

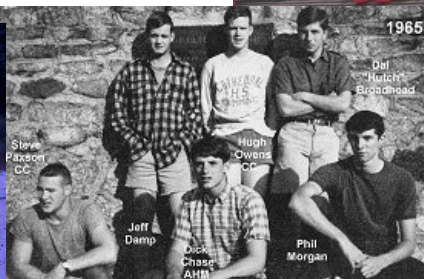
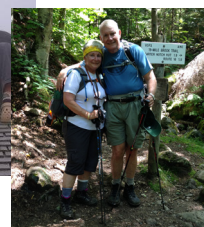
# THE RESUSCITATOR

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.*

## Growing a Younger Membership: Reaching out to Y-OH, Integrating Generations

In addition to holding events, maintaining the cabin, keeping folks connected via *The Resuscitator*, and linking OH via our website, facebook, and other social media, the over-arching focus of the OH is growing it's membership younger, welcoming Y-OH voices, and integrating every generation of hutkid - past and present - to futher the fun, honor the tradition, and create the future.

These photos were collected as the result of an email conversation started by Y-OH and Colorado Fun Rep. Steve Rosenman



## Mark Your Calendars! 2016 OHA Events

### Spring Reunion

May 14, 2016

12noon  
OH cabin

### Oktoberfest & Work Weekend

Oct. 8-9 2016

12noon  
OH Cabin

### Fall Reunion & Annual Meeting

Saturday, November 5, 2016

Highland Center  
Schedule of events TBD

[www.ohcroo.com](http://www.ohcroo.com) for all your current news

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## *From the Desk of the Chair*

If you're reading this column you worked in the huts. Or on the huts, in the case of the Construction Crew. Or on the trails to the huts—Trail Crew. Or in some other aspect of the AMC's northcountry operations—storehouse, Pinkham, Tucks, The Highland Center, etc.—all of them vital to providing “mountain hospitality for all.” And if you're reading this, you remember the folks you worked with, the places you found hard to describe to your classmates when you went back to school each fall, and all the stuff you learned along the way that continues to enrich your life.

Helping you stay connected to your favorite friends and places is what the OHA does. We're in the people business, and we exist to serve you.

How?

By throwing parties in the hills, like last summer's anniversaries of Lakes (100th), Mizpah (50th), the OH Cabin (75th), and the Mount Madison Ski Patrol (50th). There's always another anniversary or reunion coming down the trail, so stay tuned if you were unable to join us last year.

Spring Reunion will be held at the Cabin on May 14th. Oktoberfest—our annual fall work weekend at the Cabin—will be held sometime in mid October. Fallfest, our fall reunion, is always well attended by young and old alike and slated for November 5th at The Highland Center (guest speaker to be announced). We work hard to keep these events fun and affordable, especially for younger OH and OH on fixed incomes.

If you're looking for a more immersive hut experience, feel free to volunteer for one of our many OHA fill-in crews throughout the summer. You and a guest are also welcome to a free night in a hut as an OHA Ambassador, a longstanding program designed to help connect current croos to those that worked before.

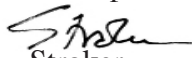
Join us for a Steering Committee meeting. We've been taking them on the road these past few years, to Portland, Portsmouth, Nashua. Maybe your town? Tell us if you want a visit.

Spend a few days at the Cabin. It's still the same sweet escape, and at \$5 for anyone 25 or younger and \$15 a night for older OH, it's still the best buy north of Nashua. For frequent visitors, we offer a \$75 “season pass.”

In short, the OHA is here to help you reconnect with the people and places you love, and we're always looking for new ways to do that, including more events for families and for OH living outside the Northeast.

We hope you'll join us for any of the many social opportunities we present throughout the year, and if you see something we could be doing better, let us know!

Solvitur crumpus,

  
Stroker



CC Madison Renovations, October 1981. Photo includes Stroker Rogovin, John Thompson, & Paul Cunha.



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.

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## \*Y-OH Voices: What do you Believe?\*

*Like many human qualities, environmentalism is not an attribute that is instilled at birth, rather it requires a complex understanding of humanity, an appreciation for the natural world, and a certain dose of optimism to exist. For some, it takes decades of learning, for some it takes a singular experience with an animal, for some it takes a scene of destruction. And whether it's by learning the cold hard global CO2 emission numbers, seeing a humpback whale frolic in Boston Harbor, or witnessing the squalor and trash-piles of Sao Paulo, environmentalism rises in our psyches to become a priority for those of us who look to the future and strive to create a better place.*

*In my case, I did not have a singular moment. One would think that a Vermont boy raised on a commune would have been instantly indoctrinated as an Edward Abbey-esque radical environmentalist from the day he jumped out of the womb two months early. Indeed, I was raised off-grid, in a family that consumed vegetables and sheep from its own grounds, and generally practiced a low-impact lifestyle. But those were only facts of my childhood, I did not understand or resonate with the importance of that lifestyle. Like most kids, given my lack of an adult brain, I rebelled. I sought out Fruit Loops and television. I looked to the bright lights of cities for their neon signs and promises of "things to do." This trend continued through my college years and reached a pinnacle of popped collars, materialism, and a fervent disdain for recycling as I took my first job in New York as an 80-hour a week paralegal.*

*And then something wonderful happened inside me. I didn't understand it really, but some instinct inside me, begged to leave. And I did, I quit my city job and took a gig paying minimum wage working in the White Mountains of New Hampshire in a back-country lodge. The work was wonderful and menial; I hiked 50 lb supply loads up 4 mile hiking trails, I baked bread for 60 guests at a time, I learned to manage a tiny windmill and solar array to power the facility, I educated little kids about beavers and alpine ecology. The other employees of the Appalachian Mountain Club ground me down and smoothed me out. They cut my \$250 white jeans into jorts, they threw my mixed drinks out the window and poured me bourbon on the rocks, they woke me up at 5 AM to drink coffee on the roof and gaze out at an undercast sky. And it was there, standing above an ocean of clouds with an archipelago of mountains poking through, that I began to understand why my parents had chosen to live their lives that way.*

*I spent 5 seasons running those trails, washing dishes by the hundreds, extolling boreal forests to visitors, and breathing full and white into the cold autumn air. And when it was time to move on to a full-time job, I started to realize what I had learned. More than any class could have ever taught me. I had accumulated so much perspective, empathy for people from different backgrounds, independence, and convictions. And ultimately, one of the strongest convictions I had, was that we all had to do our part to prevent human-borne climate change from causing the eventual decline of what I find to be such a wonderful planet.*

*Environmentalism is an awareness of the future. That if we are to leave the world in a better place for those to come after us, we must strive to be better, work harder, and hold ourselves accountable in doing the right thing. We are a brilliant people - we've walked on the moon, danced the tango, invented the submarine, converted electricity from the sun, made butter from nettles - and we have so much potential. I believe that we can creatively find the solutions that will quite literally save the world. What do you believe?*

*-- Gates Sanford*



*Here's a glimpse of a West Coast paradise from a weekend adventure to Lake Sonoma taken by Gates and fiancée Caroline. They're getting married in Georgia at the end of May - Congrats and Enjoy!*



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## HIRAM AND THE BLACK BEAR

*by Chris Van Curan*

It was late June of 1951 when I was looking for a summer job between freshman and sophomore semesters at Middlebury College. I was home in Norway, Maine and a family friend, Allie Noble who owned the local garage, had heard that the Appalachian Mountain Club was hiring crew members for Dolly Copp Campground just south of Gorham, N.H. The Appalachian Mountain Club had received a "Use Permit" to operate and manage the United States Forest Service's Dolly Copp Campground. It was a first for the AMC, and Joe Dodge, hutmaster for the White Mountain AMC hut system, was the hiring manager.

So, I jumped in the family's 1949 Hudson Hornet car and headed over to Pinkham Notch to see Joe Dodge, also the mayor of Porky Gulch, to get hired as crew for the new campground operation. I tracked Joe down at his house up behind the Trading Post where he had just finished lunch with his wife, Teen. We walked down the path to the TP and Joe ran into Betsy Strong on the front porch. Joe asked Betsy, who also was a Middlebury College student working at Pinkham, "Do you know Chris Van Curan?" Betsy's response was "No, never saw him before." Some years later that was not to be the case as Betsy and I got married in 1954.

In spite of not getting a positive reference from Betsy, I got the job on the spot. Joe and I then drove down to Dolly Copp for introductions to the crew that had already been hired. George Hamilton was the "Campmaster" in charge and I readily felt good about George as my boss.

Before 1951 Dolly Copp campground was a free USFS campground open to the general public. The camp sites were on a first come, first serve basis and campers could stay all summer if they liked. In 1951, with the change in management, the campground would be on a fee basis and the length of stay would be limited to two weeks. Needless to say, the local Gorham, Berlin,

Cascade, and Coos County families, who were perennial campers, were very upset and angry with the new rules. They would often vent their anger across the river in the Dolly Copp picnic area by having late night parties and throwing beer and liquor bottles at the stone fireplace, which we would clean up the following morning.

The AMC had to build a gatehouse at the northern entrance to the campground in order to collect the camper's fees, sell firewood, and control the entry to the campground. The south entrance over an old steel bridge that crosses the Peabody River was barricaded off to vehicle traffic. The gatehouse would be manned 24/7 by one of the crew.

When Joe and I arrived at the gatehouse mid-day on that June day, it was nearly finished and the campground would be opening in a couple of days. As we drove up the Pinkham B road, we turned left into the campground and approached the gate and new gatehouse. Joe's son, Brookie, was on the construction crew and Joe introduced me to him as "Hiram." No sooner was the introduction made and Joe spotted a large black bear strung up next to the gatehouse with a swarm of flies feasting on the exposed bloody carcass. Joe exploded. "What the hell is that damn bear doing here? You will scare away every camper/goofer coming into the campground! Take it down and get rid of it!" he bellowed in his loudest baritone voice. Hiram, proud of his kill, reluctantly took the bear down and took it to the dump after he had skinned it out to keep the coat as a trophy.

So, what is the story about that black bear and how it got to Dolly Copp?

Earlier that day, while the construction crew was working on the gatehouse, there was a call on the party telephone line that had just been installed. The caller was Enu Droun's wife. Enu was the NH Highway road agent who lived just north of Joe and Teen. Enu's job was to keep Route 16 from Glen to Gorham open and in good repair throughout the year. And he did a very good job of it over the years. *(continued on page 4)*

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(Hiram and The Black bear, continued from page 3) This warm June day Enu was out on the highway doing his job. Enu's wife was at their Pinkham Notch home doing the breakfast dishes and she got surprised by a black bear who had smelled food in the house. The bear circled the house several times and then proceeded to claw at the back screen door. Obviously, Mrs. Drouns was scared and feared for her life, whereupon she made a frantic telephone call hoping someone on the multiple party line would pick up and come help her.

Fortunately, Hiram got the call and said he was on his way to help kill the bear. He quickly put down all his carpentry tools and raced home in the campground's 1939 Chevy pickup to get Joe's German Mannlicher rifle which was kept in a gun closet. Hiram then raced down to the Droun's home looking for the attacking bear. Nearing the house he heard the snorting and clawing of the bear from the back of the home. After a loud rapping on the front door, Mrs. Drouns let him in. Hiram proceeded to the kitchen and could hear the bear on the other side of the kitchen door. He took off the Mannlicher's safety and was ready to confront the bear. At Hiram's command, Mrs. Drouns opened the kitchen door, Hiram raised his rifle and shot the bear right there dead on the back stoop.

Afterwards, Hiram dressed out the bear, loaded it into the Chevy pickup, and strung it up next to the Dolly Copp gatehouse for all to see, until Joe arrived and ordered its removal.

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Steve Neubert on  
the Old Bridle  
Path, 1963.



Thanks to Brian & Betsy Fowler for leading a fun and informative geology tour of Crawford Notch prior to the 2015 Fall Fest Annual Meeting.

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***Just saying....***

*While I was trying to decide whether or not to leave my two-year Peace Corps post in Burkina Faso early, I made a fatal mistake. I downloaded and read the Fall 2015 Resuscitator. I barely ever read or received email for the nine months I lived in Burkina. So word from home was always a shock and a pleasure. News of Beth's root cellar, the Bobby Moody legend, and the upcoming reunion made me more hut-sick than I've ever been. I could almost feel my boots on rock. It's now November, more than a month since I returned. I've hiked in the Whites three times, taken goofer photoshoots at Boise Rock and the Flume with B.A.M.F. Pheobe Howe, and am going to work next summer season in the huts.*

*~Anna Ready-Campbell (psst! She'll be the Galehead Natty this summer!)*

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1963 Greenleaf Croo: Linus Story, Steve Neubert, Gerry Whiting

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## *In Response....Spooks & Gooks*

The tale of Corporal Bobby Moody by Andy Cook was one I'd not heard before. I found it interesting because it reminded me of a tale I'd heard many years ago, sometime back in the 70s. My time in the mountains spanned from '76 through most of 1980, first as FS ridge-runner and last as hut croo. It was sometime back then that I'd been told of a CC worker who spent a night alone at Lakes one spring just before the hut croo arrived to open the place for their summer season. When the croo arrived the next day, they found the poor fellow in a state of shock, sitting in a corner with a double bit axe in his hands. The only thing he would say to them was "I'm going to burn this f----- place down." He left and never returned. Funny. Thinking about that after all those years, I just had a chill run through me.

My own experience getting gooked happened while I was on the croo at Carter in 1980. Our HM was Colleen Davenport, strong, wise, a good leader, and a red-haired, green eyed beauty on top of that. AHM was Molly Hunter, quick-witted, extremely intelligent, with a charming sense of humor, and able to do just about anything. Mark Hitchcock the hyper-man, was our crew minstrel. A good packer, hard worker, cheerful, and a talented guitar player, Mark had the unique ability after hearing a burst of flatulence to be able to hit a chord on his guitar and identify the musical note produced by that aromatic activity. As for myself, well, I was the croo reprobate. It has been said that the brain of the human male is mature at the age of 25. I'm a slow learner. It took me twice as long, but that's another story.

It was in early June of that year when we packed in and made ready our new summer home. That first evening as we relaxed in the croo room after a busy day, we opened a bottle of wine. There were no guests that night, so the door to our quarters was open. A candle was burning brightly when the subject of the previous

HM and winter caretaker came up. A handsome fellow with brown hair, laughing eyes, an impish grin, bright and one of the funniest guys we'd ever known, Ben Campbell was a friend of all who knew him. Tragically, his life had been cut short in a fall off a mountain in Scotland just a few weeks earlier.

As we shared our memories of our friend Ben, the candle flickered. We looked at each other. The night was calm and the air was still. There was no reason for the flicker. We resumed our conversation. The candle flickered again. Mark said "I think he's here." I said, "Ben, you can close the door now." At that point, on a still night with not the slightest breeze to be felt, the door suddenly slammed shut. We were all a bit rattled when Colleen said "you guys shut up." The subject was never mentioned again and we had a gook-free summer.

*Epilogue.* A couple of light-years have gone by. The last I heard, my old friend Mark is flying a chopper for a power company in Maine. Rumor has it that Colleen is somewhere around Anchorage, Alaska and Molly married an Aussie and now lives on the other side of the world. We can only guess what kind of adventures they've been having. As for me, I'm flying in my taxi taking tips and getting stoned. No wait a minute. That was Harry Chapin. After the pulp mill closed in '01, I went back to school. Now I work at the wastewater plant in Berlin. I take dirty water and make it clean. It's hard to believe someone can have that much fun and get paid for it too. To my former croo and to all the AMC'ers I knew back in the day, I think of you often. I hope life has treated you well.

Regards,  
Ted Miller

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**DAYS OFF:** *an excerpt of a letter written by John Ranlett to his parents on July 29, 1954*

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...For my days off, between the end of the truck trip on Saturday and the Berlin truck trip starting at 10am on Tuesday, I took in four huts. [After hitch-hiking from Pinkham to Lafayette Place] I reached [Greenleaf] hut at 8:15, just as it was getting dark. Larry Coburn heated up the Gorm Line and gave me a good meal. Just before ten the low clouds cleared away for the first time during the day and the stars were visible.

Sunday morning... I left Greenleaf at 9:20, spent about half an hour on the summit of Lafayette, and then struck out for Galehead. I had lunch on the summit of Garfield where the view appeared for the first time. I reached Galehead at about 3:15. Don Heston and Ben Bowditch were lounging in the kitchen among the breakfast and lunch dishes reading "The Caine Mutiny" and "The Greek Coffin Mystery," respectively. I informed them that two more people were coming over from Greenleaf so they started to prepare some supper. The couple arrived at 5:30 and we had supper on the dot of 6:00. Dishes were done in a leisurely manner with two crew, one visiting hutman, and the two goofers all doing an equal amount of work. In the evening we lit one lamp and sat around having a general conversation. About 9:30 the conversation degenerated into a discussion on the fine points of bridge, so I went out to look at the stars, and then to bed.

Monday morning the clouds were again in, and periods of rain and non-rain alternated about every twenty minutes. I left the hut at 8:20...and took the pack trail down to the road, 5.7miles. I reached the pack house and had a short lunch consisting of a can of date nut bread which happened to be there, left over from the initial requisition. Then I went out to the road and waited for about an hour until a Quebec car, the 111th that had gone by, picked me up and took me to Twin Mountain. There I stopped at the soda shop and ate my trail lunch on the porch.

While eating there the Quebec car again drove up and the driver passed me my gray sailor hat which I had left in the car. This act of generosity was quite surprising. [Hitching another couple rides to the Base Station] I waited only five minutes before catching a train up the mountain. I got off in the clouds at the West Side Trail and set off for Lakes, with the entire train load of passengers looking at me.

[I ate dinner with the croo and 54 guests, then] left at 6:15, before the dish washing started and took the Tuckerman Crossover and the Tuckerman Ravine Trail down to the Tuckerman Shelter where I arrived just in time to help Duncan Hayward with the day's dishes. From eight to eleven we listened on a Montreal radio station to a Gershwin concert which came through very well. At eleven Fred Fickett, assistant at the shelter, arrived on a night time packing trip from Pinkham, and soon thereafter we went to bed.

Tuesday morning we got up at 7:00, had breakfast consisting of bacon, scrambled eggs, and toast, and stacked the dishes for some time in the distant future. I left for Pinkham at 7:30 and passed a party of girls who had spent the night in a tent on the Alpine Garden and who, coming down in the morning, had found my hat which I had left in the ravine the evening before. Thus, I lost the hat twice the same day and each time had it returned, both times quite unexpectedly. I reached Pinkham at 8:15, crossing paths with Joe right outside his cabin, in plenty of time to take a shower, load the truck, and head to Berlin at ten.

*A note sixty years later: My gray sailor hat, which I lost twice on that Monday, has had a less adventuresome life since then. I still have it.*

┌ *How 'bout some North Country lore...* ┐

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| "Skookumchuck" means "dashing water" or  
| "rapids," from the language of the Chinook  
| Indians of the Pacific Northwest. |

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## ONE OLD HUTMAN'S TALE

*by Ted Brinton*

In 1942 the United States was in the middle of World War II and most college age men were committed to the armed forces, some form of year-round education, or working in an endeavor considered critical to the war effort. As a result, Joe Dodge's normal supply of candidates for summer jobs in the high huts dropped to nearly zero. Joe had to reach into the bottom of the barrel and staff the huts with military ineligible or pre-draft age students. I applied for a job and got immediate acceptance. I was seventeen, an upcoming senior at Westtown School in Pennsylvania, and probably the most compelling item in my resume was my claim of many years climbing experience in the Whites. The pay of twenty dollars a week was incidental. My assignment was Madison Hut, an ideal placement since my family and many friends were summer residents of Randolph.

As soon as school was over in June, I reported to the Madison Hutmaster Ed ("Moose") Damp. Moose was one of the most colorful employees of the AMC. He had worked for a number of years for Joe Dodge both in the construction crew and in the huts. Moose was a large, powerful man, age about 22, and had a vocabulary of profanity that matched, or possibly surpassed that of Joe Dodge. He was full of pranks, good humor, and down to earth good sense. Why he had been able to avoid the draft was a mystery. Moose claimed that the armed services would never capture him, however I later found out that soon after the summer of '42 he entered the Air Force and acquired a commission as a navigator.

When I arrived at Madison, Moose had just finished a day of driving, beating, pushing, and pulling a team of donkeys up the Valley Way in the rain. Pack donkeys and some contract

packers from Canada had been used for years to provision the huts prior to the opening for the summer season. The hut crew took over from the donk team when the huts were opened for guests, and it took half the summer for the Valley Way to regain the smell of a pristine path through balsam firs. What a contrast this archaic mode of transport was compared to today's helicopter service. Moose was covered with mud and smelled exactly like his four-legged charges. His mood was sour and his orders worse. So my first job at Madison was to clean up six filthy, foul-smelling donkeys.

[...]Through the season, each day, an order for food supplies was taken down the hill by the packer and picked up by the supply truck from Pinkham. The hutmaster made out the menus and in those days we could order anything we desired to cook. After the season got underway there developed a certain pride in our ability to serve very high-class menus. All the canned goods came from S.S. Pierce and we frequently ordered fresh vegetables and served such gourmet fare as fresh leg of lamb complete with mint jelly, fresh salmon with mayonnaise collee, and once even pheasant. Eggs were fresh and so was the milk. Eggnog with four or five dozen eggs was not unusual. It didn't take long before competition developed between the huts to see which could provide the most exotic meals, and it took Joe Dodge about a month to catch on and put a halt to the rising cost of food.

Once a season Joe Dodge led a particular girl's camp through the huts and of course we had to have a particularly good dinner the night they stayed with us. For dessert, we served vanilla ice cream packed up that day and topped it with chocolate sauce. Moose made a special Sundae for Joe: instead of ice cream he put a scoop of lard under the chocolate topping. The crew waited anxiously in the kitchen for the expected explosion, but no, Joe ate it all without comment. The explosion came the next *(continued on page 8)*



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(One Old Hutman's Tale, *continued from page 7*) morning probably to Joe's innards, and with an outward force with us the recipients as Joe unleashed his extensive vocabulary, ordering a couple of weeks of extra packing, repairs, cleaning and no days off.

Our supplies were kept in the Ravine House barn and we would take great delight in building massive goofer packs. A goofer pack would consist of very bulky light weight items such as a case of eggs topped with a couple cases of bread which looked like you were carrying a king size refrigerator. Total weight possible forty pounds. With this display we would be sure to start out casually in front of the Ravine House porch which would bring out the photographers in a force equivalent to a visit by a presidential candidate. If the day's carry was several cases of soup and canned goods, small in bulk, but a weight of sixty to seventy pounds, one circumvented the rocking chair crowd. The pack up the Valley Way was always a grind. Moose always carried the heaviest loads generally weighing over sixty pounds. He most always took along a long black cigar and a newspaper. When he approached climbers going up, or heard a group descending he would light up the cigar, begin reading the newspaper held wide open with both hands, and step up his pace in an effortless manner, easily passing the climbers going up. I'm sure he appeared in many photograph albums of visitors to the White Mountains.

Every now and then a guest would show up in unusual attire. [...] One night after dinner a couple appeared in full formal dress - the man in a Tuxedo wearing patent leather dancing slippers, the woman wearing a full-length evening gown. She was carrying her high-heel shoes because, she said, "the path had a few rough spots and it was easier to walk bare foot." They claimed they were told this was the way to the Eastern Slopes Hotel, where they were invited to a dinner dance. I think many of the children who were guests actually believed them.

A rather famous artist once came complete with pallet, paints, and brushes. I was cook that day for the expected thirty guests. The artist spent several hours painting me in my stained, long, white apron stirring tapioca pudding while reading my summer assignment, *Anna Karenina*. He told me the finished painting would join others of his in a one-man show scheduled to appear in a prominent gallery in Boston...I am still waiting for this masterpiece to show up at a Sotheby's auction.

We had a "kitty" container with a prominent message attached: "donations welcome." At the end of the season I fully expected this to be divided up among the crew. Moose had a different view. He declared one hundred percent of the kitty would be spent on booze. So a few days before we split to go home, Moose and I went down to the Gorham liquor store and bought one bottle of just about every type of hard liquor they had on the shelves - scotch, bourbon, rum, rye, gin, sloe gin, vodka, tequila, aquavit, etc. Total weight, forty pounds each to be packed up to Madison. My experience with alcohol was nearly zero, and this initiation was devastating. It was reported that a few, late-season guests never got fed, and they claimed that four totally drunk men were observed playing follow the leader on their hands and knees around Star Lake.

Fortunately, after approximately six decades, the huts began focusing on stewardship of the environment and care of the trail system. The challenges of who could carry the heaviest load or make the best time up and down the mountain appear to be giving way to how to walk gently on the earth. Today's menus at Madison might be standard fare, but the experience of the high huts remains well worth the struggle up the century-old Valley Way. But watch out if you are served ice cream sandwiches.

*Originally published in the Mountain View  
newsletter, Sept 15, 2006*

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# Oh Classifieds: In search of....

## JOBS

Nate Emerson is seeking a job teaching elementary or middle school science at an independent school in MA or NH. If someone has a lead they can call Nate at 978-793-0440.

## 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 now in a nursing home in the final stages of Alzheimers, but recognized pictures of the Whites when Ted last visited him. Please send whatever you can find via the Resuscitator Editor (contact info on final page).

## HOUSING

Amy Fleischer is looking for housing in the Boston area. She needs to move in May or June, and would love to consider some sweet OH options. Looking for a roommate, a tenant, a house-sitter? Contact Amy at 615-969-8179, or fleischer.amy@gmail.com

## PEOPLE

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



## INTERACTIVE GOOGLE MAP

Remember that thing on the first page about growing the OHA younger? Have you seen the google map showing where OH live on our website? We're trying to build an accurate directory of all OH to help people meet, hang-out, and continue cross-generational fun for the future. Have you moved? Changing your email address? Please, let us know!

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Bob Proudman (TCA Secretary) literally wrote the book of standards for the A. T. - *Appalachian Trail Design, Construction, and Maintenance* - and other trail manuals. And, for the last 50, yes FIFTY years, he has been dedicated to the Trail! This year, Bob retired from a life of managing that "simple footpath" as it winds through 14 states and numerous federal, state, and local jurisdictions. It has required the partnership and cooperation of many people - volunteers, federal, state, and local agency personnel, Trail neighbors, and the ATC. It required cooperative agreements, policies, meetings, conference calls, and informal discussions. Bob worked closely with the NPS - Appalachian Trail Park Office, the U.S. Forest Service, Trail club leaders, and other partners to manage the Trail. He may have retired from the Appalachian Trail Conservancy, but likely will still be dedicated to trail construction and management. The OH wishes Bob all the best as he moves on to his next new adventure!

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## **HOBNAIL BOOTS AND LIFE**

### **AS LAKES CROO, 1950**

by Tim Saunders

There were six members on the crew: Chuck Rowan, HM; Willie Hastings, Asst; Andy Macmillan, Brooks Parker, Bob Smith, and me, Tim Saunders, age 18. My pay was ten dollars per week. When I arrived at Lakes in late June I was wearing a flimsy pair of canvas, Kidd, high-top sneakers. On my first days off Joe Dodge took me to Gorham where I purchased a pair of work boots at the local hardware store. We had a cobbler stitch an extra leather sole on the boots. Back at Pinkham, Noble McClintock, craftsman extraordinaire, nailed edge nails on the sides of the soles and placed hobnails in the center. The nails worked well for about two weeks and then became very slippery, so when we were packing we slip-slided down the trail.

(continued on page 19)

## NEWS

*"While I've got your ear, I owe a big thank you to the Lakes crew in mid-August of 1953. Several of us were clearing the North Twin Spur - (the only trail then extant to reach the summit of North Twin) from South to North Twin - and at about 3:00 PM two of us decided that to get to the next day's assigned work place, at the then new Great Gulf Bridge, we'd "walk to work." Moving right along on the Twin Way we arrived at Zealand just in time for dinner, then took the A-Z to Crawford Notch where we bought fresh flashlight batteries at the old general store there and headed up the Crawford Path. Once we hit tree line we were in the clouds/fog all the way to Lakes, arriving there at about 1:00 AM. Fortunately Lakes was not locked against "raiders" so we sacked out on the kitchen floor.*

*Via means that now elude me, we woke up at around 5:00 AM, cooked ourselves a fast bacon and eggs breakfast and beat feet for the Great Gulf via the Crawford Path, the West Side Trail and the Great Gulf Trail, arriving at the bridge a few minutes before the start of work at 8:00 AM to pack out all construction materials to close out that project - where I'd lived for the previous 6 weeks!!*

*Since no one in the Lakes crew ever awakened during our flying visit, we left a Thank You note in the frying pan and took off. If there is any way to pass along another belated but genuine "thanks" to that long-ago Lakes crew I'd be very grateful!!"*

*~Bob Watts*

**Hey! Here's your heads up! The OHA is planning an auction of old Flea photos (the ones replaced and re-done by the now completed Greenleaf photo project) at this fall's annual meeting and reunion....bring your wallet!**



***Eight former Lakes Hutmasters at 2015 Fall Reunion***

**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 O/H? Like, have you worked in the huts between 2013 & 2015? 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!*



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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

**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.wachinicki@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!

**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](mailto:murraywd@gmail.com)

**\*NEW THIS SEASON\***

OH cabin annual pass: \$75

OH cabin annual family pass: \$150

Here's a photo from Hilary Gerardi during a trail run this fall 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](mailto:hgerardi@gmail.com)



*... More North Country lore...*

Winnepesaukee is named after the Winnepesaukee tribe of the Penacook Indian civilization, and it translates as "beautiful water in a high place."

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## Remember When...

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1949 Greenleaf Croo:

With DAID HAID at the trail marker outside Greenleaf's back door: Roger Smith, Pete Walker, "Good Deal" Al Catheron (trucker), Don Grout



Good Deal Al carried a .44 revolver. He had once met a black bear on the trail to Galehead. In those days you didn't need a concealed carry permit. The soldiers who had come back from WWII hunted and fished as they pleased. The guys who dynamited the Cutler River for fish got turned in to the New Hampshire fish cops by Noble McClintock who was Joe Dodge's carpenter at Pinkham. But nobody said anything when they dynamited the rickety old fire tower that was a menace on Carter Dome. Everybody agreed "it fell down during a lightning storm."

~Roger Smith

.....

I remember a wonderful hike with Chuck Kellogg at the 2009 Fall Reunion. Here's a picture of him as we hiked up Mt. Jackson on a clear, cold day.

~Bill Cox



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

A little addition to Sleazy's great report [in the Fall 2015 Resuscitator] on wintering over at Howard Johnson's:

Back in those old days, late 40s and early 50s, a glove company in Gloversville, New York (where else?), used to offer a pair of buckskin gloves in exchange for a fresh deer pelt. Willy had killed his deer in the fall of, what? 1950? and had sent the pelt to the glovers in Gloversville. The gloves he was wearing when he managed to shoot himself in the finger were the very deerskin gloves he had just received in exchange for the pelt. When he told us the story in the summer of '51, he left out most of the detail Sleazy reported and told us that his deepest regret was not having shot himself but that the medics had to cut his new glove off his hand to get at the wound.

~Larry Eldredge

.....



Here's a photo of Ann Dodge Middleton, 1958, sent along by Roger Smith.

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**8Carter**

Nat Haslett, HM  
Brian Taintor, AHM  
Eliza Giles  
Ian Burns  
Morgan LaPointe, Natty

**2Madison**

Maddy Conley, HM  
Alex Johnson, AHM  
Sam Summer  
Elana Lado  
Amber Dindorf  
Robert Schwerdtfeger, Natty

**4Lakes**

Kea Edwards, HM  
Kayla Rutland, AHM  
Hayden Russell  
Eliot Harper  
Nick Phillips  
Nolan Bishop  
Caroline Westberg  
Alexa Alagon  
Lynn Miao  
Justin Bondensen, Natty  
Nick Benecke, Research

**1Mizpah**

Nate Iannuccillo, HM    Sara Balch, AHM  
Alan Bebout                Alexandra Garvin  
Rachel Bolton              Colleen Corrigan, Natty

**6Zealand**

Eliza Hazen, HM  
Carter Bascom, AHM  
Emily Bishop  
Abigail Avital  
Josh Buonpane, Natty

**7Galehead**

Scott Berkley, HM  
Erica Lehner, AHM  
Annie Schide  
Greg Konar  
Anna Ready-Campbell, Natty

**5Greenleaf**

Jeff Colt, HM  
Hannah Benson, AHM  
Aslyn Dindorf  
Kate Brownstein  
Harry Stone  
Reid Grinspoon  
Jesse Keck, Natty

## 2016 SUMMER CROOS

**0Lonesome**

Emily Griffin, HM  
Kerrick Edwards, AHM  
Russell Gens  
Charlotte Price  
Marcel Aguirre  
Lorne Currier, Natty

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

*Love,*

*the OH*

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## 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**\_\_\_\_\_





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## My Introduction to the Hut System

by Larry Kilham

Late spring of '57 I reported for work at Pinkham. I was to be on the Construction Crew which I envisioned would build great structures like the Madison hut. In his welcoming interview, however, Joe Dodge explained that we were the human donkeys, and our main job was packing anything anywhere, especially if it was heavy, dirty or awkward (think gasoline, cement, planks). Then he turned me over to the construction boss, Ted Ritter, who gave us the old "freighter" pack boards and took us in the donkey truck to open Carter.

My first pack up the 19 Mile Brook Trail seemed like all of that, but eventually the hut came into view. My present job was to help out in the opening, all of whose details I'm sure all OH are very familiar with. After the ritual post-packing gulps of "bug juice" (Kool-Aid), Hutmaster Roy "Popeye" Arsenault started me immediately getting the stuff packed away for the winter out to air out and be sorted. The blankets and such were stored in a mouse proof area in the rafters maybe 12 feet above the floor. It was my job to dig those out and toss them down. Somehow I clambered up to the rafters and started to work.

A plank cracked, sounding like a rifle shot. I dropped into what seemed like an eternal free-fall with my life passing before me until my hip caught a fire extinguisher bracket, and then I crashed to the floor. Popeye who was nearby messing around in the kitchen corner (the Carter hut was not called "Cozy Carter" for nothing: the womens' bunks, kitchen and tromping around area were in one big room) clomped over to see what was the matter. "Jesuschrist Larry, you did it now!"

Popeye ran down to the Glen House to call Pinkham. He got right through to Joe. "God-dammit, Popeye, is he pissing blood?"

Popeye answered "No, Joe, he can't walk but other than that he's fine." Joe finished up by admonishing, "Well keep the sonofabitch up there until he can come down by himself to Pinkham." It seems that Joe and I got to know each other through awkward moments like this. Once I poured a bucket of water on Gregg Prentice through the upstairs register in Pinkham while Joe was passing by, but that's a story for another time.

For a week or so Popeye and I were the only ones at Carter, and during the day Popeye was packing. That left me to get by and be useful as best I could. I hobbled around on a broom, and did general hut work. But I was always on the lookout for the various creatures lurking about ranging from a bear that visited the trout ponds out back to the Doo Dangs who lived somewhere among the Ramparts—the nooks, crannies and caves on the way up Carter Dome.

One of Popeye's legends, the Doo Dangs specialized in terrorizing goofers (whoops—guests) on dark and stormy nights. There was also the thought of running into Jigger Johnson, a real-life trapper who it was said wrestled fisher cats with his bare hands after having downed copious quantities of pure alcohol.

I was relieved when the assistant hut master, John Hawkins (aka Hen Hawk), showed up. I hobbled out of Carter about a month later and settled into the comparatively boring life of the construction crew.

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. (We hope to have a list  
of specific years & huts for which we are  
missing croo photos by the next issue...  
more info to come!)

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## GORMINGS:

**Jess Marion** and Lincoln Benedict (Hut Groupie Extraordinaire) happily announce their engagement as of last fall, atop Mt. Katahdin. **Courtney** and **James Wrigley** welcomed their baby girl Evelyn Jean on 12/31/2015, just in time to ring in the new year as a family of three. She hopes to be first year croo in 2034!



**Wynn Tucker** is serving as a part-time resident naturalist at the Bull Run Mountains Conservancy in Broad Run, VA. He'll be there through July 2016, at least. OH in the area are encouraged to hike through and say hi.

**Max Gimbel** and **Keavy Cook** welcomed another potential hut croo member into their family. Ellie Grace was born Nov. 29, 2015 in Eugene, OR. Everyone, including big brothers Leo and Teague, are doing well. They look forward to introducing her to the Whites.

**Heidi Magario** shows off her skills on a recent hike to Lonesome Lake:



**Toben Traver** is currently spending three months zipping around the Pacific with his fiancée, including a six week stint in New Zealand checking out their local brand of huts (there are over 900!), and then heading to Australia and Hawaii. Toben will then be starting grad school at an as-yet-undetermined place. In March, **Abby King** flew out to Tahoe to spend five days skiing with **Lindsay Bourgoine**, **Johannes Griessehammer**, and **Dominic Kaplan**. They also met up with **Ryan KV** and **Sam Sno-Cronin**.



**Alex Corey** continues to live in Boulder, working on his dissertation. He recently married his partner Ash this past October, with the continental divide as their witness. Congrats! **Benny Taylor** spent two weeks this Spring in Belize chaperoning a group of middle schoolers. **Meika Hashimoto** has enjoyed a variety of travels this past winter and spring, including Iceland, Vietnam, and Thailand. She is now happily back in NYC, once again working

at Random House. **Mike Kautz** continues to live it up in Montana. A brief trip back East around the holidays had him criss-crossing VT, NH, and ME, including a stop at **Beth Weick's** homestead. **Joanne Ducas** has begun her second season running her Mountain Heartbeet farm and CSA in Effingham, NH. Stop by for the best produce you can eat!

**Michelle Savard** is still living the dream, currently based in Taos, New Mexico, living in an RV, traveling a lot, and has her sights set on moving into an earth ship! Here's a photo from her stint at the Pah last fall:



**Jaime Van Leuven** and **Nick Anderson** continue to live in the Portsmouth, NH area. Jaime is excited to be getting her Massage Therapy license in the coming year - and knows her hutfriends won't let her get rusty! **Jess Tabolt Halm** and husband **Ian Halm** are still slowly but surely working on building a passive solar timber frame house in Campton, NH.

**Dave Huntley** shares that his documentary *The People's Forest: The Story of The White Mountain National Forest* won the Special Recognition Award at The Boston International Film Festival. The film is available for rental or purchase at [www.ThePeoplesForest.com](http://www.ThePeoplesForest.com). **Larry Kilham's** book *The Digital Rabbit Hole* reveals that we are becoming captive in the digital universe, and offers solutions to stimulate creativity and recapture our humanity. Now available through Amazon. For all of Larry's books, go to [www.futurebooks.info](http://www.futurebooks.info).

**David Lewis** has moved back to America to be closer to the grandkids, and to have a ringside seat while the world goes to hell in a handbasket.

**Bob Carey** reports that he and his wife Janet have moved to the continuing care retirement community at Edgewood in North Andover, MA, although they continue to travel the world in search of new adventures. The "Old Farm" complex is surrounded by conservation land providing lots of trails to hike, snowshoe, or ski. Bob is glad to have more time for "retirement" activities now that his professional corporation and CPA license are history. **Earl Efinger** reports moving to the Brooksby Village Senior Community in Peabody, MA after 80 years in Andover, MA. **Harry "Steve" Westcott** sold his & Gerd's house in Wellesley, MA, which was then

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demolished before the ink was dry. In his words, "Bye, Bye House, hello McMansion." They're now in North Hill, a luxurious Continuous Care Retirement Community located on a Nike site from the Cold War. There's a nice view of the Boston sky line; the only Nikes are on their feet. He and Gerd see-saw back and forth between New England (May to October) and Florida the remainder of the year. It's "Santa Claus in Bermuda shorts, jingle bells on palm trees, and an all-over tan."

**Andy Kucera** is looking forward to a year of exciting travel plans. **Richard Maxwell** hopes to get together with his Western Division Greenleaf croo this year, and visit the Whites this summer (although he has no plans to hike up to Greenleaf!). **Doug Hotchkiss** is working on a memorial to **Chuck Kellogg** with the Manchester Essex Conservation Association. Anyone wanting more info should contact Doug at dmhbythec@comcast.net.

**John-Michael** is retired, happily divorced, in love with a soul mate, living with a Gemini brother, in great physical shape, writing a poopload of music (check out Youtube - "Jamooof"), and probably on Vieques, PR as you read this. Could it get any better? **Ted Riter** continues to connect with work animals long after his years driving the donks, currently carriage driving and working as an equine-assisted-therapy volunteer in Kensington, NH. The training from the skimmers is still applicable 60 years later.

**Peter "Fags" Fallon** writes that he finally pulled the plug on Homeland Security; he'd been a charter member since it formed after 9/11. He continues as a forensic consultant and special deputy with the local sheriff's department. More time to spend with the grandkids! **Hal Bernsen** is still enjoying life in Virginia Beach, VA. He recently remarried, to a lovely lady from Chapel Hill, NC (his former wife passed away in 2013). He gets up to Hanover (Dartmouth '58) every October - and hopes to make a point of visiting Pinkham and the OH Cabin one of these years. **Joan Bishop** is sorry to have missed the fall reunion this past November, but was on her way to a wedding in England. She hopes to see OH friends this spring.

**Sally Harris Wilbur** is now a full-time Oregonian after giving up their camp at Dummer, NH due to her stroke a couple years ago. Nonetheless, she still loves to hear about what's going on in the mountains and the north country. **Stan Bourne** is 89 years old! **Doug**

**Teschner** is in his eighth year as a Peace Corps Country Director, currently in Guinea, W. Africa. A bed is available for any visiting OH! **Dave Tosten** wrote this past fall during his south-bound thru-hike of the AT. He began on August 15, 2015, and had completed the ME and NH sections of the trail as of the end of September, including a work-for-stay at Lonesome Lake, and passing by **Jeremy Eggleton's** backyard under Moose Mountain. We hope the remainder of his walk went well!

This past summer **Cal Lovering** achieved a personal milestone in his support to both Washington State and US Special Olympics, selected as the US representative to referee Soccer/Football during the 2015 World Special Olympics Games in Los Angeles. Having supported Special Olympics for the past 15 years, officiating 40-50 games/year, it was a great honor to be selected along with 13 other International Officials. **Dave Hall** had his book *Crack99* published this past fall. It recounts a case he prosecuted that was the largest cyber-piracy case ever. It reads like a spy novel but is all true. <http://books.wwnorton.com/books/CRACK99/>. **Lincoln Cleveland** shares this picture of **Dave Hall** (center), **Bill Blais** (left) and himself (right) at one of Dave's book signings in a swanky NY law office.



**GORMINGS depends on you!** Please send news, photos, gossip, or personal ads to Editor **Beth Weick** at [b.a.weick@gmail.com](mailto:b.a.weick@gmail.com) or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266.

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## OBITUARIES

**Lucas Ryan Richardson**, 25, of Hailey, Idaho, passed away on Saturday, Sept. 12, 2015, after sustaining an injury in a climbing accident in the rugged Pioneer Mountains of Idaho.

Luke was born February 10, 1990 to Peter and Stephanie Richardson in Berlin, Vt. He attended Spaulding High School in Barre, Vt., and graduated from the University of Vermont with a natural resources degree focusing on forestry. He

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worked four seasons in the Appalachian Mountain Club hut system in New Hampshire, which was an integral part of his life and was where he met many hikers and formed lifelong friendships with other croo members.

He was an avid rock climber, hiker, back-country skier, mountain biker and trail blazer—basically all things outdoors. He was also quite competitive in croquet and ping-pong, and made every game a challenge but loads of fun.

So many things about Lucas will be missed immensely—among them, his shining smile, his laughter, his determination, his quietness, his wit. He always brought out the strengths in other people through his encouragement and his love of sharing the outdoors with everyone.

**Charlie Kellogg** passed away Monday, September 21, 2015. Charlie started working in the AMC huts as a young teenager, including working as the Lakes Hutmaster when Chief Justice Douglas visited the Lakes of the Clouds Hut.

Charlie went to the Holderness School, Williams College, and then Dartmouth's Business School. In 1968 he was on the U.S. Nordic Team and competed in the Olympics that year at Grenoble in the 30K and 50K events. He also won the first U.S. National Championship in biathlon, served on the U.S. Biathlon committee as a director and vice chairman and was elected to the U.S. Hall of Fame in Biathlon. In addition, he was very active in the Jackson Ski Touring Foundation.

In November, Charlie's ashes were scattered at Annapurna Base Camp, Nepal and a cairn put up.

**Rebecca Ann Boothman, "Becky,"** 69, of Randolph NH passed away in the early morning hours Sunday, April 10, 2016 surrounded by close friends and family.

Becky was a cook at the AMC's Pinkham Notch facility for 23 years until her retirement in 2010, when she received the Joe Dodge Award. Becky had many accomplishments and wore many hats. She grew up working and learning her amazing cooking skills in her family's hotel, The Mt. Crescent House, and continued on this career path working for many years at Whitney's Inn in Jackson. For the majority of her adult life she was self-employed within her community cleaning and caretaking many of the summer cottages, running a bakery/gift shop/catering business, and even caring for some of the community's elderly until she began her career at the AMC. As an adult she, along with her family, took over and operated "Boothman Sugar Orchard" from her parents. In 1999 she was one of 140 participants selected to participate in the Smithsonian Folklife Festival in Washington D.C. to represent NH as a traditional "Yankee" cook. Becky also served on the Randolph School Board for 20+ years. One of her proudest accomplishments was that she was the first female forest fire warden in NH and served in that role for 34 years. Later in life she concentrated heavily on her many knitting projects and made beautiful handmade gifts for friends and family far and wide.

Becky is survived by 3 children: Sara, Jeffrey, and Jennifer. She is also survived by one granddaughter, Gwen, a sister Sara, and many nieces and nephews.

*The OHA belatedly acknowledges the passing of Connie Crooker.*

**Constance Emerson Crooker** died April 10, 2015 after a lengthy battle with Melanoma. She passed surrounded by hospice and family as Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World" was playing.

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## Smoking Dog, Guinea, November 1, 2015

by Doug Teschner

Adventure has many meanings and on this particular day it might seem a simple one. I left my home in the city of Conakry to drive an hour or so to the base of this small peak for a simple day hike. Still, climbing mountains in Africa involves much more than the climb itself. For example, there is the driving: in this case, barely ever surpassing 20 mph in dense traffic, avoiding minivans loaded with charcoal piled five-feet high, motorcycles swerving around potholes, and poorly maintained taxis passing on both left and right, often with barely inches to spare.

Then there is the interaction with the people. I knew this hike would pass through a cluster of mud huts where I would interact with a smile and a few words of Soussou and where a desperately poor, but graciously friendly, woman once gave me a cucumber from her mountainside garden plot. You don't have to climb mountains to have an adventure in Africa – just visiting or, especially, living there, is plenty; and living there brings the added challenge of making a difference, building capacity for future generations. But to venture out also to wild places is such an opportunity, a special gift.

After the usual heart-pumping hike to the top, the effort and oppressive heat leave my clothes drenched in sweat. Sitting on the rocky top, I know somewhere out there Ebola was still lurking, amid denial and equally irrational fears of Westerners that we will all somehow become infected. What I choose to see instead is a succession of beautiful green peaks and cliffs that reach back into the interior where my staff had worked gallantly to educate the population about the disease.

Human nature sends conflicting messages about travels to uncharted territory. On the one hand, there is the powerful urge to stay close to the well-lit comfort of the known. Then there is the desire to explore, to suppress ever-present fear and go as far as one can: *“to suck out all the marrow of life,”* despite the uncertainty of outcome. Whether for reasons of genetics, upbringing, or simply by the grace of God, I landed in this second camp.

I often quote Edith Wharton, *“Life is always a tightrope or a feather bed. Give me the tightrope,”* reminding my Peace Corps Volunteers (evacuated at the peak of Ebola in July 2014, but back in 2016 making a difference in education, public health and agroforestry) that frustrations and difficult times need to be embraced as part of the experience. One of them wrote, *“This road may not be silky smooth, but it can be more beautiful and fulfilling than you could ever imagine. Having the opportunity to come serve in a place like Guinea is really one of the sweetest gifts that you may never fully understand.”*

*Note: This article is an excerpt from an upcoming Appalachia article recalling Doug's many adventures in Africa going back to 1971 when he was a Peace Corps Volunteer in Morocco.*



Lefty & Olivia McCrum,  
1950  
Lonesome Lake  
Hutmasters

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*(Hobnail Boots, continued from page 9)*

In 1948 Joe Dodge hired a group of college students to pack supplies for a major renovation of Lakes. Joe paid them two and a half cents a pound. (He paid the packers five cent a pound at the other huts). That year the heaviest weight packed down from the summit to Lakes was by Sid, a Harvard football player. Sid's pack, 313 lbs., unfortunately did not qualify for a record because he did not complete the trip in one day. He was packing his second load of the day when he heard the Lakes dinner bell ring. He left the load (a new urinal) about a quarter of a mile from the hut and returned the next morning to finish packing the load.

In 1950 our pack boards were a shorter version of today's boards. We would pack at least every other day. Our gas stoves and hot water heater used about 2 & 1/2 "Goofer bombs" every 2 days, so we were continually packing the empties back to the summit and bringing down fresh ones. We also had to pack, occasionally, a "Jerry Can," of gasoline for our generator (lights). In addition, as do today's croos, we packed fresh meat, potatoes, lettuce, canned goods, etc., including beer.

In the kitchen we had a gas, three-burner stove arrangement with a Dutch oven over one of the burners. We also had a homestyle gas kitchen stove with one oven and four small burners. The dishes, pots and pans were washed in a small two section sink and the dishes were dried, by guests, with kitchen towels.

Garbage and cans were put in a pit about fifty yards in back of the hut near the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, and several times during the summer we would burn the dump using gasoline. Our water supply came from a water tank, unchlorinated from the upper lake.

We had no refrigeration so all our fresh goods were kept under the hut in the winter refuge room. We used a lot of canned goods, which Joe Dodge obtained at a good discount from SS Pierce Co. thanks to an OH connection.

At lunch, for those who did not take a trail lunch or were walk-ins, we would usually serve hot canned soup with whatever may have been left over from the previous night's dinner. The trail lunches consisted of two sandwiches, one of peanut butter and grape jelly, and the other of ground up spam with mayonnaise and pickles, plus an orange and a Hershey bar.

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**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](mailto: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 lives in D.C., where she is the Science & Exploration video editor at the National Geographic Society. She is heading back to New England this summer, and could not be more thrilled to start hiking mountains instead of watching them on a computer.

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!