

THE RESUSCITATOR

SPRING 1994 THE OH ASSOCIATION 80 ROWLEY BRIDGE ROAD TOPSFIELD MA 01983

SPRING BRAWL

Welcome Spring

Saturday, May 14

\$19 with prepaid reservations

Walkins cannot be
guaranteed a lobster

\$13 '94 croo & kids under 14

also prepaid only

Clams, lobster, beer

1:00 p.m. brawl game

refreshments & keepsake

See order form for details

FALL WEEKEND

Oktoberfest

Saturday, October 1

Sunday, October 2

This is the only notice

for the traditional

work weekend

WINTER REUNION

Annual Meeting

Saturday, January 28, 1995

See order form

for questionnaire

Details to be announced



THE HUTS OF THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN
CLUB ARE STOCKED WITH S. S. PIERCE FOODS

The Huts in the Fifties

by Joe Harrington

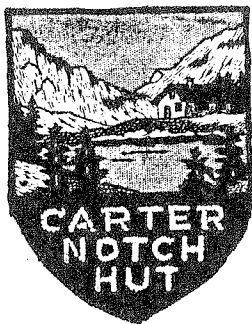
The striking thing to me is not how much of today's huts is different from the huts of those days—it's how much is the same. Despite a major increase in traffic, and some new physical plant, and some new ideas on what we can or should do to our environment, the essential spirit of the huts remains the same. It's sufficiently strong to bind together the folks who preceded me, Fifties types like myself, and the crews that followed us in the years since then. It's a wonderful heritage we share, and unlike a few who have been heard from in AMC circles from time to time, I hope that future generations also get to share it.

My very first impression of a hut was at Zealand. I was maybe 8, and we walked in there on a day hike. That was a pretty big deal, but even better than that was the noon meal at the hut. Yes, folks, there was a time when hut crews put on three sit-down meals a day. Noon meals were on the way out when I served at Greenleaf 8 or so years later, but we still were supposed to do it if it was requested. Anyway, we were all in the middle of lunch when the door burst open and a couple of guys marched in with pretty fair sized packs on, and not much else. Right then and there, I figured the thing to be was a hutboy. It was only later that I figured out that the grand entrance in the middle of lunch was more theatrics than anything else, but then, hut types were never known for excessive modesty.

The second memory I have is of a human skull, Dead Head, which was a prized raiding item in those days. Each of the huts had one or more such talismans: Lakes had its life preserver and the green chair, Zealand had the Zeabird, Greenleaf had a mailbox marked "Mocassin [sic] Telegraph" and a big orange sign which proclaimed "Twin Beds, of course...at the Greenleaf Inn!" The skull started in the Western Division, but it moved around a lot. I met Dead Head at Galehead, in the early '50's. I was still hiking under the watchful eye of a parent at the time. We walked up onto the porch, and there was the skull, grinning at us. (He grinned a lot. He didn't have a hell of a lot of choice, at his point in life.) Art Prentiss and Don Grout were keeping a watchful eye on the skull and the hut, in that order. Somewhere I've got a picture which recorded the scene. Others had a lot more to do with Dead Head than I, like my brother-in-law Roger Smith, who predates me in the huts. He's done a pretty good set of Dead Head reminiscences in the Spring 1987 Resuscitator so I'll leave that story to him.

Continued on page two

In those days there still was a fire tower on the summit of Garfield. The WMNF no longer manned it, and it was well on its way to becoming a hazard. One day a lady walked into Ghoul, having come over the ridge from Greenleaf. She was distraught at the amount of waste paper and debris blowing around the old smokechasers' perch, and held forth at length at supper. In her view, the WMNF should provide trash barrels at places like that. It seemed to escape her that a barrel alone wouldn't do the trick; to be successful as a trash barrel, it would require regular emptying. Prentiss finally said, "Madame, you're absolutely right. I think it's a scandal. But we don't have any extra barrels. Of course, if someone provided a trash barrel, I'd gladly install it on the summit." Much merriment at the conscientious lady's expense. The shoe was on the other foot one week later when a huge steel trash barrel was delivered to the Galehead packhouse. There was no honorable course open save the obvious one: pack the sucker clear to the top of Garfield. That's where it went, to be chained permanently in place. I don't know if it ever got emptied, but the summit had its trash barrel.



The physical plant of the huts was remarkably similar to today's system. I'll only comment on the significant differences. Lonesome was an old hunting lodge on the north end of the lake; pyramidal tents were the "bunkrooms", with one-hole privies in the woods for johns. Mizpah was a shelter site. There was a brochure in those days that brightly stated that "the huts are spaced a day's walk apart"; people who assumed that they could therefore easily walk from Zealand to Lakes sometimes got a surprise.

Carter looked a lot different. There were no bunkhouses. The present kitchen was the women's

bunkroom. The main room doubled as the men's bunkroom; the racks were hinged to the walls, and were swung down into place around 9 PM so people could turn in. The current crew room was the kitchen, and it was small even for those days. It was the only kitchen on the system where you could bake a cake, from start to finish, and never move your feet. Popeye Arsenault painted a pair of tracks in the appropriate spot. You could reach all the utensils, the ingredients, the stove and the matches with ease from that one position. That's small.

Then there was Evans Notch Hut. For a number of years through the Fifties, Ed and Gerry Wicks ran Evans, over on Route 113 near Cold River Camp. The brick farmhouse still stands. The men's bunkroom was a la Lonesome (another tent); the women stayed in the house. Evans is a lovely spot, but pretty far off the beaten track; it was Ed and Gerry, more than any other one factor, that made Evans work. They were two fine people. The Club gave up Evans soon after they retired from huts work.



I first saw Greenleaf in 1954; Larry Coburn was hutmaster, with John Hopkins and Bruce "Tennessee" Graham as crew. Three: that's all the crew there was. One less when someone was on Daze Off, which was of course the case half the time, since we each got three days and two nights off every two weeks. Hut capacities were the same or greater. On the other hand, the huts weren't as full as they often are today. We actually had a few gooferless nights (sorry, that's what we called them) each season, in early July or late August.

The following summer, Tennessee was hutmaster, with Ray Lavender and Ron Coralian as crew. Ronny was the only guy I ever knew who not only said that a Freightner was the best type of packboard, but actually used one. He carried as much

as anyone, on a thing that looked like it had been invented and manufactured about 400 years ago—in Lapland. Two flat, oval slabs of wood constituted the part that rested on your back; four horizontal bars held the slabs together, and provided the tie points for your pack ropes. The web shoulder straps were attached to the lowest bar and the one second from the top. That's all. If you don't believe something like that ever existed, look on the wall at Pinkham above the door from the dining room to the kitchen.

I always preferred the wood and canvas pack frames, and about the time I came into the huts, Noble McClintock or someone over at Pinkham began to make some available with extended side rails that went up over your head and let you get the center of gravity of the load over your shoulder blades, instead of outboard of your bum. The only problem with the tall boards was places we always called "Robert Hall's." You remember Robert Hall's, the men's clothing store that skimped on the atmosphere in order to hold down prices. They had a jingle on the radio which prattled incessantly about Hall's "low overhead". So every blowdown that presented an overhead obstruction was named after the erstwhile clothier. I bet he never knew

My Dad, a consulting mechanical engineer, who started roaming the hills in the '30's, spent some time watching us pack, that first summer of 1956. He took a few measurements, made a few notes, and didn't say much. A few weeks later he was back with the biggest damn packboard any of us had ever seen. It was not only outsize in height, it was wider than the standard issue, too. Comfortable. The bottom of each side rail ended in a carved handle you could grip comfortably and lift the load off your shoulders. Better than that, it had a built-in shelf on the back at just the right height. You could stack up a load as nice as you please, without having to snub underneath the bottom carton with pack rope and hope it didn't give way on the trip to the hut.

I worked for John Hopkins that summer; the other assistant was Pete Wilson, then of Darien, Connecticut. John hurt his knee about half-way through the summer, so after that Pete and I did the packing, while John did

correspondingly more of the cooking. That was OK with Pete and me, and I worked my way up to a 130 pound average the latter half of the summer.

Near the end of the summer, John gave each of his assistants a shot at making out a requisition, on the theory we'd probably be hutmasters ourselves the next year, and a little practice never hurt anyone. I grossly underestimated the amount of flour we would need, and of course we ran out. With several days to go before the next rec was due in, and nothing to pack, I was summarily made cook for the duration. I used up all the bisquick and instant pancakes, and I learned how to make bread from oatmeal and dry cereal, and I tried a few other things. I even tried to pass off ginger snaps as breakfast bread. I sure was glad when Saturday rolled around and we could go down and pick up two 50 pound sacks of King Arthur. I didn't like John for a while but I never ran out of critical supplies again, and I wound up being grateful to him for the lesson.

That was the year the Cessna crashed, the Sunday of Labor Day weekend, just off the Bridle Path to the north of the Watercourse. (That's the boggy area below the Quarter-way Crump rock which is at the start of the Flat Stretch.) The pilot had tried to fly through the notch when the ceiling was below 2000 feet. To make matters worse, he'd flown north up the middle of the notch; when he got to the place where the ceiling met the height of land, he didn't have room to make a 180 and get out. They flew right into those tall trees, crunching the wings and a lot of branches. They were lucky; the fuselage stopped its plunge just a few feet above the ground, nose down and hanging there by the wreckage of the wings and stabilizers. The pilot and his son emerged from the wreckage with one minor scratch between the two of them, and bushwhacked out to Route 3. They then proceeded to hitchhike home without telling anyone, on the theory that the home front might get alarmed if the word got out and Mom heard the news from anyone but them. Naturally, since the crash had been heard at Lafayette Campground, there soon was a big search on for the two. In an hour, the Bridle Path was crawling with official types with walkie-talkies, sight-seers, thieves who like airplane parts, and

more, on top of the usual Labor Day crowds. It all finally calmed down when the two turned up at home later Sunday evening. The fellow came back with a sled first thing Monday morning to retrieve his engine, or what the vandals had left of it. He got the block out of the woods, but not without getting Clyde Smith mad as hell, because he scraped deep ruts in Clyde's carefully constructed Bridle Path extension trail. Clyde had to make a special trip up from the sign shop at the Flume, just to do the repairs.

Clyde was a super guy, by the way. He put in the Falling Waters Trail, the Dodge Cut-Off over on Cannon, and many more. He also did all the rustic signs for the State. A man of few words, from the South, and 100% a gentleman. Except when he was talking about folks who buggered up his trails.



Well, the next summer I did have my own hut. It was back to the Flea as hutmaster, with Roger Hart and Tommy Deans as crew. That wasn't the start of Tommy's career in the huts; he'd worked room and board at Greenleaf in 1953 when Dick Maxwell was hutmaster and Dave Porter and Larry Coburn were crew. So he knew his way around, and so did Roger, whose brother Stan had been at Madison some years earlier, and sister Norma had worked at Pinkham too. I found out soon how fortunate I was to get those two.

One day early in the summer, we were meeting the truck from Pinkham on a scheduled delivery. "Got something special for you this trip," the driver grinned, and sure enough, who clambered out of the back but Kurt Haffenreffer. Kurt was a lovable old cuss, but he was nearing his dotage, and braver hutmasters than I had trembled at word he was headed their way. His gait was slow, as he felt his way along with his alpenstock, and

he was so hunched over, he never really saw the trail signs. Getting lost was his main claim to fame.

Somehow, we got him up to the hut that day. The next morning, he shuffled shyly out into the kitchen, and confessed to a minor indiscretion the previous night. It developed that nature had issued her call, and Kurt had rolled out of the pad to seek the toilet. In those days, there was a closet in the southeast corner of the men's bunkroom. We used it to store paint, caulking compound, dry goods and other supplies. Now as you'll recall, the toilet is in the opposite corner, but a door was a door. Orientation, like I said, was never Kurt's long suit. He'd gone into the "toilet" and done his thing. What a mess. Roger, Tom and I surveyed the scene for a long moment, and then the future Executive Director of the Appalachian Mountain Club showed his true mettle. "You get the mop and some Lestoil, Roger," he said, "I'll get the pail."

Thank heavens we were socked in for three solid days. Haffy was championing at the bit for a chance to hike over to Galehead, but the weather gave us a gold-plated excuse to tell him no. We'd have loved to foist him off on Parky Blatchford, but we knew we'd lose him in the process, because he never tired of telling people how he'd gotten lost in the "vilderness" on a previous Greenleaf to Galehead jaunt. "Ja, mit my green schneakers on my feet was I lost, for fife days too, with nothing to eat but one cucumber!" He could spin that yarn out for an hour, and we all came to know it by heart. Along with all his other tales, each of which began with, "Fife times vos I killed almost..."

The first of his brushes with death had something to do with his service in the cavalry in WWI; I never got it crystal clear, but it had something to do with being told to fetch water for the horses under enemy shell fire. The second had to do with his days in Germany when he played in an oompah band; they got caught late one night in a little town across the river from where they wanted to be. How to get home? There was only a railroad bridge, and who would be so dumb as to walk across a railroad bridge? "No, no, is OK," they were told. "You can walk across the bridge; look at zis schedule. Is no more trains scheduled until morning." I'll let Haffy

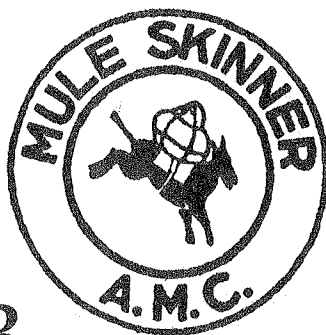
trains scheduled until morning." I'll let Haffy finish the story: "So ve valked, I mit my bass fiddle. Ve vere heffway across when, from outdt der darkness chumped...a FREIGHT TRAIN! It vos not scheduled! But I wasn't dead because dere was beside us a place for a water barrel, where dey usually heff a water barrel. But DAT day, God said, 'Don't put a water barrel there, because Haffenreffer's coming through!' So I und the orchestra chumped onto the platform, the train went by, and ve vere saved. I, with my bass fiddle! My, how I envied the piccolo player!"

Other Haffy stories were hilariously short. "Fife times vos I killed almost...once I was riding my bicycle in Brookline, Massachusetts and I voke up in the hospital." That was it; end of story. That was the episode as Haffy remembered it and that's how he told it, and we never could get any more detail out of him.

Well, you can imagine how delighted we were when Wednesday (next truck trip day) rolled around. Praises be, the sun came out. We got Haffy on the trail as soon after breakfast as we could; he needed every minute of the time till 1 PM when the truck was due, to make his way down the Bridle Path. I worked around the hut for two hours, then got nervous. What if he'd taken a header in the red rock on the First Agony? Suppose he'd gone straight at Halfway instead of taking the 90 degree right turn, and landed in Walker Ravine? I left the balance of the morning chores to Rog and Tommy, grabbed a packboard, and took off to meet the truck, and shepherd Haffy down.

It didn't take me long to find him. He was between the bottom of the Second Agony and the top of the First, no more than three-quarters of a mile from the hut. To make matters worse, he was roaming along bollicky-bareass, with his climbing shorts and underwear secured to the outside of his knapsack with little pieces of string. "Mr. HAFFENreffer!" I said, shocked, "You can't hike without your shorts on!" (You have to remember, this was the Fifties.) "In Chermany many people sunbathe like this," was his tart response. "Well," I said, "that may be true, but this isn't Germany, it's New England, and they don't." To myself I was

thinking, and until I get you onto that truck you're my responsibility and I'll be goddammed if I'll endure three hours on the Bridle Path explaining to every day goofer we meet that my hiking companion is really an OK guy even though he's naked from his belly button to his Limmers. "Please, Mr. Haffenreffer, put on your clothes!" "Well, all right," he said, and began. Then he stopped and looked at me and said—I swear to God, he said—"Would you please turn your back? It's not decent people should vatch while I dress."



Back in those happy days, the only helicopter I ever saw in the hills was the one they used to lug all the concrete and reinforcing bar up to the Old Man's forehead to keep him from sliding down into Franconia Notch. Sitting on Tramway Watcher's Rest (a crump rock at the top of the Third Agony, a.k.a. Porter's Throne), watching that chopper ferry back and forth between the Mittersill parking lot and the shoulder of Cannon, it occurred to me that you could get an initial rec up to the hut awfully quickly that way. But that wasn't how we did it. We had the donkeys.

The burros didn't appear as regularly as the swallows do in Capistrano, but they did show up every year. You never knew exactly when; Joe Dodge enjoyed calling that shot on the basis of his latest information. The first really firm indication you got was some morning when you were least expecting it, there they'd be, bunched up on the knoll overlooking the back yard, peering at you through the pucker brush.

At that point everyone dropped what he was doing and scrambled to head off the burros. They were hard to move up the mountain, but they knew exactly where they were supposed to go, and they took a savage delight in poking their way up the trail for two or three hours at a snail's pace,

and then trotting briskly past the hut and down to Eagle Lake. Worse, they sometimes kept right on trotting and headed for the top of Lafayette. If we didn't get out there and secure them, we could spend the balance of the morning retrieving the pesky critters from all over the summit cone.

A burro didn't carry as much as a man; only the biggest ones like Rocky and Trigger went over 100 pounds, and 10 or 15 of that was saddle and saddle bags. But there were a lot of them, as many as 10 or 12, so you might get a half ton of payload out of one trip. They always spent several days in one place, so they could set you up pretty well. Of course, your pack trail was full of manure till the next good rainstorm distributed the stuff, but that was all part of the deal.

I never envied the donkey skimmers. They got up earlier than hut crews, to feed their charges and get them set for the trail. They got on the trail early or not at all, for burros and afternoon thunderstorms are not compatible, especially on exposed ridges. If the weather was questionable, they stayed downstairs, and likewise, they got the hell off the hill by early afternoon if it looked like you might get some thumpers later on. So there the skimmers would be, 2 or 3 in the afternoon, with nothing to do but watch the hayburners munch away, make up the saddlebags for the next day's run, and turn in early so as to be able to get up before dawn. Exciting. Leave camp? One at a time, maybe, but better not let Joe come by and find the animals unattended, nor take a chance that the canny rascals would note your absence, bust loose, and go rambling down Route 3 or cause consternation by roaming through Lafayette Campground.

We had a perfectly awful time with the donkeys one day that summer of '57. Roger and Tom and I had been expecting them for several days, but they hadn't shown up, despite fair weather. Then one morning, into the clearing walks Larry Kilham, looking even more disconsolate than usual. "Things are pretty bad when the donkeys can't get up the hill any faster than you," was our courteous greeting.

"Ha ha," he said, sourly. "They're all stacked up down below

Trigger and started up through the red rock. He fell and got cut. He took to hee-hawing and thrashing, and spooked the others. So now there's some blood on the rocks, and the others won't go past the spot."

This put a different light on things. We grabbed our pack ropes, hid the cash box, left a note on the kitchen table for visitors, and headed down the hill. We found Georgie Hooper just finishing bandaging up the culprit, a task from which he'd been distracted from time to time by the need to keep the rest of the string from dispersing down the ridge.

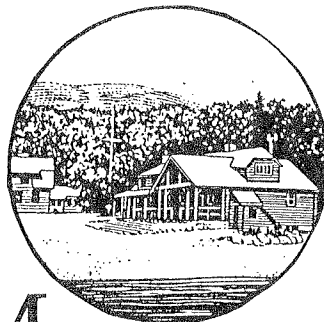
Now a donkey that knows where it doesn't want to go is a very hard object to move. We tried shouting, we tried whips, we tried sharp sticks in tender places. We tried unpacking one of the little ones and carrying the bastard. There were five of us versus the one animal; I believe an impartial referee would have scored it about even. There was some forward progress, but then again, the same can be said of a glacier, and we were plumb tuckered after five minutes and about as many yards of movement.

If you know the Bridle Path, you know that along the whole trail, there's only one spot where there's a branch trail or a diversion. As luck would have it, that branch path loops around the spot where the donkey fell. It swings east at that point, giving you a dramatic view down into Walker Ravine. It's a little exposed, but it rejoins the main path above the red rock, and it saved us. One by one, we hauled the burros up through there. With a pack rope noosed around the animal's neck, we'd pay out all the line we had, then snub to a stump or tree farther up the trail. One guy would get set to brace the line, and the others would induce the donkey to move ahead. The lead guy would take in line as the donkey moved forward. If it tried to move any way but forward, the belay man braced and held on for dear life. When the burro reached him, the other four had to prevent backsliding while he raced up ahead to find a new snubbing point.

That worked pretty well on the young impressionable ones, but the older guys had a few more tricks to play. I forget which one it was, but at one point when we were bracing the animal while the rope was being

moved on ahead, the donkey just lay down. Plop, like Fido playing dead. Canned goods rolled out of the saddlebags and oh what a mess. That was when Georgie's experience was invaluable. First he unsaddled the animal, so it was unencumbered. Then he satisfied himself that this was an attack of the stubborns, and not some genuine bodily ailment. He then notified the snub man to get ready to pull like hell, knelt down beside the burro, clamped him in a firm headlock, and pinched his nostrils closed. There was about ten seconds of stubborn silence. Ten more seconds of wide open donkey eyes and the beginnings of some leg movement. Christ, I thought to myself, Hooper's gone off his nut and he's going to asphyxiate any of them that don't work. Thirty seconds into the treatment the donkey began to thrash for air in desperation. "PULL!" screamed Georgie, releasing his headlock and the donkey's nose. It came to its feet with a rush, and bounded up the hill so fast the belay man couldn't reel in the rope fast enough.

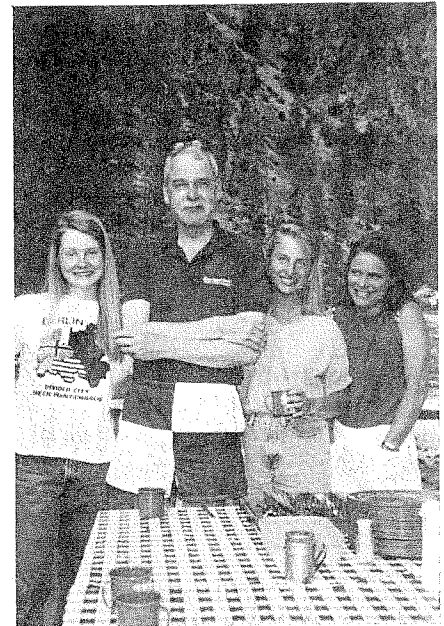
He only had to do that once. After that, the rest came right along. It wasn't pretty, but it sure was effective.



My last experience on the AMC payroll was in June 1960. I had a few weeks to kill between the spring and summer semesters at MIT, and came up to Pinkham to see if there was gainful employment to be had. There was. Supreme Court Justice William Douglas was less than a week away, due for a swing through the entire hut system from east to west, gathering material for an article in the National Geographic, and Carter wasn't even open. George Hamilton sent me up in there to open it up, whitewash anything that didn't move, and make the place tip-top for the impending visit. Three of us worked like hell, and had things under control by the time "The Judge" and his entourage came

through. They didn't impress us very much, except for one of the photographers for the magazine, but the resulting article put the huts on the map. Traffic picked up, as did revenues, and some things began to change.

So maybe that's where my story has to end, and somebody else's picks up. Who'll take up the yarn from here? What were the huts like in the Sixties?



JOE HARRINGTON
served at Greenleaf as AHM in 1956 and as HM in 1957-58. He's embarrassed to admit it but he also did time in the Eastern Division, opening Carter and closing Lakes in 1960. His current projects include hiking the New England section of the AT piecewise, climbing the New England 4000-footers and trying to keep up with the other Greenleaf alumni on the bi-annual outings.

He serves as Moderator in Westborough, MA and recently left New England Electric System to accept the post of Assistant Dean for Development in the School of Engineering at M.I.T.

This account and his Idaho Trip Log printed on page 9 were prepared on his PC in ASCI (DOS) and converted at The Nimrod Press to Microsoft Word in Postscript to be printed on a laser printer after the pages were assembled using PageMaker 4.2

The three ladies in the photo are Jessica Story, Sarah Hamilton and Jill Hamilton.

News

Peter MacGregor sent news that his father **Forbes "Black Mac" MacGregor** died November 3, 1993 at 85. Mac spent the summers of '21 through '27, first as a guide and later as a hutman at Lakes and Carter. Two of those years were spent with Joe Dodge at Pinkham. Joe and he kept Pinkham open before the road was plowed from Gorham to Jackson, isolated from any human contact for 16 weeks. Mac later was Joe's best man when Joe married Teen. Peter recalled that his father competed with Joe on trips from the summit to Pinkham and from Pinkham to Lakes. Mac later went on to become treasurer of the MacGregor Surgical Instrument Company of Needham MA, founder of MacGregor's Marine of Falmouth and was deputy harbor master of West Falmouth. Memorial donations can be made to the American cancer Society.

Other memorial news include the death of **Doug Burkette**, an Honorary Member who installed the hydro plant at Pinkham, **Arthur "Bud" Blackette**, **R. E. Phillips "Smitty" Smith** of York ME, who worked at Lakes '37, '38, and **Delong "Mony" Monahan** who died November 17, 1993. He was **Bob Monahan's** brother, worked at Carter in '22, Lakes '23 and later was a VP at the Providence Mutual Life Insurance Company.



Another year gone by—another year older—another season in the huts to remember. Most of all, more new OH into our midst. At least that's what we hope. So perhaps we current OH should make sure that new croo and new OH know that the association is here and what wonderful fellowship it offers—not to mention this fantastic newsletter.

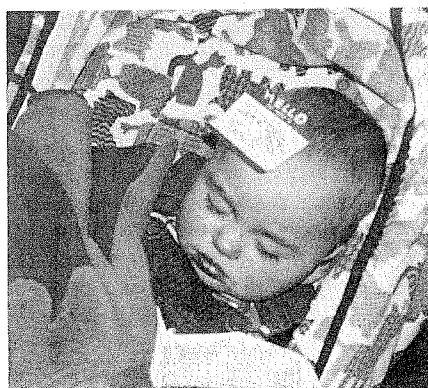
We put in all the news that we get at one time and save the rest for the next newsletter. So don't be sad if you don't see your particulars. It will get into the next one.

But, do please write and fill us in on your escapades and those of your hut chums.

You'll note that pedigree we normally list for each OH has been left off this year. Partially due to space, and partially due to the inconvenience to your illustrious editors, we have opted to simplify and have names only. While we welcome your feedback, if it doesn't come back with special OH software that automatically lists huts, years and particulars for each OH, then you can kiss that stuff "good-bye" for now. Speaking of which.... on to gormings!

This editor is feeling settled in little Rhinecliff NY, a hamlet of Rhineback NY about 1 hour south of Albany, (I moved there just about 1 year ago). I think the hamlet is mostly the Amtrack station, but its quiet—almost a time warp—and only a 12-mile bike ride to work if I can live with a "bad hair" day. Still have managed to keep my job with the National Park Service's Conservation Assistance program as the State Director of projects in NJ. I have an office at the Roosevelt -Vanderbilt NHS in Hyde Park. Not bad to watch a herd of deer wander by each afternoon! I commute to NJ every other week for a few days. I'd love to hear from OH in NJ (hint, hint **Karl Krag**) so I can stop in and visit. Any OH passing through the Hudson River Valley have a place to stay and I could even manage a special tour of the park with some advanced notice. In the course of my visits to the regional NPS office in Boston, I bump into **Bob "Apples" McIntosh**.

His very *weak* excuse for not attending the Winter Reunion was that the weather was going to be bad—which it wasn't. Come on Bob, you only live in Beverly!



Jamie Barrett at the winter reunion

The winter reunion was another success this year. 50 people attended the elegant linen and china decked affair. **Doug Shaffer** was in charge arranging victuals—YUM!—with kudos to the caterer, Media Gourmet. **Bill Barrett** and his wife Karen copped the honors for the youngest OH with cheerful son Jamie (9 months), punctuating the entire dinner and most of the business meeting with his thoughts on

assorted topics. I guess he takes after Dad! **Bill Oliver** and **Jen Granducci** officially announced their engagement with nuptials to be performed fall 1994. Jen is Hutch at Mad House this summer and welcomes OH to her place on the mountain. **Mac Stott** claimed to be the oldest, saying he'd been at all the Mad house anniversaries, including the opening in '38 which raised some grumblings about what he used for preservative. **Al Folger** would have said bourbon! Dawson introduced Mac before his excellent presentation about the Iditarod race 1993 and presented him with the OH's highest honor, an Honorary Membership in recognition of all the classy things Mac has done for the association and the AMC. Mac firmly believes that a few hair raising runs on a dog sled will keep one young for quite some time! So he's going back again this Year. There was a 3 way tie for farthest travellers with **Bruce Sloat**, **Mike Waddell** and **Chris "Hawkeye" Hawkins** from Lost Nation, Randolph and Gorham NH respectively. Any arguments? **John Meserve** assured us that our finances are in order, posting over \$13,000 of cash on hand and just over 400 members paying dues. The Cabin has been fitted out with a new gas tank, a new stove and rewiring of the first floor which includes a master switch box which will be operable just as soon as **Bob Gerhart** can get back to tie everything together. Thanks to **Mike Waddell** who was on hand to supervise the ditch digging to lay the propane gas line. **Jim Hamilton** put in a plug for the Obs and all the great work they did this January offering shelter and aid to hapless climbers caught in the sub-zero conditions. A paltry \$15 gets you an individual membership in that worthy organization that has close ties to the OH. See the last page for their address to send dues and receive **Fran Belcher's** quarterly Obs Bulletin. For those of you who missed the annual meeting festivities, you'll have to put it on your calendar for next year!

Art "Whitey" Whitehead filled us in on key information about the origins of OH traditions. For instance, on the name Resuscitator for this **Auld Ragge**. He says that: "Back in 1925—when the Pinkham road was a dirt, dusty, steep and goofer ridden road (closed in winter)—visitors would stop at Porky Gulch, get out, wander around, visit the cook shack, the lodge, maybe walk to the falls, and ask for all kinds of questions [like], 'Where is Mt. Washington?', 'Do you boys live here all winter?', 'Do you cook all the meals?', 'Where do you get your milk?' (KLIM), etc, etc." Whitey finally made a LARGE sign on cardboard which answered all of the goofers (and other's) questions and hung it on a prominent place. He named it "The Hutman's Resuscitator" Whenever they got one of those type of questions, they'd just say—"Look at the Resuscitator". On the



Steve Peters, Jen Granducci, Bill Oliver and Robin Snyder at the annual meeting.

subject of Guinea Night he remembers that : "Just before the range huts closed, we had a special meal at Porky Gulch. After the regular guests were fed, the crew from the range huts (4 from Lakes, 4 from Madison, 2 from Carter) would get to Pinkham in the afternoon. We were always able to find OH who, with friends, were talked into running one of their old huts for that night." The first banquet, Whitey remembers he and Joe Dodge cooking 7 chickens (or more) though neither of them had ever baked chickens before. Finally, on the subject of the "first" Winter Reunion he says that the 1925 croo all lived close to Beantown, so they got in touch with one another right after X-mas when the collegians were home and met at a chinese restaurant, (he thinks it was Joy Yung) and had a feed together. Thanks for clearing this up Whitey!

Joe Harrington, whose prose precedes, worked for 20 years for NE Electric and returned to his alma mater MIT January 1 to promote support for the School of Engineering's program of teaching and research.

David Albala is an MD in Chicago at Loyola and has offered his services as a writer for the Resuscitator. Spin us a yarn about your days in the huts, Dave.

Bill Putnam, author of Joe Dodge's book, American Alpine Society editor, and contributor to this *Auld Ragge*, sent us some miserable excuse to strike him from our mail list just because he hasn't officiated at a Brawl Game for a couple of years. No way, Bill, you're in this association for life!

Bob Weiner wondered if we printed his record run from Tucks. Yup, it's on page 7 and 8 in the Spring '93 Resuscitator.

Francis Carlson had a story about the huts and old hiking boots published in the June '93 Appalachia. We'll check it out.

Always great to reconnect with an OH like **Tom Caulkins** who is now retired and

visited Madison with his daughter, son-in-law and 5-year old grandson Thomas Madison Revelle, named after you know who. Tom found memorabilia unpacking in his retirement home—donk skinner patches circa '44. Send them for printing in the next issue, Tom, and thanks for the little extra in the dues pouch.

Alex McKenzie, the original Observer, has written articles for the Obs bulletin about early radios and is thinking about a monograph of his huts diary from the summer of '34 to fall '35. We'd love to get a copy of the manuscript for our archives for later publication. And thanks for the extra something together with your dues.

Dick Maxwell lists the high of '93 rafting with the Greenleaf OH in Idaho this summer. Lows included his house burning down.

Alex MacPhail has written an account of a sign caper in the '60s soon to be published. He's finishing at Antioch graduate School in Keene NH getting an MS in Environmental Education, running for office in Northampton and applying for a grant proposal to help fund some educational programs he has created in sustainable agriculture, collaborating with UMASS, Hampshire College and some local institutions. Also he'll be starting a doctorate in Non Violent conflict Resolution and Soft systems Approach to large scale Environmental Problem Solving at University of Sydney in Australia. Kids Julia and Lizzie are growing; they look forward to reunions, but would like to see more kids attending and Alex is interested in OH who are into energy, farming and housing. You can catch him at 92 Florence St., Leeds, MA 01053 tel: 413-586 6372.

Joan Low mailed a notice to **Dick Low's** OH friends to send remembrances and greetings which she presented to Dick at his 50th birthday in a Best Wishes on Your

50th Birthday album September 25th. For all of us who have had to suffer through somebody's worst-birthday-of -life party, congratulations to Joan for planning a really classy, personal occasion.

Brian Copp managed to do a roundtrip —"Ami" to Lakes to Obs and down the northwest flank back to the cog station — last summer with twin brother **Barry Copp**, all in one day and with no training! Are we suppose to applaud, Brian, or call your doctor to verify that his recommendation for you to retire to a rest home is without merit?. The real question is, Brian, how did you feel for the next few days? Barry, who broke his hand on the Lakes urinal on Guinea Night 1925, lives in Littleton/ Bethlehem Rumor has it that on that crazy night he was shadow boxing with a hut ghost and judo chopped the ol' trough, but the way the story comes out in polite company is that he fell. Sure, Barry, and Muhammad Ali got his black eye from bumping into a door in the middle of the night! Anyway, Brian got his highs from being back on the range — got a little adrenaline pumping —at least until he got to Lakes. He writes that the croo was completely uninterested in meeting OH croo from 25 years ago even when he showed them his mug in the croo-pic. So be it, he writes. An additional note about his home in Wisconsin, has him lamenting that the hiking is "ok, but is certainly NOT the Whites!

The editors, the steering committee and I'm sure the rest of you, find this disinterested Hut Croo attitude about the OH sad, and feel that the association should take on the task of bring the hut croo history alive to current croo. With very few exceptions, **Jen Granducci** the shining one, most current croo display a bored "oh not another one of those old codgers telling "hutboy" stories again!", attitude. The question is— Is that what we do?? Perhaps, but I also think we have a great deal more to offer. What can we do to make current croo more interested in the fellowship they are entering and to see that we are also part of it, no matter how long ago we worked? I would very much like to hear from OH on this matter and will in turn bring it up to Huts Manager Jeff Brown. Maybe we can be part of Gala?

Charlie Gregg, who is in his third year working for the Nature Conservancy, wondered whether the OH key is still up at PNC and says he hopes to stay over and stagger up an easy trail. It sure is Charlie. For the benefit of the lot of you, the key can be obtained at the front desk at PNC. You go up to the overworked and stressed deskie, put on your best memory of a 'hutperson face', and with a great flourish of the OH card (which they never seem to ask for anyway, which makes me wonder why we even have it), ask for the key. It

comes on a massive wooden block, ostensibly to keep it from getting lost—which never helps. You will sign out the key and head down the hill to the Cabin. In the winter expect to park along the road unless you have 4-wheel drive. Just remember to drop off the key when you leave or you may receive a cryptic message from one of the steering committee members berating you for being a goof and forgetting the prime directive—return the key for the next OH.

Lloyd Dakin moved his family from Geneva to Dar-es-Salaam in Tanzania with the UN High Commissioner on Refugees where he'll be the Deputy Country Representative for the organization. While there for the next four years, he hopes to climb Kilimanjaro and explore the game parks.

Charley Swift says his son is working in NH this summer and going to college at Amherst (Massachusetts or College?) in the Fall. He threw out a number of questions about hut costs, OH discounts, etc. So Charley here's the cryptic answer: Yes, Yes and call 603-466-2721 for resi's, OK?

Berend "Dutch" Tober regrets not showing his face at the brawl this past spring. He and his wife Heather (and 2 year old daughter Mallory) are expanding their family with 2nd daughter Beatrix Michelle Tober on November 3 1993. Mallory had it all figured out how this pregnancy and birthing stuff works, saying "mommy's tummy will go "pop" and the baby will come out". Interesting and enlightening perspective—simplicity.



Pete "Fags" Fallon reports from the "Cabin Wreck" in Vero Beach he has been commuting to Washington working on legislation to reform the flood insurance program and schmoozing with John Kerry and Joe Kennedy. Meanwhile, out off the porch of the "Wreck", salvagers have been scooping up several mil worth of the Queen's jewels, gold and assorted artifacts. Now, Pete, do you own the land to the low tide line?

Bonnie Christie sent the last three years of dues in a lump sum. The gist of her letter is: Bonnie, husband Larry and daughter

Hannah (4 yrs) have moved back from Seattle WA to Charlotte VT. Bonnie is doing part-time consulting on environmental policy while Hannah is in pre-school. Though she found time to work on Senator Leahy's campaign, her policy analyst work is on hold for the time being. The family has found time to get to the huts each summer and Hannah seems to like it. Bonnie is already giving her lectures about knee injuries! She ran into **John Dunn** and **Jen and Lars Botjorans** at a concert given by Guy Waterman. John is doing Emergency Medicine in St. Albans and Jen is a Dean of a small private school in Burlington (does this mean that Lars is a "Kept" man???); and keeps in touch with **Cami Davis** (still in Burlington) as well as **Nancy Bazilchuk** who's still residing in Richmond VT, and **Lynn White McGlenn** who lives in Hinesburg with 2 children.

Betsy Dew-Berenducci writes of new arrivals to her family, daughter Emily and son Alec. Oh no! now they will be driving a mini van! They have settled in Colorado less than 5 miles from the Continental Divide and are building a handcraft log home on 30 acres surrounded by Arrapaho National Forest. She says they are very content and hear a bird akin to the white throated sparrow and feels "at home". She encourages OH to visit.

Pam Scharf-Hunt, living in Twisp WA, is now a mom. Son Galen was born April 1992.

Joan Wortley Bishop thanked us for the remembrance of her husband's ("Bish") death March 16th 1993, but pointed out that we were in error about the time of marriage. Married in 1951, they had 3 children by 1957. Bish didn't waste anytime keeping her "barefoot and pregnant", says Joan. She's been especially appreciative about her children since Bish's passing.

Pete Kennie visited **Friedl and Martha Lang** last fall '92 and says they are doing fine in Sante Fe NM. He thanks the editors for their good writing. Kudos gratefully accepted!

Greg Knoettner is moving to Vermont where he'll be working for the Appalachian Trail Conference in Lyme NH. He brags that he got married in his Limmers in September. Let us quickly point out to you, Greg, that part of the OH tradition is to attend reunions in your Limmers, too, before this illustrious Association will confer on you accolades for properly shod nuptials!! Remember that, this spring when you come to the brawl with your new wife.

Jim Marston says it doesn't seem like 50 years since he was Zool's greenhorn hutch. He also looks forward to the Resuscitators and says they are GREAT!

Russell Hobby is living testament to the bearding of the Old Man—says he was at Greenleaf that summer and says there are pictures! Who's got em?

Jim Argentati sent a second check for dues and some for Cabin fees. He couldn't remember whether he'd paid his dues and said if it was a duplicate, to use it for the Cabin. If all of you paid dues twice, we could completely refurbish the Cabin. Jim, you are a trend setter!

Bill Meduski also made the mistake of not looking at his check register before he wrote out a dues check ha ha got him twice! But he says "what the hell, I already wrote out the check" He says the winter he worked at PNC there was a lot of snow, so much that **Al Kamman**, who was working there for the winter, skied off the TP roof. He never wanted PNC Manager **John Martinson** to find out, but when Bill checked out the TP roof on a recent visit and it looked fine, he decided it was ok to blow the secret—what the heck, great story When he's not blowing his friend's confidences, Bill is chasing-off to the Alps to ski with his Swiss brother in-law. he had another fun filled year punctuated with ski trips to Switzerland, bicycling in his free time, bike camping in Colorado through the Rocky Mountain Nat. Park and rode over the 12,000 ft. Trail Ridge Road.

Doris Folger moved to new digs in Quincy in April

"Deacon" Dave Sleeper sent an awesome post card of Snowdonia and cryptically wrote that he climbed Snowdon Sunday April 25 1993, in case anyone was interested. Says "...it's a nice patch of country hereabouts."

This next message from **Bertram "Swoop" Goodwin** must be quoted in entirety: "To Robin and Jim/ my hat is off to you. This spring's Resuscitator was so informative on news of gals and guts, past and present—so responsive to the nuances and intangibles in putting together a great issue. I appreciate the work you put into this publication and the pleasure it gave me." We humble editors thank you.

Dave Fonseca works for Wilbur Smith Associates doing general transportation planning work in the Northeast as far south as PA. He says, "This work will involve moving people as much by other means as in cars, hurrah... Uncle Sam has woken up to the fact that we do hike..." Dave serves as Outing Chair of AMC's Berkshire Chapter doing the 'member trip' stuff as long as it is still fun, and plays Baroque music in the Pioneer Valley. In between, he teaches Red Cross CPR and first aid. After 4 years of selling commercial real estate, he no longer desires to see how the other side lives in that "ill" industry and is glad to be doing the planning work.

Anne Lord sweetly reminded us to change the mailing label, at our convenience, since she uses her maiden name and promises to send us articles by **Brad Swan** when ever she finds it. Sorry Anne, will do.

Caroline and Doug George raved about



Idaho Trip Log

by Joe Harrington

Two years having passed since the last Grand Gathering of the Clans in Wyoming's FitzPatrick Wilderness, the stars were once again favorably aligned in July 1993 for a Greenleaf Hut Reunion. The Middle Fork of Idaho's Salmon River was the selected venue this time around, and the crews, their spouses, offspring, and relatives poured in from east and west.

Carol and Dick Maxwell, along with **Ruth and Dave Porter** made up the California contingent. From Oregon came **Joan and Roger Smith**. Thus were represented all of the years 1949-1953.

The East Coast group made up in numbers what it lacked in seniority. Your scribe **Joe Harrington**, as well as **Penny and Tom Deans**, represented 1956-1960. **Bonny and Linus Story**, **Meta and Gerry Whiting**, **Fran and Jed Davis**, **Sue and John Gross**, **Ken Olson**, **Laurie and Jim Hamilton** and **Laurie's sister Ruth Aoki** covered the 60's clear through 1967. In addition, daughters **Jessica Story**, **Sarah Hamilton** and **Jill Hamilton** helped keep the average age of the party a little closer to what the rest of us would have liked to think we were.

By the night of July 3, the last of the faithful had arrived at Ketchum's Boulder Mountain Hotel, where lodgings for some were obtained in spite of, not because of, the hotel's reservation system. Next morning we left behind formal clothes, credit cards, most inhibitions, and all belongings that wouldn't fit into a 2' by 4' rubber sack or a 6" x 6" x 10" waterproof ammunition box, as we boarded the vans of the Sun Valley River Company for the 2 hour ride to the launch point.

The last opportunity to change one's mind passed as one by one the rubber rafts pushed off into the churning river. Seated 2, 3 or 4 to a raft, we found that our major role that first day was to watch the Idaho wilderness glide by...and take wave after soaking wet cold wave as they broke over us. Where was the sun? All the pictures in the brochure were taken in bright sunlight! Damn! Here comes a rain shower. Whose idea was this, anyhow? (Answer: blame Dave Porter)

Things picked up when we got to the first hot springs. **Hair** led the way, showing his profile in courage by being the first to park his butt in the steaming pool. Twenty-two cold wet bodies followed in short order and the warming up process began. Lunch was build your own sandwich(es) from plates piled high with meats, cheeses, lettuce, tomatoes and more. Porter was forgiven.

When we reached the first campsite, toward the end of the afternoon, it got even better. Far from the participative style to which we were accustomed from the huts (fold your blankets, dry dishes, etc.) we found that tents were all set up for us, and camp chairs were already conveniently circled by the fire. Our waterproof bags had reappeared, along with various beverages we'd brought in anticipation of the pre-dinner

hour. When thick steaks went on the fire, we knew we'd landed with the right outfitter. Porter was now not merely forgiven, but openly lauded for his recommendation. Ultimately, as godfather of the trip, he would have cause to be embarrassed on our behalf before the clean-cut, upright guides...but that comes later.

Next day after a hut-style breakfast (eggs, pancakes, bacon, more), four one-man kayaks were broken out, and **Jed Davis**, **John Gross**, **Roger Smith** and I sallied forth after a brief introduction to a few of the finer points. This proved to be a way to get even wetter and colder than in the big rafts, as you had the opportunity to sit right on the bottom of the kayak where the icy water collected. Just as **John** and I were congratulating ourselves on how well we were catching on, we were swept one after the other into a huge downed tree and capsized. This could have had serious consequences, as we were forced under the tangle of branches by the current. Fortunately we emerged one after the other and continued our swimming lesson from the Salmon on the surface. Upstream, **Fran Davis**, not to be outdone, had gone overboard off one of the big rafts. The better part of an hour was wasted getting three "river rats" wrung out and back afloat. The day continued without further mishap, and was later commemorated in verse by yours truly.

Aside from kayaking, or riding seated on the front of the big rafts, there was a third opportunity: The Paddle Boat. Three paddlers lined each side of this raft, with a guide in back steering with his paddle and bellowing commands to negotiate the rapids. **Dick and Carol Maxwell**, **Jill and Sarah Hamilton**, **Jessica Story**, **Joan Smith**, **Laurie Hamilton**, **Ruth Aoki**, **Fran Davis**, **Sue Gross** and others took turns propelling this craft and taking on all comers at water fights. In "Water Poker", 7 paddles beats 2 oars and a bailing bucket, it turned out.

The lead fisherfolk were **Ruth and Dave Porter** and **Ken Olson**, occasionally joined by the guides and others at pulling rainbow trout and more from the Middle Fork. Local regulations required that they be put back, so we never got to sample the fruits of their efforts.

The second evening was marked by multiple lunar appearances. A sterling parade of 5 alumni (**Davis**, **Deans**, **Hamilton**, **Story**, **Whiting**) marched manfully to a perch on the path above the campfire circle and proceeded to demonstrate how to avoid eclipsing the moon. After due deliberation as to an appropriate response, a select group of rather more heavenly bodies (**Aoki**, **Davis**, **Deans**, **Gross**, **Hamilton**) ascended the path and outshone the males' cheeky display by several orders of magnitude.

A bit later **Roger Smith** recited "The Cremation of Sam McGee" as well as other Robert Service poems, and finished with a stirring rendition of *Thaïs*, all of which was very well received by the critics. Songs, limericks, jokes (some bad, others worse, all hilarious) kept the campfire burning late.

Tuesday was a mellow day on the river, as "real rapids" were few and far between, and most of the time was spent observing mountain sheep, eagles, and lesser fauna. At noontime we hiked up Loon Creek to the biggest hot spring yet. We alternated between the hot pool and the frigid brook...until the guides broke out the watermelon.

At another stop we walked up from the river to observe Indian paintings on the rocks over 100 years old—the *Sheepeaters'* depictions of animal hunts were clear enough, as was the distinction between male and female figures. "No man is an island," delicately explained our clean-cut leader, **Jon McGregor**, "but every man has...a peninsula."

Each evening's campsite seemed better than the one before. Tuesday night's special offering was a horseshoe pit, which invited several matches, notably a **Deans/Davis** couples grudge match which took longer than usual due to hysterics on the part of two of the participants as shoes arced through the trees or rolled toward the river. After supper, led by **Linus** and **Jed**, most of the group climbed all or part of the 800' hill behind the camp as the evening light set aglow the canyon walls above the bend in the river. In terms of after-dinner exertion it was substantially in excess of **Nubble Monroe**, but not, of course, the equal of mighty **Lafayette**.

Wednesday's best kayaking event took place at Haystack Rapids, where the fearless **Tom Deans** led the way into the 6'-7" waves. Promptly going broadside in the first trough, he executed a totally unplanned Eskimo roll which was still in progress when **Jed Davis** came over the top. **Jed** and his kayak emerged on separate courses, while **Tom** miraculously remained seated. **Sue Gross** and **Meta Whiting** handily avoided this melee and came through Haystack in stellar form.

By the way, if this sounds like your kind of trip, **Jon and Melanie McGregor** are professional outfitters who run **Sun Valley Rivers Company**, and they can be reached by mail at P.O. Box 1776, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353, or by phone at 208-726-7404.

Wednesday night as we pulled up to the shore for our final night on the river, mountain sheep surveyed us with evident disdain from a rocky outcrop just 50' above the campfire. (**Joan Smith** reported she heard one of them say, "Well, there goes the neighborhood.") Just as well they didn't hang around; they wouldn't have understood **Jed Davis'**s rendition of *The One-Armed Fiddler*, much less the awards distributed by **Jim Hamilton** for those who had distinguished themselves. To give you just the flavor of these awards, I got the Iron Bladder Award for not disgracing myself over an extended period one morning just before breakfast, during which I was furiously trying to unsnarl a fouled zipper on the fly (of my tent) so that I could get free to join the morning dash for the privy. It went downhill from there. When the laughter subsided (this took a while) **Dave Porter** rose to make amends to **Jon** and the guides. "I just want you to know," he intoned solemnly, "...that I'm embarrassed!"

Next day as the Middle Fork merged with the main stream of the Salmon, our trip drew to an end. Signs of civilization began to appear as we passed our 100th mile: a van on the road above us...(mere) day trippers out for an afternoon float...and a distinctly more turbid and foamy stream, thanks to upstream development. One hundred and three miles from our start, we beached the rafts for the last time, crawled out, and headed for the vans for the long ride back to Ketchum.

The only outstanding question is....what do we do in '95?

the "awesome" job on the Resuscitator by da Editors! Thank you, thank you thank you!

Hub Sise celebrated his 80th birthday last June with 3 kids and spouses, 5 grand kids and his honored wife Marge. The agenda for the celebration was one day of windsurfing, an over night at Greenleaf via Falling Waters Trail and a hot air balloon ride courtesy of the kids. Wow! I wonder if I can handle that much for my 40th birthday in a few decades!

Chuck Rowan and his wife Suzanne went to Alaska for 3 months this summer with his itinerary including 3 weeks and 400 miles of paddling, a week long hiking trip in Denali, and a week hiking out of McCarthy in the Wrangell Mt. Range. Pardon us if we take a moment to wipe the drool off our chins, Chuck. Of course he says it was great.

Lew Bissell said he's seen **Charlie Brownell** and inquired if **Robert Monahan** in Canada is **Bob Monahan's** son who lives in British Columbia? If so, Bob of Obs fame is living in the Gould home in Plymouth NH. He says we'll see him this spring.

Chartering and fishing for tuna out of Kennebunkport ME is still keeping **Bill Cummings** busy despite hitting 75 soon. He swears he's still on his feet though!

Stan Hart says the Resuscitator is the best in years and asks for more T-Shirts like the ones for the Madison Centennial job in the 80's. Maybe we should do new OH shirts in '90's colors?

Tom Hefferman will retire from the US Forest Service in April '94 and set up a little appraisal business in Colorado. He says the USFS work was very satisfying; he was fortunate to be able to negotiate and appraise thousands of acres of lands for purchase by the forest service, including many fine recreational tracts acquired for the Appalachian Trail and Wilderness. In the course of his USFS career he found himself in eastern Oregon, the Black Hills of S. Dakota, Eastern Kentucky and the western portion of Virginia. He sadly notes that his wife Jackie, of 25 years, was lost to cancer in December 92. In retirement, he'll be moving to Montrose CO where he'll wed his "outdoor lady" Kathy Perfar on 5/29/93. Sounds like you'll be keeping busy Tom, skiing, horseback riding, fly fishing, hiking and x-c skiing. Perhaps you should reconsider and not do any work — sounds like you've earned some play time. Our sympathy on your loss and your new happiness and companionship.

June Litwin reminded us of a record tote in the '60s "...had to beat 'Brownie' from the Cog with the (F) pack record to Lakes. Da crew picked me up three times and we did it at 92 lbs. of TP and V8—glorious stack!" Thanks for your selection of vintage pix.

Terry Wright wrote that he returned to

New England after 2 years in California (good timing Terry), and paid visits to Mad house and Lakes. He was concerned that there are no pics of the 1963 croo. Don't complain Terry, why don't you take it upon yourself to put them up?

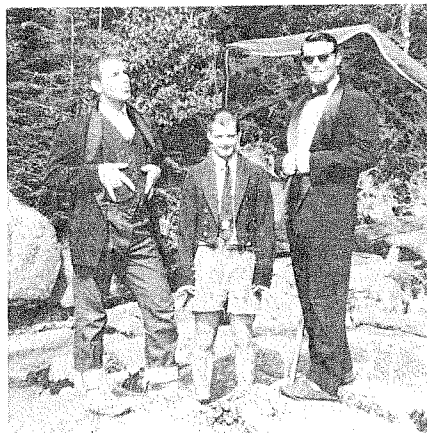
Tom Johnson begged for his OH membership card so he can get cheap rates at the huts this summer.

Sally Dinsmore Baldwin who, with husband **Ned Baldwin** made it to last years winter reunion but were sadly missed this year, filled us in on OH brothers locations and asked us to print addresses so folks can catch up in person. Very well Sally; **Page and Adele (Joyes) Dinsmore**, 1605 Serramonte Dr., Fort Collins CO 80524; **Phil Dinsmore**, 4015 1st Ave, NW, Seattle WA 98107. Thanks.

Beth Tracy enjoyed reading the Resuscitator but was saddened to learn of **Cal Harris's** death. We've put her in touch with **Sally Wilbur** so she can share her memories of those pre-AMC days when she first met Cal.

Jay Coburn is still skiing, hiking and canoeing with his wife Gina and daughter Liza (5 yrs) all over Essex County from their home in Beverly MA. It is good to hear that all of us are not physically falling apart. Howdy Jay!

Doug Prescott wrote what I believe to be a testament to 2 generations in the huts, i.e. his parents who passed away in '91 and '92 and himself. I apologize if there was more Doug, your writing was difficult to read.



George Emlen & Zool croo—circa 1963

George Emlen is Music Director at Putney School in Vermont and of the Christmas Revels in Cambridge this past season. You can find him in Blue Hill, ME in the summer directing the Mount Desert Summer Choral.

Betsy Strong Kent found a great volunteer librarian job cataloging the White Mountain Collection at the Mount Washington Observatory Resource Center in North Conway. Congratulations Betsy.

Tom Loucks send his regards to all and

wants to know the whereabouts of **Ken Olson**, **Mike Bridgewater**, **Mark Kingsbury** and **Lew McLean**. He also informed us that **Charlie Swift** was hit by a bad "bug" in Australia. He has been flown back to the US to a hospital in Berkeley CA, but has brain damage and is in very bad shape. Tom didn't fill us in on where or when, so the rest of the details are sketchy. If anyone else knows the situation, please write. As far as we know Tom, Ken is still at the Conservation Fund in DC and doing the bachelor thing, dreaming of the Whites and studious avoiding ever coming to an OH reunion of any sort (the cad says he's too busy). The rest may perhaps read the newsletter and get in touch with you. As far as a directory goes, send in \$8 bucks and we'll print one and send it along.

At least **Alan Prescott** apologized for not being able to make the Winter Reunion Next time Alan.

Doug Hotchkiss just returned from a great trip to the Antarctic Peninsula via Tierra Del Fuego and the Falklands. He attests that it is one of the last unspoiled continents on planet earth and chides us all to work to keep it that way. Next on his travel itinerary is a ski trip along the Haute Route from Zermat to Camonix in late April. If you want to hear about it, that is if you can stand Doug's tanned, healthy face and "I've just gotten back from vacation" demeanor, come to the brawl.

Speaking of Antarctica, the AMC South tradition continues on. I know **Mark Parent** of formerly head trucker fame is down doing meteorology. I wish he would write! **Gloria and Tom Hutchins** took the plunge again but this time Glo has a full-time job with the support company (whose name I can't remember) so she's in Denver 6-9 months and at the pole the rest of the time. Word has it their house in Jackson is closed in and waiting to be finished at some later time. I know that more AMCs and OH are down there but without an update direct, suffice it for us to send a rousing HOWDY DO! down in that direction.

Pete and Emily (Thayer) Benson couldn't make the winter reunion but promise to be there this spring (I should hope so since you live in Jackson).

Robin and Bob Najor planned a winter camping trip for the same weekend as the winter fete (at least that is the excuse for not being there). Can you imagine that? We'll think of you while basking in the warmth of OH buddies and good victuals.

Steve Colt, our Alaska correspondent, wonders if **Dawson Winch** is still around (of course) and says he spent brief, but pleasant encounters with northern OH in '93. (Sounds like he's relating a sighting of a rare animal species on some safari trip in the outback!). He spent a day skiing on Mt. Hood with **Dave Moskowitz**, who recently moved up the conservation corporate ladder

to a position at Oregon Trout in Portland (must have been all that septic system training at AMC). Wondering aloud about the position, since it wasn't specified... could it be VP of Homeless Trout?? Are his duties involving making sure that when they stock all those fingerlings, that the guys don't let the little shiners do head plants in the mud? In August, Steve was entertained by **Phil Dinsmore and Wendy Norquist** who had a hair-raising encounter with an Alaskan glacial river in the Wrangell Mountains. Do tell! Perhaps they have good pics (since they survived) and we could have them as our speakers for the Winter Reunion in '95? In September, Steve had the pleasure of finishing well behind **Allen Doyle**, the winner of the 1993 Equinox marathon in Fairbanks. "Imagine, if you will, the auto road with 11 miles tacked on before and after, and you can appreciate Alan's feat". With this OH croo Steve, they might not even grunt unless Alan also does the run in Limmers! In November, Steve made it to the Manhattan accommodations of **Bill Blais and Ellen Hartwell** and their children Charlotte and Henry. Word is it is constant "show - time". Could we expect anything else of Mr. Bill? Finally, Steve notes that we should take editorial notice of the accolades and honors of **Rich Feldman** for his pioneering efforts to establish voice-mail networks for the homeless in Seattle; Steve says he's constantly in the Northeast News section of the Anchorage Newspapers. So noted. Thanks!

Peter Crane apologized for late dues and for missing last years reunion. He also wants to keep the boot logo. We are Peter. The boot's on the letterhead and the Cabin is on your window! Now that you have missed the '94 winter reunion, too, unless you really want to get in trouble Peter, you better put the spring brawl (May 4) on your calendar and show your face!!! Pete did finish his PhD at the University of Pennsylvania. According to **Bill Kelley**, Steve Colt owes him a beer.

Ken Whiting wrote to say he couldn't get to Boston for the winter fete due to a house move, but will send **Gerry Whiting** along to represent the Whiting clan. Which he dutifully did. Gerry wasn't all that takative at the reunion, but I did manage to learn that he **Linus Story, Jed Davis, Jim Hamilton, Gerry's daughter Kendra and John Gross' son Andy** spent a chilly weekend camping at Chez Story's in southeastern Maine. They wimped out of Gerry's cabin on Moosehead at -30 below zero, but managed a luncheon ascent on South Bald Face the same day in January that froze the UNH climber on Jefferson. Ever hear Story tell who the Presidential's weren't named after? Clinton and Carter were not named after Bill and Jimmy and Washington was not named after president

George, but general George.

Brian and Betsy Fowler sent a little extra for "the good of the order" with his dues this year. He respectfully requests separate membership cards since he and Betsy were often in spearate parts of the system at the same time. Of course, Brian, we will make the correction.



An example of posters available at the New England Ski Museum gift shop.

Cal Conniff is president of the New England Ski Museum at Cannon Mountain, a must-see while you're in the Franconias. Besides the displays of skiing memorabilia, they show videos of classic skiing adventures and sell memberships, posters, books, T-shirts and videos in their gift shop. Ckeck out the gerat picture of Pete Limmer.

Galen Gilbert notes that he is engaged to Elizabeth Slote, an artist and writer of children's books from Cambridge. She loves the Franconia Ridge Trail where she became "sold" on hiking last summer. The two are planning an April wedding (on the Ridge???)

Dulcie Helman has left the cold and snow of New Hampshire winter for Brisbane CA. She says she still owns her home in North Conway but thought she'd try the hassle free winter o fthe west coast. "So far so good" Brisbane, a small town of 3000, is nestled on the northeast side of San Bruno Mountain, the mostly undeveloped piece of 'big hill' you see when flying over San Francisco. With mountains right outside her door, its not to different from her North Conway abode. She's teaching at a Montessori School in San Mateo for ages 3-6 years ("AMAZING" she says). Still feeding her wild dancing side, she says she's been doing

Zydeco and Cajun dancing there. She sees **Greg Andrew** and his wife Rita every now and then. Eastern OH, the likes of **Margie Schnitzer** who's a travel agent for Thomas Cook in Cambridge MA, come to visit too. Thank heaven for airplanes and the economical deals when working in the industry! I for one will really miss Dulcie and I can't imagine the North Country without her.

Charlie Stillman and Sandy Williams enjoyed Resuscitator and **Al Folger's** 'Folgerisms', who often remarked about the people speeding down from PNC "Making dollar signs out of S curves".

Ruth and Max Weiner finally retired to Jerusalem, though she says nothing beat the Whites.

Nancy Bazilchuk says "Yippee! I just won a National Science writing award — First place in the American Association for the Advancement of Science/Westinghouse Science Journalism Awards". We are so happy for you. You certainly deserved it long ago! It is worth a free trip to San Francisco to pick up the \$2500 prize and give a speech. Hey, visit Dulcie while you are out there! Again congrats!

Susan Eusden says that **Nate Adams** and she had a little mini-reunion in Portage Alaska on a howling, stormy day. Wass this planned?! They hadn't seen each other for 20 years! She also spent an August evening at Nate's apartment in Anchorage too. Susan got to the Whites in September for a hike to Mt. Cardigan with **Greg Betts**, saw **Nancy and Will Decourcey, Ray and Connie Evans** and had a great evening with **Lib and Charlie Croke** — including seeing the video of the 100th anniversary again. She laments missing the winter fling but sends a note to **Mac Stott** that she and **Don Unger** also know Steve King whom they met 90 miles into Denali Park. With a March trip planned for the east, maybe the rest of us might bump into you Susan! Stay in touch.

John Hull wishes us a fun time in January though he can't join us.

Lucy Rogers went through a divorce in 1991 and moved to new digs in Lovell Maine. retiring from 16 years of roughing it. She sends special hellos to Garth and Rachel and wants to know if **Gardner Kellog** is the son of her father's best man at his wedding in 1940? See how useful this newsletter is? How else would we ever clear up these mysteries!

Bob Daniels put da better half of this editing team and Dawson on his list of favorite people saying we are among his favorite people! How nice. He likes the newsletter too. It was good to see him at Joy Street in January.

Stroker Rogovin made an appearance at the January affair too, this time with new lady friend Galan in tow. This one's a keeper Stoker so open your eyes and stop

wagging your tail, OK? Stroker offered to put me up at his apartment the week after the reunion, but I was afraid of fleas so I stayed at the Y.

John Halporn is hoping to get out of Ohio in May to start an internship in Boston or points farther North. The '83 Lakes crew had a reunion this year. They did miss **Paul "Barky" Delva** and **Liz Keufel** (who called from Switzerland. They played poker for popsicle sticks instead of shooting baseball cards and the AM and HM and the HM's significant other were holders of the most sticks by the finish. Collusion or coincidence, you decide. He asks, "Does anyone remember the study of age related incidence of plain vs almond hershey's purchases at lakes in 1983?

Henry Parker doesn't fool around and simply asked about the price of more decals. They are absolutely *free*, my friend, with a membership dues of \$15.00.

Liz Seabury sent us a sexy post card saying nothing of herself but notes that **Dave Huntly** has just finished producing a show for PBS called *Scientific American Frontiers* (with Alan Alda) How does it feel to rub shoulders with the beautiful people Dave? Oh, and how was it working with Alan Alda? (is he OH?)

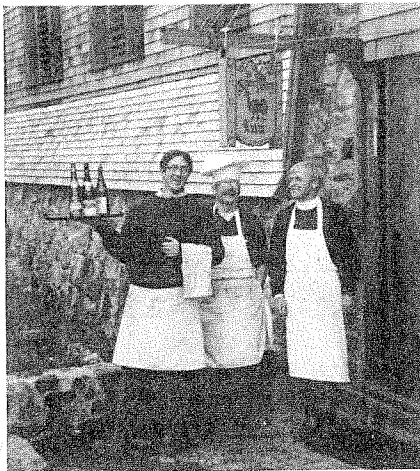
Dave Huntley then wrote to update his address, tell us we have a very "cool return envelope and that he was very impressed at our organization. The details of the PBS film with that Alda guy sound like Dave raced all over Germany where he was attacked by storks in the South and made ill and blackened with exhaust and pollution from the East German Trabi cars in the north. To top it off, at 15,000 feet on Mont Rosa in the Italian Alps he got violently ill, thus impressing his crew and Mr. Alda, while they were doing a piece on trying to predict altitude sickness. Luckily, he was entertained by **Mark Huntley** when they met in Berlin (Deutschland not NH) where Mark is freelance reporting for public radio on shows like *Weekend Edition* and *Marketplace*. Hopefully Dave, you managed not to lose your lunch at that reunion. He's now in Prague for a good long while and invites folks to come visit.

Donna Dobbs Moore shared a lively x-Mas with her 4 girls (Carolines 6, Rachel 4, Rebecca 3, and Devin 1) and her brother **Marc Dobbs**, his wife, and 3 children (Katherines 3, Harrison 3, and Sarah 18 months). She says seeing Santa's gifts for 7 kids is quite a sight! I would have said scary!

Dr. and Mrs Steve "Coach" Paxson gave birth to twin daughters Olivia Katherine and Emily Elizabeth born 12-14-93. They join brother Stephen Andrew 1 1/2. Boy, that's enough news for all the rest of us. I'm tired already!

Liz Schultis-Kotowski got caught in a tornado this fall and when the house was set

down... she wasn't in Kansas. She woke to find she had a new job with the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Protection as the Assistant to the Deputy Commissioner of Policy and Planning, got married to her sweetie Ed Kotowski, bought a new house in Acton MA and felt guilty about not letting any of her friends know where she landed. She was in such a whirl, she even made other plans on the weekend of the OH reunion in January! Imagine that? Even yours truly, once called a friend, had to find out all of this when I started typing out the gormings. Of course I called her up and bitched like hell until she cried uncle and filled me in on the rest. Life is good she says and her red shoes really do work to make dreams come true! Her new address in Acton is 4 Whittier Drive, 01720, 508-263-9704.



We can identify the two characters on the left, but who's that on the right?

We had a number of OH sing the praises of the new window decal logo of the OH Cabin. **Kimberly Steward** was one; **Andy Cook** says "Keep up the good work"; **Rhonna Cohen** sent her dues and an updated address in Stamford CT.

Harry Westcott thinks we need more "young" hutmen ['persons' Harry, after all this is the '90's] in the AMC's upper echelon to insure that the huts have a voice in governance. He thinks there is plenty of room on committees as a way to get started. He says, and I quote, "... let the good ol boys out to pasture and bring in the young turks (turks??). It is an interesting observation and suggestion. Perhaps a better reflection might be why there are so few hutfolks interested in participating at that level. He also suggests we have the next winter reunion in Orlando. I'll bring it up to the steering Committee, Harry.

Al Starkey says it has been a quite year in the midwest. He is really

missing the huts and hopes to get east this year. He has 2 grandchildren in Minnesota and is still working at Rohm and Haas in Sales/Engineering.

Allen Clark hiked the western huts this fall in near perfect weather but complains that someone changed the trail and made it steeper. Al, it has already been reported to the USFS by a few other reeling hikers and the ridge runners are looking for the culprits. You may want to make yourself available for an identification session of the mean spirited and ruthless felons. We hear it will be scheduled during the spring brawl.

Arthur Harris loved the fact that we had vegetarian selections at the winter reunion (even though he didn't attend). Yup, it was scrumdilishus!

John Michael Field, who's out in Holyoke MA being Mister MOM for an 'almost' 3 year old, says it is a hoot'n'a half...instead of soaps he watches taped college B-Ball in fast forward. John Michael also relates that **Chen Sun** and **Ananda Campbell** (Alias Ash and Mary — though neither have used their former names for some time) are in Sante Fe NM for the winter.

Arthur Whitcher wanted to let us know that we have not cashed his check (imagine that?) and would we please.

Mason "Buck" Bryant apologizes for not getting east much from Juneau Alaska but he likes the Resuscitator.

Kimberly Sing is a doctor out in Chicago doing some more work in Toxicology. This past summer she got back to the Whites and, like an itchy spot on your back that annoys you till you get in that scratch, she didn't realize just how big the White Mountain 'itch' was till she got here. She offers to utilize her training for AMC workshops too. Kim, we sent the letter on to AMC. Good Luck

David Lewis has left the ranch for a 6 month contract which ended in November '93, here in Massachusetts to design a farm based village for retarded adults. He's working with 600 acres of land in Templeton MA. Luckily he did manage some R and R at the cabin and Squam Lake after that. Did you pull it off Dave?

Eric Bauman came back from the land of the lost to pay his dues, though he mentioned that the AMC Outdoors magazine list our dues as \$10.00. We ought to correct that since dues are \$15.00.

Molly Hunter is down in Texas learning to wear cowboy boots and a stetson. She admits to being a terrible correspondent and depends on the newsletter to fill her in on Trucker buddies like **Scott "Scottish" Macomber**, who had a little baby boy last year and should be finished his PhD soon; **Mark Hitchcock**, **Gary Newfield**, **Peggy Dillon Lynn Dombek**, and others. She says Texas is more of a foreign country than England where she's been for the last few years, and while it doesn't have the ice of Antarctica, it is interesting nonetheless and worth the visit. By the way Molly, Stroker don't write the newsletter (though it would be a

good one if he did).

Andi Rankin was way late in paying her dues but apologized so nicely we won't set the dogs on her yet.

G. Jeffrey Worst is still working for Booz, Allen and broke down and got engaged. He also just got back from a trip to Japan to visit his future in-laws. There he avoided the teeming hordes and tried to hike in the less known areas, i.e. NOT Mt. Fuji. He did, however, do some golfing and got to meet the past Prime Minister Nakasone (he looks really burned out, by the way). He also managed to go to a keirin race (bicycle track race). It is a little unclear why you are going to Japan so much Jeff. Is your fiancée from there or are you simply enthralled with jet lag? Rumor has it that the storehouse still uses the drymarker board to schedule vehicles — a dynasty!

Doug Dodd wishes he had more time for the mountains and old friends. He says running a business, raising kids and maintaining a home makes it difficult. He does admit that his wife does most of the work (of course). The real kicker is the house that he is building. He laments that his daughters haven't taken on much of an interest in the process. Maybe as a group we could offer some ideas on how to entice the uninterested in Doug's house building. What about paying them Doug!?

Doug Teschner lost no time in getting to the political discussion in his note. Yup, he's still in the legislature. Are you going to be governor some day? Says his kids are growing like the weeds in his garden. Doug, most of the rest of us have been gardening with vegetables and have a lot more enjoyment later on. Ever think you might switch?

Chuck Stata, who made it to the winter fling with daughter Michelle (who's a '94 hut hopeful) says it has been 31 years since his first year in the OH, "True Old fart status". He remembers that he, Vic and Louis Schessil were 100% of the Porky Gulch crew that winter. Word from Pinkham is that Chuck will be hut sitting this summer.

Chris Stewart, now in Portland ME, says he has uncovered secret Packwood diaries. He intends to publish the same and retire to Bangkok where he'll write his own secret diary. Watch yourself Chris, I hear the CIA has been brought in!

Dave Ward will be doing his residency at Walter Reed in DC and will get hitched in June. He's interested in a Lakes '89 5-year reunion. What better place than the Cabin in May?

Chuck Wooster has made a break from Norwich VT to lovely Somerville to work for a wind power company—a break for wind, so to speak. He's learning how to garden and speak Spanish.

Jack Tracy and **Joanne Beckett** have a 3rd girl in the family—Ellen Honor Tracy, born 11/20/1993 to join sisters Shannon (4) and Michaela (2).

Dave Hall also sent us the good news.

Tom Davis is a geology professor at Bentley College.

Finally had a non-dues payer respond to stop wasting postage on her, so may we all say *adios* to **Martha Barrett** in exciting Northfield, MN home of at least one noteworthy institution, Carleton College.

Also another deadhead stepped forward, **George Haselton**, with a letter all warm and glowing—the details of which will be shared with you, once we get this guy back on the dues paying roles. C'mon George, you ain't on food stamps!

So those who appreciate their OH status and throw *more* than their dues into the till, like **Bob Prescott** write and look forward to receiving their window decal.

Hello **Ross Morgan**. Welcome back to the OH Association. Ross is a private forester and adjunct faculty member at Sterling College.

Pete Woodcock will be getting back to the Whites this summer and missed us at the winter reunion.

Beth Tracy is still working for Paramount Pictures and dreaming of real weather.

Chris Thayer is a veteran current crew working for the Crawford's this winter and will be at Greenleaf for a sixth summer.

Greg Andrew lives in CA with Reta his wife of 2 1/2 years. he expects to move back east in '95.

Chris Richardson misplaced his new OH decal and has requested another to display around Sandy Spring MD.

Tried to get a hold of **Cap Kane** for the last Steering Committee meeting, but he was on his way to Indonesia to climb volcanoes and visit with his sister.

Also tried to get a hold of **Cathleen Trafton** who left her Boston Harbor island post to operate a whale watching boat in Glacier Bay, Alaska. She can be reached through her folks at 1811 Acorn lane, La Grange KY 40031.

Jolene McLellan reported the birth of a daughter December 15, 1993.

Hope to see **Russ Hobby** at the Spring Brawl.

Barbara Ricker has moved to North Cornflake to work for Echo Management Group, a software firm which has her doing tech support training and lots of travel. She was in LA during the January quake.

Kevin Kerin has graduated from Dartmouth Med '93 and is in his 1st year of residency at Dartmouth-Hitchcock. While there, he apparently did some other hitching with classmate Mary Beth Durkin who he married, and they now have a nine-month old son Billy. Kevin ran into **John Halporn** on the interview circuit for residency in

internal medicine. Also, **Andy Bauman** who is frequently at the White River VA hospital.

Annie Hanaway sent us addresses for **Eliza Walker** and **Graham Treilstad**.

James Marston hopes to see us at Spring Fling.

Jean Macmillan Bennion was sorry to miss the January 29 winter reunion, but did get to Pinkham for the Scottish dinner and slide show on the 19th. She's trying to schedule the arrival of her 6th grand child—due May 18th—so as not to conflict with the May 14th reunion.

Bruce McKinnon had his OH card ripped off in Salt Lake. He hopes to visit Tuck and the Cabin in April.

Foochow Belcher got a nice note from **Harry Adams** who we somehow misplaced—and *he's* the one who's been trying his hardest to find *us* since we moved the PO Box from Quincy to Topsfield. Harry, we promise to stay in one place and thanks for the dues.

Frank Carlson wrote a nice piece for the June 15 *Appalachia* titled "Hobnail Tales and Other Old Soles" including several vintage pictures of Frank sporting his shoe gear.

Just as we were preparing to send this *Auld Ragge* to the printer, we received news that **Bob "Gramps" Monahan** died February 27 in Laconia NH age 86. He was one of the four founders of the Obs along with Alex McKenzie, Joe Dodge and Sal Pagluca. According to an article in the March 3 *Boston Globe*, he and Joe cooked up the idea of reoccupying the summit of Mt. Washington in 1926 while they spent a winter night on the mountain in the company of some of Bob's Dartmouth classmates who had brought up instruments to measure the weather. The Observatory was actually in operation by October 1932 staffed by Alex, Joe, Bob and Sal and the following year Bob wrote his account of the adventure "Mount Washington Reoccupied". "Reoccupied" referred to the previous occupation of the summit by observers from the Signal Corps from 1870 to 1892. The 1932 occupation included recording the weather for the first time in a number of years and performing landmark work in shortwave radio. Bob was called Gramps even before he was a grandfather, according to Brad Washburn, director emeritus of Boston's Museum of Science who accompanied him on an expedition to Mount Ceillon on the Alaska Coast Range. Bob was known for his accuracy and organization and was universally respected. He was a life member of the AMC, employed by the US Forest Service and by Dartmouth College where he was College Forester and manager of the Outing Club's Moosilauke Ravine Camp and other properties. He was a Republican member of the New Hampshire legislature from 1957 to

1963 and sponsored legislation that led to the naming of the Kancamagus Highway and the designation of the purple finch as the state bird. See the Spring 1990 Resuscitator for a full report of Bob's account of how the Kancamagus Highway was named. He leaves two sons Robert E. and Daniel who worked in the huts, a daughter Linda M. Dresch and six grandchildren. His wife died in 1989.

Ghoul Renewal Tied to Permit Process

The long awaited replacement of Galehead Hut is now tentatively scheduled to begin during the fall of 1996. According to AMC Operations Manager Paul Cunha, the Club plans to remove the existing hut and build a new one on substantially the same footprint. To minimize interference with the operating season, construction will begin during the late summer of 1996, with the goal of erecting a weathertight structure before the winter and completing the project no later than July 4, 1997.

Cunha and his staff are currently creating designs for a facility which he describes as "a cross between Greenleaf and Zealand". Although the overnight capacity will remain at 36 people, it is likely that the new hut will have four small bunkrooms instead of two larger ones. The AMC also hopes to include a slightly larger kitchen and common area, along with some more breathing room for the croo. The project will be completed by AMC's Construction Crew at an estimated cost of \$350,000.

To proceed with this project, the AMC must first renew the federal permit which allows the operation of public facilities within the White Mountain National Forest. The current 30 year permit expires in October 1995 and the Club is now collecting feedback from AMC members and the public regarding the future of these facilities. *To express your feelings and concerns regarding the huts, or to add your name to the mailing list so that you can stay informed throughout the renewal process, please contact Sharon O'Neill. AMC, PO Box 298, Gorham NH 03581.*

You are encouraged as former employees to write Sharon on your personal stationery emphasizing the public service aspect of the Hut System and the important role it plays in offering services to anyone using the White Mountain National Forest, regardless of their being members of the AMC or not.

Your personal letters will support the AMC's efforts to receive a favorable permit renewal.

1994 Hut System Croo

Carter

Dave Yampanis HM
Emily Muldoon AHM
Malin Bengtsson
Jeremy Eggleton

Madison

Jen Granducci THM
Ethan Collins AHM
Meghan Prentiss
Stephen Engle
Cynthia Freeman

Lakes

Erich Finley THM
Mandy Wade AHM
Heather Harland
Amy Prentiss
Jessica Pancoast
Josh Fishkin
Kim Slinski
TBA

Mizpah

Eben Heasley HM
Heather Koop AHM
Jihn Brewer
Heather Holt
Jennifer Outwater

Zealand

J. Bryan Wentzell HM
Elizabeth Darlington AHM
Libby Woodfin
John Poor

Galehead

Wendy Prentiss HM
Thad King AHM
Jonathon Berz
Katherine Birnie

Greenleaf

Chris Thayer THM
Paul Scannell AHM
Samantha Langlois
Meredith Bellows
CCDP Volunteer-TBA

Lonesome

Paul Seybold HM
Tricia Gunning AHM
Michelle Stata
Tim Hayman

Storehouse Mgr

Laura Capelle

Field Supervisor

Jeff Brown

Field Asst

Steve Peters

Tucks Caretaker

Chris Joosen

Crawford Mgr

Jean-Michael Bernardi

Crew lists as of 3/94

CCDP means Conservation Development Program which recruits minorities for hut positions; THM means Training Hutmaster, a senior hutperson helping Pinkham field management staff;



Financial analysts, travel agents, software developers, and environmental consultants are just a few of the job titles held by OH after hanging up their packboards. That's why we are developing a database of OH members with information on jobs and careers. Membership in the OH can provide an opportunity to make important connections, get information on a wide range of careers tracks and network with other OH on career development. John Adams has offered to set up the database on his computer, continuously update it and make it available in hard copy or disc to any dues paying OH member who wants it.

So if you're interested in sharing job and career information with other OH, tell us what you're doing using the response line on the order form or better yet, include a resume the next time you mail in your dues.

Can you also take a minute to share a few ideas with us about reunion activities? If you would like to see the winter reunion held in a more convenient meeting place, such as closer to New Hampshire or maybe outside of Boston on Route 128 or 495, please let us know. The same hardy bunch shows up each winter to form the core group and would probably go anywhere, so let's hear from you. What will it take to get you to come?

Spring 1994 Return Form. Please cut out, enclose check, news and mail to:
OH Association 80 Rowley Bridge Rd., Topsfield, MA 01983

Name.....Worked at.....Years.....

☐ I'm prepaying for my lobster for the Spring Brawl at \$19 ☐ at \$13 for kids or present crew. Lobsters and clams will be bought only on a prepaid basis. There will be food and drink available for walkins, but we can't afford to guess on an expensive item like lobster.

☐ Oops, I forgot to pay my dues for 1994 —\$15.

☐ I'm joining the Obs. I'm sending \$15 to Mount Washington Observatory PO Box 2310 N. Conway NH 03860. I'll receive the quarterly News Bulletin edited by Fran Belcher, get membership discounts and be supporting some damn fine work.

☐ I'm interested in learning more about the New England Ski Museum PO Box 267 Franconia NH 03580 which offers a free catalog and membership discounts for items inspired by the Museum's collection.

☐ I don't usually attend the Winter Reunion in Boston and here are some of the reasons why:

☐ I wouldn't go to an OH reunion
if it was held at the Ritz for free

☐ Boston is too far away for me to
drive for a dinner

☐ I would prefer a more convenient
meeting place

☐ I would prefer a different time
of year

☐ I just don't do reunions, but I love
the Association anyway

☐ I've been waiting to tell you where
we can meet that's close to me

☐ Here are some ideas where
we could meet.....

☐ Why not meet at this time of
of year.....

☐ Come to think of it, here's a good idea for a Winter Reunion presentation.....

☐ I'm interested in sharing ideas about my career with any OH who would like to contact me.
I understand that this is a networking service, not a commitment on my or my company's part to offer
employment.

☐ I'm interested in receiving information about the huts permit renewal and am writing Sharon O'Neill,
AMC, PO Box 298, Gorham NH 03581. ☐ I'm also writing Sharon about the public service the Hut System
performs in the White Mountain National Forest in order that the AMC can support their case for
renewing their permits.

☐ Here's the name and address of an OH for you to put on the mail list.....

..... and I have memorabilia for the archives or a
a story for publication. ☐ Here's the news.....

In this Issue:
Calendar—pg. 1
The Huts in the 50's—pg. 1
News—pg. 6
Greenleaf Reunion—pg. 9
1994 Hut System Cross—pg. 14
Order Form—pg. 15

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Greenleaf reunion on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River last summer. Dave Porter produced a video for all fellow rafters and Joe Harrington filed a Resuscitator report printed on page 9.