



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.

2015 Fall Reunion & Annual Meeting

Save the Dates!

Oktoberfest

Oct. 17, 2015

OH Cabin

**SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 2015
AT THE
HIGHLAND CENTER**



Featuring
OH Brian Fowler ('63-'71)
as our keynote presentation:

*Mt. Washington & The Great Gulf:
Why the "Rockpile" &
What's "The Bluff"*

A tour de force of White Mountain geology, recent findings, and ongoing controversies, plus plenty of pictures for your entertainment and attention!

Fall Reunion

**Saturday, November 7, 2015
Highland Center**

OH Group Reservation Number: 267835

1-4pm: Geologic Field Trip with Brian & Betsy Fowler (Meet at Highland Center)
"Surficial Geology of the Bretton Woods - Crawford North Region"

3:30-4:30pm: Y-OH Listening Session

4:30-6:30: Happy Hour

6:30-7:30pm: Dinner

7:45-8:30pm: Annual Meeting

8:30-9:15pm: Brian Fowler
Mt. Washington & The Great Gulf: Why the
"Rockpile" & What's "The Bluff"

9:15-9:30pm: Closing Remarks

www.ohcrou.com for all your current news

From the Desk of the Chair

What a year...and it's not over yet! Fifty OH gathered back in May to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the OH Cabin at our Spring Reunion. July brought us the 50th anniversary of Tony MacMillan's Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol, which convened on the summit of Mt. Washington. Over a weekend of perfect weather in mid-August, Mizpah celebrated it's 50th birthday while Lakes hosted hundreds of OH for it's 100th, with music, fun presentations, and much carrying on at both events. Our annual fall work weekend at the Cabin is fast approaching (10/17), closely followed by our Fall Reunion/Annual Meeting at the Highland Center, in Crawford Notch (11/7). Make resis now.

The OH exists to provide you with opportunities to reconnect with your hut pals, and the places you worked and loved. Obviously the events we produce don't just pop out of the granite and schist by themselves. Many, many OH step up to volunteer their time and talents to make them happen, and anyone who attended any of this year's events knows what an extraordinary job they did. If you'd like to join us, we'd love to have your help, whatever your skills and however much or little time you can offer.

From the OH cooking in the trenches at Spring Reunion, to the planning committee for the hut anniversaries, to the crew working the cameras for our anniversary video project, to the gal who puts this newsletter together, to our volunteer trail adopters keeping the trails around the cabin open, to folks doing something as simple but important as organizing a pub crawl or weekend at the cabin for their buddies, the OH is us. You. Me.

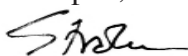
Join us for a Steering Committee meeting. We've been taking them on the road these past few years, to Portland, Portsmouth, Nashua. Maybe your town? Tell us if you want a visit.

Join us for a reunion. We work hard to keep these events fun and affordable, especially for younger OH and OH on fixed incomes.

Enjoy a weekend at the Cabin; quaint, comfy, and close to all your old haunts. \$5 for anyone 25 or younger; \$15 a night for older OH. And starting in 2016 we'll be offering a \$75 "season pass." Right about now the foliage should be perfect for a brisk hike in that late-fall peach brandy sunshine.

Last but not least, join the OH for you—get back out on a familiar trail with someone you haven't seen in awhile. Have a conversation with an OH that worked your hut before you did. Or a croo member working there now. Visit a hut courtesy of the AMC, as an OH ambassador. Whoever said "you can never go home" never worked in a hut.

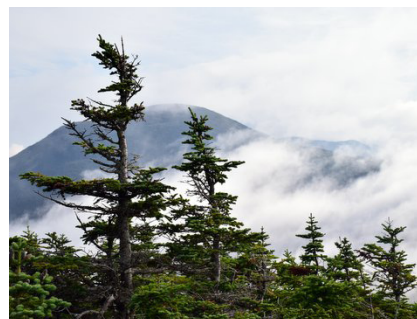
Solvitur crumpus,



Stroker



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.) All pertinent info can be found on the OH website.



CORPORAL BOBBY MOODY

a tale by Andy Cook

On April 1st, 1967 the Viet Cong attacked the US Cam Rahn Bay base. Nineteen year old Corporal Robert Moody's face was hit by a shell fragment. Bobby was flown to Walter Reed Hospital. The surgeons did their best, Bobby was honorably discharged and sent home to Gorham, New Hampshire. As he stepped off the bus his parents saw their strapping 5'11" son's mangled face, no left eye. His discharge letter read, "His wound has changed him. He can't speak. His gestures are awkward. The piece in his pituitary gland is impossible to remove." Vietnam War Veterans were spit on, not welcomed home. Bobby's homecoming was the short walk to his house flanked by his parents; his brown hair tussled by the White Mountain wind. In the morning his boots were under his bed. A pair of khaki pants, a red plaid mackinaw, and Bobby Moody were gone.

On June 5th, 1969 the AMC's hut crew opened the remote Galehead hut. The crew hiked out and left seventeen year old Neil Goochinskil in charge. Neil had never been this alone. As the night wind built, the cabin creaked, and the moaning grew. By 11pm Neil had personified the noise as an attack by a monster, at 1AM he named it the Gook, at 3 AM he had all the lights on, and was patrolling the hut with double-bladed axe. Neil, hence forth know to all as "Gooker", was panicked. At 3:17 AM everything went quiet, he felt calm, and after a while he decided it was safe to go to bed. As he turned out the lights he saw a man on the porch. He was 6 feet tall, bare foot and dressed in khaki pants and red plaid shirt. Gooker opened the door, he was gone.

On August eighteenth a 60 person church group was traversing the White Mountain Presidential range. There was left over winter snow. They were glissading, slipping and breaking things. It was my first summer as an AMC Human. We spent the next three days carrying out their injured. Three of their girls went missing. We hiked late into the night searching for them. They showed up at 2 AM on the Gulf Side Trail asking for "that man." They had been lost in the krumholtz and were hungry, tired, & cold. A tall brown haired man had appeared with raggedy khaki capri pants, a torn red plaid shirt, and barefoot. "How could he be barefoot?" they asked, "In all that scrub and rough stone?" He had sort of gestured to them, so they followed and here they were. They were hypothermic and hallucinating.

Because of these events, Moody gained a legendary status in the White Mountains as a sort of phantasmagoric god who would help the lost, injured, and fearful.

In 1991 our eight year old son, Mac, brought an art project home. It was a three foot tall, bare foot, paper mache man with knee length torn khaki pants, a sleeveless red plaid shirt, and a missing left eye. It was Moody. Mac had never heard of him.

On July 20th, 1997 a tropical storm hit the White Mountains. All the rivers flooded. A family of five, hiking in the Dry River part of the Whites, attempted to cross the flooding river on a fallen tree. The thirteen year old daughter slipped and fell into the torrent with her pack. She was gone. The family and hutmen mounted a search. At 3 PM a confused, soaking wet girl complete with pack, walked into the rescue team's rendezvous lean-to. "Where's that guy?" She asked. The river had pulled her

downstream and driven her under a fallen branch. She was drowning. Then “this huge hand grabbed my pack and pulled me out.” She saw a man with brown hair. “He was real big, bare foot. His messed up face was missing an eye.” She described ragged tan pants that reached his knees and a weird red plaid shirt with one arm missing. “He made a sort of gesture up the trail. I followed him. I was running to catch up when I got to this lean-to.” Her near drowning may have led to this dream story. Her parents were happy that she lived.

In 2004 our son Mac became an AMC hutmaster in the White Mountains. Our daughter Betsy followed in his footsteps. On a stormy June night in 2008 an old man staggered into the Madison Springs Hut with a tale of even older friend exhausted on Mt. Madison. Betsy and two others went to find him. In the blowing, cold rain they found the old guy, warm and dry, sitting on a rock. He was smiling. “That one eyed, barefoot guy stood between me and the wind. His body stopped all the rain. He’s 8 feet tall! How does he keep warm with just shorts and that ratty red plaid vest?” The old guy pointed, “He’s right over there.” They looked – darkness. The old man had Alzheimer’s.

There have been no new “Moody” stories for years.

My daughter Betsy attends the Duke Nicholas School of Forestry. This summer she worked for the US Forest service. On July second, her boss took her mountain biking. They raced; she on a new trail and on a new bike. She fell. When he doubled back to find her she was picking herself up and her bike. She was OK so he took off again at full speed. She had suffered a severe subdural hemorrhagic concussion. The blood pools between the brain membrane and the skull. You start off fine but things get worse, fast. An hour later he found her at the cabin where they had started. She asked, “Brian, were we going for a bike ride?” He immediately took her to the emergency room.

Betsy is vague about that day, no idea how she got to the cabin, on trails she did not know. She repeats a memory of a scarred giant, a huge man with a ragged hole for a left eye, khaki shorts and an open red plaid vest. “At each fork, he made this awkward move with his arm; I went the way he pointed.”

Corporal Moody could live for years in the White Mountains. He could do that bare foot, at least in the summer. The sliver of metal in his pituitary gland could lead to unusual growth. All the stories of these hurt, hypothermic and hallucinating people could be true. . .

I want to believe, but there is the part of all this that I cannot reconcile:

The White Mountains of New Hampshire are----- here

And Betsy’s job this summer was here----- in Astoria, Oregon.

If he is alive, I and all the people in this tale wish we could finally properly welcome Corporal Moody home.

Don't let this good reading distract you....remember, Fall Reunion is Sat. Nov 7, 2015. Mark it on your calendar! Make your Reservations! See you there!

Sleazy Tries to Find Water

By Leonard (Sleazy) Dalton

Originally published in Windswept, 1999

...Mid Winter 1949, at 4,000 feet on frozen Mount Washington with no water! A very formative occasion!

Willy Hastings and I were finishing up a month's worth of work cutting selected trees, lugging them on packboards all the way down the mountain to a big jalopy-driven saw, and cutting them to fireplace size. We both made \$10 a week, room and board, which, when reconciled to the hours we put in, came to \$0.1666666 cents per hour or less! Very early we'd eat a hearty breakfast put out by Tex Benton, the Pinkham Notch cook, and then pack saws, axes and wedges up the mountain. We weren't clear cutting like the paper companies do but, rather, we would select random trees that: 1, weren't god awful big and, 2, were crowding other trees.

That way the space we created made the existing woods healthier. The biggest trees were just too much work. If we felled one of them, sawed it into 4 foot lengths, we would never be able to pack the lengths down the mountain. As it was, we often had to split the 4 foot lengths and pack each half, one at a time down to the saw. By early December there was a big pile for the trading post and the lodge to draw on and one morning, Joe Dodge, our revered boss, abruptly announced at breakfast that Willy and I were to pack some grub (his words) and high tail it up to Tuckerman Ravine Shelter and run it. That meant we were to keep the place from freezing or burning down, and at the same time keep continuous weather records on the forms we would find there.

The fire trail was loaded with snow but we got up to the 4000 foot elevation after a few hours of huffing and puffing. In no time, we had a fire going in the huge black cast iron stove in the living quarters and it got nice and comfortable. We found plenty of cases of vegetables and other supplies from S. S. Pierce Company in Boston and found that the deep cellar precluded the freezing of the water expansion tank and the groceries. It looked like we were in for some peace and quiet.

We read the manuals for the 2-way radio and the water system. That system drew water from a well which got filled from the ever running Cutler river. Several times a day, we would fire up the 4 cylinder Kohler



generator and radio our weather information to both the Observatory on the summit and to Joe Dodge. Neither of us were meteorologists but we merely recorded the maximum, minimum and current temperatures from a wooden enclosure about 100 feet from the building. This enclosure is called in weather circles, a thermo screen. About once a month we had to transfer gasoline from a 500 gallon tank to a smaller tank to run the generator. That wasn't the best of chores as it involved connecting hoses and an electrically-operated pump which lost its prime while we got colder and colder! In the basement was a pot burner. This operated with #2 fuel oil via gravity. Running that burner at full tilt, the place still froze a couple of times but we managed to rescue it before any pipes broke. In the living area, it was cozy at all times.

Company was rare in the mid-winter and only came if the sun was out. We welcomed anybody that had the fortitude to struggle up and filled them with tea, coffee or Vino D'Uva which, in his wisdom, Willy had brought along! Since we were alone, we observed Happy Hour with the wine each day.

On Christmas Eve the sky was crystal clear and there was no wind so we went outside and gazed up at the Universe. With no light pollution from a city, the stars were amazing and Willy and I exchanged Merry Christmases. It was a treasured moment which we toasted with good ol' Vino D'Uva.

Willy, an ex-marine, was outside one day and saw a snowshoe rabbit. Since we had little meat and no fresh meat, he drew his pistol. He drew the hammer back, took a bead and before he could fire, one of his bearpaw snowshoes slipped! As he hit the snow covered ground the pistol went off! It was a .38 calibre revolver and the slug went right through Willy's deerskin glove and through his left forefinger and did not break the bone!

He got up and made his way back to the cabin where he told me what happened and showed me the glove with its hole. He dared not take the glove off and bid me goodbye as he was going down the mountain for repairs!

“Gotta go down ta Memorial Hospital, Sleaz.” He left and I fired up the generator to radio the fact that he was on the way down so that after a reasonable time they would go after him if he failed to materialize. He did and was taken down to Memorial Hospital in North Conway. They patched him up and found they had to remove his appendix as well. Good thing he was at the hospital. Getting a man as big as he was down the mountain in a stretcher would have been a chore!

Now, on the 3rd of January, I was stark raving alone! Not to worry, I told myself. I kept checking those items that needed checking and made all the scheduled weather transmissions and kept the weather record in good shape. My sole problem was getting water pressure into the expansion tank. It was a 1000 gallon galvanized tank into which I was supposed to pump water against the air in it. The air maintained water pressure for the building and worked well as long as the pressure didn’t get too low. Now it was getting dangerously low!

Well, try as I might, I was only able to pump air! Couldn’t buy a pint of water into that tank. I tried bleeding the chamber of the pump and even removed the plug altogether and got a shower of 32 degree ice water for my efforts. That was no fun at all!

Since the pressure was so low, I decided to melt snow for water until I figured out how to get water! That was a royal pain if ever there was one! Either it was perseverance or stubbornness but after two weeks I gave up and asked Bob Temple, the assistant manager, via 2-way radio, about it.

He asked, “Did ya look in the well?”

With everything covered with ice and snow, I asked, “Where the hell is the well?”

Bob was very patient, “Go about 75 feet downhill from the generator and you’ll find three cement slabs on top of the well. Pull one aside and look in with a flashlight and see if the pipe on the river side of the well is flowing water and if the riser on the cabin side is under water. If it is not, then you will have to find where the pipe is in the stream and clean all the muck off it to get water into the well. Ok?”

“Ok,” I said. “I’ll let you know how or if I make out!” Oh! Great! Taking a pick ax and shovel, I went to where the well was supposed to be and hacked through 6 feet of ice and snow and, by thunder, I hit it on the first try! Peering into the well, I could see both pipes were above the surface and the one coming from the stream was not flowing! Dreading the chore, I drew a bead from where the stream pipe was up to the now frozen stream. Chopping through thick ice, suddenly a gusher erupted! Water flew from under that ice and went all over the place. With a long stick, I found the box with the screen. There was only one thing to do; jump in the freezing hole, shake the dickens out of the screen, replace it and run like hell for the warmth of the cabin! Talk about working fast! I was in that water and out again in less than five seconds! Numbing cold, it was!

I flew to the cabin, took off all my soaking wet and freezing clothes and dried off by the stove!

After an ordeal like that, the water pump HAD to work! It did! Relief, thy name is a working water pump! It was pumping beautifully as I watched and the pressure in the tank dutifully went up to 60 pounds and the pump, equally dutiful, shut down! No better music have I ever heard. Not only did I now have a working water system but the pressure helped prevent a freeze-up! That evening on the 2-way radio, I explained to the boss what I did and informed him all was well; so to speak.

He howled over my ordeal but I found out later that my perseverance won me a ton of respect at Pinkham Notch. From then on things were rosy. I even toasted the occasion with Willy’s vino D’uva and Joe Dodge, the legend of the north country, made me hutmaster with a \$2 raise!

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Dinnertime! Some things don’t change much through the decades...

In response to Chuck Kellog's piece in the Spring Resuscitator "Death on Mt. Washington, 1958" Jonathan Sisson sent in his poem on the same event. This was previously published in Appalachia, June 1980.

PAUL AND JUDY

19 July 1958

Paul Zanet, 24, of Dorchester, Massachusetts

Judy March, 17, of Dorchester, Massachusetts

By J. B. Sisson

Twenty years: I remember their names, Paul and Judy.
Reading a novel of "growing menace and terror,"
Crawlspace, wherein the poor fellow writes GOD in his blood on the
Graves' cellar door, his Sherlockian RACHE,
whereas Paul or Judy scratched DARK on Mount Washington,
in a defile a third of a mile from the summit,
on the Crawford Path, a gentle trail made for horses
a century ago, I paused, looked out the window,
musing on the careless time lapses in this creeper.

In a mild July they arrived at the Base Station
at noon, were told the weather might change, it was too late.
But they started, apparently up the Jewell Trail,
in jerseys and shorts. They must have read the yellow sign:
"STOP. THE AREA AHEAD HAS THE WORST WEATHER IN
AMERICA. MANY HAVE DIED THERE FROM EXPOSURE,
EVEN IN THE SUMMER. TURN BACK NOW IF THE WEATHER
IS BAD. WHITE MOUNTAIN NATIONAL FOREST." They pushed on.
By this sign, posted at the first ridge of the Rockpile,
sometimes by the air on your bare legs you distinguish
the essences of north temperate, taiga, and tundra.
The huge cairns are placed so close together, fifteen yards,
toweringly, that smiles must have been brought to their lips.
And they who worked there packing food, oranges and eggs,
to the Lakes of the Clouds Hut, who knew every rock there,
who had all the hurricanes of the eastern seaboard,
and who when gusts exceeded seventy miles an hour
found the foot land a foot from where it was expected,
in sudden fog out of a cloudless sky were puzzled
often. Paul and Judy sought shelter eventually.
Next morning a hiker alone mentioned having passed
two hikers on the trail. Were they coming or going?
He couldn't tell. Well, if they're coming, we'll prepare lunch.
He couldn't tell, probably they wouldn't need any lunch.
Well, why wouldn't they need any lunch. He couldn't tell.
He wandered about the hut, abstracted, distraught, dark.



MIZPAH 50TH & LAKES 100TH RECAP



Both the Mizpah 50th and Lakes 100th were well attended. At Mizpah, on August 14th, Bruce Sloat delivered yet another riveting presentation, this one on the construction of the hut, and was recognized by the OH for his many years of invaluable service to the AMC hut system. On August 15th, the Lakes 100th party hosted a few hundred people throughout the day and an overflow crowd overnight. Brian Fowler held forth on the local geology (know your schist!). The weather was magnificent for both days, affording some excellent hiking with stunning views. Both parties featured live music after dinner (Tim & Toben Traver at Mizpah, and Stroker Rogovin's band at Lakes) and remembrances by former croo. Current croos and hut system management did a great job of hosting and supporting these events, and for that they have our sincere thanks.

Doug Shaffer and Lincoln Benedict shot approximately 40 hours of video throughout the weekend under the direction of Dave Huntley, who will be editing the raw footage into a feature video of the weekend. Tim Jursak and Liz Seabury provided technical support and interview assistance. Video project goals are to create a record of the festivities for those who want a video "souvenir"; to collect oral histories for future video projects; and to gather material that can be edited into shorts for posting online that show the OH doing what we do best-- having fun.

Our gratitude goes to:

Kudos all around to the Event Planning Committee for both these anniversaries, chaired by John Nutter and Willy Ashbrook. A magnificent job was done of attending to every detail and producing two quite memorable parties.

Many thanks to the generous folks who donated to the Hut Anniversary Fund and made it possible to subsidize the cost of overnight accommodations for those who needed it. These donations also supported the video project.

(Note: Although much of the labor is being donated gratis for the video project, there are still some significant expenses involved with shooting and producing video, and any and all donations to help cover costs of this very worthwhile outreach are more than welcome!)

Mizpah HMs and current croo. Note Willy Ashbrook a la cardboard cutout - looking good, Willy!



Lakes "Aughts" croo



THIS IS THE ONLY O.H. NEWSLETTER IN THE WORLD --
LET'S MAKE IT EPIC-LY, AWESOME-LY, EXTREMELY **THE BEST!**

PSST!

The **OH enclave in Portland, ME** is making plans to go out for drinks, tell stories, and discuss the future of Alpine Bocce on the **first Thursday of each month**. Any interested party should get in touch with:
Abby King at abigaillking@gmail.com

Locations may vary,
All are welcome.

ALERT!

Do you live in the San Francisco Bay Area? Our **OHA Ambassador to the Independent Republic of San Francisco** wants to keep OH hanging out together, drinking beer, and froliking about the hills of the city. Repeat:
drinking beer, and hanging out.
That's right, live it up.

Yes, you might already know him.
Contact Will Murray to get the good times rollin':
murraywd@gmail.com

「How 'bout some North Country lore...」
「Kenduskeag」 Trail is Abenaki for “a pleasant walk.” It can be found where the Carter-Moriah Trail meets the Shelburne Trail.

REMEMBER:

Hike fast, look good...and send something to *The Resuscitator!*

Hey, Good Lookin' ...

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

Anyhow, I need YOU. To write, send pictures, draw art, share updates for gormings... essentially, it's up to you to fill the pages of this newsletter.

Don't be shy, send me what you've got!

Ramblings, comics, feature stories, photos, recipes, party themes, costume favorites, and whatever you gorm out of your minds and memories to:

Beth Weick
b.a.weick@gmail.com
107 Old Cemetery Rd.
Dorchester, NH 03266

Heartfelt sentiments, comedic interpretation, entertainment value, and a full sweep of emotions are encouraged.

Solvitur Crampus

Yo, are you recent OH? Like, have you worked in the huts between 2013 & 2015? We're in need of Y-OH who are still known by current Croos to represent the OH during Gala, Fall Gala, EOS Party, and EOF Party. Interested? Contact me, (Beth), at b.a.weick@gmail.com or James or Eric in the Huts Department Office Suite. Thanks a million!

Nightmares of a Former Croo Member

by Chris Mcardle

“Last night I dreamed that I got to camp late, missing dinner. Jonathan was in the kitchen and he measured out exactly one level tablespoon of broccoli chicken casserole. He placed it carefully in the middle of a large plate and insisted that this was all I could have for dinner.”



Thirty years after being on croo at AMC's Cold River Camp, Wendy Burke fell and, for the first time in her life, became immobile and wrote to complain of wild dreams. No matter that over those thirty years the food has become ever more appetizing and always plentiful, nor that Saturday night is now a welcoming barbecue rather than a sit down meal.

Wendy herself comes from California and, after bringing her family to camp each summer, her son Jonathon himself became a croo member. It is an easy place to bring a family, with highchairs for infants and tetherball for teenagers or to come alone (cabins for one but tables for six) or to come with one other and enjoy a ravine cabin, with a deck high above the trees.

“Another night, I dreamed that the Lodge had been turned into an Amtrak station, with a gift shop full of trinkets.”

The railroad nearly came through this valley in the 1800's but was then routed one notch over through North Conway. As a result, farms line Rt. 113 as it winds north from Fryeburg, ME and passes Cold River Camp in North Chatham, NH. The road gives hikers easy access to Evans Notch and the White Mountains but because the northern part of the road is not plowed in the winter, there is little traffic in this quiet valley.

Hike leaders offer a choice of two or three hikes of different levels each day. These often include the Presidentials but the weekly favorite is Baldface right across the road from camp. Some only go in as far as Emerald Pool (two miles round trip), most hike the Baldface Circuit (10 miles and 3742' of elevation gain over two peaks) and a few, a very few, but often croo, hike the Skyline, all the peaks that can be seen from camp, including Baldface, for a total of 28 miles.



Hikers try to return in time for a quick swim in the Cold River, which runs along the edge of camp, a hot shower and a cold drink (ice from the lodge) in front of their cabin before dinner. A full cooked breakfast and an evening meal are served by the croo; early morning coffee and the makings of trail lunch are set out first thing each day.

After dinner, guests sit on the front porch as children roam free. Then adults and children alike either join in the evening activity (lawn games, ping pong, flower show, music, talks), take a book to the quiet of the library or play cards and Scrabble in the Lodge. Children, deprived of technology for a week, complain at first but

quickly fill their days. Guests often bring instruments with them and live music usually accompanies the weekly square dance. The last night of each week sees a Talent Show, which, with talent or not, is fun for all those there.



Then I dreamed that the committee had voted to install electric heating units in every cabin but with frayed cords..."

This is unlikely to happen as most cabins have no electricity! Instead they are lit by old-fashioned kerosene lamps (or now more likely LEDs) and have a supply of wood in the fireplace. The beds are made up with crisp, white sheets in the summer; fall extension guests bring sleeping bags. The main buildings all have electricity, hot showers, flushing toilets; the cabins are charming but rustic. A small band of wifi radiates from the camp office. Cell phone service is good on mountain tops but one usually has to drive a mile or so down Rt 113 to connect from camp. Or use the pay phone. Or unplug.

A canoe and kayak trip is offered most weeks in addition to the hikes. An outfitter provides boats and life vests on the Saco (with sandy beaches) or the Androscoggin (more wildlife) as well as a shuttle for drivers. The cost of a boat (around \$20 a kayak, \$30 a canoe) is one of the very few additional costs in a week's vacation, except an occasional ice cream or a snack at an AMC hut.

"Oh Horrors! I also had not packed a flashlight, a rain coat, no shorts, no t-shirts, no swimsuit, no fleece..."

Forgetting those is not such a problem. North Conway is not far away.

"and I was assigned to an A-frame cabin that did not fit in with the camp design at all"

In 1919, an AMC hiking group came across the camp for sale and one member of the group, Theodore Conant, bought it on the spot on behalf of the AMC. Tradition is an important word at camp, guests come back year after year, hoping to find camp much as they left it the preceding year. One guest, Grace Allen, came to camp when she was twelve with her parents and came back 62 summers, only missing the two summers in which her sons were born.

Wendy, you still have a few years before you match Grace. Now that your leg is mending, may your dreams be serene. See you in the summer. Chris

Chris McArdle is a freelance writer and volunteer hike leader at AMC Cold River Camp. (This should not be confused with Cold River Campground where neither food nor lodging are provided!) For more information visit www.amccoldrivercamp.org.

Change is always the constant...

Goodbye to Huts Field Supervisor Tom Callahan (headed to Alaska) and Welcome to new Field Supervisor Eric Gotthold. Tom, thanks for all you've done, and Eric, thanks for all you'll do!

Remember When...

My time in the Huts, although brief, has shaped me more than any other experience in my life. The incredible people that I met and got to know, the views and stories, and the absolute beauty and awe of the Whites has stayed with me, even as I have bounced around at different phases in life. I continue to find ways to stay connected to the Whites and the Huts, even as life goes on. As an educator in a middle school in Buffalo, I lead a trip to the Whites every August with 16 or so middle schoolers to traverse the Huts - we alternate between the Presidentials and the Pemigewasset sections. This is a leadership course that I started while working at a school in Maine (a lot closer to the Whites), and have continued since moving to Buffalo 5 years ago. I continue to be amazed at the impact that 3 nights in the huts can have on the kids that come along. They are transformed by the experience and consistently come away with a greater appreciation for others and the world around them, not to mention endless stories of BFD skits, raid items, and trials along the trail.

This summer, I hope to get my own 2 daughters hooked on the Huts with a 2 night stay at Greenleaf in July. I will also be staying at Mizpah and Lakes, and I will be thrilled to say that I am officially part of the OHA.

- Paul Errickson, Lakes '97

I started in the Huts in 1955. When I first arrived, they assigned me to work with Swede Shogrin "mule skinning." I recall that we had a 1938 Dodge truck with sideboards to haul the nine "donks." Swede had a system to loading the donks as there was not a lot of room on the truck. He wanted the donks to be loaded with the biggest first. We started with Trigger and when I led him to the front, I would face him sideways with head to the right tied to the sideboards, then I would use my butt to push him into the sideboards while Swede would load Whitey. I would butt Whitey and face his head to the left and so on till we reached the littlest

mule, Pizzone. Now, Swede, liked to move out when we were loaded and recall that whenever we came to a town like Gorham Swede would often put the brakes on suddenly when coming to a red light. Initially, the donks would shift to the front which was fine because Trigger could handle it. However when the donks would settle back all the weight would be on poor little Pizzone and he would let out a bray that could be heard for miles showing his displeasure. Swede and I would camp near the donks corral at the base of various pack trails in preparation for packing supplies up to the huts. The donks were used for extra packing needs such as construction, fuel in Jerry cans etc. The black flies would be extra bad news anywhere near these corrals. We withstood it mainly with the assistance of the all important and famous "Pinkham Notch Fly Dope." Those of you not familiar with this "wonder drug" might be interested in the ingredients as follows: Oil of Pennyroyal, vaseline, citronella, kerosene, creosote and pine tar. I realize creosote on the skin can cause cancer but we didn't know that back then and probably would have used it anyway to keep from being tortured by those nasty flies. Whatever commercial fly dope you Hutmen use now it won't hold a candle to Pinkham Notch Fly Dope!

~Tom Heffernan (Tucks '55, '56, '57, Lakes '58)

Send
your (BRIEF!)
memories, recollections,
and favorite moments to Beth
at b.a.weick@gmail.com or 107
Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester
NH 03266

8Carter

Emily Leich, HM
Chelsey Manley, AHM
Tyler Morin
Seth Orme, Nat.

2Madison

Whitney Brown, HM
Ethan Denny, AHM
Melissa Kowalinski
Adam Freierman
Lorne Currier, Nat.

4Lakes

Grace Pezzella, HM
Maddy Conley, AHM
Leslie Fink
Joe Dehnert
David Denison
Carly Wynn
Abdull Haynes
JP Krol, Nat.
Nick Benecke, Researcher

1Mizpah

Becca Waldo, HM
Sam Snow-Cronin, AHM
Michelle Savard
Holly Manigan
Jason Mazurowski, Nat.

6Zealand

Will Norton, HM
Jess Blank, AHM
Katherine Velicki
Brendan Oates, Nat.

7Galehead

Dave Kruger, HM
Jerod Richards-Walsh, AHM
Kate Prisby
Stephanie Maraldo, Nat.

5Greenleaf

Jeff Colt, HM
Julie Heaton, AHM
Morgan Lapointe
Mary Sackbauer
Nate Iannuccillo, Nat.

0Lonesome

Alana Scannell, HM
Lindy Wenner, AHM
Carter Bascom
Brian Rogers
Katie Burkley, Nat.

3Tucks

Pat Scanlan
Jake Hooker

2015 FALL CROOS

*Welcome, new Croo! And
welcome home to returning Croo!
Enjoy this fall season like never
before - hike far and fast in your
favorite BFD attire, eat a lot
of chocolate cake, make-out like
drunken bandits, sit quiet at sunsets,
revel in the dramatic weather, and
find what truth is yours.*

*Love,
the OHA*

Show Off Your OH Colors!

Just in—watch caps with embroidered logo and wicking t-shirts with silk screen logo.

**Clip this out, fill in order, and mail with check to:
OHA, 115 Batchelder Rd., C-9, Seabrook, NH 03874**

Caps (\$15 each) ☐ grey ☐ black
 ☐ fleece ☐ poly

T-shirts (\$20 each)
Mens ☐ XXL ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M
Womens ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S

**To all orders, add \$3 for shipping
or pickup at Fall Reunion**

Grand Total_____



GORMINGS:

Taylor Burt and fiancé Emily celebrated their wedding this August in Putney, VT.

Bob Harris writes that he was glad to hear of **Frank Carlson** in the Spring newsletter, and wonders who else of the “oldsters” - by his definition 90+ years old - are also reading this pages. Let us know!

Willy Ashbrook missed the summer hut anniversaries due to a bout with cancer but just received his cancer-free notice from the doctor mid-September!

Beth Weick crossed paths this summer with **Jess Talbot**, who lives in Campton, NH with husband **Ian Helm**. Their kids are age 7 and 3. **John Thompson** has been out to **Beth's** homestead a number of times over the summer season as helper extraordinaire on their building-by-hand root cellar project. Here is **John** after a morning of carrying 250 cinder blocks into the homestead.



Also in attendance - arriving just as the Herculean effort was finished - were **Karen Thorp, Dave Haughey, James Wrigley, Alana Scannell, and Jarod Richards-Walsh**. As of this writing, the root cellar is almost complete - thanks to the many friends who helped, encouraged, and cheered on the project. **Beth** and Ryan have sworn off new projects for next year in the interest of trying out relaxation and spontaneous fun. **Beth** hosted a Ladies Night at the homestead this July, at which **Karen Thorp** and **Heidi Magario** were the hutkid contingent. **Joanne Ducas, Meika Hashimoto, and Beth Weick** rendezvoused at Mountain HeartBeet Farm, Joanne's CSA, while **Meika** was visiting the northeast from Ohio. **Meika** has now returned to Maine for the fall, where she is writing (another book contract signed!), baking, gardening, and teaming-up with the Hashimoto family for yet another phenomenal weekend at the Common Ground Fair. **Meika** will be traveling through Japan in early November, and after that - who knows!

Taylor Burt and Emily welcomed **Beth** and Ryan for a quick visit to their Brattleboro home, which now includes a beautiful Copperthwaite-style yurt, woodshed, and chickens. Next up: a barn/studio space.

Huts Manager **James Wrigley** and wife **Courtney** are expecting their first child in December. **Jon Cotton** celebrated the birth of his daughter Hazel this summer. **Alana Scannell** has left her thrilling (at least to the rest of us) job as an in-school sex educator for high schoolers to return to the northcountry, the mountains, and the huts. **Jenna Whitson**, living outside Burlington, VT, is planning her wedding to fiancé Ryan, living off-grid, and working in rural development. **Ana Roy** has returned from the West - at least for the winter - and is living in Maine. **Micheal Quist Kautz** has bought a house in Bozeman, MT; **Nathaniel Blauss** has bought a house in Portland, ME. **Nathaniel, Karen Thorp, Dave Haughey, and Beth Weick** hiked Huntington's Ravine together this summer to attend the 50th MMVSP reunion. **Steve Frens** has found a new job with a different construction business in Portland. Girlfriend **Abby King** is planning an Autumnal bike ride through Vermont. **Andrew Riely** is teaching a final year at the girl's prep school in DC, then planning to return to the northeast (likely the Boston area).

Iona Woolmington continues to call Burlington, VT home. She is working the comic circuit, traveling throughout the country, and supporting her partner Rob in their farming endeavors. Her sister **Caroline Woolmington** recently married, and is living out West.

Gates Sanford is engaged to girlfriend Caroline after a successful proposal atop Half Dome this summer. They plan to be married next summer in Georgia. **Lindsay Bourgoine** traveled to California early this September for a job interview. **Jesse Billingham** relocated to Colorado this July. **RD Jenkinson** did a hut traverse along with **Hilary Gerardi** this summer, who set a new women's record at 15:56!

Laura Premack has finally moved back to New Hampshire after many years away. She is living in Keene with her husband and baby daughter, and would love to hear from old friends in the area! **Jeremy Eggleton** is still lawyering with Orr & Reno, though now living in Etna, NH (under Moose Mountain and with the AT passing through the woods just behind him). Finally home! **Jeremy** had lunch this summer with **Jim Hourdequin**, and had occasion to recall that Jim's sister **Marion** was one of his first Croo mates, with **Amy Porter** and **J. Bryan Wentzell**, in a glorious 1992 fall season at Flea. “Dry were my brownies, soggy my bread, but the soup!

Oh the soup.”

Tom Heffernan and his wife still reside in Montrose, CO in view of the San Juan mountains. They continue to ride their three mules along mountain trails here and elsewhere, as well as doing volunteer work with a nearby therapeutic riding center. Kathy and **Tom** continue to hike, including the 14,000ft+ Uncompahgre Peak. **Tom** also completed a “Tough Mudder” in Snowmass last September along with four family members.

Please send news, photos, gossip, or personal ads to Editor **Beth Weick** at b.a.weick@gmail.com or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266. If you don’t, I’ll make shit up.

— — — — —

OBITUARIES



Clare O’Connell, 51, of Newton died June 1, 2015. She is survived by her husband Michael A. Collora of Newton, and two stepchildren, Rebecca and Nicholas. She is also survived by all six of her siblings, and numerous nephews and nieces. Clare was an OHA Special Member.

Until late 2013, Clare was Vice President of Resources at the Appalachian Mountain Club, and its leading fundraiser and organizational strategist for over 20 years. During her tenure, Clare oversaw unprecedented growth in AMC’s fundraising capacity, membership, and volunteer engagement.

When Clare wasn’t working at the Boston office or meeting with leaders throughout the region, she was leading hikes and ski trips in the White Mountains and in Maine’s 100-Mile Wilderness.

Clare was also active in the Wellesley Hills Congregational Church where she had been a dea-

con, played in its Bells group, and was active on many committees. In addition, she was an enthusiastic hiker, biker, cross country skier and boater and traveled widely with her husband. Her principal loves were her family, large network of friends, and golden labs Trot and MacIntosh.



Bruce Blake, 80, passed away on Monday June 15, 2015 in Bar Harbor Maine. He was born on September 9, 1934 in Queens, New York. He was married to the former Margaret Stebbins of Schenectady for 55 years prior to her passing in 2013.

Bruce grew up in New York City and graduated from Stuyvesant High School in Manhattan. He received a BS degree in Aeronautical Engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and an MS from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the following year. During his summers in college, he worked for the Appalachian Mountain Club as a hutman (Zealand ’52, Carter ’53, Madison ’54). After graduating from MIT, he joined the Vertol Aircraft Company, Morton, PA. Vertol was acquired by Boeing in 1960, where he remained for the next 37 years until his retirement as Director of Research and Technology.

Bruce and Margaret retired to Bar Harbor, ME where Bruce became actively involved with Friends of Acadia, Island Connections, and supporting the Bar Harbor Congregational Church. Bruce loved hiking, sailing, kayaking, canoeing, model railroading and all aircraft.

He was a wonderful father and grandfather who was very proud of his children and grandchildren. Bruce is lovingly remembered by his four children; Carolyn, William, Nancy, and Jennifer; three grandchildren and extended family and friends in the Bar Harbor community.

The OH received belated news of Terry's passing. Though he died in 2013, we wish to honor his passing at this time. Terry was a Lakes hutman in the 1960s.

Dr. William Terry Herbert Wright III, 70, died on September 6, 2013. Born February 13, 1943 in Newton, MA, he was the son of the late Bill & Ruth Wright, long time residents of Wellesley, MA. After graduating from Wellesley High School in 1961, he earned his BS in Geology from Middlebury College '65. His PhD. in Geology from Univ. of Illinois led to a professorship at Sonoma State College. His passion for the outdoors and for music are legendary among the many who knew and loved him. His writings are at: *terrysworld007.blogspot.com*.

Chuck Kellogg passed away September 21, 2015. An obituary was not compiled by the time of this publishing; look for a full honoring of Chuck's life in the Spring Resuscitator.

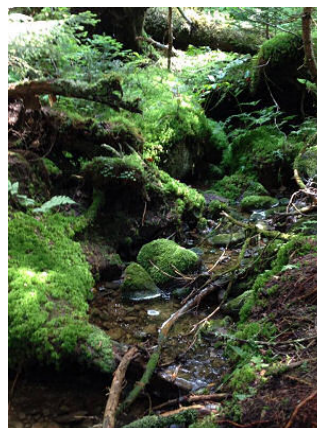
Last issue an obituary to Petie Van Everen was published. Larry Eldredge responded with this tribute to Petie Van Everen and Fred Preston.

"I came up to Madison Springs Hut in June of 1949 (!) to find Fred Preston, the hutmaster, in fine fettle. I dug in and went to work for him, my first job in the huts, and Fred was as fine a hutmaster as a novice hutman could ask for. He was himself scrupulously diligent in running the hut--he hated doing the hut report but dutifully did it every Sunday, isolated in a corner of the Goofer Room, cussing gently under his breath at the failure of the columns (vertical) to correspond with the columns (horizontal). But he came out of the experience with a properly balanced report. He also did his full share of the packing, the cooking, the cleaning, the caring for the Goofers--and in all he set a great example. I don't remember him chewing me out (except for one time when I packed up the Snyder Brook Trail and was quite late for dinner) or giving explicit instructions.

He did what he did and expected me to follow his example--and I still think that's a great way to lead.

Petie van Everen (Eleanor Goodrich) worked at Pinkham in the era when hutmen (F) didn't work anywhere else in the system. But for a couple of years she was on days-off with me--and with a whole group of other hutmen: Annie Dodge, Brooksie van Everen, Jack Middleton, Jim and Bill Hoffman, Roger Smith, Joan Wortley, sometimes all of us, sometimes some of us. Among all of us we managed to hike through just about all the north country--the Pemi, the Ma-hoosucs, the Montalban Ridge down the Davis Path, and of course all the huts every year. Petie was a good humoured and cheerful presence on those days, full of energy and enjoying (evidently) the adventure. I never made it to her wedding to Brooksie, nor yet to Annie's wedding to Jack, for I was at the time doing my national service in the Far East. But I do remember Petie fondly--and the world is poorer for having lost her."

.....



...a mossy brook, dabbling
from here to there....

What the Huts Did For Me

~Dick Kincaid '49-'51

My connection to the huts began in the mid-1930s. My grandfather was one of the first campers at Dolly Copp. The family went there every summer except during the war, and in 1948 we stopped at Pinkham to visit with Jimmy Blanchard who ran the storehouse. Jimmy was a classmate of my older brother at Amesbury Mass.

The next spring the local fire station was on my newspaper route and the permanent fireman there was Jimmy's father, who recommended me to Joe Dodge. At the time I was only 15 and a sophomore in high school. There was a shortage of older guys in 1948 and '49, probably because they had just returned from the war. Joe hired several younger boys to work at Pinkham. I believe Tim Sanders, Bill Hoffman and Brooksie Van Everan were also hired before they were 16.

It was a culture shock to be mixing with the older hutmen but it helped us to grow up quickly. I found myself working and mingling with well known people like Joe Dodge, Bill Putnam, Foochow Belcher, Al Folger, Swoop Goodwin, Moose Damp, Harry Bishop, Bull Bancroft, Andy MacMillan and George Hamilton. Several members of the 1948 and '50 Olympic and FIS ski teams, such as Annie and Brookie Dodge, Andrea Mead and Dave Laurence were there as well.

Pretty impressive stuff for a 16 year old!! From these and many others, I quickly learned that there is a great big world out there if you go after it.

Noble McClintock and Bob Temple taught me to work with others and that I could do most any job that came up, from cleaning the gaboon to fixing broken machines. I even learned to drive

in the parking lot using the old Dodge power wagon. Tex Benton was an inspiration in the kitchen. Bob also taught me a lot about respect of others as I was one of the three drunks mentioned in Bill Putnam's book about Joe Dodge. That is another story.

My exposure to good music was started by working with Sleazy Dalton at Tuckerman in 1950 and furthered by Bill Hoffman at Zealand in 1951. Bill used Offenbach's "Gaité Parisian" to wake the goofers. My military career that started as an Aviation Cadet in the Air Force followed by being a Radar Operator in Jet Fighters and then as a pilot, was inspired by Tim Sanders' stories of life at Manlius Military Academy.

Learning to be independent and reliable helped me in high school. In fact, under my yearbook picture it says "to be known for reliability is a great reward".

I am sure that my classmates thought I was a little odd, as early in the spring I went to school on Fridays carrying a backpack with hobnail boots hanging from it. This was 1949 and hiking was not the popular thing it is today. After school I would hitchhike to Bradford and meet the Boston and Berlin Express truck. We would arrive in Pinkham at about midnight. Jimmy Blanchard and I would put the truck and then put a steak on the little gas stove that Noble had in his workshop. Nothing like a top round steak still sizzling on the frying pan!

Finally the most long lasting effect of working in the huts occurs almost daily after dinner in Audrey's admonition "don't stack the dishes....you are not in the huts any more"...some habits never go away.

2016 OHA STEERING COMMITTEE SLATE OF NOMINEES

CHAIR: *Stroker Rogovin*
TREASURER: *John "Moose" Meserve*
SECRETARY: *Tom Kelleher*
RESUSCITATOR EDITOR: *Beth Weick*
RESUSCITATOR ASST. EDITOR:
Will Murray
MEMBERS-AT-LARGE: *Josh Alper,*
Lindsay Bourgoine, Nathaniel
Blauss, Ari Ofsevits, Liz Seabury,
James Wrigley

PSST..

Guess What?? Starting in 2016, the OH will be offering a \$75 season pass for use of the OH Cabin...more info to come!

If you're a regular user of the cabin, you can't beat this deal!!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The Mt. Washington Observatory has recently appointed Brian Fowler as President of the organization.

"After a lengthy and very involved interview process that included our Board of Trustees we are pleased to announce this appointment," said Interim Executive Director, Ed Bergeron. "Brian's management experience, knowledge of complex business systems and background in research brings a level of diversity we need to lead this organization and will allow us to focus on our roots and mission."

Brian is a licensed professional geologist in many states and is widely published in the field of geology and engineering geology. Currently a Life Trustee of the MWO, he also acted as the President of the Board of Trustees throughout the 1980s.

"This is a labor of love for me. I have been involved with this organization and associated organizations in various capacities for almost 50 years and around the mountain with my work in geology ever since I was a kid," said Fowler.

The OH gives a hearty congratulations to Brian on this new position.

Submission Guidelines: deadlines are April 15th for the Spring issue, and Sept. 15 for the fall issue. **No Exceptions!**

Resuscitator Editor is **Beth Weick**. Please send all submissions, queries, compliments, and photos to her. She lives in Dorchester, NH along with her partner Ryan and their dog Mica. Their homestead, Coosauke, is an ongoing endeavor that features a large annual & perennial garden, their hand-built cabin, a greenhouse built from recycled parts, root cellar, solar power lights, walking water, a beautiful river, and never-ending projects. **Beth can be reached at: b.a.weick@gmail.com or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266.**

Resuscitator Assistant Editor is **Will Murray**. Please thank him endlessly for his copy-editing labors. He lives in Berkeley, CA and fondly thinks of the huts and the Whites from a distance.

If you have access to email...
...would you consider receiving the Resuscitator by email? If you're not already, and would like to, please let us know.

It'll save some trees and some of your hard-earned dues money!