

THE OH ASSOCIATION 17 Brenner Drive, Newton, New Hampshire 03858

“Let’s Talk Trails!”

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2017 FALL REUNION

Saturday, November 4

Highland Center, Crawford Notch, NH

1pm: Geology field trip in Pinkham Notch led by Brian Fowler. Leaves from Pinkham Notch Visitor Center.

3:30-4:30pm: Y-OH discussion session led by Beth Weick. Be part of the conversation on growing the OHA younger and keeping the OHA relevant in the 21st century. Meet in Thayer Hall.

4:30-6:30pm: Acoustic music jam! Happy Hour!

6:30-7:30pm: Dinner.

7:45-8:30pm: Business Meeting, Awards, Announcements, Proclamations.

8:30-9:15pm: Featured speaker Bob Proudman: “AMC Trail Crew History.”

*For reservations, call the AMC at 603-466-2727.
Group # 347612*

Dinner, \$35; Rooms, \$69-102. Additional pricing options for youths & small children.

See page 3 for futher programming details.



Fall 2017

www.ohcroo.com for all your current news

From the Desk of the Chair

This time around, I was hoping to convince Beth Weick to write this column—introduce herself and all that. But your Vice-chair also serves as Editor of this newsletter, and with this issue going to press, she's busier than a one-armed paper hanger. So, not wanting to heap too much on her capable shoulders, I agreed to take up the pen, again. This time around...

Much to tell. **Fallfest is fast approaching** and will sell out, as it has in recent years, so don't drag those Limmers. Make that resi now. Geology of Pinkham Notch field trip leaves PNC at 1 PM, led by not one, but two vastly over-qualified OH geology PhDs. Later that afternoon, at the Highland Center, Beth will be hosting a Y-OH focus group, and I'll be hosting an acoustic music jam. (Perhaps we'll combine them into one event next year?) Happy hour, Lakes 100th/Mizpah 50th Anniversary video, huts update, volunteer opportunities for 2018, OHA and TFC merch galore, and much more. Featured speaker is Bob Proudman, on the history of the AMC Trail Crew. Not to miss. Details inside and on the website: www.ohcroc.com.

Speaking of the website, a major overhaul is in the works and should be ready for prime-time soon. You should be pleased with the new look and functionality, especially easier access to contact info for your long-lost croo buddies. Thanks to former webmaster Tom Kelleher for designing and stewarding the current site, and to Taylor Burt, for agreeing to try to fill those rather large Limmers by serving as our new webmaster.

Please have a look at the slate of nominees for the 2018 Steering Committee (page 5) so you know who the hell you're voting for at Fallfest. The list includes a healthy mix of young and old, men and women, alum from huts and "other departments," etc., which should make for a broad range of experience that best represents the needs and interests of our membership. Note that we're pleased to nominate as a member-at-large Eric Gotthold, Hut System Field Supervisor. Eric has already attended many a meeting, as has his boss, James Wrigley, and both have added immeasurably to the conversation and to getting things done. Thanks guys!

Last but not least, **a request of all Cabin visitors to NOT block the road, or venture beyond the gate above the upper parking lot.** Please respect our neighbor's privacy.

As you can see, your Steering Committee is hard at work bringing you the best damn hut alumni organization we can. All you have to do is pay yer dues, "pay to stay" at the Cabin, and we'll get there together.

Solvitur crumpus,



Stroker
OHA Chair

OLD NEWS: The OHA is on **Facebook**. NEW NEWS: The OHA is on **Instagram!**
(@OHcroc; #ohcroc)



We're also on **LinkedIn** and **Twitter**, and constantly looking for other ways to connect with each other, now that we can't have social call or send notes on truck. **Plug in with the portal of your choice!** (USPS is good, too.) All info can be found on the OHA website: www.ohcroc.com



Fall Fest 2017

Celebrate an emphasis on Trails

this year! Our Fall Fest featured speaker will be Bob Proudman (bio below). In addition, this issue of *The Resuscitator* includes articles (reprinted from Trail Crew Association's Newsletter *Chips & Clippings*) from two female TCA "firsts." Plus, info on upcoming TCA events on page 8, and via the TCA website: www.amctca.com.

Know Thy Facts! Brian Fowler's popular Geology Talk before evening Fall Fest festivities will meet at **1pm at AMC's PINKHAM NOTCH VISITOR CENTER** this year. Additional info about sights to be seen available on the OHA website www.ohcroc.com.

Bob Proudman *presents* "AMC TRAIL CREW HISTORY"

AMC's first full-time supervisor of trails, Bob Proudman, will present at this year's Fallfest. On the crew 1965-68 and Trail Master '68, "Bobe" returned to the crew in 1971 for its last year headquartered in Whitefield, N.H., as the club's first caretaker at Garfield Ridge, the relocated campsite that he built that year with the crew east of the Garfield's summit, replacing Garfield Pond Shelter west of the summit. The pond site was abandoned having been trampled by thousands of visitors over many decades.

That September '71, the crew moved to Pinkham Notch Camp, a historic relocation for the "TFC." Later that fall, AMC Associate Director Tom Deans hired Bobe to manage the crew based at Pinkham as well as AMC's chapter-based and club-wide trail programs, 1971-79. There has been a succession of full-time trail supervisors since.

The AMC Trail Crew will celebrate its centennial anniversary in 2019, a century after Trail Master and later N.H. governor Sherman Adams led his crew of seven young men onto AMC's blossoming trail system (that indeed had been developing, by the AMC, since 1876)!

Author of AMC's Trail Building and Maintenance (1977 and '88 with Reuben Rajala), Bob went to work for the National Park Service-Appalachian Trail Park Office as an AMC contractor on State Street, Boston, which later led to his 34-year career with the Appalachian Trail Conservancy, né A.T. Conference, 1981-2015, Harpers Ferry, W. Va., building the USA's first National Scenic Trail, which established the A.T.—originally completed in Maine in 1937—as a national park from Georgia to Maine.

Working with ATC, NPS and AMC, he helped establish the route, founded or inspired a half-dozen trail crews, developed ridgerunners, caretakers and similar programs for people- and land-management including an extensive boundary survey program and park law-enforcement including Search & Rescue (SAR), essentially exporting AMC White Mountain programs along the Appalachians.

Bob's Fall Fest presentation will also include one or two female counterparts to share their experiences on TCA. If time and interest permit, Bob may also describe some of his adventures rock and ice climbing first ascents in the Whites and Katahdin region, as well as his work exporting trail programs and techniques internationally.

Kitchen Jazz: Lakes of the Clouds Hut, Elev. 5,000 Feet

W. Kent Olson

Rising alone,
the cook of the day
enters the kitchen
in the smudgy hour
before the sun nicks
Washington's summit
and glides down a thousand feet,
releasing its illuminate, gilt grace
at hut elevation—
a cape of light lofted
upon a shoulder.

First thing in the chill dark,
he scrapes a match alight
(raw, aural, amiable abrasion),
puts flame to aperture,
rotates the lever a quarter turn
until a freed nimbus
of propane effloresces,
saturating its grapefruit globe,
and gulps the seducing fire—pop!—
like a kid's finger-in-cheek pluck.
Both emitting and containing
eye-assaulting combustion,
the lamp's intricate knit mantle
flares ultra-magnesium,
settles tooth-yellow,
murmurs white noise.

He loops over his neck
a food-compromised apron,
ties it bellywise.

Ammonoosuc Ravine,
palimpsest of ghost rime,
awaits refracted alpine
rays and the weeping,
consequent seeping
dribbles that will compound
from a billion dendrites
and funnel to turbulent
stream dimensions,
erupted into the engorged
great chalice of a watershed.

Last night he'd prepped
the coffeecake recipe
inside the lamp's grudging radius
and, final item before bed,
penciled himself a note,
planting it upright
in his bowl of dries
(flour, salt, sugar,
powdered milk, cinnamon),
a tiny road sign to hedge
against forgetting
some crucial pre-dawn task.

Now, in morning's ashy sub-light,
under the insistent sibilant
ignition of the lamp,
he re-reads the steps
of his embedded memo.
Okay so far:
ovens cranked to baking temps,
stove jets fired to blue-yellow unison,
potsful of water reporting
toward two hundred and twelve,
eggs, oatmeal, bacon, coffee poised.

Dented copper samovars
clack tick-tickety, tickety-tick,
warping from the boil.
Lids rattle. Shelved queues
of aluminum vats,
pitchers, trays, pans, spoons,
clattering tin this-or-thats,
jig rhythmic,
thrum sonorous, sympathetic
with the clanking
industrial timbres
and kitchenly arpeggios
of cheffy production at altitude.

Warmth flourishes in spasms
from ovens he caused to purr,
gaslights he made hiss,
burners set susurrating,
vessels coaxed to roiling whistles
and from the solo, skittering
chore-to-chore
jitterbug boogaloo
he performed to ensure
anything happened at all.

Having (with his wooden spoon)
conducted syncopations,
scullery be-bops, contrapuntals, riffs,
piano fortes and raspy glissandos,
the self-celebrated cook of the day
pinches a knob of spattered apron
and, affecting minor jazz master,
curtseys to his private gallery
of pulsating utensils,
which, thus cued, clamors,
"Encore, Maestro!"

Clarified of rime
and desolate night,
the loosed Ammonoosuc
assumes its gradient
in roaring white steps,
deepening the incised valley
by imperceptible increment.
Infinitesimal bubbles flung
willy-nilly above the fractured waters
flit and glint like paisley nymphs.

The relentless cascade,
a river of sun-struck prisms,
booms against a sunlight
bent soundless across the tundra,
rarefied in isolate time.

Six-thirty. Wake the crew.
Breakfast goes out at seven.

Ken Olson started at Lakes and Galehead huts in the 1960s rising to hutmaster-ships at Mizpah, Greenleaf and Madison. He served AMC as Youth Opportunities Director (1969), Hut System Manager (1971-1973), Director of Publications (1974-1977) and Editor of Appalachia (1977-1978). After a thirty-one-year conservation career, Ken retired, in 2006, as President and CEO of Friends of Acadia.

W. Kent Olson © 2017

SO, WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW, ANYWAY??

Presenting: Your 2018 Steering Committee



Stroker Rogovin has served as OHA Chair since before the Dead Sea was even sick. The Steering Committee nominated him while he was using the men's room. (Never leave the room during an important vote.) His AMC resume includes 6 years with the Construction Crew, TFC Caretaker, a fall in Storehouse, a winter at Pinkham, Joy St. receptionist, and Three Mile Island Crew.

Beth Weick, Vice-Chair & Resuscitator Editor, lives the dual life of *Laura Ingalls Wilder* (28-acre hand-powered homestead) and *Professional Ice Princess* (toe-picks, salchows, and lutzs, yes please). She worked 8 seasons in the huts across summers, fall, winters, and springs, plus a stint with shelters, and other special appearances ('04-'10).



Moose Meserve, Treasurer: Retired from the financial services industry in 2016. Worked CC at Mizpah and Greenleaf in 1965, Mizpah 1966 - 68.



Liz Seabury worked in the huts from 1977 to 1981, (Madison twice, Mizpah, Galehead) and a winter at Pinkham. Liz has also hiked the Long Trail, the Appalachian Trail, and trekked in the Andes, Himalayas, and the Alps. Her career has consisted mostly of teaching English as a Second Language...but she is about to retire, get a camper van, and travel around the U.S.! Liz is married with 3 children, ages 16-22, 2 dogs, and lives in Concord, MA.



Will Murray, Assitant Editor & Fun Ambassador is returning to New Hampshire (from CA) in November where he will be studying to become a Physician Assistant at Franklin Pierce University in West Lebanon.

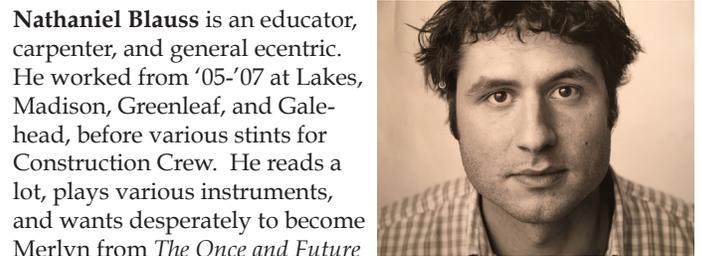


Eric Gotthold has served as a Huts Field Supervisor for the AMC since 2015. He worked at

Flea and Lonesome in 2012 and served as Hutmaster at Mizpah and Zealand in 2013. He currently lives in Jackson, NH. Other than hiking to huts and occasionally guest starring in BFD's, he likes keeping up with the English Premier League, settling Catan, and drinking either coffee or beer on porches.

Tom Kelleher, Recording Secretary, retired from banking in 2017. He worked at Pinkham in 1970 and Tuckermans in 1971.

Jeff Colt was born and raised in Hanover, NH. He has worked at Zealand, Lonesome, Madison, Greenleaf, and Tux. His favorite hike in the Whites is the Baldface Loop and his favorite summit is Mount Hight. Jeff currently resides in Carbondale, CO where he works for a media company, continues to bake pies, and explore the Elk Mountains by foot. His spirit is still at Tux tho...



Nathaniel Blauss is an educator, carpenter, and general eccentric. He worked from '05-'07 at Lakes, Madison, Greenleaf, and Galehead, before various stints for Construction Crew. He reads a lot, plays various instruments, and wants desperately to become Merlyn from *The Once and Future King*.



Jenna Koloski: After a blissful 3 summers (Lonesome '07, Lakes '08, Pah '09 and a fall (Lakes '09) of baked-good-eating and gallivanting in the Whites, Jenna Koloski headed to Vermont, first working for the Green Mountain Club, then earning her Masters degree at Vermont Law School, and now working for the Vermont Council on Rural Development. Jenna lives with her husband Ryan and their black lab-pup in their off-grid home in Huntington, VT with trails and Camel's Hump views just steps out the back door.

Grace Pezzella hung around the Whites for seven seasons, and still pesters current inhabitants most weekends. In middle school, she was the lead singer of a very bad Ramones cover band. When she's not working on law school applications, Grace can be found ghostwriting for Boston politicians. Her favorite huts meal is when cheese burns to the side of the lasagna pans.



OHA Classifieds:

HOUSING

Assistant Editor Will Murray is moving to the Hanover/Lebanon, NH area - any leads on available housing would be great. (murraywd@gmail.com)

PHOTOS

Having a hut reunion? A hutfolk outing - for beers, or on trails? Share your photos and selfies via Instagram (#ohcroc, @OHcroc) and on the OHA Facebook page, plus any other social media outlet of your choice. We want to show that the OHA is more than just a couple of events each year. It's a network that promotes the fun and lifelong friendships we all formed in the huts.

Hey Y-OH! Want to see more **photos of your generation** on the walls at the **OH Cabin**? **Here's your go-ahead: really, hang up your favorites.** The OHA wants everyone to see themselves on the walls of this special place. So, with **courtesy and respect** of course, you are invited to **decorate with your dearest photos.** Photo albums are encouraged, too. **We can all contribute to our own history.** Thank you!



EVENT

The **10th Northeast Alpine Stewardship Gathering** will be held at the brand new Moosilauke Ravine Lodge, Warren, NH, November 3-5, 2017. The Gathering is an opportunity for alpine enthusiasts, researchers, planners, managers, stewards, and interested parties to gather, share, and improve the understanding of the alpine areas in Northeastern North America.

Hosted by The Waterman Fund, USFS, and Antioch University.

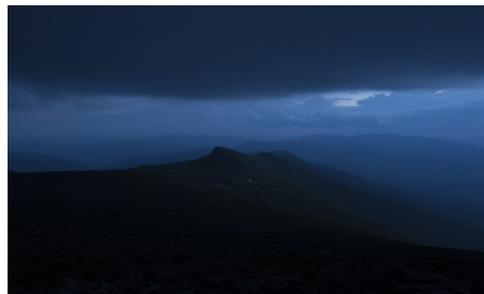
For information and registration: contact Micki Colbeck, neasg@antioch.edu or visit the event website at: www.watermanfund.org/alpine-gathering/

AND A GENTLE REMINDER

With all "due" respect, please pay your OHA membership dues! Please! Pretty please! We accept Paypal; the button is on the website homepage: www.ohcroc.com. Snail mail address tops the opening page of this newsletter.

Dues pay for cabin expenses, ongoing picture projects, **the forthcoming website redux**, Y-OH outreach, etc., etc., etc., etc..

Dues receipts are running slow at the moment...and our Treasurer hopes you can help to change that! Thank you very much!



Blazing the Trail?

By
Joan Chevalier



I have been asked to share my experiences as the first woman on the Appalachian Mountain Club Trail Crew. First some background. For those who weren't around in the late 1970s, there were lots of doors closed to women of my generation that we now take for granted. There was widespread gender inequity that seems hard to comprehend now. Here are few examples from my own experience. I always participated in sports in school. I had always wanted to try rowing. I was excited to learn that my new secondary school offered crew. Wrong. Turned out it was only for boys. When I got to college, I joined a newly formed Women's Crew. We were given a coach who had never rowed and issued ancient equipment that the men had long since rejected as inferior. These are a few small examples from the world of sport. This kind of discrimination was everywhere.

Yes, technically I was the first woman hired on the AMC trail crew in 1977. Actually, there were three women hired the first year. The other two were Joy Miller and Anne Michelac (Payson). Since I had worked for the AMC for several years and had worked as a backcountry caretaker, I was hired as a Second Yearman (or is it person now?). Did I know what I was getting myself into? Yes and no. I had a lot of friends on trail crew and had a lot of respect for them and the work they did. I had felt for several years that building trails was the right fit for me. I welcomed the challenge but was a bit leery about how I would be received. I knew there would be some push back.

The real challenge, as it turned out, was filling the shoes of a second year crew person. Here is a vignette. Before the summer actually started, I was out walking a trail with our Trail Master, Roger Moore, and Rueben Rajala, Assistant Trails Coordinator. Roger gave me the task of cutting a water bar. In truth, I don't think that at that point I had ever even cut

down anything bigger than a sapling with an axe before. But rather than admit ignorance, I marched off into the woods and started chopping. After a long while, Roger came to check out why I wasn't finished. He appeared on the scene with his infectious grin and started to chuckle. I had selected an absolutely enormous beech tree and was chopping away about three and a half feet off of the ground. The tree looked like a beaver on stilts had gnawed it. Roger very patiently and with great tact explained what kind of tree I should have selected and what width I should look for. Then we commiserated about the inglorious fate of this majestic beech, which was far too wide to be used as a water bar. In retrospect it was a good thing that all of this transpired before crew actually started. I realized that I lacked fundamental skills to do the job, and I needed to acquire them pronto.

Part of the problem was that back then little boys were given toy tool sets and blocks to play with, while girls were given dolls and kitchen sets. I kind of broke that mold out of the gate. My mother gave me one doll - a French doll with beautiful long blonde hair. First thing I did was to grab a pair of scissors and give it a butch. No more dolls after that. I came to understand that because I wasn't socialized to solve problems that demanded spatial challenges, getting up to speed in TFC was not going to be an easy task.

There were a number of guys on crew who thoughtfully and patiently taught me everything I needed to know. If it hadn't been for Pete Jensen, Avery Jenkins, and Bob Leone, among others, I would have crashed and burned. Pete taught me how to move rock more efficiently. He was a patient and skilled teacher and an amazing trail builder. Avery just got me howling with laughter. I can still remember his booming voice letting out a huge string of expletives as the third rock in a row bounced over his hole and tumbled down into the valley below (maybe that's why today's crew lowers rocks on cables?). So maybe I "blazed the trail," but the guys on TFC gave me the paint and the brush to do it.

I never felt any overt hostility, just a lot of apprehension, particularly at the beginning of the summer. As the summer progressed, and it was clear that we women could more than hold our

own, everyone seemed to relax. I felt accepted by most of the guys on the crew. It wasn't surprising that there was a lingering nostalgia for the "old days," but given the crew's history I expected that. The initial fear that allowing "the weaker sex" onto the crew would lower work standards was replaced by a recognition that we could do the work just as competently, and we had just as much fun as a male only crew.

I am still an avid hiker. A few years back I took a hike down the Valley Way and was gratified to see that rock steps and rock waterbars that I had built almost forty years ago were still in place. The TFC continues to play a critical role in the stewardship of the Whites. I am proud to be a part of that legacy.

In truth, I was not really a trail blazer. I just followed the path already worn by the women that came before me in other branches of the AMC: the first hutwoman, the first female hutmaster, the first female winter caretaker, the first female caretaker... The list goes on and on. And finally, this experiment that the AMC TFC embarked on in '77 would have failed had it not been for the guys themselves who ultimately accepted me and taught what I needed to know.

-Joan Chevalier
1st Woman on Trail Crew-1978
(Caretaker 1977)

Trail Crew Association
REUNION 2017

PINKHAM NOTCH
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th
Dinner 6pm
Call AMC 603-477-2727
Group # 348887

2019 100th ANNIVERSARY of TCA
August 23-25 2019
@ Camp Dodge
Check out www.amctca.com for all
the details

UNLIKELY...

by Rachel Wheeler

I was an unlikely TM. And on the surface of it, an unlikely crew member in the first place. I'd stumbled onto TFC. Although I'd always played sports, I was more of a library nerd and band geek than a jock or rugged outdoorsman. And although I'd grown up in small town New Hampshire, in the shadow of the White Mountains, and in the shadow of my formidable grandmother, Cornelia Wheeler (the long reigning president of the Chocorua Mountain Club), I'd never been the most enthusiastic participant in the annual mid-May ritual of tromping up Paugus or Chocorua in the snow or mud to clearing blowdowns and drainage while battling black flies. Plus, I was old, at least by TFC standards. I graduated from Carleton College in 1991 with a major in Religious Studies. I'd only made halfhearted attempts to find gainful employment for the intervening year before I would embark on a PhD program. And so, after graduation, I headed back to NH and to the mountains I'd grown up with and signed on for two weeks of volunteer work at Joe Dodge Lodge. I loved it, and continued on with Fall Crew. Our first job was to haul the remains of a small plane out of the Great Gulf Wilderness, by the shortest route, which happened to be up the head wall, and just across the trail to where the helicopters could swoop in to carry off the piles. After the plane, Thad Gemski gave me my first lessons in humping rocks and it proved to be a lesson I would learn over and over on crew—I could actually do things I never would have thought to do, and never thought I could do. My first summer on crew in 1992, I remember as my best summer. I also remember that it almost never stopped raining, and more often than not I was working in my wool army surplus pants. But I loved the immediacy and the intimacy of the work – intimacy with rock and mud, as well as the intimacy that comes through working, cooking, and sharing a tent with 11 other crew members.

My fellow first year, Dan Sheehan had just finished his senior year of high school and was just 18. He quickly picked up the name FlyBoy. The son and Grandson of Navy pilots he was headed for the military, already set on his path to becoming a Marine Cobra pilot. Dan was tough, he was funny,

he was sweet, in his slightly cocky newly-a-grown-man kind of way.

We went through the years together as the other first years drifted off. I spent my second summer in Acadia leading volunteers out of Echo Lake and working with the Park Service crew, which felt like an anthropological experiment. Back in the Whites for my third summer, I had fun putting my own spin on crew leading: I req'd food from Storehouse for meals straight out of *The Enchanted Broccoli Forest*. We had dress for dinner nights, where I remember Fly Boy sporting a lovely polyester dress from the local Goodwill. I read a short story every night to my crew after dinner: Isabel Allende, Pam Huston, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Nicholai Gogol. They went through the motions of protesting, but someone would always find a way to ask me to read if I was slow to get the book from the tent. I loved the sense of commitment to a stretch of trail (5 weeks on about a mile of Mad Gulf) and even more I loved sharing with first years the brawn and the finesse techniques involved in spotting, quarrying, and setting rocks while also working on extensive projects of my own, like a 23 step case I completed over a couple weeks on Madison Gulf.



As the summer neared an end, conversation invariably turned to the next summer. Who would be TM? Freddy (Sam Coxe) was moving on to more gainful employment. FlyBoy would be busy half the summer in the swamps at Quantico in Officer Training Camp. I became TM by attrition. Not really the way anyone wants to become a first. FlyBoy was the obvious choice. I knew it. Salz (Dave Salisbury) and Carl knew it. FlyBoy had the commanding persona of a Marine in the making, the swagger available to college men. He had three years of TFC hard work and hijinks under his belt – van surfing,



stomps, and plenty of Natty Light. Given the age difference and my personality, I felt more like the den mother of Hutton, not the one to carry on the storied mantle of TFC. I wasn't the stuff of TFC legend.

Slowly, I settled into the role. I wouldn't be the one to be the last one stomping, plotting a hold up of the Cog Railway, or carrying the keg up to Madison. I remember worrying that as a woman I wouldn't command the respect of first years, but it was never an issue because I had such a solid set of crew leaders I'd already worked with for three summers: Val (Dan Breton), TBone (Tim Levesque), Lady G (Erika Kassop), Jack Bell, and Jed (Sam Hoffman). And there were frustrations, though these came more from those who hadn't been in the woods with me regularly – Forest Service reps or higher ups in AMC, who I always felt did not quite trust my skills. I remember one visitor who came into a work site and took over as I was working with a crew and using a chain saw. Maybe he would have done the same thing had I been a man, but I doubt it.

But I loved the work—I loved the challenge of rocks, the slice of an axe, and the beauty of life in the woods. The work gave me a deep appreciation of the power of body and mind, as anyone knows who has carried a packboard loaded with a full set of tools, food, personal gear and the occasional extras like winch box and cable. And most of all, I loved the camaraderie of TFC, which seems like such a scarce luxury now: to have five straight days in the woods with three other people away from all communication other than morning radio call. In 3 years, I'd somehow never had a trail name stick to me. Finally, in my fourth year one began to stick: Trail Mama.

-Rachel Wheeler, 1991-1995
1st Female TM - 1995



This article was written by Brad Swan, and originally printed in the August 21, 1954 issue of The Providence Journal. It was passed along to the Editor with the request to reprint by OH Maria (Mary) Van Dusen.

In Perspective: The Girls of Pinkham

During my recent vacation I was descending the Tuckerman Ravine Trail on Mt. Washington one afternoon and was just coming down the Little Headwall when a couple of young girls passed me going up. They were scrambling madly over the trail and hurled a greeting to me without even pausing long enough to catch a breath.

I had been up over the Lion Head and along the rim of the ravine on a little scenic jaunt with Sal, while our wives waited for us at the Hermit Lake Ski Shelter, taking a sun bath. We joined them, got the whole party out of the sun and went leisurely down the Fire Trail back to Pinkham Notch.

On the flat stretch, just below Crystal Cascade and the foot-bridge over the Cutler River, a couple of hours later, we heard a noise as of stampeding cattle right behind us and by dint of some nimble footwork managed to dodge out of the trail just in time to avoid being run down by the same two girls who were charging down the trail on the dead run.

The girls were Annie and Ruthie, two of the young ladies who work at Pinkham Notch, and they were hurrying to get back by the 5 o'clock deadline so that they could start setting tables for supper.

During their afternoon off - that is, between 1:30 and 5pm - they had climbed up through the ravine and over the Tuckerman Crossover to Lakes of the Clouds, to visit the hut there, and returned!

This is a mere jaunt of nine miles, involving a climb of about 3,500 feet and, of course, a similar descent. The guidebook gives the time for the ascent as four hours and I guess the descent should take somewhat more than half as long. Thus the two girls had made a round trip of more than six hours in about three and a half - including their short stay at the hut!

I cite this feat not because it is an extraordinary performance but rather because it is typical. The young ladies of Pinkham Notch frequently take off on such trips during their free afternoons, and just as frequently put us old slowpokes to shame.

They are quite a bunch of girls, and I take this occasion to pay my respects to Mary, Diana, Dawn, Ruthie, and Annie, who were as efficient in feeding me and taking care of my quarters at Pinkham Notch as they are speedy on the trail. In the past my admiration has been centered on the hard-working, heavy-packing hutmen who shelter and feed me above timberline, but this season my attention was shifted to the girls. As a result I stand amazed at their feats which are certainly, in view of their sex, equal to those performed by the sturdy young men of the heights.

I should have known, of course, because last year I encountered Annie's sister, Mary, and learned of her prowess on the trail. I remember that in the summer she was dis-

patched into the Great Gulf to call out the trail crew working in there on a new bridge so that they could fight a forest fire on the Glen Boulder Ridge, and I recall that she moved on that occasion with a speed which would have done no discredit to any of the fast-walking males.

Also, I seem to remember that Mary did the Gulfside Trail, from Madison Hut to the Lakes Hut, in the extraordinarily good time of two hours and a half last year.

This year she was moving slower when I met her at Lakes, and I almost felt sorry for her. She is a camp counselor this year and had led her charges up from Pinkham Notch at what must have been for her a killingly slow pace. But she was about to get even by taking them down the Crawford Path and in over the A-Z Trail to the Zealand Falls Hut the next day. That would be 11 or 12 miles, the last four of it uphill.

Sometimes, of course, the girls bite off more than they can chew, but that doesn't bother them. Mary Rackus, the "hutmaster" at Pinkham Notch this year, tried to get over to Evans Notch via the Wildcat Ridge, Carter Notch, Carter Dome, and the Black Angel Trail - a good two days' work in anyone's book - in a single day. It was early in the season, she got benighted on the Basin Trail three or four miles from her destination, and had to sit it out until dawn. The black flies almost ate her alive that night, and the mosquitoes finished off most of what the black flies left, but Mary was undismayed.

In addition to their heavy assignment of chores around the Pinkham camp - waiting on tables, cleaning rooms, helping in the kitchen, running the store, doing bookkeeping, etc - they keep active when they get time off. Except for afternoons, and evenings after supper dishes are washed, this consists of two and a half days every other week. They go off hiking, like the boys, visiting the faraway huts and getting around to as many of them as they can.

In between time they ski if there is snow, go to square dances at Dolly Copp campground or the movies in Gorham or Berlin, fish for trout in the Cutler River afternoons and shoot frogs in the beaver pond in the evening. When there's nothing else to do they swim in one of the nearby ice-cold rivers.

Where they get all that energy I don't know. All I know is they thrive on it. They're quite a bunch.



Hey there! How about volunteering in the Huts? The AMC is looking to send more OH back to their old haunts through the Info Vol, Vol Natty, and Alpine Steward programs. Read on for more info:



Become a Volunteer Naturalist or Information Volunteer in the Huts! Eat and stay free at a hut while volunteering. Hut Info Vols greet guests in a friendly manner, share trail advice, and help with check-in and retail sales. Hut Volunteer Naturalists lead evening programs, helping guests learn about and appreciate the natural history of the White Mountains. No cooking or cleaning necessary for either of these volunteer roles! Late fall/early winter is the best time of year to inquire about AMC's volunteer programs for the following summer. Please contact Kyra Salancy, AMC's Outdoor Program Centers Volunteer Coordinator, at amcvolservices@outdoors.org or call 603-278-3820.



VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES ABOUND:

So many ways to give back while getting back to your favorite spots.

BECOME AN OHA AMBASSADOR!

Stay for free at a hut! Connect with current croo! Re-live your glory days!

The OHA runs this program summer and fall. Please contact Josh Alper for full details: jmalper@sherin.com

And, after your visit, we'd love to share your experience in the Fall Resuscitator. Please consider sending photos and a short write-up to the Editor at: b.a.weick@gmail.com

See page 12 for 2017 testimonials!

HUT FILL-INS

THESE OPPORTUNITIES GO QUICK...

BE IN TOUCH WITH ERIC GOTTHOLD OF THE HUTS DEPT. TO ADD YOUR NAME TO THE FILL-IN INTEREST LIST: EGOTTHOLD@OUTDOORS.ORG

Yo, are you recent OH? Like, have you worked in the huts between 2015 & 2017? We're in need of Y-OH who are still known by current Croos to represent the OH during Gala, Fall Gala, EOS Party, and EOF Party. Interested? Contact me, (Beth), at b.a.weick@gmail.com or Whitney in the Huts Department Office Suite. Thanks a million!

A special shout-out of THANKS to this year's Y-OH Reps:

GALA: Phoebe Howe & Jeff Colt

EOSP: Emily Griffin

Fall GALA: Nathaniel Blauss

EOFP: Lorne Currier & Morgan LaPointe

BE AN OHA AMBASSADOR!

2017 AMBASSADOR TESTIMONIALS

My Trip to Zool: Where the Moon Drools Honey, and the Lemon Cake is Killer

by Stroker Rogovin

On June 11th, as Boston was hitting the mid-90s, my girlfriend and I hit the decidedly cooler trail into Zealand for the night, to serve as OH Ambassadors. Before we headed in, I got in touch with Assistant Hutmaster Amber Dindorf — daughter of OH Marc Dindorf and Nancy Ritger—to see if the croo needed anything, and if they played music.

“Bring the accordion,” I was instructed.

We pulled in around mid-afternoon, count of six for the night, guests relaxing at the falls, croo happy to chat - their connection with the huts, their lives outside the forest, the trip to Kenya in the fall, learning to master the frame drum, other cool stuff. Squash was proudly wearing one of the “Hutwoman” hats OH Phoebe Howe and Jeff Colt passed out at Gala.

Dinner was an intimate affair, with only two other couples staying the night, and the croo serving a five course meal worthy of a photo shoot, with the lemon cake making a spectacular finale.

After dinner, Amber held forth on “The History of Women in the Whites” while the rest of the all-women croo geared up to raid Carter that night for The Oar. After the talk, Amber busted out her banjo-thingy-tuned-like-a-ukelele, and we settled in on the porch as dusk came down, to offer up banjo and accordion renditions from the folk and rock cannons. Nobody threw money, or tomatoes, but we had fun.

After breakfast served by a groggy but victorious croo, my girlfriend and I headed up to Zeacliff for some fantastic views into the Pemi before heading home. Hard to imagine packing more fun into an overnight in the Whites, thanks to the Zool '17 croo and the AMC/OHA Hut Ambassador program that made it possible.



OH Ambassador Program—A Thumbs Up Vote by Gerry Whiting

I am not much for writing, but with the encouragement of Stroker and Beth, our great editor, I am writing to express my support for the OH Ambassador Program. Two years ago I did an ambassador visit to Lonesome. In August this year I did another, but this time to Galehead. I had a great experience both times. Particularly striking for me were the differences I saw as an ambassador with hut visits I made as an evaluator back in the “Latchstring Award” days. In each instance I felt the crews knew they were being judged. Did this impact how I felt I was received? The answer was always yes. No one really likes to be judged, and the hut crews were no different in this regard. Part of the problem came from not knowing the specific parameters on which judgements were made. This was true for the crews as well as the evaluators. The result was selecting which crew received the award each year ended up being entirely too subjective. I have to believe this condition contributed to the decision to end the Latchstring program and come up with a different way to build positive relationships between current crews and the OHA. Based on my experiences this is where the Ambassador Program shines. In both my Ambassador visits it was a pleasure to just focus on getting to know and work with the crews and to talk with the guests. Highlights for me were the evening programs in which we announced at supper we would talk about the huts then and now. In my case then was quite a while ago (50+years) so there were many striking differences—refrigeration, menus, water supply, power, waste disposal, packing... to name a few. Guests were fascinated and asked question after question. In closing this note I encourage anyone thinking about doing an Ambassador visit to jump on the opportunity. I think we have a winner here. I give the program a definite “thumbs up” vote.

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

THE OHA NEEDS YOU! PLEASE!

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

*OH with young kids to coordinate & participate in family-centered OH events

*female voices!!

*Y-OH voices!!

***Treasurer**

*GALA/EOS reps (Y-OH)

*Fall GALA/EOF reps (Y-OH)

*Fall Fest presenters & croo representatives to offer highlights of past season

*Summer/Fall Hut Ambassadors

*Newsletter Editor

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

Regional Fun Coordinators:
Colorado: Steve Rosenman (stephen.a.rosenman@gmail.com)
French Alps: Hilary Gerardi (hgerardi@gmail.com)
San Fran Area: Carolyn Wachnicki (carolyn.wachnicki@gmail.com)

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

.....



.....

SPECIAL SEASON PASS
OH cabin annual pass: \$75
OH cabin annual family pass: \$100

.....

Hey! Look over Here! Read This!

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

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

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

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

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

Solvitur Crumpus

Remember When...

I was a “hut boy” (not even close to becoming a man yet) in the late 1950s as a closing crew member one year (and going off to college at the end of that experience nursing the first hangover of many in my life). The next year I floated between Greenleaf, Galehead and Zealand, and especially enjoyed packing my weight (I was a very skinny 125 lbs. to go along with a 6’2” frame) to Greenleaf. Thereafter, I learned to climb in the Alps and became a climbing ranger in the Tetons for three summers, doing rescue team work including the “Appie rescue” of 10 AMC members in 1962 - one died on the mountain and we buried him there, on the Otter Body Snowfield of the Grand Teton), completing a number of new routes and first ascents. Moved to California in the mid-1960s (still there, in Malibu), and later climbed in Yosemite, the Sierras, and ultimately in the Himalayas and Tibet. It all started in the AMC huts in the 1950s.

I got back to Greenleaf with my daughter Susan after her graduation from Williams in 1994, and saw a comment I made about “Goofers” in the register while I was at Greenleaf as a hutboy in 1959. Looked much the same, except that the two holer toilet (one named “Hitler” and the other “Hirohito”) was no longer there. I hope to get back again someday...

I’m now approaching 77 years young. In 2004, I went with 20 OH to the summit of Gokyo Ri and on to Everest Basecamp, a group including my old friend, the late Jim Hamilton. Did a film of our trek, entitled (not surprisingly) “Trekking to Everest.”

-- Ted Vaill



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



**2005 Lonesome
Fall Croo**

Have croo photos? Pass them along! We'll post them to our online database, add them to the photo project collections at each hut, and share them here in the Resuscitator.



Greenleaf, Summer 2017

2017 FALL CROOS & CARETAKERS

8 Carter

Jerod Richards, HM
Leslie Fink, AHM
Josh Duncan
Helen Rubinstein

2 Madison

Kate Prisby, HM
Zak Clare-Salzler, AHM
Tim Campbell
Ben Eck
Jaleesa Houle

4 Lakes

Erica Lehner, HM
JP Krol, AHM
Jules Cranberg
Amanda Keohane
Asher Brown
Eddie Eseppi
Evan Connolly
kevin French
Jack Hastings
Sarah Berman

1 Mizpah

Lindy Wenner, HM
Emily Sherman, AHM
Doug Soholt
Erik Schmidt
Joel Fisher-Katz

6 Zealand

Chris DeMasi, HM
Aubrie Howard, AHM
Justine Fox
Galen von Wodtke

7 Galehead

Eliza Hazen, HM
Holly Chase, AHM
Morgan Olsen
Sarah Appleton

5 Greenleaf

Rachel Bolton, HM
Katie Burkley, AHM
Sarah Young
Jake McCambley
Kyle Winchenbach

0 Lonesome

Stephanie Maraldo, HM
Ben Durham, AHM
Jesse Carlson
Tracey Faber
Alexis Ziebelman

Huts Department Staff

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

Early Fall caretakers at 8 Carter:

JP Krol
Kate Prisby

Late Fall caretakers at

0 Lonesome:

JP Krol
Joel Fisher-Katz

6 Zealand:

Taylor Radigan
Doug Soholt

8 Carter:

Hannah Smith (lead)
Dylan Summers (Tux/carter floater)

*Welcome, new Croo! And
welcome home to returning
Croo! Enjoy this fall season -
hike fast in your favorite BFD
attire, eat a lot of chocolate
cake, sit quiet at sunsets, and
find what truth is yours.*

*Love,
the OH*



Show Off Your OH Colors!

**Caps with embroidered logo and wicking t-shirts
with silk screen logo.**

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

Caps (\$15 each) grey black
 fleece poly

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

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

Grand Total _____

What's in a name??

In the case of The O.H.A., plenty. We used to be incorporated as “The Old Hutmen’s Association,” but as the new millennium dawned, so did a growing awareness that women had been working alongside men in the huts for decades, and the time was way past due to change our name to reflect that gender-neutral reality. “Old Hutmen’s and Hutwomen’s Association” was awkward, and wouldn’t have fit on a letterhead anyway, so we settled on “The O. H. Association.” O.H.A. for short.

This has not been without its own set of problems. A quick spin on any search engine will tell you that there are many other uses of OHA. Who knew?

The Japanese use “oha” to say “good morning,” while in Turkish it means “Wow!” In Germany, it’s a command to a draft animal to stop. I lost count of all the housing, health, historical, and hospital associations in Ohio, Oregon, and Oklahoma. In Ontario, it’s all about hockey. It’s a boy’s name in Sanskrit, meaning “true knowledge.” Unless it’s a class of drugs used to treat diabetes. It also refers to the Open Handset Alliance, the group in charge of the Android operating system. Or the Oral History Association. Duh. A hairstylist in Queens (with 4 stars on Yelp!)? Or a beach in Romania, a private school in New Jersey, an investment corporation, a gypsy ska band in Sarajevo (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OeCg1fe2Zt4>)...

The list goes on. You get the idea.

I assure you that none of this was discussed—or even occurred to Your Esteemed Steering Committee—when we were looking for a change.

We just wanted a mountain word for “welcome, everyone.” Hopefully we found it.

What do YOU think? What does the OHA mean to you? Or, how has that meaning changed over time? Does the name matter? Let’s keep the conversation going! **Send your thoughts, reactions, and perspectives to Beth at b.a.weick@gmail.com. Thanks!**

The OHA would like to make a huge **thank you to the Prescott family!** Their generous donation in honor of “Pemi” Bob Prescott has **enabled the OHA to restore the upper path.** A big thank you, again!



Are you interested in honoring a family member or dear OH buddy with a gift to the OHA? We’d welcome such generosity, and would love to start the conversation. Memorial donations and bequest gifts can be important aspects of the OHA funding stream - let us know! Contact Treasurer John “Moose” Meserve at jemkpm@comcast.net.



GORMINGS

Marc Leonard's wedding in Bozeman, MT this September was attended by **Will Murray, Lindsay Bourgoine, Zak Silverman, Carrie Piper, Thad Houston, and Matt Didisheim.**



Eric Gotthold, Lindy Wenner, and Stephanie Maraldo attended the wedding of **Paige St.Cyr** this past August in Gilford, NH. Congratulations again to **Paige** and **Matthew!** **Steph** and **Eric** worked with **Paige** in the 2013 Fall at Zealand while **Lindy** was over at Greenleaf. **Lindy** and **Steph** are both hutmasters this fall.

Additional OH who got married this past season include **Andy Patari** (wedding attended by **Beth Weick** and **Taylor Burt**), **Nathaniel Blauss** (in Wales), **Laura Hartz** (wedding attended by **Lindsay Bourgoine** and **Nathaniel Blauss**), and **Meika Hashimoto** (wedding attended by **Beth Weick** and **Nathaniel Blauss**). Undoubtedly other nuptials also occurred outside this Editor's circle.

OH made a strong representation at the Squam Ridge Race - **JP** and **Jenna** (who left before this photo was taken) both placed in the 30s age bracket! Others running and reuning there included: **Grace Pezzella, JP Krol, Emily Balch, Erica Lehner, Annalise Carington, Phoebe Howe, and Scott Berkley.**



Abby King finished her thru-hike of the Pacific Crest Trail at the end of September. 2,650 miles! She began her hike at the Mexico border on April 26th... Here's a photo from the northern terminus in Canada!



Michelle Savard (aka Science) has returned to New England, and is now living in VT.

Karen Thorp and **Heidi Magario** joined **Beth Weick** for a ladies night get-together at the latter's homestead.

Karen and **Beth** also spent Memorial Day weekend up at Zealand with **Steve Frens** and **Nathaniel Blauss.**

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



A successful raid by Lakes Summer 2016!

OBITUARIES



Robert "Sully" Sullivan

If one believes we claim the places that brought our souls to life, it is entirely appropriate that Robert "Sully" Sullivan of Bartlett, NH, and Cordova, AK, 80 years in age, would pass over on November 11, 2016 here in the White Mountains, site of his first love. Born in Boston, MA, August 12, 1936, he first came to the mountains as a tot and in his heart, never left.

MOUNTAINS AND SNOW

In winter he learned to ski Intervale and Black Mountain while his uncle ran the J-bar and let every kid in Jackson ride free. This was a good start. And so it was that he began to develop a philosophy of life, one of testing one's capabilities to their limits and living in the Universe to the fullest. A sampling includes: a Tuckerman wind blowing around the tent in a ravine; two years of tank driving in the Army; fire fighting at Mt. Hood; ridge running for the Forest Service; trail crew and packing for the AMC; building the Mizpah Hut with Tony Bukovich; running the Hermit Lake shelter; skiing in Aspen, CO; Assistant Patrol Chief in Taos NM; Telluride, CO as the explosives man for the ski patrol, blasting away

cont'd pg. 18

the threat of avalanches.

SNOW AND ROCK

His technical rock climbing life began in 1970 on White Horse Ledge and Cathedral in the Mt. Washington Valley followed in the early '70s with a first successful attempt of the Titan in the Fisher Towers of Utah with Harvey Carter and Tom Merrill. He also set a route, Springwater, in Zion, with climbing partner Tom Merrill. On to big walls and his first climb of the nose on El Capitain in Yosemite with Jim Beyer in '73, the Prow and Direct with Tom Merrill, the Shield with Mugs Stump. In 1977 he and his climbing partner Mugs Stump established a first ascent in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison – the Merlin; in 1981 again the duo climbed the Pacific Ocean Wall on El Cap.

ROCK AND WATER

In the Spring of 1963, Sully hitched up the Alaska Highway, finding a home in Shelter Bay, Fleming Spit. Summers, he'd return to fishing jobs through the 1980s. He didn't think like a fish but he was a good fisherman and provider, tenacious and enduring. After a big day on the fishing grounds with the wind howling, coming home in a following sea, he'd burst through the door, saying, "Rock, returning home was like that final run of the best day skiing."

Sully is survived by three brothers, their wives, their children, and their children's children.

Thomas H. Barringer, PhD., 73, of Stockton, NJ, died on Tuesday, April 11, 2017, at his home. Dr. Barringer was born on May 10, 1943, in Charleston, WV. In 1966 he graduated with a BS from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, NY. A veteran of the U.S. Air Force who served during the Vietnam War, Dr. Barringer served from 1966 to 1972, attaining the rank of captain.

He worked for the Appalachian Mountain Club in Pinkham Notch, then graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, where he earned his BA in regional planning, his MA (1980) and his PhD (1984) in regional science. From 1983 to 1999, Dr. Barringer was a scientist, hydrologist, and statistician for the U.S. Geological Survey. In subsequent years he served on the Stockton Environmental Commission and the Planning Board. He was a

member of the Appalachian Mountain Club and a life member of the Sierra Club. He enjoyed classical music and jazz.

He is survived by his wife, Julia L. Barringer, PhD, a hydrologist and research geochemist with the U.S. Geological Survey; his half-brothers, Robert and Ralph Barringer; his half-sister, Helen Gerhard; his step-brother, James Leggett and their spouses and children. In lieu of flowers and other tributes, the Barringer family requests donations be made to the Appalachian Mountain Club, 5 Joy Street, Boston, MA 02108 (outdoors.org/tribute).

Roger V. Pugh passed away peacefully April 12, 2017 at the age of 87. Roger was a longtime corporate lawyer in New York City in the firms Donovan, Leisure, Newton and Irvine, and Edwards and Angell. In his "retirement," Roger served in Paraguay as a Peace Corps volunteer with his wife Joanne, then worked abroad in Latvia, Croatia and Ukraine. He also served three years in the New York City Corporation Counsel. Roger was a generous, gregarious, ethical, and optimistic person. He was an active and caring father, brother, uncle, and grandfather, and a mentor to many young attorneys. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Joanne Pugh, his five children, James, Robin, Andrew, Rosemary and Allison, his two sisters, Betsy and Ann, and thirteen grandchildren. He was predeceased by his sister, Rosamond Swain. In lieu of flowers, donations should be sent to the social justice fund of the Community Church of New York, 40E. 35th Street.

Francis Elliott Carlson, 97, died July 8, 2017 at home in Hingham, MA. A life member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, he was a former Hutman at Pinkham (1939), Carter Notch (1940), and Lakes (1941). Frank was a co-founder of the Washington, D.C. chapter, serving as its Chair, and also as a Hike Leader for several years.



Frank was also a member of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club. He hiked into his 90s on many trails in the United States, Europe, and Scandinavia. He was an accomplished artist and often depicted the Appalachians in his works.

Born in Winchester, Massachusetts in 1920, he was a graduate of Harvard College, Class of 1942. He served in the U.S Army in four European campaigns and was awarded two Silver Stars, the Bronze Star, and the Croix de Guerre. Two days after his death, his family was notified that he had been awarded the French Chevalier d'Honneur for his WWII service.

A Certified Public Accountant, he was Audit Manager at the National Science Foundation in Washington, D.C. until his retirement. He worked at the Office of the Comptroller of the Navy, also in Washington, and prior to that, in private practice in Boston, MA. The family patriarch, he was deeply loved and will be sorely missed by his children, Francis Jr., of Steinmaur, Switzerland; Julia, of Cambridge, MA; Amelia and her husband, John, of Pittsburgh, PA; and William and his wife Carole, of Derwood, MD. He also leaves 5 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by his first wife, Marguerite (Moll) in 1987, and his second, Patricia (Wagner) in 2012. Memorial donations can be made to the Appalachian Mountain Club.

Bruce Sloat, Master Hutsman, Master Innovator and Master Wit, set his spirit free on August 11, 2017. He



was 86.

Bruce was an innovator, nature lover and traveler extraordinaire. Bruce was also a loving husband, a loving father, and a lover of all things chocolate, bacon or cheese. Bruce was always

happiest outside.

Born in Pompton Lakes, NJ on November 16, 1930, Bruce escaped to the White Mountains at the age of 19. He worked for the Appalachian Mountain Club for over 20 years, where he was the Huts System Manager for five years. He was also Chief

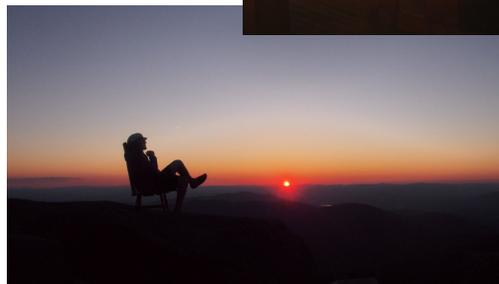
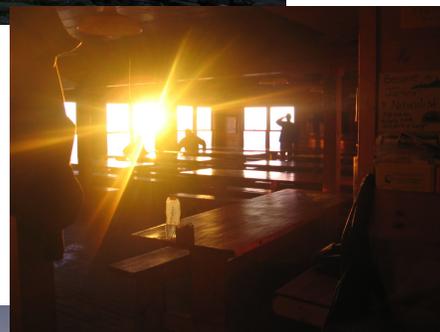
Observer at the Mount Washington Observatory for five years, and then tested jet engines on the top of Mount Washington. Bruce loved New Hampshire and the White Mountains, where he met Mary Edgerton, his beautiful wife of 55 years.

A loving father, Bruce raised three sons on a farm in Lost Nation, near Lancaster. He built two hydroelectric plants, the Sunnybrook Cider Mill, and created the Sunnybrook Montessori School on the family farm.

Later in life, Bruce hand-built a cabin on top of nearby Mt. Mary, a mountain he had the State of New Hampshire name after his wife. An avid traveler, Bruce explored the world. This included his recent trip to Spitsbergen Norway, close to the North Pole.

Bruce is survived by his wife, Mary Edgerton Sloat, his siblings Ben Sloat and Jeanne Schwartz; his son Willis, daughter-in-law Beth and their children Noah & Alex; his son Stuart and daughter-in-law Andrea.

In lieu of flowers, please send any donations to the Mount Washington Observatory or the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests.



OPINION/EDITORIALS

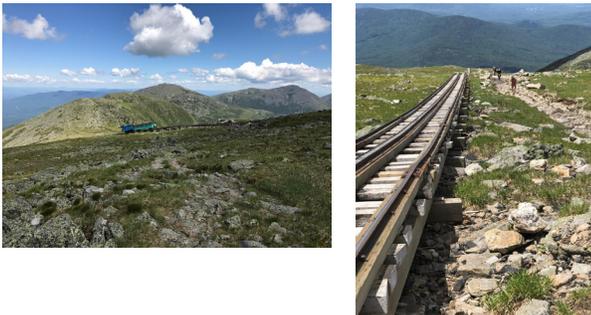
UPDATE ON THE PROPOSED COG RAILWAY HOTEL ON MOUNT WASHINGTON

Information provided by: Keep The Whites Wild

The Cog Railway has not yet submitted to the Coos County Planning Commission a formal proposal for its 35 room “luxury” hotel....but this artist’s concept sketch is displayed at the Cog’s Marshfield Base Station visitor center:



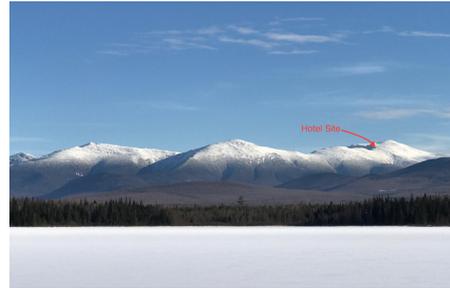
...and the location that will “enhance the Mount Washington experience:”



Remember the old Skyline Siding.....on the rim of the Great Gulf? Not many readers are likely to know about the “Great Train Wreck of September 1967”.....but this article by David Govatski of Jefferson provides the background:

<http://www.gendisasters.com/new-hampshire/15561/mt-washington-nh-cog-railway-accident-sep-1967>

...and if you think the hotel might be visually (and environmentally) offensive when viewed from the summit (or from Lakes), consider the view from the valley.....and imagine how the site and building lighting will change the visual landscape:



(Photo taken from Jefferson by David Govatski)

So.....Interested in helping with the anti-hotel cause? Sign the petition, support the Waterman Fund, attend some KtWW and PMW events:

<https://www.change.org/p/stop-the-cog-railway-from-building-luxury-resort-on-mount-washington>

Thanks!

from the folks at “Keep the Whites Wild”
& “Protect Mount Washington”

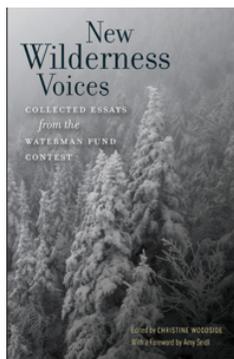
<https://www.keepthewhiteswild.org/>

<https://www.protectmountwashington.org/>



Writer's Corner

In the lineage of wilderness advocates, stewards, and poets, *New Wilderness Voices: Collected Essays from the Waterman Fund Contest* debuted in



July 2017, published by University Press of New England and edited by Chris Woodside. The anthology is a collection of winning and runner-up essays from eight years of The Waterman Fund essay contest, featuring OH including Will Kemeza, Sally Manikian, Sandy Stott, Michael Wejchert, Angela Zukoswki, & Benny Taylor, with

Benny Taylor & OH Annie Bellerose also contributing to the book's introduction. The essays include landscapes from Alaska to New England, with many authors drawing on the northeastern mountains which Laura & Guy Waterman explored, climbed, wrote of, and advocated for. Contributors to this anthology continue the path of wilderness exploration, authorship, and stewardship, synthesizing and expounding on the meaning of wildness and wilderness in the context of our daily lives, adventures, and the rush of modernity.

Enhance your library by placing these contemporary writers alongside your wilderness and mountain literature classics. The proceeds from sale of the anthology support The Waterman Fund's mission: "Fostering the spirit of wildness and conserving the alpine areas of northeastern North America."



CORRECTION: NEW BOOK COVER & URL

Larry Kilham's newest book was released this Spring: *Adventure Skiing in the '60s: Chile Argentina Lebanon and Morocco*. However, the Spring 2017 Resuscitator featured a now-out-dated cover image and url page. Here's the current image and link: <http://amzn.to/2jmBJGO>

Waterman Fund Essay Contest, 2018

As the world hums along, what wilderness and wildness mean to cultures and individuals changes as well. Guy and Laura Waterman spent their lives exploring, living, and writing within the boundaries of culture and nature, and through the annual essay contest, the Waterman Fund seeks new voices on the role and place of wilderness in the modern world. Political turmoil, refugee crises, climate change, 24-hour news access, gun violence, racial and religious intolerance, pollution, and all the rest play out alongside wild mountaintops and deep forests—as such changes always have.

At the Waterman Fund, we believe that the silence and adventure found in wild places remain vital to human society, even as the world beyond the trailhead becomes freshly fraught. For the 2018 essay contest, the Waterman Fund invites emerging writers to submit personal essays between 2000 and 3000 words. The topic is, simply, wilderness and wildness. We hope that writers will welcome the freedom of this invitation. We look forward to seeing what journeys and perspectives the writing of emerging voices guide us towards.

Essays will be accepted through February 2, 2018. The winning essay will be awarded \$1,500. The runner-up essay will receive \$500. Both will be published online and in Appalachia. Essay winners will be selected and announced by mid-summer 2018. For the purposes of this contest, an emerging writer is considered someone who has a solid writing background or interest, but has not yet published a major work of prose on this topic or been featured in national publications. We welcome all inquiries at essays@watermanfund.org.

Various folks through the OHA realize that **we are well overdue** in expanding our presence into **other social media** (beyond LinkedIn and Facebook) - and that this would be the obvious way to reach younger members. SO, we are totally psyched to announce our **Instagram** account: **@OHcroc, #ohcroc.**

AND, we could do more:

Snapchat? a **Resuscitator app?**

reviving **Twitter** (@OHcroc)?

What else?

What's the latest and greatest? Who has ideas, *who wants to be a social media maven for the OHA?*

Please send your thoughts, offers, and assistance for the clueless to the Editor at: **b.a.weick@gmail.com.**
Help out some ole Luddites!

With all
"due" respect, **please pay
your OHA membership dues!**
Please! Pretty please!

Your dues pay for: cabin expenses, picture projects, the forthcoming website redux, Y-OH outreach, etc., etc., etc., etc..

We accept PayPal:
visit www.ohcroc.com.

Thank you very much!

Have you moved?

Changing your email address?

Please, let us know!

Submission Guidelines: deadlines are April 15th for the Spring issue, and Oct. 1 for the fall issue.
No Exceptions!

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

Resuscitator Assistant Editor I is Will Murray. He is returning to New Hampshire in November where he will be studying to become a Physician Assistant at Franklin Pierce University in West Lebanon.

Resuscitator Assistant Editor II is Kim "Schroeder" Steward. After working for the AMC for 21 years, she has spent the last seven working for White Mountain Oil & Propane doing marketing, web administration, and a variety of HR duties. She also continues to perform weddings as a justice of the peace. She and boyfriend Keith live in Intervale, NH with their new rescue dog Mia.