

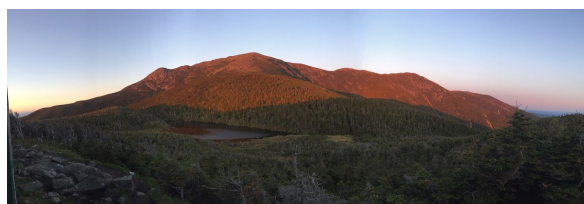
# THE RESUSCITATOR

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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## 2018 FALL REUNION

Saturday, November 3

*Highland Center, Crawford Notch, NH*

**1pm:** Hike up Mt. Avalon, led by Doug Teschner (meet at Highland Center)

**3:30-4:30pm:** Y-OH discussion session led by Phoebe Howe. 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! AMC Library Open House!

**6:30-7:30pm:** Dinner.

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

**8:30-9:15pm:** Featured Presentation: "Down Through the Decades," with Hanque Parker ('40s), Tom Deans ('50s), Ken Olsen ('60s), TBD ('70s), Pete & Em Benson ('80s), Jen Granducci ('90s), Miles Howard ('00s), Becca Waldo ('10s).

**9:15-9:30pm:** Closing Remarks & Reminders

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

*Group # 372888 OH Reunion*

*Dinner, \$37; Rooms, \$73-107. Additional pricing options for youths & small children.*

*See page 4 for further programming details.*

Fall 2018 Issue

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

## From the Desk of the Chair

Before I go any further, I want to thank Cabin users for answering the call to “pay to stay.” Maintaining a snug little retreat in the woods costs a good chunk of change—roughly half our annual budget—so it’s critical that all visitors pay the modest overnight fee. Sad to say, but in recent years that hasn’t happened as often as we need it to, but this year we seem to have turned the corner. This is probably due in part to our making it easy to pay online and with mobile devices, and offering “season passes” at substantial savings. But mostly it seems like Cabin users are just taking to heart that the place really does belong to all of us, and it only exists because all of us contribute our own little share. *E pluribus domum*. (I guess four years of Latin has a use after all...)

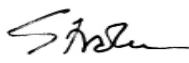
If you’ve been to the Cabin recently you’ll notice a few things. First, the place looks great, thanks to the stewardship of caretaker Mike Wadell, with volunteer help from John Lamanna, John Thompson, Richard and Bridgette Stetson, and everyone who picks up a broom or bothers to scrub a few more pots than they used. Like Dave Wilson always said, “We’re all in this together.”

Then there’s the photo collection. Sally Dinsmore and Doug Hotchkiss recently restored many of the older photos. With help from Assistant Huts Manager Eric Gotthold, we’ve been adding photos of younger OH. The Cabin belongs to all OH, and the walls now tell that story.

Speaking of younger OH, a few will be helping with our Fallfest (11/3) presentation, “Down Through the Decades.” We have speakers representing every decade from the 40s on. Becca Waldo will tell us about the 10s, and Miles Howard has the 00s. Moving backwards: Jen Granducci has the 90s, Pete and Em Benson cover the Big Hair 80s, a speaker TBD remembers the 70s (or tries to...), Ken Olsen sends up the 60s, Tom Deans fires up the 50s, and last but not least, captivating raconteur Hanque Parker brings us back to the 40s, when zero counts were the norm, and the “refrigerator” was a box under the porch covered with wet cheesecloth.

Speaking of cheese, I’ve heard it said that the early bird gets the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese. Be that as it may, make your reservation now. This will sell out, as it has for years now. Call AMC resis at (603) 466-2727 and mention resi number 372888. Doug Teschner leads a hike at 1 PM, and Phoebe Howe will convene a meeting for Y-OH in Thayer Hall, at 3:30 PM, to listen to your ideas on how to make the OHA your OHA. Happy hour starts at 4:30. More info on the website. Hope to see you there!

Solvitur crampus,

  
Stroker



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 [NEW](#) OHA website: [www.ohcroc.com](http://www.ohcroc.com)





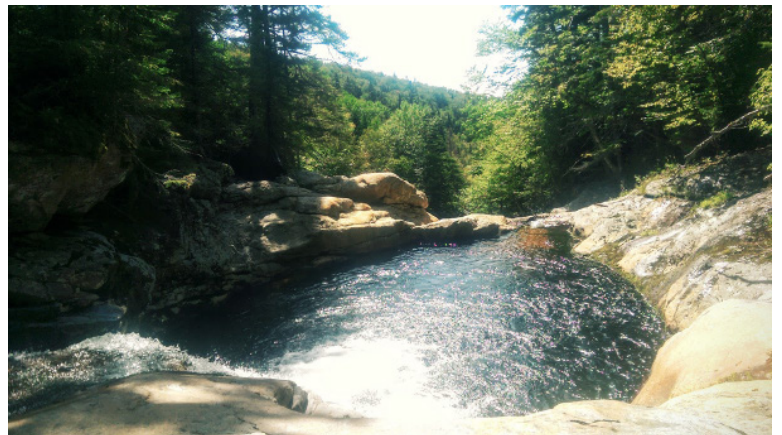
## Invisible Pressures (Mt. Eisenhower)

Ozone-brushed hills unfold beaten  
by the silence of the halogen sun  
the weight of blue pressing down  
towards the earth pressing up  
the visible space between them is  
the invisible space between two atoms  
the way our finger tips never really touch

**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 **court-**  
**esty 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!

Mountains burst at the seams of the horizon  
lines  
like the color of an eye's iris  
from the pupil, from you  
the center  
so, wise one atop the peak  
What have you learned?

--by Liz Muntean  
'Pah, Fall 2018



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# FALLFEST 2018

## “DOWN THROUGH THE DECADES”

Enjoy this tour de force of hut experiences from the 1940s through the 2010s - here's a preview of our speakers!



**Becca Waldo, 2010s:** Like many humans riding the seasonal rollercoaster, Becca moves around a lot and does a lot of different things. She's lived and worked in Maine, Western Mass, California, Montana, Wyoming, and Vermont, coaching rowing, teaching skiing, leading bike trips and conservation corps crews, and working on a park service trail crew. Slinging pancakes in the Whites remains top time well spent. Becca currently resides in Burlington VT where she bakes, bartends, and looks forward to ski patrolling once winter arrives.

**Miles Howard, 2000s:** See the article on page 9 written by Miles (originally published in The Globe) for more about him! Miles has worked huts high and low, including multiple seasons at Lakes, and is now a self-styled author, writer, editor, videographer, interviewer, and storyteller.



**Jen Granducci, 1990s:** Jen first fell in love with the huts as an intern for a geology professor in '90, when she stayed at Madison for a month. She returned to Chez Belle the next year as croo, then was AHM at Lakes in '92, Zool HM in '93, Madison HM in '94, Cata HM in '95, and then enjoyed a spring at Tucks in '96 before retiring. She now teaches English at White Mountains Regional High School in Whitefield, where she has a great view of the Presidential Range from her classroom. In the summers, she can be found on the trails with her 2 teenagers, Tom and Laura, who are usually willing to carry her stuff.

**Emily & Peter Benson, 1980s:** Emily & Peter first encountered each other in a small Manhattan office while interviewing to work at Pinkham Notch Camp. Much to Peter's initial dismay, but eventual rapture 9 years later, they were both assigned to the front desk that fateful summer. While they did not initially fall in love with each other, they fell in love with the life of a hut croo, working summer seasons through 1987, then caretaker seasons at Crawford's, Tucks, Zealand, Lonesome, Galehead and Pete's unique assignment as Centennial Hutmaster in 1988. They eventually married and live their lives together in Carter Notch, raising their 2 children Hannah (a current hut croo) and PJ, with Peter working for the NH Charitable Foundation and Emily an early childhood educator.



**To be announced, 1970s:** Ride the wave of surprise and suspense. To be revealed shortly!



**Ken Olson, 1960s:** Ken is the retired President and CEO of Friends of Acadia, was Executive Director of The Nature Conservancy of Connecticut, President of American Rivers (Washington, DC), Director of Special Projects at The Conservation Fund (Arlington, VA) and, earlier, head of the Appalachian Mountain Club Hut System and editor-in-chief of AMC books, magazines and maps, including *Appalachia*.



**Tom Deans, 1950s:** Tom worked in the huts from 1956 to 1963. He began full time work for the AMC in Boston in 1964 and later served as Executive Director for 13 years. Tom then went to work for the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation as Senior Vice President and President of the Northern New Hampshire Foundation. Upon retirement from NHCF he was named Managing Trustee of the Neil Tillotson Trust, and later served as President/CEO of the Tillotson Corporation. Tom is currently Chair of the Board of the Tillotson Corporation. He has been married for 55 years to Dorcas "Penny" Deans (OH). They have two children and two grandchildren.



**Hanque Parker, 1940s:** After closing Galehead in 1942 for the war, Hanque started at Dartmouth, then WW 2 active duty with V-12 Marines. He graduated early in 1945, went to Marine Officer training, then did construction jobs until being recalled to the Marines for the Vietnam war. He then (with bride Polly) did heavy construction in Colombia, South America, then back (with two children) to the states and Canada building canals, bridges, dams, tunnels. Hanque then turned to teaching at Stanford's Engineering School until retirement in 1982. He has recently stopped looking for another job; and is now living in a retirement community in Hanover, NH. He spends springs making maple syrup and a lot of time gazing at the Whites from their recreational farm that looks up thru Franconia Notch.



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## Fastest Known Times (FKTs)

Welcome to this NEW feature of *The Resuscitator*, dedicated to covering trail running in the Whites and among OH. FKT is short for “fastest known time,” which is the informal scorekeeping for individual performances along certain trails. We’ll try to feature some race reports and season recaps each issue, so if you are trail running in New Hampshire or away, send your FKT news to Ari Ofsevit: [ari.ofsevit@gmail.com](mailto:ari.ofsevit@gmail.com)

### Hut Traverse

The FKT for the Hut Traverse has been falling steadily in the past year. While the women’s FKT has been bettered several times this decade, the men’s time was only recently broken. Megan Farrell set the women’s FKT when working at the Madhaüs in 2014, at 16:07. Hillary Gerardi pushed past this in 2015 in 15:59, and Megan lowered the mark again in 15:07 in 2017. A local runner, Kristina Folcik, took the crown this August in 14:28, so it’s up to the fast women of the huts and OH to retake the crown. (Megan thinks sub-14 is possible.)

On the men’s side, George Heinrich’s 12:38 (for the modern route; Alex McPhail has held a starting-at-Madison traverse of 12:08 from the ‘60s, and the original FKT was set in 1933, which may make the Hut Traverse the oldest ultramarathon trail run for which times have been kept) had held up since 2011, although Peter Howe came close to besting it in 2015 with a time of 12:49. Last winter, Jeff Colt, Scott Berkeley, JP Krol and I sat around the OH Cabin and discussed how the time could probably come down. The next morning, we ran up to HoJos and descended a snowy Tucks trail in 14 to 16 minutes (flying, basically).

This summer, Jeff Colt was true to his word. The record actually fell to a non-OH, Liam Davis, who ran the route in 11:47 in July. Jeff, home from Colorado for a few days, set out from Cata to break the record in August, and came in at 10:58, nearly an hour off the weeks-old FKT, and nearly two hours ahead of George. His splits, which are beyond what most of us mortals can muster between a single pair of huts:

Cata-Madhaüs: 1:58  
Madhaüs-Lakes: 1:26  
Lakes-Pah: 0:54  
Pah-Zool: 1:37  
Zool-Ghoul: 1:57  
Ghoul-Flea: 2:13  
Flea-Lone\*: 0:53



There has been some (esoteric) debate on the FKT boards about what constitutes an “unsupported” Hut Traverse for record-keeping. Liam Davis said he took only water from the huts, and Jeff said he drank a glass of Tang, because he loves Tang (and why shouldn’t he; it’s great). It is the author’s hope that the Hut Traverse remains a run where even the fastest are encouraged to partake in the high mountain hospitality the huts provide along the ridges.

This also meant that for a week in August, both the female and male FKT records were not only held by OH, but by members of the Madhaüs 2014 croo. In September, Jeff finished 7th at the Run Rabbit Run 100 miler in Colorado, the youngest finisher in the top-10 and “in the money” in a race with one of the largest prize purses in trail running.

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## Jeff's report:

My motivation for the Hut Traverse was multi-faceted. I had been wanting to get back to the Whites for some time and had always wanted to give the Hut Traverse a proper try. I had the opportunity to visit the Whites to speak about the OHA at EOSP while returning east for a friend's wedding. The last time I had tried the Hut Traverse was in 2014 while working at Madison. I planned to break the 12:38 record that day, with my brother pacing me from Carter to Madison and John Fox (endearingly known as Tidbit) pacing me from Madison to the Hi-C. It rained that day. Heavily. 12" of standing water through Mad Gulf had my brother close to a breaking point. We were behind pace. We got to the Parapet intersection and the rain was freezing rain. We were drenched and cold. We got to Madison in 2:15 (roughly 10 minutes behind my intended pace). Tidbit got me amped up, but he did such a good job that he got my brother amped up too. Willie decided he wanted to continue on to the Hi-C, but the older Colt doesn't know the Whites well and visibility was 50 feet. We discouraged him, but Colts are stubborn, so he came with us. Around Edmand's Col, we could no longer hear Willie, who had fallen behind. Tidbit turned back to find him and make sure he made the correct turns. In this commotion, I ended up taking the trail over the summit of Clay instead of Gulfside. I'd never taken this trail and upon realizing my mistake and thinking I was on the way to the summit of Washington, I hopped on the Cog tracks and started running down to find where Westside goes under the Cog. It was a dumb mistake. I ran for what felt like forever on the elevated tracks until I was below the clouds and saw the Cog base station. Shit. I turned back, ran up the tracks, found Westside and got to Lakes. I found an optimistic Tidbit and a very cold brother. Tidbit looked me straight in the eye and said "Jeff, you still could break 14 hours. Stop whining. Let's go run some trails." We flew out of lakes and had an awesome time making it through the Hi-C, where Tidbit sent me on my way.

Tidbit ended his life in December of 2016, the week after I had moved to Colorado. I felt like I had abandoned my home, my friends, my mountains and my community. Over the next year and a half, I trained at a high level for ultramarathons. I had big goals in my mind, but hoped I'd be able to find some time to pencil in the Hut Traverse and finish it in proper style for Tidbit. Tidbit was the self-proclaimed "fastest hiker in the Whites" and he wasn't wrong. The kid could move. We often talked about trying the Hut Traverse again, together the whole way, so we could take down George's standing record. On August 17th of this summer, I left Carter with what seemed like a perfect weather window. I moved swiftly, well under record pace. I passed through my old summer homes and stayed in huts just long enough to hug friends. From Lakes to the Hi-C I was step for step with the wild pace Tidbit had set 4 years ago. I powered along, stumbling on rocks, taking water bars instead of turns, and making all the little mistakes from spending time away from the rugged terrain that characterizes trails in the Whites. When I came into my heart's home, Greenleaf, I broke into tears. I saw Julie Heaton, who I had worked with at Greenleaf, and received the best hug I have had in ages. Peter Howe joined me from Greenleaf to Lonesome and we ran until the last step, reaching the door of Lonesome in 10:57:47. I ran the Hut Traverse this past summer for Tidbit. The best part was, Tidbit was with me most of the way.

Our summer at Madison in 2014 was goofy, professional, and competitive. I had never met someone who shares my intense competitiveness like Megan Farrell. When she set the women's FKT that summer, I knew I had to try as well. Whether or not something special was in the water, our crew loved each other and made each other smile constantly. We also may have kept Tang from being cut from the fly list because we drank through ours so quickly and then started req'ing Tang every week. One thing we did that may have shaped our tolerances to pain and blanketed our stomachs with resilience was the "Tough Mudder, Spartan, Ragnar Challenge." Whenever a hiker entered our hut wearing apparel from one of those three races, we had to shotgun a beer. If it was before 7am, we had to take a



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wiskey shot. This comical rule that was set by some combination of Tidbit and Alex Johnson had us laughing throughout the summer. On the descent from Mizpah to Hi-C that summer, Tidbit and I passed a group of Tough Mudder finishers doing the presi traverse. We laughed so hard upon seeing the group, but Tidbit kindly offered to shotgun the beers that I was responsible for consuming.

I think the Hut Traverse record will soon be under 10 hours. I know where I lost time and I know that had I had a perfect day, I could've gone under 10:30. I made a wrong turn on the nordic trails in the Great Gulf and ran out of water by the top of Zeacliff, making the trek to Galehead brutally painful where I drank a tall glass of Tang and kept motoring.

The Run Rabbit Run 100 mile was my first race at that distance and the Hut Traverse was excellent prep for it. I hope to return to the Whites next summer before my next 100 to give the MacPhail traverse a go, or lower the FKT again on the standard route. The huts are an amazing breeding ground for ultra-athletes. Packing is not easy. But we tell ourselves it is fun and easy to get through it. This mental resilience and physical conditioning is as good as it gets for a ultra foundation. The Whites make hikers very strong, maybe not fast, but strong. It's a joy to be able to return to these mountains and remind myself how soft I have become on these little Colorado 14,000ft molehills.

### **Other notable White Mountain FKTs**

Of some note, a new Presidential Traverse time of 4:09 was set, by a non-OH. But what good OH would willingly skip the Westside Trail to actively visit assorted goofedom on the summit between Madhaus and Lakes? (This is only mentioned because it is still a fast time, despite the visit to the summit.) Also set by a non-OH was the FKT for the Pemi Loop, in 5:45.

### **Euro Report: Schide & Gerardi**

Off in Europe, Hillary Gerardi and Katie Schide have been going toe-to-toe with some of the best runners in the world, and putting up some top-notch results (sometimes on the same team). We'll have their full season update in the spring 'Tator.

### **Hutcroo Hustle**

This November, on the Saturday preceding the OH Reunion, we will once again hold a "Hutcroo Hustle" on the trails maintained by the OH Association. This trail run will begin on the Hall's Ledge Trail on the edge of Route 16, proceed to Halls Ledge, descent through the ski trails to the Hutmens' Trail, and descend to the OH. More details will be posted on the OHA website in the coming weeks, and we'll hope to see you on the trails. Its exact format is yet to be determined, but it will likely be at or about 11:00 a.m. and will include a chili lunch at the OH after the race. If you're interested (or maybe interested) please leave your name at <https://goo.gl/forms/GQIQGC8bszT3gwm73> so we can get a rough count.





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## Adventure on Katahdin

by Miles Howard

(originally published in *The Globe*)



The first sign of trouble was the guitar.

It was a stupefyingly humid weekend in Baxter State Park — my hiking companion, George “Woody” Wood and I had driven there to climb Mount Katahdin and offer our blood to the black flies for a few days. Perspiration dripped from our bodies as we pitched our tents, wolfed down a pot of rice and beans, and settled in for a night of essential rest before waking up early to climb Maine’s toughest mountain.

That’s when we heard it: the jangling of bright, harshly strummed guitar chords that ripped through the nocturnal forest.

This wasn’t the kind of lull-you-to-sleep acoustic melody that Neil Young would play. It was a simple chord sequence that they teach beginners in guitar school, and it carried on relentlessly. Ding-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling. After two hours of this, I heard Woody unzip his tent and clomp through the brush — presumably to locate the guitar player and hit him over the head with a log. The music stopped, at last, Woody returned to camp, and both of us drifted into a sweaty slumber that was soon disrupted by a torrential thunderstorms that flooded our campsite around 2 AM.

We emerged from our sodden tents at dawn in a disheveled and severely sleep-deprived state. Our communication was a series of grunts and nods. The rain had tapered off but the humidity was unbearable. Local meteorologists were predicting that by midday, the temperatures on the summits could exceed 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Between our rotten night of rest, and the conditions, it was too dangerous to climb Katahdin.

So instead, Woody and I decided to schlepp our way up South Turner Mountain — a modest peak on the east side of Baxter State Park. We felt obligated to climb something after driving for six hours to reach this wild, forebodingly beautiful place.

Our energy and conversational skills returned as we rumbled through Baxter on a meandering dirt road to the trailhead. By the time we set off into the boggy woods — which were positively

buzzing with flies — I felt as spritely and capable as I had during the summers

when I worked as a hut croo member for the Appalachian Mountain Club. That job had entailed carrying more than 80 pounds of food on a packboard up and down some of the hardest trails in New England. Surely South Turner would be a breeze.

Halfway up the cone of the mountain, something weird happened — my heartrate quickened, and I found it impossible to catch my breath. By the time Woody and I reached a stone staircase that broke through the treeline, I was doubled over as though I had just finished a half-marathon. (In fact, I had run a half-marathon less than a year prior.) Something in my stomach bubbled. I could taste last night’s dinner. My clothes were absurdly drenched with sweat, but the humidity rendered it useless as a cooling mechanism.

In all my years of hiking, I had never experienced this before. Was I dehydrated? Overexerted? Or was it something more severe? Woody and I didn’t want to take any chances. We concluded the hike at a viewpoint beneath the summit, took a rest on a rock, and made our way back down at a gentle pace. I had a large bottle of Gatorade waiting for me back in the car — for electrolyte replenishment — and I chugged the whole thing as soon as Woody unlocked the vehicle.

Twenty minutes later, I was on my hands and knees in the bushes, vomiting more than I ever had in my life — simultaneously agonized and amazed at the apparent volume of my stomach.

We headed straight for the nearest motel: a family-run joint called the Big Moose Inn. As I lay in the passenger seat of Woody’s car, too wasted to speak and still nauseous, Woody went inside and explained my condition to the Big Moose owner, Laura, and her colleagues. In classic Maine fashion, the front desk receptionist happened to be married to be a Baxter park ranger who dealt with cases like mine constantly. Within minutes, I was resting in an air-conditioned room at the inn, taking tiny

sips of diluted Gatorade as Woody discussed more holistic remedies with the resident cook, Joanie, who also worked part-time as an EMT. In this respect, the Big Moose Inn truly redefined the term “full service.”

By evening, my condition hadn’t improved. Worse yet, I couldn’t recall the symptomatic differences between heat exhaustion and the far deadlier heatstroke. So at 6 pm — the hour at which Woody and I had planned to have a celebratory post-Katahdin dinner — we were at the regional hospital in Millinocket. Instead of having a cold beer, I had a chilled bag of saline hooked up to my brachial artery. And rather than revel in our outdoor escapades, Woody and I sat rapt with attention as the physician’s assistant regaled us with tales of his own canoe voyages into the Debsconeag wilderness area. Before I was discharged, he pulled us into his office and showed us satellite images of his favorite glacial lake. We promised to keep it a secret.

What happened to me up in Baxter was a series of small misfortunes that added up and extracted a harsh toll: sleep deprivation had left me vulnerable, heat exhaustion literally drained me, and hydrating too hastily with pure Gatorade triggered my unfortunate Linda Blair moment. And yet, I was also the beneficiary of immense kindness from Woody, the team at Big Moose Inn, and the staff at Millinocket Regional Hospital, all of whom took care of me in their own ways. When things go south, you can only pray that you’ll be surrounded by people who are capable of practicing such natural empathy. And when Woody and I return to attempt Katahdin in cooler conditions, my first priority will be thanking every generous soul with whom our path crossed.

Even the guitar player, if we can find him.



What  
stories are you  
remembering right now?

Send ‘em along, we want to hear them!

All stories, photos, recipes, classifieds,  
fashion commentaries, exaggerations, etc. to  
the Editor at:  
[b.a.weick@gmail.com](mailto:b.a.weick@gmail.com)

### OH Cabin Memorial Wall Photo Project

For many years the OH Association has honored some “Absent OH Friends” by placing a photograph of them on the walls at the Cabin. Over the years the space for images and other items has become very congested.

These memorial photos are of iconic OH figures such as Red Mac MacGregor, Joe Dodge, Al Folger, and others. Doug Hotchkiss with the technical assistance of Sally Dinsmore recently undertook an archival preservation project.

The images were removed, scanned, enhanced, and preserved. Copies were mounted on laminated plaques with captions including names, dates, and where they worked in the huts. They are now re-hung for all to view.

As an additional benefit, we have created more space for other images that you would like to see at the cabin. The OH Steering Committee invites all OH to make a donation to cover the cost of the project.





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

Presenting: Your 2019 Steering Committee

## DRUM ROLL PLEASE...Introducing the newest members of your OHA Steering Committee!



**Phoebe Howe** lives in Richmond, VT with her partner, Scott Berkeley, and a rotating cast of YOHA roommates. She worked at Carter, Lakes, Greenleaf, and

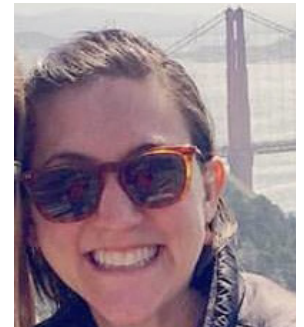
Galehead from 2012-2015. Currently, Phoebe is pursuing a newfound passion for affordable housing and zero energy homes through her work at Efficiency Vermont (it's basically one long Green Tech Talk). Outside of work, she enjoys rallying the VT YOHA and sewing Hut-woman hats, and looks forward to serving on the Steering Committee.

Also, a big welcome and thank you to **Taylor Burt** for serving as our Webmaster! He lives in a cozy yurt in Brattleboro, VT with his wife Emily, and does lots of cool things.

**Carter Bascom** is from New London, NH. He is an active Realtor for Four Seasons Sotheby's International Realty. Feel free to reach out if you have any questions or want to make suggestions to the OH. Looking forward to seeing you all at FALL FEST!

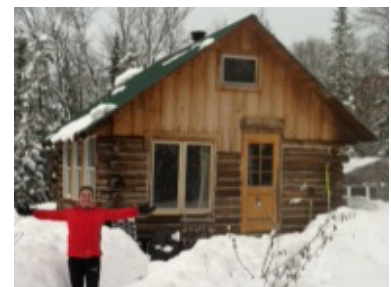
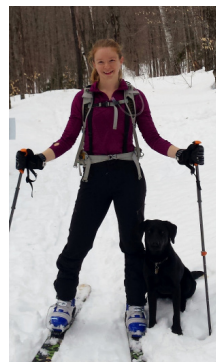


**Stephanie Maraldo** spent most of her twenties forming a triangle of communities around New England. Fall in the White Mountains, Summers at Farm and Wilderness in Vermont, and a long stint at a non-profit in Lawrence. She currently lives in Somerville with her partner, two roommates, and a tiny dog named Carla Sagan. Stephanie teaches at a therapeutic middle school and is looking forward to many years working with kids in their most awkward stage.



## And a hand for our returning members:

**Stroker Rogovin** (President), **Moose Meserve** (Treasurer), **Jenna Koloski Whitson** (Secretary), **Tom Kelleher** (Secretary Emeritus, not pictured), **Beth Weick** (Editor & Vice President), **Will Murray** (Asst. Editor), **Jeff Colt**, **Eric Gotthold**, **Liz Seabury**





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# OHA Classifieds:

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## HOUSING

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Miles Howard anticipates moving out of Boston in the Fall of 2019 and will be looking for housing leads in Burlington, Portland (ME) and potentially other midsize cities...mileswhoward@gmail.com

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If anyone in New Hampshire is in need of a house, housing advice, or would like to talk real estate, contact Carter Bascom: carter.bascom@fourseasonssir.com

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## PHOTOS

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Having a hut reunion? A hutfolk outing - for beers, or on trails? Share your photos and selfies via Instagram (#ohcroo, @OHcroo), 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.

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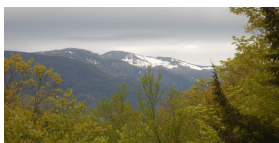
## EVENTS

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Interested in family friendly OHA events?? Shane Lessard (shane.r.lessard@gmail.com) & Jen Granducci (hikemtns@gmail.com) are doing some planning. Contact them with ideas and interest!

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TFC 100th in 2019 at Camp Dodge  
PNC 100th in 2020 - see page 20 for an event brainstorming session information



## A Helping Hand with College Debt:

**OH Jerod Richards-Walsh** is offering the following opportunity for hutcroo interested in a life of outdoor work, but burdened with college debt. Read on, and contact him with interest and questions!

"I'm not a huge fan of office jobs. I hesitantly got one after college and then used the money I earned to pay off my loans as quickly as possible. This afforded me some freedom, so I played around with my work schedule and eventually ended up taking a few months off to work at Mizpah at the suggestion of my friend Jon (thanks, Jon!). There I went through a good amount of personal growth, largely due to the number of inspiring people I found myself working with. It was great to hear their stories of adventures, variety of jobs, and to see them in action on a day to day basis.

I got to work three more seasons and one thing that came up from time to time was college debt. Multiple people I talked to had aspirations of continuing to work in the outdoors for a living, but felt as if the amount of debt they owed either pushed them away from the work they loved and toward a job that could provide greater earnings, or made it so that most of their income wasn't really going to be theirs for many years. A common theme to this story was that they had gone to college for something they weren't sure they were passionate about, while they were absolutely passionate about the outdoors.

I've thought about this a fair amount, especially since I felt similarly upon graduating. For a while, I was content to think of this as a systemic issue that I couldn't possibly address, but recently I've changed my position on that. So, I'm going to try offering a grant of sorts to be put toward college debt, starting with the 2018 fall croo. I'm hopeful that over the next couple years the process will be refined and this will be a useful opportunity for Y-OH to have available to them."

Please send any questions or comments about this grant opportunity to Jerod at: jerodrw@gmail.com.

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*Barbara Hull Richardson: A 95-year-old croo member on working for Joe Dodge, breaking glass ceilings, and leading a life of service.*

By Dan Szczesny

Since AMC opened its first hut in New Hampshire's White Mountains in 1888, staff members (a.k.a. "croo") have had the reputation of being tough and resourceful—perhaps none more so than those who reported to Joe Dodge. Working in Greenleaf Hut or Pinkham Notch under the watchful eye of AMC's legendary hutmaster in the first half of the 20th century thickened one's skin pretty quick.

And if you were a woman on croo, well, that was nearly unheard of. "The guys didn't like that at all," says Barbara Hull Richardson, eyes twinkling. "They felt I was invading their territory."

Now 95 and living in a retirement community in Keene, N.H., Richardson is only five years younger than the federal designation of the White Mountain National Forest, in 1918. She's slight in stature but high in energy, as she must have been in 1943, when she was hired as one of AMC's original "hut girls," as female staff were then known. With the men off to war, Dodge was struggling to fill positions. Pinkham Notch—the lodge and visitor center at the base of Mount Washington, later renamed in his honor—needed someone to run the front desk.

When Dodge picked Richardson, a 20-year-old on summer break from Bryn Mawr College, she became one of the first women to crack the male-dominated hut system. The youngest croo member of the season took the lessons learned in the notch and went on to become a lifelong social worker and a decorated state representative.

As for toughness? It was a little more than a year after her summer with AMC when Richardson had the accident that changed her life. But getting shot will do that to you.

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For her 22nd birthday, Richardson had gone to visit family in her hometown of Waverly, Pa., a farm community north of Scranton. She was celebrating with a pregnant friend, and the two of them decided to take a walk around a nearby lake. Coming off Richardson's recent stint at Pinkham Notch, a few miles of flat hiking would barely cause her to break a sweat, but she was concerned

about her friend's stamina. The two women had sat down on a log to rest when concerned about her friend's stamina. The two women had sat down on a log to rest when they noticed a couple of town boys on the other side of the pond, shooting tin cans floating in the water.

Next thing Richardson knew, she was lying on the ground. "A bullet had ricocheted and hit me and knocked me off that log," she recalls. "Well, I just got right back up. I didn't really think it was too serious."

Her friend hoofed it back into town to get a doctor, a luxury Waverly hadn't had until two weeks earlier. "I just watched his face turn white," Richardson says. "He put me in his car and we raced to Scranton Hospital at 60 miles per hour, which was pretty fast back then." Richardson was surprised to find a priest waiting for them at the hospital; he began delivering her last rites. She laughs now at the memory. "I told him, 'But I'm not Catholic!'"

Turns out the bullet had missed her heart by a mere quarter inch—so close the doctors weren't able to remove all of the shrapnel. "I had a recent X-ray that showed there's still some pieces of that bullet in me," she says, smiling. She has carried that life-changing day in her chest for 75 years.

Looking back, Richardson credits those two experiences—first breaking glass ceilings within AMC then surviving a near-death close call—with directing the path of service her life would take. "I realized I was so lucky, I had to do something with my life," she says. "I decided that would be to help people." She takes a deep breath, gets quiet for moment, then says, "We should all be doing that."

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*The four Hull siblings: from left, John, Lewis, Barbara, & Robert*

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Since 2012, Richardson has lived in a cozy, book-lined apartment at Bentley Commons, a retirement home in Keene that once was a pail-manufacturing mill.

“Best place to kick the bucket,” she quips.

Over the reading chair in her sitting room hangs a portrait of Robert Frost. Books from Sinclair Lewis, Diane Ackerman, and Grace Paley peek out from under piles of paperwork, newspapers, and notebooks. On her walls are dozens of citations and awards of appreciation, including a commendation she received from Gov. John Lynch when she retired in 2010 from the New Hampshire State House.

Above her bed and along her walls are paintings of horses and meadows by an artist friend. Down a long hall are photos of Richardson and her family through the years. Everything in her apartment speaks to motion and movement—fitting for a woman whose whole life, from her days of making sandwiches at Pinkham Notch to her current hobby of writing political op-eds for *The Keene Sentinel*, has been devoted to helping those around her.

Not too long after the incident at the pond, Richardson married Elmer, a World War II B-17 pilot who had flown 25 missions. Richardson’s brother had helped Elmer study for his Air Force exams. “Elmer was going with this girl, but she fell in love with my brother,” Richardson recalls. “Elmer was still invited to their engagement party, and after, I had to get a ride back to Boston, and he tried to impress me by making some phone calls and getting me on a flight. It didn’t work.”

They ended up driving, and the ride was enough for Elmer to ask if he could call on Richardson again. She said yes. In the first few years of their marriage, the two moved around New England for Elmer’s work as a sales manager with a ball bearing company. When they settled in the Richmond and Fitzwilliam area of New Hampshire, Richardson was determined to keep the promise she had made to herself years earlier, of pursuing a life of service. “I remember having to get my courage up to ask my husband if I could take a job,” she says. “Back then, with all my friends, it was the men that worked.” Elmer came around, and Richardson began a career in social work.

She wrote grants for nonprofits; founded Project Share, a donation-based organization that collected furniture for low-income families; and served as a longtime social worker for Court Appointed Special Advocates of New Hampshire. “Nothing that we do is inconsequential,” she says. “Even if it’s just doing laundry for hikers.”

\*\*\*

Richardson’s job at Pinkham Notch wasn’t terribly specific. Although Dodge hired her to work the front desk, like most croo then and now, she was a Jill-of-all-trades. “I did some office management and bookings,” she says. “I made lunches, assigned rooms, cleaned rooms, and washed the toilets. Of course, everybody had to work hard.”

She remembers overloading a washing machine, being called away, and returning to face a flooded laundry room. She also recalls a male visitor who arrived late in the day, looking for a bed. Richardson accidentally booked him into a bunkroom already occupied by three young women. “We fixed it, of course, but that didn’t go over well with him,” she says. “He left very early the next morning without a word.”

Working in the mountains, Richardson was aware of a bias against women but tried to keep her head down and prove she could do it. She had the support of her grandfather, who insisted girls and boys be treated equally. “He’s the one who encouraged me to look for work,” she says. “That’s how I got the hut job to begin with, by believing I could.”

Dodge made upending the status quo easier. He didn’t care what your gender was, Richardson says, as long as you did the job you were hired to do. “Everyone liked him,” she recalls. “He was very friendly and approachable.”

During her free time, Richardson would hike. That summer was her first significant exposure to the White Mountains, and she surmises that she visited all seven of AMC’s then-huts, in addition to summiting Mount Washington several times. She was so smitten, she returned that winter to ski the sheer backcountry slopes of Tuckerman Ravine.

“I spent a week back there, skiing,” she says. “I don’t recall if I climbed all the way or



not, but there weren't too many other women doing that. I had become quite a tomboy."

As the years passed, Richardson continued to hike. When work and family kept her close to home, she frequented southern New Hampshire's Mount Monadnock, although she still dreamed big. "I always had it in my mind that I would someday hike the Appalachian Trail," she says. "But I ran out of time."

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She did pass on her love of the outdoors and of service to her children. One daughter became a competitive equestrian; another lives off-the-grid in Vermont; a third works on safe shipping and oil-spill-prevention in Washington State. "I wanted them all to find their own passion," Richardson says.

Even as her kids grew up and had kids who then had kids of their own, Richardson fed her trailblazing spirit first kindled in Pinkham Notch. In her late 60s, she launched yet another campaign: to become a New Hampshire state representative.

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Like many episodes in Richardson's life, her decision to enter the world of politics grew out of a sense that, in order to get things done, she'd have to do them herself.

In 1991 she reached out to her New Hampshire state rep. "I don't even remember the issue, but when I talked to him, he acted like he was on my side," she says. "When the vote happened, it turned out he wasn't. So I decided to run."

At 68, Richardson got a map, put on comfortable shoes, and began knocking on doors—every door in her district. "As soon as they found out I wasn't proselytizing or selling something, people were nice," she says. "I learned a lot."

She won and kept on winning, serving nine terms until deciding to retire at age 87. During her time in the state house, she attached her name to a swath of progressive policies. A vegetarian for half her life, she was an early proponent of environmental protections and also worked, ultimately unsuccessfully, to repeal the death penalty in New Hampshire. Her proudest moment came at the end of her career when, in 2010, she helped pass the bill that allowed same-sex couples

to marry. "That was a big deal to me and to our state," she says.

Since retiring from public life, Richardson has kept a close eye on the women in her wake. "I think it's wonderful to see people are finally coming out and fighting," she says of the #MeToo movement. "Back then, we dealt with harassment and worse all the time, but it was just how it was."

While many of her own peers may have felt they had to keep a low profile, Richardson's advice to women today is just the opposite. "This has to come out now, voicing your opinion," she says. "Do what you want to do in life."

From coed crew member in a world of men to social worker to progressive politician, Richardson has been scaling heights since she first set foot in the White Mountains. Through it all, one lesson has been the most important.

"Honor yourself," she says. "If you don't love yourself, how can you love anyone else?"

*Dan Szczesny is an author and journalist whose books include travelogues on Nepal, Alaska and the White Mountains. His latest book, *The White Mountain: Rediscovering Mount Washington's Hidden Culture*, is a yearlong study of New England's highest peak. Dan is a Hemingway Foundation finalist for short fiction and has also written collections of short stories and poetry. He currently lives in Manchester, NH with his wife and daughter. Learn more about Dan's work at [www.danszczesny.com](http://www.danszczesny.com).*



*Barbara Hull Richardson*

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**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 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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:EGOTTHOLD@OUTDOORS.ORG)**



## OHA WISH LIST

**THE OHA NEEDS YOU! PLEASE!** We're always looking for input, ideas, and volunteers to make things happen. In particular::

### \*TREASURER

\***FALL FEST COORDINATOR**, 2020 & beyond - thanks to Sheldon Perry for his years of putting this event together for us!

\***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**

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

\* **Layout & Graphic Design** for this newsletter

Yo, are you recent OH? Like, have you worked in the huts between 2016 & 2018? **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](mailto:b.a.weick@gmail.com) or James or Eric in the Huts Department Office Suite. Thanks a million!

### \*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!

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](mailto:b.a.weick@gmail.com)  
107 Old Cemetery Rd.  
Dorchester, NH 03266

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

Solvitur Crampus

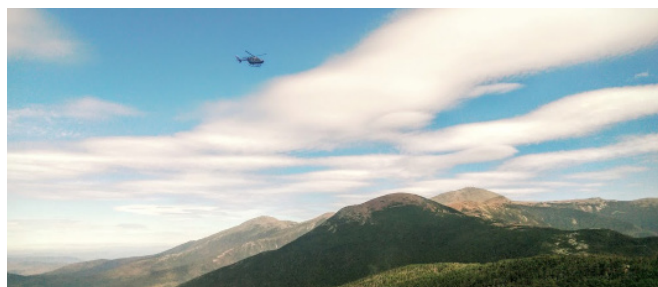
A special shout-out of **THANKS** to this year's Y-OH Reps:

GALA: Phoebe Howe & Carter Bascom

EOSP: Jeff Colt & Carter Bascom

Fall GALA: Megan Farrell

EOFP: Eliza Hazen & Special Guest TBD





## Remember When...

*"When I looked at the roster of OH of 1943 at Pinkham, I felt like a forgotten man. I worked there with Tex Benton polishing pots, Nobel McKlintock making sawdust, and Dave Brown burning up the roads as we supplied the trailhead shacks with hut supplies. In our spare time we put creosote on the Joe Dodge Lodge, replaced the floor in the Old Observatory, cleared the dam to charm the dimming light and hauled slash from the sawmill in North Conway.*

*Gen. Eisenhower demanded my participation in the conduct of military action against the Axis, so I had to bid adieu before Labor Day. As I pursue the oncoming end, I trust that my efforts won't be lost in the dust bin of time and I can join the illustrious throng of yore."*

*--Harry "Steve" Westcott*

*Pinkham 1943*



John Hobbie and Carl Hoagland ("Hoagie") packing on the summit of Washington, 1953



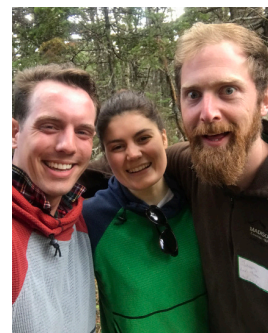
Madison Crew 1963: (back, LtoR) Chuck Hobbie, Willy Ashbrook, Tony MacMillian (with PM II), John Glasser; (front LtoR) Richard Rusk, Dal Brodhead

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



Madison Croo 1962: left to right: Chuck Hobbie, Harry Brown, Tony MacMillan, Pete Tafton, Willy Ashbrook, Dave Ingalls

GALA 2018: Y-OH Reps Carter Bascom & Phoebe Howe with Huts Manager James Wrigley



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.



Oh, what we do for a view....

## 8 Carter

Maggie Kelly, HM  
Jesse Carlson, AHM  
Hannah Stoll, Natty  
Evan Connolly

## 2 Madison

Hannah Benson, HM  
Joel Fisher-Katz, AHM  
Hope Batcheller, Natty  
Caroline Eyman  
Brian Rogers

## 4 Lakes

Kate Prisby, HM  
Mackenzie Little, AHM  
Nate Iannuccillo, Natty  
Emily Sherman  
Kevin French  
Jeremy Day  
Austen Sharpe  
Sydney Kahl  
Ashley Fife

## 1 Mizpah

JP Krol, HM  
Sarah Young, AHM  
Morgan "Tuck" Olsen, Natty  
Elizabeth Muntean  
Eric Britton

## 6 Zealand

Holly Chase, HM  
Tracey Faber, AHM  
Mischa Klassen, Natty  
Ruby DiCarlo  
Sophiee Olmsted

## 7 Galehead

Jake McCambley, HM  
Eddie Eseppi, AHM  
Hannah Smith, Natty  
Meg Lyczak

## 5 Greenleaf

Ali Garvin, HM  
Amber Dindorf, AHM  
Charlotte Cadow, Natty  
Kyle Winchenbach  
Jenna Maddock  
Julie Heaton

## 0 Lonesome

Amanda Keohane, HM  
Jules Cranberg, AHM  
Grace Garrison, Natty  
Carl Underwood  
Nicole Faber

# 2018 FALL CROOS

## Huts Department

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 fall season  
like never before - hike far  
and fast in your favorite BFD  
attire, eat a lot of chocolate  
cake, make-out like drunken  
bandits, sit quiet at sunsets,  
revel in the dramatic  
weather, 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\_\_\_\_\_**



## Pinkham Turns 100!!

Two tiny cabins. That's all there was to it in 1920, when AMC gained a special use permit from the Forest Service to build its "fourth hut" at Pinkham Notch. Long considered Huts HQ, first under the able management of Huts Manager Milton E. "Red Mac" MacGregor, Pinkham flourished under the long-running tenure of Joe Dodge. Pinkham was the hub of our budding radio communications network using Joe's skills as a radio operator (Who knows his original call signal?). Pinkham was an entry point for the first Hutmen(F) to start chipping away at barriers to women working in the high huts. A base for skiing at Tucks, a place to crash on days, and the setting for a Thanksgiving dinner that can't be beat for as long as anyone can remember; Pinkham Notch Visitors Center and Joe Dodge Lodge have been many things to many people. ***The year 2020 marks one hundred years of stories,*** legendary characters, and milestones in the Notch. **Help us brainstorm** how to mark the anniversary by gathering during **Fallfest at AMC's Highland Center at Crawford Notch on Saturday, November 3, 2018 at 3:30pm in Thayer Hall.**

Contact Becky Fullerton, AMC Archivist, with questions or ideas: [bfullerton@outdoors.org](mailto:bfullerton@outdoors.org)

## SPRING BRAWL RECAP: MAY 2018

Once again we lucked out on the weather. Even though grey skies prevailed, the rain held off until late afternoon. A large blue plastic tarp provided shelter while we enjoyed our chow.

Under the guidance of Dick Stetson, the morning work detail removed storm windows, put up screens, and performed the usual spring maintenance. Fortunately, the black flies and mosquitos where not too blood thirsty.

With the supervision of Chief Chef Bridget Qualey, we enjoyed a lunch of little neck clams on the half shell and a sumptuous buffet of cold cuts, assorted

cheeses, and munchies. After a brief break, John Lamana served up some tasty steamed clams. Bridget then grilled up the best burgers I have ever tasted with all the condiments. A dessert of brownies and strudel with ice cream topped off another fantastic spring reunion meal.

Thanks to all that provided food, beverages, and assistance. Hopefully more of you will be able to join us next year.





## GORMINGS:

**James & Courtney Wrigley** welcomed their second daughter, Leah Eleanor Wrigley, to the family on June 21st. She joins big sister Evelyn, now almost 3 years old. A week after Leah was born, a sleep deprived James joined **Nate Lavey, Dan St. Jean, and Dan Cawley** for a



hike up Six Husbands trail and around the Great Gulf.

**Miles Howard** is working on a new book about Millennials running for public office. He's also planning to relocate from Boston by Fall of 2019 and

will soon be looking for housing leads in Burlington, VT, Portland ME, and potentially other midsize cities, FYI.

**Emmy McQuaid** and her husband have relocated to scenic Spokane, WA! Come visit if you find yourself in the Pacific Northwest.

**Ari Ofsevit** and **JP Krol** ran the hard-as-the-Hut- Traverse-per-mile Seven Sisters trail race in Amherst, MA in May 2018, cheered on by **Scott Berkley**. There was a pretty good contingent of TFC alumni there as well, with each side claiming faster times, of course. OH had a record setting presence at the Squam Ridge Race this year: **Anna Ready-Campbell, Annalise Carington, Emily Sherman, Mack Little, Sydney Kahl, and**



**Phoebe Howe** all ran their most fun and fearless races, while **Scott Berkley** and **Josh Buonpane** made excellent cheerleaders. **Erica Lehner** and her Squam Lakes Association co-workers did a great job with the logistics and post race celebration.

With running and hiking options over beautiful 4 and 12 mile courses, be sure to put it on your calendars for next year!

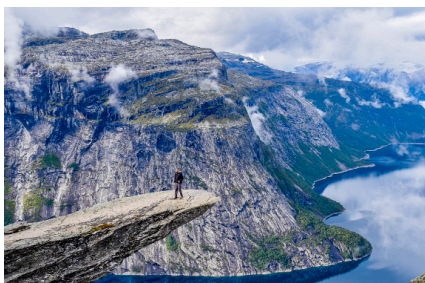
From the VT Y-OHA division: **Taylor Burt, Jenna Koloski, Anna Rehm, Morgan Lapointe, and Phoebe Howe** got together at Jenna's house in Huntington in June for a trail run and shiitake mushroom eating extravaganza.

A full VT Y-OHA contingent also enjoyed a July get together to celebrate **Levi Kezey** and **Abagael Giles'** homecoming from California to Vermont at **Morgan LaPointe & Lorne Currier's** home. On a rainy Saturday in August, **Hayden Russell, Lorne Currier, and Phoebe Howe** packboarded lumber into the Cowles

Cove Shelter reconstruction project on the Long Trail. Now that **Ace Emerson** has taken over Lorne's position at the GMC, we will be working with him to plan more packboard adventures for the VT YOHA - stay tuned!

Courtesy of **Hillary Gerardi & Katie Schide**, a photo of the Swiss/French OH Summer 2018 meeting in Chamonix.

**Carter Bascom** has officially completed one full year working in full-time real estate with Four Seasons Sotheby's International Realty in New London, NH. He spent a week traveling in Norway (photo is from Trolltunga) and attend not one, but two Y-OH events with the



fabulous **Phoebe Howe** at 2018 Summer Gala and infamous **Jeff Colt** at the OH Cabin for 2018 EOSP. Reminder that Carter is a Justice of the Peace (JOP) in the

State of New Hampshire - so if you are looking for a High Mountain Wedding or perhaps a special ceremony in the Valley, keep that in mind! He is also excited to help with the OH Steering Committee.

**Kim "Schroeder" Steward** married long-time boyfriend Keith Force on September 8th, 2018 at her family log-cabin on the backside of Mt. Sunapee in Newbury, NH. They live in Intervale, just a stone's throw from the Limmer Boots barn, with their rescue dog Mia.

**Chuck Hobbie** writes: Brother **John Hobbie** (Pinkham 1952; Lakes 1953-55) and his wife are still living in Falmouth, MA, following his retirement from a career as an ecologist known especially for his work regarding the ecosystems of arctic lakes. Sister **Cecilia (Ceci) Hobbie Pehle** (Pinkham 1956-57) and her husband are still living in Modesto, CA, in partial retirement from a career as a marriage and family therapist.

Chuck himself has just retired from his career as a labor attorney, in which he litigated against the government for 33 years as deputy general counsel of AFGE, AFL-CIO and then defended the government for 8 years



as Associate General Counsel of the U.S. Peace Corps. He and his wife still live in Falls Church, VA. His second memoir is about his years as a Peace Corps volunteer in Korea (1968-71): *The Time of the Monkey, Rooster, and Dog*. His latest book is about his Dartmouth years: *Days of Splendor, Hours like Dreams*. See [www.dartmouth-days.com](http://www.dartmouth-days.com).

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

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## OBITUARIES

**Josh Guerra**, 41, of Honolulu, died in Honolulu on



Wednesday, August 22, 2018. He was born in California. He worked at Lonesome Lake (2000F-2001F) & Mizpah (2002F).

If you knew Josh Guerra, you knew him first by his big smile

and even bigger heart. A smile that captured his entire outlook on life, a heart full of aloha for others. Josh was an Ocean Safety Lieutenant on O'ahu's eastside. He loved life-guarding, keeping people safe and saving lives. We were blessed to have Josh watch over us and we know he continues to guard over us all.

**Hannah Taylor**, beloved daughter of Dijit Taylor and the late Jeff Taylor of Hopkinton, died on Saturday, July 21, 2018. Hannah was born in Berlin on June 25, 1979, and was soon joined by the two sisters whom she guided all their lives.

From Berlin, Hannah learned to ski at Wildcat Mountain before the family moved to Hopkinton where she joined a series of championship winning Nordic ski teams. After graduating from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1998, she attended Middlebury College, where she majored in geography, skied on the Nordic ski team,



and met her partner Will Rawstron. Hannah lived in Summit County, Colorado, where she worked as a Nordic ski coach for Summit Nordic Ski Club and was the Managing Director of the Summit Huts Association, providing backcountry hut experiences for skiers and hikers.

She was a thoughtful person with an incandescent spirit. As a dedicated outdoorswoman and athlete, she lived to share such experiences with friends, family and especially the young skiers she coached. Hannah was more than a ski coach to her teams and strove to guide them as people through her values of hard work, integrity, truthfulness, humor and sense of adventure. She believed in making the world ever more beautiful, and her work as a coach was her highest articulation of that belief.

In recent years, Hannah had taken up both ultramarathon running and Adventure Racing with her dearest friends in Colorado. She stated that she simply loved to be out in the mountains, guided by her earlier years in New Hampshire's White Mountains with the Appalachian Mountain Club, and those longer and longer races merely meant more time in the mountains. She ran to gain the time in the wild spaces, not for the adrenaline or glory, and was humble, generous, and good-humored about what she called "my brand of crazy."

For all her adventurous spirit and willingness to test her limits, Hannah did not take unnecessary risks – she loved life too well and knew her worth to those who loved her. She fell to her death when a rock came loose as she reached for it and fell to a ledge below before another rock, dislodged, then fell and crushed her during a steep scramble on the Willow Peak Ridge in the Gore Range, CO.

All those who knew and loved Hannah are heartbroken by this tragic accident, especially her mother Dijit; sister Bethany; sister and brother-in-law Emily & Alex; her Nana Betsy, her partner Will, and their dog, Saco. Her family encourages those who mourn her shocking loss to go for an adventure in the loving, gritty, and graceful manner than defined Hannah.

**Steven C. Perry**, 64, passed away in June 2018, after a brief illness. He was a resident of Jackson, N.H. for most of his adult life, where he deeply appreciated living in the heart of the White Mountains.



Born in Wayland, Mass., Steven was the youngest of four sons to his parents Nancy C. Perry and Frederick G. Perry, who also resided in Jackson during their retirement.

Steven was married to Shirlie Eaton (Perry) for 27 years. During that time, Steven was a loving and devoted father to his two children, Summer and Channing, as well as their half-brother, Jason, Shirlie's first born.

Steven's love of the mountains started when his parents bought lifetime passes at Wildcat Mountain Ski Area in 1958, its opening year. Skiing was a passion for the entire family. His exposure to the mountains led to several years working for the Appalachian Mountain Club, Lakes 1970, Galehead 1971, Carter 1972.

While at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, Steven took full advantage of the nearby Wasatch Range. He "minored" in his studies (a degree in topography) and "majored" in remote, extreme skiing. While daring, his mountain sense always kept him from crossing the line into trouble.

Steven was a gifted carpenter and was self-employed for the majority of his working life. He made good decisions, took "the direct approach" and moved efficiently on his many projects. He had all the tools and knew how to best use them. His years of working with both his head and his hands gave him a keen, practical knowledge which served him well through his entire life. Good-natured and with an eternal smile, Steven enjoyed life.

While hunting and skiing were his passions, his love of people, his friends and his family will especially be missed. Steven is survived by his children, Summer and Channing, and his brothers Gardiner and Sheldon.

The OHA notes the passing of **Alice Parsons**, on May 15, 2018. We hope to have an obituary to print at a future date.

**Rev. Jeffrey T "Jeff" Belcher** of Rockland Maine, died early February 21, 2018 at the age of 78. He worked at Madison Hut in 1956 and Zeland in 1957. He was married for 41 years to Stefie Belcher. Jeff was born on



June 22, 1939 in Melrose, Mass., son to the late C. Francis (Fran) and Beth Belcher. He grew up in Melrose, and worked at United Shoe Company before entering Bangor Theological Seminary where he got his Master of Divinity. While finishing his work there, he held the pulpits at the Orrs and Bailey Islands United Church of Christ congregations in Maine. In 1969, he took the Associate Pastorate at the First Church of Christ in Unionville, Conn. In 1976 he became the lead pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Plymouth, Conn. He served at churches in Germantown Hills, Ill., Champaign, Ill., Amesbury, Mass., Newburyport, Mass., and Bristol. He retired in 2009.

Jeff loved human connection through conversation, preaching, and sharing with others their spiritual life and questions. He had a smile that brightened the room – one of warmth and also mischief. The weddings and funerals/memorials at which he officiated were unique, personal, and memorable. He believed in peace and justice passionately. There were many events from the 60s to the present where he stood shoulder to shoulder with others to protest war and injustice. The memories of these brought pride and joy to him. Jeff had faults as we all do, yet he focused much of his energy on healing himself.

Jeff was predeceased by brothers, Charlie and Bill; and stepsons, Christopher and Jason Haumann. In addition to his wife, Steffie, Jeff is survived by children Catherine and husband Andy, Tim and wife Heather, and Matt and wife Megan, 10 grandchildren and two great-granddaughters. He is also survived by sisters, Joanne and Betsy; brothers, Alan and David; and 12 nieces & nephews.

The OHA notes the passing of **John "Tidbit" Fox** in December 2016. He was laid to rest wearing his green AMC Croo shirt. We hope to have a full obituary to print at a future date.

*Are you interested in honoring a family member or dear OH friend 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](mailto:jemkpm@comcast.net).*



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# Huts and Churches: For Hannah and for Josh

by Bethany Taylor

I licked a church once.

It was the Christ Episcopal Church of North Conway, New Hampshire. This happened on an early evening one June day in 2003, and was undertaken in a completely sober and well-intentioned manner by three adults: me, my sister Hannah, and her friend Josh.

To go back to the total beginning of why this matters would be to unpack more of my childhood and relationship with my sister than I yet have words or the emotional stamina to explain. Suffice to say, Hannah and I loved each other as small children, and barely tolerated each other for pretty much all the years we lived at home and went to school. I don't know and now won't know what her trouble with me was. My trouble with her was that I always felt smaller, weaker, dumber, chubbier, weirder and lesser than her and this filled me with a particular combination of fury and doubt about my place in the world.

Sometime when I was in middle school, I taught myself how to be funny, because it made Hannah laugh. When she laughed at my jokes, we were closer to being the easier going sister-friends we were as very small children.

I still gave her a wide berth, because I couldn't understand the fire that seemed to rage in her—she pushed herself to be faster and stronger in all her sports, muttering the names of her friends and teammates as she sweated out push-ups. I didn't ski and I didn't run on our high school teams, partly and mostly, because I didn't want to risk the tenuous thread between us by becoming one of those names to beat in her world.

Life happened and things began to melt more between us. We both went to college, we started to spend time together outside of our family house, we started to turn into our quasi-adult selves. It wasn't always perfect, but things were better. According to a birthday card Hannah made me three years ago, the major turning point in our sistership came when I visited her at Mizpah in the fall of 2002.

Something opened in Hannah, I think, in her time in the huts. It's a common experience. My sister Emily says of her hut friends that "we knew each other as we were becoming ourselves," and that's a part of the glue between many of us, and why we can be the best of friends but not see each other for years at a stretch.

Hannah's season at Mizpah was also where she found Josh, who was the hutmaster. My mother said that she never saw Hannah make as good a friend as fast as she and Josh. It wasn't the same as if Hannah just had a hut-crush on a cute mountain man, but more like finding a new friend who serves as a mirror to your best self. Except, when the friend is that good, you don't have to talk about your emotional connection and can just go on for days making soy sauce jokes and doing dumb skits and singing John Prine songs, because you can trust that the other person gets it, and the daily stuff is the important part. As I said to Hannah once about the loyalty I have to hut friends—"they get me, so they get me."

When I visited Hannah in the hut in October, Josh was on days off and so I didn't meet him then, but as Hannah and I hiked down into the Dry River in the rain and then up to the ridge and back down Pierce, I heard all sorts of stories about him and the rest of the hut croo and how fun it was to be in the mountains and how all these people were doing interesting things and going off on adventures and trying on different ways of being in the world. Someone was planning a thru hike, someone was applying to grad school, Josh was preparing to move to Hawaii, and so on.

The most important part, to me, was that Hannah was actively sharing her happiness and her happy place with me. Rather than grunting out the names of people she wanted to be faster and stronger than, or trying to keep her life private, she was telling me stories and jokes and inviting me into this world. It was a place I desperately wanted to be, both in Hannah's world—anywhere that might be—and amid this community of mountain folks, figuring life out amid the hills.

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Hut folk can be tribal and snobby. We can, as a group, humble-pride ourselves on qualities of exclusion and being different and having a million jokes that no one else can understand. Part of that, for better or worse, I think is that we're often a bunch of sort of strange birds who are so grateful to have found the group that works for us that it's important to maintain our identity as separate from anyone else, because interlopers could spoil our sense of security. We might also just be elitist dicks who spend too much time being treated like mountain gods by the wealthy families from "20 minutes outside of Boston" who form the bulk of hut guests, and all that adoration goes to our heads. I am not proud of having been a part of the darker sides of the tribe, because it is so much better and deeper and stronger and wilder to share that space and time than to hoard this common ground away. We are better when we are open, and what we all have together should make us stronger enough to be kind, as we are at our best.

Rather than the bad attitude—which can even extend from seasoned Hutmasters pulling rank on terrified new croo—Hannah shared her hut life with me. I don't know how much that generosity of spirit came from how Josh Guerra ran his hut, but in reading the tributes to his life, I can guess that he had a strong hand in that. For that, because how and who he was helped to blast open the door between my sister and I, I have always loved him an extra note deeper than some of Hannah's friends.

That, and the church, of course.

After visiting Hannah at Mizpah, I ended up working in the huts the following summer. I was doing something I'd always wanted to, and also had all of the intense joy of sharing this strange corner of the world with Hannah—that my new best thing and my old best person were united in my every day was magic.

As was my first set of Days Off. Hannah picked me up at Lonesome Lake, and we drove to North Conway, to have dinner with Josh, who was in Maine to visit the camp he had worked at. Hannah and I drove across 302, talking a whole new language of the huts and jokes and old stories. She made me run through where all the cutest hutboys were working, which set of Days Off they had, and reminded me to "forget not the caretakers and Construction Crew boys, some of them can be quite the lookers!" We stopped to swim at what I think must have been Kedron Falls, and we felt like nasty frozen little Golems creeping around the rocks, and giggled so hard we would have peed our pants if we hadn't been skinny-dipping.

We got to Flatbread and I finally met the famous Josh. He was exactly as promised, and knew about as much as me as I did about him. Apparently, parents can learn a lot about how their children feel about them by how they talk to their friends about them. The same is true for siblings, and I felt so loved by Hannah in that moment that more distance and more years of ice between us just stopped mattering. When we finished eating, it was late, but not that late. We all had to drive—Josh back to the camp in Maine, Hannah and I to Hopkinton. We got ice cream and found Josh coffee.

And still we weren't saying good-bye. Not yet understanding about hut love, I kept trying to give them some space as if they were on a date-date, and they kept including me. We walked all the way south in North Conway to the bookstore, and then turned and walked all the way north to the church at the intersection and lights.

"Hey," said Josh. "You girls ever licked a church?"

"No," we said—and I thought that this comfortable, casual unexpected question was proof I'd met one of the coolest people on the planet.

"Well then, let's!"

So we found a subtle spot, screened by shrubbery, and gave it a try.

It tasted like paint, and we continued on our way. Hannah and Josh said goodbye, he wished me all the luck and fun of my first hut season, and off we all went—Josh suggested we both come visit him in Hawaii, in November, when the weather is, he said "crisp."

And that, fifteen years ago, is the only time I met this man. I have no claim on the deep and horrible grief that I know his People are meeting in these horrible early days since his death. But grief isn't

about ownership, any more than huts and mountains are. I am writing this because it is impossible to understand that these two brightest of lights went from the world within a month. Their deaths are not linked, other than through stupid random chance of each having luck and physics be against all their wisdom and experience for a crucial second.

I reached out to Josh in the early days of life without Hannah. I wanted him to know, as if he didn't, how much she loved him. Selfishly, I deeply wanted him with me as I grieve—the Hannah he knew and loved was so close to the version of her I hold in my bones and lungs and skin. And she loved him. When I worked at Mizpah another year, I saw in the Croo Log something Hannah wrote about perhaps we all have to stop our wandering at some point because it becomes too hard to keep meeting these friends, and then having to say good-bye. And so, she loyally kept her friends, rather than say goodbye.

When Josh would come to Colorado to visit his family, Hannah would drop everything to spend a few hours with him. When she and Will went to Hawaii, Josh hung out with them and tried to teach Hannah to surf—not her best sport. When Dad died and we were wondering what on earth to do with his beautiful dories and boats, Josh offered that maybe his old Maine summer camp could take one—and he was a friend that was dear enough to Hannah, and so to all of us, that a place that mattered to him would have been a proper home for a piece of Dad.

The words we are all using about these two marvelous jokers—radiant souls, adventurous spirits, people with brilliant kindness in their bones—almost make it worse to me. It makes the hollowness I carry bigger, to have that absence doubled and to see the words of all the qualities I wish to put into the world coupled with loss within a month. I know how Josh's passing would have hurt Hannah, because I think it's the mirror of what he wrote to me when I got in touch after Hannah:

*"I can't even begin to imagine how you are all coping with the loss of such a special lady. Her absence in my life will be a gaping hole. I loved her and her steadfast friendship so so much. I know we only met once, but I still clearly remember it and how we all got along so famously. Wish I could join you guys to celebrate and reminisce. Just know that my thoughts and my heart is with you guys. If you need anything or ever want to talk, I'm always here. I loved your sister so damn much. She was one of a kind. Much love to you."*

I want to say something here at the end about learning from my afternoon in the company of these friends, about trying to be better at opening doors and sharing the best of your life with everyone, but instead, I just break down and cry when I try to wrap things up too neatly, because there is no tidiness and no lesson to learn that we didn't all already know. Neither of these people died doing what they loved best, because what they loved best was their people.

Instead of tidiness and platitudes, I offer my love to those who knew Josh far better than I. Hannah would offer you anything she could to help, and I can only do the same.

And, if the licking of churches is required, I was trained by the best and will gladly be your girl.



From the Fall 2002 Mizpah Croo poster



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## TRAIL WANDERINGS

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This summer was a relatively inactive one for the occasional OH Trail Croo, and not everything got done, so any help that can be rendered this autumn would be most welcome! In particular, if you are attending Oktoberfest on October 13, please consider arriving early on Saturday in order to sweep the Hutmen's Trail before the bratwurst is served; and/or please consider staying over Saturday night in order to sweep the Hall's Ledge Trail on Sunday. (See below for details.)

Several of us were honored to be invited by the Forest Service to contribute to the summer-long Crawford Path Project, getting that old trail in shape for her 200th Anniversary in 2019. Those who have been over the CP recently will notice some improvement in the condition of the Path, but there's more to do, and plans are afoot for an effort next summer too. Notable work in 2018 was the airlifting of rocks quarried from the west side of Mt. Monroe to upgrade the Path on the east side. For seven weeks in June and July, the CP around Monroe was closed to regular use (on pain of a \$10,000 fine), and all traffic was routed over the summit of Monroe. In addition to considerable water-barring and rock-stepping in the bottom few miles of the Path, the section above Lakes of the Clouds as far as the Davis Path also received some attention---some rebuilt cairns, a very long scree wall to eliminate herd paths, and a major set of rock steps just above the Camel/Tuckerman Crossover junction.

In August, Liz Seabury, Henry Ryde and Bill Barrett were part of a crew assigned to brush the trail around Mt. Eisenhower, in the process barricading several outlaw herd trails near the junction with the Edmands Path. Because that part of the Crawford Path is remote, we were able to spend two nights at Mizpah Hut under a grant from the National Forest Foundation. There was funding for six maintainers each night, with the OH Association taking three of the slots and the Cardigan Highlanders taking the other three. Getting an early start on Tuesday, the three OH maintainers got to the Hut, then proceeded to Mt. Eisenhower, where a good start was made on the brushing, before returning to the Hut for an (arranged) late supper. Unfortunately, the weather on Wednesday was unsuitable for trail work, especially above tree line, so the day was spent in and near the Hut, where some work was able to be done on nearby parts of the Webster Cliff Trail. Thursday saw spectacular weather, so the group was able to put in a solid effort around Eisenhower, essentially finishing the brushing project before descending to the Highland Center at the end of the day. It was a pleasure to share this project---and the accompanying good fellowship---with the dedicated and skilled volunteers from the Cardigan Highlanders!

The two trails which the USFS Saco District has assigned to the OH Association have not yet gotten the attention which they deserve and which we have a moral obligation to provide. Unless anyone has swept either the Hutmen's Trail or the Hall's Ledge Trail as part of his/her "work-for-stay" for using the Cabin, it appears that both trails are in need of attention. Bill Barrett did sweep part of the Hall's Ledge Trail on Memorial Day weekend, and found numerous blowdowns, many of them apparently the result of a strong windstorm on May 6. One of these, about 1/2 mile up the trail near the middle of the steep section, must have been spectacular to see: the trunk, about 50 feet from the trail, looks like it experienced an explosion, and the tree itself is about 2-feet thick where it came to rest across the trail. Fortunately, the work in May made routes around these blowdowns passable, but an effort now needs to be made to clear them off the trail altogether, as well as to finish sweeping the rest of the trail. Tentatively, assuming good weather, the plan is to tackle the Hutmen's on Saturday morning October 13, and the Hall's Ledge on Sunday morning October 14. Attention should be given on the Hutmen's to the western section (from Route 16 to the JSTF ski trails), and on the Hall's Ledge to the upper section (from the top of the steep section to the picnic table). Please come if you can, and bring a buck saw or lopping shears if you have them!

Have you moved?  
Changing your email address?  
Please, let us know!



Madison Spring Huts, July 1962



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 mo-
- ment...and our Treasurer hopes you can
- help to change that!

Thank you very much!

**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](mailto:b.a.weick@gmail.com) or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266.

**Resuscitator Assistant Editor I** is Will Murray. He lives in the Upper Valley region of VT where he is studying hard at Franklin Pierce. He is excited to be back in the shadows of the Whites, while missing the sunny warmth of San Francisco.

**Resuscitator Assistant Editor II** is Kim "Schroeder" Steward. After working for the AMC for 21 years, she has spent the last eight 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 husband Keith live in Intervale, NH with their rescue dog Mia.