

THE RESUSCITATOR

SPRING 1995 THE OH ASSOCIATION 80 ROWLEY BRIDGE ROAD TOPSFIELD MA 01983

SPRING BRAWL

Welcome Spring

Saturday, May 13

\$20 with prepaid reservations

Walkins cannot be
guaranteed a lobster

\$14 '95 croo & kids under 14

also **prepaid only**

Clams, lobster, beer

1:00 p.m. brawl game

refreshments

See order form for details

FALL WEEKEND

Oktoberfest

Saturday, September 30

Sunday, October 1

This is the **only** notice

for the traditional

work weekend

WINTER REUNION

Annual Meeting

Saturday, January 27, 1996

Details to be announced

I Love you Jack Kerouac

by Alexander MacPhail

John Hardy was the biggest person that I know who has ever worked in the AMC Hut System. I mean physically. He was as big as "Studs" Loneragan and as strong as Syd Haverly, but he was all over himself.

He was kind of clumsy. That's how he broke George White's # 20 cast iron frying pan near three-quarter-way on the Nineteen Brook Trail way back in August of '61. He just fell over himself (and a few rocks) pivoted slightly to one side and came down like Jack's giant. The frying pan, tied onto his load, was bifurcated in the fall, just one of the casualties you might say because John's reputation was the other.

George White, by the way, was the chief cook and cleaver thrower down at Pinkus, or Porky Gulch, and he was a lean, old guy who really could pack a punch. I saw him demonstrate a deadly right hook once during a little foray up to the Berlin American Legion Hall, but that's another story.

I met John Hardy for the first time at Greenleaf the afternoon Ernest Hemingway killed himself; July 2, 1961. John arrived at the hut mid-afternoon as a

clean-looking, new member of the construction crew and unintentionally brought us the news about Hemingway. It hit some of us pretty hard; myself and Mark Ottey, in particular.

Most of you who worked in the system back in the early '60's remember Mark and his girlfriend Connie. Along with some others they have become legends in the Whites.

Mark and I had been over to

Lonesome to fix a tear in the roof and had found some Scribners Magazines from the 1920's and early 30's in a trunk in the poop deck. There was nearly a dozen of them and *Farewell to Arms* and *Sun Also Rises* were both serialized in them. We were tickled pink. It was like finding the original manuscripts. Of course we devoured them, carrying them triumphantly back up to the Flea and reading them with great



Tom Deans & John Hardy, Greenleaf 1961

relish late at night by candlelight with thumpers howling outside. A few days later John, heretofore unknown, arrived at the hut with the ghastly news

Continued on page two

of Hemingway's bloody demise.

I was a Floater and Guide that summer and was off for a few weeks crossing the Range with a Life Magazine crew and the next time I saw John Hardy was later in July on a rescue at Zool. A bunch of us were "called" to go haul a rather irksome, hypochondriac out of the Pemi, from Thoreau Falls, who had sent out word to the Fish Cops that what was probably a sprained ankle was, by his diagnosis, a triple compound fracture of everything below his canteen. He was dying, fer sure. I remember him screaming "Stop bouncing the litter!", in a deafening continuum from Shoal Pond, past Whitewall and back to the packhouse. My most distinct memory is of the long line of headlamps, double file, moving slowly along the Ethan Pond Trail below Whitewall in the early morning darkness.

After arriving back at the Zool packhouse around two in the morning with our abrasively ungracious victim who we'd just hauled 50 miles, or whatever it was, out of the Pemi, and after delivering him personally right at the door of his vehicle, and he without so much as a thank you, we all climbed into the back of the canvas covered Dodge and headed back to Pinkham post haste.

We took the Northern Route. At Jefferson Meadows, coming off of Route 115 onto Route 2, we passed under the blinking yellow light that forewarns of that intersection when all of a sudden John Hardy jumped to his feet and took a few steps to the tailgate as if to jump out and with a hugely exaggerated gesture he blew that blinking yellow light a big, wet double kiss, using both hands, and he yelled back into the night: "Ooooh, I love you Jack Kerouac."

It was too much a leap for me from Ernest Hemingway to Jack Kerouac; a huge step. I was basically too immature. Besides I had never heard of Jack Kerouac.

Of course Kerouac's fate was sealed at that moment, and it would only be a scant four years before I would consider returning John's earlier favor to me by calling him that memorable October evening to say that it looked like Jack Kerouac had gone through his last intersection but that's getting way away from this story. It was back at the 115 and Route 2 intersection

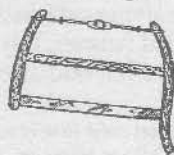
that the story I am about to tell should begin, though. Could or should?

It was on that very early morning driving down that wonderful mountain road back to Porky Gulch surrounded by those wonderful mountains, those enchanted mountains, and those wonderfully enchanted smells and sounds, those late night smells of rivers and trees and faraway summer days that this story and all stories, for that matter, should begin.

As we approached Randolph and the Valley Road cutoff, right at the Mt. Adams Motel, our driver, Bruce Sloat, suddenly veered the Dodge off the road and careened through the motel's parking lot with the truck horn blaring deafeningly and the passengers in the cab screaming basic obscenities, equally deafeningly, towards the sleeping motel and then the truck careened back onto the highway. This struck us, the guys in the back, as being slightly bizarre. Even intellectually mature John Hardy ventured a quizzical expression across his broad face.

During the days and weeks that followed I was to discover that not only Bruce, but many others like him held a "true animosity" towards the Mt. Adams Motel and its neighbor and accomplice, the Mt. Jefferson Motel, a few yards west on Route 2. The vehemence was borne from their aggressive, by North Country standards, advertising campaign. The two motels had waged war on each other using billboards as weapons. From Maine to Vermont and from Vermont back to Maine again both sides of Route 2, every 500 or 600 yards, was littered with billboard, great big ones, that displayed in the most hideous and garish ways the amenities of the respective lodging establishments. They were aesthetically abusive. They were crass and inconsiderate. It was pollution of the highest order!

Bruce's little detour that night was his way of making a dignified and appropriate protest, to show his distaste, and as modest as it was, lasting only a few seconds, it planted a seed in all of us who witnessed it and were, indeed, accomplices, and this is the story of how that seed grew.



Five years later and ten months after Kerouac died in a motorcycle accident a group of hutmasters from the Hut System had driven to Littleton, NH, to celebrate "Uncle Ozie", Kenny O's, birthday. It was August 1966. We had driven across from Pinkham on Route 2 after some all day administrative meetings with Bruce Sloat and other Club honchos. George Hamilton had, a few days before, stepped down as Hutsmanager and by the time we were convening in Littleton he was on his way out West on the first leg of his honeymoon with Helen.

In the backs of our cars and jeeps that night we had brought with us a slew of weapons to deal what we had hoped would be the long overdue *coup de grace* to the aforementioned sign circus along Route 2.

Our birthday celebration in Littleton was merely a cover for our real agenda and we were all a bit giddy with our plans for that evening.

We left the Thayer Hotel at about 11 o'clock just as a magnificent thumper was crashing against Franconia Ridge and we were jubilant to have the "cover" of the storm to work in. Our first exercise was a large, three strut sign for the Mt. Adams motel on Route 115 in Jefferson not far from the old railroad station. The energy was so high among us that with very little time and effort the sign seemed to disappear. It disintegrated, literally, on a force beam of our combined energies. It was only a matter of seconds, seemingly, that we were running back to our vehicles, deftly hidden off the road, and moving on to our next targets. I have one palpable memory of that moment of several of the croo dancing a little jig on the downed sign caught in a brilliant flash of lightening.

It may have been sheer stupidity, or youth, certainly both, that for our next exercise, instead of selecting a brief etude we chose a symphony; an eight strut monstrosity right off Route 2 and only a 100 yards away from a house and small commercial establishment called Stumeyers. The storm was still raging so the thunder was a potential decoy but this sign was huge. It was made of steel and 8x8 framing timbers. It was meant for an interstate not a highway like Route 2 and for us it was like doing our masters degrees before finishing eighth grade. But what the hell! That's what they say. Just do it!

Six of us sawed with bow saws leaving two of the eight-inch thick struts in place near the middle of the sign. When the swish-swish-swishing of the bow saws had stopped we all caught our breaths while two others sawed the back braces and swung them to the side so they would not impede the sign as it fell over backwards. (Later they would stick up in the air like the lifeless limbs of a dead beast marking the spot of its fatal collapse).

After another breather the two remaining struts were cut all the way through while the rest of us stood aside steeling ourselves for the sign's decline onto the rainwet ground. To our amazement the sign just stood there. My excitement and anxiety all this time, my nervousness, had become nauseating. My stomach was a mess. My hands and whole upper body were convulsing. We were all laughing quietly, giddily as we danced around in the deep wet grass and the rain performing our tasks. When the sign didn't fall the nervousness hit a bottleneck. We forgot where we were and what we were up to. We milled around like conventioners.

It was obvious that the sign was hung up on something but we didn't know what. It was a complete mystery until a flash of lightning, a flash of insight, pointed to our nemesis. The sign, it turned out, was hung up on some electric lines though not really hung up, just sort of balancing against them.

Bill boards are fairly rigid. They are surprisingly well made probably because they have to withstand a great deal of wind loading. This one, as I've already said, was huge. It was made well, with good stock. It was heavy. It probably weighed a ton and a half. We could have left it there and a winter storm might have brought it down for us, or it might have stayed there for years, but as it was it was a job left undone and we wanted to finish it.

With all hands and a tremendous amount of effort, working

at low efficiency, we toppled the sign. The storm which had ravished us for awhile had dissipated and the night was still—still until that sign hit the ground. It could very easily have woken the dead and may well have. It was loud enough to be heard in a few counties and my initial feeling was that I would have liked to have been those few counties away from that place and time. Our insanity was equally obvious to each and all.

We jumped into vehicles and took off. I kept my lights off for a mile hoping to go undetected if the noise had gotten anyone out of bed. We all kept our fingers crossed.

It's a funny thing, though. You would have thought we would have quit right there and run for home and jumped into bed and pulled the covers over our heads. After all that sign was enough. It was a lot with a capital A. Of course you all know what I'm getting at. We didn't run for home. We looked for our next target. The hour was late and the agenda was long.

After waiting a brief time in a safe place off the road there seemed to be consensus that no one was looking for us and we decided to keep the next target small just to appear prudent to

the historians. That next one made us bolder and the next one made us a even a little more and before we knew it we were there, right at the doorsteps of the two motels.

We drove down the Valley Road cutoff a hundred yards and parked behind some vacant buildings and climbed up the bank to Route 2. We were hopelessly giddy by that time, drunk with adrenaline. One sign for the Mt. Adams was, unbeknown to us, right in front of a state policeman's house. The picture that I remember of that moment is Tony Macmillan perched on someone's shoulders as they both hacked away at the sign reducing it to some shards of wood.

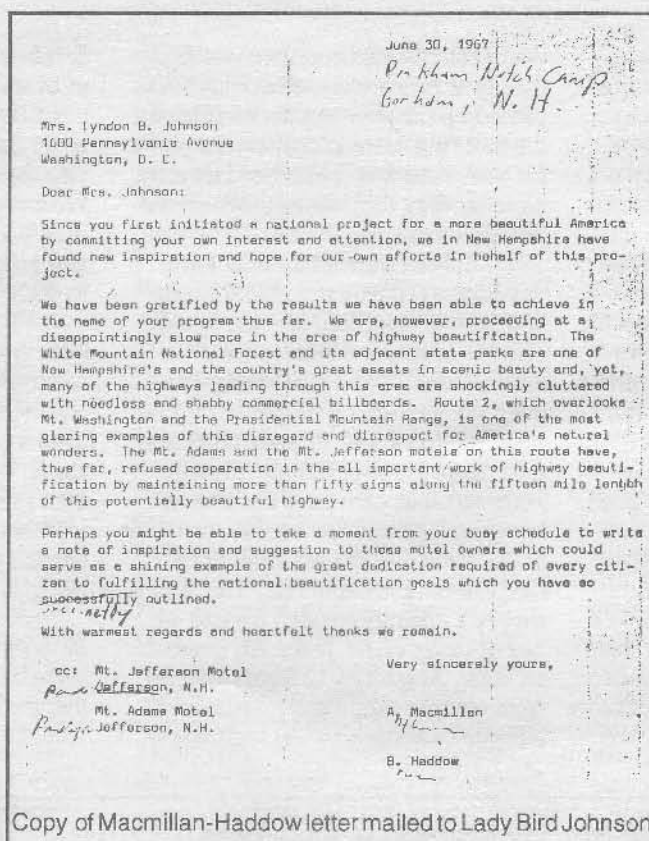
Five or six major signs came down in few minutes and then it was time to move on. We left for the

vehicles with a strategy for moving through Gorham and then home. We were almost done. There were only a half dozen large signs left. Dana Whiting moved off quietly with four people in his car and the rest of us got in my jeep and began to back out onto the Valley Road.

I hadn't paid attention to one detail: a deep ditch on one side of the road we had pulled in on, and there was a sickening lurch as we backed out, and we were sitting in the jeep at a 45 degree angle ready to plunge into the ditch.

We all got out gingerly to find that the jeep was resting on three wheels. One rear tire was sitting down on a culvert, two were on the edge of the road and the other front tire was hanging 10 feet above water. We would need to be pulled out!

Dana had left but had gone the long way around on the Valley Road cutoff so he would soon be going down Route 2 again quite near us. I wanted to vomit but was even too nervous to do that. I laid down in the middle of the road and waited for the police to come. I was planning what I would say in court. I was putting together a long reading list for the time I would be in the slammer. Would it be



a good time to tackle the French philosophers, I wondered? I was sure we were doomed.

What happened next was a little unnerving. We decided that the only thing we could do to save our shirts was to call Dick Barter at Pinkham and have him come with the Ford 4 By 4 and a chain and pull us back away from the ditch. Dick was the Night Watch and would be up if we could just call him at the exact moment that he was passing the phone! If the phone rang more than once Bruce would probably pick it up and that would be...well, that wouldn't be good.

Right in front of the Mt. Adams motel was a pay phone. An inveterate precisionist in our party decided when the exact time would be to call and volunteered. He stood there bathed in light inside the phone both checking his watch with the rest of us in the bushes. It was *veeery* intense. We

waited and waited and then watched dizzily as he started to dial. Dick Barter picked up the phone in the middle of the first ring. He was only on the phone for two seconds it seemed and then we were heading back down to where the jeep was stuck.

Dick showed up in nothing flat. Lights off, we extricated the jeep and Dick disappeared into the black. With no adrenaline left, we were convinced our work for the night was over. We were going home.

You know, though, obsession runs deep. Three of us now, myself, Tony and Joel, each gave the other a knowing look and we went to town, not to Pinkham. We headed straight for Gorham for *The Grand Fete*. This was simply a magnificent sign we had all had our eyes on for years. An Everest, an Eiger, Antarctica, Central Gully on cross country skis, a real goddamned billboard: twenty five feet high, thirty

five feet long, thick tree-trunk struts, six of them, right on the highway, enameled steel, hand painted, maybe some gold leaf on the lettering. A sign! One that we could sink our teeth into. We were pros now. We had paid out dues back in the ditch. We were calm and purposeful. We knew what we had to do and how to do it.

A dog barked a long, long bark. It was about four o'clock in a blue collar town. We were cutting it close. We each took a bow saw and worked from the middle out towards the outer struts. We notched the rear braces and then removed them by sections. Ten minutes, tops!. With Tony on the left outside strut and Joel on the right the last cuts were made.

We had decided that we would drop the sign over backwards onto some bushes. The idea was, we thought, that the bushes, well leafed and supple would absorb the shock of the sign and

Mt. Adams Motor Court & Restaurant
Randolph, New Hampshire
July 12, 1967

Messrs. Macmillan and Haddow
Pinkham Notch Camp
Gorham, New Hampshire

Gentlemen:

Many thanks for doing me the courtesy of sending me a copy of the rather more than slightly sycophantic letter you have addressed to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.

Regrettably and, luckily for me, I was educated to a more ethical management of affairs between people of breeding.

Since you presume to take to yourselves the right to air your arbitrary opinions as you have done, I really do have to take "equal time" but am doing this by writing to you because, at the moment, I believe this to be the decent way to behave.

Your letter is obviously very biased and it contains gross inaccuracies even on sight. There is no doubt as to the truth or falsehood of paragraph 2 lines 10 & 11. Your opinions as to the condition of my signs is, of course, your own but this does not mean that legally you are the judges of this. But, as you choose to publish this opinion of yours in very high quarters doubtless you will realize that this could very well be libelous.

I invite you to ponder your future actions in regard to this matter.

Apart from this, I beg to point out that I do not even know you..... and personally I resent very much indeed (kindly note this) your statement that I have "refused cooperation etc. etc.". It is not for me to delineate what used to be normal and civilized behaviour but I propose to hold on to the tenets of what a gentleman (please excuse this old-fashioned word) should be.

Therefore, I extend to you an invitation in that you will do me the honour of dining with me here, as my guests. This will give you the opportunity of stating your grievances to my face and it will give myself the opportunity of saying something to your goodselves.

Of course, a copy of this letter will be available to your friend should you prefer this.

It would be a pleasure for me to discuss with you the beauties of the countryside because, of course, the appreciation of this is not a monopoly of a few people. I might even be ahead of you in this. We could then also go further and contemplate the infinite (have you ever met a high caste Brahmin?) and discuss why everything has to become slightly monotonous if carried on long enough; the art of life and enjoyment partly being the matter of contrast.

Luckily for me I never met the public until I started this business, but I have to tell you that I am saddened by the lack of general knowledge (except by a select few) and I would say that there is nearly a 100% proportion who could not differentiate between a Carot or a Matisse.

Now we specialize in music and I feel sure, with your appreciation of things beautiful, we could exchange views of the differences in style between Bach and Mozart and also touch lightly on what is a sonata and what is a symphony and so forth. I regret I know little about rock and roll nor can I look at television without shuddering. We could direct our good intentions, if we had the urge, to a few matters which I think are bastardizing the youth of this great country of ours. And crime?

But my trouble is that I am engaged in what today seems to be an un-American activity, namely that I am trying to run a small business honestly and decently and giving employment to people.

I seem to remember that Karl Marx taught that this activity should be liquidated immediately.

Please forgive this digression. I was taught to mind my own business and would like to continue to do this.

Alongside this below average appreciation of things beautiful I have found out, to my surprise, that the majority of the American public actually do want to know where they can rest their ulcers and where they can get good food and, deplorably, where is the nearest television set.

Even I, who am only particular about my food and lodging, not long ago, spent two hours trying to find breakfast off from a super highway. The beautification of this was so intense that I was acquiring the new soporific condition which has not yet to acquire a medical name. Seeing a FOOD, LODGING, GAS sign two miles ahead, I optinistically turned up the ramp. I will spare you the mayhem I suffered wandering the countryside. At 11 a.m. I finally found some breakfast and I had to say a few words concerning who created these conditions. The owner of the restaurant said, "We don't like her down here either"--I can't think what she meant by this.

In conclusion I have to tell you that I spent a year on the Somme battlefields in 1918 and went right through the second holocaust including the D-Day ending. I am still wondering what I risked my life for (forgive the heroics).

Personally, as you seem to have a sort of private entre somewhere, I suggest you direct your attention to putting first things first and use your influences to ensure, in regard to the international situation, that there will be, in the near future, a countryside still there in situ so that we still all can see its beauty.

I do not apologize for this long letter. You started it, you know!

Very sincerely yours,

Copy to be given back
File 5 copies

Harold A. Griggs

beh:

P.S. All my signs were cut down last year. I complained to the Governor personally about the lack of law and order but nowadays one does not expect to get any satisfaction as to apprehension of criminals, does one? But I am still looking for the culprits who did this.

Harold Griggs, proprietor of the Mt. Adams Motor Court, replied to the Macmillan-Haddow letter with an invitation to dinner

it would fall noiselessly to the ground. While the others cut, I steadied the sign by holding on to the center struts that had already been cut purposefully low. The leverage was good and I could single-handedly begin to ease the sign over as Joel and Tony finished their cuts. It made a few snapping sounds at first and then slowly keeled over with a rush of air as it picked up momentum.

As it swung down in front of us we all rejoiced in our work. It had gone perfectly. In a few moments we would be driving across the Peabody and heading up into the Notch in time for croo chow and one of Melvin's marvelous breakfasts. In a flash the sign was on that cushioning vegetation and what was about to be finished was about to be finished.

What happened next is just a noise in my memory. I have no visual recollections. It was actually a series of noises. Rifle shots or firecrackers. Small, multiple explosions, startling, as each twig and stem snapped as the sign plummeted into the bushes. Then there was a moment of silence. A fraction of a second. Then all hell broke loose. Porch lights went on. Dogs crowed like roosters. Voices, yells, broke through the dawn's twilight mists.

I was first to the jeep and started the engine, thrust it in gear and began to roll as Tony and Joel dove in the back and the side doors. We drove looking backwards, waiting for the blue lights and the blinking headlights to appear and overtake us.

We drove up through the Notch in a high pitch as the sky over Moriah and the Carters turned a lighter gray. We were morbid with fear and anxiety.

The jeep would only do 65 miles an hour if you dropped it off a cliff and going up the Notch was no cliff. It was agonizingly slow. My eyes stayed on the rear view mirror the

July 14, 1967
Pinkham Notch Camp
Gorham, New Hampshire 03501

Mr. Harold A. Griggs
Mount Adams Motor Court and Restaurant
Randolph, New Hampshire

Dear Mr. Griggs:

We have received your good letter of July 12 and must now reciprocate with at least as much consideration as your words implied.

We do apologize for having sent you only a copy of the letter to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. We do not think you will continue to maintain that our action was the product of ill-breeding, but we cannot condemn you for making that assumption. We have never dealt with you or the management of the Mt. Jefferson Motel, but we have reacted only on hearsay. We must apologize for this, and can only hope that you will forgive that transgression, and consider us at least as well-intentioned people, if not as men of honorable upbringing. Hopefully, once you have met us, the latter will not be as far-fetched an assumption as you may think it is now.

We would be delighted to accept your invitation to dinner. Mr. Macmillan is presently serving four weeks active duty with the United States Navy, and will not return to this area until August 4th. Could we impose upon you to delay our gathering until after that date?

Should we three be able to enjoy each other's company some evening in the near future, you will perhaps discover that we too would have fought in the Somme, had the accident of birth fallen differently. And hopefully you will agree that some of the allegations you make in your letter are a bit unjust toward our characters.

Awaiting your confirmation of a future dinner date,

We remain
Sincerely yours,

Bruce J. Haddow

Bruce J. Haddow

Anthony Macmillan

Anthony Macmillan

als

Haddow and Macmillan responded to Grigg's invitation

whole way and when we got to Pinkham I drove the jeep halfway up the Fire Trail and left it well hidden there and then we took the tools back and returned them to the pump house.

The new Admin building had been finished that summer and most of the croo slept there so it was possible to move around without disturbing Bruce, the one person we did not want to run into at that moment. It was almost five o'clock. Dana and the others had talked to Barter so they knew what had happened and were waiting up for us. They were washing and drying their clothes, laundering the evidence.

We eventually wound our way down to breakfast in the TP feeling that beleaguered all-nighter feeling and trying to hide the emotional residue of our outing. Most of the participants had to leave on truck for pack trails and huts that morning and I was scheduled to guide the Wilderness Society of America in the Great Gulf and Northern Presies for a week so after breakfast it was business as usual but unfortunately that is not where this story ends. In fact the epilogue is longer than the story, with Post Scripts included, so go refresh yourself and get back here so I can finish this.

Because we had departed Pinkham for huts and mountain paths we missed out on perhaps the single most vintage vignette of our night's hard work and that was the front page of the Berlin Reporter the day after we left for the high (righteous) ground. We missed the real reward of such nefarious activity, the one thing that makes crime pay if only briefly: Notoriety. We were famous and we didn't know it.

I never did see THE copy of the Reporter but the reports and descriptions I heard were electrifying and there were some great pix of the dead signs. I would like to have a large picture of that sign in

Gorham, struts sticking up stiffly into the air as it lay there among the shattered vegetation as if it had fallen there from space with a group of bathrobed Gorhamites examining it in that predawn twilight, the whole scene garishly front-lit with flashbulbs like the front pages of supermarket tabloids. "Hostile Aliens Attack Hostelryes' Signage."

We were criminals. The estimated damage we had wreaked was so unimaginable that I won't even mention it here. Suffice it to say it was in the tens of thousands. It was enough to make me feel very guilty but also very proud as if I had finally done something in my life of great value!

Bruce Sloat should really take up the story from here and I would encourage him to write an epilogue of his own, from his perspective, because he was really in the thick of it down at Pinkham for a few weeks while the rest of us were out larking. It was years before Sloat would talk about this but we finally sat down at an Spring Reunion ten or fifteen years or so ago and the story began to unwind.

It appears that Stumeyer who lived in the house near the second sign we took down, the one that got hung up

in the power lines, had heard us out there and as we drove away was standing in the shadows in his nightie and was able to "get" a few of the digits from my license plate and a good description of my jeep. The next day the state police had come and taken plaster casts of our tire marks at the scene and that was the extent of their evidence, but it was fairly good evidence I thought.

The motel owners raised holy hell and took the whole ball of wax as far as the governor's office and for those of you who were working the huts those days you'll remember correctly that the governor was not a great huge fan of the AMC. Anyway the governor brought in a task force to investigate and Bruce Sloat had to deal with all of this on his own. It was not an easy time. Everyone who had taken part was either a hutmaster or an administrative assistant, positions of responsibility, and firing us all would have made a pretty big shock wave.

Bruce has the details on this and I can't remember if he told me all of them or not, or if he remembers them, like who said what to whom in the exact syntax, but a deal was made. The state would not prosecute but if you ask me now, in retrospect, its incredible to think that we got off scot free considering what we had done and the fact that we had done it with such aplomb.

There ain't much point in moralizing. I think we could have taken other steps, tried to find power in other venues. That would have been another kind of genius, but we did what we did and not one of those signs went back up. A number of years later New Hampshire passed a billboard law so there was definitely a happy ending all around.

The one anecdote which I love was what one of the investigating state troopers was alleged to have quipped to Bruce Sloat. I believe it was the trooper who lived near the motels on Route 2. I have heard that he said: "Well, if you ask me those signs look a lot better down." I rest our case.



1966 Croo

There are a number of postscripts to this story and three of them are the letters sent out in the summer of 1967 by Tony Macmillan and Bruce Haddow which are reproduced throughout this story. They are hilarious on one hand and a little sad on the other. I think Howard Grigg's reply is kind of sad, the "I invite you to ponder your future actions in this regard to this matter" stuff. I think he was kind of a sad person, but his postscript cracks me up whenever I read it. I roar with laughter (not at Griggs) and it brings back that wonderful night.

The Hair (Jim Hamilton) has tried to speculate what kind of match Griggs would have been for Tony. I believed for some time that the dinner actually occurred, but now I am not sure. I was climbing in the Cordillera Blanca in Peru the summer of '67 and got back at the time of the Cog accident which took everyone's breath away and eclipsed most of the other news of that time.

About eleven people took part in this adventure. Several of the Sign Raiders have since died and I want to give their names here as a memorial to them. They are Dana Whiting, who died of cancer on July 4, 1992, Bruce Haddow, who died of cancer in December of 1985, Tony Macmillan, who died of cancer in November of 1976, Dick Barter who died as the result of an automobile accident in 1969 and David Seidman who died in an avalanche on Dhaulagiri in April of 1969.

I have a 1966 Croo Picture with all of us standing in neat rows, neatly dressed in shorts, clean shirts (button down collars), some with crew neck sweaters: Bruce Sloat and Commander Marvel, Marty Child, June Sheldon, Dana Whiting, Dick Zeiss, Sheldon Perry, Dave Wilkins, Willy Ashbrooke, Dougy Dodd, Alison Dodd, Moose Meserve, Mark Kingsbury,

Baby Beef, Bilge, Coach, Jed Davis, Carl Blanchard and many more; its quite a momento. I also have the pictures I took that summer for the calendar and day book that I published in 1967. I love to look at these from time to time but I always end up thinking that we don't get together enough! I'd like to see us all lined up again in those same old clothes in our state of the art faces.

Oh yeh! The next time you're going west on Route 2 and you go by the Route 115 turnoff don't forget to open your window and scream at the top of your lungs: "I love you Jack Kerouac!"....

Alexander MacPhail is a farmer and teacher living in Northampton, MA. He worked in the huts in the 60's and 70's and has worked as a journalist, film maker, photographer, teacher, tree surgeon, sushi chef, wharf planker, bale stacker—among other occupations. He is currently working in the Connecticut Valley on a W. F. Kellogg (corn flakes) funded project called Community Initiative for Sustainable Agriculture. He recently received a Masters degree in Environmental Sciences and Education from Antioch Graduate School. He has published numerous works about the White Mountains including several short stories, a history of Women Working in the Hut System, a book of White Mountain photographs and some poetry. He was past editor of the Resuscitator. He is married and has two of the strongest, smartest, wildest goddamned kids in the world: Julia and Lizzie.



Gormings

Annual Spring Reunion Saturday May 13

If you didn't join us last year, now is your chance for steamers, beer, lobster, killer apple pie a-la mode; an afternoon to catch up with former hut gods; the chance to check out recent cabin improvements; a couple of innings of "mountain softball" on the team of your choice—all this, plus a perfect spring day in the Whites, provided the weather we've enjoyed these past few years is any indication of things to come.

So maybe you didn't show last year because you weren't sure who you'd see. Maybe you said to yourself, "Self, what are the chances there'll be anyone there I know?". Wallow in indecision no longer! As usual, all OH and friends are invited to the Brawl, but this reunion will feature the classes of 1990, 1985, 1980, 1975, and 1970. So if 1995 marks your 5th, 100th, 15th, 20th or (gawd!) 25th year since you grunted 80 pounds of frozen bacon and broccoli up a pack trail, don't miss the 1995 Spring Brawl. Call your fellow croo and talk it up. See ya there!.

Welcome to a new year. We've been getting lots of news from OH — many praises, and yes, even a few grumbles. The editors would like to remind our members, spouses, friends, enemies and deadheads, etc., that this newsletter, and the organization in general, is a labor of love by a group of volunteers. We do the best we can with the time and energy and commitment that we can muster after 12-hour work days, deadlines, kids, catastrophes at home and life in particular. Those OH who were sharp with their criticism, were not generous with solutions. While the editors appreciate your criticisms, we'd appreciate your help more. One suggestion for OH who would like to send us lots of news and names or maybe an article, both editors run old Mac Plus computers with Microsoft 4.0 as the basic word processing file. A keyboarded disk would guarantee that the names would be spelled accurately, though we both still reserve the right to put a little spin on your news.

In Memoriam

Raymond Goldthwait Lavender died in Salem, MA on January 13, 1995 at the age of 84. He worked at Lonesome and Greenleaf in the 1930's and

was a life trustee of the Obs after first becoming the AMC representative to the Obs Board of Trustees in 1956. A second generation printer, Ray printed the AMC maps and the Obs News Bulletin. He became a member of the Obs' Executive Committee in 1971, serving until 1988 and then joined the Life Trustees a year after the title was introduced. During his career at Lavender Printing Company, he was active in many community organizations and was recognized as Salem's Man of the Year in 1980.

Dr. Frederick A. Milan died in Fairbanks, Alaska January 28 at the age of 70. He worked in the huts and at the Obs with Bob Beetle Elsnor and Mack Beal in the late 1940's. During WWII, he enlisted as a volunteer in the American Field Service and served as an ambulance driver in Burma and India, winning the Burma Star for service and bravery. After his stint at the Obs, he drove to Alaska to attend the University of Alaska Fairbanks, continuing his studies at the University of Oregon, University of Copenhagen, London School of Economics and the University of Wisconsin. His research and studies took him around the world, specializing in the concept of shared knowledge and resources regarding circumpolar peoples and nations.

Thomas M. Debevoise died in Hanover, NH at the age of 65. He worked at Lakes in the 1940's, graduated from Yale and Columbia Law School, served as an assistant United States attorney in NY, attorney general of Vermont, assistant general counsel at the Federal Power Commission and founded his own law firm with offices in Washington and New York. He directed the Woodstock Foundation, oversaw the development of the Billings Farm and Museum and established the Marsh-Billings National Historical Park in Woodstock, VT. He is credited with rescuing the financially troubled Vermont Law School where he served as dean.

Winter Reunion

Like most businesses, things don't always go right in the hospitality biz, but thanks to cool heads and some resourcefulness, January's winter reunion was a resounding success. Turns out after hyping Harvard's Fruitland as our new location that was closer to friends from NH and western MA and just darn easier to get to than the Boston hassle, we'd encouraged OH to arrive early to take advantage of the magnificent property, views and cross country skiing (or tramping the trail network). Early arrivals, however, were

waved off by a wedding party which just happened to book the place for their reception precisely during our party time. Thanks to some quick thinking by Fruitland's caterer, who *could* have been the goat for the double booking mix-up, the gathering was moved to the Concord Museum across the street from Ralph Waldo's place and within an easy hike to the Concord Bridge for those of us who wanted to refresh our memories of our colonial past. Late arrivals to Fruitland were intercepted by **Tom Kelleher** and **Tim Jursac** and redirected to Concord. Thanks go to **Doug Beef Shaffer** who initiated the "western" reunion venue and made the contacts after many of you responded that Boston just is too tough to get to and park. Looks like we'll give Fruitlands another try next year, though the Concord Museum isn't too shabby and is a snap to get to. We welcomed new faces to our sold-out reunion—folks who were attracted by **Peter Crane's** Obs slide presentation and the location. The crowd of 68 people was the largest yet for this event. As is the custom, a moment of silence was held for those friends past and present who couldn't be there with us. **Moose Meserve** went over the treasurer's report and we awarded a cheer for the oldest—**Bob Daniels**, and the youngest, 4 month old **Benjamin Waddell**. **Paul Buffum**, **Ann Morgan**, **Bob Champoux** were among the new faces, many youngsters (little **MacPhails**, **Alpers**, **Waddell** and **Barrett**). **Beef's** fiancée **Sue White**, wives, favorite significant others and present croo, **Michelle Stata** daughter of **Chuck**. **George Hamilton**, **Bruce Sloat** and **Mike Waddell** were our past hut managers, **Bob** and **Bonnie Kreidler** journeyed from CT, **Robin Snyder** up from NJ and **Bill Oliver** and wife **Jen Granducci** were conspicuous by their absence. Seems that Bill broke his Guinness Book of Records, Never Failing to Miss a Reunion Winter or Spring, by running off to Aspen to ski with Jen. **Dawson Winch** convened the business meeting as her last act as steering committee chairperson. News around the dinner tables included a memorial minute for the last donk from the White Mountain Jackass Company, later residing at Six Gun City who finally left this mortal coil. A real nice touch this year were introductions all around as each OH stood and said hi to everybody and told of where he or she worked.

Cabin Update

Come to the spring brawl and notice how

the cabin has been spiffed up. The kitchen has new utensils and cookware. Plans are for relining the chimney flue and capping it to keep the rain and snow out which has caused messy creosote leakage. We will also redesign the kitchen cabinets and shelves to become more user-friendly and replace the refrigerator, preferably with a similar vintage model. **Sleezy Dalton** mentioned at winter reunion that we should post a wish list of needed items and see if any OH respond with an item that can find a new home. The old fridge is sad looking and not worth fixing up, but built like a brick shit house, the way they built them before those flimsy plastic shelves were installed in the doors. So if you have one of those hefty models (electric) you can part with and, particularly, you can get it up to Jackson, we can haul it up Sunday of spring reunion May 13 or bring it up for Oktoberfest-Work Weekend September 30.

Thanks to **Mack Beal** and **Richard Boogie Kimball** who sent us the obituaries for Fred Milan and Tom Debevoise.

The **Belcher** family, one and all, thanked the OH for doing so much to support **Foochow** when he could no longer join in our work and our play. They write, "... he enjoyed the group that met at Jake Wirth's ... ah, the years of pleasure those initials meant to him—Thank you for your support, one and all."

AMC Executive Director **Andy Falendar** also wrote to thank the OH for our donation to the Fran Belcher Fund which supports AMC's public service programs, especially education, of which Fran was so much a part.

Peggy Dillon published a memorial for **Ray Lavender** in the Spring issue of the Obs Bulletin which she took over after **Fran Belcher's** death and is doing a terrific job editing and writing some articles, even giving it a facelift typographically, a four-color cover and a new name, *Windswept*. She wrote in July of last year that she'd graduated with a Masters degree in Journalism, stayed out in Athens OH and wants visitors and letters (in that order?).

Peggy's winter and spring issues featured articles about two OH: **Colin Davidson** who has remained active in spite of Lou Gehrig's disease and fellow Highland cattleman **Hawkeye Hawkins** who has settled in Lost Nation, NH in **Bruce Sloat's** former home (Bruce lives up the road a piece in his new abode).

Also featured in the Bulletin is **Alex McKensie** who also wrote us from his Eaton Center home that his journal from the Obs between 1934-35, "The Way it Was", is scheduled for delivery around the middle

of January when he expects to be wrapping copies. It only costs \$7.95 for Obs members, \$8.95 for everybody else. If you order it by mail, round it up to \$10.00 and \$11.00 respectively and send your check to Mount Washington Observatory, P. O. Box 2310, N. Conway, NH 03860. He regretted the reunion invite since he doesn't drive at night. Personally, I think he was concerned about autograph seekers. Between the book and his recent fame in the NY Times article about the Obs, Mack is getting some well-founded attention. He teasingly tells the story about a fellow who called himself Conchubor and published some elegant words about the nobility of nature. **Bob Monahan** encountered him and Conchubor bought all of them rubber galoshes and felt boots to fit inside of them when they were freezing toes on the mountain. The rest of the story will have to make the headlines of the next Resuscitator. I love Alex for saving my eyes and typing his news. His son (Ken) having transferred to Detroit (to be with GM) has not yet lined up a reasonable printer for a short run of the proposed assembled information. He writes "... A brief story about McKenzie having hitched a ride on a Canadian warship to Labrador to help install a couple of LORAN (Long Range Navigational Transmitters) — get it?" Somehow some OH types like **Wen Less** and **Bob Temple** were also involved. Alex corrected some reporting errors about the Obs which he says are common mistakes and that he hated to mention them but...

A magazine publication of interest to OH is the February issue of *Yankee* magazine which featured **Nick Howe's** article about deaths on Mt. Washington from the 1880's to the present. Nick has written for the Spring '93 Resuscitator about raids at Lakes and Madison, *The Big Fight of 1944*.

Another publication note, **Jen Granducci** who will run Cahta for her last year in the huts after an impressive career in the System, has written an account of the huts in the 90's titled *Where's the Propellor?* which will be published in the Spring '96 Resuscitator. If you current croo and past-current croo are visiting her this summer or have any treasures of the 90's you would care to pass on to her you can get in touch with her through Pinkham this summer or now in Schenectady, NY at (518) 372-5283.

Bob Elsner sent the Milan obituary to **Mack Beal** with his own news that he and wife **Betty** have been retired for several years after careers in research and medicine. Bob travels to Japan and Norway and skis with Betty several times a week.

Tom Davis is on sabbatical from

Bentley College for the calendar year 1995 spending spring semester teaching glacial geology at UNH and plans to map glacial deposits on Baffin island this summer, followed by mapping quadrangles at Brownfield and Kezar Falls for the Maine Geological Survey.

World traveler **Chuck Rowan** with wife **Susan** spent 5-weeks packing through Indonesia last year and plans to visit the Whites the first week of October.

Brian Copp read the Howe article in *Yankee* and remembered that summer on Washington can be near-deadly, having rescued a fog-bound camper in 1967 before night fell which surely would have caused another fatality.

Polly Smith Lit is hoping her grandson will follow in her footsteps by working for the system's trail crew. Polly was Joe's secretary during the war. She asks us not to drop the boots from our logo and asks for a translation of *Solvitur Crumpus*—the Solution is in Sitting Down!

Doris Folger, Al's sister, is now living at 1000 Southern Artery in Quincy in an efficiency apartment complete with balcony looking at an expanse of lawns and shrubs.

Vicky Parra enjoys reading the Resuscitator.

Jean Bennion visited Scotland's Highlands on an 8-day/1200 mile trip in August with daughter Meg, brother **Andrew Macmillan** and his wife.

Here's one of those interesting notes from **Nancy Lloyd**, who bids us farewell because she hasn't settled down to a permanent address in the U.S.—she's presently in Tunisia—and asks that she be removed from the mail list. Guess we can understand a man without a country, but how about an OH without a Resuscitator? Go figure. Bye, Nancy.

George Haselton bids us a good bye from his retirement home in Westmoreland, NH.

Here's news from an OH that left the neighborhood, **Mike Eckel**, now working in Moscow for an educational exchange program between the U.S. and the former republics of the Soviet Union. Stay tune for hiking conditions in the Caucasus Mountains.

Mason Buck Bryant is sorry to miss the winter reunion from his digs in Juneau, AK.

Richard Kincaid went to Space Mountain at Disney World during winter reunion.

Jennifer Beatty writes that **Dave Buchanan** can be reached via e-mail: BUCHANAN@pcorps.alma-ata.su. where he is a physician's assistant for the peace corps in Kazakhstan.

Beth Tracy needs a new decal, but thanks

us for the enhanced value of her old trade-in *cum sticker*.

Alf Birkrem insisted on coming clean about his OH status. Seems his wife **Gertrude** (Hayes) was **Joe's** secretary in 1950-52 where Alf met her, but Alf fesses up that he never worked at Pinkham. It's OK Alf, you're an OH as far as we're concerned.

Peter Madeira of S. W. Harbor, ME owns and operates an ol' fashion 5 & 10 called Harbor Variety with wife **Suzanne**. Saw **Mike and Sally Schnitzer**, together with younguns, one of which is thinking about croo work. Also saw **Heather Harland** at Echo last fall. Daughter **Rosie** filled in at Lakes during the fall '94 season. Pete (LCDR Coast Guard Reserve) was called to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba during winter reunion to help with the migrant situation.

Chuck Kellogg is now working for Global Partners in Boston, just a brisk walk from Brandy Pete's. He and wife **Gillian** recently completed the Northeast peaks over 4,000'.

Malcom Peters brought friends up to the cabin and says he loves the cabin improvements. He had a little trouble with the water, but fixed it up for the rest of us.

Al Starkey and his wife **Judy** took a long postponed trek to Paris/Nice/London/Edinburgh in October and November of '94. Judy fell victim to the nasty 13-Strep B Virus in the spring of '93 and nearly didn't make it. They are celebrating her recovery and their pending 60-something birthdays. He laments that the closest they'll come to the Whites this year is the flight out of Boston to Paris.

Alison Arthur not only has a new address in Center Conway, but was married to **Arthur Charbonneau** this past August in an outdoor ceremony high on a hill overlooking the Presidentials. She'll graduate from nursing school this spring and hopes to work in a local hospital.

John-Michael Field is still afflicted with the same ol' existential angst, but managed to overcome his disease long enough to join us at the winter reunion and pay his dues. He says he's dying to tell us about the time **Dave Huntley** destroyed a van on a hut check in the spring of 1980... but Dave won't let him. He'd also love to tell us the story of using a helicopter drop net to cover a truck on a dump run to Berlin and what **Mike Waddell** did to him when he found him hiding. Better yet, he leaked the story of the plowing time-trials in the PNC parking lot at 4 AM one wintery dawn in December 1978 — a record 40 MPH!!! You haven't lived until you drive at a good

clip past Hutton Lodge, snow arcing from the plow, reaching over the windshield so high it's all you see — the thrill of driving by feel and hoping you stop before you hit the river bed at the other end. Yes indeed! John-Michael, I think you may have a future in the movies — as a stunt man.

Most amazing (and I believe an OH first) ... the AMC Librarian, **Jessica Gill**, wrote to thank us for the article on **Fran Belcher** in the December mailing. She says it was really nice, and that she "... feel[s] he [Fran] has been ignored or neglected, so it was really good to see him get some recognition". Jessica did question whether it was OK for the Library to receive the Resuscitator without paying dues. Jessica kindly offered to pay with her own money if need be. Well my dear, if you will keep the news in a hallowed place, I'm sure we can swing a copy for the archives — gratis. Let us know if you need back issues and from when.

Whitey Whithead seconded the importance of the Belcher article and says Foochow's book, "Logging Railroads of the White Mountains" is worthy of being in every OH library. At 92, he says he doesn't get around as much now. Thanks for your kind remarks, Whitey.

Helen Fremont moved to Boston and wants to rent out her house in Cambridge? Anyone interested?

Alan Davisson typed his missive on the back of the mailer and I must say I was very appreciative — for a change the editors could read what was said! He strongly suggests the OH discretely disengage from the AMC, expressing his concerns about the AMC's "left-leaning direction", and its transformation from "the organization that it once was ... to an activist mouthpiece for a goodly part of the environmental whacko group espousing causes it has no business being in, and knows less about the conditions they talk about". Alan ends with "... Perhaps the OH has gone the same way. This is just one man's opinion. Whatever the current conditions, it is going to cause a fragmentation of the OH in the long term." Any reactions, you OH out there?

Wow! A gold mine. **Leonard B. "Sleezy" Dalton** and wife Joyce sent in three years of dues, cabins fees (with a request for us to print the cabin needs) and projected costs so OH could buy items and make donations as listed since many folks have things at home that we might be able to use. Good idea Sleezy.

Williams Cummings is still on his feet and still fishing, but laments that he doesn't seem to know any of the names in the Resuscitator anymore. Well Bill, you aren't

the only one. If you consider that the average OH work span with AMC is 2 years, that there are four seasons per year from which we pull OH, and that the huts have been operating for almost 100 years, its amazing we know anyone!. A more positive way to look at things is that there are so many more people with whom you share a common history and love of the mountains — not to mention the cabin.

Speaking of which I believe the new mattresses, pillows and blankets are now in the cabin. For those of you who relish antiques, we are selling smelly, stained and flattened pillows for a small fortune. Be one the those lucky enough to own a piece of your own past!

Bill Meduski sent his dues and attests to the nice deal at PNC for OH members. Bill still has the ski bug so his major news was about snow, ski areas and Utah powder.

Ann Morgan thanked the steering committee for getting the winter reunion out of Boston. We had the honor of breaking bread with her in January and learned that her OH daughter **Janet Morgan** is doing well.

Allen and Nancy Clark had a great trip to Alaska from July-September and mentioned seeing **Betty Elsner** and daughter **Wendy** in Alabama.

Kim "Schroeder" Steward says she enjoyed a fine day of skiing in December with OH notoriety like **Bob Champoux**, **Peter Benson**, **Jack Corbin**, **Mark Huntley** (visiting from his National Public Radio "Marketplace" program location in Prague) and **Doug Mayer** from the Obs/RMC

Bob Kreidler and his wife **Bonnie** joined us for the winter reunion this year and also provided an address for one of our lost OH souls.

Blaise Winter (thank you for the gender verification for the editors) updated his address from California to Nevada, where he works for the FAA as an Aviation Safety Inspector for aircraft charter operators. We sure do hope that last crash wasn't after you did your job, Blaise! **Bob Yolalsen** works for USFS and the University of Montana doing research on the atmospheric chemical effects on forests.

Zoe Parker finds herself in South Hamilton MA where it sounds like she's a teacher since she's avoiding the reunion by tramping through the Whites with a bunch of High School students that weekend. I can only surmise she must be an indentured servant to do so. Thanks for the offer to help with Resuscitator stuff Zoe, we will take you up on it! She also writes that **Emily Beusser** is among the "Chosen

Frozen" working at the South Pole this year.

I was overjoyed to find **L. Stroker Rogovin's** news. He's moved to Arlington MA from the town we all love to hate — Somerville MA (nice business cards Stroker). Despite what sounds like a busy woodworking schedule, Stroker managed to spend September and October (you remember those two beautiful Indian summer months this past year) caretaking AMC's Three-Mile Island. He got out to the grand Canyon and Tucson shortly after X-mas for a bit of hiking. While there, he hooked up with **Lee Macomber, Scott Macomber's** brother, who moved to Arizona in 1983 to escape allergy season in the east. Lee works for the National Science Foundation machining parts and grinding mirrors for state of the art telescopes —and Stroker thought his woodworking had to be precise! Stroker's lady-friend, **Gallan**, joined us for a delightful time at the winter reunion and the '94 spring brawl game.

Jonathan Hubbard took his family for their first visit to the huts last summer and was particularly impressed at Galehead when the hutmistress threw a 180 pound hutman over his shoulder and ran out the door at the end of the BFD! What happened to the venerable and useful tradition of the "trail lunch", he laments. Well Jon, I guess too many hut croos put too many pancakes and mice and other notoriously grungy items in those white bags!

Frank Kelliher and his wife **Barbara** got tired of too many windows to wash, too much lawn to mow after the five kids got married and moved out, so they sold their eleven room house and moved to a nice small one in Dracut MA.

Kim Harris, son of our beloved **Cal** and **Slim Harris** was honored for his photography as the artist of the month in Boxford in November.

Ken Whiting sends his regrets for not making the reunion. Brother **Gerry Whiting** did, however, make the trip and managed to squeeze in an entire memorable day of hiking at Fruitlands before the reunion. Gerry is now working out in Michigan for a forest products firm. He's living out of a suitcase a lot. Gerry's biggest complaint being on the road is not being able to cook his own food —the gourmet that he is. For the moment, Gerry is still residing in the Portland ME area.

Mike Torrey used the somewhat lame excuse of being a "basketball coach" for not attending the reunion. Do you OH out there accept this kind of weakness? Mike you could have at least taken the time to write

something entertaining. For instance, have you fathered a basketball team of Torreys yet? Cudos to **Mike** for digging up copies of the **Macmillan-Haddow** correspondence which was the catalyst that inspired **Alex MacPhail** to write his memoirs of the sign cutting caper.

Gordon Crim writes that he is happy to pay his dues for the privilege of keeping in touch with one of the greatest groups of people in the world. He says he's still wearing his 23 year old Limmers! Gordy, if they lasted that long you haven't been hiking enough! His legal work and family of three children keep him busy. He sends his best to **Ned and Sally Baldwin, Doug George, Channing Snyder, Chris Hawkins** and **Ethan Dubois**. He'd love to have visitors and get in touch with OH in the Portland Oregon area too. Gordy, send us a check and we'll send you a mailing list (call **John Meserve** for the exact amount).

Brian and Betsy Fowler also couldn't make the reunion since Brian was on a research contract mission to the Obs.

Peter Woodcock writes from White Plains NY that he'll try to make the spring brawl.

Mark Kingsbury had his Resuscitator sent back because you have to have foreign mail in an envelope! We splurged on some recycled envelope from work and posted off the rag to Canadian Mountain Holidays in Banff Alberta. Mark says its too far to fly in for the reunions even though he'd love to join us. He also sends a special message to **Mark Loucks**: "It would be great to hear from you".

I happened to find **Mark Louck's** note penned from Denver Colorado on his Royal Gold, Inc. note pad where he is Executive Vice-President. He can't believe that the children of his "AMC Class" will be running huts this year —and they are all women! Mark identified the mystery man in the champagne pic on page 12 from last spring's Resuscitator as **Nick Ziergiebel**. He says we should see the next two photos in the sequence!

Rick Estes filled in **Ned and Sally Baldwin's** newsletter with his hearts desire ...to be brought back into the OH flock! Now I call that recycling with feeling! He was glad to see OH are encouraging Obs memberships. He finds a little time between skiing, biking, hiking and sea kayaking (and also quilting) to help out at the North Conway resource center for the Obs. He sends his regards to **Channing Snyder**.

Now **Channing Snyder** has been living in Finland for the last 8 years with his wife, **Liza**, and his son and daughter. They

moved back to their house in Eaton NH for good in the fall, and welcome friends to stop by Sweet Clover Farm. They are starting an international training center out of their farm and welcome any contacts OH may have. Chan's chimney business is still going strong, so for all you folks in the north country who have creosote buildup — the Chimney Man is back! His first job will be relining the chimney at the cabin.

Betsy Belcher Macmillan's out in Ohio, but asks us to get her an OH card since she's expecting to head up to the huts this summer.

Ike Meredith still has some of the post cards he use to sell at the huts in 1938-41. I assume you will be sharing them with us all Ike?

Grace Crooker Levergood is trying to get her 5 year old interested in hiking with the enticement of visiting the magical caves in Mahoosuc Notch. They are up to about 1 mile so far. The baby boy Grace mentioned she was expecting in August '94 must have arrived, so congratulations! I guess you'll be taking a little break from designing Berlin NH's wastewater treatment plant and water system. Hopefully for them, you finished the design before your family grew larger.

Sparky Koop writes that since she is now officially an OH with "Thousand Yard Knees", she feels she should send in her dues — bout time! Sparky started med school this fall (I think in Portland ME for Osteopathy). She had a year of odd jobs which finished with a medical mission stint out in the "Great Horn" (of Africa?) where bushwhacking took on new meaning! She says, "Thank heaven lethal Black Mambas don't lurk in the Krumholz — particularly on the Old Adams slide". **Allen "Papa" Koop** then took her and a friend for a whirlwind tour, summit bagging a bunch of Pacific Northwest volcanoes. **Liza Walker** and **Sparky** attended the nuptials of **Jen "Bondo" Granducci** in September to **Bill "Ole" Oliver** in picturesque Bath ME. We all couldn't believe the music ended so soon!

Jeff Worst says he got hitched over the summer ('93? '94? Dates guys, dates!) to his Japanese girlfriend (of course Jeff didn't even bother to share her name, so she'll forever be known too us as "Jeff's Japanese girlfriend"). **Sarah Self** (former Crawford Hostel's caretaker) was able to attend on fairly short notice looking as lovely as usual. The short notice was due to a snafu with the Immigration and Naturalization Service who sent his fiance back to Japan when she tried to return to the US in late June. Given that the wedding was sched-

uled for July 30th, things were a tad uncertain. However, she did get back in time, the deed was done, and all is well in DC. She's happily nesting (excavating?) in Jeff's former bachelor pad while he is back at work at Booz, Allen and Hamilton Inc., where he does stuff like statistical analysis, occupational analysis and vacation trip planning (yawn). Supposedly, the happy couple headed off to Japan this fall for a traditional Japanese wedding. This time the INS probably won't let Jeff back into the US—something to do with the smell of his polypropylene. When Jeff is not trying his new bride's patience with escapades up Mount Fuji and biking to timbucktoo, he's visiting with Mark "the Shark" Hitchcock and doodling on the internet. You can reach him at jeff@bah.com. Thanks for the wealth of news Jeff, I'll save the rest for the next Resuscitator.

Margaret Thompson spent the summer working for the Forest Service in Alaska and is now settling in Norwich VT. She went to the huts after her first summer away and says "it was a hoot". She saw **Dave Yampanus, Chris Thayer, Amy Derry and Sparky Koop**. Then they proceeded to tell old stories about "when they were in the huts" and bored the new croo to death! Sounds like you are OH, guys.

Joan Wortley Bishop is waiting for things to warm up so she can start gardening at her camp in Randolph. I happened to see her at **Jen Granducci and Bill Oliver's** wedding where she was orchestrating the flower arrangement transfer from chapel to reception. Joan, though you looked lovely, you seem more at home over in Randolph. Hope the trip to Hawaii was worth missing the reunion!

A. Dobie Jenkins in muddy California writes that plans are under way for a year 2005 re-enactment of the joint hut/trail crew bearding of the Old Man of the Mountains—a fiftieth anniversary celebration of the high point of Ike's first term. Interested perpetrators should contact Dobie at home at (510) 254-0255. And also prepare to line up a good defense lawyer, like your old trail crew boss **Stretch Hayes**.

Phil Costello is continuing as Executive Director of Project USE in New Jersey where he is developing adventure education curriculum for a group of NJ public schools with low and high ropes courses, indoor rock climbing walls and rappell towers. School just isn't like I remember it!

Fags Fallon is still involved with property rights interests in Florida, going back and forth to DC and trying to keep the government from gobbling up more land. He says the treasure hunting season was

mediocre this year but produced many historical artifacts.

Mike Lonergan thought he wouldn't be able to come to the winter reunion due to a nasty trial (he's not in trouble, folks, he's a lawyer). Happily for the party croo in Concord, he did arrive with his wife.

Barbara Lute loved **Joe Harrington's** article from the '50s and attended **Fran Belcher's** funeral service which was "a day full of memories" and opportunities to get reacquainted with old friends and OH.

Jane Neves and **David Lewis** sent us a funky wedding announcement from Thistle Hill Ranch in Tomales CA. They tied the knot in a private ceremony in Reno Nevada.

Amory Lovins made it into the Ransom Environmental Consultant's newsletter, "Environotes" with this quote: "Our industrial performance will leap ahead, our pollution flows will decline, and our showers will still be hot and our beer cold". I'm not sure if he's talking about fossil fuels or the huts?

Joe Harrington even sent us a thank you for the "ink" from last spring's Resuscitator and a warning about a book length version coming down the pike.

Bonnie Christie sent some news that got lost last time and now she has nothing much but a request for **Misha Kirk** to be in touch. Bonnie's in Charlotte VT.

Janet Williamson had no news of herself, but shared that **Sue Cole** and husband **Danny Corrigan** are living in Tuscon, AZ while she finishes her Masters in Nutrition. They are enjoying the sunny, warm climate, but miss New England.

Jim Argentati completed trail head signs and markers for the Hutman's Trail. (See page 14 about our trails.) Jim will also accept calls from hutwomen interested in climbing, hiking, sea kayaking, cross country skiing, etc., etc. Don't be shy, Jim certainly isn't. Call (603) 795-4057.

Alice Wolf just got back to ME after her Peace Corps Service in Cameroon, West Africa.

Norma Hart-Anderson put her vote in for a winter reunion outside of Boston. When **Liz Morse Maxwell** visited her in September from Berkeley CA, they had a great time... "reminiscing about hiking and skiing trips when they were in the OHF together at Porky Gulch in the early 50s; climbing the old wildcat ski trail on the lumbering old skis of those days, with army surplus "skins" on the bottoms of the skis; and how they [the skins, not Norma and Liz] have been recycled into the new-old backcountry skiing of today. Nothing is new under the sun!"

Graham Trelstad and his wife **Julie**

were thrilled to welcome into the world twin daughters, **Elizabeth** and **Eleanor**, on February 4. Between diaper changes, midnight feedings and his last semester at the Yale School of Forestry, he's been busy.

Brian Morgan sends news that he is alive and well in Moultonboro NH, while brother **Ross Morgan** is also with the living in Craftsbury VT. Brian swears that Ross is still one tough boy, working all winter on snowshoes as a forester, despite a few aches and pains as a result of the 1966 stabbing and later incident of the Brookfield lowlands. "The dirty rats almost got him that year and I thank God he's still here".

Nancy Thomas doesn't want to get lost from the OH system, so she sent along her new address in Montpelier VT. She loves the OH Hut rates and plans on a trip or two this summer.

George T. Hamilton who graced the winter shindig with his presence, but alas, without his lovely partner **Helen**, sent news that Lt. General (Ret.) **Richard G. "Slim" Trefry**, retired I.G. of the Army, is a principal in his own consulting firm, Military Professional Resources, Inc., (MPRI) and is busier than ever with his offices at Ft. Belvoir (for an ad hoc project), AUSA (Associates of the Army) where he writes for their journal periodically. George and Dick climbed in the hills during the late thirties where Dick worked at PNC in 1941 as a truck driver. George thinks he is our highest ranking OH. Anyone knowing the naval career of **RADM (Ret.) Hal Bernson** should let us know. George has lost touch and wonders if there is a tie.

George is now honest-to-goodness totally retired, and sent in his dues even though he doesn't use the cabin, nor get to the huts. He says "...at 67, who knows? the spirit may call". He welcomes any OH who find themselves in Westmoreland NH and suggests we make the address list available again. It always is, George, but its getting bigger all the time so check with **John Meserve** about the cost and shipping. He misses seeing **Laurie Brown** who lived across the river in Putney VT before he died 7 years ago—he was a character and one of **Joe Dodge's** favorites. He also hoped that there would be a good turnout of OH at **Bob Monahan's** memorial service on March 12 in Hanover.

We did receive news from **Hal Bernson** that he is involved in Virginia Beach activities and civilian business ventures, including two joint ventures in his old Persian Gulf stomping grounds. We've sent George Hal's address.

Allen Doyle, out in Fairbanks AK, apologized for being "scandalously

negligent with correspondence." He thinks of his inspiring comrades with much fondness and love, and hopes they feel weird vibes coming from the North. He says that **Steve Colt** came up for the Sonoot Kaazoot (an Athapaskan word for "slide on snow in the spring", which further translates into a 50 KM ski race starting in downtown Fairbanks). Steve finished strong with his usual toothy grin. Allen pooped out with his traditional "spring bonk" (a.k.a. hitting the wall). Don't let anyone tell you that either of you are getting old guys.

Dale Brodhead sent his greetings and dues (begging for reinstatement) from the cold Canadian North on some company stationary that made me think of pie charts. In actuality, the brochure says New Economy Development Group Inc., is a consulting firm that Dale started in Canada to help communities and organizations reach their development potential while embracing social justice and equal economic opportunities. Many native peoples are on their client list. From Dale's scrawl, which is incredibly hard to decipher, it sounds like he is traveling all over the world. Sounds good Dale, but would you mind printing or typing next time if you want accuracy?

Bill Oliver shared his happy news about leaving bachelorhood on September 10, 1994 in Days Ferry ME with **Jen Granducci**. There were many OH in attendance. However, this was impressively overshadowed by the attendance of Bill's entire 8th grade basketball squad. They had a great trip to Yosemite despite the fact that Jen got pneumonia and could barely walk, let alone hike. Jen will be at Carter this summer, where she says OH are welcome to visit. Bill and Jen spent some time with **Doug Shaffer** at his bungalow in Whitefield — champagne and pate' in the hot tub New Year's Eve, followed by sledding at **Bruce Sloat's** house (Bruce had the fastest sled!). The newlyweds also got to visit **Chris "Hawkeye" Hawkins** and see his new farm two doors from the Sloat's in Lost Nation. He even has his own hydro plant!

Dave Huntley and Laura McGrath made it to the reunion. This year Dave spent most of his time wandering through Italy producing more PBS TV shows like Scientific American with Alan Alda; he got to hang out in the Appenine Mountains with his **Limmers**, chase brown bear and relocate alpine chamoix. I can't believe you wasted time in high elevation car washes, Dave! Laura is very busy consulting for the Council for Responsible Genetics in Cambridge. Little bro, **Mark Huntley**, is

writing for "La Tribune De Prague" (a french magazine published in the Czech Republic and written by an American hutboy —go figure!). Mark is also producing radio features for Public Radio's "Marketplace". I have been listening diligently for one of his shows but alas...

Nancy Bazilchuk had a daughter, **Zoe**, on October 23 1994. That makes two girls for the Bazilchuk/Strimbeck family. Zoe was a mere 10 lbs., 3 oz! Would we have expected less of a woman of your infamous stature, Nancy?

Annie Hanaway is doing National Service with AmeriCorps. "It's a fascinating and important program, yet full of first year snags and hitches", says Annie. She works with low-income urban high schools starting environmental service clubs which do local and regional service projects. Though she says it's a struggle, it is rewarding. She loves being in OH land (Boston?) where she sees **Becky Gould, Al Kaufman, Chris Page, Dan Aarons and John Halporn** semi-regularly.

Ronna Cohen will be joining **Andy Cohen**, "the Grand Stalk", at the Andy Boy Broccoli Club 10th reunion at Lakes on July 15, 1995.

Phillip Coyne will have two Masters degrees by spring, one of which is a MS in Ocean Engineering. When he finishes his research on fast water oil barriers at UNH in May he'll have more time to spend with his wonderful wife. Will you consider sharing her name, Phil?

Jon Glase's son **Rob** has applied for a hut job this summer —twenty years after Jon's first summer.

Doug Shaffer and his fiancée, Sue White, had a great winter hike in the Northern Presi's during the Christmas Holidays with overnights at Grey Knob and Craig Camp. He and Sue got engaged on top of Middle Sugarloaf in early December where they made plans for a June wedding in the Boston area. Congratulations and much happiness you two "love birds"!

Ray Scheimer sent his yearly greetings and offers to put up OH who make it to Hawaii (did I get that right Ray?). Every year I'm sure we all imagine getting there Ray, really!

Marty Womer, graced the winter reunion with his cheerful face. He's going back to school and, at 41, is finding his first year at law school (University of Maine School of Law, Portland) a real pleasure. "For someone who is generally a workaholic, law

school is perfect", he writes. Marty found himself in the hospital this past August after falling asleep at the wheel after the Madison '73 reunion at Chez Belle. Though the accident was pretty bad, no one died. Marty did some hard time in the hospital with internal injuries and says he's pretty much recovered, except for his "redecorated abdomen". What was more enlightening than the stitches, was the realization he didn't have enough insurance. When faced with 5 lawsuits from the other car's occupants, he's finding new incentive for his studies at law school. What he'll do with his JD afterwards is still under consideration, for as he says, "I'm hesitant to predict the future anymore". Marty's wife **Karin** remains in Rockport as the breadwinner in her job as the Managing Editor at Down East Books. Glad you are doing better Marty and considering your past summer, you looked maavelous!

Robert Arundale will be in Cambridge England on sabbatical for a year and wondered if there are any OH in the UK?

Barbara Deller retired from teaching last June - with glee! Now she doing some travelling (China), some research and writing, and maybe she'll even have time to sort out all those old White Mountain slides.

Al Kamman Sr. out in sunny CA, has no news, but wants to stay on the list just in case he gets back to NH.

Heather Goguen Thompson had a little more news than usual. She went down the AMC memory lane after opening a box of old letters, with many OH ones to reminisce over. It made her pretty gushy. To those that knew her, she is truly happy; she has a wonderful marriage (strengthened by some tough tests) with husband **Jack**; has a beautiful son, **Matthew**, who is two; and she has the leeway to be a full time Mom. She has "... finally learned to appreciate those quiet moments and the beauty of being where I am". She highly recommends doing volunteer AMC trail work after taking a week with her 17 year-old stepdaughter in the Whites. Even though her Jane Fonda workouts didn't quite prepare her as much as she would have liked, she really enjoyed the experience and did such a super sales job in her letter that I signed up for the entire summer. She invites folks to visit her in Jersey's quickly vanishing mountainous region in High Bridge NJ.

Karl Kraig is still doing computer work in northeast Jersey and owns a house with his sweetie somewhere around Mahwah, NJ. Sorry for the bad telemark weather this year Karl.

Lloyd Dakin is still in Tanzania with his family and most of the Rwandan refugees. He's been very busy and hoping for a better 1995.

Lindsey Rice was so thrilled with his OH sticker, he put it right onto his car window

where it stayed for a meagerly two weeks. On that last fateful day, he rolled up the window and it was gone. As he put it, "Nice idea, basic plan needs some help".

Now **Doug Techner**, ever one for some political advertising, sent his yearly dues and congressional update leaflet in the same envelope — saving taxpayer's money! He's now in his 4th term in NH, still living in the shadow of Moosilauke, and still campaigning — this year its for Lamar Alexander for President. Doug's most recent thrill seems to have been a tandem skydive as a fundraiser for the Special Olympics. Frankly, Doug, we've been wondering what happened to the award winning milk cow from last year — she was a cutie.

Clark "Clem" Dean removed himself from the missing OH list after correcting our horribly botched address label. Clark thinks he's being fiscally responsible by not paying up all of his back dues, since he's sure it would run up the national debt. His backpack trips since his Lakes days have been of the "out of this world" kind. Clark designs life support equipment for the NASA space program, including the Apollo Lunar backpack and the Shuttle space suit. The technical term is Portable Life Support System for the Extra-Vehicular Mobility Unit (PLSS/EMU). He gets the word first hand, that the view from up there is even better than from the top of the "rock pile". Thanks for improving our party, small-talk repertoire.

Robert Weiner somehow survived the mass execution of Democratic staff after the November election, and will continue as President of the Capitol Hill Runners. Any OH who want to go for a run while visiting DC should call him at (301) 283-0821. His group meets at 6:30 PM every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday to do scenic roads or trails near the Capitol building.

Thomas Heffernan retired from the US Forest Service and is relaxing in Montrose CO with his wife **Kathy**. He was an appraiser and worked in lands for most of his career. He was privileged to purchase many thousands of acres of land under the Land and Water Conservation Program. His favorite project was the purchase of 3700 acres of the Beartown Wilderness Area in SW Virginia. Of course the feds can't get rid of him that easily. It sounds like Tom will be doing some volunteer range work with his horse this summer. What about Kathy?

Charley Swift and his wife **Linda** are doing better these days. Linda sent us a wonderfully descriptive letter with all the

details of Charley's altercation with a bus in Australia in November 1994. Unfortunately the bus won and Charley was in a deep coma with serious injuries for some time. By December, Charley was back in the US, officially out of the coma and responsive enough to start a rehabilitation program. It is a very long recovery road. However, Linda writes with such a positive upbeat note about Charley's improvements in mobility and speech, memory recall and daily living skills, that we should have great hope for a strong return for him. We can't truly understand the incredible fortitude it takes to recover from injuries like this, but we sure can cheer on Charley's recovery and send both of them our love. Linda says, "his spirits are good and the will to succeed is strong — at his suggestion we have chosen for our motto 'We will get there'". Charley writes, "It is about time you heard from me directly. The doctors say they see an improvement in my response, but I think more work is needed. Thank you for your communications and thoughts. Next time I'll try to write more". Though the letter was much longer, I would like to suggest that anyone who would like a copy of the full letter should drop a note off to **Jim Hamilton** or **John Meserve** and we'll pass it on. For those in the Berkeley CA area, Charley will be in the Claremont section of Berkeley at Learning Services, a sort of "Bed and Breakfast with Therapy" transition residence. He can have visitors if you call first (510) 548-4808, or 2733 Woolsey Street, Berkeley CA 94705.

Suzanne Eusden also sent a very long letter from Alaska. Yes I certainly remember you Suzanne, but that doesn't necessarily mean I know how to spell your name. Suzanne and Don spent a few weeks in NH last June to spend time with their parents, who all have had some sudden health problems. They planed to see **Greg Betts**, **Tom Johnson**, and **Jad and Jody Brown**. Greg came out to visit in Alaska last February during a deep freeze with howling winds. She and Don drove 400 miles from Whittier one night to meet Greg in Fairbanks. Their van's heater and stove died as they rolled north in -45 degree temperatures. Every 10 minutes, Suzanne had to scrape the inside of the windshield so Don could see to drive. Despite that hardship, there was a fantastic 3 hour display of Northern Lights as they drove past McKinley, Nenane, etc., in the pitch dark. During their visit, they soaked in an outdoor hot spring and went skiing — all in -25 degree air temps — which, Suzanne says, "is a different approach to life and survival". Suzanne hoped to stop in at PNC

or the huts, or bump into TC or OH folks. She does miss the fall foliage (its all gold trees and red tundra out there), and Christmas in NE.

Suzanne helped us add '71-'75 OH to our list by ordering a mail list, adding new addresses and finding the following missing from our roles: **Hank Pepper**, **Priscilla Goulding**, **Cynthia Schumacher**, **Cathy Feree**, **David & Michelle Allen**, **George Winslow**, **Jean Farquar**, **Ann Zaluzny**, **Dave Gooker Donahue**, and **Warren Rehn**. She ran into **Bob and Ann Proudman** at a T.C. reunion and birthday party for **Bill Birchard** in Amherst, NH last June. **Steve Rice** was also there. She thought maybe the **Dean Marshall** of Andover, MA might be the **Dawn Marshall** who worked at Lonesome and might be living in Laconia, NH. Suzanne also informed us that **Claude Sharpes** died in 1984.

Old pal **Liz Shultis** and her husband **Ed** had hoped to visit Suzanne in Anchorage. Talk about bad planning... Liz and Ed arrived the night before Suzanne and Don were to head to NH — so much for the planned boat trips and hikes!

Lew Bissell saw a woodchuck looking at the green grass of his Jackson homestead March 20. A year ago, there was 32 inches of snow in the same place. He's looking forward to a Florida trip April 2 through May 1 to visit with daughter **Susan** (Pinkham '67), her daughter, plus many friends who have moved to Florida. He will also do one week at Elderhostel at Johnson and Wales in Charleston SC to sample their cooking, but will be back in time to attend the Brawl.

Charlie Gregg enjoys the Resuscitator in his McLean VA surroundings.

September was a beautiful time of year for a wedding in Eaton Center NH's Little White Church where **Jack and Anne Middleton** gave their lovely daughter **Susan** to **Sandy Gordon Campbell** in a wedding ceremony that featured a piper and a gathering of OH and friends, many clad in their family tartans. Along with many offshoots from the Middleton family, joining Anne's brother **Brookie** was **Bob Temple**, **Lew Bissell**, **Willy Hastings**, **George Hamilton** — the very proud Godfather of Susan — and **Jim Hamilton**, Sandy's roommate from Williston days.

Finally, here are some little clippings for folks with little more news than a name to share: We'll see **Bertram Goodwin** at this spring reunion; **Bruce Shields** quips, while no dues is good dues, he will send it anyway; **Jay Lee Peterle** feels like it was only yesterday that he was at Pinkham; **Eric Bauman's** in Maryland; **Amy Porter's** in San Francisco looking for other OH in the

area; **Guy Gosselin** didn't even bother to list his years with AMC saying "... more than I can remember!"; **Peter and Emily Benson** sent dues and regrets for a no-show for the winter fete; **Moose Damp** just sent money; **Richard Meserve** wants to impeach the treasurer; **Bob McIntyre** wishes us all "a good one"; **Mack Beal** couldn't make it to the reunion, but sends his best as does **Theodore Prescott** out in Lisburn PA; **Jeff Abbe** was skiing in Purgatory this year; Chief **Richard O'hara** in Orleans MA renewed his membership; **Tim Traver** is still the Executive Director of a land trust in Vermont; **Mac Stott** aimed to be at the reunion; **Frank Carlson** sent along his dues, but sadly couldn't join us for dinner.

Dawson Winch has accepted a position at *Backpacker* magazine and will move to Emmaus PA. As assistant marketing manager, she will travel to Costa Rica on one of her first assignments. We will miss her as chairperson of the steering committee and wish her well. *Walking* magazine, eat your heart out!

OHA to join the Internet

Tom Kelleher is setting up an Internet Web Page which will have an electronic copy of the *Resuscitator*, the updated croo list and other timely information. Have a little patience, since we need to shift our material over to the electronic format. Meanwhile, here's where to reach Tom: <http://www.utranet.com/~tkell/oha>

OH Trail—where are you?

Ever try to find the eastern trailhead of the OH Trail (Hutmens' Trail in the guide book)? About 10 years ago we gave up our trailhead at the old Fernald Cottage site on the Carter Notch Road due to an obstinate property owner who objected to trampers walking through his front yard. At that time, the Forest Service relocated us about a mile up the road to share the Marsh Brook and Dana Place ski touring trailhead. We are presently seeking permission to use a private trailhead adjacent to the old Fernald Cottage trailhead which we can share with the Jackson Ski Touring Foundation which has two good features: the old trail is just a short hike from the road and we can share the JSTF parking lot across the street from the trailhead. Meanwhile, we hope to clear up some of the confusion at the height of land where the Dana Place Trail and the OH Trail run along together by placing signs where a logging road has joined the two trails.

1995 Hut System Croo

Carter

Jen Granducci THM
Tim Hayman AHM
Dave Hoverman
Sara Hurley

Madison

Ethan Collins HM
Malin Begtsson AHM
Jen Outwater
Katherine Birnie
Bo Miller

Lakes

Paul Scannell THM
Josh Fishkin AHM
Lesley Fowler
Kris Wentworth
Tania Lihatsch
McLean Pancoast
Phoebe Hausman-Rogers
Brian Post

Mizpah

John Poor HM
Jesse Pancoast AHM
Dana Boyd
Shirley Yoon
Laura Premack

Zealand

Heather Harland THM
Emma Ansara AHM
CCDP Fellow TBA
CCDP Fellow TBA

Galehead

Tricia Gunning HM
Meghan Prentiss AHM
Andrew Davis
New Croo TBA

Greenleaf

Elizabeth Darlington HM
Steve Engle AHM
Tom Brex
Deirdre Vander Schaff
Nicole Marcoc

Lonesome

Amy Prentiss HM
Dietland Vander Schaff AHM
Jason Boyd
Erik Jacobson

Storehouse Mgr

Laura Capelle

Field Supervisor

Jeff Brown

Field Asst

Steve Peters

Tucks Caretaker

Liz Haigh

Crawford Mgr

TBA

Crew lists as of 3/95

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.

Missing OH

Anyone know the whereabouts of:

Peter Churce
Jack Corbin
Matthew Emerson
Adam Finkel
Christine Forsman
Keith Kidder
Davis Moskowiz
Gary Newfield
Daniel Scheidt
Margaret Thompson
Robert Tyson
Laura Zug

Let us know the address of *any* OH you run into who may not be on our mail list, and we'll send them a current *Resuscitator*.

Spring 1995 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 \$20 ☐ at \$14 for kids or present croo. 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 1995—\$15.

☐ I'm joining the Obs. I'm sending \$25 (\$20 for students under age 23 and seniors over age 64) to Mount Washington Observatory PO Box 2310 N. Conway NH 03860. I'll receive the quarterly News Bulletin edited by Peggy Dillon get membership discounts and be supporting some damn fine work.

☐ I've got a good electric refrigerator for the cabin. Call me for details.

☐ 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.....

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