

THE RESUSCITATOR

THE OH ASSOCIATION 17 Brenner Drive, Newton, New Hampshire 03858

The OH Association is former employees of the AMC Huts System whose activities include sharing sweet White Mountain memories.



The author with her/your/our beloved packboard.

An Open Love Letter to Alpine Summertime

By Grace Pezzella

There is nothing in this world more inexplicably beautiful than steam spiraling upwards from the mouth of a carafe in those last quiet moments before breakfast. Your croo is awake, almost, drinking black coffee and rubbing sleep out of their eyes, praying they pull their own toothbrush out of the communal cup. This scene would perhaps not instill much faith in the casual observer--dirty kids rushing to tray cakers and whip all the lumps out of the moo, pausing only to stop a leaking Sammy or suffocate a minor (continued on page two)

Save the Dates!

These are the basics.

Check the website, Facebook, or holler at someone to get more precise information.

Featured FallFest Attractions!

**November 2, 2013
Fall Reunion &
Annual Meeting at
Highland Center**

1:15 Hike With Sheldon Perry, meet at fireplace

3:30-4:30 Y-OH Meeting in Thayer Hall (thoughts and opinions and general involvement by OH born Reagan-Clinton years highly sought, all others extremely welcome!)

4:30-6:30 Happy Hours! Washburn Room (Jam Session in side room)

6:30-7:30 Dinner in Hi-Pants Dining Room

7:45-8:30 Bidness Meeting in Washburn Room

8:30-9:15 Evening Entertainment!

Weeks Act movie, by Dave Huntley

White Mountain Museum, by Cathy Amidon

Honorary Membership, to David Stretch Hayes

Latchstring most formally awarded

9:30, all officialness ends.

Jam Session and Wild Rumpus to ensue.

Please bring appropriate provisions for such. Muscial instruments are encouraged, great stories about weird guests, great raids, sunsets you cannot forget, pack-days you wish you could, etc.

NEED A DECEMBER PICK ME UP?

Contact Ryan Smith or Maria VanDeusen about a Solstice Hike on December 21, 2013

Email: rsmith@outdoors.org



Yes! The OH is on Facebook. We're also on LinkedIn, and constantly looking for other ways to connect with each other, now that we can't have social call or send notes on truck. Plug in with the portal of your choice! (USPS is good too, for folks who prefer slow and tactile communications.)

www.ohcroo.com for current news

(continued from page one) grease fire. But to be in the throes of it, to wake up with the unfurling plot of each new morning, is an unparalleled privilege. From the inevitable chaos emerges a pattern, a careening ballet, and after a few days of flailing, of burning eggs and slicing fingers, your body simply knows the steps.

It took me approximately thirty seconds to fall irrevocably, tragically in love with life at Lakes. For three brief months in the twilight of my teenage years, the heartbreaking beauty of sunsets made me question the utility of the English language. I saw colors whose names I will never know, ones who share grammar with the very essence of the wild, at once lonely and stunningly familiar. I quickly ran out of synonyms for “incredible.”

The Whites lend themselves to a sort of “pre-nostalgia,” a longing to grasp the soul of each day and keep it in your pocket, paired with the knowledge that the way morning light feels on Monroe, how the air tastes as a storm front rolls in, is inherently gossamer. It’s the kind of place that inspires infinite gratitude, for fear that something might pass without proper praise. We’ve discovered a kingdom, one whose spirit feeds our own, gives us the legs to ramble, the strength to test ourselves, and the introspection necessary to understand the ephemera of a summer afternoon.

In his *Maine Woods*, Thoreau supposed, “Generally speaking, a howling wilderness does not howl: it is the imagination of the traveler that does the howling.” I’ve have a hard time with this sentiment since my freshman English seminar, and I still haven’t figured it out. On the one hand, I spent many a rainy day curled up safe and warm with a cup of tea, Bob Dylan wailing from our kitchen speakers and a rousing game of “Settlers of Catan” on offer. On the other hand, there’s nothing tame (or imaginary) about hurricane-force winds on a pack day or SARs in June ice storms. The Whites represent this exquisite intersection of the two extremes and, more importantly, create a precious opportunity for all of us--grimy, inquisitive wanderers--to settle, to make something our own.

In other words, I got possessive. Lakes, the Crawford Path, the kitchen spice rack--all mine. I am restless, and the tundra taught me to be still. In turn, I latched on to everything it had to offer. I remember looking through the '07 croo log and thinking, “Ha! They’re wearing our BFD clothes!” It wasn’t that I didn’t realize that other people had worked in the huts before I stumbled, wide-eyed, over the threshold; everything from raiding to recipes are steeped in tradition. It was more that I didn’t

want to acknowledge that legends in the making were roaming around the ridge line before I even knew what a ridge line was. I was jealous.

By July, I was exhilarated by the mania of cook days, obsessed with orchestrating the perfect soundtrack for the best BFD ever performed in a hut, swaddled by a sense of love and purpose; I was where I was supposed to be. Friends from home would visit and shake their heads at the absurdity of a full house on a Saturday night, and all I could say was, “This is my life now.” This season, this croo, was undoubtedly the best thing I have ever been a part of. Maybe the most important, too.

Like everything, however, even the good things, it was impermanent. I realized when friends started to head back to school that the season was drawing to a close. I knew I couldn’t spend the rest of my life sitting on a granite countertop singing poorly as thru-hikers picked out “Angel from Montgomery” on their ukeleles. But it did not hit me until the final mile-marker on the Ammy, when I saw four or five fresh, energetic faces bounding up the trail, that someone else got to play. It hurt, but in the beautiful way that “Stand by Me” makes everyone cry for no reason. And there’s the thing about the huts; no one wants to leave, but sometimes we have to, even if it’s just for a few months. Croos fade in and out, names and events get fuzzy, but the spirit is what matters, and that, thankfully, is a constant.

On one of the middle bunks in the croo room, some mystery person scrawled a lengthy quote in shaky handwriting. It ends, “...but once, we were here.” My first season was staggering on several levels, least of which is not the fact that now I belong to a current, a history. I miss my packboard already.

Grace Pezzella hails from Newburyport, MA. She is currently a junior at Bates College, studying History. She learned to walk at a campground in Maine, has broken all her toes at least once, and is eagerly awaiting her second (probably of many) season in the huts.

Editor’s Note: My favorite piece of BFD gear ever is the hot pink and black sequined lyrca dance suit. Because this is how the world works, that’s what Grace is wearing in the Lakes photo on the back of this issue. Awesome.--Benny

From The Desk of the Chair

Seems like just last month I was writing an annual “State of the OH Address.” Another year come and gone. It’s been a busy one here at OH Central.

First of all, rest assured that your OH Cabin remains in great shape, thanks to the oversight of caretaker Mike Waddell, Oktoberfest work weekend volunteers managed by the Stetsons, and many hours of selfless labor put into fixing leaks and preserving decks contributed by the likes of John Thompson, Jim Argentati, John Lamanna, and many, many others. It bears repeating that the cabin remains one of the best vacation deals in the Whites: \$15/night for 25 and over; \$5 for young OH (Y-OH). Such a deal!

Speaking of Y-OH, I’m pleased to report that an increasing number of younger members are assuming leadership positions. *The Resuscitator* you’re now reading has been edited and produced by Benny Taylor and Beth Weick. Ari Ofsevit created a tres chic map of OH membership, and is helping to post old *Resuscitator* issues online (check them out at www.ohcroo.com). Nathaniel Blauss orchestrated a smashing party for Madison Hut’s 125th Anniversary, and many others have stepped forward to pull together missing croo photos, represent the OH at Gala, and help in countless other ways.

Our online presence continues to grow with new OH signing up daily to Facebook (www.facebook.com/groups/OHAssociation) and LinkedIn (www.linkedin.com/groups?viewMembers=&gid=3641740&sik=1362994039028). For years Y-OH have been begging for a way to network with older OH, and for years we’ve struggled with how to deliver. The job market still sucks, but now that LinkedIn is here Y-OH finally have a powerful tool for professional advancement. Don’t be shy about using it.

The OH website is crammed with cool content—blogs, photos, news—so be sure to poke around, including the PayPal link which allows you to pay dues online.

Want to attend Steering Committee meetings but can’t make it to Boston? Drop me a line and we’ll see about coming to you, provided you’re under a 2-hour drive and can pull together a quorum. We’ve taken the show to Portland two years running. Pioneer Valley next?

Cool stuff coming up in 2014: OH Spring Reunion at the Cabin, May 17; Carter 100th, date to be determined, in August; Oktoberfest work weekend and culinary extravaganza at the Cabin, October 11-12; Fallfest Reunion at the Highland center, 11/1; and the relatively new “traditional” Winter Solstice Hike, 12/21. Also, let us know if you’d like to work a fill-in croo next summer—this program’s been hugely popular. No shortage of opportunities to reconnect with your buds or make new friends.

The hut system turned 125 last summer. As we continue to celebrate a past that stretches back to a cramped, drafty stone refuge on the side of Mt. Madison, we’re also looking forward to the next 125 years, to the challenge of making sure there’ll always be places of refuge in the high hills, not only from harsh weather, but from the insults of modern life as well. If you’re already an OH member you know the value this organization delivers: a cabin in the woods when you need one, networking, opportunities to drink beer and tell lies, and a way to support today’s croos just as the OH of our day helped support us and our mission of “hospitality for all.”

If you’re not already a member, please consider joining a legacy that, at heart, is a great way to stay connected to some very special folks, to a beautiful part of the country, and to a part of ourselves that’s all too easy to lose in a time when urgent is often mistaken for important.

Stroker
OH Chair



stroker@alumni.clarku.edu



Madison was celebrated in fine style! Thanks EVERYONE!!!!

Onward to Carter for its Centennial!

(photo courtesy of Dominic Kaplan)

Huts as Classrooms: A Memoir

Part II: Huts without Borders

By John B. Nutter and W. Kent Olson

*Dedicated to the memory of Slim and Calista Harris,
who taught so many to see the White Mountains
with a new pair of eyes*

The second of a two-part series on the advent of Hut System education programs and their influence, and that of countless hutmen and hutwomen, on the public service mission of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Part I, "In League with the Puckerbrush," appeared in the April *Resuscitator*.

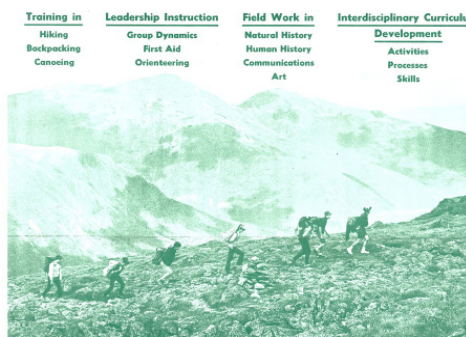
Note from Jim Hamilton: *The authors worked in the huts in the 1960s, when naturalist programs began gaining steam. Each rose to senior hutmaster and, in 1971, joined AMC's executive staff, John as Director of Education, Ken as Huts Manager. Their article covers mainly the sixties and seventies. "Ours is a personal remembrance," they write, "not a formal history. We invite corrections and will not object if someone inserts actual facts into the record."*

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JULY 31, 1972 — AUGUST 31, 1972

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please p.

The AMC Huts' first teacher workshop ran for one month.
(Poster reproduction courtesy of John Nutter)

City Kids to the Mountains

Inspired by AMC member and S.S. Pierce¹ Vice President Eliot Hubbard, Tom Deans started the Youth Opportunities Program (YOP), headquartered at Joy Street, in 1968. Anna B. Stearns made the \$10,000 start-up gift. Club leaders Fran Belcher, Luther Child, John Perry, Gerry Fosbroke and Ray Lavender (OH) garnered Council support and helped nurture the program.

Nutter: *Tom hired Ken to run it in summer 1969, its first full operating season. Dick Zeiss (OH), Randy Coston and Charlie Ruvin took over in seventies.*

Youth Opportunities introduced Boston inner-city youngsters to the White Mountains. Hut visits were an integral part. Some kids came from tough neighborhoods. Most had never encountered a mountain. They had an utterly new educational experience. Bruce Sloat jokingly nicknamed the program "Hoods to the Woods," which staff and participants instantly commandeered for use on T-shirts.

Marvin Sees It

Olson: *By the time I became Youth Opportunities Director, I'd spent five summers as a hutman and knew the system would be important to the program.*

On one trip, I led a black youth group to Galehead from Zealand via the Twinway. Most were teens, but the youngest, Marvin, was eight and slight. I worried about his stamina. We ascended Zeacliff. On a clear day it affords a classic White Mountain panorama, the Pemi sprawling below, the mass of Carrigain busting into the sky. But we broke onto the cliff enveloped in the dripping, stagnant fog. I felt awful for these kids.

Just then Marvin cried out, "This is BEAUTIFUL!" It astonished me that this little guy instantly got the feel of the place in zero visibility. He and the rest did a great job crossing to Galehead in the depressing, viewless weather. We didn't know we embodied Thoreau's feelings: "My spirits rise in proportion to outward dreariness."

Galehead Hutmaster Duncan Wannamaker (OH) took great care of all, as did other hut crews serving Youth Opportunities guests.

One hundred and eighty kids took part in the program that summer, up from sixty-three in 1968. A humble start, consistent with our limited resources. As I wrote in early funding proposals, Youth Opportunities had "no grand sociological aspirations." AMC wanted merely to give youngsters time away from "neighborhoods of chipped bricks, broken glass and dubious friendships," to experience the great wilds.

But Grander for Sure

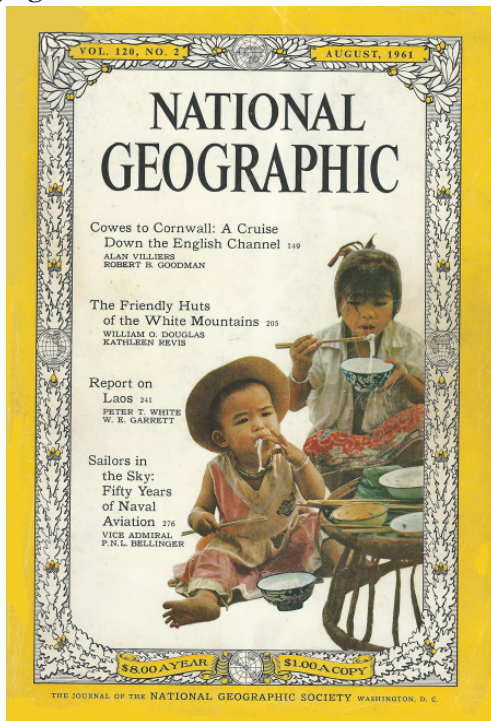
By 2012, thanks to the Club's expanding investments and successive program leaders, Youth Opportunities had served 153,198 boys and girls since inception.

1. For many years, the fabled S.S. Pierce Company supplied most of the Hut System's canned foods, bottled goods and culinary sundries.

Operating across four seasons, with eight staff and a \$700,000 budget, it annually introduces 24,000 people to the outdoors. Equally important, the program trained 5,000 of them for future mountain leadership and education responsibilities.

Many kids have exceeded their own boundaries, physical and otherwise, in the seemingly boundless Whites. Youth Opportunities continues to enlarge the constituency of people who love the outdoors and will, through discovery, enlightened use, stewardship and advocacy, promote its protection.

Managing Increased Use



Much of the 1960s visitors surge was attributable to Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas's huts article in the August 1961 National Geographic, with photographs by Kathleen Revis. (Image courtesy of Jim Hamilton)

Many major new directions of the Appalachian Mountain Club began at Pinkham.

Nutter and Olson: *White Mountain visitation underwent a big jump following Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas's 1961 National Geographic article, "The Friendly Huts of the White Mountains." The system's education expansion of a decade later happened as outdoor interest exploded nationwide.*

To address the 1970s influx, the U.S. Forest Service and the AMC managed visitation more intensively. For example, we experimented by putting a roving hutman in the mountains for a summer.

Olson: *I hired Garth Quillia (OH) as AMC's first-ever ridgerunner. We patterned the job on those of U.S. Forest Service Range Patrolmen, who included Bob McIntosh (OH), Casey Hodgdon (OH) and Warren*

Broadhead.

Quillia traveled the system functioning as an educator, informal mountain safety officer and AMC ambassador, offering trail advice to hikers during the day, helping crews at night. He concentrated on the Presidentials, contacting visitors and tallying high country users. It was a choice assignment.



Tom Deans led AMC's establishment of the Carry-In, Carry-Out policy, a highly effective bid towards litter free mountains. Fran Conkey and Ray Lavender's signs became ubiquitous.

(Image courtesy of Jim Hamilton)

Tuck, Etc.

At Tuckerman, the U.S. Forest Service and the huts mounted an initiative called "Respect the Ravine"—an AMC coinage—to deepen public appreciation of the big cirque. The area surrounding Tuck shelters had been hacked for firewood and the soils compacted to cement consistency by campers. In time the efforts to minimize human impacts allowed recovery to begin.

Another USFS-AMC innovation, the Restricted Use Area program, prohibited camping and fires in alpine zones and near huts, and capped overnight stays at many shelters. This required an education component. AMC beefed up its Carry in-Carry Out program, with Fran Conkey's timeless logo on posters printed by Ray Lavender's (OH) company, adding brochures on preparing enjoyable non-intrusive trips to the White Mountains.

"The big change I noticed," wrote former Lakes Hutmaster Tom Johnson (OH), "[was] the shift away from camp fires to cook stoves. It was hard for many people to give up the romance of the former" (2013).

Carry Outward

Trails Supervisor Bob Proudman:

"Carry In-Carry Out was being instituted with that first AMC [shelter] caretaker, Steve Page (TCA), in 1970, concurrent with removal of Liberty Spring Shelter, and installation of the campsite there.² I remember Ray Lavender's signs popping up everywhere."

"I think Tommy [Deans] might have thought up Carry In-Carry Out, or had the political savvy to see its significance when it was first suggested, and insisted on Club- and Forest-wide application. It was soon nationwide, and I think AMC should justly claim its provenance."

2. "In 1970, a trail crew member (Tony Surkowski, [TCA], a local NH boy with hunting experience) got in deep doo-doo with NH Fish & Game for shooting a food conditioned black bear at Liberty Spring Shelter due to the horribly (continued on pg. 6)

Nutter and Olson: *Bob's own initiatives had wide effects, too. After leaving Club employ in 1981, he joined the Appalachian Trail Conservancy (formerly Appalachian Trail Conference). There he and his partners developed many of the low-impact trail, camping and backcountry techniques that AMC had discovered and instituted in the sixties and seventies. Proudman founded or inspired the creation of numerous trail crews and helped start approximately a dozen ridgerunner or caretaker programs on the Appalachian National Scenic Trail, the East's 2,182-mile-long national park. Some years, more than forty ridgerunners are deployed from Georgia to Maine.*

Developing Research Capability

Until the 1970s, the U.S. Forest Service and universities had conducted most research that occurred in the Whites. In 1972, Joel White invited Forest Service scientist Dr. Raymond E. Leonard on a hike to the former shelter site at Garfield Pond to view AMC's new campsite that Proudman and his trail crews had constructed. Leonard espoused scientific approaches to limiting user damage in the mountains.

White and Leonard took Pete Richardson on a Mahoosuc hike, to interest him in promoting an AMC backcountry research program. Richardson embraced the idea. Associate Executive Director Steve Maddock, Ph.D., a former professor, threw his strong credentials behind it. Council approved it.

The new department operated from Pinkham. AMC's first Director of Research, Ed Spencer, set it up and ran it. Dijit Taylor,³ then Ken Kimball, followed Ed.

One objective was to disseminate knowledge from original research in the Whites. Staff focused on scientific inquiry into environmental issues. The information gained was designed to help managers cope with escalating wild lands use.

Functional Results

Nutter and Olson: *This was the era of wilderness wars among natural resource professionals, academics, environmentalists and other forest constituencies. As founding director of AMC's science programs, Spencer emphasized objective discovery, free from the political tugs of competing backcountry management philosophies. His department sought solutions applicable in the field.*

Staff produced papers on research findings. And, in 1978, the Club put out *Backcountry Facilities: Design and Maintenance*, by Ray Leonard, Spencer, and Harriet J. Plumley. The book was a practicum on developing re-

2. (continued) extensive gaboon that trail crew had used to empty the can pit there over the 1960s as that site deteriorated from increasing Baby-Boomer visitation. On peak weekends, more than a hundred campers per night occupied the shelter area." Bob Proudman (March 2013.)

3. Mother of Hannah, Emily "LT", and *Resuscitator* Managing Editor Bethany "Benny" Taylor, (all OH.)

mote overnight facilities with proper attention to natural resource impacts.

Dijit Taylor's work with others over several years resulted in removal of the dwarf cinquefoil from the federal Endangered Species List. Under Forest Service and AMC study and management, one of the world's rarest alpine had recovered sufficiently to thrive in its modest, protected tundra patch near Lakes Hut.

Ecological Footing

Nutter and Olson: *Bob Proudman authored the AMC Field Guide to Trail Building and Maintenance (1977). Major contributors included Spencer, Sally Surgenor and Reuben Rajala (TCA), who became AMC Trails Supervisor after Proudman. The ubiquitous Ray Leonard—backcountry experimenter-in-chief—assisted.*

Proudman wrote that the book advanced the precepts of "environmental trail management" to counter the effects of unprecedented visitation that "taxed the physical ability of soils and plant life to remain healthy and stable under the pressure of great volumes of traffic."

Joe May (TCA), Trails Supervisor (1961-1971), inspired the content. Proudman said May gave crews "the freedom to think and to employ new ideas and concepts to manage problems that had to be faced on trails." AMC was developing the art and craft of forecasting impacts and preempting them.

Generous Cartography

Nutter and Olson: *A licensed cooperater on a federal forest, AMC was extending its management, research and education portfolios to White Mountain terrain beyond the mapped boundaries of Club hostels, trails and shelters. In some cases AMC's combined think-tank-and-field-program was influencing backcountries distant from the home hills.*

This was one of AMC's philosophical transitions in the seventies led by Pinkham's North Country operations unified under Deans.

The Obs

Only a book could do justice to the public service role of the Mount Washington Observatory. Suffice to say that Old Hutmen, notably Joe Dodge and some AMC contemporaries, were a major force in its creation.

The Obs has developed into a respected science institution. Its staff and board have included many former hutmen. The Obs still generates the daily radio weather forecasts used in each hut. The organization created a popular museum on the summit. Guy Gosselin, the long-time director, and Honorary OH, led the Obs toward educational innovation. Present observatory leaders have expanded its research and education components.

By the mid-seventies, knowledge-driven programming was occurring at Pinkham, in the backcountry huts, and atop Mount Washington, highest peak in the northeastern U.S.

Cracking Open AMC Membership

Mountain Flowers, Appalachia, the famed *AMC White Mountain Guide*, plus maps and other guidebooks, demonstrated the Club's commitment to the high country. Club founders had laid the groundwork for publishing, and for trail and facilities development, in the 1876 mission: to "explore the mountains of New England and the adjacent regions, both for scientific and artistic purposes; and, in general, to cultivate an interest in geographic studies." These leaders, men largely of a scientific bent and a professorial hue, sought members with specialized attributes in the relevant fields.

The original AMC "constitution," as it was called, specified, "Nominations to active membership shall be made in writing by at least two members." The policy probably made sense in the startup years, insuring an engaged, qualified membership to carry out educational and scientific objectives.

But in the course of a century the Club, like everything around it, had changed fundamentally. Still, AMC retained sponsorship into the 1970s, including a black-ball provision in the by-laws: "[N]o person shall be admitted to membership if ten members of the Club make separate written protests, stating reasons the Council deems valid."⁴

Skunkworks

Olson: *John and I considered the sponsorship policy archaic and exclusionary. It was inconsistent with the obligations of a tax exempt educational institution enjoying operating privileges on public land.*

We believed that if the Club were truly a conservator of wild places and an environmental educator, and if the huts were a natural vector for teaching resource protection and proper use, AMC should maximize membership. Every White Mountain user should join because he or she benefitted from Club investments in the national forest.

At John's instigation we started a rump campaign, mass producing sponsorship letters that we pre-signed, a tactic we copied from Club President Bill King. The Pinkham desk distributed the letters freely. Other North Country and Boston staff had taken up the cause. Mad-dock and I had a monthly contest, "the Sweepstakes," to determine who enrolled more members than the other guy.

Applications flooded Joy Street, upsetting some Club officials. Pressure mounted for staff to desist—employees were not entitled to make policy. However, John and I and some colleagues were dues paying members. We declined to cede our rights.

The Boss and His Charges

AMC Director of Publications Michael Cirone interviewed Tom Deans the April and May 1988 *Appalachia Bulletins*:

Cirone: "You had put together a team that included John Nutter in Education, Ken Olson as head of opera-

tions, Joel White for Planning, Bob Proudman as Trails Supervisor, among others...All of this points to a rather dynamic team[,] individuals who were not content to sit around and wait for volunteers to hand out marching orders...Was there a backlash?"

Deans: "I had a tiger by the tail. I loved it...[Y]es, there was a backlash...We're fortunate to have the tremendous strength that comes from a grassroots [volunteer-governed] organization. At the same time, we have many of the most respected professionals in their fields working for the Club."⁵

Tom was in an intensely tight spot. Nevertheless, he ran diplomatic cover for us, helped by King and other volunteers.

Cirone: "That was a period when some staff members sat on the porch at Pinkham and signed up everyone within sight."

Deans: "I was 'summoned' to Boston at that point for a meeting with the Membership Committee and some others and told to get those guys back in line. I'll never forget that."

Nutter and Olson: *We were never called to the woodshed. But our memories have holes. If Tom did speak with us, it had to have been with his customary equanimity.*

Eventually sponsorship fell.

The Three-Percent Solution

Changing the relevant membership by-law required

4. "However, at least one dog *has* been elected, and [was also] a *bona fide* member of the 4,000 Footer Club." Michael Cohen, "Why Open Membership?" *Appalachia Bulletin*, May 1977. The canine was sponsored by Guy and Laura Waterman, authors of *inter alia*, *Backwoods Ethics: Preserving the Spirit of Wildness*. The doggie briefly enjoyed the courtesies extended to all Club members. The official acceptance letter Fran Belcher sent to 'Ralph Waterman' read in part: "It is pleasure to inform you that you were duly elected to active membership...at the last meeting of the [AMC] Council....Any inquiries and comments are welcome" (Feb. 1, 1971). Belcher and Albert Robertson's letter welcoming Ralph to the 4,000 Footer Club was even more ebullient: "Congratulations! Your ascent record has been recieved, reviewed and approved...and you are now an official member of this distinguished group of mountain climbers....[We] hope that many people will admire your patch and scroll and that you will stand ready to guide and assist others to emulate your unusual accomplishment" (Sept. 2, 1966). Ralph stood ready but, alas, was eventually outed by the vigilant New York Chapter membership committee. Laura Waterman wrote: "I think my memory of discomfort at the NY Chapter meeting was when the veil thinned and Ralph the shaggy 4-legged form was disclosed" (March 15, 2013). The Watermans purportedly also sponsored a known erratic named Glen Boulder, permanent resident of Boott Spur, N.H. None of the principals can remember the details. It is not known if Boulder was found objectionable.

5. Probably even truer today.

a clubwide vote and a 75-percent majority.⁶ On January 14, 1978, a hundred and two years after AMC's founding, Membership Director Pete Madeira (OH) tallied the ballot: 76.8 percent yes, 23.2 percent no. Significantly, only three percent of members voted. Democratizing the Club turned out to have been, at base, uncontroversial outside a small group of partisans.

Nutter and Olson: *Today AMC has 100,000 members and constituents and a large budget. The Club has conducted campaigns raising tens of millions for public service projects and conservation land acquisitions. Had sponsorship stood, the AMC could never have grown into the powerhouse public service provider it has become.*

"There was much discussion that eliminating sponsorship would turn the 'Club' into an 'organization,' losing its personal, friendly approach," Cohen wrote. "That, of course, never happened. Chapters remain as a source of building a cadre of members that support the mission and care about their fellow members."⁷ (2013).

Interpreting the Mountains

Olson: *A large-format photographer named George DeWolfe (OH) stopped by Pinkham in 1971. He was completing his master's thesis, a black-and-white portfolio of the White Mountains. Would AMC trade room and board the next summer for an exhibition-grade set of the photos? His samples were exquisite, so I said yes. Pinkham Hutmaster Tom Barringer made arrangements.*

DeWolfe was the huts' first official Artist-in-Residence, a program that led to a photo workshop series and residencies for practitioners in other media. His work resides in permanent collections at Pinkham and Joy Street. No one since Guy Shorey, who established a White Mountain canon in the early 1900s, has so well portrayed our great range in black and white.

There were other important photographic interpretations of the mountains, including images by Winston Pote. Dick Smith's post cards and magazine shots helped popularize the huts and featured many aerial prints. George Hamilton commissioned Jack McConnell (OH) to record huts and crews of the mid-sixties. George Bellerose⁸ created a journalistic photo catalogue of AMC facilities and activities, which circulated in 1976, the Club's centennial year.

Photographer Alex MacPhail, whose knowledge of hut life was second to none, rendered outstanding portraits of hutmen doing their jobs. His 1967 calendar

"Gormings" was particularly popular among crews.

Peppy Fellows, Crusty Nannies

Nutter and Olson: *The writer Edward Hoagland interviewed us for a Time-Life book about the mountains. Believing it would escalate use of the crowded backcountry, we tried to dampen his enthusiasm for this picture-dominated volume. Whether or not we influenced him, he ended his authorship of it. Later Random House published a pictureless book of essays by Hoagland, Walking the Dead Diamond River (1973).*

His depiction of AMC members is classic:

"At breakfast at the Pinkham Notch lodge you see that the Appalachian Mountain Club members are a breed of queer ducks too—peppy skinny fellows with curious genteel accents and middle-level jobs, and some crusty nanny-like ladies..."

"I was touched by how Olson and Nutter managed to invest all this—including the Appies, as the kids call them, sitting at long boarding-school tables thumbing guidebooks—with the air of a commune. The paradox is, says Nutter, that in order to save any sampling of wilderness you must bring great numbers of people in, organize a Four-Thousand-Footer Club with forty-six peaks to be climbed, and all the rest of it, so that each voter can see the landscape for himself.

"Education—this is the note sounded everywhere in a losing battle. Since tourism is so destructive to wild land, Nutter and the others who minister to it from the side of the angels do so with misgivings."

The Appalachian Trench

Time-Life did publish its wilderness book, titled *New England Wilds* (1974), text by Ogden Tanner, with a section devoted to the Whites, the huts and the need for education. Production was marked by severest tragedy. A Time-Life photographer, Dean Brown, who was a Pinkham guest, was killed when he fell from Table Mountain, north of the Moat Range, getting a shot from the steep face.

Olson: *Nutter and Vicki Van Steenberg led Tanner on a hike across the Northern Presies to Madison Hut. They discussed flora, geology, weather, White Mountain history, huts and backcountry administration issues.*

Tanner wrote:

"'It's too bad,' John said, 'There are just so many people coming up here to enjoy the mountains these days. We ask them not to cut boughs for bedding or firewood, not to travel in large groups, not to wash at drinking-water sources, not to pick the flowers, not to leave litter...We've only been partially successful so far...[At Tuckerman] last year it cost ten thousand dollars just to clean up the place and haul the accumulated garbage out.'"

The Forest Service told Tanner the Appalachian Trail might become the "Appalachian Trench."

"That night," Tanner wrote, "I tried to grapple with the growing management problems of wilderness, and lost."

6. Tougher than U.S. Senate filibuster rules

7. Rebecca Oreskes (OH) writes: "In *Mountain Voices* Fran Belcher makes a comment to the effect that AMC could no longer be a friendly family (and if I remember correctly, that was before the open membership policy). I wonder if in some ways the changes (and other changes) did lead the Club to become more of an 'organization' with all of the pros and cons that created..." (March 13, 2013.) Oreskes and Doug Mayer co-authored *Mountain Voices* (AMC, 2012.)

8. Father of Annie Bellerose (OH.)

Life Magazine also visited and did a pictorial including the huts. Tom Johnson and a fellow Lakes crewman were photographed hiking the cone of Mt. Washington.

A Wider View

Nutter: Over time we came to realize that forces far greater than book or magazine publishing were driving increased use, mainly the growing demand for outdoor recreation occurring in society at large. On balance, it was a good thing the stewardship message spread via the written word.

Books have always played a significant role in public education about our native range. In his famous Bibliography of the White Mountains (AMC, 1911), Allen H. Bent wrote that “they have had more written about them, probably, than any other mountains, the Alps alone excepted.”

Enter the Archdruid

Nutter: In 1978 AMC and *Friends of the Earth* came out with *New England’s White Mountains: At Home in the Wild*, photographs by Phillip Evans, Amory Lovins (a MacArthur Fellow and author of *Soft Energy Paths*) and George DeWolfe, text by Brooks Atkinson (first editor of the *New York Times Book Review*) and Ken Olson. The series editor was David Brower, former Executive Director of the Sierra Club. Stephen Lyons was project editor. Ansel Adams’s publisher, the New York Graphic Society, was the commercial backer.

Olson: Our book followed the design of Eliot Porter’s *In Wildness is the Preservation of the World* (1962), for which Brower had won the Carey-Thomas Award for creative publishing. The team hoped the exhibition quality plates and the essays of *At Home in the Wild* would harness beauty in service to conservation, inform people’s love of the Whites and tell the huts story in a collection-worthy volume. It was the Club’s entry into big league publishing.

Brower, an AMC Honorary Member and a two-time Nobel nominee, was a controversial public figure, known for his obdurate environmentalism, resolute personality and documented disregard for nonprofit board authority. John McPhee’s book *Encounters with the Archdruid* (1972) vividly tells Brower’s life story, including the saga of his defeating the proposed Marble Canyon Dam in the Grand Canyon, a world-class environmental victory. The reward? His directors sacked him for having cost Sierra its tax exempt status in the dam fight. It was the most famous firing in conservation history. Dave Brower was to the Sierra Club board what Gen. Douglas MacArthur was to Harry Truman.

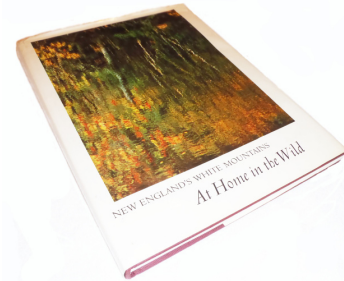
Willy Loman

Olson: Undaunted, Dave then founded *Friends of the Earth*, but was eventually fired from that, too. Whenever he went he stirred strong feelings. In a go- or no-go Council meeting about our book, an AMC officer, concerned for too-rosy sales scenarios, called Brower an

“importuning salesman.” Dave listened quietly to the words, took them as an insult and never forgot even as the volume took stunning shape.

Phil Levin had brought Brower into the project. Levin, Bill King, Fred Preston, Ruby Horwood, Tom Deans and Jim Hamilton (OH) finessed the politics and championed the book in Club governance and financial circles. Mike Schnitzer (OH) helped. The first printing sold out, and AMC quickly recouped its investment.

Brower safely led AMC in a successful venture, though he personally lost \$25,000 on the project. Early on, he told me that “publishing a book is like giving



New England’s White Mountains: At Home in the Wild, AMC, FOE, NY Graphic Society, 1978. David Brower, General Editor.
(Image courtesy of Jim Hamilton)

birth—there’s blood on the floor afterward.” Dave’s was visible. I didn’t know mine would be, too. But that’s a tale for another time.

The important thing is that AMC took a big educational risk beyond guidebooks and maps, and prospered.



Nutter and Olson: AMC naturalist Jorie Hunken encountered a tension in the work environment. “In the beginning,” she wrote, “everyone seemed a little nervous about the traveling hut-naturalist project, something about throwing a non-worker in with the hard-working crews (and a woman, no less—only later did I learn that a female amongst the crew was considered risky)” (2013).

Across the years, many women with mountain credentials and excellent AMC work records had faced the same issue: impediments to their acceptance into the fraternity of huts.

The Vice

Olson: Except for the war years, females were restricted to working at Pinkham. I had the privilege and, as John and I saw it, the responsibility to begin hiring women for the high huts. Tom Deans and the North Country management team believed strongly in the idea.

Tom Johnson emailed me in 2013: “I recall a meeting of summer staff at Pinkham (1972) that you led, Ken, where women in huts was one of the topics. Perhaps you were being professorial, but you seemed cool to the idea – I think you used the term ‘fraternity’ of the hut crews.

Nancy Thomas (OH) gave an impassioned rebuttal.”

I don’t recall the meeting, but also have no reason to think Tom’s memory is faulty. Everything about this transition was an equal-opportunity squeeze play, pressuring anyone involved. Being pushed harder on something to which I was already fully committed struck me as gratuitous. However, I respected the rightness of the cause.

As important, I admired my employees whose justified agitation made the no-women policy more difficult for us to overturn. They, too, after all, were fighting for ordinary fairness. But they, unlike any man, had a legitimate claim to actual relief. They also objected to the unfortunate innuendo that hiring hutwomen might foster promiscuity.

O Pioneer

Olson: To try out a yes-women policy, I placed some AMC females in fill-in hut jobs in late summer 1971, including Cathy Feree (OH) at Mizpah. It worked well. And in 1972, at John’s recommendation, I offered Saundey Cohen the fulltime fall caretakership at Zealand, based on her personal qualities and outstanding performance in the education programs. The AMC Hut Committee balked and prevented me from fulfilling the offer.

Saundey, a married 27-year-old professional educator, filed a discrimination action with the New Hampshire Human Rights Commission. A sheriff interrupted a North Country senior staff meeting, in Bartlett, to serve papers.

Lawyer and Hut Committee Chairman Tom Martin (OH), knew AMC would lose. Acknowledging legal and societal realities, the committee approved Saundey’s hiring. Though belated, the authorization came



Saundey Cohen today, seemingly suffering no long-term ill effects from tromping through the huts’ glass ceiling.
(Photo courtesy of Saundey Cohen)

equally from the committee’s sense of fairness. Equity outweighed concerns about assigning a female to work alone in the mountains.

Saundey proved an excellent hutmaster and was popular with guests. She was the perfect pioneer,⁹ whose success forever opened hut jobs to women, starting in 1973.

Today fifty percent of hut staff is female.



Old Times There Are Not Forgotten

Olson: Some Old Hutmen didn’t cotton to the changes. Residual flak hangs in the air even today.

The story of women’s advancement in the huts is well told in Alex MacPhail’s three-part “Las machas” (Appalachia Bulletin, Oct., Nov., Dec., 1984). From early on, he wrote, women who had staffed Pinkham or helped run huts during the war years “were barred from any official OH reunions.”

“When in 1971 the doors of these twice-yearly events were opened to women, some Old Hutmen refused to attend, and they have not been seen since.¹⁰ As recently as the 1983 Winter Reunion, one couple left in disgust after learning that the newly chosen Huts Manager... was a woman,” Barbara Wagner (OH).¹¹ Thirty years later, Wagner remains the only woman to have held the position of Huts Manager.

At Pinkham, our attitude as managers was simple: we did the right thing at the right time for the right reasons. We tried to listen to well-founded criticism, ignore tripe, expect unpleasanties, and bear it all professionally—so, onward.

One wonderful reward was this evaluation from Saundey Cohen: “I give credit to both Ken and John for their ability to embrace and speak out for gender equality in the huts. Ken was a positive force for the Club when he offered females positions that had previously been closed to them. For me, he showed true leadership” (March 2013).

Credibility

Nutter and Olson: As with the sponsorship issue, if the huts had retained the males-only policy, AMC’s credibility as teaching organization—indeed its claims as a public service leader—would have diminished as society progressed on gender and other modern issues. Notably, both the open membership policy and the open hiring policy benefited from Mike and Saundey Cohen’s leadership. The Club owes them a great deal.

9. ♀ !
10. ♂♂♂♂♂♂ !!!, etc.
11. ♀ !

A historical curio: Making the hiring change when it did, AMC beat many elite private universities in inviting women into their institutions of liberal education.¹²

Leaving the Mountains

Nutter: *I left AMC in March 1974 to satisfy a travel itch. My time as a hutman and in the education arena brought me great personal satisfaction and a circle of lifelong friends.*

Olson: *Thanks to John's leadership in education and to the variety of programs established by others, the huts and the larger Club had begun an important era of service enterprise.*

John organized his programs well, making possible the efficient transfer of responsibilities to successor Nelson Obus (Special OH). Obus inherited vigorous young programs, strengthening and, in some cases, institutionalizing what John had started. Nelson readily fit the AMC education culture and got along well with the Ed Squad and its volunteers. He accelerated the momentum, introducing new educational programming.

Nelson served until 1977, when Ronna Cohen (no relation to Mike and Saundy), former Executive Director of the NY/NJ Trail Conference, took over. Walter Graff succeeded her and later became AMC Deputy Director.

Strong volunteer leaders stood behind every development that made the Hut System a significant education venue. The AMC presidents of the era were Luther Child, Sandy Saunders (OH), Gardner Moulton, John Perry, Bill King, Ruby Horwood (first woman to serve), Andy Nichols, Fred Preston and Charlie Burnham.

Tom Deans formed the AMC Board of Education. Councillor Mead Bradner chaired it, representing the whole Club's interests. The body later became the Education Committee, headed by Mike Cohen.

Chairmen of the Hut Committee were Tim Saunders, Pete Richardson, Tom Martin, Fred Preston and Bob Cary (all OH).

Nutter: *Ken moved to Joy Street in late 1973 to become AMC's Director of Publications. Joel White succeeded him as Huts Manager, followed by David Warren (OH). The first female Huts Manager, Wagner, came after Dave, in 1982.*

Arlyn Powell took over AMC publications in 1977, when Ken headed to graduate school. Cirone succeeded Powell, building on earlier work by Delda White and Mal Choate. All made major contributions to the education mission.

After thirteen years and a record of vision and distinction across the Club's full spectrum of interest, Tom Deans stepped down. Andy Falender became the third

AMC Executive Director, in 1989. His tenure saw further program expansion, organizational influence, and fundraising prowess.



Executive Director Emeritus Tom Deans, Executive Director Emeritus Andy Falender, and Executive Director John J. Judge. (Photo courtesy of AMC Archives)

Foochow, Tom and Andy logged a cumulative fifty-seven years in the chief executive's job. Each brought unique leadership in the Club's evolving education philosophy, true to its 1876 origins but modern in its civic relevance. Andy's successor, John J. Judge, took over in 2012.

The Enduring Whites

Nutter and Olson: *The huts of the first half of the twentieth century differed from the system we entered in 1964. Likewise the one we knew differs profoundly from today's. Visitor numbers, mountain communications technology, the complexity of Forest Service protocols, liability strictures on packing, heavy reliance on helicopters, state labor and health regulations, hut wages, rotting or outdated structures, stewardship requirements, maturing conservation ethics, deeper appreciation of biotic diversity and public appetite for ecological knowledge, etc., demanded AMC's adaptation.*

Yet in essential ways, the huts are changeless, faithful to Joe Dodge's ideal of healthful mountain recreation. Yes, crew work includes educating hikers in the beauties, frailties, dangers and ecological functions of the mountain environment, but that responsibility has enlarged, not supplanted, traditional roles.

The old jobs—the best summer jobs in America, the ones we love to this day—are the same at the core, reliant on young people enthusiastic for high places and strenuous labor. Hutmen and hutwomen still cook, clean, pack and host, rescue hikers, swill beer, carry out raids, add jargon to the huts lexicon and tramp the hills on days off. Camaraderie and the unique designation "OH" are still among the earned rewards. The greatest, of course, is the experience itself.

Development has filled valleys of the White Mountains. Traffic has burdened roadways. Villages we knew have changed almost beyond recognition. Multitudes

12. Not to mention the tardy Augusta National Golf Club,

bespoke green-jacketed "Home of the Masters" (♂)—dusted in the gender awareness department by the pack-trou-faunting Home of the Hutmasters (♂ ♀).

crowd some trails. But thanks in substantial measure to the AMC's dedication—and that of the Forest Service—to conserving the backcountry and educating visitors, the high mountains seem eternally the same. Fortunately for all.

And if, as young men and women, you and your good friends were lucky enough to cohabit the puckerbrush in the alpine zone of a massive range—a geology and an ecology that subsume a human figure—life's unanticipated dimensions, large and small, became clearer.

Fortunately for us.

March 2013
Arlington, Virginia and Bass Harbor, Maine

John Nutter was AMC's first Director of Education (1971-1973). Ken Olson was Huts Manager (1971-1973) and AMC Director of Publications (1974-1977). They thank Resuscitator Editor Jim Hamilton (Greenleaf 1960-61, Zealand 1963) for prodding their combined memory machinery, such as it is, into print. Thanks go to the many past crew and staff who read the manuscript and checked facts. The authors hope someone will revise and extend the education story to the present. Reach them at: jbnutter@comcast.net, kenolson@kenolson.com.

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REMEMBER WHEN...

“...Hannes Schneider visited Pinkham Notch. He was a lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian Army in WWI, and more notably to us, invented the Arlberg method of downhill skiing...”

-from David Fonseca (1953-54), Colonie NY

“I remember working with helicopters during my six years with the Construction Crew. They say war is hours of boredom punctuated by moments of extreme concentration. So is working with helicopters. Like the time I was hooking loads at Mizpah and the wind was up and the ship suddenly shifted so I couldn't see daylight between the tail rotor and a steel incinerator so large that it seemed to have been left by the last glacier. As the saying goes, nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. Thankfully the wind shifted. I've always been a big fan of Jameson Irish Whiskey, but the two fingers I had that night were especially enjoyable.”

-from L. Stroker Rogovin (1978-1984), Arlington, MA

“The side door blew off Lakes of the Clouds during Tropical Storm Barry. Croo members Ben, Jake, and myself wrestled it down and back inside...then pondered the gaping hole in the side of our already wet hut.”

-from Beth Weick (2004-2010), Dorchester NH

(This section is new to the Resuscitator and will serve as a secondary gorm bucket strainer for the stories and memories anyone wants to share. Get in touch with Beth if you've got a good one!)



A cartoon that merits the serious consideration of the USGS, drawn by Carolyn Wachnicki



A questionable majority of the multitude assembled to celebrate Madison's 125th birthday party! The Chez is as belle as ever. Photo from ohcroc.com, with much gratitude to the photographer.

NEXT ISSUE!

Spending time in the mountains, in the huts, anywhere away from what mainstream society deems "normal" can have a marked impact on a person. This little editor is quite certain that the geography and community of the huts changed her life for the better.

The question that to be explored in the Spring 2014 issue is how did your time in the huts and trails and mountains shape what you did when you finally turned in your packboard? What impact did this rare experience have on how you've chosen to live your life, or on how you'd like the world to be?

Think about it, and then contact bethany-masontaylor@gmail.com to share your thoughts. Thanks!

Hey, Good Lookin'...

That's right, we mean you. (C'mon, no one can do the work we did, in the places we were, and not have a little of that beauty rub off. Enjoy it.)

The nascent editorial team of the *Resuscitator* is looking for suggestions, guidance, advice, and comments on how to make this little publication better. Why are you reading this? Why aren't you? What would you like to read about? In the age of more instantaneous forms of communication, is there still a place in the hearts, mailboxes, and inboxes of Old Hutmen (class M & F) for this thing? Would you prefer a hard copy, delivered on truck and printed on the back of an Annie's box?

There are so few places in this world that truly ask for your opinion, and are prepared to listen. This is one. With all respect to George Hamilton, democracy and group participation sure as shit can't end at this trailhead. Send your thoughts, comments, ideas for features, stories, photos, drawings, recipes and whatever you gorm out of your brain to: bethany-masontaylor@gmail.com, b.a.weick@gmail.com or via USPS to Beth Weick, 107 Old Cemetary Road, Dorchester, NH 03266.



GORMINGS

This issue's entries into most OH-ish wedding possible are between the Labor Day nuptials of **Nina Barret** and Raphael Crawford-Marks (pictured above) and the August hitching of **Nez Nesbit** and Ashley Morton.

Jon Cotton, Geoff Graham, Cricket Arrison, Alex "Biscuit" Bissett, Tom Seidel, Margaret Graciano, Emmy McQuaid-Hanson, Ana Danger Roy, Jess Milneil, Christian Milneil, Benny Taylor, Ben Deering, Margaret Snell, and Naomi George all turned out in force and with their dancing shoes for **Nina** and Raphael's wedding at Ogontz Camp. Total OH presence: 15.

For **Nez's** wedding, some quick thinking by **Michael Quist Kautz** had **Benny Taylor** and **Jesse Billingham** leading a gaggle of hutkids as catering superstars, including **Beth Eisenhower, Amy Fleischer, Mary Kuhn, and Beth Weick** (plus Mr. Beth aka Ryan Harvey). In addition to the worker bees, the OH quotient on the ground was remarkable giv-

Building this Dream Together: The Y-OH assemblage for Nina's wedding, pre-dance routine! Nina is the smiling lady in white.
(Photo courtesy of Nina Barrett and Raphael Crawford-Marks)

en that **Nez's** family includes his parents **Chris & Nancy Nesbitt**, uncles **John Nutter** (check out his article in this issue!) and **Craig Nesbitt**. OH friends in attendance were Best Man **Ethan Lacy, Mike Kautz, Brian Guercio, Andy Wall, Susan Keller, Lars Whitman** and **Lara Dumond**. Total OH: 18. The catering croo are happy to discuss details with anyone who wants to hire them. Awesome idea, **Nez!**

As suggested in our earlier article, generations of Croo celebrated the Madison 125th together in Madison Col August 18. However the party really started the night before, at our very own OH Cabin. Featuring grilling, beers, and even a few vegetables, young and old made merry. Attendees included **Josh Alper, Jesse Billingham, Nathaniel Blauss, Lindsay Bourgoine, Doug Hotchkiss, Dominic Kaplan, Liza Knowles** (and her sweetie

Doug Park), **Dick Lowe**, **Ari Ofsevit**, **Gates Sanford**, **Benny Taylor**, **Emily Taylor**, **Beth Weick**, **Lynne Zummo**. The following morning made for an early rise and a hike that smelt a bit of beer as victuals were packed up to Madhaüs. Nonetheless, lunch was served on time, Star Lake visited, old croo logs perused, laughter laughed as all enjoyed the beautiful weather. Look for a synopsis in the upcoming edition of *Appalachia*.

Down in the valley, life goes on with all sorts of adventures and happenings. **Karen Thorp** and **Dave Haughey** are planning their Mainer wedding to take place next June, complete with enthusiastic training sessions with Chuck.

Alex Corey was briefly on the East Coast in June for the annual American Studies Conference at Dartmouth. There he was joined by **Mary Kuhn**. The two ventured into Enfield for an evening picnic rendezvous with **Beth Weick**, where their conversation and abundant laughter may have offended the resident curmudgeons sitting within earshot. **Nathaniel Blauss** spent the summer in various places, including a month in Portland, ME. He is now settled into Putney, VT where he begins another year of shaping, guiding, and forcing sense into the youth of America. He recently met up with **Meika Hashimoto** for dinner in Brattleboro, where they were accidentally joined by **Andy Patari**. Of course. **Meika** has been spending plenty of time in the Whites this season considering her address is NYC. Multiple hiking trips reliably ending with unexpected twists have left her at the mercy of **Mama Maria's Cookie Emporium** and Hostel on multiple occasions, aka Beth Weick's parents. As this has resulted in increased back massages and gigglefests for both Meika and Beth, no-one is complaining.

Beth Weick and partner Ryan Harvey hosted a housewarming party this past June to celebrate their homestead, and the fact that Beth no longer lives in a Silo where the snow blows through. An entire month of rain finally ceased in time for food, drink, music, and multiple rounds of Nails. Attendees included **Nathaniel Blauss**, **Alex Corey**, **Joanne Ducas**, **Meika Hashimoto**, **Hank & Polly Parker**,

Benny Taylor, and **John Thompson**, among other friends and neighbors. To cap off the summer, Beth and her mother Maria, the inimitable "Sandal Sisters," spent a short stint on the Long Trail late this August.

Gates Sanford is passionately addressing the energy crisis through Enernoch while winning the hearts of the 18-35 category all over B-town. He recently invested in a suit with the words "Let's Get Weird" predictably stitched inside the front panel. Also in Boston, **Benny Taylor** has moved from the landscaping to school librarianing and continues to work on writing projects to save the world. **Emily Taylor** continues to call Jackson home and has begun her second season as a one-on-one aide in the nearby school district. She is also coordinating the Carter photo project – please be in touch if you have photos! And as a side note, all you Carter aficionados, the hut's 100th anniversary is less than a year away...

Dominic Kaplan has had a whirlwind tour through Europe, carrying only one very stylish and very white backpack, and has now, eventually, made it back to California via stand-by flights. The job search is on once again. **Johannes Griesshammer** continues to call Truckee home, where he is building his brewmaster skills and thinking about soil science and grass-fed beef. **Charles Bethea** recently wrote a piece for the NY Times detailing the hut experience, with contributions from **Chris Thayer**.

To the disappointment of many, **Corey Williams** has not returned for yet another fall season in the huts.

John Thompson continues to outdo himself as a jack-of-all-trades, working at such projects as a new stove in the OH Cabin and t-shirts for the Madison 125th. **Doug Shaffer** has recently sold Lester's, home of the Steering Committee meetings.

Please send gossip, jokes, money, and personal ads to editors Benny Taylor and Beth Weick at beth-anymasontaylor@gmail.com, b.a.weick@gmail.com or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266. If you don't, we will make shit up.



Those gorgeous mountain snow circus freaks pictured above are none other than the 2013 Latchstring Award winners of Lakes of the Clouds. The wise guidance of **HM Jeff Pedersen** and **AHM Arran Dindorf** led the croo of **Emily Balch**, **Phoebe Howe**, **Emily Leich**, **Kathryn Barnes**, **Owain Heyden**, **Grace Pezzella** (read her article in this issue!), **Sarah Sanford**, and **Ace Emerson** to obvious awesomeness. Well done, Lakes, and congratulations (tinged with sweet envy and nostalgia) from the OH to all the croos and caretakers for a great 2013 season! Nevermind the ghost of Joe Dodge being proud of you, be exquisitely pleased with yourself for making this little mountain world possible! Thank you, all, for that.

(Photo courtesy of Jeff Pedersen)

Show Off Your OH Colors!



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OHA, 115 Batchelder Rd., C-9, Seabrook, NH 03874

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