhonna Cohen continues to return to the huts and Whites regularly. Da Editor is amazed that Rhonna has any knees left to do so! She's been on day hikes to the John Muir Trail and in the Wind Rivers in Wyoming, but has not lived in the mountains since leaving the AMC. She's looking forward to introducing her soon-to-be seven year-old daughter to the Whites this summer. She and daughter helped out **Unca Andy Cohen** at his 10th anniversary at Lakes. She reports, "...It was fun to experience brother Andy (and friends) renew their youth, discover they weren't 18, cause a 7-year old to be rendered speechless while skinny dipping and were reminded that thunderstorms always win!" When Rhonna is not gallivanting in the mountains, she's looking to help folks with their money as a Registered Investment Advisor. Her very impressive list of credentials make ya wish for millions.

William Patterson remembers his first night at the cabin, which coincidentally, was also his first night as a hutman. He was in high school and his bunkmate was an "older" college man all bandaged, stitched and splinted. Upon being questioned, the invalid indicated that he had been sitting in the OH cabin outhouse when it was rolled down the hill as a "practical joke". Bill had many trepidations about working with people who would roll a colleague down the hill, but fortunately he got over them. Now, thirty years later, he looks forward to his eighth or ninth annual trip to the huts with a medical school classmate and their respective sons. With some embarrassment he also relates that the preferred method of disposing of tin cans at Galehead in the '60s was to flatten them with Limmers and scale them off into the Pemi like frisbees, with points awarded for distance and aerodynamic flight. Who says there is no such thing as progress! Does anyone remember the name of that bandaged college man?

Bill F. Hoffman is going to be on sabbatical from the University of Arizona starting in August when he will travel to Vietnam, and then will be spending the fall semester in Honolulu and spring semester in Tokyo with Silke.

David and Michele Allen say they have been trying to pay their dues since 1990 when they paid their last tariff to Al Folger, but have had no success since he died. Well, we got it this time Dave and Michelle!

Jen Seabury is still ski patrolling in Park City Utah and teaching kayaking at NOC. She says her sister **Elizabeth Seabury** is living in Concord MA and recently welcomed her new daughter, Elizabeth Seabury Ryde, into this crazy world. Yahoo! Liz showed at the winter reunion in Concord and hosted an impromptu

gathering at her house following the festivities which turned up the OH likes of **Steve Colt, Stroker Rogovin** and **Galen, Anton Gulovsen, Dave Huntley** and **Laura McGrath, Gwen Wilcox, Nicky Baumgartner Bramhall, and Sue "Babe" Hall**.

Gwen Wilcox finally completed her Masters in Library Science from Simmons College in December 1995. The next step is to figure out the next step. She seemed in good spirits at the winter reunion — looking great as ever!

Dave Huntley and **Laura McGrath** continue to reside in the Boston area, Dave producing and directing film and video projects and Laura involved in her own professional pursuits. Laura, maybe you should do the presentation next year — or at least write and fill us in on your activities.

Mark Huntley is residing in Poland and reporting for National Public Radio on Marketplace. Every so often we actually hear him in Boston. Rumor has it that when news reporting is slow, Mark has taken to modeling and can be seen on many of the large billboards in the cities there. Amazing just where AMC career training will take you!

World traveler **Cathleen Trafton** is the Captain of her ship and is hanging out with Jimmy Buffet at the Turtle Kraals in Key West Florida! She's doing the ferry run down to the Dry Tortugas and invited us all down. You wild woman Cath! Want to house swap in New York State this winter?

Andrea Rankin wished she should have been at the OH events this year but shares that she got married August 5 in Montana and then will continue graduate school at Columbia.

Bill Belcher made the front page of the Mountain Ear while he was toying with tiny trains. The paper went on to do a pretty nice story of the train club in the valley which has a replica of the North Conway and Crawford Notch Railroad complete with the Frankenstein Cliff trestle!

Dawson Winch finally writes! That should be our front page header this year. In a long letter which we thoroughly enjoyed reading, but can't fully share here, Dawson says she's happy and enjoying life as the Assistant Marketing Manager for Backpacker Magazine in Emmaus PA. It was a long and trying job search and, supportive though the Steering Committee was, we didn't help much in getting her the job. It was her own amazing self — and we will remind her of that endlessly. Dawson moved down in April and finally sold her house in June. She's happily ensconced in an apartment while she decides where to buy a house and what kind of puppy she'll find to keep her company. With Rodale Press trips to Costa Rica on her schedule

before she even did a lick of work, it looks like Dawson landed on her feet again this time. Though she says its a little harder to make friends the older one gets, it sounds like Dawson is doing so with her usual flair. So great to hear from you Dawson, Cheers! Some OH have already found us! Dawson also sent along a repeat message on e-mail just to insure we really missed her.

Dave Moskowitz, Cindy Makin Brown, husband Bill Brown, **George Holt** wife Debbie Sellars, and **Ellie Dwight** all went sea kayaking in Alaska's Prince William Sound with **Steve Colt** this summer. Guest editor Colt reports that "in fact, Moskowitz wimped out on the kayak trip after failing to catch enough Red Salmon from dry land". Cindy's husband Bill got the last laugh when he caught two large Reds from his boat, while paddling AND drinking beer.

Rebecca Webber ("Becky" to guest editor Steve Colt) is married to Tom Knowlton and they have a two year-old daughter Lucy Maclean. Becky left her high-paying Boston law firm job for a position in her fathers firm, Linell, Choate and Webber, in Maine. She and her family live in Turner Center ME, which is mostly cows from all accounts. Becky says that the "live free or die" flag that was produced by the Western Huts Association in the '80s was her sheet! She had to go the entire summer with only a blanket or two. The logo was drawn with the advice of several WHA associates. She wonders if the flag is still somewhere in circulation because she hasn't had sheets since then!

Rebecca Oreskes' married former USFS Snow Ranger Brad Ray, of Tucks fame, at their house in Chatham. **Jon Martinson** and **Becky Webber** were greeters — training obviously taken from their AMC hut experience. Though there was no mention of bridal party Limmers, **Jon Martinson** says there were many in the audience. Other attendees were **Andy** and **Amy Broderick**, Deb and Walter Lancaster, **Guy** and **Laura Waterman** and more whom John blanked on. The ring bearers were Echo (Reb's pooch) and Tuckerman (Brad's pooch). The ceremony was held on the only day last summer that it rained. Fortunately, they had planned for it and events were held under a tent at their Chatham home.

Jon Martinson is at Mass General doing very important but vague things in their administration department. He drops a note off toD a Editor once in a while and recently has been the "E-mail-go-between" on stuck messages from the AMC-South contingent in Antarctica — in particular **Tom** and **Gloria Hutchings** who are basking in the New Zealand and Australian sun until the end of March before returning to their cozy home in Jackson NH. On the subject of aging beyond alzheimers Jon noted, "I used

to eat like a crazed horse. Now, I've slowed down and just eat like a horse. There will be a day when I slow down more and eat like a mule". We hear you John.

Tom Kelleher reminds us that we do have a home page on the world wide web as well as an internet address —<http://www.ultranet.com/~tkell/oha.html>.

Charley Richardson was also looking for **Rick Estes** (he was a popular guy in the last edition) and says that he's been to Madison numerous times this past summer with his sons Nick, Joe and fellow OH **Chris Stewart**, in that order.

Ben Sears was glad to see the OH on a home page and says "Lets Talk!" He also requests that perhaps we could put together a croo list for Tucks and PNC.

Peggy Dillion writes from Athens Ohio (still) where she is working on her Doctorate in Journalism at the E.W. Scripps School of Journalism from which she hopes to be liberated in June 1997. After redesigning "Windswept" the Observatory's bulletin, and editing it for a year, Peggy passed the torch to Lala Dinsmore (**Phil Dinsmore's** mom) so she could concentrate on her studies. She'd like to hear from folks out there!

Mark Dindorf and **Nancy Ritger** have welcomed another little beauty to the family. Amber Ritger Dindorf, all of 7 pounds and 4 ounces was born in North Conway on October 31. Amber joins her big brother Arran 5, and big sister Aslyn 3 at home with Mark and Nancy. Mark is still the proprietor of the Country Inn Bartlett for those looking for mountain hospitality just shy of the OH cabin and with a few more amenities. Nancy continues her part-time work with AMC Ed Squad.

Geoffrey Burke and his wife Annie are new parents to little Eliza Grafton Burke who popped into the world on October 22. Little Eliza can now play with her big sister Leah who is 2 1/2. Congratulations!

Charlie Stillman just returned from a major Christmas fete at Whistlers Resort in British Columbia. Charlie says "the top of Blackcort reminds him of Mt. Washington rock piles. Fortunatley the snow was good and unlike Mt. Washington, there was no wind." He took a nostalgic look back through the floor plan of a bunk house he helped to build at Carter and also at Zool where he worked. He was also hoping to find AMC hut croo job listings and was disappointed since his son may want to apply.

Liz Shultis Kotowski was sorry to have missed the fall work weekend and sheepishly sent in two years of dues with additional appologies. Now she should appologize for missing the winter reunion less than 5 miles from her home in Acton where she resides with husband Ed. Liz says she's great and promises attendance at the next reunion.

Harold Bernsen formed a new company in April '95 — Overseas Environmental Marketing, Inc. — principally involved in putting together joint ventures to clean up the marine environment in the Persian Gulf area.

Marty Womer writes that he shared a great weekend running Greenleaf Hut for the first weekend of August with **Doug George, Jon Davie, Ned Baldwin, Bill Oliver** and friends. He also sees **Burnham Martin** quite regularly since he has located in the Brunswick Maine area. After recovering from a serious car accident in 1993, Marty finds himself in his second year of Law School at the University of Maine School of Law — focusing his attention on land use, environmental and real estate law, estate planning, probate and tax law. Marty's wife Karin enjoys her work as the Managing Editor of Downeast Books. We were pleased to have him join us for dinner in January at the Reunion.

Burnham Martin and his wife Lisa (married in August of 1994) will be welcoming their first progeny in May of 1996. Burnham continues to work for the Rivers, Trails and Conservation Assistance Program of the National Park Service as the Maine Projects Director, that is when he isn't waiting out government shutdowns. Sometimes even good programs get caught in political crossfire! Lisa will continue her work as an elementary school teacher until the little one arrives.

Mike "Torebor" Torrey sent in his dues and teased us with a deposit for the winter reunion (no show). His sons Carter (12 years), Cameron (10 years), Cassidy (8 years), and Collin (6 years) are ok and keeping him busy. Perhaps Mike is going for the first single-family hut croo in history! From the list of activities: basketball coach, den leader for the Cub Scouts, treasurer of the local chamber of commerce, not to mention his very full AMC duties, its a wonder he isn't joining the circus! Karen, Mike's wife, is now the Pharmacy Director at Weeks Memorial Hospital in Lancaster NH. Mike closes with "...I just completed my 18th consecutive summer with AMC, and 13th year as a full-timer. Am I crazy or what?!"

Doug Teschner did not send in an article about that prize-winning NH cow for the first time since this editor's tenure! Doug is, however, still living up near Mount Moosilauke, still involved with the NH Legislature and still active in New Hampshire's presidential primary. His children are 11 and 6 years old and growing like weeds.

Fred Stott rekindled an OH connection at a dinner in New York this year with **Ted Bauer** (Lakes and Madison circa 1940), who is now living in Houston and directing a highly regarded investment group.

Chuck Rowan revisited New England this year honoring his 70-years young birthday

by canoeing on the Allagash and hiking Mounts Katahdin and Washington.

Robert "Pemi Bob" Prescott says he gets to the Phoenix Arizona area 4-5 times a year where there are two great hikes, fifteen minutes from where he stays in Scottsdale — Squaw Peak, a popular park and a nice way to get in some early AM exercise and Camelback, an equally pretty and enjoyable but a little more arduous, climb. Bob would appreciate knowing of any OH in the Phoenix area that he can connect with when he visits.

Bob's brother **Theodore Prescott**, and **Moose Damp** and wife Kitty Damp joined Bob for a White Mountain adventure this fall. They had some great weather for their hike up Washington. Ted was thrilled to meet the "walking encyclopedia of hut lore and raconteur", Mr. Damp, in person. Ted's glad to see the new refer.

Joylee Peterle was sorry to miss the reunion and hopes to see "Freedom of the Hills" someday. She also queries whether any one else besides her son George, has **Joe Dodge** for a godfather?

Ann and Jack Middleton send salutations. Jack was named Citizen of the Year in Manchester NH and Lawyers Lawyer in NH in 1994. They proudly hosted their four grandchildren this summer in Freedom NH.

John Hull warns us he plans to write an account for the Resuscitator of "The Lady Who Came to Dinner", describing the night Teen Dodge, with friends, came up to Greenleaf when he was Hutmaster, got ill during the night, and got carried down in a stretcher in "dawn's early light", and survived! All he says he has to do is conquer procrastination! "The Resuscitator is great!", he adds. We are hopeful that the story you sent in will make the next rag.

John Glase was interested in getting the addresses of past croo friends **Jed Davis**, **Brian Copp** and **John Nutter**. Hopefully, the rag can start the reconnection going. We'll have **Moose Meserve** send off the list.

Francis "Frank" Carlson laments the news about **Doug MacKelcan** and reminds us to look for the '41 croo shot at Lakes which includes Doug — Frank lugged it up a few years ago and noted it was still there in '92. They remet on the Crawford Path after 50 years during the Lakes 75th. "Who says it doesn't pay to greet people on the trail!" He says Doug was one of the few who packed over 200 lbs down from the summit and he remembers him weighing in the load. Frank also ran into **Al Stiles** this summer while hiking in Glacier Park. Stiles worked at Galehead and PNC in the late 40's but never kept up with the OHA.

Robert Cary is not unhappy with the change of venue for the winter reunion, but the new time in late January doesn't mesh with his vacation plans in semi-retirement

(last year he was in Mexico). Bob and his wife will be in Auckland, New Zealand on the 27th beginning six weeks of touring and trekking. He hopes to visit some of the Milford Track huts and do some comparisons. We do miss you Bob, can't you do a little rearranging next year?

Brian and Betsy Fowler sent in a little extra this year for "the good of the order". Brian laments that he will miss the winter reunion since he'll be out of town in Utah, but will send Betsy and daughter Lesley to keep the Fowler name alive.

Roger G. Smith visited **Dick and Carol Maxwell** in California this year. By now, the Maxwells have moved into their new house after the old one burned in the fires two summers ago

Tom Heffeman and wife Kathy bought a little ranch in the Black Hills of South Dakota. They plan to build a couple of barns this summer and contract for their home to be built. Tom's wife retires in June '97 so they promise to finally make the OH reunions in the future.

Mike Eckel has moved from Concord Mass to Wiscasset Maine to join our Maine OH contingent. After a nine month stint of work in the former Soviet Union involving some phenominal Siberian backpacking, he now works for the Chewonki Foundation in Wiscasset, teaching environmental education, leading wilderness expeditions and working on the farm as a farmer, lumberjack and general lackey.

David Douyard says all is well in San Diego. Despite missing the snow, "you can't beat the weather", he raves. He has a little avocado, veggies and fruit farm there. He'd love to hear from west coast OH and sends special greetings to the "**Hunt-Farb**" with whom he worked at Lakes in '79.

Tom Davis sent in lots of miscellaneous \$\$ for the kitty. I guess his sabbatical from Bentley College left him time to ponder the best place for his gobs of extraneous cash. He was at UNH this spring and the University of Vermont during the fall and spent the summer on Baffin Island and in Newfoundland and Iceland mapping glacial geology. Sadly, he'll be back at Bentley in January 1996.

Nate "Griz" Adams says he has returned to the farm in Chester Vermont "where he should have stayed and married the neighbor's daughter". The confusion for us is whether that's a figure of speech or he actually married her??? Let us know Nate!

Al Starkey stopped at PNC in December for the first time in fifteen years. "It was worth it to see the friendly hills again" he says. His youngest daughter is now living in Paris so vacations will tend in that direction for at least a while.

Garth "Rooney" Self and his wife **Sara Meath Self** stopped by the winter reunion with their first child, Logan Forbes, who was born in May of 1995. Rooney would like to get him hiking soon, but admits that

they just might wait until he walks first. The little guy has been out on skis already and seemed to take right to it.

Bruce Shields opted to attend his St. Andrews Society Robert Burns Day celebration instead of the winter reunion. No excuses next year! He's still working on a major 150 acre Timber Stand Improvement project and has been elected the president of the Lamoille County (Vermont) Farm Bureau.

Ben Sears Jr. has little mountain news but has added 3 new CD releases to his recent credits — the newest is a collection of songs by Ira Gershwin. Ben often performs in the Boston area and would love to see local OH'ers in the audience.

Suzanne Eusdan gave him a pleasant surprise in the summer of '94 by suddenly appearing on his porch in Jefferson NH on her way to Randolph. Everyone is welcome to stop by the "Home Place" on Rte 2. If the sign is out, then someone is there — if not, his parents like to visit with other hut folks from his era.

Ross Morgan invites any OH who remember his brother **Brian Morgan's** confrontation with the "Presence" in Tuckerman's Ravine (circa 1970) to join them on the 25th Anniversary hike to celebrate this "trying" yet eventually fruitful event in young Brian's life. For details of the expedition of the "Brother's-not-so-Grim" you may want to call 802-586-9697. Sorry that you are not receiving the full Resuscitator, Ross. We'll try to rectify that in the future and find the lost rag with the dirt on you from your brother.

While **Judy Geer** says she isn't getting to the White Mountains much these days, she did climb Camels Hump with her two daughters, Hannah (9 years) and Emily (7 years) — their first trip! Her 4-year old son, Ethan wasn't quite up to the trip though he seems to be doing well at x-country skiing this winter. Judy is working with her husband Dick Dressigacke at Concept II making oars and rowing machines (Da Editor has tried them and they are the best!). Between work, kids, and being newly elected to the school board, Judy is very busy!!

Allen and Nancy Clark had a nice visit with **Moose and Kitty Damp** at Nineteen Mile Campground last spring when Moose was closing down the campground to turn it over to NH Forest and Parks. Allen is still an avid downhill skier and is learning to be an instructor in the Vermont Adaptive Ski and Sports Association — a very active partnership which guides blind skiers. They are also very active cyclists who have raised 3,500 (along with 1500 bikers) for the Jimmy Fund and Dana Farber Cancer Institute.

Huntington "Hunt" Curtis sent in his dues for **Margaret Parker Curtis** and himself with a query about the best literal/

free translation of "Solvitur Crumpus" — our OH motto. The Steering Committee has agreed to delay discussion of this important translation until the Spring Brawl Game as an added enticement to those reluctant few who have yet to send in their \$.

Since the last Resuscitator, **Jon Leonard and Grace Levergood** had a second son born August 29, 1994, named Nick. Their oldest son, Bemis, is in first grade. One of them (and it wasn't clear from the letter) has taken a new job in Concord, NH with the Department of Environmental Services in Water Resources as a civil engineer. The job is to assist in the management of lake levels and stream gaging stations around the state and the benefits are seeing some of the beautiful and amazing country in New Hampshire. Sorry about the mailing label mess-up. Could you please write in to us with the exact way you want your names to read and who got the darn job?!

Thatcher White says he's going to send in yet another check shortly with hopes to join us at the reunion with his wife and OH father **John White** from Carter/Mad/Lakes in the 20s.

Chuck Stata wrote to inform us that the old cabin refer was "interned" or rather, recycled, at the transfer station in Nashua NH, "Long live the ol Beer Box — damn knuckle buster" he added. He also assures us that there is a place for the part "dry box" beside it if we ever wish to part company with that appendage of the cabin as well. He thanks **Tom Kelleher** for putting the OH info on the net and thinks the Octoberfest Work-weekend went great.

Joe Brigham, everyone's favorite helicopter pilot, has semi-retired this year, but says he'll still be around for the next 5 years to do AMC lifts. That is really good news Joe. What about flying into the brawl game this spring? Don't be a stranger, Joe. For those of you that haven't been to Joe's helicopter pad in Concord, NH, it is truly an experience — you can eat of the floors!

Jean Bennion who's up in Whitefield NH says Concord MA is better than Boston for the reunion, but wants us to consider an even more northerly direction like Concord or Manchester NH. It is a thought Jean. Perhaps you want to volunteer on the reunion committee??

Ann Cole Morgan is moving to Union NH and starting over again with a new landscaping consulting and computer imaging business. She's looking forward to being closer to the mountains and thanks us for keeping the reunion out of Boston. Ann told us that OH daughter **Linda Morgan** is alive and well and still living in the Whites.

Dr. Dave M. Albala writes us from Washington DC this time where he is a White House Fellow. He's taking a year-long leave of absence from Loyola University Medical Center and is happy to offer OH tours of the White House and oval

office until September of 1996. He's working on a variety of health care issues for the President — the tours are for our benefit and not the main reason for his DC sojourn.

Richard Meserve will be visiting Russia this spring as part of the National Academy of Sciences program to assist in the control of nuclear weapons materials. Thank the mountains you're there!

Ray Falconer sent us New Year's Greetings and one of his "Snowflakes" pamphlets from the Research Center for Atmospheric Sciences at SUNY Albany. We really liked the information and have shared it with numerous people. Those of us in New York state and the Berkshires as well as western Vermont miss Ray's weather show on public radio. Except for a slight loss of balance, Ray has recovered fairly well from his stroke of November 1993.

Bill Oliver also wrote in to let us know that he and newly AMC-fledged wife **Jen Granducci** are still haunting the streets of Schenectady NY where Bill is legal counsel for the city and operating his own law practice — that is when he isn't chasing-off to the Whites or playing volleyball. Jen finished her MS in Geology in 1995, is working part-time and will be finishing up her AMC career as a "training Hutmaster" this spring. They contacted **Ray Falconer** recently to reminisce about AMC history.

Dulcie Heiman surprised Da Editor last April when we met in a "second line" during the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival in Louisiana. For those of you who know Dulcie, it was I, not the "Queen of Zydeco and all things Cajun" that was out of place. We had a great, but very brief visit on that pretty street in the French Quarter and then were lost to each other for the rest of the week. Dulcie sends greetings from her home in the land of eternal spring (San Francisco Bay area). She doesn't have much time to get up to the CA mountains to go skiing, but says its comforting to know its only 3 hours away. She visited with **Mike and Kristen Waddell** and kids out in sunny CA this winter. She also got a letter from "**El-Wacko Grande**" **Ashbrook** who is travelling around the world with his wife, **Florence (OHF Zool)** this year from January to April. Hopefully, Dulcie, you'll miss us enough to come east in May for the Brawl Game.

Greg Andrew and his wife Reta Duciman had their first baby (they didn't say if it was a boy or girl), Tristan, born December 16, 1995. Congratulations!

J. "Sparky" Koop visited some fellow OH while she was in NH for the holidays, namely: **Liza Walker, Margaet Thompson, Julie Wade, Scottie Eliason.**

Liza Walker even got herself organized (with some coaching from Ms. Granducci), and joined this illustrious organization.

Welcome, welcome, Liza.

James Marston hopes to visit the Whites in '96 though he doesn't think he'll be able to make the trip from Surfside SC in time for the Spring Brawl. Jim's been gone so long, he doesn't even know the cabin tariff any more. Jim its a whopping \$5.00 per person — a deal any way you look at it!

Tom A. Loucks hiked up to Greenleaf this September with **Eddie Damon** and his wife Claudia. He thinks the new kitchen looks very functional!

Alan Hoch frantically sent in money for the reunion, not caring what was for dinner, only that he could make it for the "Freedom of the Hills" movie by **Dave Huntley.**

Heather Harland was married in Eaton NH to **Mark Wingate** on September 23, 1995. Of course AMC was well represented at the wedding with many reception-goers stomping up the afternoon in their limmers including the bride. The happy couple now live in Rochester NH and look forward to seeing folks in the Whites this summer.

Sally Harris Wilber and her husband **Sandy Wilber** spent most of May through October in their New Hampshire north country hide-a-way after Sandy's retirement last year.

Henry W. "Hanque" Parker is lucky enough to spend his summers in NH looking over the western Whites and evesdropping on the AMC party line. He does get to spend a few nights in the huts and does a few miles of trails each year.

Douglas M. "Dougje" Hotchkiss dragged long lost **Nelson Gildersleeve** to the winter reunion. Nelson introduced such OH to the Hut System as the **Perrys, Bill Oliver, Mark Kingsbury**, through his "sherpa" program. Seems Nelson never had a problem getting adequate supplies of scotch and beer up to Tucks thanks to his Sherpas. Doug is looking forward to seeing all at the Spring Brawl.

Rough seas and stormy weather kept treasure hunter **Dr. Peter Fallon** to a bare minimum this year. He hopes the "cabin wreck" will produce more "trove" this season. Forensics and crime scene investigation keeps him busy with the local county sheriff's Department in Vero Beach FL, inbetween trips to Washington DC representing Florida's coastal interests. He wonders if he'll bump into any OH at the American Academy of Forensic Sciences in Nashville this February? What are the chances that we have more than one person doing forensic medicine in our OH membership, anyway???

Nice to hear from **J. Mike "Bilge" Bridgewater** this time around. He and his wife Helen and his daughter Galen spend the winters working for Ski Schools of Aspen, Aspen CO. Bilge is the staff trainer with the organization and has been active with the Rocky Mountain P.S.I.A. as an

examiner for ski instructor certification. He is also a contracted consultant for Rossignol North America for the Development of Alternative Ski Product (what in the heck does that mean? — not skis?). He recently spent time in France with Rossignol S.A. and is currently involved with training the national sales force and dealer network on the use and promotion of super side-cut skis. WOW! And who says that being a ski bum long enough doesn't pay off!

Jim Anderson is living in Hanover NH and working for a mapping company. He says "its like being hutmaster, but with a bigger hut and croo". He spends the other half of his waking hours training for ski racing.

Meredith Bellows spends most of her time in sunny Somerville MA with various OH pals, tromping through the snow with Limmers and gaitors. She says, "city folk look at her funny"!

Art "Skiwax MacGregor" and his sister **Elizabeth "Lib" Crooker** joined us for the winter fling — and blessed us with their company! They are by the way, "RedMac MacGregor's children.

Zoe Parker took the year off from teaching to travel and study in Central America. Her favorite climb was Chirripo in Costa Rica. At her writing she was swilling down Pad Thai with **Emily Buesser** who made it back from South Pole station just in time for a north country winter! Zoe are you still interested in helping out?

Tim Caulkins got his priorities put in perspective by his 8-year old grandson Thomas, who after returning from a week on Mt. Assiniboine, said, "... 'T'd rather have been at Madison" where he had vacationed two years earlier.

Sandy Saunders, worried that he got dropped from the mailing list, sent in mucho bucko's to bribe us to let him in to the winter reunion after all. We did.

Still working as the Print Manager at the AMC Joy Street offices, **Emily Muldoon** sees **Wendy Prentiss** and **Meredith Bellows** and **Thad King** occasionally. They all work in the Boston area. Full of news and dubbed social director and News Chair of the recent OH by the OH Steering Committee, Emily goes on to say, "... she enjoyed a '94 Carter reunion of sorts — cross country skiing at Crawford's with **Dave Yampanis**, **Malin Bengtsson**, **Jeremy Eggleton** and **Megan Prentiss**"; Then she hoofed it to Vermont to deadhead with **Erich Finley** and **Mandy Wade** in Burlington (Mandy just finished at UVM and is working at Sugarbush); **Margaret Thompson** is out in Missoula Montana doing pre-med and enjoying the scenery; **Malin Bengtsson** is getting ready for a trip to India this spring. Thanks for all the news Emily. Too bad the rest of the bums didn't write!

Beth Belcher wife of the late **Fran Belcher** has made a move where someone else has to worry about the roof and the frozen water pipes. Those OH trying to reach Beth will find her at the Fitch Home 75 Lake Ave, Melrose MA

John Halporn is now an official Doctor of Medicine and inquires if anyone in Northern NH or Vermont needs a primary care doctor to please call him. He currently still resides in Brookline MA.

Brian Copp who's out in Wisconsin, spent a spectacular 6 days in the Boundary Waters Canoe area of Northern Minnesota last summer ('95) with his 15-year old daughter. He strongly recommends the experience for both Easterners and Westerners. Brian also talked a little about the Ice Age Trail which traverses Wisconsin from NW to SE along the southern boundary of the last glacier. Though its not a completed trail right now, it is getting connected piece by piece slowly and is a great flatlander hiking experience.

Joan Bishop has been having a quiet year enjoying her grand children and her camp in Randolph NH near the Madison pack trail. It was good to see you at the winter reunion Joan.

Joel White is teaching math and science at the local middle school in Adelanto California. He just returned from two weeks at Big Sky MT where he was joined by OH **Peg Dillon** and other friends. Any OH who find themselves in the Mohave Desert should look him up! Good to hear from you Joel, its been some time — come East for the spring Brawl.

Harry Wescott is now a gentleman farmer (an oxymoron for him) in the rolling hills of Virginia. He raises hay, beef cattle and "you-know-what" as a New England Carpetbagger with a southern wife. Y'all Come, Ya Hear!

D. M. Scott wonders if the **George R. Stewart** who was in the huts in the 1930s is the same one who was the author of STORM, etc. or if he was a professor at Berkeley? Anyone know?

Chris Hawkins and his wife Sue are really enjoying their home in Lost Nation in northern NH. Chris is also a rookie to the internet. Considering how Chris use to treat the rest of us "rookies" in the huts, I would think a few of us might want to show him how to "really" get his feet on the ground in cyberspace!

Stephen Peters, a recent AMC grad was thrilled to find the OH homepage. He is now at graduate school at Dartmouth.

Doug Dodd, who worked at PNC in '66 as Melvin's bullcook, then at Mizpah in '67 with **Willie Ashbrook**, thinks they were both good role models of how a hutman should act. Whatever brain washing those two crazies did in '66-'67 caused Doug to work at Lakes for 3 years. Little wonder that Doug had to leave after that!

Brad Snow fondly remembers that the Fall of 1979 was the first that Mizpah was open for full service through the end of September. **Bruce Sloat** was the Huts Manager then and felt that Mizpah was the easiest to keep water going. The fall crew were **Garth Quilla**, **Jeff Smith** and **Brad** with **Gardner Perry** "floating" (or perhaps to keep an eye on the rest of them).

SHORT TAKES

E.I. Efinger from Madison in the early 50s assures us that all is well with him.

Bill Meduski is hoping for lots of snow this winter. **Herb F. Kincey** is still out in Sante Fe looking for more OH in the area? He's lonely. **Bob Kreidler** sent in dues with a hallo to all. **J.T. Horn** apologizes for missing the winter fling but say's he'll be caretaking Tucks that weekend. **Cal Lovering** is working with the '96 Olympic and Paralympic Games. **Katy Hiza** had nothing big to share but wants us to keep the news coming. **Vin Lamanna** says his son, **John Lamanna**, is down in Antarctica for his third winter on the ice!

Joe Harrington thinks the January timing on the winter Reunion is better than the week before Christmas. **Fred Greene** (Zealand '36) was sorry not to make the reunion. **Sharon Kast** says better late than never on her dues. **Jeremy Eggleton** is spending the winter, after many wanderings, in Moscow Idaho to meet up with **Steve Engle** and do "who-knows-what"! **Linus Story** apologizes for missing the reunion but he's on call and can't switch. He promises to be at the Spring Brawl (after a week sailing in the B.V. Is with **Bonnie** and **Jim** and **Laurie Hamilton** and a week canoeing the St. John with son-in-law **Chris**). **Alison Arthur** is now married, living in Conway NH and went back to school. She is now a nurse at Memorial Hospital in North Conway. **Lawrence "Larry" H. Coburn** couldn't make the reunion but added a few extra dollars for the pot.

IN MEMORIAM

We sadly announce that **Charles G Mackintosh** died last year on February 1, 1995. His wife died in November 1995.

Vandice A. Porter died on October 28, 1995 He worked rescue at Tucks and HoJo's in the 40s as well as making it through service in the Pacific and Korean wars.

Jeff Damp sadly writes that his brother **Eben "Eb" Damp**, who worked at Lakes or Madison around the early '70s, passed away on August 28, 1994. He had been seriously injured in a car accident in Boulder CO in 1989 and was in a coma until he died.

Finally, **Arthur D. Witcher** reports that his sister **Harriet Witcher Simpson**, who was a hutman at PNC for at least one season after '41, died in 1992 in Cooperstown NY. She was also a Navy Wave during WWII and served as a physical Therapist at the Naval Hospital in Chelsea Ma. Arthur can be reached at 76 Chauncy Lane in Orchard Park NY 14127.

Robin Snyder edits Gormings

A production note about this issue of the Resuscitator. Da Editor has upgraded the World Printing Offices of Ye Aulde Ragge to a Gateway 2000 P4D-66 PC with PageMaker 5.0 for PC as the page makeup program and a nifty Panasonic KX-P400 laser printer. Thanks to **Mike Dudley** who is in marketing for Staples in Lebanon, NH for finding the printer in a Waltham, MA Staples store and having it shipped to the Weymouth Staples store for pickup. A terrific bargain price for a sophisticated, compact printer for home use! Jen's article and Robin's Gormings are supplied in Macintosh Microsoft Word and converted to the PC version of Microsoft at Nimrod Press, Westwood. Then the documents are renamed so that PageMaker will recognize them. Thanks to **Tom Kelleher** for providing much of the Resuscitator copy on our Web Page www.ultranet.com/~tkell/oha and to **Pemi Bob Prescott** for the candid photos of winter reunion.

GOT AN OLD CROO PHOTO ?

Check with Pinkham's Chris Thayer if you have a croo photo of your stint in the Huts. The plan is to adorn the walls of each hut with as many croo photos as can be gathered. Call Chris for details at (603) 466 2721.

JOIN US AT BERTUCCI'S

The Brandy Pete's venue has gone into the history books for Steering Committee meetings. First Monday of the month meetings are open to all OH and friends. Please drop in at our new meeting place, Bertucci's at the end of the Red Line at Alewife Brook Parkway in Cambridge. The parking's free, the food's superb and the price is right. Call Sue Hall W (617) 623 0372 or H (617) 528 2014 to confirm the date and place. We assemble about 6:00 p.m.

WHAT DO THESE OH HAVE IN COMMON ?

Alex MacPhail, Joe Harrington, Nick Howe, Bill Putnam, Jack Orrack, Santa Clause Lewis, Roger Smith, Mike Torrey, Chris Stewart, Jen Granducci and Robin Snyder have all written articles for the Resuscitator. All it takes is the ability to summon up reminiscences or spin a yarn that past and present OH will enjoy. Ever since the Macintosh introduced many of us to the ease and economy of documenting our experiences, we've been able to share the best years of our lives.

Got a story for publication? It helps if have Microsoft Word for PC or Macintosh, but we'll take a manuscript in any format just as long as we can read it.

How about life in donk camp, an extraordinary raid, interesting goofers you've met along the way, cooking concoctions, exploding gaboons, dead heads (the living variety), Pinkham cooks, goofer hunts (day and night), livestock and other stuff in trail lunches, cleaning johns and gorm lines, fumigating Pinkham, Guinea Nights, Augustfests, Gala, the Puffin Devil, camp goofers, trips through the Pemi and interesting pack trow.

No story? Then send us your photographs or memorabilia for publication.

So George Hamilton, Al Koop, Stroker, Ken Olson, Sam Goodhue, Green Mac, Ike, Bruce Sloat, Dave Huntley, Slezzy Dalton, Peggy Dillon and John Hull and all you other budding authors, let's hear from you.

IF YOU DIDN'T SEE YOUR NEWS...

in this issue, don't give up on us. The last batch of news to arrive this winter had to be shelved so we could fit everything into this Spring Resuscitator. either update what you sent us or we'll publish what you sent next time around.

MISSING ADDRESSES

Tim Axelson
Roger Bennett
Margaret Dumdy
Chris Moon
Michelle Kirchner
Tracy Green
Mark Kingsbury
Peter Degnan
Wendy Beeler

1996 SUMMER CROOS

(as of March 30)

Carter

Malin Bengtsson, Caretaker
Brendan O'Reilly, Caretaker

Madison

John Poor, HM
Nicole Marcoe, AHM
Ethan Hipple
Aimee Johnson
Caroline Kiernan

Lakes

Tim Hayman, HM
Phoebe Hausman-Rogers, AHM
Eamon Edgerton
Rebecca Atkinson
Anna Porter
Melissa Loeben
Rob Badeau
Matt Arsenault

Mizpah

Josh Fishkin, HM
Katherine Birnie, AHM
Nichole Gould
Jim Sharkey
Sarah Baldwin

Crawford

Kristen Hicking, AHM
Brian Sepalla
Shawn McMahon
Nicole St. John

Zealand

Meghan Prentiss, HM
Brian Schusterman, AHM
Jen Carter
Steve Deitz

Galehead

Sarah Hurley, HM
Laura Premack, AHM
Ted Olsen
John Mackay

Greenleaf

Jen Ourwater, HM
Brian Post, AHM
Lesley Fowler
Keavy Cook
Tuck O'Brien

Lonesome

Emma Ansara, HM
Pete Chipman, AHM
Amy Martinez
Adam Churchill

Tucks Caretaker-Liz Haigh
Tucks Ass't-Alexa Bernotavicz

Crawford Mgr-Jana Johnson
Storehouse Mgr-Schroeder Steward
Field Supervisor-Chris Thayer
Backcountry Facilities Mgr-Jeff Brown

Announcing The OH Cap

Now you can be as proud of your head as you are of your feet!

As we go to press, a crack team of embroiderers are at work, preparing our cap for introduction at Spring Brawl. The embroidered art on the front is a five-color rendition of the Cabin logo replete with the lettering THE OH ASSOCIATION SOLVITUR CRUMPUS circling the artwork. The fabric is pre-shrunk, soft weathered blue cotton with a natural crown so you can stuff this little baby in your back pocket the few times you're not wearing it. The bill can be shaped to individual tastes. The adjustable strap in the back is genuine leather with a burnished brass clasp and grommet for concealing the end of the strap. Comperable quality hats can be found at Timberland stores and the like for \$18 to \$20. Pick yours up at the Reunion for \$15 or ask us to send it to you for \$16.65 postage paid.

Order yours now because we are only making a hundred in the initial order. Subsequent orders will have to be priced higher because we'll be ordering in smaller lots.

Spring Reunion Order Form. Cut out, enclose check, news and mail to:
OH Association 80 Rowley Bridge Road, Topsfield, MA 01983

I'm prepaying the full menu for Spring Brawl at \$20 at \$14 for kids and present croo. Lobsters and clams will be bought only on a prepaid basis. Sandwichs and beer available for dropins at \$5.

Included in my Reunion payment is a cap order for the introductory price of \$15.

I can't make Reunion, but I sure want a cap for the postpaid price, of \$16.65

Oops! Here's my dues for 1996--\$15.

Here's the address of a missing OH.....

You've challenged me to write for the Resuscitator and I'll send you the following.....

Here's my news.....

Proof that nothing changes in the huts as Zool '93 croo. J. T. Horn, Malin Bengtsson and Paul Seybold prepare to sample an hors d'oeuvre. Read all about the huts today in Jen Granduct's 'The Huts in the Nineties.'



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TOPSFIELD, MA 01983

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