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The O H Association is an organization of former employees of the AMC Huts System whose activities include sweet White Mountain reminiscences

Judge William O. Douglas visits the White Mountains

GEORGE T. HAMILTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHLEEN REVIS JUDGE

EARLY IN THE SPRING OF 1959 I walked into my office at Pinkham Notch Camp one morning when my inestimable secretary, Emmy Lou McLeod, asked if I had recently had a run-in with the forces of law and order? I replied that I could recall no such event, so what prompted the question? She handed me an envelope with a return address, "Supreme Court of the United States". The initials, "WOD", appeared nearby. I was to learn that those initials would become very familiar to me in the weeks and months ahead. I immediately recalled that Fran Belcher, Executive Director of the Appalachian Mountain Club, had called me some two months previously, reporting that Justice William O. Douglas of the Court had called inquiring about the feasibility of arranging a brief hiking trip to the White Mountains later in the spring/ early summer; Fran had referred the Judge to me.

I soon contacted Judge Douglas and ascertained that he wanted to take a brief hiking trip in the White Mountains so he could report the experience in a book he was writing about eastern mountains as a sequel to an earlier book about the NESS: THE PACIFIC WEST). I suggested a three-day trip with overnight stays at Madison Spring and Lakes-of-the-Clouds Huts respectively. After some pulling and hauling about schedules, we finally got our calendars in "synch" and I agreed to pick him up at the Portland Jetport in mid-June, just prior to the Court's summer break. I soon learned that when dealing with luminaries from our nation's capitol, privacy becomes a scarce commodity. The media has an efficient information pipeline, and sure enough, there were several reporters already gathered around the Judge when I arrived on the scene to pick him up at the Portland airport

I observed that he was an old hand in dealing with the media, kept his answers brief and indicated that he had to move on. We had not met before but I quickly identified myself, escorted him to my car and we headed for Pinkham Notch. On the way, I outlined the brief hiking trip I had planned and told him I had invited Rick Goodrich, Androscoggin District Ranger, US Forest Service and Paul Doherty, District Chief, NH Fish & Game Department to accompany us. The following morning I showed the Judge around Pinkham Notch Camp and explained how it functioned as the focal point for the hut system. Following an early lunch, we were driven to Randolph after a brief stop at the Wildcat Mountain Ski Area, which had recently completed its initial season.

The weather was not exactly ideal for picture taking but it was good for climbing in that it was cool. It was not raining but the cloud level was down to about 4500 feet on the high peaks. In Randolph, as one looked up at the Presidential Range, the outlook was not particularly encouraging to start a trip above treeline, but it was at this point that I discovered Justice Douglas was truly an experienced mountain man when he took the "glass is half full" view by stating something to the effect that mountain weather is notorious for quick changes, conditions were not bad, let's go!!

In choosing our route to Madison Huts, (at that juncture, the site included the main hut, a small pumphouse, and old Madison #2, used for storage) I decided to climb through King Ravine and up the headwall through the "Gateway" where Durand Ridge joins Mt. Adams and overlooks the Madison-Adams Col. I knew the judge had traveled extensively around the world and was an experienced tramper, yet he was in his mid-sixties, about the same age as my own father. I wanted him to enjoy

Justice William O. Douglas

George T. Hamilton

a good hike with rewarding views but I had no intention of killing him! Imagine my chagrin when I learned during the climb (about halfway up the headwall) that some years earlier he had almost been killed in a serious accident when a horse rolled on him in the remote backcountry out in the west breaking several ribs; the ensuing rescue by US Forest Service personnel was both heroic and traumatic. Helicopter rescue was not an option, the Judge was in great pain, and the USFS personnel were stretched to the limit in successfully evacuating him. The end result was that the Judge had only one good lung. He managed always to keep moving no matter how steep and rough the terrain, using the mountaineers' time-honored slow and steady pace. Under the circumstances, he climbed well!

Brud Warren, Editor of the Berlin Reporter and a good friend of the AMC and hut system had called me earlier upon learning of the coming visit by the Judge, and was anxious to arrange an interview. I told him we would start our hike at the Ravine House, located at the Valleyway trailhead along old route #2 in Randolph, one of the last of the old inns still functioning which would close its doors the following year! It had been involved with the evolution of tramping in the northern Presidentials since the very first days almost a century earlier, and was particularly associated with the Madison Huts. The Judge and I met Brud around 1:00 p.m. and they chatted for a short time. Rick Goodrich and Paul Doherty were to meet us at suppertime up at the hut so the Judge and I soon set off alone along the lower reaches of the Valleyway, most frequequently used trail to Madison Huts, then diverged to the Airline once across the railroad tracks at Appalachia, and then onto the Short Line into King Ravine where we paused briefly at Mossy Falls for a breather. Here I explained to the Judge the background for the great maze of foottrails in the Randolph Valley. I pointed out, also, the choices one has here of taking either the "Subway" or the "Elevated" routes, the Great Gully Trail, or bypassing the headwall altogether and opting for the Chemin des Dames, which takes a direct line to the Durand Ridge and the upper Airline. The Judge soaked in the impressive view one has there in coming out of the trees, which to this point obscures those views! At Mossy Falls we refreshed ourselves from Cold Brook and learned first hand how it received its name! The Judge really enjoyed his first, and only, visit to King Ravine and often commented about this remarkable glacial cirque.

We did have one incident during the climb which could have resulted in a more serious outcome. When we started the steep climb up the headwall, I suggested that the Judge go first so I could be in a better position to help should he slip. He preferred to have me lead, principally because the trail was not clearly marked in some places. We were crossing a slab well up the headwall when I heard a gasp. I turned around and saw the Judge sprawled between two large boulders, resting on the top of a scraggly birch tree, beneath which was a drop of about twenty feet and his western style Stetson, to which he was duly devoted, had fallen from his head and was down on the ground. I climbed down to retrieve the hat and advised him that if anything happened to him, I was going to head for Montreal and keep on going! He still insisted that I lead. By the time we reached the Gateway at the top of the headwall, it was getting dark due to the low-hanging clouds just over our heads, and it was approaching suppertime! We quickly reached the junction of the Airline and Gulfside trails, and took a left turn on the Gulfside just as a break in the clouds revealed a light from the hut far below us, nestled in the Col. The Judge was tickled to see our destination so relatively close at hand and said later on that it was the highlight of the trip. (No pun intended) By that time he was getting tired and hungry and I believe we both were looking forward to a "happy hour" before supper!

Rick and Paul were both on hand with just one other guest, a former German fighter pilot of the Luftwaffe who had been shot down over England and spent a lengthy prison term there. Fortunately, he spoke English fairly well. Interestingly enough, Rick had served in the Second Marine Division, surviving the fierce battle at Tarawa where he lost many close friends, while Paul served in a UDT unit in Okinawa (underwater demolition). Since none of us had served in the European

deep-rooted biases we might otherwise have "enjoyed" and carefully steered the conversation to subjects other than WWII. We enjoyed a pleasant evening listening to Justice Douglas describe some of his interesting world travels, along with a few choice anecdotes about life in Washington. Not all of the summer crew had yet arrived, but I do remember Doug Kirkwood being present who was to "star" a year later in the National Geographic story by virtue of his "ringer" in the horseshoe pit, duly recorded by photographer, Kathleen Revis. The Judge enjoyed talking with Paul and Rick. They exchanged views about the US Forest Service in general, and the White Mountain National Forest in particular. The Judge had wide experience with the US Forest Service in the west, and not all of his comments were complimentary. The Judge was curious by nature and asked all of us many questions about our experiences here on the WMNF, especially about flora and fauna. The following morning we four set out across the Gulfside, the principal route traversing the northern Presidentials. Here the hiker has the option of climbing over the summits or circum-venting them in making one's way from Madison Hut to Mt. Washington via Mts. Adams, Jefferson, and Clay; we chose the latter course. We all took turns recounting various stories for the Judge which we thought he would find of interest: for example, the trail building feats of Professor Edmands and his work crews who smoothed out portions of the Gulfside and where even today some sections of the route are more like a sidewalk than a rough mountain trail; the extreme weather one may encounter above treeline; the Edmands Col Shelter and arguments for and against emergency shelters; the variety of flora and fauna, (beaver and moose viewed above treeline); some of the more noteworthy searches & rescues encountered; the max wind of 231 mph. recorded at the Mt. Washington Observatory in April, 1934; the Curtis- Ormsby tragedy on Mt. Washington in June, 1900; these and many other stories were related during the three day hike.

Somewhere along the Gulfside when hiking with the Judge, I said I remembered that the National Geographic Magazine had done a story about the White Mountains in the mid-1930's, " Do you suppose the NGS would be interested in doing a story on current hut operations"? Justice Douglas observed that he thought it a good suggestion and that he knew Melvin Bell Grosvenor, President of the Society, well and would broach the subject to him; if there were any interest he would let me know so I could travel to Washington and meet with them both. Thus the seed was planted which resulted ultimately in the return visit to the hut system the following summer by the Judge, photographer Kathleen Revis and with a supporting cast of hut crews.

Meanwhile, to complete the 1959 story, we stopped near Mt. Clay for lunch. The weather was favorable and we had a fine view to the northwest, looking down on the famous Mount Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods, site of the International Monetary Conference of 1944. Far below near the Base Station of the Cog Railway, we could see puffs of smoke as the railway crews prepared the engines for the imminent tourist season just about upon us. After lunch we began the long slow climb past Mt. Clay's summit cone and on up the summit cone of Mt. Washington. The Judge particularly enjoyed the view down into the Great Gulf where we could just make out tiny Spalding Lake, where Paul Doherty, aided and abetted by other conservation officers and friends, had backpacked fingerling brook trout over a period of years in an effort to restock the pond but with no success; the trout all seemed to winter-kill due to the shallowness of the pond. None the less, for those who took part in these trips packing down the long, steep and rough, Great Gulf Headwall burdened with sloshing cans of fish, sleeping bags, "O Be Joyful", steaks and other essentials, was the fodder for many a campfire story then and now, all too long to recount here.

We reached the summit of Mt. Washington around mid-afternoon. After introducing the Judge to the Observatory crew and explaining the various uses the summit premises provided for the Cog RR, the Auto Road, the AMC, UNH, Mt. Washington TV, etc., we departed down the Crawford Path for Lakes-of-the-Clouds Hut. The weather was clear but cool and we enjoyed a brisk hike to the hut. The Judge enjoyed meeting the hut crew and a modest sized group of guests, including

Donn Springer watches as Doug Kirkwood hits a ringer outside Madison Springs hut in the summer of 1960. Donn remembers that National Geographic photographer Kathleen Revis set her camera up facing the pit and shot pictures, risking her camera lens and a possible rearranged countenance, until Doug finally got his ringer.

George, Paul Doherty and Justice Douglas are reflected in the Glen House Rerservoir

Judge enjoyed meeting the hut crew and a modest sized group of guests, including Dr. Larry Bliss, a botanist from the University of Illinois, who was particularly helpful in identifying some of the alpine plants which were beginning to blossom in the general vicinity of the Lakes of the Clouds Hut. Justice Douglas noted that he had seen some of the very same plants in the Brooks Range in Alaska. We spent another enjoyable evening, telling mountain stories and perhaps even a few "war" stories. Here we were joined by Lee Kelley from the Supervisor's office, WMNF in Laconia, an old friend who eventually went on to bigger assign- ments in the USFS. I know the judge enjoyed talking with Lee who had spent considerable time in the western states working for the USFS, and of course, Justice Douglas was from the State of Washington and at the time called Goose Prairie, Washington, home.

At that time, Lakes Hut had not entertained a major construction project since the 1947/48 effort which had reconstructed much of the hut, but at that location, buildings age quickly and some of the bunkrooms reflected that fact; we slept in the "overflow" bunkroom which was practically on the Crawford Path/ Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail junction. It was a chilly night and when waking in the morning, I said "Judge, how did you sleep?" He replied, " I slept cold", doubtless referring to the inadequacies of the AMC blankets, never famous for their ability to counter the hypothermic tendencies one can encounter at the higher elevations. I had hoped it might be possible to take the Judge down over the famous headwall of Tuckerman Ravine, but there was too much snowcover to allow a safe descent, so we elected to stay on the Boott Spur trail which, after all did allow for some fine views into the Ravine. We were back at Pinkham Notch Camp by noontime in time for a quick change of clothes and lunch, following which I drove the Judge back to Portland for his airplane to Washington. He advised me that he would contact Dr. Grosvenor at the Geographic and keep me posted about the outcome.

Later in the autumn I received word from the Judge that he had met with Dr. Grosvenor who was enthusuastic about the concept of a story about the AMC Hut System. The judge asked when it would be convenient for me to visit him in Washington and to meet with Dr. Grosvenor to discuss the project. I advised him that I expected to attend the Sportsman's Show at the Coliseum in New York City during the winter, and I could plan to visit Washington following the Show.

I teamed up with Paul Doherty to help staff the New Hampshire booth at the Show in February, 1960, both of us having previous experience at such shows in the past. I had been keeping Paul advised of my plans with the Judge and had already secured airplane tickets to Washington. My old friend Bertram "Swoop" Goodwin, another former Marbleheader and ex-AMC employee currently working for the U.S. Postal Service, had invited me to stay with him on my brief trip. A new wrinkle developed when Governor Wes Powell of New Hampshire stopped by the booth at the Sportsman's Show. During the course of conversation, he learned of Justice Douglas' proposed trip to New Hampshire. He asked therefore, if Paul and I were planning to attend the annual sportsman's dinner sponsored by the New York Rod and Gun Club that very evening with Justice Douglas as the principal speaker? Of course we answered in the negative due to the scarcity of available tickets and their high costs!

The Governor responded "I want you both to go and don't worry about the tickets! Be at the Hampshire House (his favorite New York hotel) at 5:30 p.m. in civilian clothes, come to my suite and we'll all go down together. And George, I want you to introduce me to Justice Douglas!" Paul and I agreed with the game plan, but Paul pointed out that his boss, Fish & Game Director Ralph Carpenter might be surprised at this turn of events. Governor Powell advised Paul not to worry about a thing, he would arrange everything. And he did, for his administrative assistant, Maurice "Moe" Murphy, later to become N.H. Attorney General, took care of the details for us. Of course, I was delighted with the turn of events and later in the evening when advising Justice Douglas of our change in plans, he immediately invited us to his house for dinner in Washington the next evening.

Paul quickly arranged to stay with one of his brothers who lived in nearby

Maryland. He was able to secure a seat on the same airplane I was scheduled for, so the following day we flew to Washington. The Judge insisted on picking us both up at our re- spective lodgings in time for dinner at his home. We had a most delightful evening and enjoyed meeting Mrs. Douglas (Mercedes). Following a delicious dinner, we exchanged anecdotes (mountain adventures) while sipping slivovitz which the Yugoslavian Ambassa- dor had given them! Around midnight I suggested that I call for a taxi, but the Judge insisted on personally driving us back to our respective lodgings, reminding us that he would be picking us up at 8:00 a.m. for breakfast at the Yale Club!

This gold-plated treatment by the Judge for these two country boys continued the following day. After a fine breakfast at the Yale Club, we visited the National Geographic Society headquarters, a lovely new building just recently completed. Justice Douglas introduced us to Dr. Melville Bell Grosvenor, a charming gentleman of the old school who personally escorted us around the facilities. In due time we discussed the proposed article and learned that Dr. Grosvenor's sister-in-law, Kathleen Revis, would be the photographer assigned to the story. Dr. Grosvenor appeared enthused about the project and thought it a "natural" for the Geographic magazine!

The Judge and I were in sporadic correspondence over the next few months. It was agreed that he would come to Pinkham Notch to visit the huts in June whenever his schedule allowed, while I would do my best to coordinate the hut visits and help out with transportation to and from the airports. Meanwhile, Kathleen and I discussed her role and agreed that she would decide how much time she needed to obtain photos for the story. She would come to Pinkham ahead of the Judge in order to familiarize herself with hut operations. Kathleen proved to be an easy person to work with. She was independent, a good hiker, self-reliant and an excellent photographer. Much of the success of the endeavor can be attributed to her skill with her camera!

I was thankful for this opportunity to become acquainted with Associate Justice Bill Douglas, one of the leading jurists of our time; a man with a love for the out-of-doors and an innate curiosity to learn more about everything he saw. He was a real "people person" with a fine sense of humor, and particularly liked young people. He enjoyed talking with the hut crews and sharing anecdotes with them. Through him I determined to become more familiar with alpine flora myself, for like most hutmen I had tramped over, around and on the delicate flowers for years. In the next few years I became better acquainted with them, thanks to the help of folks like Miriam Underhill, Brad Swan, Slim Harris, Fred Steele, Larry Bliss and others. The end result of the Judge's trip in 1959 was to provide a chapter on the White Mountains in his book, MY WILDERNESS: EAST TO KATAHDIN, an accounting seldom equalled of the flora and fauna surrounding the hut system of the AMC. The Judge's attention to detail was outstanding! And, of course, this trip laid the groundwork for the NGS story, "The Friendly Huts of the White Mountains" which appeared in the August, 1961 issue of the Geographic magazine.

Although there have been times I questioned the wisdom of beginning the alpine flower guided tours, held each June, which we started in 1959, I am pleased to have had a hand in helping visitors to the hut system appreciate the flora and fauna. Likewise, the NGS story about the hut system provided a great impetus businesswise, and any regrets we might have had about the increase in hikers over the fragile mountain trails is offset, in my opinion, in the recognition that the "outdoor recreation explosion" of the late 1950's and which carried ever onward into the sixties, would have inevitably reached the White Mountains without the influence of a story such as the NGS piece. In retrospect, the story spread the reputation of the Appalachian Mountain Club wider and in a positive vein. It is my hope that the hutmen, and women, who have contributed to the success of the hut system through the years, share my pride in participating in the story.

George T. Hamilton resides in Bow, New Hampshire with his wife Helen. After being Huts Manager, he worked in several capacities for the New Hampshire state planning department before becoming Director of Parks and Recreation. He later served as Regional President, BankEast and President, Greater Concord Chamber of Commerce. He is has written articles and remained active in many societies and public service affiliations from which he has received awards, not the least of which is the O H Association Honorary Award for his outstanding contributions.

Where are They Now?

Joe Harrington

Chuck Kellogg

Bill Belcher

SOME OF THE CREWS FROM THE SUMMER OF 1960 WHO APPEARED in the 1961 National Geographic Friendly Huts of the White Mountains article still keep in touch with the O H Association. Donn Springer lives in Wayland and is in the construction business. He remembers that photographer Kathleen Revis diligently set herself in harms way just to get the perfect shot of Doug Kirkwood's ringer. Even after the photo shoot was over, Kathleen worried that she hadn't gotten the right photograph and returned for another shoot only to later find that she had captured the ringer on her first roll of film. Doug Kirkwood's career must have peaked in the huts after Justice Douglas extolled his virtues as Madison's hutmaster both in the Geographic article and in his White Mountain chapter of his 1961 book, *My Wilderness: East to Katahdin*. Kirkwood hasn't been heard from since.

Joe Harrington, who wrote the Huts in the 50's article for the spring 1994 Resuscitator, had some summer courses at MIT in 1960 that gave him time in June to work as opening hutmaster for George Hamilton at Carter. Joe who had experience at Pinkham and Greenleaf, prepared the young crew for the Justice's first hut visit that summer. They spruced up Carter and eagerly anticipated the Justice and entourage arriving by way of the Nineteen Mile Brook Trail. To Joe's surprise, the Justice took the gondola to the top of Wildcat and clambered down to the hut. Well rehearsed Carter crew greetings were not met with the anticipated paroxysm of ecstasy from the Judge. Obviously, the trip down from Wildcat had taken a physical toll on His Honor and a taste of Oh Be Joyful was the only elixir to raise the spirits and ease the pain. Joe and the crew had pulled out all the stops for dinner. He had supervised the rookie crew in making ice cream including a special trip to Gorham the day before to buy the rock salt and ingredients. The crew had gone down to the Carter caves to gather snow. As dinner was in progress, the crew took turns hand cranking so that the dessert surprise could be brought to the table. The Judge ate it silently; after all, it was only vanilla! After dinner, all gathered together in the kitchen for singing while Joe played his harmonica. After the photo opportunity, the Justice returned to the goofer room and left the next morning without signing the register. In spite of his personal disappointment, Joe went on to earn three degrees at MIT in science and nuclear energy, had a glowing career in the electric power business and is currently Director of Development at MIT's School of Engineering.

Chuck Kellogg was hutmaster at Lakes that summer and remembers scanning the Crawford Path for the Justice's arrival. The Lakes crew was particularly pumped up because they didn't want to be outshone by their Presidential rival Madison seven miles away. Chuck remembers the party being late, very late. While the regular hikers indulged themselves on cold water and gnawed on bread, Chuck held his ovens on idle mulling over his options. According to Chuck, "Finally, there they were, just passing in front of the smiling face that graced the front of the huge wooden tank that stored the hut's water. Why weren't they moving faster? Don't they feel our pain? In any case, it was a relief they were there." But they didn't sit down for dinner. They needed to freshen up and perhaps have a bit of libation while Chuck paced around the kitchen. But dinner finally was served and the crew immersed themselves in the routine of serving hungry hikers and forgot about normal dinner schedules. The next morning, breakfast went smoothly and the special guests departed for another hut. Chuck remembers hosting photographer Kathleen Revis on subsequent return visits for more photographs to document the crew activity. "She captured the spirit of the huts, from playing horseshoes to breaking open 100 eggs and singing with the guests during an evening songfest. She gave personality to the hut crews and made them people others would like to meet. This aspect of the National Geographic article legitimized hiking as a perfect, clean and healthy form of recreation, therefore beginning a great period of growth for hiking and hut activity. In turn, Kathleen became so enamored with the area and its people that she married the manager of the Wildcat Ski Area, Stan Judge". Chuck's memories of Kathleen were read at this

By JIM HAMILTON with PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHLEEN REVIS JUDGE

year's winter reunion as she was given the O H Association's Special Member Award. She came to the mountains to photograph a Judge and ended up marrying one. Chuck went on after graduating from Williams to serve two years in Alaska with the Modern Winter Biathlon Unit to satisfy his military obligation, raced in the World Military Championship in Sweden and won the US National Championship in Biathlon. While working in the huts, Chuck had met Olympian Brooks Dodge whose successes encouraged him to make the US Olympic team in 1968 as a cross country skier and he remained on the US Ski Team for five years. After a career with IBM, Chuck is working as an international consultant with Global Partners in Boston. Last winter, he won the World Masters Championship in cross country skiing. He is favored to add more to his world-class hardware collection this winter.

Lakes assistant hutmaster Bill Belcher was featured prominently in the Geographic article cracking eggs, playing the guitar in a group singalong and weighing up a pack load wearing his zebra skin vest. After his AMC stint, Bill worked in insurance in Melrose, Massachusetts and moved to Madison, New Hampshire, a good base to watch over the O H Cabin and purchase the lobsters for Spring Brawl.

Mary Egerton Sloat appeared several times as well. She worked at Pinkham in the days before women could work in the huts and married Bruce Sloat who worked with George Hamilton as Assistant Huts Managers, then succeeded George as Huts Manager. Mary and Bruce live in Lost Nation, New Hampshire and, just for variety and a change in scenery, have a ski house in Colorado where they spend a portion of the winter. We look forward to seeing them both this spring at the Brawl.

Gerry Whiting was at Madison and ended up being the poster boy model packing up the valley way, shirtless with washboard stomach. Kathleen Revis had a good eye for abs, because Gerry has kept his well-cut physique. His wife Meta worked at Pinkham in '65 and brothers Ken and the late Dana also worked in the system as well as son Derek. Gerry has made a career in the private sector forestry management and products. His stamina and conditioning was just proven on the O H Nepal Mustang trek last October where every day he set the pace with the advance Sherpa guide and proved, without a doubt, that the lead sled dog has the best view. Meta and Gerry live in York, Maine and are working this summer on building a home for daughter Kendra with lumber cut on his own saw mill.

Bob Kreitler worked at Greenleaf and remembers George ordering preparations for the Judge's arrival and particularly being a model during the return visits of Kathleen Revis for the follow-up shot of North Lookout and the Franconia Notch vista. The full impact of the visit wasn't felt at Galehead the next year where Bob became hutmaster in 1962. He and assistant Arny Cary even put posters together to advertise the virtues of Galehead and distributed them in the Twin Mountain area to bring in business, but, alas, Galehead remained the remote outpost that summer. Bob went on to work with the US Forest Service, the Office of Management and Budget and Champion International. For the past thirteen years, Bob has been a financial planner. He and Arny have worked as fill-in crew at Galehead and was active in the hut's fiftieth birthday celebration. He is currently planning the hut's last night on this mortal coil August 31st, after which the old hut will be dismantled to make room for the rebuilt Galehead. I was at Greenleaf with Bob and shared the same sentiments about Kathleen who struck us as being a kinder, gentler soul than the Judge. She was professional, but still had time for us. Since then, reading about the life of William O. Douglas, I realize that one of the most remarkable men of our century passed too quickly before us that summer. We never had the quiet times on the trail that George shared with him to hear his stories, to marvel at his incredible recall of wildflower knowledge and to just talk with a fellow outdoorsman with the bond of a love for the mountains. What we saw was a very tired hiker at day's end. I can understand that now.

Mary Sloat

Gerry Whiting

Bob Kreitler

The Lady Who Came To Dinner or My First Beer

by JOHN L. HULL

"GUESS who's coming to dinner?", I asked one of my hutmen as I sat on the steps of Greenleaf hut to slip out of my freighter packboard, loaded with close to 100 lbs. of assorted supplies from the, base storehouse.

"I'll bite, who,?", Bob said, steadying the pack as I stood up to untie it.

"Teen Dodge! She'll be coming in with a couple of friends tomorrow night. Swoop told me when he dropped off a load at the storehouse."

"Holy cow! What'll we serve them?"

Teen, of course, was Joe's wife, a lovely lady, very proper, almost the opposite of tell-it-like-it-is Joe Dodge, undisputed king of the Appalachian Mountain Club huts System, and a legend in the White Mountains long before I became hutmaster of Greenleaf on Mt. Lafayette in 1941. Teen was a wonderful mother to her teen-age children, Brookie and Anne, and ran the lovely woodsy home behind the Pinkham Notch Lodge, next to the Fire Trail. I used to serenade her playing "Indian Love Call" on my clarinet on warm summer evenings when I'd have a day off at the Lodge. She was most appreciative.

But she had never visited my hut, neither during my six weeks running Zealand Notch hut during the end of the 1940 season, nor at Greenleaf during the couple of months I had run it since opening in June, 1941. And now she was to be there the next afternoon!

Needless to say, Bob Claflin and Frenchy Gall and I madly worked to neaten up the place and to bake a few specialties and to make sure the yard was picked up. Not that she had any reputation as a complaining or critical visitor, but just that we all really revered both her and Joe and we didn't want to let either of them down.

She came up by way of the Greenleaf Trail, and stepped onto the flat area behind the hut about 5 p.m. the next day. One of her companions was Hub Sise, who had been a hutmaste some years back and was also legendary. I don't recall the name of the other one, but he was a doctor friend. We'll call him Jim. I suppose they were all in their mid-forties, and my two hutmen and I, all age 17 and all just graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, were honored and in awe to be their hosts for the night.

Many details are fuzzy in my memory, but I think we had another twenty or so guests also spending the night — the usual collection of young and old, novices ("goofers") and experienced hikers. The dinner went well, with no complications. The dishwashing and drying was the usual social affair with a half dozen guests pitching in to help. Following that job, we got the kitchen organized for the breakfast routine, and turned in, the male guests in the men's bunkroom (18 cots, three high, plus a washroom and toilet), the women in the women's bunkroom (ditto), and Bob, Frenchy, and I in the crew's bunkroom off the kitchen, three stacked cots.

I was awakened about 3 a.m. by someone shaking my arm. It was Hub Sise with a partly shielded flashlight.

"Teen's very sick, John. Jim thinks it could be peritonitis. We've got to get her down the mountain to a hospital."

The next hour was a series of hushed discussions among Hub, Jim, my two hutmen, and myself, with occasional words of reassurance to Teen. As I recall, most of the guests were sleeping soundly despite the drama unfolding in their midst.

We unscrewed one of the steel-framed bunks from the wall of the men's bunkroom, to use as a stretcher. We recruited two of the men guests to help Hub, Jim, Bob, and me as stretcher bearers. We appointed Frenchy — the smallest of the crew — to handle the breakfast for the other guests. We elected to go down the Greenleaf Trail, as it was a mile shorter than the Old Bridle Trail, our usual pack trail, and also because Hub's car was parked in the field next to where the trail met the highway that goes through Franconia Notch. We were ready just as the first light of dawn arrived.

We carried Teen to the cot, covered her with a couple of blankets, and put a pillow under her head. We then lashed her to the cot to prevent her falling out. She seemed to be in considerable pain, but, ever the lady, was most appreciative of our help and most apologetic that she was the cause of the disruption of our routine.

I carried the front end, with the end frame bar lashed to the lower end of my packboard. Bob, using a makeshift rope harness, carried the other end of the cot. The other four stretcher bearers, two on each side, held the steel bars with one or both hands.

Teen was probably 5'10" and weighed, we estimated, about 140 lbs. The steel cot probably weighed 50 lbs. Carrying it on a level surface meant about 30 to 35 lbs. per person, which was not at all difficult as we shuffled over the 30 feet or so of relatively flat ground to where the trail sloped downward to begin the actual descent. And that's where carrying became very difficult,

I, being in front, and Bob, being in back, could walk in the path, with our well-broken-in hob-nailed boots gripping the uneven rocks well. But for the two carriers on each side of the stretcher, it was an almost impossible job. First of all, the path was generally one to two feet wide. Very rough boulders and rocks on each side rose at least several inches above the path, often as much as two feet above the path. We couldn't use the flashlights because our hands were occupied trying to keep the stretcher on a more or less even keel. And although the sky was beginning to change from dark to slightly gray, the rocks were not easy to see and to judge for sound footing. With extreme difficulty (and very conscious of our sensitive cargo), we would advance about three feet, then pause to identify our next two or three steps, then more forward another two or three feet. It probably took us twenty minutes just to get down the trail the fifty yards to where the pump and water spring were located for keeping the fresh water tank filled, in the rafters above the kitchen.

Visibility became a bit easier as daylight increased, but the Greenleaf trail is rugged and narrow even for an unburdened hiker. Our descent was especially difficult where we had to inch past the several sections where head-high rock outcroppings required narrow footing around sharp turns in the trait. Eagle Pass was a real tough one.

It was about 9 a.m. when we reached the first of the three major landslides that had occurred in years past, essentially obliterating the trail. Several seasons of hikers since the slides occurred had generated footholds on the steep slope but had not reduced the roughly 45 degree angle of the terrain upwards to the right and downwards to the left. To traverse the slides was, at best, about 40 to 50' of breath-holding balancing and crouching and concentration on each cautious step. It was obvious we could not negotiate Teen and the stretcher across the slide.

Fortunately, Teen seemed to be in less pain by this time, and even suggested that she could crawl across each slide — a suggestion that was swiftly rejected by Dr. Jim, as well as the rest of us. Also, fortunately, we were within a half mile of the highway.

The consensus was finally reached that I would piggy-back Teen across the slide. Teen was agreeable. I did not feel imposed upon, especially in as much as I had been carrying heavy loads up the mountain all summer, and even held the record of carrying 188 lbs. up the Bridle Trail. (It had taken me over five hours, and included several inevitable tumbles.)

So, after I had slipped out of my packboard, the others lifted Teen from the stretcher and placed her on my back. I started across the traverse, planting each foot firmly and then cautiously shifting my weight for the next step. Two of the group preceded me and the rest followed. No one spoke until I had reached the other side of the slide where the trail was on solid ground.

"This is not bad," I said, considerably relieved. "Let me keep carrying her for awhile."

And so we went to the second slide, and another cautious and silent uneventful crossing.

It really wasn't that difficult, carrying someone downhill that way. And we were making much better speed than before. On to the last slide, across it, and down the final slope to the relatively flat field and to Hub's parked Ford sedan.

Hub rushed ahead to unlock the doors. Others transferred Teen from my back to the front passenger seat. Jim climbed into the back seat. Hub opened the trunk and set a half empty case of beer on the ground. Then he slammed the trunk lid, climbed into the car, started the engine, and sped off toward the highway and the hospital.

The rest of us sank to the ground, exhausted. Bob opened beers and passed them around. What an incredibly refreshing elixir of sheer ecstasy! I had never drunk beer before, but nothing could have so quenched my thirst as that bottle of warm beer. The four of us groaned with relief, thankful for the success of our mission.

I don't recall how long we savored the inaction, but I know we did return up the mountain to the hut and resumed our normal routines.

We learned later that Teen had been thoroughly examined at the hospital and no exact cause of her distress was discovered. She recovered within a day, and was driven back to Pinkham Notch. We got a lovely thank-you note sent via the next supply run to the storehouse.

Several weeks later, Teen and some friends returned to the hut, where she insisted on cooking us a dinner, including the fifteen or so guests who were also lodging for the night.

She was a real lady. And I had learned to like beer.

In the fall of 1941, John Hull entered MIT, graduated in 1944, was commissioned a naval officer in early 1945 and ended up on Guam in the Pacific in mid-1945. A year later, he separated from active service, flew to China, and spent two years there with the United Nations, where he also married Buz, an Australian UN lady. Then followed two years in Munich, Germany, with the International Refugee Organization, followed by two years in Melbourne, Australia, working as a design engineer with the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation. Back in the States in 1952, he and an older brother started Hull Corporation to manufacture industrial process machinery. Still busy as vice-chairman of the company, John and his wife continue with their hobbies of camping, canoeing, skiing, sailing, and tennis. (And for 35 years, John played clarinet in a symphony orchestra as an avocation.) John and Buz spend weekdays at their condo near the main plant in Hatboro, Pennsylvania and weekends at their shore home on Barnegat Bay, New Jersey.

Among the Crowds.

PROFESSOR STROKINGTON, III, C. C. EMERITUS' OCCASIONAL UTTERANCES & EDIFYING LECTURES

Wackos in the Whites: True-Life Backcountry Encounters with the Truly Dysfunctional

To the best of my knowledge, this is the first column of its kind to grace these pages, so I'd like to set off on the right foot, so to speak. Lest I be tarred at the trailhead with the broad brush of political incorrectness, let me announce to all in the party, before we hit the trail, that I have no intention of arbitrating who should be hiking with us and who should stay home.

Unless of course we're talking about those guys who like to hike in full cammies, with maybe one of those seven-in-one tent-stake-driver/hatchet/car-jack/trenching-tools on their belt, even when they're just buying Slim Jims in Glen—if they haven't already changed into more appropriate garb, like the favorite tee-shirt that reads "I Got a Gun for My Wife. Good Trade Huh!". But seriously, far be it for me to sit in judgement on the "sartorially challenged" and their rightful place in the woods.

True to the spirit of the Resuscitator, this column should be fair, fun, factual, and—above all—flippant! So lets hear from all you OH out there who have a tale or two to tell about weirdos in the woods. And by weirdos, I'm not talking about those sometimes-scantily-clad people you occasionally see packing large loads lashed to packboards that look like they came out of the Marquis de Sade's gear closet. We all know they're normal.

I'm talking about folks who's cheese-whiz has slipped a little off their cracker, folks who always seem a few crump spots short of a good pack trail. Maybe they hear car horns on Carter Dome. Maybe they seem a heartbeat away from assaulting some poor guy who lights up a smoke on the front steps at Greenleaf. Maybe they just smile too much. Folks who give the most unexpected answers to seemingly innocent questions like, "Ever been here before?" and "May I help you?"

With the 20th anniversary of The King's death close behind us, I've heard it said that Boston is the only major American city still without an Elvis sighting. Must be because he's hiking the AT. If you've seen Elvis—or Napoleon—please describe your encounter on the back of a twenty-dollar bill and mail it to Prof. Strokington, c/o this newsletter. "Parting Tips" (see below) are also welcome. Your contributions may be featured here in a future issue.

Till then, keep hiking, keep happy, and—if you meet any weirdos—keep moving! And remember...

Parting Tip No. 1:

If, when hiking to a hut for the night, you should overtake another hiker and inquire, "Are those Limmers?" and the reply is, "No thanks, I just ate," don't feel obligated to make additional conversation at dinner.

A LATIN PRIMER

Why don't the Huts have mottoes? Countries have mottoes. Universities and businesses and every branch of the armed services have mottoes. Families who can trace their roots before Ellis Island have mottoes (...or managed to invent them convincingly enough).The Boy Scouts have a motto. Even the OH has a motto: Solvitur Crumpus. (I just can't remember what it means.) So why not the Huts? It's high time we OH rectified this deficiency, so I'm suggesting some mottoes below.

Of course, as an alumnus of the Construction Crew—which is to say one who's never, strictly speaking, worked in the huts, but rather on them—I suppose there are some who might challenge my qualifications for this task.

As a preemptive preface to these critics, let me remind thems that need remindin' that distinctions like in and on tend to blur when a croo gets called on a rescue and those remaining must exchange their ladders for soup ladles and their tool aprons for kitchen aprons. Or help with the rescue themselves.

The years too have a way of melting these distinctions—and others—that once seemed as clear and as hard as ice.

So without further ado, here's some chattin' in Latin:

Madison: *Tallus dumpus tallus crumpus.*
(The only good rock is a crump rock.)

Lonesome: *Exertum non maximum.*
(What, us pack?)

Greenleaf: *Predictum Strata Obscura.*
(No weather is good weather.)

Lakes: *Populus ad nauseum.*
(Three's company, but this is ridiculous.)

Zealand: *Magnum opus semper hocus pocus.*
(Goofer loads always get the chicks/hunks.)

Mizpah: *Non carborundum touri*
(Don't let the goofers get you down.)

Galehead: *Pax infinitum.*
(One goddamn long trail.)

Carter: *Veni, vidi, vino.*
(I came, I saw, I sipped.)

Pinkham: *E pluribus confusum.*
(Out of many, chaos.)

Construction Crew: *Fiasco fugit.*
(If it don't work, force it.)

Trail Crew: *Terra perma.*
(Mud forever.)

Geology of the Gorham Quadrangle forThe Scientifically Challenged

As far as I can gather, the geological history of the White Mountains goes something like this: long ago, before MacDonald's had sold even two hundred hamburgers, a shallow sea stretched from Maine to Georgia. This sea receded about 330 million years ago, during the Devonian Period, forming sedimentary rocks and greatly reducing the opportunities for windsurfing. Compressional stresses (not to be confused with Congressional messes, although similar in effect) distorted the nicely ordered sedimentary rocks, bending

and forcing them into peaks. Heat and pressure further altered them into their present metamorphic state.

The metamorphic rocks of the Presidentials are grouped together into the Littleton Formation, which is composed of three members. There used to be a fouth, but he was booted for non-payment of dues. The remaining three differ from one another by rock type.

The Lower Member is composed of gneiss (German for "swell') and is characterized by bands of different minerals. The Middle Member, or Boott Member, is composed of fine-grained mica-schist (German for "doggy-doo"), and is not to be confused with the booted member. The Upper Member, the most abundant, is also a mica schist, but coarser-grained. It contains many other types of minerals such as andalucite, starrynite, mennonite, havabite, allrite, uptite, and outasite!

Toward the end of the Devonian Period, about 220 million years ago, magma began to rise underneath the newly formed metamorphic rocks, sometimes rising into cracks, fissures, and empty swimming pools. The metamorphic rocks gradually eroded in places, exposing these igneous intrusions for the party-crashers that they were.

After 200 million years of stream erosion and no MTV the land was reduced to rolling plains. Things were pretty dull. Finally, at the onset of the Pleistocene Period, the land looked much as it does today, except the mountains were steeper, the valleys more defined, and Hans Schneider hadn't even thought about building the Ski-Mobile at Cranmore.

The climate became colder and glaciers began to form on the higher mountains. Soon thereafter the continental ice sheet descended from Labrador and covered the entire area under about a mile of ice, even the Obs. Doctors stopped making house calls. The Iceman cometh and inventeth the slush cone. The Flinstones sell their place in Randolph and move to Hilton Head. Frigidaire files Chapter 11.

Gradually things started to warm up again. About 14,000 years ago, the last of the continental ice left and didn't even leave a note. With the retreat of the glaciers, many peculiar features were added to the landscape—eskers, kame terraces, flagstone terraces, terminal morains, kettle holes, potholes, and watering holes, inevitably followed in close succession by terminal morons and assholes.

So, basically, ever since the glacier left, nothing very exciting has happened, geologically speaking. A little stream erosion here, a little frost action there. BORRRING!

Gormings

by Robin Snyder

Forgive us if you sense that we're out of synch here, but we want to report all the news, even though some of it is well-aged!

Last year's Winter reunion to hear Al Koop was a smashing success! For the sake of those who couldn't show and may want to connect this year, here's a list of those who attended in 1998 at Vinny Testa's in Dedham:

John Meserve, Meredith Bellows, Leonard Dalton, Liz (Shultis) Kotowski, Ed Kotowski, Bruce Shields, Bobbie Costello, John Nesbitt, Bob Daniels, Al Koop, Chris Thayer, Malcolm McLane, Sara Hurley, Jennifer Huntington, Joan Low, Donn Springer, Val Schiessal, Mac Stott, Sandy Saunders, Joe Harrington, Bill Barrett, Chuck Stata, Jen Granducci, Marigen Learned, Martha Gibbs, Amy Seavey, Bonnie Kreitler, Clare O'Connell, Mary Van Dusen, Arnold Carey, Frank Kelliher, Frank Adams, Jim Hamilton, Joan Cottler, Sue Shaffer, Doug Shaffer, Beth Alper, Josh Alper, Sam Alper, Anne Burke, Tom Davis, William Curwen, Vincent LaManna, Phil Costello, Kim "Schroeder" Steward, Malin Bengtsson, Dick Stetson, Sue McLane, Andy Falender, Dick Low, Emily Muldoon, Kathy Springer, Tim Saunders, Richard Meserve, Apples McIntosh, Did Harrington, Karen Barrett, Bill Oliver, Art Learned, Patricia McCabe, Robert Seavey, Bob Kreitler, Sam Pryor, Tom Martin, Carolyn Cary, John Adams, Tom Kelleher, Doug Hotchkiss, Geoff Burke, Robin Snyder.

Then came our 1999 Winter reunion, same place, but what a huge crowd to hear Rick Wilcox, Everest mountaineer and OH Nepal trek leader who showed slides of the Mustang region of Nepal near the Tibetan border. His party, made up mostly of OH, traveled 135 miles in two weeks and gained 96,000 feet of altitude (they had to do a lot of downhill to count those uphill feet). George Hamilton received our Honorary Award and Kathleen Revis Judge along with Rick were made Special Members. A print of one of Sally Dinsmore's mountainscape paintings was given to George. Past secretary Josh Alper was given a fountain pen for his years of service and new steering committee chair, Malin Bengtsson kept the attendees in line during the evening's proceedings. Here's a list of attendees:

Rick Wilcox, Celia Davis, Kathleen Judge, Stan Judge, Nancy Hamlin, Henry Hamlin, Ronald Mallory, Nancy Green, Laurie Hamilton, Jim Hamilton, Stroker Rogovin, Doug Hotchkiss, Wendy Prentiss, Dave Yampanis, Gerry Whiting, Chris Thayer, Jed Davis, Frank Kelliher, Barbara Kelliher, Donn Springer and wife, Kathy McArdle, Linus Story, Bonnie Story, Robert Stillings, Sara Stillings, George Hamilton, Helen Hamilton, Swoop Goodwin, Earl Efinger, Joel Mumford, Margery Collins, Joan Bishop, Linda Bishop Wendy Bishop, Tom Davis, Vincent Lamana, Liz Kotowski, Ed Kotowski, Sandy Saunders, Tim Saunders, Nancy Saunders,Bob Daniels Sara Hurley and guest, John Meserve, Mike Lonergan, Cindy Lonergan, Brian Fowler, Betsy Fowler, Lesley Fowler, Joe Harrington and wife, Bob Kreitler, Bonnie Kreitler, Doug Shaffer, Sue Shaffer, Sleazy Dalton, Chuck Kellogg Bonnie Kellogg, Jonathan Bennett, Dick Treffrey, Dick Meserve, Bill Meserve, Nelson Gildersleeve, Ned Baldwin, Sally Baldwin, Sheldon Perry, John Adams, Frank Adams, Malin Bengtsson, Stroker Rogovin, Tom Kelleher, Tim Jursak, Apples McIntosh, Rachel Pohl, Bill Belcher, Sandy Kelley, Marge Chamberlain, Jen Granducci, Bill Oliver, Chuck Stata, Dick Stetson and wife, John and Sue Gross, Anne Dodge Middleton, Jack Middleton, Sandy Campbell and Sue Middleton Campbell, Phil Costello and wife, Arnie Cary and wife, Andy McLane and Linda McLane, Apples MacIntosh and wife, Tim Jursak, Paul Buffum, Tom Martin, Dick and Joan Low, Tom Kelleher, Mike Dudley, Bill and Karen Barrett with son Jamie and other little ankle-biters whose names escape us.

If we left anybody off the list, sorry for the omission. It was the biggest turnout for a reunion ever. All Cabin trustees were acknowledged--Josh Alper, Jack Middleton and Bill Barrett– and several past AMC presidents. If you missed the Nepal presentation or want more details, just look at our web page and click Mustang for a chronicle of the trek written by Jed Davis. More about our web page further on in this issue. You'll note we've dispensed with bold names. You speedreaders can run through the following pages and find who you want to read about. The rest us can just curl up with the Resuscitator after dinner and take it really slow.

Well another year gone by. Do you ever get that strange feeling that everything in the world is moving at breakneck speed ? Your children grow older, your friends have gray hair, the hut stories and your escapades get bigger and funnier, your runs seems to get shorter by the week and you are stiff.... Luckily, the OH Association is here to keep you young at heart and full of all the vigor of your hut days — and if not that, at least you can hang around with like minded souls.

A number of folks helped to correct the dates and personages who attended various events that we mentioned in last year's Resuscitator. For instance it seems Jon Martinson, could not have been at Joe Dodge's Memorial service in North Conway in '73, since he wasn't on the AMC scene until after Dulcie Heiman arrived in 1974. Jenny Beatty also caught that, as well as questioning whether Walter Graff was at PNC before 1974 either. I want to apologize for switching my friend Rita Haberman's name for Reta Diekmann as Greg Andrew's wife last year. Can't imagine how I did that! Suzanne Eusden is always great for helpful editing after she gets her copy and I am working so hard on getting peoples names (and sex) correct when I don't know everyone and my spell check isn't always foolproof. Thanks folks for the corrections. Wish we could have time for a few more noses in the soup before publication!

This year folks were using their e-mail more and its been great getting stories and news and editing it directly into the Resuscitator. So all you computer literates out there — please use your email and

contact me directly at snydertwn2@aol.com. For the rest of you ... we love getting mail (filled with your dues and very generous donations) so please don't stop.

Starting off this issue is a note from Arthur F. "Whitey" Whitehead who filled us in on some origins of the Resuscitator and our winter reunions. Whitey says, that at 95 years old, he needs to do it before its too late! In May of 1926 when he arrived at Pinkham, he found a note hanging in the kitchen with various answers to visitor questions on it. Thinking it a good idea, Whitey used input from hut crews to complete answers to visitor questions on a large white cardboard sheet. Things like: "Across the street is Mt. Wildcat" and "You are standing on the base of Mt. Washington", that "the crew didn't live here all year long", etc., etc.. The list told tourists that the croo made all the food, water was pumped from a spring, to look out for porcupines overhead (i.e. why its called Porky Gulch), to leave the toilets clean. It noted that the food came from S.S. Pierce in Boston and bread was delivered everyday by a local bakery. Whitey titled this list of answers to common questions "The Resuscitator", because it helped the croos from going insane answering oft repeated questions. In a few weeks, each hut had a sheet relating specifically to their area. About winter reunions, he says that at Christmas time in 1925, all the hut crews lived close to Boston, so they got together at a Chinese restaurant in Boston for a big feed and reunion. The next year, they met at the same time at the Museum in Boston where they had prepared dinners and a chance to look around a bit. This went on for quite a few years. Whitey wanted to be around when we read this at the Winter reunion, but we thought we'd also print it here so all those who can't attend will enjoy the origins of our crazy "fetes".

Dave Douyard was one of many lamenting not being able to make it to spring reunions, though he bragged about traipsing in Germany and the French Riviera, climbing in Utah, kayaking in Southern California. Ahh, but in the end it is the Whites he truly misses.

Emily Thayer Benson and Pete Benson say, "all is well in quiet Carter Notch". The kids enjoy the mountains as much as Emily and Pete whether its skiing, hiking or biking. They missed the Spring Brawl due to recreational obligations in Iceland last year. Wonder what it will be this year? They are now a family of four with Hannah a very precocious 3 years and P.J. (he looks just like Pete) at one year keeping them busy and slim. Emily is as beautiful as ever! This editor saw them both at The Nature Conservancy of New Hampshire Christmas party (where Peter works) and da editor was just crashing the party.

We received a surprising (only because we hadn't heard from him in some time) e-mail from Peter Bogdonofff out of the blue. He says he's still single, lives in Hampton Falls NH, has created some wonderful inventions and consults with the high tech world. He is hoping to start helicopter flight school soon. He says he never quite got over his first helicopter ride with Joe Brigham back in the late 1970's and now wants to fulfill his dream of being a helicopter pilot. This summer while returning from a quick hiking trip up to Tucks, he picked up a hitchhiker who happened to be Jack Tracy. They caught up on old times on the ride to the Tracy family's Jackson getaway. Bill Blais was also in the area and a big shindig was planned for the next night (Jack and Joanne Beckett Tracy's fortieth birthday) that Peter had to miss. Peter says Jack's children all sound like proper subjects of the crown from their life in England.

Malin Bengtsson is simply trying to keep ahead of his Mass Art School work and wakes up in cold sweats in fear of forgetting OH dues checks. She has taken over as steering committee chair and presides over the first Tuesday of the month meetings at Bertucci's at Fresh Pond T stop in Cambridge. She can be reached at 617 787 3776 if you'd like to drop in on a meeting always open to all.

Matt Dickstein lives in San Francisco, and aside from that, things with him are pretty much just like they've always been.

Bonnie Christie is still living in Charlotte Vermont with her husband Larry, daughter Hannah (9 years) and son Ian (4 years). She doesn't run into many OH around there but did see Al Kamman Sr. at an event in Burlington recently. She sees hut friends Guy and Laura Waterman a couple of times a year and reads all of Nancy Bazilchuck's great articles in the Burlington Free Press. Bonnie and her daughter do an annual hut trip as a special mother-daughter outing. They planned on going to Galehead last summer before the rebuilding started and now have an extra summer of grace time in case they didn't make it.

Earl "Gil" Efinger enjoys the Resuscitator and thinks we are doing a great job. Ask him about his trip down the Ammonoosuc from Lakes.

Vicky Parra requested a bumper sticker for her new car and says the OH cabin has been a very valuable asset for her which she never fails to appreciate.

Kim "Schroeder" Steward said she would try to stop by the brawl this year.

Jessie McNeil is graduating from New England College in Henniker with a BA in Environmental Studies and heads up to the Whites as often as possible. "Thanks for taking such good care of the cabin all these years " , was the key message for the OH board.

Bertram "Swoop" Goodwin was unable to join us last May for the brawl as his Army reunion was the same day down in Springfield VA at Fort Belvoir. It has been 50 years since his last one so he felt he must go. We do understand Scoop but next time get them to come up to the Whites and play "softbawl" — we need more players! He also didn't make it to last years winter reunion though he'd have loved the chance to see Al Koop's slides on the German POW camp in Stark and kid Mac Stott a bit. But he did make this year's and sat with George Hamilton, Dick Treffrey and the Manchesters.

Fred Mason provided valuable help in getting our mailing list culled of duplicate addresses

David Tosten just wanted to say hi and insure his croo friends (like Albie Pokrob, Sarah Hopkins and others) would be able to find him. He's in Kansas now — an official flatlander — and perhaps even considered a "goofer" His address is 1632 19th Ave. McPherson KS 67460.

Charles Ranlett wasn't too newsy but at least we know he's out there.

Charles Gregg sent along a clipping of Stanley Caulkins from the Washington Post at a "power table" in a little restaurant. Stanley was hutmaster of Madison in 1943. Charlie says Caulkins has put on a "little" weight. Last he knew Caulkins was running a jewelry store in Leesburg VA and was a "power" player in town.

Josiah Fisher and his wife Xanthippe announced the birth last year of Silas Augerdt Fisher on Feb. 4 1998. He's a strapping lad and Josiah swears he'll order Limmers.

Ann Cole Morgan missed last years winter reunion and hoped to make it to the brawl since its closer — says she'd rather head north than south anyway. She just started participating in team ski racing, joining the King Pine team this year. She wants to add Cranmore next year. Now that she is also online, she'd like to be added to the OH web page annieo@worldpath.net.

No messages from Al Kamman Sr. this year — just an email address of abkamman@sover.net

Heather Wingate has a new address in France of all places. She says she has lots of room for the next 1 1/2 years. Her address is 4 Rue Du Pre St. Germer, 60270 Gouvieux France, tel. 0344576810

James Marston was outraged at the $15.00 dues. He reminisces that when his OH dues were $1.00 his AMC wages were $7.50 per week, two days off every two weeks and postage was $.03 and faster. Gee Jim, when were you working for the AMC??? Jim says, "Carry on and here's to the future".

Jen Granducci thinks the OH should start a family membership for those couples that have two OH — maybe dues of about $20. Another idea is to have an OH telemark weekend workshop led by Emma Ansara and Steve Engle (also two OH). Accommodations could be at the cabin.. What do you think folks?

Brian Post is ski patrolling at Park City Ski area.

Henry Rogerson retired, bought a motor home and has been traveling. Last year he went to the Southwest desert country. Maybe this year he'll head to the Rockies. He notes that "this is a big country".

John Lamanna wrote from Rangely Maine that he was sorry to miss last years reunion,

but he was busy with that ice storm. Trees were bent and down everywhere. He was concerned about the cabin and possible damage there. Perhaps he got over to clean up because everything looked fine this summer.

Harry Westcott writes: "We live our nomadic peripatetic life in an old 1975 GMC classic motor home going from pillar to post following the sun. We Gee when you Haw, so never seem to be in the right neighborhood to catch a reunion, Alas".

Lib Crooker has spent the last two years volunteering to cook for a week at a time at the Mt. Washington Observatory both in summer or winter. She was afraid they would send her home when they saw her white hair but they paid no attention to it.

Robert and Elizabeth Elsner get down to the Whites every year from their home in Esker, Alaska. They climbed from Jefferson Notch to Sphinx Col last August to breathe that good mountain air. They keep in shape cross country skiing and kayaking. Elizabeth's brother John Fuller (OH and co-editor of the Resuscitator with Howie Goff years ago) died of cancer at his daughter's home in Falmouth, Maine in October 1996.

David Fonseca is polishing up an article for the Resuscitator next year or fall on a rescue in Tuckerman Ravine. We received a copy of his very articulate and pointed comments written for the re-permitting of the Huts last year. While we won't be able to reprint it in full at this time, David does make a very compelling argument that one of the major issues facing the White Mountain National Forest is not the repermitting of the huts, but improving the trail system that leads the hundreds of thousands of yearly hikers to the huts and throughout the forest. He cites the classic poor conditions of the Tuckerman Ravine trail during a rain storm in 1991, where he was not sure " If the Cutler River was on the trail or the trail in the Cutler River, so bad was the wash down the trail." He challenges the Forest Service and the AMC to come to some agreement about creating a new Master plan for Trails in the forest so they can be enjoyed for their entire length, not just for destination oriented travel. For those wishing to get a copy in full of David's comments , you can find his through the AMC Berkshire Chapter where he is the Outing Club Chair. He is still wearing his OH cap and gets lots of compliments along the way.

Bob Daniels is wearing his OH cap with great pride. He also so very proud to have been extended the special OH membership. He says, "One of the great regrets of my misspent youth is that I wasn't a hutman..." He is especially proud of the fact that he rescued the Naturalist Program when the embryonic Education Department removed Barbara Wagner's wages , and he prevailed upon Joel White to put her on the hut's payroll. Thirty years on the Hut Committee and the North Country Board have given him a very great love for the croos and the work they do. " He was also sorry to have left last year's Winter Reunion early, but his recovery from a brain injury a few years ago, has left him with no great surplus of energy. He wishes his best to all.

Joel Mumford and Marjory Collins cannot remember if he let the OH know that he had moved to Springfield VT in June 1996. He's in charge of a small anesthesia department at Springfield Hospital and enjoying the challenge very much of building up a small department and delivering high quality anesthesia care in a rural setting. He and Marjory are in the midst of renovating a house there ... "pouring foundations in the mud and freezing is such delight", he notes.

Ann Middleton writes that she had a great reunion with Larry Eldrege and his wife who were here from England where they now live. The group included Bob and Ginny Temple, Brooks and Ann Dodge, Ginny and Willie Hastings , Roxann and Brooks Dodge, Ian Goodhue, grand-daughter Abby Middleton who did the serving as well as Jack and Ann. They had a great time talking about hut days — now about 45 years ago! "It doesn't seem possible that time has gone by so quickly". They went up South Moat to see the plaque for Teen and Joe Dodge. Grandchildren Abby and Ben Middleton and Kirsten and Field Middleton are all in racing programs at Attitash which is great fun for everyone. Jack was also elected Secretary to the ABA in Nashville at their mid-winter meeting. They plan a 1999 Nepal climb with Special Member Rick Wilcox (they were taking notes at the Winter reunion).

Suzanne Eusden sent along some great pics of Chris "Hawkeye" Hawkins, Don Stevens and recent Zealand hut croo member John Nesbitt (son of Chris and Nancy Nutter Nesbitt) as well as herself on the Zealand Trail in 1997. Everyone looks just the same — except of course Hawkeye who looks ancient as befits such a relic of prehistoric hut days. Suzanne had loads of news for us as always. Suzanne and Don made 5 Alaska/NH trips this year for Don's mother's illness and final passing. Their hikes this summer were a relief from the stress of bedside vigils. They interrupted a hiker answering 'nature's call' on the Zealand Trail only to find that it was Chris Hawkins. He was bringing up the rear of his teenage sons who'd already run down the trail. Hawkeye, and his wife Sue, had Don and Suzanne over for dinner in Lost Nation afterwards. They also climbed the Falling Waters trail to Greenleaf with Don's nephew (new to above treeline hiking) and were welcomed to the hut by the croo. Meeting OH Charley Richardson's son Nick on the croo made Suzanne face up to the onward marching of the years. Don took some time to search for signs of his trail crew efforts from the 60's. Seems he found a few moldering logs, bog bridges and steps along the way — signs of some good long wearing work. He is especially proud of the pack trail to Lonesome which he designed and laid out. On the scenic rail road from North Conway to Fabyans, they bumped into Ben English (Trail Crew 50's) who narrated the trip. For them, living on Prince William Sound where the glaciers and sea meet, lends for some tremendous weather. At the time of writing, there was a whiteout and fierce windchill. Thanks Suzanne for all your input.

Other OH who have braved the weather of Alaska to make it their home are: Nate Adams; Priscilla Goulding who is teaching in Juneau; Dr. Steve Colt who finished his Ph.D. and is back teaching at the University of Alaska in Anchorage.

George Holt and his wife Dr. Deborah Sellars had the most amazing surprise last February with the arrival to their lives of their adopted son, 24-hour old wee Colin. Dr. Colt accomplished an amazing feat in less that 4 days. While George and Deb picked up their new son, Steve managed to outfit their lives with basic baby accouterments like a crib, clothes, diapers, formula, etc. etc. I think it was the "req" experience from his hut days that made it all possible. Da Editor spoke with Deb around Christmas and they are all doing well.

Harry Adams says this growing old stuff is for the birds. He lost part of his jaw to cancer last August, He never smoked but "boom", there it was — and he never felt a thing until two weeks before the surgery. The doctors got it just in time. Take care Harry.

Arnie Cary recently married Carolyn Gibson. Bob Kreitler and his wife Bonnie and their two sons Charlie and Paul were in attendance.

Cal Conniff cooked under Tex at PNC in 1947 and lived to tell about it. Cal says Tex's bark was worse than his bite.

George Hamilton writes that Chuck Rowan has recovered from an illness and is still skiing up a storm in Salt Lake City. Dick Trefry (Let. Gen. US Army Ret.) is a founder of Military Professional Resources Inc. and has an office at Fort Belwin. He and George spent a few days in the Whites last fall and will join him for an annual dinner (98th) of the Military Order of the Carubao (Philippines) which was held three weeks after the Winter reunion. In between the OH reunion weekend and the Carubao, George was honored at the AMC annual meeting in Sturbridge by receiving the Joe Dodge Award.

Bill and Ellen Blais saw numerous OH at Jack and Joanne Tracy's 40th birthday party at "Tracy Manor" his rustic pad in Jackson NH last July. In attendance were Joe Gill and family, Jon Martinson, Mike Waddell, Dave and Jenny Hall (who slept outside with their kids despite a torrential downpour). Bill's family is fine, with children Henry (7 years) Charlotte (5) and the youngest girl Madison (2 years). Dulcie Heiman joined the party, visiting their beautiful "compound" in Jackson (NH) with their kids, which they were gracious enough to let her 'crash' (Dulcie was able to get home to NH for a week, and stopped to visit Florence Peterson in Durham, who shared her house w/ Jon Martinson; it was Jon who told her about the Tracy's 'do', and, wanting

to see them and all kinds of other OH from her 'early' years at AMC, she boldly phoned and asked if she might join them.) It was such a gas to see everyone! Bill Blais and Ellen Hartwell had their 2 (I think) kids there; their little girl is named Madison. Guess why?! They and the Tracy clan all looked wonderful. It does the heart good to see these enduring AMC romances. Speaking of OH marriages, Mike and Kristen Waddell and their 2 kids, Acadia and Ben, came down from Gorham. Mike built the gazebo at Jack Tracy's Jackson manor and Bob Gearheart wired the barn. Beer flowed until the wee hours; there was a contra dance in the renovated barn, a barbecue catered by Marty Sweeney of the Wildcat Tavern, pony rides for the kids, games, camaraderie- a fine time was had by all. Jack's Mom even sang some Irish songs. Several of Joanne's 16 siblings were in attendance. What a couple of fun families

Every year Ray Scheimer send us a note from Lahaina Maui Hawaii and I promise myself that I will come calling at his door around February stateside, but I never seem to make good on the thought. Ray sends Aloha to his friends and OH. He loves living there and doesn't miss mainland winters at all. They just built a new home with ocean sunset views from the front and the Maui mountains behind. The Big Island's 13,796 foot Mauna Kea tops Mt. Washington by a long shot with snow all year round and palm trees below. Haleakula is Maui's highest at over 10,000 feet and an auto road to the top as well. He welcomes hearing from OH from the 50's.

AMC President Andy Falender wrote to thank OH for our Association donations of $1000.00 for the rebuilding of Galehead Hut. He thinks we did a great job — and so we did! The Association will now be listed on the plaque at the new hut. Many OH as individuals supported the Galehead Rebuild Campaign at the $1000 and up level and will have their names on the plaque. Well over $100,000 was contributed by OH. The rebuilding is set to start in September 1999.

Florence Peterson now has a lovely OH hat to grace her flowing locks. She's been very busy at her US Forest Service job in Durham NH.

Charlie Stillman says the latch string (finally) is out at the newly remodeled Stillman house.

Jim Argentati has been busy this fall sealing the cabin deck and clearing the Hutman's Trail to a point where it is "open". He needs a chainsaw for larger trees near the brook crossing. He also says that Bill Oliver is handling the legal end of the CC Russo Right of Way easement for the Hutman's Trail. Hopefully we will all be able to hike it by the 1999 Brawl.

Brian Copp didn't get to the hills last year but always holds out hope. His daughter started Wheaton College (Norton MA) last fall so they hope to be in the area a bit more. He had a benign brain tumor removed after and eleven hour surgery in January 98, but was back at work full time in March at the Sociology Department Chair. at the University of Wisconsin - River Falls.

Amy Porter is still alive out in San Francisco and enjoying her work doing fundraising for a large AIDS service organization. She hints at the possibility for a west coast OH reunion. How about you organizing it with da Editor? E-mail the OHA with a proposal.

Bill Curwen didn't take photos at last years bash because he was hanging up pictures of the previous year and someone said " Don't take any more pictures, there's no more wall space! " We appreciate your help Bill and da Editors will suggest to the board that we purchase some photo albums for pictures to be stored in the cabin. Thanks.

We finally heard from Ruth and Max Wiener, who ".... are having a ball since their retirement to Jerusalem 7 years ago ... hiking, jogging, folk dancing and lots of other great activities ... and on annual July vacations abroad, one week in Pinkham ... Two years ago, Max developed an osteoarthritic knee, resulting then in a sharp diminution of his physical activity regimen. But last year, in an e-mail exchange with a Chicago sports-oriented orthopedist, he learned of the over-the-counter (non-side effects) nutrient called Cosamin DS ... The turn-around after an initial 3 months of trying it, has been phenomenal! ..." They'd love to hear from OH buddies at email maxruth@netvision.net.il or POB 29227 East Talpiot, Jerusalem, Israel.

Bill Cox and his wife Lisa are staying pretty close to home base in eastern Connecticut these days and will miss the winter reunion. Their very active two-year old son Matthew was joined in October by Adam, who is a very happy camper. We'll have to see if he likes the real thing next summer. Bill's first son, Jonathan, and his wife Ruth, had a little girl last Sunday in NYC. She was considerate enough to wait until just after the Jets' win over Jacksonville. I can see that their kiddy packs will be put to a lot of good use this summer.

Jean Bennion was aghast at steak and lobsters for Guinea Night fare when they used to have spaghetti, garlic bread and salad served at Lakes. She understands the change of venue but not the change in menu! In the spring of 1949 Willi Hastings helped hump the hot PNC bread onto the cog , got off and ran down to Lakes where it was still warm.

Candi Raines participated in 3 world championships in ski-archery, ski-orienteering and masters nordic skiing in 1998. As a member of the US Ski-Archery and US Ski-Orienteering Team, she travels to both the Italian/Austrian Alps for competition. Candi and her husband Thayer still continue as the Tucks ski patrol each spring before leaving to operate a summer boys camp, Challenge Wilderness Camp, in Bradford VT , which serves as a training center for future OH.

Margaret Thompson is a NOLS instructor and semi-ski bum in Jackson WY. She'll be starting Med school at Dartmouth in the fall of 1999 with hopefully much travel and play between then and now, She keeps in touch with OH Julie Wade, Scottie Ellison, Amy Derry and even ran into Paul Seybold over the winter. She also thinks we write the best "alumni news" column ever.

Peter Fallon was saddened to hear of Jim Hamilton's mother passing on in 1997. Marge (Special Member) had been an exquisite friend and host of many of them throughout the years. He will always have great memories. Peter celebrated the wedding of his daughter Julie and graduation from law school of his son Max. He reminds us that we are not getting older, just maturing at an increasingly rapid rate. He is still working on the forensic scene and waiting for summer salvage season to be better than last year.

Finally a note for Tom Deans: Kilt Andrews is his hardware man at the local Lowes. It takes him two hours just to buy ten bucks of supplies.

Bill Hoffmann's son Christopher is at medical school in Portland Oregon. Chris, Bill's wife Silke and Bill celebrated last Thanksgiving in Portland with Roger Smith and his family. They hope to have met again this past summer at Zealand. Bill retired from teaching astronomy at the University of Arizona last summer but will continue doing research.

Bruce James must have been way out of touch as he thought the OH was no longer active until his son received the newsletter. Eric James was at Madison last summer as a rookie. Bruce signed back up .

Dutch Leneten thinks the last newsletter was "a heluva write-up", thanks to Ann Cole Morgan, The most fun , he says, was Carl Blanchard, Warren Brockway and Dutch at the Lakes during the hurricane of 1938. That was a real bash!

Dietlind Vander Schaaf is living and working in Portland Maine with about one more year to go before graduating with a degree in history. He is considering grad schools in Washington State and California, but may opt to return to AMC and look for a job. He is spending far too much time in front of the computer indoors and is desperate for the whites. Says hi to Jen Granducci and Bill Oliver and wonders where Liza is these days?!

Phil Costello is still getting up to the Whites from New Jersey. Last February he brought up another crew of kids from the urban wilds for some OH hospitality at the cabin.

Brad Snow was threatening to come to the first spring brawl since 1971. Did he make it??? He just finished his second private trip through the Grand Canyon. In '94 he ran a motor-powered snout rig through on an 18-day trip to support a group of kayakers. This spring he rowed a 14' self-bailer raft on a 21-day trip. Brad says, "The place is mesmerizing and the person who told me, 'You'll leave your soul there, and want to go back regularly to visit it' was right. After the Grand Canyon trip, he spent two weeks

canoeing 8 stretches of rivers in the Portland, Oregon area. His son, Christopher, is going to Lewis & Clark College, which gave him an excuse to spend time in the Pacific Northwest. The fabulous boating was merely a sideline, of course, to hanging around dorm rooms, telenetting on Chris's computer, meeting his friends and roommate, and gathering a feeling for his world. He'd like to get in touch with any OH boaters in the Portland area as he expects to be going back there next spring. "Excellent OH Web page! Thanks for your time and energy. Enjoy the brawlgame! And do me a favor: keep an eye out along the banks of the Ellis for a Limmer among the rocks. I lost one from around my neck while traversing Putnam's tyrolean tangle in '70. Peter and Franny were gracious enough to make me one boot to replace it, but I do miss the original! And please convey my condolences to Karl Limmer about his father's death if he shows up that day."

When Norma Hart Anderson worked in the 1950's women did not work in the huts. Now she is experiencing a sort of dream fulfillment by becoming an AMC information volunteer in the huts at Greenleaf and Zealand in 1998. See Norma, dreams do come true.

Barbara Deller was amazed at what came to light when she completed an archeological dig of her possessions! She turned up a collection of circa '68-'71 photos (one of which is a rare Kent Olsen, and a great pensive photo of the late Brian Earl). She sent along duplicates which may make it into one of the next two Resuscitators. We'd love the negatives Barbara if you can find them without having to apply to the National Science Foundation for a grant to do so!

Bill Harris included a copy of "Memories of Carter" from the Weirs Times (not Weird Times folks) on Thursday April 23, 1998 over in Lake Winnipesauke, New Hampshire. It was an article full of reminiscences by Milton MacGregor (first Carter hutch in 1915) and Jack Orrok (a hutman from 1924) who headed to up to Carter in 1966 for the 51st anniversary of its opening. We should have a copy if anyone would like one.

Herb Kincey who worked at PNC in spring of 1961 (writing from Santa Fe), was at PNC for the first time last August since his hut days. Of course he found mountain hospitality as he always remembered. He even ordered his first new pair of Limmers since 1971! However "the trails have taken a beating" he laments, and remind him of "crossing scree and talus fields of the Colorado Rockies". All of us who have been in North Conway the last 10 years can empathize with his additional observations: "North Conway was total chaos. The line of vehicles seemed to go on for miles. How about a bypass! Intervale, however has not seemed to change much, if at all. All of us who were fortunate to [have] worked at PNC in the old days owe a great deal to the new breed of AMC employees who have adapted so well to the mobs of people in the nineties and their needs, while managing to continue those traditions which have made Pinkham and the hut system such a unique organization." Well said Herb!

Da Editor Jim Hamilton and wife Laurie joined his OH peers (Gerry Whiting, Linus Story, Jed Davis, John and Sue Gross) on a once in a life time trip to the Mustang region of Nepal this past fall. Of course the rest of us merely get the inevitable great photo with the Himalayas in the background and the caption "the others are out looking for beer". At least Jim and Laurie look like they were having fun.

Dick "Boog" Kimball was in Bermuda with his wife Athena last June and expected to be doing literally nothing but sleeping, eating and reading. With a briefcase full of things he should have read weeks, if not months, before, he pulled out the 1998 Spring Resuscitator's Mac Stott article. "Your article captured, like nothing I have ever read before, what it meant to be a hutman. I gave it to Athena to read, because she has heard some of the stories and knows about Joe, Daidhaid, side-hill gougers and other denizens of the mountains, but she has never really quite understood what the experience was all about or why grown men should still value it. She regards people like Roger Pugh (with whom we had dinner last night), Rusty Bourne and Green Penn as good friends and perfectly respectable and honorable people, but does not thing of them as OH. Thank you for helping me educate her. And for a delightful read.

Bill Appel sent a lovely note to Mac Stott for his writing in the Resuscitator last spring and Mac sent a copy to da Editors for us to see. Bill says, " You put a breath of fresh White Mountain air into the Spring Resuscitator. You said it all very succinctly, perhaps too much for my own satisfaction. I would have liked to have it go on and on, but you have written a superb vignette. At this point in life a well written memoir such as yours will be prime source of material for later accounts. I hope we haven't heard the last of you." Bill says Mac Stott said it all. We agree. (Editor's note: if Joe Dodge had trouble coming up with a nickname for one of his favorite employees, he just called them Mac. That's how Fred came to be called Mac.)

Alan Hoch has been working on a printing of many photos of summits in the 1950's when the Air Force was up there — deep snow drifts, beach wagons negotiating the first ride up the auto road in the spring — great stuff.

Dean Oulton is still strong at 67 on the 22nd of what ever month he wrote the "x@3* blame" note. Morgan Memorial hired him to do custodial work at Hanscom air base in Bedford — I guess the training at Pinkham came in handy. Lightening, his old nickname, strikes again.

George Benton would like us to remind Mac Stott that he was at that ball game Mac pitched for the Gorham Townies. " I don't remember how he did", ponders George, " but the Girls were remarking on how cute he was!" George sent along a couple of fantastic photos of Joe Dodge and Teen, Georges dad, "Tex the Powder River Kid" (long time cook at PNC), a shot of George and "Eskimo Joe" near Thule Greenland and a fabulous iceberg shot with the USCGC Westwind. George's hiking has been a bit slowed by age and a bionic knee replacement, but he still "hoofs it" to the OH cabin. His interaction at the cabin brings up a few useful hints too. Twice George got to the cabin and couldn't get in, even though someone was already there and there was a van parked down below. The next time, he picked up the key at PNC but it wouldn't fit any of the door locks! Perhaps we need to send out a few reminders for where to hide the key if you must head out, to insure others can get in. Most often it is placed in the wood shed just above the door on a ledge. We'll check at PNC to also insure the right key makes it into your hands — its not exactly convenient to have to return to PNC.

Zoe Parker finally returned from Turkey and admits to having slacked off on her duties. We will take you off the lost list now Zoe.

Marty Womer is working for the State of Maine at the Maine Land Use Regulation Commission as a Senior Planner to protect the Maine wilds — his jurisdiction is 10.5 million acres — one half of the state including most of Maine's North Woods, and some 320 off-shore islands. He finished Law school in May 1997. Da Editors hear from him fairly regularly from the wilds of Augusta. He received long-awaited letters from the Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire Bar Examiners reporting that he passed all bar exams. Looks like he has this corner of the country pretty well covered! Sadly Marty's dad passed away unexpectedly of a heart attack on January 2, 1999. This was a total surprise, since he was very healthy, had played 104 rounds of golf in 1998. Fortunately, all the immediate lineal family had just had good Christmas visits with him within the week before. Says Marty, "I am the analytical-minded child who has assumed the duties of helping my 80-year-old mother". Since his father's death, Marty has been thinking about moving back to Connecticut to find better-paid work as an attorney — with prospects of another bar exam! As far as the OH is concerned, one new development for him is playing on the Department's softball team, which apparently has a chronic shortage of team members. He just bought his first baseball glove since little league in the 1960s. By the time of the OH Brawl Game, he hopes to be pretty well practiced. See you there! Marty has already made his reservations for the August 31, 1999, Galehead Anniversary too. How about the rest of you Ghouls? Don't forget to bring an instrument.

From Bruce Sheilds, we hear that there is no big news up here: the warm winter has let him work on the maple tubing and pipeline, so that he may actually be ready for sugaring this year. Given the shenanigans of Ma Nature, that probably means a big wind-

storm will come along in February and force a whole raft of new repairs. Still not clear whether he can make the January meeting. He says that at a forestry meeting back in June, he met Hal Wilkins, who was an OH in the mid sixties - maybe trail crew, (his recollection is slightly fuzzy). Here is his data: Hal J. Wilkins, Back Westminster Rd. PO Box 187 Westminster Station, VT 05159, DBA Vermont Log Yards. PH 802 722 3039, FAX 722 4855. He also shows e-mail >wilkins@sover.net<.

Stu Hoyt moved last June to a job with the North Fork Forest Ranger District in North Fork Idaho. Da Editor happened to have spent 10 days last October in the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness on the Main Fork of the Salmon River with Stu's boss who thinks he is just fantastic! From what I saw, Stu and his family have landed in one of the most beautiful spots outside of the Whites!

Sally and Ned Baldwin sent news electronically and think this e-mail stuff is fun! Sally adds: "Great job [on the Resuscitator], enjoyed it immensely even though I don't know half the people mentioned. She liked hearing about Joan Brown and asked for more info. (When we have it Sally, I'll get it to you.) Business for them is OK, with the usual Spring slow-down. Home schooling son Sam is both challenging and enjoyable for Sally and time consuming. He was bored at school and needed more advanced courses than were available. (Schools pretty much refuse to skip grades these days.) He teaches a lot of the courses to himself, namely Algebra. A correspondence course in Expository Writing from Johns Hopkins bright students program works well, and Sally's slugging her way through American History! (Got to get a teacher's edition next year!) Even found someone to volunteer to teach German! Time for painting comes dear these days too. With a few commissions this winter, namely seasonal paintings of Inns/B&B's for their brochures and postcards, and the prospects of a big oil of an incredible view from South Conway looking at the big boys! (the benefactor is a summer person and wants to take the view home w/her this fall), Sally and Ned sound simply full of life and home.

John Schultz had the excuse of his first board meeting as president of Mad River Glen for missing the Spring Brawl. And he continues with a plea for his organization and a sales pitch...: "We have a major marketing problem to address. We NEED more OH (We miss Allen Clark, and we do have quite a few other OH but .....) We are the only major eastern ski area (2,000 foot vertical and we still run our single chair, if you didn't know) where skiing still means something that involves the mountain and woods as an integral part of the experience. We are not a merely athletic experience but an actual mountain/woods experience. Toward that end we have not done the normal homogenizing thing that most ski areas have done. We do not straighten, widen, blast, and fill in an endless litany of horrible "improvements." We are trying to become even more conscious of co-existing harmoniously with our environment and I know there are innumerable OH who can help us with this undertaking. You may have heard that we are now a skiers' cooperative (R.E.I. is a cooperative, for those who aren't sure what a cooperative is) Our life blood is skier/owner energy. Anyone who is interested please e-mail me at jss1729@madriver.com (anyone who knows the significance of 1,729 gets a free night's lodging at our B&B.) and let me answer your questions about Mad River Glen.

David Huntley (still a producer at Chedd-Angier Production Company in Watertown MA), says, "Whoops .... I left one new OH baby off the list: John Michael Field and his wife Heather have a new baby boy, Walker David Field, born in late January 1997. "I feel obligated to fill my entire newsletter slot with a birth announcement ....."

Ray Lavender writes: "In the last "Resuscitator" you asked about missing OH. I can help you with William "Bill" Bragner. He passed away approximately 8 years ago. He was a very close friend of my father's and spent many happy days climbing and enjoying the "White Mountains".

Gerry Whiting seems to have landed well these days. He is working with a forestry group called Squaw Bay and seems to enjoy the work and his work partners. He joined the Hamiltons, Gross', Davis and Story for the Nepal trek last fall and is looking forward to seeing Rick Wilcox and his slides at the Winter shindig. Almost the entire party that did the Mustang Trek will be joining us for the reunion. Hopefully they will all be able to sip a little fine scotch after the big party without the worry of driving back to Maine that night. Here, here! (Gerry's 1960 photo can be seen in the Where are they now? article.)

Hearing from Jenny Beatty was a treat. She just got back from Mt. Washington where there was a surprise party and reunion to honor Guy Gosselin's 37 years on Mt. Washington. "It was a crazy weekend, filled with four decades of summit residents. It was also the Ob's annual meeting. It poured so hard all weekend, lots of flooding. It set a rainfall record. Saw lots of OH who also have Obs connections at this party."

Willy Ashbrook is now in Dallas environs, working for Brinks. Maybe you've heard from him. His e-mail is: ElWacko2@aol.com.

Dick Reuper, former AMC accounting Guru is still in New Hampshire .

Helen Fremont writes that she's expecting the birth of her first book in February, 1999. It's a memoir called AFTER LONG SILENCE and it's being published by Delacorte Press, and it should be in bookstores February 9 or thereabouts. (You can also order it from amazon.com and barnesandnoble.com and so forth.) "I haven't quite worked out a plan yet for distribution in the huts, but perhaps I'll hump them up ze pack trails to all ze huts this summer and we can offer an O.T.C. Book/Bowl of soup deal or something. In the meantime, it would be terrific if all those wealthy, erudite OH folk out there in the valleys were to satisfy their lust for literature by buying this book. I really appreciate your putting something in The Resuscitator about moi's book. (By the way, the book has just been selected by Book of the Month Club! If I forgot something else important, feel free to email me or call me at (617) 988-8303. Thanks mucho much". You are welcome Helen and congrats!

Wendy Prentis points out that we seem to have screwed up the web page and list her as Wendy Yampanis. Wendy corrects us that "my name is still and always will be Wendy Prentiss". Of course the mix up for the Resuscitator comes since she and David Yampanis were married on July 17, 1998 with a bridal party (Meg "Fred" Prentiss, Amy Prentiss, and Eben Heasley) of O.H. Please forgive us Wendy. She also comments that first Bayard Smith who was on the MIA list is now Bayard Klimasmith after marrying another OH Betsy Klima. They have a new baby girl Sophie (born last spring) and their address is: The Klimasmiths, 6525 23rd Ave. , NE Seattle, WA 98115

Dave Dodge (1963-66 Pinkham Floater-Construction Crew, Tuck Hut Master Carter) says the OHA web site is GREAT! He just moved to Hong Kong (which is about as far away from the White Mountains as you can get) and was pleasantly surprised to find our location on the Internet. "Pictures are great!!" His one request was to ..." ask that you add Pinkham crews, also the mule skinners, Tuck, construction crews and floaters to the lists. As I'm sure you're aware there is lots of history and people associated with those jobs over the years.

Frank Kelliher really liked the last issue of the Resuscitator. Especially the story by Mac Stott. "Thanks for the good work", says he. He was among the ex-AMC presidents at the winter reunion.

"Great Resuscitator!" says Alan Hoch. "I'm sorry I missed all the fun [at the reunion], but w/ 3 kids, working to save open space in town, work, etc., sometimes its just tough. Anyway, I moved. My new address is: Alan Hoch, 25 Kaileys Way, Groton, MA 01450, tel. (978)448-0527. Work ## are all the same, as is my e-mail. Hope all is well w/ you and yours.

Good Ol' Peg "Peggles" Dillon writes that "Things are pretty good here in Rockville, MD, where I now live and work as a historian. I finished my doctorate at Ohio University in September 1997 and would love to hear from OH at<dillonpeg@juno.com>. In fact she wanted to give us a heads up on what she's doing because she sent this info in with her 1998 OH dues in February and was really bummed that it didn't make its way into the newsletter. "Please let me know if I need to let anyone else in OH know this stuff so I can be sure it gets into the next issue". The fault is ours Peg. Sometimes mail doesn't

get to us until the deadline is past, then it is saved and spliced into the new news for the next one. Get it in early or email snydertwn2@aol.com direct for the fastest insurance on gormings gossip getting out there on time!

"Nice Resuscitator. You do a good job.", commends Roger Smith, "The new OH home page is very well done. Congratulations. Where is the list of OH on the e-mail system, or has that been discontinued for cause?" Bill and Silke Hoffmann shared Thanksgiving with Roger in Oregon along with their very impressive son, Christopher, who is now a medical student at the Oregon Health Sciences University (which is what they now call the old University of Oregon Medical School). We are joining them for a night in Zool and later in Greenleaf in July. My first trip back to the western division since they disassembled the ICBM's in the Pemi Wilderness some years ago. Are they really all stored now in the old Garfield Mountain fire tower? His recent book, privately published, worth reading can be ordered directly from Dr. Roger Smith at his email address >r.smith@ix.netcom.com<. It's about his Navy days flying off carriers and several OH are mentioned.

"Greetings from the DC area", was the opener from Dave Ward. Dave happened to know that lost OH Andrea Rankin is in Washington DC with him, working for the Dept of Justice, and married to a lawyer-type. Her address is 3114 Quebec Pl. Wash DC, 20008, and her email address is andrea.l.rankin@usdoj.gov. He was also writing to ask for help. He and buddy Marc Jorrens were recently reminiscing on their final summer in the huts, when they were together at Lakes, and realized that this summer would be the tenth anniversary. In hopes of possibly getting a small reunion together, they need to track down fellow croo members, most of whom haven't been heard from since that summer. They need info on Laura Capelle, Tom Johnson (little brother of Bill), Dina Veldman, Betsy Klima, or Emily Wilson? And of course, illustrious HM, Mark Huntley (who we think is still in Eastern Europe somewhere). So fellow OH please get in touch with Dave at warddocs@aol.com. Dave you help us to get Marc Jorrens correct address as well.

Dulcie Heiman was looking forward to being east this year for the reunion, but we'll have to see if the fates are kind. She trades e-mail frequently with Greg Andrew and his wife Reta Deikmann, who lives only about 45 min from her (on a good traffic day) and who have a really fun pumpkin carving party every Halloween. She continues to be a mushroom hunter and member of the Mycology Society of San Francisco — Her schedule at United Airlines is pretty good. Every other month, it rotates into 4-day weekends that can be traded, mixed-up, and, lo!, one has 12 days off! Neat-o. With all that time, Dulcie seems to have been galavanting from New Zealand to New Orleans for Jazz Fest, to North Conway and other exotic spots around the world. While it is a great place to live, the San Fran/Brisbane/East Bay area is expensive. She's still maintaining her North Conway home too. Anyway, what she clearly is getting at is that $30 buckos is a bit steep for her for dinner. (Her airfare is less!) Hey, what do the rest of you think??? Add that to the fact that her reunion cohort, Florence Peterson, is going to a 12-hr contra dance benefit in Peterborough, which sounds really fun. "So-if I don't make it, please convey to all that I say howdy, and pass 'em my e-mail address, now that I have one! Not much else shakin' down here in San Fran/Brisbane/East Bay." "That's a great job you do [the Resuscitator]-such dedication!, a labor of love! It's appreciated, I'm sure, even if you don't hear the thanks very often from us readers". Thanks, Dulcie. Here goes dulcieduck@aol.com.

Dulcie was also so full of assorted information on other OH around the country that we have just included her news verbatum: "One night at work in December (I think), I had to return to my gate after finishing my shift, and a fellow came up to me and said, "Is your name Dulcie?" It was John Donahue, catching a flight to Seattle! We got together in February when I went to Tacoma for Wintergrass, a super bluegrass festival. He lives in Olympia: his address is: 1420 Madison NW, Olympia WA 98502." In December, Willy Ashbrook came out to Oakland on business, so we got together for dinner, and had a great ol' time, reminiscing about the Madison kitchen dedication in June '82 (I'd just closed the deal on my house in N. Conway the day before), and the times he came with his Dad, El Wacko Grande y Magnifico, and family to stay at my house for the Lakes 75th and Mizpah's 25th anniversaries. He has e-mail at work: ashbroow@brdfwatm.attmail.com"

Ian Sherman wrote from Nova Scotia where for the past 5 years he has been coordinating the planning and construction of a wilderness hiking trail system that expands on several abandoned cart tracks used originally by the Gaelic speaking settlers of this highland/coastal region of Cape Breton Island. A short history of the area and the development of the current trails might make an interesting article for the Resuscitator somewhere down the road.

Tom Loucks hiked up Mt. Carrigan in early September. He says it was great to be back in the Whites. He would also like to know if the Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol is still in existence can he get a new T-shirt? Sorry, out of production. But how about an OH shirt?

Graham Trelstad has moved to a new address in New Rochelle NY and inquired about the OHA web site. Yes we have one, buddy. For now, use the site on the mast head. It will soon change to a simpler address.

Joan Bishop had a lovely surprise birthday party in June (her B-day is in July), put on by her friends with a good many OH there as well. Made it not so bad to miss the Spring Brawl last year. She does say that someone else, besides her, thought her OH cap was pretty neat and walked off with it. We sent her a new one. Happy Belated Birthday, Joan.

Nate Adams expects to be returning to Vermont on a permanent basis by the end of last year as he is getting tired of his tumbleweed lifestyle.

Andy Cohen, now married a tremendous two years to his bride Kathy Karp is now a father as well! On May 1, 1998 they gave birth to Oliver Karp "OK" Cohen — nine months after a very special visit to Galehead's sunset rocks!

Chris Thayer, in his official capacity as Huts Manager, wrote to thank the OH for the donation of $500 towards last years Guinea Night. The party has traditionally been a great way to end a busy and successful summer season, but he hopes it shows current croos the benefits of staying in touch through the OH Association. For those who don't know, there are usually OH representatives there to give a pitch for joining.

Allen Koop begins his note with a huge guilt trip which seems to have originated from somewhere on our board, that he "should write a piece" for this small "rag". Well if shaming works, then lets keep it up! He says a fewJunes ago a bunch of Lakes Croo from the early 1960s somehow lumbered or limped up the Ammonoosuc for a visit to the hut and a picnic by the lake: Tom Martin, Pete Ward, Paul Buffum, Dave Raub, Alec MacPhail, Allen Koop. "As we dragged the bench from the hut for the commemorative photo (with Martin holding the croo photos of '61 and '62) a bystander was heard to say, "Oh its just some old guys who worked here a long time ago, way back in the sixties". A second generation of OH, his daughters Sparky and Heather, tagged along, no doubt amused by the old geezers.

Constance Crooker sent along a fun story that we hope to include in one of the next few issues.

Neglecting news but sending in helpful dues are: Timothy Saunders, Andy Cook, Huntington Curtis, Saundra Cohen, Nancy Emerson.

This is the most recent list of Missing OH members who we can't find or mail gets returned. Please help us find them: Barbara Young, Miles Orth, Jeffrey Piampiano, Chad Robinson, Maria Berube, Joseph Berube, Anne Mace, Eric Masgers, Rebecca Oreskes, Mady Wade, Sue Oberholtzer, Bob Kirchner, Allison Catherton, Jonathan Noble, J.T. Horn, Giula Norton, Betsy Klima, Don and Chris McClellan, Christopher March, Kellie Day, Jon Egli, Martha Guild, Walter Everett, Stephanie Arenales, Stephen Parmenter, Jon Martinson, Marc Jorrens, Margaret Dumday, Chuck Wooster, Dave Eubanks.

Remember, your news will be produced faster (and easier) if you send it directly to Robin at e-mail **snydertwn2@aol.com**, thereby saving stamps and labor. See next page for news of our updated web page.

Visit our New OH Web Page

We've simplified our web address. Now you don't have to be a cybernaut to remember **www.ohcroo.com**; just go to your browser and open up our updated page that will give you an events calendar, OH e-mail list, complete listing of every crew in every hut through the years, stories from '97, '98 Reuscitators, obituraies and even an unpublished story from Tom Caulkins, Ghoul '46. Thanks to our web guru, and secretary Tom Kellerher, you can thrill to scanned-in color pictures of our expanded photo gallery featuring a Lakes reunion. The OH trek to Nepal (titled Mustang) written by Jed Davis is a day-by-day chronicle complete with pictures. Tom tells us we are getting an average of 900 hits a week! Got suggestions, an address of a lost OH or material for publication? Just visit our web page.

Bruce Sloat to be Honored

Come to the Spring brawl and meet Aspen Colorado's newest ski bums, Bruce and Mary Sloat. We have a hard time prying them out of their western digs for the Winter reunion, but are looking forward to giving Bruce the first OH Lifetime Achievement Award fior his many and significant contributions to the huts.

Cabin Rules

If you plan a visit to the Cabin, please observe the following procedures:

1) The key is given out at the Pinkham desk upon showing a 1999 Membership card. Only if you pay your current dues, do you use the Cabin. Please sign the OH Cabin Book at the desk.

2) Any dues-paying OH bringing friends or family is responsible for them and must be with them at the Cabin.

3) The Cabin is for the use of 1999 current croo only at no charge. Current croo are any employees of the Hut System who work for any related department for one season of 1999. Upon leaving the employment of the Hut System, am individual follows procedure 1) above.

4) The overnight fee is not voluntary. It is expected OH the age of 25 pay $10

continued on page 19

CALENDAR

SPRING BRAWL

Saturday, May 15
$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 $8

Full menu must be prepaid.
See reservation/order form page 19

1:00 p.m. Brawl Game

FALL WEEKEND

Oktoberfest & Tundra Golf

Saturday, October 2
Sunday, October 3
This is the only notice
for the traditional
work weekend & golf

WINTER REUNION

Annual Meeting

Saturday, January 22, 2000
Vinny Test'a Dedham
Details to be announced

1999 SUMMER CROOS

(as of March 30)

Carter
Dave Herring, Caretaker
Shawn McMahon, Caretaker

Madison
John Nesbitt, HM
Amanda Riley, AHM
Will Bradof
Hilary Knipe
Kathleen Jones
Laura Knox

Lakes
Anthony Greco, HM
Shannon Wood, AHM
Mark Drury
Carolyn Girod
Amanda Henck
Jonathan Meserve
Amy Wagensellar
Zack Roy
Michael Jones

Mizpah
Jeremy Cardin, HM
Caroline Kiernan, AHM
Abigail Mnookin
Brian Porembski
Jake Hooker
Rachel DeVries

Crawfords
Lars Whitman, AM
Katie Reinecker
Will Kemeza
TBA

Zealand
Susan Keller, HM
Chris Davis, AHM
Ben Altz-Stamm
Suzanne Fogt
Angela Bigonia

Galehead
John Mackay, HM
Amanda Dixon, AHM
Jason Klein
Hope Cheney
Keavy Cook

Greenleaf
Caitlin Hollister, HM
Alex Bissett, AHM
Eric James
Llewy Davis
Lindsay Dormer
Jay Runte

Lonesome
Amy Seavey, HM
Adam Crofoot, AHM
Justin Chapman
Stephanie Goehrig
Tony Langella
Sarah Gordon

Backcountry Education Ass't-Vince Pinto
Tucks Caretaker-Simon Hamm
Tucks Ass't-Sam Harris
Crawford Mgr-Ann Digatono
Huts Field Ass't-Sara Hurley
Storehouse Mgr-Schroeder Steward
Field Supervisor-Chris Thayer

Cabin Rules *continued*

per night per head; under the age of 25, $5 per night per head. Money is placed in the fee box inside the Cabin.

5) While using the Cabin, put the key inside the woodshed above the door.

6) Leave the place neater than you found it and take your persihables from the kitchen.

7) Return the key to Pinkham, and sign out in the OH Cabin Book.

8) During snow season, park your car as close to the snow bank as possible on Rt. 16 since plows have complained about cars too close to the road to effictively plow the snow.

All these practical rules are published because there have been people abusing the privilege of Cabin use. Please take a moment when you're there next time to ask fellow users if they are aware of the rules.

OH Shirts and Hats

Our custom team of embroiderors went back to work to prepare shirts and hats for Spring Brawl. Both have the embroidered Cabin logo replete with the lettering THE OH ASSOCIATION SOLVITUR CRUMPUS circling the artwork. The embroidery is in a complimntary shade to the shirt color and doesn't scream at you like silk screened T-shirts, but definitely sets you apart as a tasteful and discerning individual. The available shirts are delivered in several colors too fantastic to describe here, but we know you'll love them. Available in two sizes, extra large and large (these days, large is like medium and extra large is like large, got it?) Hats are the ever-popular khaki with colored brims and leather, brass buckle straps.

The Final Galehead Gala

Whoopee! The Repermiting finally came through and all plans are proceding for the final closing party for Galehead August 31st. Bob Kreitler encourages all OH attending to bring a musical instrument for plunking and strumming. Bob's on e-mail >rkreitler@rjfs.com<. Call PNC reservation desk at 603 466 2727 for update to see if they can squeeze another OH into the hut. Plaque level $1000 contributions are still open (see order form below). Over $100,000 has been raised from OH whose names will be on a plaque in the new hut recognizing gifts of $1000 and above.

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 $8.

❑Included in my Reunion payment is a T-shirt(s) order for the purchase on-site price of $20 each. (❑X-L or ❑large, check one). Pickup shirt(s) at reunion or add $2.00 for mailing.

❑Included in my Reunion payment is a cap(s) order for the purchase-on-site price of $15 each. Pickup hat(s) at reunion or add $2.00 for mailing

❑So here's my total $.....Spring Brawl plus T-shirt(s), plus cap(s) plus mailing if I'm not picking up.

❑**Oops! Here's my dues for 1999-$15.**

❑I'm sending $1,000 for the Galehead Rebuild Campaign made out to the AMC 5 Joy Street Boston, MA 02108.

❑Sign me up for the Third Annual Tundra Golf Tournement during Oktoberfest Work Weekend October 2-3

❑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

.....

.....

"Oh, just some old guys who worked {at Lakes} a long time ago, way back in the sixties." Old Lakes geezers pose for shot with commemorative photo of 1961-1962: Back Row, l to r: Dave Raub, Alec MacPhail (standing on rock), Allen Koop; Front Row, l to r: Pete Ward, Tom Martin, Paul Buffum *See Gormings page seventeen.*

Teen and Joe Dodge in North Conway in 1965. *See John Hull's article about Teen on page eight.*

THE O H ASSOCIATION

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