

THE RESUSCITATOR

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

The OH Association is former employees of the AMC Huts System whose activities include sharing sweet White Mountain memories.

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2017 CALENDAR

Spring Reunion

May 20, 12noon @ OH Cabin

Potluck style - BYO Food & Drink

OHA Trail Clearing Party

Check the website for details!

OHA Mountain Day

July 15 (*info below*)

Oktoberfest

Oct. 7, 12noon @ OH Cabin

Fall Fest Reunion

Nov. 4, 12noon @ Highland Center

Trail Crew Assoc. Reunion

Nov. 11 @ Pinkham Notch

And, looking ahead:

TCA 100th Anniversary

Aug. 20, 2019, location TBD

**July 15th is hereby declared
OHA Mountain Day.**

(Yes, we have the power to do that!)

OH are encouraged to climb a mountain, snap a photo, and share it via Instagram: **#ohcroo**.

Other social media outlets of choice are also encouraged.

Spring 2017 Issue



www.ohcroo.com for all your current news

From the Desk of the Chair

Might as well save the best news for last. No peeking.

Before we get to that, here's a quick review of all the ways you can connect with the huts and your OH buddies over the months ahead. For starters, the OHA and the AMC hut system offer a variety of ways you can overnight in a hut this summer, free of charge. Read up on these amazing opportunities on page 12. More immediately, **we're now on Instagram!** #ohcroc. Thanks to Will Murray for stepping up and running that show, with East Coast emphasis from Field Supervisors Eric Gotthold & Whitney Brown.

Then there are the annual reunions. **Spring Reunion** is at the Cabin, May 20th, this year a potluck, BYO Food & Drink style gathering. **Fallfest** is at the Highland Center, Crawford Notch, Nov. 4th, with the usual geology tour by Brian Fowler, live acoustic music jam, happy hour, featured speaker Bob Proudman holding forth on Trail Crew history, a summer recap by current croo, a brainstorming session for young OH (that continues to yield one great idea after another), and the usual after-party rave back at the Cabin for the truly dedicated. Our get-the-cabin-ready-for-winter work party is **Oktoberfest**, set for Oct. 7th, complete with sauerkraut, sausage, strudel, and all the trimmings.

Speaking of great ideas coming from Y-OH, here are just a few we've implemented over the past year or so: more online payment options; discounted Cabin "season pass"; Y-OH reps at Gala and hut parties; more volunteer opportunities in the huts and beyond; online member map; professional networking; upgrades to the cabin photo collection; Steering Committee road trips to Portsmouth, Portland, and Nashua; video projects; better outreach to current croo; and more Y-OH in leadership positions (7 of the 11 Steering Committee members are Y-OH!). Still in the oven are major upgrades to the website, better signage at the Cabin, and events geared toward OH with young families. You talk, we listen.

Our faithful Treasurer would never forgive me if I failed to mention that many of these improvements cost money, so any donations you care to make above and beyond your dues (which are hugely helpful too!) will be readily appreciated.

And if that isn't enough to lighten your packboard, I'd like to share with you the news that we've asked your humble *Resuscitator* editor, Beth Weick, to take up the reigns as Vice-Chair. After careful consultation with her hive mind, I'm pleased to announce that she's agreed to help me guide an OH that's more energized and excited than ever about all the ways we deliver you to the mountains, and deliver the mountains to you.

Solvitur crumpus,

Stroker



Yes! The OH is on **Facebook**.

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

“The Biggest Guy in the Smallest Dress: Gender, Huts, and Divinity”

-- Bethany Taylor, 2003-2012 --

All hutgirls and hutwomen I know have, in the course of her career of being a badass, been confronted with the obvious and asinine questions of “gosh—and do you pack all that weight, just like the boys?” and “as a woman, aren’t you afraid, up here all alone in the mountains?”

Truthfully, as much as I’d sneer an internal “fuckoff” to the first question and dead pan lie that “no, I’m not scared” to the second, I did get some deep personal validation of being thought just as tough and strong as the mountain boys. To clarify, I wasn’t scared of rapist strangers or ax murderers—I caretook at Mizpah and Carter, which are both bone-rattling terrifying on a windy, stormy night with nothing but half-remembered ghost stories for company.

It wasn’t, either, that I was delighted to be more masculine by being in the huts. But, because the first hutmen were men, because the old stories are largely male, and because the crowds at OHA events—until recently—have been so dude-heavy, all of that created a certain male-metric to measure oneself with as a hutperson. It wasn’t that I was trying to be more male or less female, but that I fiercely wanted to uphold and be worthy of the legacy of Ethan Allen Crawford and Red Mac and Joe Dodge and Willy Ashbrook and all of the rest of the guys.

I only ever wanted to be a mountain person, among mountain people. That I have boobs and I squat to pee is incidental to this identity. I also have gray eyes and hairy toes, but those features have about as much bearing on my time in the huts as the rest of my physical, biological being.

Before the huts, I worked at Horton Center. That’s the UCC church camp on Pine Mountain, just north of Madison. There was a hot debate one summer about what gender pronouns we should use in prayer and when speaking to

campers. Being mildly agnostic, I kept out of it, but have always admired my friend Holly’s impatience with the debate—she felt that whatever is Divine is larger, broader, deeper and wider than merely “male” or “female,” he or she.

That awe-struck expansiveness is how I feel about the eternal burbling questions of the male-ness of the space lurking within the OHA and the AMC in general. I’m not interested in parsing pronouns or an academic unpacking of gender constructs. Because, at heart, whatever it is that binds our association of supremely lucky people who live alongside diapensia and moose and constellations and history and sunsets and granite in the hut system, those incandescent pieces of our identity and soul have more in common with divinity than can be found in society’s entrenched gender roles or biology.

Are there historic and present-day instances of unwanted attention and discrimination of a sexual, genderized nature within the huts, the OH, and the AMC? Absolutely. Is it utterly frustrating and absurd that there has been only one female huts manager? Yes. Personally, I carry emotional scars from having applied numerous times to Huts department jobs that came with salaries, benefits, and management responsibilities and not been hired. I know I am not the only woman who has felt that sting; I have cried and shared notes with other women who felt they were better qualified than the men who got the jobs, but were told they were too strident, too maternal, or not “professional” or “fun” enough. This is a perpetual problem, but not the one for today.

To be clear, the gender question cuts both ways—all of this backcountry genderized trouble is just not for ladies. The general rule for big laugh/large tip BFDs is “put the biggest guy in the smallest dress.” Covens of ladies’ hiking

continued on pg. 4

groups with wine make an unholy number of utterly inappropriate comments towards hutmen young enough to be their sons. Hutmen friends of mine have been told they “need to pay the love toll” by drunk women standing between him and the bathroom, been dragged under tables by and paid to kiss female guests, and—in one instance—requested to present a penis-shaped sippy-cup to a woman celebrating her birthday with her gals at a hut.

If male guests did that to hutwomen, we’d all shit the bed.

It very well may be that a young hut person is amused, attracted, or complimented by the sexualized attention of a guest—I certainly enjoyed the night I got 6 marriage proposals from a men’s hiking group. It was all in good fun, and we all knew it. So, as long as everyone’s legally aged and consenting, have fun. It may also be that some hutboys are simply delighted to throw on a dress and mess around with what it means to be a man.

Personally, I’m always grateful that I’m a lady. It’s more fluid—and not just when you’re changing a tampon while packing the GRT. Women seem to be allowed to shift and change and evolve more than men are, who are still supposed to be strong and certain and unwavering, and totally fine—if not thrilled—with being cougared by strangers in their workplace. Which sounds like a terrible burden to put on a human just because he happens to have the broad shoulders that a packboard was designed for. Further, it’s a lot easier, I think, for women to break into traditional male spheres than it is for men to break into traditional female sphere. Culturally, we go bananas if some one says “lady doctor” but let “male nurse” slide with a laugh and a stereotype. And I doubt that men have the same spark of accomplishment that I know I do when I feel like I’ve just tinkered with a glass ceiling.

The huts allow a lot of slightly lost young people a supportive and beautiful place to explore lots of options for how to be. Learn to live with

minimal stuff, learn to live in community, learn to bake bread for 100, learn what you are capable of, beyond what is easy and normal and mainstream. Wear a little dress in a BFD even though you have a luxuriant beard. Pack a century up the Airline despite having ovaries. All of this is small potatoes compared to the real freedoms and identity we come into. And this is where I see the root of what is considered by some to be the entrenched misogyny of some of the older OH.

Obviously, I’m not a man or of this generation. I’m basing a lot of my theory on observation, particularly of my father and his group of fishing buddies. Every year for twenty-years, they’d go up to a cabin together. And he’d come home and rave about how it wasn’t about the fishing, it was about the community, how much he loved his friends, how they were closer than brothers, and did my mother or my sisters and I, did we have close friends like that? He didn’t believe anyone could be closer friends than he was with those men. Dad, born in the late 1940s, wasn’t of a time or place that encouraged male companionship on any deep or emotional level, so when he found it, he held it like nothing else.

I have to think that a lot of older OH think and act within their tribe in a similar way. They—you, reading this—grew up with the boundaries of what you could do and how you could do it being pretty narrow in the WASP world that the huts largely pull from. I know not everyone grew up in a Jimmy Stewart movie, Hardy Boys book, or with either of my WWII veteran grandfathers, but, by and large, it seems like there were expectations that Men would be Men, in some very Superman/Jack London-esque manner. Strapping, silent and stoic, like some sort of intellectual frontiersman, but with a soulless job to support a family in the suburbs, would be ideal.

And, if you grow up like that, thinking that’s how to be an adult, and then stumble your way up to work in the huts, and suddenly, you are living in the mountains, among other young dudes who felt that the fedora and business suit and

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commute was not the right thing to do or be...I imagine it'd be like all the magic that any of us every discovered suddenly finding our tribe of people lurking in the mist of Camp Dodge at Gala.

It's like that, because it is that.

All, I think, any of us who end up in the huts really ever wanted was to find a good place to take some time and be apart from the mainstream world. We wanted to be in the mountains because they are wild and beautiful. We wanted to be part of the huts because it is human nature to crave being part of a human community larger than ourselves. We wanted—and we got—a symphonic identity boost by being lauded as a mountain god for a few months, a few weeks. We sought, and found, a place to belong and the bonds with the people we came into ourselves alongside...these are unbreakable.

However, because the time any of us have spent in the huts is so precious, but so brief, we guard against change like rabid dragons. Any change, somehow, threatens the purity of our experience and identity. We scoff at other generations, all slightly jealous and smugly determined that we had the MOST fun, the HEAVIEST packs, the WORST guests, the BEST raids, and so on.

We all did. No one has ever or will ever love the huts and the ridgelines and the trails and their croos as much as you.

That said, I do get cranky when I learn that the huts have Robo-Sammys now—automated boiling water dispensing tanks, rather than the cheery samovars bubbling away on the corner of the stove all through my tenure. The thought of radios going away and it being a cell phone call rather than “WYF-711, this is 1 Mizpah, our sprinkler system exploded...” gives me a pang of bone-deep insecurity that all my time is being erased.

And, if you're a hutman of a certain era, I imagine that having hutwomen become part of the tapestry of the place where you came of age

could have been hard. That's a more dramatic shift than rebuilding any hut, and could have made you feel obsolete in the place and community where you felt most whole. We all hate to see what defined us and knew us as we became ourselves change in anyway. For men who may have had to guard more fiercely the freedom and friendship of their time in the mountains than later generations who were raised by hippies who questioned gender norms and authority, well, I wouldn't be surprised if the passion for and defense of that time in their lives sometimes comes across as less inclusive. I don't think any man in the OH dislikes women or is sorry that the huts were integrated—I think everyone just wants to be reassured that their own magic was real and valid.

It was. It is. No matter what else changes, I believe that what is up there, waiting for the new folks and living now in the bones of us older hutters, is eternal, divine, and boundless.

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!

Some recent history: Spring Reunion 2011
 (left) John Howe, John Lamana,
 & Richard Stetson;
 (right) Jon Martinson & Ken Olson



Croo, friends, and visitors at
 Lakes of the Clouds



Larry Coburn, Dave Porter, &
 Dick Maxwell at Greenleaf 1952



Roger Smith packing at
 Greenleaf, 1950



Greenleaf 1949:
 Pete Walker, Don Grout,
 & Roger Smith, plus
 "Good Deal" Al as truck
 driver

Greenleaf 1950 croo consisted of Dick Maxwell,
 Roger Smith, & Jim Hoffman (pictured to the right
 is Jim packing)



Greenleaf 1951:
 Dick Maxwell, Roger Smith,
 & Dave Porter



Jim Hoffman, Swoop Goodman, & Peter Foof
 "the donkey skinner."

The "Mountain Hospitality" sign over the door
 was stolen from some commercial enterprise
 down on the highway below North Woodstock...
 and think what OSHA would say about the
 makeshift ladder.

(Nearly) the first and last Greenleaf visits for
 Roger Smith.



Tony Gauba: Muleskinner & Entertainer

-- Chris Van Curan, 1951-1956 --

Tony Gauba was an extraordinary individual. I got to know Tony as my Assistant Campground Director in 1953. Tony had been an AMC muleskinner. He was short of stature, wiry, and very athletic.

The AMC used mules to outfit and provision the huts in the spring. Muleskinners were hired to drive and direct the mules up the mountain trails to the AMC huts and back with 25 gallon LP gas tanks ("goofer bombs") and S. S. Pearce dry and canned goods. When the mules were not in use, they spent their time grazing the pastures in Whitefield, NH. Helicopters eventually made them obsolete in the late 1950s.

Most people when they think of mules, think of Missouri and Arkansas. But the AMC had a herd of mules to do the initial Spring packing into the White Mountain AMC huts. And, Tony grew up in West Hartford, CT – nowhere near Missouri or Arkansas.

Tony Gauba, muleskinner, was as well an entertainer. One of his many talents was to take a bull whip and then take a cigarette out of the mouth of a willing participant. Tony would ask for volunteers from the campers to participate in his tricks. He would take the volunteer camper and make him/her stand up straight and tall. He would then place an unlighted cigarette in their mouth. Then he would step back a few steps, much like an NFL football point after kicker, raise his bull whip and SNAP, take the cigarette out of their mouth without touching them. Great applause would follow.

For his next trick, Tony would take a

measured amount of gasoline in his mouth. He would strike a wooden match stick along his inside trouser leg and proceed to spit out the gasoline through the lighted match. BANG!!! POOF!!! Great excitement.

I did this trick a couple of times in front of my kids later in life and my wife put a stop to that real quick.

And, then his next trick was to ask for a volunteer to come forward to hold an unlighted wooden match stick between their thumb and their forefinger. Tony would step back a pace or two and with his bullwhip snap the wooden match stick from between the two fingers without touching any body parts.

After Dolly Copp, Tony enlisted in the U. S. Air Force and became a Search and Rescue Instructor for four years. Upon leaving the Air Force, Tony became a well-known photographer. His photographs often graced the pages of the Sierra Club magazine and their calendars.

But, his life was short lived as he succumbed to asphyxiation in his camper van one night in a Sierra mountain pass.

RIP, Tony

What
stories are you
remembering right now?

Send 'em along, we want to hear them!

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

b.a.weick@gmail.com

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

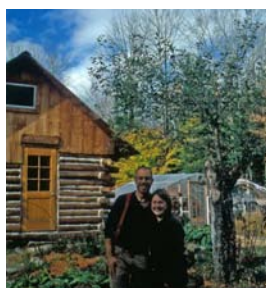
Presenting: Your 2017 Steering Committee

"Stars: they're just like us!"



Beth Weick, Vice-Chair & Resuscitator Editor, lives the dual life of Laura Ingalls Wilder (28-acre 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).

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.



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 - a fate he finds difficult to escape. He reads a lot, plays various instruments, and wants desperately to become Merlyn from *The Once and Future King*.



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.



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 now 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.



Moose Meserve, Treasurer: Just retired from the financial services industry in 2016. Worked CC at Mizpah and Greenleaf in 1965, Mizpah in 1966, 1967 and 1968. Lots more fun than this bio would suggest (ed.)



Will Murray, Asst. Editor, worked at Zool (F'08), Mizpah ('09), and Galehead (F'09). He's currently working in Berkeley, CA as an ER Technician and will be (more than likely) heading back East (!) this fall to become a Physician Assistant. One fond memory of working in the huts is when he and a few members of the Lakes and Mizpah crew hiked hundreds of live goldfish into Lakes in the middle of the night to fill the dive sinks during Hutmaster set as a prank. Another is when Alex May hiked from Ghoul to Zealand in a chicken mask with a vodka filled water gun only to have his gun malfunction upon arrival, resulting in a showering of the hut (and possibly a few confused guests) with vodka mist.

Ari Ofsevit is from Newton, Mass., went to school at Macalester College, and is a first-year student in transportation engineering and urban planning at MIT. In his spare time, he cross country skis (semi-competitively), blogs about skiing (also semi-competitively), attempts to complete marathons in under 3:00 without dying (although when he comes close, sometimes he makes the front page of the newspaper) and goes to way too many public meetings. He worked four seasons in the huts at Madison, Greenleaf, Mizpah, & Lakes.



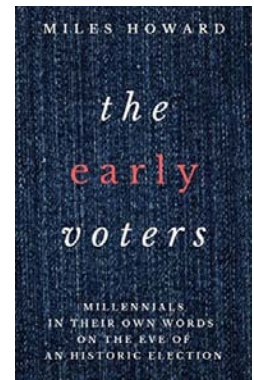
Your remaining
Steering Committee members are:
Tom Kelleher
(Secretary/Webmaster)
Sara Balch & Betsy Cook



Meika Hashimoto's second young adult fiction book, *The Trail*, published by Scholastic, will be released at the end of July, 2017.

BOOKS!

by OH!



Miles Howard's first book, *The Early Voters*, was published on January 1, 2017.

Larry Kilham's newest book is out: *Adventure Skiing in the '60s: Chile Argentina Lebanon and Morocco*.

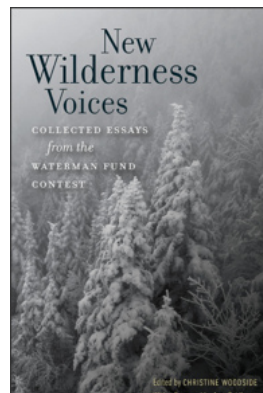


This 47-page ebook, profusely illustrated with color photos, will launch you into ski adventures in exotic far-away places. While these took place back in the 1960s when overseas travel generally required greater effort than now, and there were fewer distractions ranging from electronic media to terrorism, the basics were the same. The mountains and glorious skiing are still there. Available on Amazon: <http://amzn.to/2egl2GX>

Retiree Memoir: Government Biologist

This is **Sandy Wilbur**'s latest book, covering 34 years with USFWS in Refuges, Research, and Endangered Species. It won't be put out in hard copy, but if anybody would like a free PDF, and reminisce about what was happening with USFWS from the 1960s into the 1990s, drop Sandy a note at <ymbios@condortales.com>

This book is comprised mostly of interviews with young adults - including many OH - and explores the perspective, motivations, and realities of the millennial generation. Miles sends his thanks to the many OH friends who responded to his inquiries and shared thoughts for this project.



The Waterman Fund is looking forward to the July 4th release of this anthology, *New Wilderness Voices: Collected Essays from the Waterman Fund Contest*. Published by University Press of New England and edited by Appalachia editor Christine Woodside, this collection features the writing of OH such as **Angela Jukowski, Will Kemeza, Sally Manikian, Sandy Stott, and Bethany Taylor**.

Nobody objects to a tale from ADK Mtn. Club, do they?

--Peter Baldwin--

I was sought in 1949 by the Adirondack Mountain Club to manage their headquarters, the Johns Brooke Lodge, set under Mount Marcy and the Great Range. A pack burro named Nubbins came with the package. Nubbins and I packed together, were happy company. He let me know when a bear was shadowing us, and loved the treats Forest Ranger Dave and Doris Edmunds gave him as we paused at their cabin. My crew of two didn't like Nubbins, said he was too slow. Nubbins taught me how to pace. He and I did well with one pack trip a week. My two crew had to pack twice a week!

Nubbins had an interesting history. Before my time he used to snap free from his halter, and hit the trail down to the valley. People saw him crashing through backyard gardens in his search for an intimate moment in "covering" a cow. He found one! Quite a sight! ADK people were asked to do something about Nubbins. They thought cutting Nubbins would take care of Nubbins' "traveling ways."

Nubbins simply shifted his focus from cows to *homo sapiens* - women. He'd chase them up trees. Nubbins did just that during an ADK annual Board Meeting at the John's Brook Lodge. I heard a board member hollering for help from an apple tree. This generally considered pain-in-the-ass woman board member seemed to have gotten into a comeuppance situation. By now her fellow board members had gathered around the apple tree. What to do?! Nubbins was grazing beneath the tree. I asked the Board Chair Person for his advice. Trying not to smile too broadly, he suggested that I might lead Nubbins away. Would you believe it? When Nubbins left the scene his object of love found her way to the ground where she discovered that the more firma the less terra.

Galehead 1950
"Cousin" Paul Surette
Ann Dodge
"Lil Al" Thurston, HM



Paul Surette, Ghoul 1950
"Lil Al" Thurston, Ghoul 1950
Bill Hoffman, Zool 1950

SNEAK PREVIEW:

This year's Fall Fest....will include a daytime community event to bring OH of different ages together while giving back to the local community. What could it be? Trail work, road clean-ups, community garden work....ideas? takers? leaders?

LET US KNOW WHAT PEAKS
YOUR INTEREST.



OHA Classifieds:

JOBS

Really?? No-one's looking for work? America *IS* great again, after all...

PHOTOS

Hey, Y-OH, hang up your favorite pics on the walls of the cabin. Time for this special place to host photos of all generations. Go for it! Photo albums are encouraged, too.

Having a hut reunion? A hutfolk outing - for beers, or on trails? Share your photos and selfies via Instagram (#ohcroc, @OHcroc), 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 events each year. It's a network that promotes the fun and lifelong friendships we all formed in the huts.

PEOPLE

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



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

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

EVENT

The **10th Northeast Alpine Stewardship Gathering** will be held at the brand new Mount 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 the Northeast United States.

Hosted by The Waterman Fund, Dartmouth Outing Club, Dartmouth College, and USFS.

Full details coming soon! For more information, please check The Waterman Fund website:

<http://www.watermanfund.org>

AND A GENTLE REMINDER

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

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!



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, give trail advice, and help with check-in and retail sales. Hut Volunteer Naturalists lead evening programs, helping guests learn about local natural or cultural history. Volunteer



teer Naturalists can gear their evening program to kids, adults, or both, and depending on interest and

expertise, they can offer just one program topic or offer multiple programs over multiple days.

The AMC is also looking for more volunteers to help protect the fragile alpine ecosystem as Volunteer Alpine Stewards. Hiking along the Franconia Ridge or on Mt. Washington summit trails, Stewards engage with hikers about Leave No Trace principles, alpine ecology, and backcountry safety. They also monitor alpine

plants, collecting data for AMC's Mountain Watch. Eat and stay free while volunteering.



The Volunteer Alpine Steward Program is a partnership with the AMC, USFS, and ATC.

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

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! Remember your old haunts!

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

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 2014 & 2016? 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 James or Eric in the Huts Department Office Suite. Thanks a million!

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

THE OHA NEEDS YOU! PLEASE!

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

- *OH with young kids to coordinate & participate in family-centered OH events
 - *female voices!!
 - *Y-OH voices!!
 - *Treasurer
- *GALA/EOS reps (preferably Y-OH)
- *Fall GALA/EOF reps (preferably Y-OH)
- *Fall Fest presenters & croo representatives to offer highlights of past season
- *Summer/Fall Hut Ambassadors

ALERT!

Do you live in the San Francisco Bay Area? Our **OHA Ambassador to the Independent Republic of San Francisco** wants to keep OH hanging out together, drinking beer, and froliking about the hills of the city. Repeat: drinking beer, and hanging out. That's right, live it up.

Yes, you might already know him. Contact Will Murray to get the good times rollin':
murraywd@gmail.com

.....
SPECIAL SEASON PASS

OH cabin annual pass: \$75
OH cabin annual family pass: \$100
.....

REMEMBER:

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

Regional Fun Coordinators:

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

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

Portland, ME: Nathaniel Blauss (nblauss@gmail.com)

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

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

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, 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...

“Does everyone know about when the people from 3 Joy street in Boston crow-barred Joe down from the mountains to Boston for an annual AMC (Appalachian Mountain Club) meeting at which Joe was to be honored? No way they were going to pry him onto a chair at the head table! Joe sat at a round table with some buddies. The meeting was called to order. People at round tables whose chairs faced away from the head table turned their chairs about in order to face the head table. Joe shifted his chair around. Another shifted his chair trapping Joe’s leg. You know that Joe’s voice reached ears in the three counties. Joe hollered: “I’m caught in a Christly bear trap”. I want you to ask: what could follow this? Joe stole the whole, again I quote him, ‘Christly show!’ What’s there to say!”

“I was alone one day at Carter in the summer of 1948 when a solo hiker appeared from along the Jackson trail. I hailed him, invited him to join me for a cup of tea, I asked him from where he hailed. We exchanged names. His name was Earl Shaffer. He said he’d departed from Mount Oglethorpe, Georgia. I asked him how many seasons he’d been trekking along the trail. “Just this season.” [The trail today is marked clearly and the way greatly improved. The trail In ‘48 was very difficult.] I asked Earl what prompted such a strenuous effort. Earl told me that he returned from the war in the Pacific with an unknown disease, that the docs said that their best guess was that extended strenuous activity might help.”

-- the above two stories both come from Peter Baldwin, Porky Gulch, then Carter 1947-48 --

“I am a member of OHA, introduced to the group many years back by friend Jim Hamilton. While I was a minor league “Hutman” (Opening crews in 1968, Madison designee for the summer of 1970 until mandatory summer school kiboshed that aspiration, Pinkham winter of 1971), I do enjoy reading the news from the folks of my era in the mountains, Brian Fowler, John Nutter and Ken Olson among them. Ken and John were mentors that first spring on opening crew. As memory recalls, we opened Greenleaf, Galehead and Lonesome Lakes huts that June before a fun traverse across the Presidentials to close out that stint.”

-- Cap Kane --

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

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.

8 Carter

Rachel Bolton, HM
Abby Avital, AHM
Jesse Keck, Natty
Abigail Stone
Mackenzie Little

2 Madison

Aslyn Dindorf, HM
Erica Lehner, AHM
Josh Buonpane, Natty
Emma Brandt
Lindsey Klickstein
Reece Peters

4 Lakes

Eliza Hazen, HM
Hannah Benson, AHM
Sam Derrenbacher, Natty
Charlotte Price
Amanda Keohane
Camden Blatchely
Dan Strodel
Emma Kolchin-Miller
Holly Chase
Nile Walker
Jack Hastings, Researcher

1 Mizpah

Sam DeFlicht, HM
Ian Burns, AHM
Kieran Mundy, Natty
Zach Honig, Amy Bolton, & Elena Dunckel

6 Zealand

Kate Brownstein, HM
Amber Dindorf, AHM
Annabelle O'Neil, Natty
Jubilee Lopez
Sasha Lopez

7 Galehead

Kerrick Edwards, HM
Nolan Bishop, AHM
Julian Cranberg, Natty
Mika Kligler
Maggie Kelly

5 Greenleaf

Ryan Koski-Vacirca, HM
Ali Garvin, AHM
Joscie Norris, Natty
Leslie Fink
Asher Brown
Risa Fox
Thatcher Carter

0Lonesome

Carter Bascom, HM
Abby Chick, AHM
Jesse Metzger, Natty
Emily Sherman
Michelle Fuller
Alex Van Raalte

2017 SUMMER CROOS

Huts Dept.

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

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



PACKING A TOBOGGAN

-- *Larry Eldredge, 1949-1953* --

One of the great fringe benefits offered by Joe Dodge back in the Dark Ages of the huts - when Mizpah was just an Adirondack shelter - was the offer of working room and board during the winter. In exchange for loading the dishwasher after breakfast and dinner, maybe occasionally sweeping out the goofer room in the TP, we could have most of the day free for skiing. Over the Christmas break, when the Ravine hadn't yet acquired sufficient snow, we would pile into someone's car and head off for Cranmore. If we got there early enough in the morning, we could have a fair number of runs before the goofers had finished breakfast and come out onto the slopes. Usually it didn't take long before most of the goofers quit for lunch, and we could again get pretty much continuous runs down the slopes and up the ski-mobile. Once the goofers came out again for the afternoon, we would usually go for a bite of lunch, then out again for a couple of crowded runs, then back to Pinkham to earn our keep.

But during Spring Break in March, ostensibly provided by our colleges and universities as a week in which to read and study and write term papers, we would head for the Ravine for a day's skiing. And usually we would volunteer to work for the Ski Patrol, which was often under-represented during the working week. Ravine skiing was more strenuous but more satisfying than Cranmore. After a day wrestling with the Ravine or Hillman's Highway, climbing up and skiing down, there was a deep sense of accomplishment, in my case unjustified, but it was there anyway. I felt exhilarated and enjoyed the final run down the John Sherburne Trail at the end of the day.

The Ski Patrol, at that time under the direction of Swampy Paris, maintained a series of caches with a stretcher, blankets, first-aid material, and a toboggan. Any goofer, injured by his day's activities, could usually rely on a team of Ski Patrollers to tend to his injuries, get him warmly wrapped up on the stretcher and the stretcher strapped to the toboggan for a slow descent down the Sherburne Trail. The team usually consisted of four Patrollers, each connected by a rope to one of the four corners of the toboggan. And the job in hand was to guide the toboggan down from the

site of the injury to Pinkham, and from there someone would drive the injured person to Doc Shed at the Memorial Hospital in North Conway. We used to ask for a donation of \$10 to get the toboggan, stretcher and blankets back up the mountain. Most goofers were pleased enough to be rescued that they willingly donated to the fund, and the fund in its turn funded the volunteer who hauled the toboggan, etc. back up to the caches.

And that's where I entered the picture. In March of 1950 or 1951 I helped guide a toboggan down off the Little Headwall to Pinkham—and could use the \$10. I need hardly add that \$10 was worth more than it is now. So I volunteered to get the stuff back up to the top of the Little Headwall and see it safely stowed away in the cache. Of course I took advice: pull it all the way up the Fire Trail on a rope? Or pack it on a Yukon Freightier? Mostly people advised against hauling it up with a rope, because the Fire Trail tended to slope north toward the Cutler River, and hauling would be a long struggle, much of it hand over hand, to keep the whole thing from skidding off into the drink. Packing it would be better, they said, especially through the woods where the wind wouldn't cause all that much difficulty. And then I was an experienced packer, both up-hill to Madison and down-hill to Lakes, and figured that I could rest along the way, get the whole works up there by lunch time, ski for a bit in the Ravine, and then ski back down the Sherburne Trail. So I tied the whole kit and kaboodle onto a packboard: the toboggan, the stretcher, the blankets, whatever medical supplies needed replacing, a trail lunch, and of course my skis and poles and boots—for I couldn't climb in my ski boots, and I was damned if I was going to get all the way up there and not have a ski at all.

So off I set just after the breakfast dishes were done. The Fire Trail at that time of year consisted of fairly well trampled snow and didn't seem to offer any problems to speak of. Somewhere around the turnoff to Crystal Cascades, I realized for the first time that I was in for one hell of a pack trip. I thought I would take a short rest, get the load off my shoulders the way we all did during summer pack trips. What I hadn't counted on was that the tail of the toboggan hung down well below the bottom of the board, so that I couldn't rest the load on a convenient

continued on pg. 17

rock as we all did during the summer, and the only way I could manage would be to ease the toboggan into the snow and take a rest that way. So I tried it, only to find that getting up again was an enormous effort, for the toboggan had sunk well into the snow and getting it up again meant squatting on my haunches and lifting with brute strength. Once back on my feet I really wanted another rest but realized that rests were not going to happen on this trip.

So I set off again, a little less jauntily this time, and made my slow and ponderous way ever upwards. To my dismay it slowly dawned on me that I was not going to be able to rest at all, all the way up at least to Howard Johnson's (I think it was Tuck Shelter by then, Howard Johnson's having burnt down a few years earlier). I have to confess that I passed without notice all the turnoffs: to Boott Spur and Lion's Head, to Huntington Ravine and the Raymond Path, but I did notice the sharpish left turn not too far from Tuck Shelter, for the wind picked up on the corner, blowing of course in my face, and very nearly pushed me off the trail. I did manage to stay upright and fought my way further up to the shelter, where with a deep sigh of relief I shed the load and sat down to eat my trail lunch. Originally I thought I'd be eating after leaving off the toboggan and its accoutrements, perhaps as a break in the day's skiing. Haw! I was lucky to get there at all, and it was well past lunch time before I actually managed to eat anything. No trail lunch ever tasted so good, no orange was ever so sweet and juicy.

But I still had to get the stuff up the Little Headwall and into its cache. If I left the skis, the poles, the boots at the shelter, there would be no skiing in the Ravine that day, so the whole load ended up on my back again and up the Little Headwall. This proved to be easier than the trip up the Fire Trail, for the snow at that time of year was pretty much all corn snow, and I could kick a foothold and manage with just the wind to struggle against. And I am proud to report, even at this late date, that I did get the whole works to the cache at the top of the Little Headwall, ready for the next wounded skier. And I can report that I enjoyed skiing down the Little Headwall and the John Sherburne Trail, though a little less ecstatically than I had earlier anticipated. I even spared a pang of regret that the half-day's skiing in the Ravine never did materialize. But by golly, I did earn that \$10.

MORE PHOTOS!

1953

Norman Muller, Jim Hoffman, and Charlie Ranlett at Zealand packhouse.

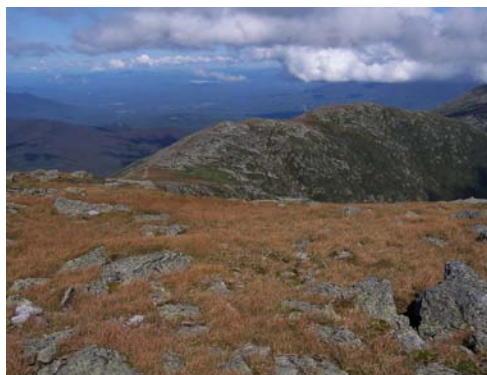


1953

Norman Muller with Jim and Charlie, checking the list of supplies brought from Pinkham.

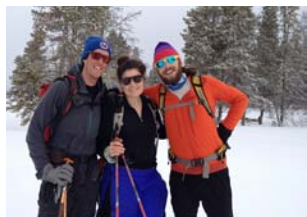
*Old Hutspeople of all ages
are encouraged to stop by the OH
Cabin during Memorial Day weekend.
Current croo will likely be there after
their GALA week of training, and the OHA
encourages beginning the intergenerational
mingling, with positive, appropriate, self-
aware interactions, naturally!*

AND...
*please remember to pay for
your stay!*



GORMINGS:

Phoebe Howe and **Scott Berkley** visited **Jeff Pedersen** in Yellowstone where he's guided for Yellowstone Expeditions for the past two winters. They offer ski trips from their backcountry yurt camp, which had all the good vibes of the winter huts plus great meals and heated sleeping tents! We'd highly recommend the trips to all OH and their families, as Yellowstone is spectacular and empty in the winter. It also turns out that Scott's spirit animal is a bison. **Amy Aloe** married former caretaker **Garrett Gorenski** in April 2016. The duo hiked the PCT for their honeymoon and are hoping to thru-hike the AT in 2017. **Steve Frens** has been busy doing stuff in Portland (Maine, of course). **Beth Weick** has revived her figure skating career and her jumping repertoire, enjoying regular work as a coach and choreographer.



Beth and partner **Ryan** braved an evening off the homestead to enjoy a taiko performance in Boston - where they were joined by **Kristin Fleischmann-Rose**. **Kristin** has become a roller derby girl, now playing with the Boston-based Nutcracker team.



Dan St. Jean has bought a house in the Barlett area, and

hosted a winter hutfolk rendezvous. **Malcolm Lewis** made a brief stop at **Beth Weick's** homestead over the winter holidays. Cold weather changed plans for a Madison '06 reunion hike this winter, but that made the woodstove all the cozier as **Nathaniel Blauss**, **Karen Thorpe**, and **Dave Haughey** shared dinner at **Beth Weick's** cabin.

Bethany Taylor is living in Portland, ME, working as the Sustainability Outreach Coordinator at Bowdoin, and percolating on some longer writing projects. **Meika Hashimoto** recently adopted a very cute dog with floppy ears, and is recovering from shoulder surgery with her usual optimism and positivity. Here she, **Avery Miller**, and **Joanne**

Ducas soaked up some spring sun in the city. **Abby King** enjoyed an epic season of back-country skiing in Lake Tahoe, and has now begun thru-hiking the PCT, starting at the Mexico border on April 26th. If anyone wants to join **Abby** for a hike along the way please text her at 207-740-8753 or email at abigailking@gmail.com. Her blog is <https://thetrek.co/author/abby-king/>. To sign up to receive email updates whenever she posts a new entry, go to blogtrottr.com and type this in to the first box you see: <https://thetrek.co/author/abby-king/feed>.



Eric Bauman moved from Baltimore/Washington area to Walnut Creek, CA. Fellow OH in the area - contact ehbauman@aol.com for a hut-style meet-up! **Amanda Schmidt**, in an inter-generational spirit, caught up with **Thom Davis** at the Geological Society of America Annual Meeting. Both are geology professors: **Thom** is at Bentley; **Amanda** is at Oberlin.

Maria Van Dusen is moving to CA, but will be back east for another summer in ME on her boat, and in NH for a few more White Mountain hikes. **Doug Teschner** is back home in NH after spending 12 of the past 14 years overseas, looking for life's next great challenge. He is a grandfather three times over, including a grandchild via son **Luke Teschner**.

Here are Fall Fest attendees the morning after: **Steve Neubert**,

Jed Davis, **Linus Story**, **Mike Dudley**, **Gerry Whiting**, **Ken Olson**, and **Bob McIntosh**.



Helen Fremont recounts the touching memorial service for **Henry Hutley**, son of **Dave Huntley** and **Laura McGrath**. **Stroker Rogovin** and **John-Michael Fields** performed music. Henry loved the White Mountains, and together with his parents, volunteered as fill-in

croo at Mizpah a couple summers ago.

Rebecca Webber is living in Turner, ME and continues working as a civil rights lawyer in Auburn. Three kids are in college (Midd, BC, UMO), and a fourth teaching down in NYC. She reports lots of running and skiing, including cross country - and there's plenty of room for visitors at home!

Arnold Cary took down the "shingle" after almost 50 years as a veterinarian in CT. He's now putting up lots of shingles for Habitat for Humanity, and keeping in touch with **Bob Kreidler** and cousin **Bob Cary**. **Doug Hotchkiss** visited Antarctica this past winter and suggests that folks look up the website for Lewis Pugh to do something about global warming before it's too late: <http://lewispuh.com/antarctica-2020-campaign/>. **Doug** also enjoyed the second annual "Old Friends" ski and snowshoe trip to Little Lyford in February. **Leonard Dalton** gets applause for reaching 87 years old as of this past Jan. 31, 2017. **Standish Bourne** meanwhile celebrated 90 years of age. Congratulations, gentlemen!

Joan Bishop reports "same ole, same ole, still kicking, just slow." She was happy to see so many new faces at the Fall Reunion. **Laurence Goss** retired to Madison, WI from MA during the summer of 2014. He now volunteers doing trail work on the NPS Ice Age Trail (over 1,000 miles long), which runs very near to his house. He enjoys living in a university city with its many events as well as extensive network of trails. **Larry** did enjoy a trip back to the Whites last June.

Suzanne Eusden hiked up to Lonesome in Sept. 2016 after coming east for a nephew's wedding, and was surprised at how overgrown it was in the front of the hut - she missed the view of the lake from the porch! **Suzanne** was also East for the holidays, with hopes of hiking or skiing in the Whites. **Harry Westcott** notes: "Pinkham 1943 and still going strong."

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.

So, do we have a branding issue on our hands??

We, the OHA, was originally O.H.A - meaning the Old Hutsmen Association. Such language, however, included only half of the current huts population, and "hutman(f)" did little to make women feel like full human beings. So, eventually, our organization name was officially changed to OHA. Not an abbreviation, just an acronym that stood for ALL of us. You could take it to mean Old Hutsfolk Assoc, or maybe Old Hutcroo Assoc., but by the official-ness bestowed by bylaws, we are OHA (not O.H.A.).

Still, in this modern era of gender-bending and identity exploration, **what does OHA mean to you? And what does O.H.A. mean?** What other meanings could it all have?

Share your insights with me via photo montage, selfie portrait, prose, poem, or comic (other mediums are welcome, too), and we'll start this conversation in the Fall 2017 issue.

Editor Beth Weick can be reached at
b.a.weick@gmail.com or
107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266.



OBITUARIES

Allen Cheston Starkey, age 80, Wayzata MN,



passed away on February 15, 2016. Born on September 4, 1935 in Philadelphia, Allen is survived by his loving wife of 59, years Judith Corfield Starkey, brother Robert, and daughters Julia, Janice, and Sarah.

Allen graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1956 with a B.S. in Science. As a student, Allen spent his summers working as a Hutman and Hutmaster at Lakes of the Clouds. He then enjoyed a successful 43-year professional career as a Chemical Sales Representative for Rohm and Haas Corp. Allen's passion was Rugby: He played for both the Minneapolis Rugby Club and the Chicago Lions Rugby Football Club. He went on to referee for several years, was a member of "Old Boys" teams that played tournaments around the world and was, finally, a Coach and Director of the Wayzata Girls' Rugby Club who won several State Championships.

Allen was a staunch Penn State Nittany Lion football supporter, a coach for his daughters' softball and basketball teams for several years, and a volunteer softball referee at the Hennepin County Correctional facility. He supported the Rosebud Lakota Indian Reservation in South Dakota and traveled to Romania to help refurbish an orphanage in the 1980s. An enthusiastic traveler, Allen set off whenever time permitted to such far-flung destinations as Hong Kong, Argentina, South Africa, and Costa Rica, where his daughter Sarah resides.

Allen was a 39-year member of St. Edwards the Confessor Episcopal Church where he served as a Lay Reader, a Vestry member (as both Warden and Sr. Warden), and by faithfully leading Morning Prayer every Saturday. His devotion to God was felt by all at St. Edwards and, through his outreach, within the surrounding community.

Asa Bartlett Goddard, 77, of West Cornwall, CT, passed at his home on July 17, 2016. Asa is survived by his wife, Olive, son, Andrew; grandson, Jackson; sister, Georgia; brother, Nathaniel; and several nieces and nephews. Asa was a beloved family man and treasured member of the Cornwall community.

Andrew Macmillan, age 85, died on October 28, 2016, in New York City.



Born and raised in Hingham, Massachusetts, he is survived by his wife of 30 years, Kitty, brother Alexander, children Arden, Ross, & Janet, four grandchildren, and one great-

grandson. Andrew worked at Madison Springs (1949) and Lake of the Clouds (1950).

Andrew graduated from Emerson College in Boston before beginning his career at television stations in Portland, Maine and Providence, Rhode Island. Thereafter, he spent many years as a news reporter and television anchor at WHDH-TV, Channel 5 in Boston. Moving to New York City in the 1970s, he worked at NBC Radio, the Coors TV Network and WOR-TV.

In New York and elsewhere, he appeared on the stage in *Journey's End*, *A Hard Look at Old Times*, and other productions. He narrated the Emmy Award-winning PBS Nova series, participated in the television series *The Equalizer*, recorded the Dale Carnegie books, and was part of Woody Allen's *New York Stories* and *Once Upon A Time In America*, among others.

Together with his wife Kitty, he helped run the Infinity Dance Theater in New York, for which he served as production stage manager, technical director, and scenic designer. Andrew was the 75th and 77th Chief of the New York Caledonian Club, and helped organize the National Tartan Day in New York City. He was also a member of the St. Andrews Society of New York, and was past president of the Clan Macmillan Society of North America.

OPINION/EDITORIALS

About those ugly rumors that you may have heard — the “luxury hotel” to be located on land owned by the Cog RR...on the rim of the Great Gulf.....?

It's true!.....but a group of dedicated North Country climbers, environmentalists (whatever that means), and some former Croo have organized to take a stand.

The Change.org campaign has gathered over 9,000 signatures in opposition to the Cog-o-Tel project (Supporters of the hotel on a similar Change.org website have assembled approximately 620 supporters.

<https://www.change.org/search?q=cog+railway>

Public hearings on the 25,000 SF project could begin soon...how can OH members help?

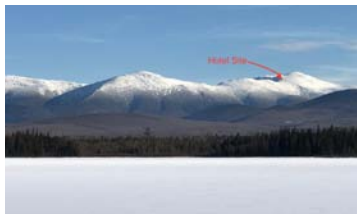
- Sign the petition on Change.org
- Contribute to the *Keep the Whites Wild* organization and help with the legal expenses involved with opposing the Cog Railway's plan:

<https://www.keepthewhiteswild.org>

- Stay in touch; get your friends to support the cause; monitor the progress on the *Protect Mount Washington* website:

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

Remember the last time you stopped for lunch overlooking the Great Gulf, looked down at Spaulding Lake.....now imagine the “Luxury” Hut....perched on the rim and visible from Lakes and from many locations in the valleys below....and think about what you did to prevent this travesty from being built.



Cog hotel site, from town of Jefferson.

Local Climbers and Conservationists Band Together to Oppose Proposed Hotel in New England Alpine Zone

The proposal to construct a 25,000 square foot hotel in the fragile alpine zone of Mount Washington has caught the attention of local climbers and conservation groups in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. On December 8, 2016 the Mount Washington Railway Company met with the Coös County Planning Board for a preliminary review of a proposal to construct a hotel along the Railway Company's 99-foot right of way, at a location known as Skyline Switch. Current Coös County zoning laws governing the alpine zone require issuance of a permit before approval of a formal application. While a formal application has not been submitted to the Coös County Planning Board, the Railway Company is currently working towards the requirements for obtaining permits.

Since the December 8th meeting local climbers and residents have been working to spread the word and track the proposals progress. There is concern that unless pressed, the local county government will make way for the proposed hotel. These concerns are based upon, among other things, statements made in support of the venture by planning board officials during the initial review of the proposal.

With assistance from the Access Fund and The Waterman Fund, local climbers have worked to formalize a New Hampshire non-profit organization called “Keep the Whites Wild”, which has subsequently launched the Protect Mount Washington campaign to bring public awareness to the issue and stand in opposition to the proposed hotel. The group is also partnering with local conservation groups to draw attention to the environmental concerns raised by the prospect of constructing a hotel in the middle of the alpine tundra, and fundraising to help cover costs associated with hiring an attorney to ensure that all issues and information pertaining to zoning laws and permits are adequately scrutinized.

<https://www.keepthewhiteswild.org>

NEW HOTEL ON MT. WASHINGTON? A CLIMBER SAYS NO

-- Michael Wejchert --

At 6,288 feet, Mount Washington's height and features might not add up to much—but the mountain, the tallest in New Hampshire's Presidential Range, hosts some of the only above-treeline terrain on the East Coast. In the winter months, storms and wind lash Mount Washington with Himalayan fury. Come summer, the snow melts to reveal an ecosystem of fragile alpine plants—on a mere .07 percent of New Hampshire's landmass. In that eight square miles of alpine zone, 63 of 70 plant species are either endangered or threatened in the state of New Hampshire.

Alongside this natural history exists an incredibly human one. The summit can be reached by road, by trail, or by train. A visitor center and weather observatory greet tourists.

On a mountain pocked with buildings, it's difficult to decide where, if anywhere, to draw the line for new development. Mount Washington is not a "wild place." On a busy summer day, thousands of people visit the summit. People bounce down on pogo sticks, drive up in snow cats, take trains and helicopters and cars and motorcycles to the summit. In springtime, city folks swarm into Tuckerman's ravine to blast music, somersault down the infamous headwall on skis, and drink beers on the porch of one of Mount Washington's many structures.

Amidst this chaos, though, resides another mountain entirely. I distinctly remember, at age fifteen, topping out on a wind-scoured Alpine Garden after climbing Yale Gully. Clouds, as they usually do, obscured the summit, and for a moment, as I slumped down in the snow, gaiters ripped, Dachstein mitts soaking wet, helmet cocked to one side of my teenage head, I sat and stubbornly decided that mountain climbing was what I would do with my life. Now, when I top out on Huntington Ravine, 15 years later, I still think of that. I've climbed mountains in places I'd only dreamed of, with men and women I'd only read about in books.

And this mountain still delivers. Last week, Ryan Driscoll, Justin Guarino and I traversed the Presidential Range and climbed five snow and ice

gullies in five ravines along the way: a marathon day encompassing 13,000 feet of elevation gain, 27 miles of hiking and 5,000 feet of climbing up to WI4. We saw three people in the 20 hours it took us, and the place felt utterly Alaskan. How could such a thing exist only five miles from my home? I found myself wondering as we crisscrossed endless feet of neve and water ice and schist. I could not fathom a hotel plunked smack dab in the middle of all this.

For me—and I suspect, for many others—our civilized little mountain has led us to many greater ones, has driven people toward resourcefulness and conservation, has engendered a sense of what the wilds of the world truly are. But Mount Washington's wildness isn't guaranteed to stay that way—and a proposed new hotel would definitely change things. The building would sit practically at the top of the Great Gulf, one of the wildest cirques in the Presidentials, home to some of the Northeast's most storied, and longest, backcountry ski descents.

The irony of seeking profit from building in a beautiful place—which is what the Cog Railway aims to do, with a proposed 35-room hotel halfway up its tracks on the western side of the mountain—is that, with enough infrastructure, the place ceases to be beautiful. It loses the very draw the Cog wishes to further exploit.

I'm aware—painfully aware—that Mount Washington has buildings already. But most of them have existed in one form or another for 50 or more years. To consider building another one is to travel backward in mindset. Is the Cog Railway so uncreative it needs to reach back to an antiquated idea to turn a profit? Do they plan to educate their guests about the fragile alpine environment outside of their 99-foot-wide swath of land?

New Englanders, unlike people in the Cascades or Colorado, don't have another set of mountains they can turn to when one becomes overcrowded or too popular. We have buildings enough. Please don't add any more.

Various folks thought the OHA realize that **we are well overdue** in expanding our presence into **other social media** (beyond LinkedIn and Faceplant) - and that this would be the obvious way to reach younger members. SO, we are totally psyched to announce our

Instagram account:
@OHcrou, #ohcrou.

AND, we could do more:

Snapchat? a **Resuscitator app?**

reviving **Twitter** (@OHcrou)?

What else?

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

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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 homestead, Coosauke, is an ongoing endeavor that features a large annual & perennial garden, their hand-built cabin, a greenhouse from recycled parts, root cellar, solar power lights, walking water, a beautiful river, and never-ending projects. **Beth can be reached at: b.a.weick@gmail.com or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266.**

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

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

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

Thank you very much!

Have you moved?

Changing your email address?

Please, let us know!

If you have access to email...
...would you consider receiving the Resuscitator online? If you're not already, and would like to, please let us know.

It'll save some of your hard-earned dues money!

