

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.

Psst!! It's just a few days away!!

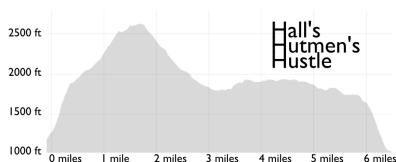
OKTOBERFEST 2016

OH Cabin, Jackson Heights, NH

Saturday, Oct. 8

Come lend a hand with fall chores (screens, storms, clean glass). No firewood to move this year! This is the annual work weekend where your labor pays for your food. Things get started mid- to late- morning shortly followed by a German themed lunch. Chores and food preparation consumes the afternoon followed by a hearty batch of wurst, kraut, strudel, and beer in the late afternoon.

If you think you're coming, please email Richard Stetson at richard@qualey.net, so we are assured of having adequate supplies for the hungry hordes!



*See page 9 for more details on the
First Annual Hall's Hutmen's Hustle!
12noon start time, before the 2016 OH
Fall Reunion, Saturday Nov. 5.*

2016 FALL REUNION

Saturday, November 5

Highland Center, Crawford Notch

12noon: Hall's Hutmen's Hustle 10k. Meet at base of the Hall's Ledge Trail.

12-4pm: Geology field trip led by Brian Fowler. Back by popular demand! Leaves from the Highland Center.

3:30-4:30pm: Y-OH listening session led by Beth Weick & Stroker Rogovin. Bring your ideas for growing the OHA younger and keeping the OHA relevant in the 21st century. Meet in Thayer Hall.

4:30-6:30pm: Happy Hour! Acoustic music jam! Premier of the Lakes & Mizpah Anniversary videos! Silent auction of Greenleaf croo photos!

6:30-7:30pm: Dinner.

7:45-8:30pm: Business Meeting.

8:30-9:15pm: Featured speaker Grace Pezella:
History of Women in the Huts.

For reservations, call the AMC at 603-466-2727.

Group # 311873

Dinner, \$35; Rooms, \$66-99

www.ohcroo.com for all your current news

From the Desk of the Chair

It may still feel like summer in the valleys, but the birches further up the notches are already yellow and it won't be long before the fall hut croos pack up and head down the trail until next season. But the fun doesn't have to end there. From Boston to San Francisco—and points further afield—OH will be getting together to hike, explore, travel, or just hang out.

Some will already have each other's info. Some will connect through social media. Still others will find each other through the OHA website (www.ohcroo.com/database.html). And now there's another option: a crowd-sourced OH Directory, started by Caty Enders and accessible via the O.H. Association Facebook page. The spreadsheet is private, but open to all past and present OH—just request permission from Caty, fill in your info, and go. Just another way OH are helping each other stay in touch.

Searching for an excuse to get together this fall? Look no further than our annual reunion, Fallfest, Saturday, 11/5, at the Highland Center, Crawford Notch. This year's featured speaker is recent croo Grace Pezzella, who'll present her undergraduate research on the history of women in the huts. We'll also premier a video documenting last summer's hut anniversaries at Lakes and Mizpah, plus an afternoon field trip focusing on the familiar features of Franconia Notch, guided by the ever-humorous and informative Brian Fowler. All you bluegrassers, old-timers, and folkies can join the open acoustic jam during Happy Hour. And if that isn't enough to get your bones in gear, there'll be the usual Y-OH after-party back at the cabin for those wishing to go the distance.

This will sell out, as it has for years now, so get on the horn and make that resi. AMC is only holding a fixed number of rooms until 10/1, and dinner space is limited as well, so don't put this off. Info on the website.

This organization exists to bring OH together, and this year's Fallfest promises to do just that, in spades.

Hope to see you there!



Stroker



Speaking of women in the huts....Here's Ann Dodge & Mary Louise Sawyer with a donk at Madison, 1945. *Courtesy of AMC Library & Archives.*



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.

Reflections on Controlled Chaos: A Farewell to the Huts

by Jeff Colt

(Hermit Lake Shelter, Sargent's Purchase, NH)

My leg muscles quiver and
Sweat pools under my eyelids
As I walk through the door
To a blur of colors.

Ducking to avoid the pots
I awkwardly waddle to a bench
Squatting and releasing my pack,
My shoulders rebound in freedom.

The energy in a hut is palpable and self-generating. My arrival from packing has heightened the buzz in the dining room. The rush of endorphins amidst the chaos of noise and movement is only subdued by the cook of the day giving me a once over and asking, "How was the pack?" I am pulled back in to the now. The pack was good. Hot. But good. The next three hours go by in minutes as the croo unpacks food, breaks down boxes, and showers to ready themselves for dinner.

5:00 p.m. Go time. Apron on.
From a foreign eye, it appears
The croo has just commenced a routine dance,
Pirouetting around each other.

"I've got salads, Who's giving a GTT?"
"Try my soup?" Designs in butter.
Salad dressing and chopping broccoli.
"Our counts 46?" "We added another."
Pull out the racks
Bowl and plate stacks.
"Do we have dietary?"
"Severe nut allergy- scary"
Broccoli is trayed and ready to cook
Turkeys done and so is the gravy.
It's dress up night, "how do I look?"
"Oh dayum, you look GOOD baby!"

5:30 p.m. "I'm making the announcement"
"I have good news, news, and bad news.
Dinner is in half a hour,
I'm giving a green tech talk on the porch
Everyone needs to vacate the dining room so we
can set tables."

The promenade continues as the croo setting forks do-si-does around the croo setting knives who steps over the dust pile just as the brush sweeps it up. The clitter-clack of cups and mugs, the little spills from water pitchers, and at least one tea box always seems to fall out on the walk to the table. Tables set, cooking done, perhaps it's time to have some fun? Hush hush, don't tell. And quietly a soup pot fell. Clatter-bang! "Hey that's not safe!" And of course a slap will help chase - the whisk... "is the kitchen utensil I choose to clang with. There hasn't been enough noise, let's bang some shit! You hit the sink, I'll smack a pot, and we won't ever find our rhythm but we'll give it a shot." Chaos, chaos, let's do a drum roll to save this thing... Oh dear, let's just screammm: "DINNNNNNNNNNNNEEEER-RRRRRRRRRR!!!"

They clap. Relieved that the noise is over.

There are three rules for dinner folks:

Napkins. They are made out of trees.
Ask yourself folks, just before you sneeze,
"Do I need to use one of these?"
If you have schmutz on your face,
Could you use your neighbors sleeve?"
Please folks, we don't mean to nag,
If you have a large spill we can bring out a rag.

Take a look at your neighbor, friends, and kin-
They need to eat too.
Make sure the bowl reaches the end—of the table
So everyone is able—to get firsts
Before you take seconds.

"Jeffrey" My father stated sternly.
"You won't get up from the table until your plate is clean."
"If you don't like it, eat it, be respectful to your mother,
And if you are full, why did you take another Helping? I'm trying to help you learn manners and face it,
You are fortunate enough to have food. Don't waste it."

Well folks, as my father said to me, I'll say to you,
Join the clean plate club. It's the cool thing to do.
We hiked all of this food up the mountain;
It'd be a shame to hike it back down again.
Take all that you want to eat, that's great-
But please eat all of the food on your plate.

It's always a surprise when Saturday night dinners go off without a hitch. And the naturalist reads
"Turn left at Weehawken, sharp right at South Stitch." With food in our tummies, and a few last giggles in the air, it's goodnight.

5:00 a.m. Stillness.
Fog fills the sleeping valleys.
Sunlight just starts to wash
The white undercast with color.

Quiet in the hut. Stillness.
A soft rumble of coffee percs
And the shuffle of my own footsteps.
Savor these minutes.

Because they are fleeting.
Guests open bunkroom doors
With city voice greetings.
"The coffee is in the carafe sir."

6:05 a.m. It is time.
A French press is primed.
Pancakes are ready for flipping
And early risers are busy sipping.

What song should I wake the croo up with today?
Consider last night, are they feeling okay?
Something soothing or an energetic sound?
Mmhmm. Sunday Morning by the Velvet Underground.

A slow wake up with coffee.
Small tasks in the kitchen take effort.
Our voices are all off key,
So we wake the guests with Theodore Roethke.

Tables set. Oatmeal served.
"She's got the weather" I overheard.
Traying cakkers I wonder...
Should we be wearing gloves?

And can I hide this burnt side under?

Life in the huts requires energy. It consumes energy as well. As a backcountry facility, we strive to be net zero, creating as much energy as we consume. The buildings operate in alignment with this goal for the most part. The croo however, dip deep into their personal energy reservoirs. It is unclear whether later in life we will pay for it, but to pull off the Frozen BFD when you have played the role of Olav the snowman 30 times and sincerely hate it, requires loads of energy from a lifeless (possibly hung-over) hut croo who has been in the woods for 11 days and gets to leave the woods in 3 hours and this is the last thing that is being asked of him by his croo after already being forced to wear a dress during dinner the night before and somewhere deep inside, all of the big red abort buttons are passed over and Life itself is taken from the precious glowing green reserve vile and used in this 15 minute sketch to entertain the guests. This feat is remarkable. It might be the hut croos greatest ability. So please, tell us how can we convey this "hard skill" on our résumés?

The BFD and breakfast are finished.
It's time for a prons.
Do we like to hike?
No! We do it for the money!

This past season was my fifth season in the huts. It is unclear whether it will be my last. Fall at Zealand still sounds very appealing. I've transitioned into my "post-hut" life in a fairly seamless way, by weaning myself off of the huts slowly. That is to say I am caretaking at Tucks. The location here is beautiful. I don't have any sneaking frustrations about living in close quarters with others. Today is a Monday. The few precious minutes of morning quiet that I loved so much in the hut could have literally lasted all day. I feel energized and well rested after 11 hours of sleep last night. These are some nice perks.

Alas! This morning after weather, I had a weird yearning to read the weather to someone. And after I ate my bowl of Honey Bunches of Oats and cleaned the bowl, I felt this vacancy. Morning radio call makes me feel nostalgic so I do my rounds at this time. As I walked from shelter to shelter, I had a peculiar skip in my step, and it wasn't until I finished checking bear boxes and made my way to the bathrooms that I realized I was singing "Let It Go" from Frozen under my breath. With only 5 guests last night who had already hiked out, I swept the bathrooms singing at the top of my lungs.

You can take the hut kid out of the hut, but you can't take the hut out of the hut kid.
'Nuff Said.

Oh, and watch your dang-blanged head.

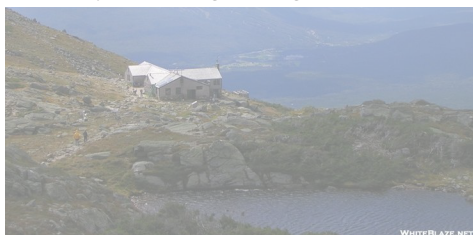


PHOTO PROJECTS

GREENLEAF:

Croo photos are missing for these years:
1931, 1936-1945, 1947-1948, 1956, 1959, 1964,
1970, 1980-1981, 1984, 1988, 1993, 1995,
2002-2016

Please send photos to Sally at
sallydinsmore@hotmail.com

LONESOME LAKE:

Lonesome Croos: we need pictures of
EVERYONE *except* Summer croos of the
following years:

1971, 1974, 1980, 1983, 1999, 2003, 2004,
2007, 2009, 2014, 2015

If your season is not listed here, or if you worked
a fall of one of these years, we need your photos!
Ideally, pictures should be of the entire croo. List
the year, season, and who is pictured. Please send
to Beth Eisenhower at
betheisenhower@gmail.com

Also, the OH is accepting donations, which can
be made directly on the ohcroo.com website, fol-
lowing the button for the
Lonesome Photo Project
in the Pay Dues section.



Lonestar 2004: Jason, Beth, Maya, Lucas,
Oopey, Lauren

Good Deal

by Chris Van Curan

The Spring 2016 Resuscitator issue mentioned Al (“Good Deal”) Catheron and it conjured up a good memory of Good Deal at Dolly Copp campground in 1951 where I worked on the crew for \$15 a week.

I believe Good Deal got his nickname from Ann Dodge (later Middleton) since around Pinkham after every comment he uttered “Good Deal.” It was certainly a fitting nickname.

Al was the Assistant to George Hamilton that first year the AMC operated Dolly Copp under their “USFS Use Permit.” He was tall, lanky and lean. He wore glasses and had the appearance of a college professor. He had earned his forestry degree at the University of Maine in the mid-1940’s. You could also describe him as “wiry” as he had a certain athleticism to his walk and stride. He stood ramrod straight and sat that way as well. He loved to put on his starched khaki shirt neatly pressed like they do in the Marine Corps. And, he loved to wear the United States Forest Service badge on his chest to indicate that he was a deputized agent of the USFS employed to enforce the campground rules. The campground role fitted him perfectly as he took it all very seriously.

At the entrance to the Dolly Copp campground is a gatehouse that was manned 24/7 by the assorted crew. The campground closed at midnight and reopened at 6AM every day. The early opening allowed the local area campers who worked for the Brown Company in Berlin or in the tube mill in Cascade to get to work on time for their 7AM shift.

Dolly Copp sits on the eastern flank of Mount Madison and there were frequent stormy days that summer. Huge threatening “thumpers” would suddenly appear coming from the west and you knew quickly that you were in for some bad weather.

One July evening, Good Deal was scheduled to be on duty as the “gatekeeper” that night. We had supper in the Administration Building located at the opposite end of the campground and you would drive to the other end to man the gate when your shift started. Good Deal in his fresh, clean, and pressed khakis, had finished his supper. Big thumpers were building to the west over Madison as we ate supper and the mid-summer evening light quickly dimmed. We knew we were in for some bad weather.

Our campground water supply was sourced from Culhane Brook, which ran through Dolly Copp and emptied into the Peabody River. A dam had been built by the CCC in the 1930’s and galvanized pipe distributed gravity fed water to all the camping areas including our Administration Building.

Good Deal was preparing to leave to take up the gate duty, but first he had to brush his teeth. He leaned in over the kitchen sink to get a drink of water from the spigot to rinse out his mouth. At that moment a bolt of lightning hit the water line. BAM! Good Deal was knocked backward from the lightning bolt flat on his ass on the kitchen floor and a bit dazed as well. He never knew what hit him, it was so sudden.

Sitting in the sink was a full set of “choppers” – false teeth. That bolt of lightning had knocked them out of his mouth. We never got the story behind the choppers. It was still his secret, but the fact that he had false teeth was out.

**What
stories are you
remembering right now?**

Send ‘em along, we want to hear them!

**All stories, photos, recipes, classifieds,
gossip, fashion commentaries, personal ads,
etc. to the Editor:**

b.a.weick@gmail.com

Thanks!

from the

HUTS DEPT. OFFICE SUITE:

Update 2016

Another full service season has come and gone in the High Mountain Huts. Excitement ran high in the early days of June with epic raids and hopeful sourdough starters. The Mizpah croo enjoyed their new home on the top floor of the Sloat Tower complete with views of the Montalban Ridge. The guests at Mizpah equally enjoyed their newly renovated bunk rooms with privacy screens and a little light to read by. The croos tried their hand at pulled pork for dinner on Wednesday nights, which seemed to be well received by the hungry masses. Eric Gotthold, Field Supervisor, was joined by Whitney Brown, Field Coordinator, to ensure that the hut croo were cleaning under the mattresses and sitting at the desk after dinner. Both did a superb job juggling all the requests from the guests, hut croos, and their demanding boss during their first summer as part of the Huts Department Office Suite. As the leaves fall away so does the public's interest in bagging peaks, bringing an ephemeral calm to the Whites. We'll use this time to think up new recipes, hire the next generation of hut kids, and make sure Lakes doesn't run out of olive oil in August again next year.

Solivtor Krumpus,

James

Remember these faces...?



At Greenleaf Hut, 1962:

Dave Porter, Joe Harrington, Roger Smith, Larry Coburn, Al Folger, Tom Deans



Hutmen, with visitors, at Greenleaf in 1962:

Dave Porter, Gerry Whiting, Al Folger, Martin Henry (a regular guest of the hut who would often stay for weeks at a time), Anne Harrington (became Heider in '64,) Alixe Coburn (her only visit to Greenleaf), Bob Story, Tom Deans, Joe Harrington, Roger Smith, Larry Coburn

Photo By Joan Harrington Smith

「 *How 'bout some North Country lore...* 」

「 The Swift River, so named since J. Belknap's 1795 map called it that, used to be called the "chataqua" or "chataguey" which to the Penacook Indians meant "the principal stream." 」

Sandy Wilbur of Greshum, OR recently came across a handwritten narrative by his late mother-in-law Cal Harris on completing all of the NH 4,000 footers. Here are her words for Resuscitator readers to enjoy.

Climbing the 4,000-Footers

by Calista Crane Harris



Climbing the 4000 footers has really been a life long joy for me. It all started in 1920 when I went from summer camp for a 4-day trip in the White Mountains. We got off the train at Appalachia. I slept in the old

Madison Hut, the Tip Top House bunkroom, and Carter Hut. I began my mountains with Madison and Washington. In 1921 I went with the same camp as counselor and stayed at Lakes for the first time, adding Mt. Monroe to my list.

It was in 1927 when a friend took a trip with me that I added Moosilauke, Carter Dome, and the Wildcats, and also met at Lakes a nice hutman, Slim Harris, who married me in 1929. Then my climbing began in earnest. By 1933 I had listed 22, and was making my own list of 4,000 footers, which of course was slightly different from the present accepted list.

In September 1933, we took the most memorable of our trips. It was backpack camping with equipment all home made and not as light as present day material. We began with the Sandwich Range, Tripyramid, and the Waterville Mountains. Then, with no trail at all, we followed the Hancock Branch to Lincoln, over the Franconia Ridge, Garfield, the Twins to Zealand, Lakes of the Clouds, and Great Gulf. It took three delightful weeks to do it. My list had climbed to 31.

The next high spot was 1945. The hut boys were all at war, and Joe Dodge asked Slim and me to run Zealand for the summer. When we asked him what we should do with the children, he said "Bring them!" So Sally, 7, and Kim, 4, were with us all summer. I was very busy, but I managed to add five peaks. We all did Hale and

Zealand. Sally did the Willey loop over Willey and Field with me. I left for Carrigain alone about 6:30 one morning and got back about 7 that night. I guess I liked that climb the best of all. The count was now 36.

For 20 years I kept climbing, but not the ten peaks I needed. Then, in 1965 I got busy and added the Carters, Tom, the Kinsmans, and the Bonds. Now Slim and I had done all but the Hancocks and Owls Head. But Slim was always so busy checking on mountain flowers, we did not do the remaining mountains.

In 1969 Slim died, and it was up to me to finish without him. My climbing companion, Dotty Goldenberg, and I left her Berlin home early and drove through to the Kancamagus Highway. We got to the end of the trail about nine o'clock. I was a little hesitant about the trip because the area was so little known to me. What little I had done there was before the highway was put through.

The trail sign at the start was missing but we were sure we were in the right place. We knew we had a long trip before us, so we went along as steadily and easily as we could. The trail was lovely. It was late August, pleasant and not too hot. The trail is wide and smooth, and for a long ways almost level. We decided to do the South Peak first. As we turned from the Cedar Brook trail to approach the mountain, we lost our level trail. We kept remembering the Guide Book phrase, "unbelievably steep." It was so true. I like to climb slowly enough so I can keep a steady pace without stops, but on this trail I needed a few breathers, as well. But we didn't really sit down to rest until we ate half our lunch on top of the South peak.



I enjoyed the mile between the peaks especially. The trees were very dense and the natural beauty less changed than in most places. We met a man climbing alone, doing the loop in the opposite direction. He was about halfway through the 4,000 footers. My companion was doing her eleventh and twelfth. After today, I would have only Owl's Head to complete mine.

This Hancock climb was one I had wanted to do since 1933. Then, it was often done as a bushwhacking trip from Carrigain. The dense foliage between the summits made me glad I waited. We finished our lunch on the second summit. It was hard to tell which trail to take down, but I didn't want to get out on the slide, so I took the more southern one. I knew that the trail was very new, and I thought it might be rough and hard. Many thanks should go to the trail makers. It is well built and nowhere difficult.

When we were between the peaks, we began to hear little rumblings of distant thunder. I prefer my thunder storms at lower elevations, so we made our stop brief. It was not hard to keep a steady pace down, anyway. Part of the way down, we met a man starting up. He must have had a hard rain before he finished. The clouds were increasing as we got to our car, and the rains began as we drove toward Conway. We were lucky.

I did Owl's Head a few days later with Miriam Underhill and Louise Baldwin. We left Randolph about 6:30 a.m., and drove to the Wilderness Trail on the Kankamagus Highway. It was Saturday in late August, and the many people along the trail were much amused to see the three white-haired hikers going along at a clip fast enough to do the 16.4 miles in the daylight hours. It was an uneventful and thoroughly delightful trip. I made my 46th summit soon after noon, then down again and back to Randolph in time for dinner at 6:30.

Hall's Hutmen's Hustle

1st Annual Hall's Hutmen's Hustle

Did you know that the OHA maintains two trails, the Hall's Trail and the Hutmen's Trail? They rather nicely form a 10k loop and the Saturday morning of FallFest we'll be hosting a "test event" for a 10k trail run. (It's a race.) The race will start across Route 16 from the Rocky Branch parking lot, head up the Hall's Ledge trail (the first half mile is almost as steep as the top of the Ammy and steeper than the Thousand Yards). The trail then gets mellower and ends at the picnic table at Hall's Ledge. From there, you'll follow ski trails for a couple of miles back to the Hutmen's Trail, which becomes narrower, passes through a lovely little glen and then plunges back down in to the valley. Assuming we can find it, we'll clear the old croo cut back to the OH Cabin and celebrate with chili and beer.

Want to run? We're planning a start time at high noon, which should give you plenty of time to finish the race, have a cold one, and get up to High Pants for Reunion. There's a Facebook event you can find at <http://bit.ly/2cTru9h>. While we could probably run this on our own, a couple of volunteers would be great (anyone?). And please spread the word. Do you have non-OH friends in the North Country (or anywhere, really) who like to trail run? Let them know!

The hope is that this could become some sort of annual event, and maybe an unofficial White Mountain Alumni challenge with teams (OHA, TFC, CC, RMC, etc.) competing against each other to be Kings & Queens of the Mountains. See you there!

Oh Classifieds: In search of....

JOBS

Maddie Polivka is moving back to Maine and looking for work in the backcountry....

Jeff Colt, Middlebury 2014.5 (Geology and English): graduating from the huts, looking for full-time work in of the following fields: renewables, green technology, architectural design, property/land management, land conservation, water management, resource management, civil engineering, education.

“I have experience with general contracting, green building design and construction, research, property management, teaching, ski patrolling (emergency medical care), and thousands of hours of costumer service.”

Contact Jeff: Easycolt@gmail.com or 603-340-2176

PEOPLE

In search of contact info for Swede Shogren. The Editor has photos to pass along to him from Ted Riter, including this one:



Mike Parker is searching for an address for John Ranlett. John, if you see this, please pass along your address to The Editor, or email Mike directly at mikarolyn@gmail.com. Mike mentions something about you having owned a red VW, if you need verification of who he is...

Taylor Burt of Brattleboro, VT is looking to write an article about OH living off-grid. How have the huts and hut systems translated to an alternative lifestyle? Does that mean you? If so, get in touch with Taylor! Please! taylor.burt@gmail.com

ANNOUNCEMENT

Alex McCartan is an Industrial Design student at Wentworth Institute of Technology. For his Senior Thesis Project he is redesigning the packboard and an important part of that process involves getting feedback from experienced users (that's you!). To do so, he has created a short survey that will validate some of the design opportunities found based on his preliminary research. Your responses will determine which directions have the most substance, and help him decide which to pursue as he enters the design and prototyping phase. Participation is greatly appreciated.

www.surveymonkey.com/r/SZZXYGZ

PHOTOS

Ted Prescott is looking for pictures of Carter Notch, possibly with his brother Robert in them. Robert was hutmaster there around 1960. He is in the final stages of Alzheimers, but recognizes pictures of the Whites. Please send whatever you can find via the Resuscitator Editor (contact info on final page).

BOOKS, ETC.

For Sale: AMC White Mountain guide books, Appalachias (back to the 1920's), and other White Mountain and mountineering books. For a complete listing, contact Charlie Ranlett at cmaranlett@yahoo.com or 708-326-2722.

Hey there! How about volunteering in the Huts or Alpine Zone?

Become a Volunteer Naturalist or Information Volunteer in the Huts! Eat and stay free at a hut while volunteering. Hut Info Vols greet guests in a friendly manner, give trail advice, and help with check-in and retail sales. Hut Volunteer Naturalists lead evening programs, helping guests learn about local natural or cultural history. Volunteer Naturalists can gear their evening program to kids, adults, or both, and depending on interest and expertise, they can offer just one program topic or offer multiple programs over multiple days. No cooking or cleaning necessary for either of these volunteer roles!



The AMC is also looking for more volunteers to help protect the fragile alpine ecosystem as Volunteer Alpine Stewards. Hiking along the Franconia Ridge or on Mt. Washington summit trails, Stewards engage with hikers about Leave No Trace principles, alpine ecology, and backcountry safety. They also monitor alpine plants, collecting data for AMC's Mountain Watch. Eat and stay free at Pinkham (Mt. Washington) or Greenleaf (Franconia Ridge) while volunteering. The Volunteer Alpine Steward Program is a partnership with the AMC, USFS, and ATC.



To learn more about AMC's volunteer programs in the Huts & Lodges, please contact Kyra Salancy, the Outdoor Program Centers Volunteer Coordinator at amcvolservices@outdoors.org or call 603-278-3820.

Well, 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, 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, reaming techniques, 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 O/H? Like, have you worked in the huts between 2014 & 2016? We're in need of Y-O/H who are still known by current Croos to represent the O/H 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!

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

THE OHA NEEDS YOU! PLEASE!

We're always looking for input, ideas, and volunteers to make things happen. In particular, here's our **WISH LIST**:

- *female voices!!
- *Y-OH voices!!
- *regional representatives, fun coordinators
 - *Treasurer
- *GALA/EOS reps (preferably Y-OH)
- *Fall Fest presenters & croo representatives to offer highlights of past season
 - *Summer Hut Ambassadors
- *Newsletter volunteers: submissions, editing, and design

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

REMEMBER:

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

Regional Fun Coordinators:

Colorado: Steve Rosenman (stephen.a.rosenman@gmail.com)

French Alps: Hilary Gerardi (hgerardi@gmail.com)

Portland, ME: Abby King (abigailking@gmail.com) and Nathaniel Blauss (nblauss@gmail.com)

San Fran Area: Will Murray (murraywd@gmail.com) and Carolyn Wachinicki (carolyn.wachnicki@gmail.com)

Don't see your city on the list? Want to lead the way? Let us know! We'll send you a list of regional OH residents then send you on your way to have as much fun as you see fit. Enjoy!

.....
SPECIAL SEASON PASS

OH cabin annual pass: \$75
OH cabin annual family pass: \$150

.....
Here's a photo from Hilary Gerardi during a trail run in the French Alps. She's the OH's official Alps Regional Fun Coordinator...anyone interested in some travel, should contact her!
hgerardi@gmail.com



--- More North Country lore ---

“Passaconaway” Mountain means “papoos cub” or “cub bear.”

Remember When...

"I ran the storehouse in '58-'59 while in high school and Fred Fickett, I believe, was the weather voice of WMTW TV, the somewhat snowy image of whom reached me in Pittsfield, Maine. I have been trying to remember that name for years for no good reason. I believe he was from New Mexico, or else he had absconded with a car with NM plates. I would see him on the summit when delivering supplies and he would show up occasionally at the Trading Post. As a TV personality, he was my hero."

--Mike Parker, Porky Gulch '57-59

"My OH years embraced 1951-1953. I was storekeeper/truck driver under Bruce Sloat in 1951; head storekeeper/truck driver in 1952; and in 1953 after completing my ROTC summer encampment, construction crew and then finishing out the summer with Jim Hoffman at Zealand.. After marrying Mary Alberta Brown in 1959, a member of the newly formed AMC Main Chapter, I served as Chair of that chapter, completed the 4,000 footers of NH - the first was Mount Madison in 1940, the final was Mount Pleasant in the early 1960s), and was editor of the first two editions of the AMC Main Mountain Guide. in recognition of that editorship I was later elected as a Corresponding Member of the AMC."

--Charlie Ranlett, '1951-1953

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

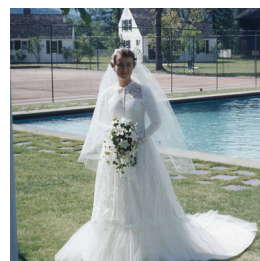
"I was on the 1950 Lakes Crew and Willie (Hastings) was our Assistant Hutmaster. One night after dinner Willie and I went down to Tuck Shelter to play a little cribbage, and have a few beers with Jack Middleton and Dick Kinkade. On our way back to Lakes, on the Headwall, our flash light batteries died, so it took us quite a while to get back to the hut."

--Tim Saunders

"Back in the 60s Willie (Hastings) had an embarrassing moment when he broke his ankle jumping off a bunk at Galehead. It was a tough thing for a rugged guy who had saved so many hikers over the years."

--Linus Storey

Here's a photo of Bill (Willie Hastings) on a retrieval mission from a Mt. Washington plane crash.



In the Spring Issue, we published the date of this photo of Ann Dodge Middleton as 1958. Chris Van Curan corrects this, saying the date of Ann & Jack's wedding was 1953, and he was in the wedding party. Furthermore, Dauid Haid somehow got placed under the table with the wedding cake, but that is a story for another time.

8Carter

Grace Pezzella, HM
Abigail Giles, AHM
Jerod Richards-Walsh
Merike Youngs

2Madison

Alex Johnson, HM
Lorne Currier, AHM
Jesse Keck
Mary Sackbauer
Eliza Cooley

4Lakes

Becca Doll, HM
Emily Leich, AHM
Joshua Buonpane
Robert Schwerdtfeger
Leslie Fink
Justin King
Lex Jackson
Kristina Puris
Carl Underwood

1Mizpah

Lindy Wenner, HM
Emily Bishop, AHM
Hannah Fleischmann
Chris Demasi
Ben Harris

6Zealand

Emily Griffin, HM
Eliot Harper, AHM
Ben Durham
Abbey Bliss

7Galehead

Nate Iannuccillo, HM
Molly Mundy, AHM
JP Krol
Aubrie Howard

5Greenleaf

Carter Bascom, HM
Brian Rogers, AHM
Colleen Corrigan
Emily Balch
Tracey Faber

0Lonesome

Erica Lehner, HM
Steph Maraldo, AHM
Casey Engstrom
Kate Prisby
Ian Benton

2016 FALL CROOS

Huts Dept.

James Wrigley, Huts Manager
Nancy Ritger, Program Manager
Eric Gotthold, Field Supervisor
Whitney Brown, Coordinator
Leigh Harrington, BEA

*Welcome, new Croo! And
welcome home to returning
Croo! Enjoy this fall sea-
son like never before - hike
far and fast in your favor-
ite 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 OH*

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 Cimarron 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 _____



BECOME AN OH AMBASSADOR!

Stay for free at a hut! Connect with current croo! Remember your old haunts!

Here's a testimonial from one Ambassador this past Summer:

"Thanks to all who encouraged me to make a trip to the huts again and specifically to be an OH Ambassador in a stay at the "new" (to me) Galehead hut.

"It was an epic trip. Wonderful in so many ways. In addition to the humbling grandeur and beauty of the mountains it was the companionship of my intrepid fellow hiker Linda McLane that made this trip so memorable. In our three days we covered 22 miles and five 4,000 footers—Mt Bond, West Bond, South Twin, Galehead and Garfield. Only missed North Twin so will plan another trip back this fall. Any takers?

"We could not have made this journey with such enjoyment if it weren't for staying at Galehead Hut and being so well cared for by the hut crew. Erica, Scott, and Annie were terrific. Good cooks and hosts and knowledgeable about Galehead and the hut system as they had each worked in several different places. I look forward to seeing them at OH events or the OH cabin. Also grateful for a good talk on mountain history by an AMC volunteer and a chance to compare notes with her about wildflowers seen.

"Being there gave me new appreciation of what it means to have such dedicated, creative, energetic, friendly, young folks there in the system to welcome hikers to the mountains.

"We enjoyed meeting hikers of all ages and backgrounds, Dads with young boys, seven girls from a camp, seven women hiking together, four Canadian men who return to hike somewhere in the Whites every year, and one fellow who had just completed all the 4,000 footers as well as other groups of twos and threes, families and friends. We were all that after our stay in the hut having survived a foggy, somewhat rainy, colder, day our first day hiking in. After that two days of glorious sunshine, blue skies, shifting clouds and clear star filled skies at night. Magnificent.

"It also prompted wonderful memories of my one year as a hut person working at Pinkham for Joe Dodge in 1953, fresh out of high school. I spent every one of my 2 1/2 days off every two weeks hiking to the various huts and meeting the crews. Great bunch of folks as you all know.

"Thanks again, I hope to see you in the hills or at an OH gathering."

~ Maria Van Dusen (Mary Lord)



Here's a picture from the Beaten Path in the Beartooth-Absaroka

Wilderness of MT. Maddie Polivka did this 52-mi round trip hike in July.

Have croo photos? Pass them along! We'll post them to our online database, add them to the photo project collections at each hut, and share them here in the Resuscitator. (See the list of specific years for which we are missing croo photos for our current projects at Greenleaf & Lonesome Huts on page 5!)

GORMINGS:

This Spring, Y-OH gathered for some late season skiing and hutkid hang-out time in Truckee California: **Jeff Colt, Johannes Griesshammer, Sam Snow-Cronin, Nate Iannucillo, Ryan Koski-Vacirca, Tom Meagher, Lindsay Bourgoine, and Ari Ofsevit.**



Sam Snow-Cronin, Kathryn Barnes, and Owain Heyden gathered for some whiskey slaps at sunset in Big Sur, July 2016.

Meika Hashimoto has enjoyed climbing trips to Kentucky, as well as some backpacking through CO's Rocky Mountains with boyfriend Emile. **Benny Taylor** has moved to Portland, ME. **Alex Corey** will be celebrating his nuptial commitments with partner Ash in MA in early October. Congratulations!

Here's a photo of **Caroline Woolmington, Jenna Whitson Koloski, Hannah Orcutt, Lindsay Bourgoine, and Eliza O'Neil** enjoying a hutgirl reunion this summer.



James & Courtney Wrigley have been enjoying some hiking with little Evie.

Jenna Whitson-now-Koloski celebrated her marriage to husband Ryan with plenty of hutkids in attendance, including **Hilary Burt, Lindsay Bourgoine, Emma**

Leonard, Eliza O'Neil, and Dominic Kaplan.

Lincoln Benedict & Jess Marion also had many hutkids witnessing their summer nuptials, including **Nathaniel Blauss, Steve Frens, Ari Ofsevit, Ben Leoni, Benny Taylor, Carrie Piper, Thad Houston, & Lindsay Bourgoine.**



Jenna Koloski, Hilary Burt, Leah Hart, Abby King, and friend Kelsie Eckhart ran a Pemi loop together this past July. Special thanks to **Tristan Williams** for hiking up to Lafayette in the rain to deliver brownies, watermelon, oranges, chips, sour patch kids, and three gallons of water.



Katie Schide now lives in Zurich Switzerland where she's started her PhD in Geology at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. **Andrew Riely** is happy to have moved back to the Northeast and has just started a PhD in Geography at Clark University.

Gates Sanford celebrated his marriage to

Caroline in Georgia late this Spring, surrounded by hutkids **Drew Hill, Carrie Piper, Thad Houston, Big Dan Cawley, Lynne Zummo, Nathaniel Blauss, and Iona Wool-**

mington.

Johannes Griesshammer worked out of Elko, NV this summer for the Eastern Nevada Landscape Coalition, doing post-fire revegetation monitoring - big words for "counting plants" and "off-roading in big pick-ups." When not in a tent, he continues to live with girlfriend Julia in Truckee, CA: a hutish house that's made of wood with compost piles, cast iron everything, and no shortage of squirrels. **Lindsay Bourgoine** was in the Tahoe area in early 2016, working out there through the summer, and has now moved to Boulder, CO according to second-hand reports from Facebook. **Nathaniel Blauss** spent the first half of the summer construction crewing AMC's new camp in Harriman State Park into something useable. He's now at home in Portland, re-building his kitchen, installing drawers, and planning a writing desk, among other projects that life throws his way.

Ben McCrave and Haley Acker started the A.T. at Springer, GA, on February 22, and ended atop Katahdin on August 8th. One of their favorite parts of the hike was being back in the Whites. Not only



were the views amazing, and the trails exciting, but they finally felt at home. It was such a highlight to get to see all their friends that had returned to the summer huts - and such wonderful hospitality! **Ben & Haley** have plans to work with **James** [Huts Manager] this fall to develop a better system for thru-hikers in the huts.

Since 2012, Mary and **Charlie Ranlett** have been residents of Smith Crossing, a continuing care retirement community in Orland Park. There they are comfortably accommodated in a corner apartment of the community's "big house." Views extend east to an almost imperceptible crest that forms the divide between the St. Lawrence River and the Mississippi River watersheds and south across corn fields, Interstate 80, and low, very low, ridge lines in the distance. Their two children live in nearby suburban Chicago and outside of St. Louis, Missouri, plus six grandchildren. Hobbies have included travel to New England (including fairly recent stops in Jackson, Pinkham Notch, and the Highland Center), many of the National Parks in the west, and Europe, stops at 19 major league parks; and reading. Best wishes to all OH.

Peggles Dillon led an action-packed life over the summer. In May, she spent nine days in Porto Alegre, Brazil, where she presented a paper at a literary journalism conference and did some sightseeing despite her severe paucity of Portuguese vocabulary; she reports that negative media reports of Brazil are overblown and that the people there have an awesome combination of European chic and laid-back tropical vibe. Peggles also spent 2 1/2 weeks in Great Britain in July and August. In July, she rowed in the World Skiff Championships in Northern Ireland along with about a thousand other skiff rowers from seven countries. She is part of a community rowing club in Gloucester, MA, where she lives, and she and three other club members were part of a USA team that placed 25th out of 42 teams. (They were very pleased not to come in last.) She then traveled in England and Wales for a week. Lastly, in August, she and several dozen OH gathered at **Pete and Emily Benson's** North Country compound in Jackson, NH, for what has become an annual reunion of 1980s-era hut folks. Attendees included **Mark Huntley, Andy Blaiklock, Jen Blaiklock, Rich Crowley, Mark Hitchcock, Mark Jorrens, Lars Botzjorns, Tim Loveridge, Gary Clark, Mea Arego, Liz Keuffel, Alexei Rubenstein, and Tanya Rubenstein** (plus others).

meeting with fellow 90's era OH **Malin Bengtsson** and **Jen Outwater** in Twin Lakes CO for a fun day on the water with their families. Everyone looked exactly the same as 16 yrs ago and the backdrop was gorgeous rocky mountains. Fun times! Congrats to **Malin** and Craig Boulle on their September wedding!

GORMINGS depends on you! 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.

OBITUARIES

Preston Howard "Sandy" Saunders passed away at his home on July 20, 2016. He was born on April 22, 1930 to Ruth Howard Preston Saunders and Walter Mills Saunders, Jr. in Providence, Rhode Island. He worked at Pinkham, Zealand and Carter from 1946-1948.



Sandy attended Phillips Andover Academy, class of 1948, Dartmouth College, class of 1952, and Harvard Law School, class of 1955. He worked for Goodwin Procter and Hoar, becoming partner in 1963. In 1998 he joined Nichols and Pratt until his retirement in 2014.

Sandy was a dedicated volunteer serving many organizations, including the Appalachian Mountain Club as President twice, a Life Trustee of the Museum of Science, Chair of The Trustees of Reservations, and a board member of the Northern Forest Center, Hale Reservation, and the New Hampshire Chapter of the Trust for Public Land. Sandy was an avid outdoorsman and conservationist who enjoyed hiking, skiing, whitewater canoeing, and travel. In addition to his wife Rebecca Bulkley Saunders, Sandy is survived by his daughter Katharine and her husband John, his son Benjamin and his wife Desiree, four grandchildren, and his brother Timothy K. Saunders of Wellesley. His brother Norman W. Saunders of Portland, ME, predeceased him.

The View From Seventy

by W.Kent Olson

In August I achieved my three-score- and-ten, which feels biblically good. Older peers say I'm a pup. Their wry comeuppance of me is the long perspective of people who have accrued wisdom over decades, like tree rings in a big pine. They dispense it without malice and I listen keenly.

To a person, they say life seems impossibly fast, where did it go?

This I, too, understand.

In the 1960s I worked in the Appalachian Mountain Club huts, my five most formative summers. That was yesterday—I was seventeen forever. Then I looked away from the mountains a mere moment and, today, find myself in the entryway to my eighth decade, the door slammed shut behind. As in *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, the moving finger wrote and moved on: "...nor all thy Piety nor Wit / Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, / Nor all thy tears wash out a Word of it."

That's how it works.

Some of Maine's wisest newspaper writing comes from Richard Dudman, longtime *Bangor Daily News* columnist, whose graceful immersion into his nineties (the tenth decade) is a generous tale of adapting to aging (and its insults) with humor

and pragmatism—he installed handrails at home to stay upright. I'm not there yet, but I surely creak and hobble when rising from a chair.

Too, there's the smallish pouch at my waist of the kind increasingly seen on my male peers, even the ectomorphs. Little buntings of skin drape where sinew used to rule. But I'm not yet sans teeth, sans eyes. The cornucopia is still fat with fruit. And I am still hungry.

Three of my five knee injuries happened in the mountain years (four leg casts, one surgery,

before the advent of arthroscopy), then an ex-post-facto back operation (1990's) caused by overdone hut days. A hutman—crews were male then—was an industrial backpacker who hauled loads of, in my case, up to 127 pounds uphill and 193 pounds downhill. It was doable then. (I was only an average packer but produced respectable poundages at weigh-ins.) We flaunted our physical invincibility, hubris jazzed by teen testosterone.

Now I can't fathom how my mortal coil did it.

Twenty-five years ago, maybe, my huts contemporary Clem Adams dismissed my little-league laments about encroaching agedness. "No!" he said, gesturing at the massive mountains around us, "we're merely approaching the lesser foothills of early middle adulthood."

My objectives for bone and ligament consist today of staving-off knee or hip replacements. I tested one palliative on the Allagash in June, a cot weighing under three pounds that keeps your body five inches above the hummocky ground. I had six nights of pain-free sleeping, my afflicted joints more comfortable than at home even. Meaning I can camp more into my dotage.

One hopes to remain above ground long-term.

Adaptations include rethinking my hiking outlook. I tend now to call it "walking," a purely psychological manipulation of language. I ski fewer hours but more safely and comfortably. Canoeing and kayaking remain on the agenda, but help getting vessels onto a roof rack is appreciated.

You experience, as you age, a three-prong paradox: going knock-out dumb encountering new ideas and buoyant people; being unsurprised by repulsive behaviors; and dismissing charlatans swiftly. Collected years enable you to see through a glass clearly, spotting inanities and vexatious souls, such as Donald Trump and Maine Gov. Paul LePage, for example, who are to governance as quackery is to medicine.



Younger friends gripe about growing older. I acknowledge this widespread view but don't really understand it except for cases of abject misery. I'm no Pollyanna. Too many relatives and friends suffer body or mind debilitations. The number who die climbs faster than before. My heart breaks for anyone in pain, and there I appreciate some who deem life too onerous.

My eagerness for extended, positive living is tintured with having witnessed and experienced tragedy and wracking grief, as everyone has. Despite unavoidable, often horrid facts of existence, there has to be privilege in aging. Otherwise one invites a despairing and cynical life. We'd best carry on with empathy, gratitude and the ministrations, as needed, of medicines natural or formulated, depending on our druthers.

I loved my thirty-year conservation career, which included running three nonprofits—The Nature Conservancy of Connecticut, American Rivers, and Friends of Acadia. My retirement transition (at 59) was easy, offering new objectives and explorations, physical, mental, spiritual. I am greedy—but not selfish, I reason—for three healthful decades more of acuity and contribution. To paraphrase George Burns on attaining an old-age milestone, I hope the second half of my life is as much fun as the first half has been.

As he was, I am aggressively retired.

Henry David Thoreau, who died at 44, believed heaven lay bedrock-hard beneath our feet. To him, literal eternity was that of the present moment. As I walk Acadia National Park's granite peaks—lesser hills, but grand and beautiful to me—and trundle toward actual old age, those are useful tropes.

"Time," Thoreau said, "is a stream I go a-fishin' in."

Seven decades done, my attitude is Give Me More, especially of mountains.

--A version of "The View from Seventy" ran in the Bangor Daily News, August 22, 2016.

Then....and Now!



1964 Lakes Croo: Dave Lewis, Jed Davis, Ken Olson, John Nutter, Rocky Morrill, Stan Cutter, Dal Brodhead



1964 Lakes Croo, filling-in in 2014:
Dave Lewis, Jed Davis, Ken Olson, John Nutter, Dal Brodhead



As a youthful aside, here's Anna Ready-Campbell doing B-A-D cakkers at Lonestar, 2010

****ALERT****
**RETIRED GREENLEAF CROO PHOTOS TO BE
AUCTIONED AT FALLFEST**

The Flea croo photos that were on display at the Hut roughly 2002-15 are being replaced with new and improved versions. **The old photos are now up for sale to the highest bidder** during a silent auction during the cocktail hour of Fall Fest at the Highland Center on Saturday, November 5. (But you don't need to be present to win. See below.)

The photos, depicting croos from the 1930s to 2001, are permanently mounted on seven "panels," each generally covering a separate decade. All photos were professionally mounted by Sally Baldwin.

For individual photo/panel descriptions, for detailed auction rules, and to place remote bids, please contact:

Bill Barrett at wllmbarrett@yahoo.com

.....

*Proceeds of the auction will benefit ongoing OH Croo Photo Projects.

*Disputes and unforeseen situations will be handled by an Auction Committee of Steering Committee members, whose decisions---if necessary---will be final.

.....

Have you moved?
Changing your email address?
Please, let us know!

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

Resuscitator Editor is **Beth Weick**. 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 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 I is **Will Murray**. He lives in Berkeley, CA where he is studying hard and working as an Emergency Room Technician. He fondly thinks of the huts and the Whites from a distance.

Resuscitator Assistant Editor II is **Caroline Santinelli**. She has happily left the city and returned to mountains, now living and working as a teacher and leader of teen outdoor expeditions.

If you have access to email...
...would you consider receiving the Resuscitator online? 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!